

**By: MickMack**

**(m/m, m/t, forced, slavery, nc, oral, anal)**

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The story below is the epic tale of a totally fictional event. Your feedback would be greatly appreciated. It is gay erotica and is intended to be read by persons who are 18 years of age or older, and by persons that enjoy gay erotica.

The material covered in this story and all other accompanying parts of this story are fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead are pure coincidence.

**Please Note:** To those who like reading my material, I apologise for taking so much time in getting this story written and posted. It is a bit off the usual subject matter I play around with, but hopefully you'll enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

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## **The Reluctant Slave**

### **The Life and Times of Brad Cahill - Pleasure Slave**

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#### **Prologue... Brad Cahill - A Daily Affair**

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill - Pleasure Slave)*

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Instantly I wake up as I feel Master Noel turning over in his sleep next to me in his large king size bed. Blinking the sleep out my eyes, I can just see through the large bedroom window it is very early morning and the dawning sun has just risen in the east.

Silently, making sure not to disturb Master Noel in anyway, I slip my naked body off the bed and carefully step over the master's two other naked pleasure slaves, who are curled up asleep on the floor together.

Quickly, I make my way to the slave closet located in the master's spacious on-suite bathroom, where a special 'slave's potty' has been placed in the middle of the room for all Master Noel's pleasure slaves to use during the night. With it sealed when not in use, the thin layer of bio-chemicals renders the contents odourless.

Hurrying, knowing there is very little time to waste, I clip off the airtight covering, then squat down so the small child-sized plastic hood at the front of the bowl covers my large penis to ensure I don't spray any of my urine onto the floor around me as I empty my bladder and bowels into it.

I can hear Master Noel murmuring softly now, not yet awake but I know it will only be moments before he opens his eyes. Terrified I will be too late, I dash back into the bedroom and hastily but carefully crawl under the bed covers and kneel facedown between his outstretched legs.

And then ever so softly, with my hands clasped behind my back, I gently suck his semi-erect, morning glory stiff penis between my lips, taking him tenderly all the way into my mouth as I begin giving Master Noel his morning blow job.

Within seconds Master Noel sighs and instantly starts urinating, the powerful jet of pungent acidic steaming liquid spraying the back of my throat and filling my mouth. He seems to take forever as I swallow it all down quickly, making sure none spills from my slurping lips sealed tightly around the base of his thick penis.

Finally Master Noel shudders and exhales softly as the last few drops of his dwindling urine spurts from his piss slit, and I slide the tip of my tongue over the top of his expanding flanged-

shaped cock-head and then under the flesh of his long receding foreskin to clean out any leftover slimy residue collected during the night.

"Yes, that's nice faggot-girl. Just stay there and keep sucking me for a little bit longer." Master Noel mutters contentedly, he's uncircumcised penis unfurling, thickening and lengthening within seconds to its fully erect state in my sucking, tongue swirling mouth.

Moaning with pleasure, running both hands through my blond hair as I continue to deeply fellate him, I can hear Justin and August rising up beside the bed. And even though I can't see them because of the bed sheets covering me, I know they will have assumed the mandatory slave position.

They will be standing next to the bed, their feet wide apart, their hands clasped behind their backs, their heads bowed low with their chins touching their chests, and their hips thrust forward as far as possible, displaying their rock-hard penises for Master Noel's inspection.

Suddenly Master Noel throws the coverings off both of us, and I obediently look up over his thickly haired stomach and chest into his rugged unshaven face and his steely dark brown eyes.

At 19 years of age, Master Noel is 6' tall and one year older than me. He has thick black hair cropped short and usually spiked up with gel. His eyes are very dark brown, and he has a square chin which appears to have a permanent five-o'clock shadow on it, even after he's shaved.

He has a solid thickset muscular body with a thick growth of dark hair on his chest that trails down passed his navel to his very thickly haired groin.

His dick was big too, about seven and a half inches long when he's got a hard-on, and very thick. His balls were large, the size of large walnuts and extremely hairy.

Obediently I continue to look up into his face, forcing myself to smile sensually as his thick erection stretches my lips out wide. Then I watch obediently as he gestures for Justin, my 16 year old brother, to get on the bed next to him on his back.

It is the usual early morning routine. Like every other morning since Master Noel brought us to be his personal sex slaves, he will wake up, lie back in his bed and thoroughly enjoy the intense oral pleasures that Justin, August and I lavish upon his naked body.

As Master Noel now fondles with my little brother's large hairless testicles and slowly masturbates Justin's six inch rock-hard dick, I continue sucking Master Noel's thick erect penis, bobbing my head up and down, taking its long length all the way to the back of my mouth. As always, I keep my eyes focused on his face, awaiting the signal for me to stop and quickly climb on top of Justin's naked body.

"Okay faggot-girl. You can start fucking your little bro now, and both of you had better put on a good performance!" Master Noel says as he lets go of my brother's erect cock and pushes my slurping mouth off his own throbbing cock.

Immediately I crawl up and position myself between Justin's outstretched legs, and grabbing his ankles, I place them over my shoulders as I lower my large 6' 4" tall, hairless muscled body on top of his.

There is nothing subtle in what we do. I wrap my arms under my little brother's back, tightly hug his smooth naked teenage body against my chest, push my hips down, and feel my very thick fully erect eight and a half inch penis slide all the way up his willing anus. Then I start fucking him as hard as I can.

Justin responds as enthusiastically as he can, humping his spread buttocks upwards to meet my thrusting erection, and Master Noel looks on as we rut away, smiling lewdly as my little brother and I pant, moan and groan as we perform like two uninhibited perverted gay lovers for our master's early morning entertainment.

To Master Noel, this is just another form of foreplay. It happens every morning and he will direct us as to how to heighten his sexual gratification before he finally takes me up my boy-vagina.

"That's it. Oh yeah, that's a good slave, faggot-girl. But I want you to bum-fuck him harder. Slam into your little bro as hard as you can! Give him a damned good pounding and start kissing like the queer bitches I know you really are!" Master Noel murmurs, slowly stroking his own cock as he watches us, his voice full of excitement.

I have no choice but to obey. I pick up my fuck pace, a furious arse-pummeling that bounces and jiggles my little brother about under me in a grotesque ungainly manner. I sadly look into Justin's face, into his despairing eyes and see he is as accepting of our situation as I am. Besides, we both know we are now nothing more than Master Noel's sex slaves, and being brothers means absolutely nothing now.

We are not allowed to speak to each other, so I say nothing as I quickly lock my lips around Justin's and slip my large pointy moist tongue into his mouth.

And it is at times like this that I am very grateful that both Justin and I have each been fitted with a slave micro-chip. Injected into our spines at the time of our enslavement, the minute silicon chip controls everything we do.

All our master needs to do is speak his demands and the micro-chip forces us to do it immediately.

Also, Master Noel has permanently set our pleasure modes at 'Level 3', which means our penises are fully erect at all times and our bodies are in a constant state of intense arousal.

Most importantly, this also means our anuses will accept any large-sized objects up them without too much discomfort, no matter what the size, and the muscles of our anal passages will instantly respond by massaging, caressing and milking them as they are forced in and out of our boy-pussies.

And so I fuck my poor little brother as hard as I can, and I know I am not hurting him, that the size of my huge erect penis will not split him open or damage him in any way.

In fact I can feel his anal muscles squeezing tightly around the full length of my stiff thrusting organ, and it is difficult not to enjoy the incredible feeling my little brother is giving me as I continue to fuck him with all my might.

Yes, he is my little brother and I feel humiliated and ashamed at what we are made to do to each other. But we are also Master Noel's personal pleasure slaves, and we must obey him absolutely without question.

"Oh yeah, that's very nice! You're both getting me all juiced up. Now slam him even harder faggot-girl! Pound your little bro into the mattress. Make him squeal real loud for me, as if you were raping him, faggot-girl!" Master Noel orders as he moves his naked hairy body closer to us.

Neither Justin nor I have any choice but to obey. Master Noel's instructions immediately trigger the tiny micro-chip's sensors implanted within our spines, instantly sending signals to our brains forcing us to respond accordingly.

Justin suddenly begins acting as if I am seriously hurting him. He begins weeping and crying out as I picked up the speed of my fuck-pace. He sobs uncontrollably as I fuck him viciously, my hips driving him deeper into the mattress beneath us as my cock pistons brutally in and out of him.

To Master Noel, we must have looked exquisitely erotic as we eagerly and enthusiastically performed for him.

I can sense he is totally turned on by my smooth naked muscled body covered in a thin layer of perspiration as I lay facedown on top of my little brother, fucking him with all my might.

With my little brother's knees now bent over my shoulders, his legs bouncing up and down on my back as my hairless bobbing muscled buttocks clenches and unclenches as I pound my dick up Justin's stretched anus all the way, I can tell Master Noel is getting impatient for us to hurry up and finish so he can finally fuck me.

And as I look at Justin lying there under me, at his youthful boyish face, I listen as he weeps and moans, his pleading voice muffled by my lips pressed firmly against his mouth.

To my shame, it doesn't take long for me to reach that state of no return, and as I feel my large hairless balls begin to tighten up and I feel myself ready to blast my spunk up my little brother's boy-vagina, and still fucking as hard as I can I quickly turn my head towards Master Noel.

"Master, my clitty's feeling really good now, Master! Master, may I spurt my squirting faggot-girl slave juices for you, Master?" I grunt out loudly between clenched teeth, while looking Master Noel in the eyes with a timid beseeching look etched across my face.

"Okay, faggot-girl. Go ahead and fill your little bro's vagina with your girly juices. And let's hope this time you can get him pregnant. I mean, after all those many times you've fucked him, he should be starting to show by now, don't you think? Now hurry the fuck up!" Master Noel chuckles as he watches me fucking Justin as hard as I can.

"Master, thank you so much, Master! Master, going to shoot lot's of girly juices up my little brother's vagina for you now, Master! Master, oh thank you, Master!" I gasp and groan over and over again as I pick up my fuck-pace even more.

My orgasm is intense. I am left breathless and on the verge of fainting as I ejaculate deeply up inside Justin's stretched pussy. And as I shudder all over, I can feel my younger brother's anal muscles squeezing and milking the last of my jettisoning sperm from out of the long length of my immensely large erect penis.

"Nice performance. I might give you 6 out of 10 for that one, maybe. Just missed out on a higher score because you really didn't show me how much you truly love fucking your little brother up his boy-pussy, faggot-girl." Master Noel says thoughtfully, a sardonic lilt to his voice as he watches me pull my now semi-erect dick from Justin's stretched and gaping anus and quickly kiss and lick my way down my little brother's young firm teenage body.

Once I reach Justin's rock-hard six inch cock, I take it into my mouth and start sucking him off as sensually as I can. Within minutes he is spasming on the bed, his long legs squirming and opening and closing, his smooth naked body quivering as my tongue tickles the length of his penis within my mouth.

Justin is moaning and groaning, and suddenly he turns his head towards Master Noel as he starts humping his cock up into my sucking slurping mouth.

"Master, about to spurt lot's of baby girl juices for you, Master! Master, may I shoot my baby girl juices for you, please Master?" my little brother stutters in a high pitched trembling voice as he holds my head tightly and thrusts he's cock in and out of my tight lips.

"Okay, little slave bitch! You can blast away. Fill your big brother's mouth with your little spermies for me!" Master Noel says, now impatient and wanting us to hurry up.

Justin's orgasm is powerful. He groans and moans loudly as his throbbing penis expands hugely in my mouth before his balls explode, blasting out enormous amounts of sperm splashing the back of my throat.

But I don't swallow it as he continues to shake and shudder under me. I keep it in my mouth even as I squeeze the last of his cum out of his piss-hole with my lips, before quickly lifting his legs back up onto my shoulders, angling my cum-filled mouth down to his puffed up, red raw anus, and start sucking out the huge amounts of sperm I'd deposited there earlier.

This time it is my own cum that fills my mouth to mix with Justin's load. I swirl it around, not allowing myself to swallow, and suck even harder on his twitching boy-pussy to get as much out as I can.

Finally I lift my head and face Master Noel, and opening my mouth wide, I show him how much cum both Justin and I have produced for him this morning.

"That's good faggot-whores! Now it's my turn! You know what to do, so hurry the fuck up, cunt!" Master Noel says as he watches me quickly crawl out from beneath my little brother's raised legs and then lie down on my back with my arms stretched out way above my head.

And like every other morning, I hastily raise my legs into the air, parting them as I watch submissively Master Noel grabbing my ankles and placing them over his shoulders.

Once again I open my mouth as wide as possible and watch as Master Noel dips three of his fingers into the thick mass of cum pooled at the back of my throat. Quickly he lubes his cock up with it, and then dips his three fingers back into my mouth to scoop up a large amount which he slides up my receptive anus.

"You can swallow the rest of it now, faggot-girl!" he says as he positions the head of his leaking penis at the entrance to my boy-vagina.

Immediately I feel his aching leaking erection shove up me all the way in one hard push. And just like my little brother, my anus opens up completely, stretching wide to encompass Master Noel's penis in a tight firm massaging grip as it tries to pull his entire thrusting organ into me.

"Didn't think you'd end up being my personal fuck-toy, did you faggot-girl?" Master Noel sneered as he begins to fuck me as hard as he can.

"Just imagine, our most famous high school sports jock, the captain of our illustrious high school football team, now my slave and lying on his back, letting me fuck him up his hungry little vagina!" Master Noel grunts as he pounds his dick up into me.

He takes his time, reveling in the fact I am his slave, and that I can do nothing to stop him ravaging my body.

"Got to tell you faggot-girl? You look so good when you're being fucked by all my friends. Oh yeah indeed, it really turns me on! Can't just wait until tonight when they all get here for another one of our gang-bang sessions!" Master Noel grunts excitedly as he slams his erect penis even harder up into my vagina.

Unable to say or do anything, I lay there and feel his cock pulsing and throbbing hugely as he pounds it in and out of me, and in between breaths, he loudly proclaims I am nothing but a fucking faggot-girl. That I am now nothing more than a real-life queer faggot, and I will always be known and used as a homosexual sex slave for the rest of my life.

My humiliation is deep, my shame all-encompassing, and I know he is right. There is nothing I can do but submit to his and all his friends perverted lusts and perform like the faggot girl he wants me to be.

If I could cry I would, but the micro-chip in my spine won't let me. It forces me to smile up lovingly into my master's face and thank him over and over again for making me into his personal faggot whore.

Suddenly Master Noel's alarm clock went off next to the bed, a loud shrill ring that indicates it is time for Master Noel to get up, shower and ready himself for another busy school day.

"Oh shit! Well, we can finish this off in the shower as you wash me, I suppose." Master Noel says as he removes his raging cock from my anus with a loud pop, and stretches his limbs as he stands up.

August, Master Noel's other pleasure slave, who silently stands in the mandatory slave position with his hands clasped behind his back, his feet planted wide apart, his crotch pushed forward all the way and his thick six and a half inch erect penis jutting out from his hairless groin, immediately races into the master's bathroom, turns on the shower taps and adjusts the water temperature to just the way Master Noel's likes it.

Justin has also moved off the bed and is already waiting for Master Noel to step into the centre of the very large showering cubicle, soap and wash cloth in hand.

Just as quickly I hurry under the fine spray of warm flowing water and as Master Noel steps under it as well, I begin soaping up his chest, stomach and under his arm pits as Justin washes his back and applies shampoo to the master's wet hair.

Quickly we scrub him clean, and as I wash the foaming suds off the front of his body, I lean forward and run the flat of my tongue over his hairy skin to make sure I have thoroughly cleaned every inch of his large muscled body.

My little brother is doing the same to his back, and as I wash and lick under Master Noel's armpits, I can see Justin has now dropped to his knees and is burying his face deep into the cleft of the master's arse cheeks.

"Now get on your knees, faggot-girl! And be quick about it!" Master Noel orders me, and immediately I drop to my knees and taking his rock-hard penis into my mouth, I start sucking him off as firmly and pleasurable as I can, while at the same time, soaping up his hairy crotch and large fat bloated balls.

As always, I look up into his face as I suck his penis and wash all around his groin. I can hear Justin is now sucking on Master Noel's arsehole, running the tip of his tongue around the master's tight virgin hole as he tickles it and sucks firmly.

"Get back on your feet and turn around, bend over and grab your ankles. I don't mind the blow job you were just giving me, but I'd much rather fuck your faggot pussy. Now hurry up!" Master Noel says to me as he pushes my mouth away from his throbbing cock.

Obediently I do as I am instructed, and once I am in the position he wants, spreading my feet as wide apart for him so that my anus is lined up directly with his penis, I feel him open me up and drive the full length of his erect organ into my stretching vagina as ruthlessly as he'd done earlier.

"Fucking faggot slave! Fucking your sloppy loose vagina real hard now, cunt! Yeah, that feels great! Push back, that's it! Now squeeze them queer pussy muscles nice and tight... Oh yeah! Harder bitch, push back harder!" Master Noel says as he reaches over my back to hold on tightly to my shoulders and repeatedly slams his hips forward as hard as he can.

I can feel his big hairy balls slapping against my own hairless low hanging testicles as he fucks me, and as I stand bent over holding my ankles, my feet spread wide apart, pushing my arse back in time with Master Noel's fucking motions, he gestures for August to stand in front of me. Immediately I lift my face up level with August's leaking cock, and suck him off at the same time Master Noel fucks me.

Within minutes Master Noel is shaking all over, and I can feel his cock expanding largely deep inside my faggot pussy. He is on the verge, ready to unload his spunk into me, and as August also senses our master's encroaching orgasm, he steadies himself too, ready to ejaculate into my mouth at the same time.

Within seconds I am flooded from both ends and filled with their ball juices, and as Master Noel pulls his semi-flaccid cock out of me, I instantly turn around, get back on my knees and take his now sensitive limp penis back into my mouth and gently suck his fleshy organ clean.

"Good girl, now help August dry me, and then have a quick shower as well. You can dry yourself with my used towels and when you're finished you can help August and Justin dress me for school." Master Noel says as he steps out of the spray of the shower, letting August and I dry him with two large fluffy white towels.

Quickly I wash myself as instructed and once I have used Master Noel's towel to dry myself, I hurry out to the bedroom to help August and Justin dress Master Noel for school.

Suddenly Master Noel grabs my chin, and looking into my face, he stares me in the eyes.

"While I'm at school today, you and your slut of a little brother are going to spend the entire day sucking and fucking each other. No breaks and no slacking off. My security video cameras will be on all the time recording everything you two do, so you better not disappoint me." Master Noel said menacingly.

"Also, you'll once again be meeting all my friends tonight, so I expect you to be on your best behaviour and do exactly what you're told. Understand, faggot-girl?" he states, squeezing my chin as I acknowledge him.

“Master, yes, Master!” I say softly as I immediately assume the slave position by placing my hands behind my back, spreading my feet as wide apart as possible, bowing my head in total submission and then thrusting my fully erect penis out towards him.

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## 1. Evan Morgan - A Friend Indeed

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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Did you know my deepest closeted desire was to stare longingly and lustfully at Brad Cahill's perfect 6' 4" tall muscular body, his short stylish sandy blond hair, twinkling mischievous deep blue eyes and extremely handsome yet youthful face?

Brad, at 18, was my ultimate role-model. He was everything I wasn't, and he was always kind and friendly towards me. The truth is I idolised him. In fact, since Brad was an exceptionally talented high school football player one year my senior, I was really surprised he'd even say hello, or spend any length of time speaking with me.

To me he was a really cool guy. He was strong, powerful, a handsome young teenage man I wanted to be like, to emulate, and I was always filled with goofy pride whenever he asked how I was.

Even now, I still find it amazing that he took time out to befriend me, a lowly 5' 5" skinny awkward 16 year old teenage boy, with black hair and brown eyes. To everyone else, including my own brother Noel, I was nothing but a pitiful computer nerd and geeky bookworm, with few friends and a really bad stutter.

And because he took time out to speak to me, I suppose it was only natural that I developed a huge crush on him from the moment I first met him. You see, from a very young age I knew I was gay. This in itself created major problems for me, because like I mentioned, I was still in the closet, and it was something I didn't want anybody to know about.

Unfortunately in this modern and progressive day and age we live in, where same sex between free male citizens and their male slaves is totally accepted and very much encouraged, sex between consenting gay free citizens is illegal and can get you enslaved or even worse. To be honest, it isn't smart to let anyone know if you're homosexual.

Anyway I secretly adored Brad from afar, but most importantly, I treasured the fact Brad was so kind to me. I would sit there on the benches watching him on the football field whenever he was playing.

And like all his other screaming fans, male and female, I would cheer loudly as Brad rose to the occasion, looking every bit the image of an extremely handsome 'All American boy next door' high school sports jock who knew he was also a great football player.

But ultimately, Brad's befriending me was definitely the reason he eventually ran foul of my eldest brother, Noel.

Noel was also on the local high school football team, and although he was considered a good football player, everyone knew he just wasn't as talented or skilled as Brad. Also, unlike Brad, my brother was not well liked.

My brother was known as an extreme bully, someone who loved to intimidate anyone he thought was weaker than him. Over the years, I've heard some very nasty and cruel rumours about Noel, which I really hope are not true.

As it was, Noel hated Brad with a passion. I also knew Brad didn't really care, as he could quite easily defend himself and win any fight between them. But I could also see just how much this pissed my brother off, as Noel had always thought of himself as the top dog at our high school.

What made matters worse though, was Noel was never one to forgive or forget. If he saw anyone threaten or challenge his authority, he would painstakingly work out ways of getting even, so he could eventually prove he was the tougher, better guy.

I should know. I've been the butt of my older brother's wrath since I can remember. Even the fact that Brad took the time out to talk to me like a friend was way too much for Noel to handle.

My brother, who at 19 years of age was a year older than Brad, stood tall at 6', had short spiked black hair, a solid thickset muscular body and cruel vicious brown eyes. In his own way, he might have been considered a good looking guy, with an ever thickening growth of curly black hair on his chest that ran down in a v-shape to a thick treasure trail past his navel to his very hairy groin.

Unfortunately, regardless of his very masculine rugged looks, his spiteful and vindictive nature tended to make people shy away from him. Except for a small group of senior high school buddies who liked to hang around him, everyone avoided him like the plague.

But the main reason Noel hated Brad was because our handsome blond haired rising high school football star came from the poorer side of town. To Noel, Brad was someone who should have known his place in society, like the Blacks, Hispanics and the slaves did. In Noel's mind Brad should have stayed in the ghettos of his poor suburb and stopped acting as if he deserved the special privileges that came from being wealthy.

Yes, I admit my brother is a snob, and a terribly spiteful one at that. It's really no secret, and Noel's the first one to admit it. Noel thought it was improper for anyone of Brad's social status to be treated like the rest of us more well-to-do wealthy students.

He hated the fact that our high school funds were being spent on sports scholarships for no-hoppers like Brad, especially when there were just as good or even better players like himself.

And as I mentioned earlier, the fact Brad took a friendly interest in me absolutely infuriated Noel.

To tell you the truth, my brother disliked me with a passion too. He always had. Ever since I was born, he'd gone out of his way to endlessly humiliate and degrade me in front of our parents and all his friends. He blamed me for everything that went wrong in his life, no matter how trivial, all because I wasn't as masculine and tough as him and tended to shy away from all physical sports.

Most times he'd ignore me, pretending I didn't exist. Other times, I'd have to suffer the ridicule and indignity of having him and his closest buddies beat me up for the smallest of infractions.

Once when Noel was beating me up in front of some of his loutish friends during a recess break at school, Brad suddenly stepped out of nowhere and pulled my brother off of me, shoving him aside and telling Noel calmly to cool down.

Noel had become livid with rage that anyone would interfere in what he considered to be a family matter and started swinging punches. For Brad, he'd just laughed, stepped out of the way and landed a cracking heavy handed fist to Noel's arrogantly jutting chin which sent my brother sprawling into an unconscious heap on the ground.

I remember how Noel had come to, eyeing me furiously, listening to all the other students gathered around laughing at him as he lay flat on his back in the dirt.

And even though I did warn Brad at the time, I should have known better. As a friend, I should have watched out for his back from then on, because I know my brother well.

I know Noel would definitely try and do something truly terrible to get back at Brad, as there was no way my brother could accept he'd been beaten and shamed in front of all his friends by a mere poor kid one year younger than him.

And of course, when Noel finally took his revenge out on Brad, it took everyone, including myself, by complete surprise.

Within a week, he'd struck back at Brad, as well as his whole family, in a way that left not only me but many people who cared for Brad, staggering with disbelief from the sneer nature of its viciousness and brutality.

And as the full impact of what my oldest brother Noel had done sunk in, I knew then I had no choice but to do something to try to save my role model and hero, the guy who I secretly had a crush on, from the clutches of my brother's devastating vengeance.

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### 1.1     Noel Morgan - Mounting Fury

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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To me, he was nothing more than a smart-assed faggot-girl, a supposedly rough and tough blonde haired guy around school a year younger than me. A queer con-artist who had everyone thinking he was something special.

Well he wasn't something special, and I was the only one who'd picked him out for what he truly was. He was a dirty little low-life pauper from the gutters, no better than the many slaves my family owns.

And yes, it was with great pleasure I personally ground his sorry lying ass into the dirt. Exposing him to everyone for what he really was. And believe me when I say how jubilant I was when I finally got my hands on that cock-sucking queer, and made him confess every one of his conniving faggot ways to all his so called loyal friends.

Just the thought of that faggot-girl made me want to retch up and vomit. And I admit too, that I didn't give a damn what anyone thought when I dealt him the final blow that would knock him off his self-proclaimed perch.

You see, folks down here in the southern states of the United Federation of American States have their own form of justice. So to me, I knew I was doing the right thing, even though everyone thought I was wrong. Sometimes you just got to grab the bull by the balls, squeeze them, expose the truth and then everyone would know what I'd done was the right god-fearing thing to do.

Now don't misunderstand me. I'm definitely not a religious person, so I can tell you God's got nothing to do with any of this.

This was purely about maintaining the social status down here in the south. Where the rich are very well respected, the poor knew their place in life, the Niggers and Latinos kept their heads down and out of view, and all slaves did what they were ordered without hesitation or complaint.

I mean to say! Consider your own situation if some young faggot upstart from the ghettos suddenly tried to wheedle his way into your own exclusive school, group or social club.

Well, you're right! It just wouldn't be acceptable. You'd be honour-bound to do something about it.

So it was with me! I couldn't allow that cunt Brad Cahill, who'd won a special football scholarship to attend our elite school at the age of 18, to feel he was one of us. And all because some

bleeding-heart people, who should have known better, said he was a naturally gifted player who would one day become a nationally recognised sporting icon.

Well for fucks sake, that meant shit to me, because the moment he arrived at our exclusive high school everyone started treating him like some kind of celebrity. But I saw straight through him. As far as I was concerned he was nothing but a social climbing maggot, a diseased poor fuck from the dead end of town. And as far as I was concerned, that's where he should've stayed, accepting his station and status in life.

To top it off, as soon as he arrived, he got appointed to my position as captain of our football team. I mean give me a fucking break. I paid good money for the privilege of taking on our football team captaincy.

Well, believe it or not, I just let it be, even though it was stewing up a storm inside my head.

And to be honest, when I'd first laid eyes on him, I'd even made a play to get him into my bed. I just thought it would have been cool to try out his faggot-girl mouth and pussy, just like I would with any attractive slave boy that caught my eye.

Admittedly he's actually a very good looking. Yes, I admit he's a rather tall and dashing teenage guy, with boyishly youthful yet masculine features, short wavy blond hair and sparkling blue eyes that taunt you in a sexy come-fuck-me queer kind of way.

In fact, if you'd seen him naked in the school gym showers after gym and football practice, you'd understand why all the local women thought he was a living, breathing Adonis. He had nicely defined large muscles with no hint of fat whatsoever, and a smooth hairless torso except around the base of his large swaying very thick uncut cock and under his armpits.

Oh don't sound so shocked, for fucks sake. Yeah, I'm 100% straight, even got me a long term girl. And like most of my buddies here at school, I've even knocked up a few female slave bitches in my time as well.

But like everybody else in this great nation of ours, I'll sleep with anyone I want to, male or female, especially if I can use it to my advantage.

Bedding down free citizen teen guys and roughly dominating them as I fuck them stupid, listening to their pathetic tears and pleas for me not to hurt them, and promising me they'll do whatever I want, has always been a means to gain complete and total power over them.

And that's one thing I truly do love! Absolute power and control!

Best thing though is video recording every one of these illicit fag sex sessions, while always making sure to mask my identity. It's a great way to blackmail them into doing exactly what I want while having a lot of ball-busting orgasmic fun at the same time.

And even though what I do is frowned upon by society, it sure doesn't make me a queer fag!

Thing is, I know the difference between being a real man who knows how to fuck, and fuck hard, and a pansy queer bottom who spreads his legs wide like a whimpering girl, begging to be fucked hard by real men like me.

In our state, if you're known to be a cock sucking faggot, you're very likely to be immediately enslaved and treated worse than any lowly chain-gang slave.

But when that blond haired cunt angrily rejected my invitation to be my fuck-boy, to be my bitch, while also looking down his nose at me and my closest friends, well that did it. In my mind he was now on notice that I'd eventually bust his balls one day.

And once I'd made the decision, I knew I'd just have to be patient, bide my time and wait for the perfect opportunity to present itself to me. Then I would finally own him lock, stock and barrel.

Of course, it wasn't until another two months had past before the opportunity finally presented itself. And when it did, I thanked God the day the stupid faggot-girl stepped in and decided to interfere in my personal family affairs.

It didn't matter I was beating up on my younger brother on that day, getting Evan to act like a man for once in his life in front of all my friends.

The fact faggot-girl had the effrontery to grab me from behind, push me away from my own kith and kin, and then add insult to injury by punching me in the face and knocking me down.

Well that was it! I knew the time had come to take him out once and for all.

And as far as I'm concerned, it was that damn queer's own fault for what I then put into motion, and I knew he'd suffer the consequences for being so smug and high-almighty in front of me, thinking he was better than me.

Of course afterwards, as the dust settled and I knew I'd beaten bitch, made him mine, then I could turn my full attention towards my little brother and finally take care of Evan once and for all too.

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## 1.2 Brad Cahill - The Good Old Days

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill - Pleasure Slave)*

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The best day of my life was when the long awaited letter, delivered by a naked postal slave, arrived to confirm I'd been accepted into the elite all boy's high school college on the other side of town.

I remember clearly how both my parents had jumped up and down with joy, laughing with unconcealed pride for me, and how my two brothers Sean and Justin had looked up at me in awe, grinning with unrepressed brotherly adulation.

You see, my parents aren't wealthy, and we all knew they were struggling to keep us in school. The meager wage Dad brings home from the copper mines as a free citizen is just enough to pay our rent and feed us all. Apart from that, there's nothing left to spare.

So it came as a huge surprise when the coach of our town's most prestige's high school college football team, after watching a game between two local public high school teams in which I was playing, came up to me after the match and offered me a full-time scholarship.

At first we were all skeptical, but when he handed me the official documents I needed to fill out, and then gave dad his business card, well, that's when the real impact hit us. Here was the lucky break we really needed. It's what I'd really worked hard for, a chance for dad and mum to relax a bit, and for me to excel in the sport I loved.

To be honest, I was proud of myself. I'd just turned 18 years old a few weeks before, and standing really tall at 6' 4", with a shock of sandy blond hair and deep blue eyes, many of our relatives and friends kept telling me I should concentrate really hard on football. In their view, if I really practiced hard, I just might get selected to play professionally, and help drag my family out of the depths of poverty we lived in.

Then they'd all go on about how good looking I was too. Kept saying if I didn't make the national pro football circuit, then maybe I should seriously consider becoming a professional male model for some famous fashion magazine.

Of course it always made me blush whenever they said that. But in a strange selfish way, I kind of liked the compliment. Because whenever I looked in the mirror, I'd see my large biceps bulging hugely as I flexed my arms, as well as my deltoid muscles raised high on my shoulders.

I was also proud of my nicely developed pecs expanding prominently whenever I stuck my chest out, and I knew my smooth well defined rock solid washboard abs emphasising my taut flat

stomach looked great. All in all, I could see that I really have been blessed in the looks department.

And when it comes to my slim firm hips, tight round bubble-butted buttocks and thick muscled legs, I know that all the hard work I've been putting in at the free citizen's public gym downtown has more than paid off, especially in keeping me in tip-top condition for when I'm playing my favourite sport of all time, football.

But most importantly, regardless of how good I look, I've been taught never to look down at others or judge people because they might not look as good as me. My dad and mum are emphatic in that area, and say me and my brothers all have to be grateful for any small mercies God has granted us in our lives.

Needless to say, my first day at my new school was a mind-blowing experience.

There was nothing to compare with the wealth, glitz and glamour that oozed from the very walls of this very exclusive private school. Also, to my surprise and discomfort, every student had their own personal slave. Believe me, that in itself is an indicator of how posh this high school really was, as only the very wealthy could afford slaves in our town.

The school gym alone boasted an auditorium jam-packed with all the latest state-of-the-art gym and fitness equipment, and the huge indoor Olympic pool, dozen tennis and basketball courts just blew my mind away.

Anyway, within a week of starting there, I was made the team's new quarterback and immediately promoted to being captain. Also, as more and more students and teachers got to know me and come and watch me play and steer our winning team into the semi-finals of the post-season bowls, I was suddenly being proclaimed a young rising star who would go on to rival the amazing records set by the all-time great, Sherman Atherton.

They were exciting heady days, and by the end of the first month, outside of school, I was being propositioned by as many as ten young women a week, all of whom would come to watch me play.

Of course, I never told my parents or brothers about that, as we're all very strict Christians. But I reckon my dad knew I was getting laid on a regular basis, as he'd sometimes slap me on the back heartily and wink whenever my mother would ask me if I'd met any nice Christian girls yet.

Anyway, I was on a high, my young life was looking incredible, and I felt like the future was mine to shape and mould as I moved forward.

Unfortunately, I was left a little dismayed by the attitudes of a small group of students, who hung together and for some reason took an instant disliking to me. I don't know what I'd done wrong to upset them, but the result was I got into a lot of needless scrapes that just shouldn't have happened really.

I mean, I'm not a violent person, but I do know how to stand up for my rights. And if I see one of the younger male students being picked on by two or three other older school bullies, then I'll immediately step in. Besides, it's the Christian thing to do.

Also, I was finding it really hard to accept the way some of the students treated their slaves. Each student was allowed to bring in one male slave from home to look after their daily needs, such as, carry their books and backpacks, run errands to the library, collect their lunches and generally be on hand whenever they were needed.

No female slaves were permitted on the high school premises, as the principal, teachers and parents thought that would be too much of a distraction for a high school full of young randy sexually aware teenage boys.

And as required by law, all slaves wore no clothes whatsoever. Completely naked, they would always stand in the traditional mandatory slave position of hands clasped behind their backs, heads bowed low, legs wide apart and their crotches thrust out in front of their bodies when they weren't serving their masters.

Also, apart from the elaborate brands of their owners' family crest burnt into their left buttocks, they were completely devoid of any body hair, except that which grew on their head.

The most disturbing aspect of it all for me was how they were always forced to maintain a rock-hard erection at all times as they stood silently behind their owners.

One of my close friends eventually clued on to my ignorance and confusion, telling me how the use of micro-chipping always kept slaves erect all the time. It still didn't answer my question really, because I couldn't understand why anyone would want a slave to be erect all the time anyway.

It all seemed a bit bizarre and obscene to me.

Also, many of the slaves wore metal and ceramic piercings of varying sizes and weights all over their bodies, while some even had much of their bodies covered in huge intricately designed tattoos that reflected the incredibly wealthy status of the slave owner's family.

But what I found to be even more distasteful and revolting was every time I walked into the main student common room, or into the boy's gym, shower and toilet block, there would always be quite a number of slaves on their knees, hands behind their backs, heads bent forward as they performed fellatio on their masters or serviced a whole group of their masters' friends.

Also I learned very early on to avoid the student's private resting rooms, which were large dormitory-style rooms expensively furnished with comfortable bunks and cots, for whenever any of the boys needed to have time out and lie down anytime during the day.

The first time I walked into one, my eyes nearly dropped out of my head as I witnessed a young naked slave lying flat on his back, knees bent over his master's shoulders, being roughly fucked

on one of the larger double bunk beds. Near them, another slave was positioned on his hands and knees and was being banged from both ends by two older students who were urging each other on in loud ribald voices.

I rushed out of there quick smart, being careful to keep my mouth shut. Because even though homosexuality is illegal in most states of our nation, and anyone found out to be gay is usually enslaved, it seemed sex between free citizen men and male slaves is totally acceptable, even encouraged. But after what I'd seen back there, well I have to admit, I just didn't get it!

To me that just wasn't right. It was repulsive and downright sickening, and sometimes, I would catch a glimpse and see the blank lost looks on some of these poor slave's faces, and wonder how it could be in this modern day of advanced technology, such cruelty and barbarity could still exist.

You see, my brothers and I had been brought up to believe slavery of any type was morally and ethically wrong, and that homosexuality was a terrible mortal sin. But as God-fearing Christians, we had to learn to be tolerant and caring of all those less fortunate than ourselves.

Me, I had to bite my tongue on many occasions and keep my opinions to myself. Regardless of how I personally felt about the sad plight of the enslaved, I knew the law looked down harshly on anybody who openly criticized our supposedly progressive society.

But I also had another problem.

Noel Morgan!

He was 19, one year older than me, and was also a few inches shorter than me. But from the moment I met him, I could tell he didn't like me one bit.

At first he stayed away from me, as if sulking like a spoilt brat, and then he openly stuck his nose up in the air, and loudly proclaimed he didn't support low-life poor scum coming to his school, sponging off the benefits that his and the rest of the student's parents paid to the school.

Most of the other students would laugh and joke about it, explaining to me it was just all sour-grapes. All because I was new and had replaced him as Captain of our school football team. At the time, I just shrugged my shoulders, because I really didn't like him either.

What really shocked me though was late one afternoon, while we were all showering after a very long practice session, Noel and three of his flunkies pushed their way past all the other naked guys to stand next to me in the shower stalls.

At first I tried to ignore him as he suds up under the fine spray of the warm jetting water, but then I could feel him running his eyes all over my wet naked body. And when I glared back at him, I found him staring at my butt cheeks with a strange look in his eyes.

I mean to say, was he perving on me or what?

"You know Brad! Might be great if just you and I got together after school later this week! Bet a good looking poor guy like you could do with making some easy cash! Besides, I ain't been getting any lately and the thought of fucking your tight hole, and letting you be my bitch, really turns me on!" he said to me as he licked his lips and stroked his thickening penis lewdly.

I stared at him in disbelief. Like I mentioned earlier, I knew things like that happened in the world, men having unnatural relations with other men and I admit I saw it happening every day at school between students and slaves. But for Noel to even think that I was that way inclined!

He must have seen the look of fury on my face, because he quickly backed up a bit, uncertain of himself.

"What's your fucking problem? There's nothing wrong if you put out for me and some of my buddies once in a while! Especially for a few bucks! At least you could buy yourself some decent clothes and not look like a low-life derelict scum whenever you're in school." he scoffed, and then he lowered his voice in a conspiratorial tone.

"Besides, no one else need know, and I reckon I'd be doing you a favour if you let me fuck that tight looking pussy of yours!" he said, oblivious to the fact my knuckles were turning white at my sides.

Instantly I stepped up to him, raised my fists and glared into his eyes.

"If you and your friends don't get the fuck out of my face and away from me right now, I'm going to beat the living crap out of the lot of you. Now fuck off!" I said, my voice rising with menace as I took a step closer to him.

"Well fuck you, low-life! You don't have to get all riled up! Just trying to be friendly!" he growled back at me and for a moment I thought he was going to challenge me before he suddenly spun around and stormed off.

It was Daniel Maddox, who was a year younger than me and who'd become a close friend since I'd first enrolled, who finally walked up to me shaking his head nervously.

"I'd stay out of Noel's way if I were you! He's a nasty bit of work, and his family is the most powerful people in this state. So you don't want to go upsetting him or any of his friends!" he warned as he towed himself dry.

I'd thought that would be the end of Noel Morgan and any problems I might have with him. He did stay away from me, and even when we were together at training or when playing a match, he'd pull his weight and do what I told him.

But we finally had another run-in two months later.

One thing about me is I'm a really sociable guy. I like to meet people, especially the other students at school, and I don't care what grade they're in, or whether they're into sports or not. As long as they're cool and friendly, well I got time for them.

So it came as a bit of a surprise when I suddenly bumped into Evan one morning. He wasn't watching where he was going as he was walking along reading a text book, and after bouncing off me, found himself on his back looking up into my concerned face.

That's when I saw the look of terror on his face. Poor kid! He thought I was going to beat him up or something.

"You okay? Come on, let me help you up!" I said to him as I held out my hand. At first he just stared at it and then back into my face before he allowed me to help him stand.

We kind of became friends in a strange sort of way. I know he was in awe of me, but anytime I saw him close by, I'd go up and talk to him and see how he was. And even though he was one grade below me, I figured he was okay, a bit of a loner, and if I saw anyone hassling him, I'd immediately step in and break it up.

What I didn't realise, was Evan happened to be Noel's younger brother. How stupid of me! It never occurred to me that they could have been brothers, and no one told me either. Noel, even though he was an absolute arsehole, was very athletic, kept in shape, stood 6' tall and had a spoilt confidence about him that was totally lacking in Evan.

Evan on the other hand, was a short kid, probably 5' 5" in height, really skinny, and tended to like to hang out with all the computer geeks and in the library. Not that there's anything wrong with that, it just took me by surprise when I found out they were related.

But find out I did. One afternoon I found myself walking to my next class, when I came across Noel as he was beating up on Evan in front of about twelve other students.

I couldn't help myself when I stepped forward, grabbed Noel from behind and pulled him up off Evan's cringing body, all the while, telling Noel to cool it and calm down.

At first he was confused, unaware someone had manhandled him in such a way, but as he turned around and saw it was me, he suddenly went ape-shit and came swinging at me with his fists. Well, for me, that was enough.

I took one look at Noel and laughed at how stupid he looked, pulled back my fist, and before he knew what had hit him, punched him right in the jaw. He went out like a light, collapsing on his back on the ground.

Anyway, as I helped Evan to his feet, asking him if he was okay, I heard Noel start to moan as he woke up. He'd only been out for a few seconds, but I could see he was disorientated, gazing around in a daze. Suddenly I felt a bit guilty I'd landed him such a hard one like that.

Feeling a bit ashamed, I went over and reached down to offer him my hand.

"Come on Noel! Sorry I had to do that, but you left me no choice. Here, let me help you up." I said, but to my surprise, he swatted it away, stared at me with a glare of pure hate, and once he'd stumbled back up onto his feet, he walked away rubbing his chin.

"Thanks Brad, I really appreciate what you did for me. But I've got to warn you. You'd better watch your back from now on, because I know my brother, and he'll come after you with a vengeance!" Evan said sadly to me, as he picked up his school books and quickly headed for his next class.

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## 2. Evan Morgan - Family Unity

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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Sometimes I think I'm just so naïve. So stupidly gullible!

Like the time when I was told Brad Cahill's parents had suddenly taken him out of school so he could attend a relative's funeral somewhere on the east coast.

At the time I found out, I remember feeling heart-felt sympathy for him and his family's recent loss, but I also looked forward to when he returned to school. In my own closeted way, I missed Brad, especially watching his handsome muscular body working out at football training, as well as our regular talks when we bumped into each other.

And I can tell you truthfully that I didn't connect his sudden departure to anything my brother Noel might have been involved in, even though Brad's departure for the family funeral occurred the day after their fight.

How could I have known anything was out of the ordinary, that something was terribly wrong?

How was I supposed to know that Noel had done something so horrendous that would shock and horrify me when I eventually found out?

Anyway, as I was soon to learn, my whole life was about to be turned upside down as I was forced to make a decision that would ultimately alienate me from my parents and turn me against my own big brother Noel.

My parents, Senator James and Gracie Morgan, my eldest brother Noel and I lived in the most expensive area of town. Our family's considered one of the oldest and richest families to have settled in the region more than 200 years ago, and as such, we're held in the highest regard.

In fact, my family was here decades before slavery eventually reached its penultimate peak in the mid 1800's, before finally being abolished at the end of the 19th century. And of course, my family was also one of the first families in our state to immediately benefit financially when slavery was re-introduced just over 30 years ago.

And when you think about it, 30 years really isn't that long ago. Everyone who was young then still remembers how all the territories voted to re-instate slavery, except for three states who abstained, and as such, New Holland, Concordia and Levanda remained slave free. In fact, it is actually illegal to own slaves there, or to try and enslave anyone.

Thing is, I'd never really thought that much about slavery, or voluntary indentured service, because both Noel and I were born into a highly structured society that already prized and indulged in the lucrative commerce that arises from an international export import slave policy.

In our house alone, we have over 50 slaves. We have 14 house slaves, 6 pleasure slaves belonging to my father and brother, and 30 field slaves.

Anyway as Noel and I grew up, it was only natural that we'd learn there is a class and caste structure that automatically dictates where all individual members of our society fit.

Unfortunately, I can honestly say I really took very little interest in how the slaves on our own property were managed. I knew we had an overseer, Mr Hendricks, a huge stout weather-beaten faced middle aged man whose permanent scowl scared me at times.

It was his job to ensure the highest level of discipline among our slaves at all times. Although he was an expert in his field, a professional slave and RFID microchip and security technician, I must admit I'd never actually witnessed any disciplinary measures meted out by him.

To me, even at an early age, it all just seemed far too barbarous, and my dear mother always kept me sheltered from the harsh realities of slavery within our modern society.

Of course, because of our family's very high social status within the state, I wasn't blinded to the fact it was our obligation to own and care for a large number of very carefully trained well disciplined slaves within our household. I mean, who else would have looked after our daily needs, and work on the huge plantations we owned.

In fact, I'd always had an elderly slave whom I've known all my life to look after my needs. To me, he was my personal valet, and his name was Monet. A gentle very obedient and humble old man, he dressed in the traditional slave outfit, a respectable knees-length loin cloth, and waited on and cared for me in ways my parents never had.

When I woke up in the morning, he was always there to wash me and dress me. When I got back from school, he'd make sure my after-school clothes were laid out neatly and ready for me to change into. When I was ready for bed, he was always there to tuck me in and read me stories from my favourite fictional fantasy novels.

There was nothing sexual in it at all. He was just my 'friend'. Even though father and Noel insisted I get myself my own personal pleasure slave, I just found the idea far too disgusting for my liking.

Also, I had an unfounded fear that if I did go out and select myself a pleasure slave, then everyone would somehow know my biggest secret, that I was gay. I know it was stupid of me, but it was a concern I had at the time.

Of course Noel would sneer at me and call me a prude, but I also liked to think of myself as romantic, secretly waiting for the right person to come along and sweep me off my feet. I also knew that wasn't going to happen, especially in our enlightened times.

And even though Noel and my father always said Monet was just an aging useless slave past his prime, I didn't care one bit, as I don't think I really ever thought of him as just a 'slave'.

To me, he had always been there whenever I needed his kindness. To me, he was part of our family, a trusted loyal friend I could always speak to.

Noel, on the other hand, owned an extremely good looking young male slave, whose duties were to look after every one of my brother's daily needs. Ever since Noel had turned 15, my brother had suddenly insisted on selling off his much older childhood slave.

And with my parents blessing, he'd gone out and bought himself one of those very expensive pleasure slaves. A year younger than my brother, Noel had named him August, based solely on the fact he'd bought the slave in the month of August.

August was the same height as Noel, gorgeously lean and slender, and because he was kept naked at all times, you couldn't but notice he had a rather long and thick circumcised penis. Noel, of course, treated him like a favourite pet most of the time, even letting August grow his auburn coloured hair which the young slave was ordered to keep short and stylised at all times.

From the day he'd brought August home, he'd loudly proclaimed I was henceforth barred from his bedroom, never to enter without his permission. Not that that meant anything to me, as I never entered his room anyway, for fear of eliciting his ever-growing fury and cruelty.

As it is, I've always felt sorry for August because I could tell he lived in constant fear of my brother. I can only imagine what vile things Noel did to him in the privacy of his own bedroom.

So it was on that fateful day, a month after my high school sports hero Brad Cahill had knocked Noel unconscious that my life was forever changed.

On that day, just before the sun had set, Noel had come crashing into my bedroom, rambling on like a lunatic, shouting at me excitedly to follow him to the main study.

"Come on slack-ass! Boy, have I got a surprise for you?" Noel had rattled on, urging me to hurry up and follow him. But when I'd cringed away from him in distrust and confusion, unable to understand his enthusiasm and near manic eagerness, he'd lifted his eyes to the ceiling in mock anguish, laughed as he called me a fucking wimp, and then grabbed me painfully by my arm and quickly dragged me towards the main study room on the ground floor of our large 22 room estate house.

To me, it was so unreal. Here he was, eagerly ushering me along the great hallway, continually babbling on to me in a hurried yet friendly, even brotherly manner, as if we were close buddies or the like.

In a sense, I couldn't believe it was my brother rushing me down the marble stairs and into the study, wanting me for some obscure reason to share in whatever good fortune had befallen him.

When I entered the room, I instantly noted two new young slaves standing naked in the centre of the room. As required by law, they were in the traditional mandatory slave position, heads bowed low, hands behind their backs; legs spread wide apart and hairless crotches thrust forward to expose their fully erect penises and testicles to everyone in the room.

Straight away I felt uncomfortable, and even a little nervous.

What was Noel up to? He knew I wouldn't be interested in inspecting any new slaves he may have purchased.

As I took in the view and listened to Noel as he commenced explaining the incredible beauty and value of the two new slaves standing before us, I immediately turned my head towards him, a silent plea in my suspicious eyes demanding to know why he had brought me here.

Then I noticed for the first time both my father and our overseer Mr Hendricks, huddled closely together, talking in hushed tones. Then, when my father realised I was also in the room with them, he smiled, tilted his head in that way he has of acknowledging me, and quickly moved forward to commence a more detailed inspection of the two new slaves.

Now I was really confused. My whole family knew I had no real interest in any slave issues that affected our household. Again I tried to get Noel's attention so I could find out what was happening. But as was Noel's nature, he offhandedly ignored my silent gestures, and continued eagerly to highlight the remarkable qualities and youthfulness of the two new slaves.

Sighing heavily, I knew I'd have to wait until Noel had calmed down. I figured I'd probably be here for a while, so I turned my attention back to the slaves.

And as I briefly ran my eyes over them, I suddenly found myself wondering just how much money would have been paid to buy them. Even with my limited knowledge on slave induction, training and standard slave etiquette, I knew immediately these two weren't your average field or house slaves, and they must be worth a fortune.

A cursory glance over their smooth hairless bodies revealed their flawless milky white skin was still unmarked, showing no signs of branding, or any other decorative slave tattooing. This was also a definite sign they must have been recently enslaved.

And then it struck me that slaves this expensive probably wouldn't be joining the ranks of our other well-trained estate slaves. Maybe Noel had bought them as an investment to resell on to make a tidy profit. It was the only logical answer I could think of for their being here in the first place.

Of course I could tell without even seeing the faces of the two new slaves that they must definitely be very good looking.

Then I watched as Noel stepped confidently up in front of the tallest more muscular slave, before turning around to me and impatiently motioning me forward.

"Come on bro. I bought one of these for you too. You can even pick out which one you want. Besides, it's time you discarded that old piece of trash you've had for all these years and got something fresh and young to serve your needs now." Noel stated happily, smiling hugely as he reached down and fondled the large hairless low hanging testicles of the bald headed slave standing before him.

Even though Noel's continued actions of fondling the slave's rock-hard erection and low hanging balls was embarrassing me, I must admit what he'd just said left me in a dizzying state of shock. I shook my head.

Had I heard him right? Had he really gone out and bought one of these slaves for me? Was that what this was all about? Instantly I found myself struggling to believe Noel would do anything bordering on kindness for me.

I even remember after the initial shock had passed and he'd shaken his head to indicate that I had heard him correctly, how I found myself holding back an unexpected welling of tears. Tears made up of renewed brotherly love and pride, an unswerving gratitude towards my big brother Noel.

"It's alright Evan. It's time we started acting like brothers. Time we learnt to get along together. That's why I bought these slaves, so you and I can both proudly show off our newest, most expensive property whenever we go out. What do you say?" Noel said sagely.

My father, half listening in to what Noel was saying, turned around from the slave he was inspecting, and heartily slapped his eldest son on his back.

"I'm proud of you, son. In fact, I'm very pleased to see you acting so maturely by taking on this huge responsibility. I was worried at first when you told me you'd bought these new slaves without my permission, but I'm mightily proud of you for taking the initiative."

Then father turned towards me smiling grandly.

"And Evan, I do hope you'll make me proud too son, by accepting your brother's very generous gift." My father had said in a kind, caring voice, as he stood there gazing at both Noel and me.

Again I was nearly overwhelmed.

It had been such a long time since I'd heard my father talking so affectionately and kindly to me. I couldn't help myself as I eagerly shook my head up and down, while still trying to stop myself from crying with joy.

"Well then, take your pick, bro. Which one do you want?" Noel asked, gently pushing me forward so I stood before the slave he'd just been fondling.

At first I just stood there staring at the two of them.

"Come on, bro. You've got to inspect them properly before you choose one, especially if you intend to bed him down every night from now on." Noel laughed, encouraging me to reach out and feel the enslaved merchandise.

Noel's comments made me turn bright red with embarrassment. And then it hit me. These were pleasure slaves, male sex slaves specifically trained to please and heighten their master's sexual enjoyment!

Like I said earlier on, sex between free citizen men and male slaves was an important and accepted part of our society, so much so it was publicly endorsed and vigorously encouraged as one of the most important and positive ways for an owner to instill his complete dominion over their slave.

And now I was really curious, because these two slaves were unlike any pleasure slaves I'd ever seen advertised on TV or in the glossy sales brochures and catalogues. Nearly all pleasure slaves I'd seen were pierced with large ornate metal studs and ring in every orifice of their bodies, and usually tattooed and marked with elaborate designs so as to emphasise their special sex slave status. These two had none at all.

Shaking my head in confusion I turned my attention back to the one standing before me.

But to be honest, I didn't know what to do. I'd never inspected a slave before and I didn't know what to check for. Also, on a more intimate level, the erect penis on the slave before me was making me feel very inadequate.

To me it was huge, and it made me fully aware of how I've always been very modest about my own nakedness, constantly worrying about the size of my dick and hoping it would eventually grow a lot bigger as I got older.

Fact was I just wasn't hung like Noel, who tended to like showing off his own large seven and a half inch tackle whenever he was in the school gym showers. Also, he had no qualms fondling the genitals of any male slave that grabbed his attention, always wanting to weigh them and measure their length and girth, flaccid and erect, as he tried to ascertain if they would make good breeding stock for our stable of estate slaves.

I know Noel's always had aspirations to enter the corporate slave industry after high school and university, and it was common knowledge on weekends Noel and his close group of friends was always down at the local slave markets checking out any new slaves.

For myself, even though I saw naked slaves all the time, and their nudity meant nothing to me whatsoever, I still found it very hard to reach down and cup and fondle their genitals, as I found it to be very demeaning, especially if other people were watching what I was doing.

Also, I couldn't imagine what the slaves must have thought and felt as they were being inspected!

And this time was no different for me either. In fact, it was even worse than I'd expected, as I was fully aware of my father, the overseer Mr Hendricks and Noel watching intently as I gingerly reached my hand forward.

At first I felt flustered and a little ashamed of how I was reacting, so taking a deep breath to dispel my discomfort, I carefully cupped the young slave's huge plump hairless balls in my palm. The heavy weight of his large hairless scrotum in the small palm of my hand left me feeling a little disoriented, as did the musky, masculine scent that wafted from his naked body, especially from his crotch.

More disconcerting for me was the seven inch length of this young slave's fully erect penis, sticking up nearly vertical to his flat hairless stomach, straining up past his belly button. And as I moved my hand up and stroked the silky length of his rigid youthful manhood with my fingers, I suddenly found my own dick barring up and tenting the front of my pants against my will.

Shame swept through me as I immediately let go and stared at my brother and father red-faced.

"Don't worry bro. It's just a normal human reaction you're having. Happens to the best of us free citizen folk, right Dad?" Noel said with a knowing smile on his face.

My father heartily agreed, also smiling expansively as he explained in detail how having a slave's shaved balls in the palm of your hand can create a natural aphrodisiac affect on any free citizen checking out his or her newest slave.

Suddenly a question struck me. For the entire time the two slaves had been standing before us, they'd each maintained a full blown erection that never seemed to sag or go flaccid at any time as they displayed themselves.

"How do they keep their erections all the time? I mean, it must be really uncomfortable and painful for them to be like this all the time." I asked.

"Good question Evan and one I hope you never repeat in the presence of our womenfolk." My father answered quickly with an amused chuckle.

Then Noel stepped up next to me smiling, actually happy that I was finally taking an interest in something that was probably common knowledge to all free citizens.

"At the back of their necks, injected into their spines, the state-owned slave enforcement authorities have implanted a very tiny micro-chip. As soon as it attaches itself to the inside of the upper spinal column, the micro-chip instantly starts acting like a mini CPU. It then releases thousands of new commands that override all existing brain messages to the muscular system, effectively taking over the slave's entire body." Noel said excitedly.

"What you then have is total control of your slave and what he does. The micro-chip, designed to the owner's unique specifications will then literally rewire the slave's mind, downloading hundreds of thousands of new audio and visual instructions into the slave's brain. The newly enslaved will know within seconds exactly how to act in his new status as a slave and how to carry out his new duties to the best of his abilities." he continued.

"In effect as soon as any person is enslaved and then micro-chipped, they are instantly transformed into a perfectly obedient, submissive slave. It's what we free citizens term the best combination of our modern slave technology with state-of-the-art science."

"Of course, the micro-chipped slave will always retain their own memories of their past as well as the ability to think for themselves, which admittedly must be very hard for them. Can you even imagine what it must be like to be fully aware of what's happening to you but being unable to control any of your own actions?" Noel said, shaking his head in amazement.

"Anyhow, in essence they have no willpower whatsoever over what they are forced to do, and there's nothing they can do about it but obey their owner's completely. Most importantly though, industry leaders, slave merchants and traders and slave auction venders can now tailor-design their own specialised slaves, specialty slaves that are capable of doing whatever their new duties require of them in their newly entrusted slave positions." Noel rambled on, before turning his attention back to the two young slaves before him.

"Now, whenever these slaves are ordered to assume the mandatory slave position and thrust out their groins for our inspection, the chip automatically sends a powerful electronic impulse to their brains. This instantly releases the necessary neuro-hormones, peptides and proteins required for them to maintain a raging, rock-hard erection. And they'll continue to stay hard until we eventually tell them to relax." Noel explained.

"And don't worry. They don't feel any pain from having an erection for so long, as the micro-chip negates any discomfort they may feel. In fact, it does the exact opposite by keeping them in an extremely high state of arousal at all times. Eventually they'll become so used to getting an erection within seconds of being ordered, that the micro-chip's continued use to keep them aroused will eventually become redundant."

"Also, you can actually refine the commands as well. Just verbally select the pleasure level you want the slave to be set at, and then tell the slave what you want. The micro-chip will instantly kick in and make it happen. Now stand aside a fraction and watch this." Noel said as he pulled me out of the way of the tall young naked slave standing before me.

Then Noel turned back towards the slave, and in a firm commanding voice, he ordered the slave to ejaculate.

In less than a few seconds and as I watched in growing awe, the young slave, with his head still bowed low to his chest, suddenly shook all over uncontrollably. And as every perfectly defined muscle on his body twitched and spasmed, he whimpered and moaned loudly as he thrust his

crotch out as far as he could, and ejaculated the largest amount of semen I have ever witnessed in my life.

"See! Pretty cool, don't you think? Also he's still as hard as an iron bar. I could get him to cum continuously over and over again if I wanted him to." Noel smiled wisely as he saw how impressed I was by this little demonstration of total dominance and control.

"Not only that, the micro-chip provides an added bonus of continually stimulating their prostates. This means the slaves will always be receptive and usually begging to be anally penetrated whenever their owners want to use them."

"Thankfully it also makes their anal passages clench and unclench for hours on end, while cleansing out their bowels at the same time. Now slaves don't have to exercise their pleasure holes to keep themselves ultra tight, or constantly have enemas to keep themselves clean. The micro-chip does it automatically for them."

"Also, micro-chipped slaves no longer have to be taken out and exercised on a regular basis. The same process occurs whereby the micro-chip automatically sends out electrical impulses to every muscle fibre in the body. It stimulates them every few seconds so that the slave's muscles maintain their physical shape and appearance without having to undergo strenuous exercising. I've actually seen very unhealthy and obese slaves become slim taut and physically fit in a matter of weeks." Noel added.

"Of course the micro-chip also acts as a GPS locator and neural punishment device. If a slave were ever to consider doing a runner on us, which is unthinkable, we can instantly track him by satellite and find them no matter where he tried to flee to. And if they ever need to be punished, which is also very unlikely, all you have to do is indicate the level of pain you want applied and the micro-chip does the rest."

"Now you know why the government banned the use of all those old primitive style whips and paddles, except for those used in state-sponsored BDSM slave brothels. The old style punishment tools have now been completely phased out in favour of the new micro-chip implants. Again, it's far more effective and doesn't leave a slave's skin damaged and scarred, thereby reducing its resale price." Noel stated.

And then a multitude of questions hit me as I ran my gaze over them.

"Why don't these two slaves have any slave piercings or tattoos? And why haven't they been branded with our family crest and fitted with cock rings and butt-plugs?" I asked in a rush.

Noel looked at me and raised his left eyebrow.

"Evan, there might be hope for you yet! Only kidding, but I must admit, those are some really good questions!" he replied with a voice bordering on grudging respect. Even father and Mr Hendricks were smiling, patiently waiting for Noel to continue.

"Firstly, these two fine youthful specimens standing before you will only ever be used as pleasure slaves. Evan, to have them branded with our family crest, and then pierced and tattooed would automatically result in their current and future market value dropping by more than a half. That's not good!" Noel said, emphasising his point by running the palm of his hand over the smooth hairless chest of the youngest looking slave.

"Secondly, the micro-chips implanted in these two slaves have been electronically configured to identify our family as their rightful owners, and any free citizen who has any doubts about their enslavement or who owns them can use their personalised palm-held slave scanners for confirmation."

"Also, the micro-chip will do a far better job of prominently displaying their genitals when we take them out to show them off in public. I can guarantee you that no permanently fixed metal ring or external gadget secured at the base of their genitals can compete with the micro-chip when it comes to totally controlling and displaying their erections to any free citizen who may wish to inspect them. No cumbersome foreign metallic or ceramic objects to get in the way." my brother continued.

"And lastly, butt-plugs were only ever used by a slave's owner to reduce the incidences of a slave shitting himself at the most inconvenient times. Believe me, it's not a good look if you're at an important high school function, business meeting or traveling long distance, and your slave suddenly needs to take a crap and can't control his bowel movements." Noel said.

"But most important of all Evan! The micro-chip is an all-purpose slave device, specifically designed to make a slave do anything you want, regardless of his own personal feelings or concerns. It will instantly take control of his mind and body in direct response to any set of instructions you require." Noel finished saying expansively, smiling widely at his own words as he looked at me.

"Now why don't you finish off your inspection of these slaves, and make your choice. I'll answer all your other questions later on."

Immediately I returned my attention back to the tall young slave who'd just cum. I realised he must have been around my own age, but he was taller than me by at least five inches. GINGERLY I ran my fingers over his amazingly flat washboard stomach, then slid the palm of my hand up to his extraordinarily muscular chest, absently pinching his large pouting nipples as I marveled at how smooth and hairless his skin was.

The other shorter slave still stood in the slave position, head bowed down so low his chin touched his chest, hands held clasped behind his back, and his groin thrust forward as far as he could so his erection jutted out for all to see. For some reason, he looked a lot younger than the one I was inspecting, maybe somewhere around 15 or 16 years of age and about my own height.

Again I couldn't help it when my own dick stiffened rock-hard in my pants, but thankfully this time I had my back to both Noel and my father. There was no way I wanted them to see my pants tenting out again in this most lewd of ways.

The slave in front of me definitely had the biggest cock, but I could see that the youngest slave next to him also had a large thick erect dick with fat hairless balls.

Looking at both their penises, I knew they were definitely bigger than me, and unfortunately, that thought tended to deflate my own ego and my raging erection straight away, as I suddenly felt a wave of inadequacy swamp through me.

Eventually I returned my full attention to the slave standing before me, and as I once again admired this tall young slave's incredibly firm muscular physique, I reached up and lifted his bowed bald head up off his chin.

Yes, he was extraordinarily handsome in a youthful boyish way. His brilliant sad blue eyes looked me in the face, and I knew this was the one for me.

If Noel wanted me to select one, this was the slave I'd choose, also because he definitely reminded me of my high school hero and role-model Brad Cahill.

In my mind, as I suddenly thought about Brad, I began fantasising about sleeping with this slave and pretending it was him.

"Noel, I'd like this one please." I said shyly, my face red with embarrassment as I looked into the gorgeous face of the slave who would now look after all my untapped sexual needs, help Monet dress me and keep my bedroom clean at all times, and then escort me to school everyday.

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## 2.1     Noel Morgan - A Diabolical Plan Decided

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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A lot of people think I needlessly pick on my youngest brother, always heaping unnecessary scorn, ridicule and violence on him in the most cruel and insidious ways possible.

For some reason, they don't appreciate that what I'm doing for Evan is nothing more than trying to get him to be a man. I want him to take responsibility for what he is and who he is, accept that his family legacy demands that he become far more motivated and stop acting like a queer pussy.

If I told you that my constant harassing of Evan has only ever been in his best interest, and that I actually love my brother very much, you'd probably laugh in my face and tell me I'm nothing but a bare-faced liar.

Well, to be honest, I don't give a flying fuck what anyone else thinks, because the reality is, Evan has to one day take his rightful place next to me in our family dynasty.

Evan has to start looking towards his future and start toughening up. The time for him to grow up is now, and I'll do anything to break him out of his pitiful wimpy complacency, so he's ready to help me run the family estate when our father eventually hands over those vast responsibilities to both of us.

So in a way, it was fortuitous the day I was teaching Evan a lesson on how to be a man, trying to get him to stand up for himself against me in front of my friends, that Brad Cahill, that sleazy faggot whore, sidled up behind me and pushed me away from my own brother.

Yeah! I can admit it! I went ballistic. All I could see at that moment were rivers of blood, with this tall blond-haired nancy-girl's dead carcass quickly swept up and carried off to oblivion.

I mean, how dare he interfere and show me up in front of all my friends!

All of a sudden, I found myself swinging my fists as I lunged at him. And then just as quickly, a million starbursts exploded in my head and suddenly the lights went out.

I can't tell you how ashamed I was when I came too seconds later! To find myself covered in dust and dirt, lying on my back as a group of about forty students gathered around me laughed at my complete humiliation at the hands of that fucking faggot-girl.

And as I'd looked over at my brother Evan, I watched in fury as even he tried not to laugh, a smirk raising the corners of his mouth.

It's funny, how in moments like these, the light goes on, and you know what you have to do. It happened to me as I listened red-faced to the laughter and applause that swirled around me.

Within a fraction of a second, I knew it was time to smash the false image erected around Brad Cahill off his self appointed pedestal.

I knew in that instant, it was now time to put an end to the queer's sad belief he was one of us and his interference of my family's affairs as well. But more importantly, I knew it would be Evan who would be instrumental in finally teaching the cunt where his place in society really lay.

With a calmness and clarity of mind that startled me, and keeping my cool, I swatted away with disdain the proffered hand the faggot-girl extended to me as I struggled to lift myself up onto unsteady feet.

And as I walked away, refusing to acknowledge the fucking turd's condescending comments that we should just shake hands and let bygones be bygones, I vowed to myself that within the week, that slut's pussy would be all mine.

Then we'd all see who was laughing.

But what really surprised me was the painful erection I'd suddenly sprouted as I'd stood up and stared with rage into the brilliant blue eyes of my nemesis.

Suddenly I found myself intensely attracted to him. I found myself thinking how extraordinarily good looking he was, marveling at how he even appeared massively powerful in a strange sexual way.

Immediately I shook my head, dispelling the frightening gay-like thoughts from my mind, putting it down to the knock to my head.

Of course, as I walked away feeling confused while at the same time silently cursing the cunt, I had to smile as I don't think people realise just how powerful the Morgan family really is.

Silly when you do think about it, because all you have to do is look up the business editions of the region's local newspapers to find out Morgan Global Industries owns two thirds of the state. My father is reputed to have a net worth of over \$28 billion, with both Evan and I sitting comfortably on \$2.5 billion each.

So it honesty wasn't all that hard to work out how to deal with cunt-face.

Of course, by the time I got home, back on track and now seething with rage, I not only wanted to destroy the interfering cunt and all he stood for, but his entire family too by this stage. Not all that hard to do either, especially if you've got the right connections and a lot of money.

For me, it only took one phone call, and my scheme was set in motion.

As I'd anticipated, the Federal Internal Tax Office (FITO) suddenly received an anonymous tip-off and began to investigate Sam Cahill, Brad's father, for not having declared an undisclosed amount of income 22 years ago.

By the next morning, charges were drawn up against Cahill senior, charges that would see the old man and his whole family end up enslaved.

But for me, it still wasn't good enough that I had beaten that queer-girl. Once he'd been enslaved, I needed Brad Cahill to know that I was personally involved in his and his family's downfall and destruction.

I needed him to come begging on bended knee before me, admitting to me that he was nothing but a queer girlie-boy, begging to suck my hard uncut cock like the faggot he really is, and for him to do it in front of all my best friends.

So it was decided. Like I've said faggot-girl and his family's arrest and enslavement was so easy to orchestrate. My contact knew what I wanted, and pressed the necessary buttons that would send the Cahill family into a living nightmare.

And once the family was in custody and Sam Cahill had signed the appropriate legal documents, then the State Slave Enforcement Agency would move in and pick up Brad from the school dorm apartment he was staying on campus.

Of course, there were only three conditions I demanded, demands that I was quite happy to pay handsomely for!

Firstly, none of the three Cahill boys was to be physical scarred in any way. These would not be your typical 'run of the mill' slaves, so I wanted their skin intact and silky smooth as the day they were born when they were eventually handed over to me. Oh, I didn't mind if they were slapped around and beaten up and bruised a bit, but I did not want their skin cut or disfigured in any way.

Secondly, upon their arrest, I wanted faggot-girl and his two younger brothers to be immediately micro-chipped and then repeatedly raped and gang-banged. I wanted them totally clear headed and aware of what was happening to them, terrified of their predicament, but most importantly, unable to stop their young teenage bodies from responding enthusiastically and eagerly as they were sodomised over and over again.

Thirdly, their whole ordeal, every second of it, was to be video recorded, and the original copies of their arrest, enslavement and slave training sent to me on a daily basis. As for his parents, well, I didn't give a damn what happened to them.

And if all went to plan, it would be faggot-girl who would come to me on his knees, begging and pleading for me to help him and his brothers from the nightmare they were enmeshed in. Then I would make sure he suffered untold mental and physical anguish as I plucked the last vestiges of his young proud teenage masculinity from him.

Now I ask you? Have you ever watched any of those late-night cable TV channels that show reality cop and law enforcement programs all night long?

If you have, you can imagine such a raid being carried out against the Cahill residence late one winter's night. Although Brad was staying at the high school student dorm campus that evening, it was fun to watch video footage of the rest of his family; his parents and two brothers, bleary eyed and terrified, confronted by 40 armed police and FITO agents.

Video footage of Sam Cahill and his wife bundled out of their cozy warm beds, stripped naked, handcuffed with their hands behind their backs, gagged and blinkered, with small electronic plugs inserted deep in their ears to remove all surrounding auditory sounds, as they were quickly frog marched out to a waiting armoured police van, where they were thrown in the back and taken away for interrogation.

More exciting was the incredible close up footage of the two young teenage brothers blubbering and wailing as they were dragged out of the bedroom they shared by 20 armed agents, their pajamas and skimpy jockey brief underwear painfully ripped off their young firm youthful teenage bodies.

And as they wept and tried to cover their shameful nakedness with their trembling hands, the full frame video captures zeroing in as the petrified boys were roughly thrown onto their stomachs on the carpeted floor of their small lounge room, where the team leader of the heavily armed police and FITO agents carefully injected the slave microchips into the back of their spines.

I can tell you the only existing video, which I own, is absolutely fascinating viewing. Especially as the armed men grabbed the boys' legs and arms, pulled them apart and held them spread-eagled as each uniformed man took their time brutally sodomising them over and over again.

Back then I remember viewing it for the first time, and at some point as August was sucking me off I thrilled at the scene of the two naked sobbing brothers suddenly falling silent, completely confused and horrified that their bodies were now vigorously responding to the vicious anal and oral rapes they were being subjected to.

And when the men had finally finished, how the shocked and stunned boys were wrenched up onto their feet to be hurried along on the tips of their toes with three very thick latex-covered probing fingers shoved all the way up their severely stretched cum-filled rectums into a waiting police vehicle. It was then that I decided I wanted to own them as well as their big brother, faggot-girl.

How my mind leapt with hideous joy as I began to fantasise about all the erotically juicy things I could do to them once they were in my clutches, how I could use the two younger brothers to completely break faggot-girl's will once and for all.

Again, it's strange to remember just how quickly events moved back then.

It had taken me only one afternoon from the time queer-girl had punched me in the face and knocked me flat on my back, to have my contact get the ball rolling.

And by late Thursday evening and the following Friday morning, the whole family had been arrested, brought before the courts and each family member condemned to the maximum penalty of 'slavery for life'.

It just goes to show you how powerful the Morgan family name is here in New Texico and what enough money thrown around can really buy.

Both the parents, of no value whatsoever to anyone, were immediately sold after their interrogation and enslavement to a large bauxite mining outfit, where they would probably live out the remainder of their now severely reduced mortal existence. For all anyone knows, they're probably dead now and good riddance.

And then there was faggot-girl and his two brothers?

I immediately offered an astronomical figure to purchase them straight away, an amount which the courts found to be more than generous.

Within two hours they were legally mine, and as had been arranged with the courts approval, my three new slaves were immediately transported to the state-owned 'Regional Slave Induction and Training Facility'. Known as one of the state's most progressive slave training centres in the country, they publicly guaranteed immediate results within seven days, or your money returned.

There my new slaves would undergo a four week intensive slave training program that would break their wills and their minds in preparation for their next ordeal, which was to be delivered to their new master - me.

I know it sounds so harsh, especially since the micro-chipping actually makes slave training unnecessary. But the truth is, micro-chipping doesn't take away free will, or make a slave completely loyal and obedient to their owners.

Oh, they do what they're told and do it very well, but all slave owners want their property to truly understand the importance of servicing their masters with unwavering obedience.

And that's what I wanted for Brad. Fact is I wanted faggot-girl's very spirit completely broken before he was handed over to me. I wanted him cowering at my feet, knowing he was my slave and I had beaten him, and that his very existence depended on my good will.

But a week before they would eventually be handed back to me, I wanted to see them at the Slave Training Centre.

It was important I gauged their initial reaction to me, especially queer-girl's, so I could then lay the foundations whereby Evan would assist me in making Brad into nothing more than a broken down

useless gay pleasure slave, and for faggot-girl to help me in directing Evan down a future path I needed him to travel.

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## 2.2 Brad Cahill - A Nightmare Requiem

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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The terrible events of that fateful night will be forever etched into my memory.

One moment I'm a well-known, well-liked student and football captain for the most prestigious all boy's high school college I attend, and then suddenly my whole family, including me, had been enslaved to a lifetime of servitude.

It seemed so unreal, a hellish horrifying nightmare that had come to life, and there wasn't a damned thing I could do to fight it.

I still find it difficult to think back to that night, of how the appearance of six uniformed Slave Enforcement Officers would so dramatically change my life.

On that particular evening, a Tuesday night, I was in my campus dorm room, fast asleep, when they came to get me.

Because I'd won a special football scholarship, I'd been allocated a single dorm room, much like a small one bedroom apartment on campus, where I'd stay during the normal five day school week, and then late on Friday afternoons, I'd hightail it home for the weekends with my family.

The steady pounding and loud thumping on my bedroom door eventually roused me from my deep sleep, and feeling very irritated and pissed off, I got up and answered the door. I only had a pair of comfortable loose fitting y-fronts on, and because I thought it was just one of the guys mucking around and making a racket in the hall, I didn't think to put anything else on.

To say I was shocked to see six SE officers standing there, four in the hallway outside my room and two standing directly in front of me in the open doorway, asking my permission to enter my room is an understatement. I stood there stunned, wondering what the hell they could want with me.

All six officers were smiling, looking me up and down in strange uncomfortable way as they returned friendly grins that were meant to put me at ease. Instantly I was wide awake and now quite nervous. Everyone knew of the SEO, and their reputation for being very heavy handed if required.

"My name is Officer Downing and these are Officers Conroy, Denton, Reeves, Atkinson and Rodriguez. We're here on behalf of the Slave Enforcement Division! Do you mind if we come in?

The matter we're here to see you about is a bit too delicate to be discussed out here in the hallway." stated SE Officer Downing, his smile not wavering once.

I immediately stepped back and invited them in, then waited for one of the six officers to say something. But they just stood crowded in the middle of my bedroom, again looking me up and down with that strange disconcerting look in their eyes, smiling at me with their arms crossed in front of their chests. Finally I looked down at myself, and realising my lack of clothing, I apologised and quickly crossed to where my t-shirt and gym shorts lay rumpled on the floor.

"Son, there's no need for you to get dressed, but if you'd be so kind as to sit down at your desk over there, we'll get down to business straight away." said Officer Downing, the larger of the uniformed men.

You know that sinking feeling you get in your gut sometimes, when you know someone is about to give you really bad news. Well, that's how I felt as I lowered myself into the swivel-chair positioned in front of my computer desk, especially when all the men slowly and casually walked towards me, to stand surrounding me.

"Firstly Brad, we'd like for you to take a look at this legal document which will explain the reason for our visit. Take your time reading them, as we need you to fully understand why we are here." Officer Downing said slowly.

With shaking fingers I accepted the rolled file he handed me, and uncurling the single sheet, I read the first line on the clear white parchment, swallowing with disbelief at the frightening inscription glaring up at me.

And then Officer Downing began speaking in a firm steady voice.

"Brad Cahill! I am required by law to advise you, that as of 8:30pm this evening, being approximately two hours ago, you were officially and legally registered within this fair state of New Texico as a lifetime indentured slave." he announced.

"You will henceforth be accorded all the rights and privileges bestowed on all slaves within the state of New Texico, and will from this moment on, observe all rules and regulations assigned to you as a slave."

"As of this moment, you are now officially stripped of your free citizen status, to be immediately micro-chipped and, in accordance with the New Texico state law, you will then be removed from these premises and placed in the care of the New Texico Slave Enforcement facility until the proper authorized processes for your sale or auction are finalised." he stated officially.

I heard him speaking, but at the same time I didn't. All I could do was look blankly down at the paper in my hand and shake my head uncomprehending. My mind was swimming, a spiraling whirlpool in my head that left me feeling completely lost, confused and nauseous.

Stunned by the enormity of what was happening, I immediately looked at the signatory names at the bottom of document. It couldn't be. There was my father's signature. It had to be a mistake, a terrible mind-boggling error.

I frantically scanned the page again, and my eyes fell on the names of my two brothers, Sean and Justin! It couldn't be! Their names were also included in this document, meaning they'd been enslaved as well.

It was too much. I looked up into the now stony faces of six SE officers, and unable to say anything, but silently pleading with my eyes for them to help me understand, to help me make sense of this madness.

"Boy, you are now officially a slave, and there's absolutely nothing you can do about it! And as they say, 'Once a slave, always a slave', so you'd better get used to your new slave status quick smart! Now stand up and turn around, and put your wrists behind your back like a well behaved slave!" Officer Downing said to me sternly.

What could I do? They were already standing over me, two of them with their hands on my shoulders, ordering me to stand as they turned me around. With my back to them they quickly pulled my hands behind me before I could even consider fighting back, or trying to escape.

And as they quickly secured the flexible plasti-cuffs tightly on both my wrists, all I could do was stare ahead of me in utter shock and confusion, unable to speak or make any sound.

It had happened so fast! I was in stunned shock.

Suddenly I was thrown face down on my computer desk, and as I was held tight, braced firmly and unable to move, I felt the sharp sting of a hypodermic needle enter the top cervical vertebrae of my spine.

"Keep perfectly still slave!" Officer Downing said as I felt an agonising pressure as he carefully injected the fluid contents within the syringe into my spine.

Suddenly they let go of me, stepping back as I gingerly lifted my head up off the table, trying to rub the stinging pain out of the back of my neck as I looked up at them in horror.

What the fuck had they done? What had Officer Downing injected into me? I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

"Time to strip you of your free citizen status, slave! Officer Conroy, if you would please do the honours." Officer Downing said casually as he immediately moved over to close my bedroom door and lock it. Then, walking over to my single bed, he sat down, perched on the edge, watching as Officer Conroy, assisted by Officer Rodriguez, roughly stood me up, removed the plasti-cuffs from my wrists and made me face them.

"Series MC 2907, activation neural process 24-6! Overwrite muscle and body function phase 6! Download PS logic memory and enhanced SS commands, proceed!" Officer Conroy said as he read from a small glossy palm-sized brochure.

Instantly a loud shrill buzzing rang in my ears as I found myself nearly collapsing onto the floor.

A montage of images instantly swamped my brain, humiliating and shameful images that were utterly disgusting in what they depicted. I wanted to gag with growing nausea as thousands upon thousands of homosexual explicit moving pictures and scenes, all with me in them, showing me completely naked and engaging in hard-core oral and anal sex with hundreds of other men, flooded my horrified mind.

Just as quickly and to my horror, my body began to respond. I was stunned as my penis thickened and lengthened, becoming rock-hard and bulging out, tenting the front of my y-fronts. Intense sexual feelings raced through every corner of my body, making me groan and moan softly as I stood there at attention, totally ashamed and embarrassed by what was happening to me in front of these six smiling leering men.

And then to my shame, I found I couldn't move my hands from my sides to cover my shame, to block the view of my erection pushing out the pouch of my underwear in such a perverse degrading way.

For a moment, my stunned and shattered senses came back to me, and I found myself blushing furiously, on the verge of weeping as the six uniformed men began laughing at my predicament.

"No need to feel embarrassed slave. Now as you should know, it is prohibited for slaves to wear clothing of any kind at any time, so why don't you shimmy those knickers of yours down your legs and step out of them." Officer Downing said smiling up at me as Officer Reeves pushed me forward so that I stood directly in front of large grinning man.

Once more to my horror, images popped up in my head showing me how to do it in the most sensually erotic way possible, and before I knew what I was doing and against my will, I found myself staring down at him horror as I slowly slid my y-fronts off my hips, down my legs and stepped out of them, just as Officer Downing had ordered me to.

"Don't look so worried slave. That's your new micro-chip working just as it should be. Appears you've been implanted with the most advanced pleasure slave chip currently out on the market. Now why don't you assume the traditional slave position and we'll see what we have here!" he said as I instantly put my hands behind my back, lowered my head so my chin touched my chest, positioned my feet so my legs were wide apart and then thrust out my throbbing erection as far forward as I could so Officer Downing could make his inspecting me at his leisure.

I was mortified. Now I understood completely that it was the hypodermic they'd stuck in my neck that was making me do these degrading things. As images of how I should be responding flashed to the front of my mind, I found I was struggling futilely with all my inner might to try and regain

the power over my muscles and body, but I knew it was all in vain as I watched him reach forward with left his hand to fondle my long pulsing erect penis.

Again I tried to back away from his extended hand in furious outrage but it was hopeless. If anything, I found myself trying to assist him as my knees bent a fraction and my hips started to slowly move back and forth, up and down, as he continued to slowly masturbate me there in front of the other grinning men.

"No, No, No! Keep your fucking hands off me! I'm not gay! Please stop this, please..." I could hear it in my mind, but nothing came out of my mouth.

After taking a few moments to run his clenched hand up and down my stiff cock, he ran the pad of his thumb over my leaking piss slit, chuckling as he made me twitch and gasp in response, before letting go and cupping my large hairy balls, weighing them in the palm of his calloused hand and squeezing them gently but firmly.

"Pleasure Level 1, proceed!" he suddenly said in a firm commanding voice, and to my utter shock and humiliation, my erect penis started throbbing in the most exquisite way as waves of pure pleasure swept through my entire trembling body.

"Got a bigger than average dick, slave! Not as big as mine, but it's big! And a nice set of large sperm-filled balls too!"

Immediately Officer Downing started rattling off measurements and statistical information as he began a detailed inspection of my entire body, while Officer Denton stood by, a clipboard in his left hand, busily scribbling down all the data.

As Officer Downing ran his calloused hands over my naked trembling body, he made me lift my feet, squat down on my haunches, open my mouth so he could check out my teeth and gums with his fingers.

He squeezed and prodded every muscle on my body, before ordering me to turn around and bend over. The feel of his rough calloused hands spreading my arse cheeks wide apart, and then of his finger touching, circling and tickling the outside of my tight puckered anus, before entering and stretching my rectum wide send shockwaves of fear through my body.

But my naked trembling body reacted in a totally different way. I found myself moaning and groaning softly with each touch of his hand on my skin and when he inserted his finger up my anus, I felt myself trying to push back on his hand, trying to get more of his finger onto me.

Suddenly he pulled his finger out of me and slapped my right buttocks. As he ordered me to stand up and face him, he then complimented me on still being a virgin. And even though I'd tried to shut my mind down as he'd inspected me, I did shudder and quail when I heard what he said next, and this time I couldn't help but groan in humiliation.

"You're lucky slave. We've got strict orders not to damage you too badly, or scar your baby boy good looks. Appears whoever your new owner might be will probably want you fully intact so he can do that himself." he said, sniggering at the thought of what the future might hold for me.

"Okay, slave, we got a spare three hours before we take you down to the station to officially book you in. Officer Atkinson, what do you think we should do to fill in the time?"

"I reckon this big young strapping slave should get down on his knees and suck our dicks as if his life depended on it, and then we can take turns fucking the crap out of him. What'd you say Officer Rodriguez?" Officer Atkinson gloated in an excited eager voice. Immediately all the other SE officers loudly voiced their enthusiasm, moving forward to encircle me.

"Yeah, that sounds like a great idea. May as well get him used to sucking cock and getting fucked up his boy-pussy straight away, cause as I see it, that's all he'll be doing for the rest of his life! Well, until he loses his looks, that is!" said Officer Rodriguez as he stepped forward and began rubbing his crotch in a lewd suggestive way.

My mind was racing. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I knew I was in deep shock and all I could do was listen in horror to what they'd just said.

Again, against my will, my body started to tremble with lust as Officer Atkinson immediately stepped forward, turned me around so he could lift my chin up off my chest and stare into my frightened dazed eyes. And then suddenly he backhanded me viciously across my face.

Stunned, the painful sting of his open palm forcing tears from my eyes, I then watched in growing horror as he unzipped his pants, lowered them to his knees, before lifting my chin up so he could stare me in the eyes once again.

"Now be a good cock-sucking slave, get on your knees, keep your hands at your sides, and give me the best blow job I've ever had in my entire life. And slave, if I feel one tooth touch my dick, I'll take personal pleasure in yanking every one of them out of your mouth!"

"Now get on your knees bitch! Pleasure Level 2, proceed!" he snarled.

Instantly my body began to tremble even more as waves of exquisite pulsating pleasure swept through me. I couldn't understand what was happening as hundreds of images instructing me of how to suck a man's penis properly, expertly, flashed through my mind. I found myself staggering unsteadily at the disgustingly vivid pictures that were displayed in my mind's eye.

With the pressure of Officer Atkinson's right hand pushing down on my shoulder, making me buckle and collapse onto my knees, I shivered as I watched him release his rigid seven inch uncut cock out of his tight fitting red and black striped underwear.

"What are you waiting for, slave?" he said impatiently as he pushed his hips forward, the tip of his leaking penis touching my now quivering lips.

There was nothing I could do but obey him. I was completely naked, on my knees with my hands at my sides. But to my utter shame, I found my mouth salivating with desire to hurry up and take his erect penis all the way into my mouth.

So opening my mouth wide, I moved my head forward, and for the first time in my life, I tasted another man's cock slide between my lips and over my tongue.

"Now start sucking nice and hard, slave!"

I obeyed Officer Atkinson completely. Unable to control my desire to please him, or understand why I was feeling these revolting urges, I instantly found myself eagerly sucking him off.

In that single moment when I took his erect penis all the way into the back of my mouth, and my lips sucked tightly and stretched up the full length of his pulsating cock shaft, the devastating feeling of despair in my heart made me even more aware that my youthful innocence and proud growing masculinity was being stripped away from me forever.

As his thick throbbing cock started sliding in and out of my sucking slurping mouth, gagging me at times, I was ever reminded I was no longer an excitable brash young teenager growing into a strong vital proud man.

Whatever strong moral beliefs I had in my own youthful invulnerability, in my own heterosexuality, was gradually flushed away as I obediently swallowed the man's copious amounts of pre-cum oozing thickly onto my lapping tongue.

"Come on, slave! Get with it! I want to see your cheeks sucked in all the way while you're blowing me! Now suck harder and faster!" Officer Conroy demanded gruffly as he grabbed hold of the back of my head and started fucking my mouth.

My mind went into a numbed dazed state as I realised I wasn't even gagging as his large erect cock slid down my throat, and that I was noisily slurping and sucking with all my might as I enthusiastically fellated him.

And even though I wanted to retch because of the vile taste of his unwashed erection lodged all the way to the back of my mouth, and the putrid stench wafting up from his sweaty balls slapping loudly against my chin made me want to vomit, I stayed on my knees and sucked him off just the way he wanted me to.

"Oh you're a sexy little fuck-face! Yeah, suck me like the queer cock-sucking faggot slave I know you are! Yeah, feeling really good bitch! Tighter cunt! Suck me harder, oh yeah!" Officer Atkinson gasped out loud as he rammed his throbbing cock in and out of my stretched eagerly sucking lips.

In shock, absolutely petrified, and with tears streaming down my face, I watched myself as if observing my actions from outside my body as I hobbled on my knees to quickly kneel between each of their parted legs, obeying them as they instructed me on how they liked to be sucked off.

In shock, absolutely terrified, I watched as Officer Conroy video recorded me eagerly and enthusiastically blowing them. Firstly Officer Atkinson's thick seven inch long cock plowing my mouth, and then Officer Denton's smaller but very thick five inch penis battering my tonsils.

This was quickly followed by Officer Reeves' six and a half inch slim but big knobbed dick passing back and forth over my lapping tongue, who once he'd finished ejaculating into my mouth, took the video camera off Officer Conroy so the larger-dicked man could pound his eight inch curved erection down my clutching gurgling throat.

And once Officer Conroy had blown his load, Officer Rodriguez's thick eight and a half inch cock pistonning in and out of my tight lips, to then be replaced by Officer Downing's very large and thick nine and a half inch erect penis.

For 45 minutes I used my tight straining lips and sucking mouth to make them cum, and when they ejaculated into my mouth, I obediently swallowed each of their foul tasting ball juices down my throat. And every time they rested up after ejaculating into my mouth, they'd order me to lower my head further down between their parted legs, so I could suckle and lick on their fat hairy balls.

Even though I was horrified by what I was doing, I couldn't understand how the micro-chip injected into my spine could possibly be making my body respond so excitedly and eagerly to do their sordid bidding. It made no sense to me, and I found myself sinking into a desolate malaise of trancelike disbelief that this could really be happening to me.

But if I thought it was all over, that the shameful degradation I'd just experienced had finally come to an end, I was sorely mistaken.

"Okay then! Time for us to sample that sweet little vagina of yours, slave! Time you assumed the mandatory slave fuck position and in a clear loud sexy slave voice, invite us one at a time to take our pleasures!" Officer Downing said in a commanding tone that swamped my mind, triggered the micro-chip in my spine, and nearly driving me insane with revulsion as vivid images of what was require of me flashed through my mind.

And then unable to stop myself, I once again felt myself detach from my body as I hurriedly rolled onto my back on the floor in the centre of the room.

There are no words to express my complete shame as I obediently lay there, bringing my knees up to my chest so I could grab both my ankles in my hands and stretch my legs as far from my body as I could, so all the men could look down on me totally exposing myself to them.

With my butt instantly raised off the ground, holding my legs wide apart, and my penis fully erect lying flush against my flat muscled stomach, I whimpered deep in my mind as I heard the strange words that escaped my mouth, words that humiliated me, disgusted me.

"Sir, please fuck my tight little slave-pussy, please Sir! Sir, I need to feel your hard manly penis deep inside my tight little vagina, please Sir!" I heard myself say in a loud clear little boy's voice to Officer Downing.

"Good slave! Very good! Now just lie there a little longer while I take my clothes off. Don't want to get them all wrinkled and covered in sweat as I'm fucking you, do we?" he said as he slowly divested his uniform and knelt down at the base of my raised parted butt-cheeks.

"Now let's get you all creamed up! I think I'll be needing some lube to get my large cock up that tight little opening of yours, don't you think? Pleasure Level 3, proceed!" Officer Downing instructed as he wrapped his left hand around my erect penis and began to quickly jerk me off, and instantly my body came alive to the incredible sensations of pure orgasmic pleasure racing through my scrunched up, legs spread body.

"Not all that bad is it, slave? You just got to hope you get a decent master who'll use the pleasure unit in your micro-chip whenever he fucks you!" Officer Downing said as he continued to jack me off, and as my penis throbbed and pulsed from the heady sensations his jerking hand was causing me, I felt myself getting closer and closer to shooting my load.

"No, don't want you cumming, slave! Only doing this so I can get me some lube to cover my big dick before I fuck you! Ah yes, here we go, you're leaking it out now like a good little slave boy!" he said as he stopped masturbating me and squeezed the length of my rock-hard cock.

This couldn't be happening I repeated over and over again in my mind. I must have gone insane, or maybe died and gone to a bad place in hell, I kept telling myself as I watched Officer Downing using my own leaking pre-cum to lube up his huge cock and then using two thick calloused fingers to rub it deep up inside my anus.

"Yes, now we're ready, aren't we? Okay, this will only hurt for a second and before you know it, you'll be begging me to fuck you as hard as I can!" Officer Downing said as he lowered his naked hairy body on top of me, positioned his massive penis at the entrance to my anal passage, and then took a deep breathe as he prepared himself to spear me.

Yes, the pure pain of his first lunge up my virgin hole was excruciating agony. I tried to scream out my fear and outrage, but my mouth only turned up at the corners and smiled widely for him. I felt like my insides were been ripped to shreds and my anus split asunder as he pushed the thick girth of his full nine and a half inch erect penis up into my bowels.

But suddenly the agony in my anus stopped and a pulsating throbbing took its place. A throbbing that grew and expanded throughout every cell of my body, lashing me with sensual erotic feelings that increased and had me panting and moaning for more.

I couldn't help myself as my whole body responded to his cock sliding in and out of my anus, powerful thrusts that knocked the breathe out of me and left me gasping for even more. I could even feel my anus molding itself tightly around his cock, massaging it, caressing and milking it as it tried feverishly to get all his length inside me.

Again my mind protested in horror and disgust as my buttock frantically rose up to meet every one of his potent downward lunges.

"Now you're getting there! Now you're learning your new status, slave! I know in your head you're terrified at what you're doing, of how you're responding, but you'll learn to love getting fucked before too long! Now let go of your legs, wrap them around my waist and then reach round with your hands and hold on tightly to my humping butt cheeks!"

"Yes, you're nearly there, girl! I want you to force more of me up into your vagina as Officer Reeves films how much you love getting fucked, slave! That's it, oh yeah! Now smile for the camera and let's really go to town!" Officer Downing said in short grunted gasps as he pounded away, fucking me with all his strength.

And as he'd instructed me, I obediently wrapped my legs around his thick waist, reached round and grabbed hold of his bobbing buttocks and hugged him as close to me as I could as he commenced viciously fucking me back and forth.

By now, my mind had disintegrated into a maze of despair and hopelessness. Here I lay on my back, with a large hairy sweaty man with a huge cock that was even bigger and thicker than my own, being fucked brutally and responding to the abuse as if I loved every moment of it.

And what was even worse was the fact that five other lustful, leering men were watching me, and Officer Reeves was video recording it all.

Suddenly I felt Officer Downing shudder and quiver on top of me, and as my anus responded by squeezing even harder, tightening and milking his ever expanding and throbbing cock, I felt him slam all the way up into me and shoot his ball juices deep inside my bowels.

Immediately he rolled off me and then Officer Rodriguez was on his knees, ordering me to place my legs over his shoulders as he moved forward and waited for me to beg him to fuck me.

"Sir, please fuck me really hard, please Sir! Sir, I need to feel your hard penis deep inside my little boy vagina, please Sir!" I heard myself say in the same giggling little boy's voice to Officer Rodriguez.

"We don't need any lube now, do we cunt! Now slide that vagina up and down my big cock like you did for Officer Downing and give me a really good ride, slave!" he growled into my face as he lay down on top of me and pushed his large erection all the way up my anus.

Like Officer Downing, Officer Rodriguez fucked me as hard as he could, enjoying the sensations my tightening massaging arse muscles were having on his hard erect uncircumcised tool. He took his time, laughing at times as I enthusiastically ran my hands lightly all over his back and humping butt cheeks as he fucked me, at times slowing down, trying to prolong his approaching orgasm.

Eventually he shuddered all over and ejaculated deep up inside me, and as he pulled his big wilting cock out of my cum-filled hole, the next officer knelt down and took his place.

So it was that I just lay there, begging and pleading with each of them to fuck me and then letting them fuck me over and over again. I obediently humped my buttocks up to meet each of their thrusting erect penises as they slam-fucked into me, fucking me as hard as they could as they enjoyed the fact I was completely receptive and submissive.

By now my mind was absolutely numb. I thought nothing, and I felt nothing. I watched in a daze as my body responded of its own accord, passionately and eagerly doing whatever they demanded of me. I heard myself speaking when ordered to, but I don't remember what I said.

All I knew was I was no longer a virile young man with a fantastic future ahead of myself, and that I was now a slave to the micro-chip they'd injected into my spine.

Eventually, after they had all fucked me at least three times each, I was once more ordered up onto my knees and forced to use my tight straining lips and sucking mouth to make them cum again. And when they ejaculated into my mouth, I obediently swallowed each of their foul tasting ball juices down my throat again.

Eventually I found myself sitting on Officer Downing's naked lap, my back pressed against his chest, my legs spread wide across his own parted knees.

As he held me tightly against him, licking the back of my neck, and whispering profanities into my left ear, he reached down between my wide open legs, took hold of my dangling balls, and with his other hand, he commenced furiously jerking me off.

After the last blow job I'd just given Officer Denton, where he'd held onto my head and repeatedly rammed his cock up into my aching mouth as hard as he could, he'd joked with Officer Rodriguez that I'd probably be a right little root-rat and most probably had gallons of slave juices sloshing around in my balls to spurt for my new owner.

Officer Conroy had disagreed, saying I was probably only a dribbler, so they'd placed a small wager on how much and far I could blow my load.

Now I sat there on Officer Downing's large hairy lap and let him jerk me off. I didn't struggle. I just did what they wanted. I was in deep shock and the constant threat of being anally penetrated again by them all again terrified me.

"You know you love this slave! Just look at how hard your cock is! And your huge fat dick is twitching and aching for release! You're leaking all over the place. Now concentrate real hard, smile real sexy like a good queer slave, and show us how far you can blast your filthy little slave juices!" Officer Downing whispered into my left ear.

With tears rolling down my cheeks and a sexy sensuous smile plastered on my face, but feeling completely devoid of any feelings except for utter despair, I watched as Officer Reeves video recorded what the large SE officer was doing to me.

And as Officer Downing continued to vigorously masturbate me with no lube or spit, sliding his rough meaty clenched hand up and down the full length of my thick erect penis, I realised with a sense of detachment that my life had now changed forever, and any free citizen, no matter who they were, could do whatever they wanted with me and there wasn't a damned thing I could do about it.

And to my complete humiliation, as the large SE officer masturbating me jerked and squeezed tightly on my throbbing cock, I closed my eyes as my muscled naked body spasmed and shook, groaned loudly, and before I knew it, I shot my shameful load splattering across the room to the loud applause of the five other SE officers.

"Good Slave! You'll make a wonderful pleasure slave for some lucky free citizen!" he said as he squeezed the last of my jism from my thick wilting cock.

Also, to Officer Denton's delight, he'd won the wager.

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### 3. Evan Morgan - Inconceivable Coincidences

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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It should have been the most exciting day of my life. But like so many times when I'm enjoying myself, along came something to ruin it and plunge my life into utter chaos.

In fact, only the night before I'd finally lost my virginity. It was a momentous and monumental occasion for me as I suddenly seemed to transform from being a shy timid nerdy teenage virgin into a proud teenage masculine youth about to ascend manly adulthood.

Then all the next morning I'd strutted around with a cheesy grin stretched across my face, and a new macho swagger to my walk.

Noel had instantly recognised there was something different about me, and he'd smiled knowingly.

"Good on you champ... And about fucking time! Now you know why I got you that pleasure slave. Just make sure you pound his pussy every night and every morning, and you'll feel like a real man all the time!" he'd said cheerily as he'd clapped me on the back affectionately.

We'd both laughed in good humour, and for the first time in a long time, I felt a connection with Noel that I'd never experienced before.

Oh yes, I was aware of how different I felt. I no longer felt like the awkward little boy anymore. Now I felt like a man, a true man who'd fucked his own personal pleasure slave and proved he was just as masculine as any other man alive.

It showed too. In how I glowed and how I spoke quickly, trying to be friendly and fit in to any conversation being discussed around the breakfast table that morning.

Thinking back to the afternoon before, I can hardly believe it all happened. How once I'd selected my new pleasure slave, I'd shyly led him to my room and then taken the initiative of sexually using him.

Of course, Noel had given me a few hints before I'd retired, and also suggested a name for him, which I gratefully accepted.

"When you get him up into your room, make sure you trigger the pleasure unit in his micro-chip. It'll make him docile as a lamb begging to be slaughtered, and he'll respond as his meant to instantly. And don't take any shit from him. If for any reason he doesn't do what you want straight

away, hit him with the punishment commands immediately. I guarantee he'll be as eager to obey you as any queer cock-sucking faggot, which is actually what he really is anyway." Noel had whispered, chuckling softly to me out of hearing range of father.

"And you should give him a name straight away too. Let him get used to it. A slave name that's appropriate for what he does the best. How does 'Swallow' sound? Believe me you'll understand exactly how relevant that name fits him after tonight." Noel finished before winking at me and dragging off the youngest new slave to his own room.

At first I'd just stood there, looking up at 'Swallow' as he stood in the mandatory slave position.

I must admit I loved the way his long hard uncircumcised penis stood out from his protruding groin. The very submissive and passive nature of his naked stance made me stiffen, and before I knew it, I ordered him to follow me and rushed upstairs to my bedroom.

Locking the door behind us as we entered my bedroom, I sidled over to my large king-sized bed and sat down on the edge. Suddenly I felt very timid and shy, not sure how to proceed.

"Come here Swallow!" I said finally, wondering to myself if I could really go through with this.

"Master, yes Master!" he replied straight away, and within seconds, Swallow stood before me in the mandatory slave position.

His head was again bowed low, his hands behind his back, his legs parted so wide apart, and his groin thrust out lewdly for my inspection. As always, his beautiful penis stood up to attention, its long length jutting out horizontally from his hairless crotch, and his large low hanging hairless testicles dangled just within my reach.

Taking a deep breath, I reached out and wrapped my fingers around Swallow's penis. It felt smooth and silky, but it vibrated and throbbed hotly in the palm of my hand as I gently began stroking it up and down.

With my other hand I reached forward and cupped and gently squeezed his large ample hairless balls.

"Pleasure level 4, proceed!" I commanded as I remembered my brother's earlier suggestion.

Looking up into Swallow's face, my own dick hardened as I noted how his whole body began to quiver and vibrate, how he'd half closed his eyes, how his mouth was slightly parted as he sensually ran the tip of his tongue over his moist boyish lips every time he felt the firmness of my soft fisted hand sliding up and down the length of his thick rigid boyhood.

He was breathing more deeply, taking in more air into his lungs as his firm muscled chest rose and fell rapidly as I increased the pace of my tightly clenched hand moving up and down his cock.

In a way, I was entranced. Here was a teenager who was the same age as me, who was taller and far more muscular than I'd ever be. Also, I found it far more exciting that he didn't even look like a real pleasure slave, as they're usually depicted in Slave Market Weekly or Deluxe Slave Edition magazines.

He just looked like a normal everyday teenage youth, but what made this far more erotic was the fact I owned him and had complete control over this young tall handsome youth.

Also, the fact I'd never done anything like this in my entire short adolescent life sent shivers up my spine. And even though I felt confused, I also felt utterly exhilarated, powerful yet cheap and very, very naughty.

Like a little boy caught by his best friend playing with himself.

Also, I still felt very nervous too, as I'd never done anything that might identify me as being openly gay, even though he was only a slave and I was his master. But here I was, thoroughly enjoying the fact I was jerking off my young male pleasure slave, about to fuck him, regardless of whether he wanted me to or not.

My dick was painfully hard now.

As I continued to look up into Swallow's face, again I realised how good looking he was. How closely he resembled my football hero and role-model.

Swallow definitely did look like a smaller compact version of Brad Cahill, and he exuded a boyish masculine sensuality which triggered my own rampant 16 year old hormones, driving me wild with desire.

"Master, I'm ready to cum if you wish, Master!" Swallow gasped out breathlessly, his cock bucking and thrusting in and out of my fisted hand as he waited for me to give him permission.

"No! Not yet! Not just yet!" I instantly commanded loudly, immediately letting go his thickening boy cock that was on the verge of erupting.

The look on Swallow's face was one of pure devastation. Fighting back tears, he immediately bowed his head as he tried to hide his rising fear from me.

"Master, I have displeased you, Master! Master, please punish this worthless slave severely, please Master!" he blubbered, tears pouring out of his terrified distraught eyes.

"Swallow, it's alright! You're not in trouble, honest! It's just that I want this to last a while, do you understand?" I quickly said to him.

The relief that flowed through his tensed muscles was palpable. His posture immediately relaxed and as he sniffled, he even lifted his eyes up a fraction to glance at me and give me a sheepish embarrassed smile.

Then it was my turn. Shyly, timidly, I leaned back a fraction, and spread my legs apart. I hoped to god he knew what to do, because I didn't have the faintest idea of how to instruct him in giving me a blow job.

But before I could even squirm in embarrassment, he'd already sunk to his knees, moved quickly between my legs and expertly unzipped my pants and eased the whole length of my throbbing aching cock out of my tight jockey brief underwear into his cute little sucking mouth.

Instantly I was zoning out. I was squirming uncontrollably as the indescribable sensations his hot moist mouth were having on my dick send waves after rippling waves of orgasmic ecstasy through to every cell of my entire body.

It was unbelievable! I gasped for breath. I no longer had control over my trembling body.

Again, pure waves of exquisite pleasure swamped my body. Again the incredible sensations of his suctioning mouth repeatedly engulfing and swallowing the full length of my hard pulsating dick to the back of his throat lifted me to new heights.

And as his lips slid firmly yet gently up and down my straining cock shaft, and he used the flat of his swirling tongue to lick the whole length of the underbelly of my dick, I closed my eyes tightly and groaned in absolute happiness as my first ever orgasm induced by someone giving me a blow job, blasted powerfully from my quivering cock to fill Swallow's mouth to overflow.

Needless to say I collapsed flat on my back, and in a state of pure euphoric bliss, I slowly opened my eyes and looked down my body at Swallow's face as he dutifully opened his mouth as wide as he could, showing me how full his mouth was with my cum.

Unable to take my eyes off him, he kept his mouth open, and suddenly I realised he was waiting for me to tell him he could swallow.

"That's very good Swallow. You can swallow it all down now." I said, watching him as he swallowed all of my sperm.

Suddenly I giggled happily as it hit me what Noel had said about his name. Finally I'd caught on to why my older brother thought 'Swallow' was a good name for him.

Then Swallow quickly put his head back in my lap and proceeded to suckle and lick my cock and foreskin clean. And if I thought I'd enjoyed his warm sucking mouth on my cock, I was taken by complete surprise when he lowered his head further down and commenced licking and sucking on my hairy balls.

Even though I felt drained, Swallow's incredible tonguing and sucking of my balls made my dick stiffen up once again. I would have let him suck me off again, but now I wanted to explore his firm muscular smooth body.

I was excited and buoyed by the fact I'd just been given my first ever blow job. Now I wanted to experience and enjoy my first ever fuck.

Reaching down, I gestured for him to get up and help me undress completely, and then before I knew what he was doing, he quickly stood up, assumed the slave position and spoke in a small soft trembling voice.

"Master, thank you for letting me put your beautiful penis into my mouth, Master! Master, if I have disappointed you in any way, or not done a good enough job, I am ready to be punished severely, Master!" he said to my utter astonishment.

"Swallow, you were fantastic. Now hurry up and help me strip the rest of my clothes off." I said to him kindly, excitedly.

As Swallow attended me, I realised as he took off my shirt it didn't seem so embarrassing for me to be standing naked in front of him. Like Noel had told me, maybe I was finally coming to understand that Swallow really was my very own personal pleasure slave, and what he thought of me didn't matter at all.

Once I was naked, I told him to get into my bed. At first he looked at me strangely, hesitating a bit. He seemed confused, as if he'd misunderstood me.

"Master, please may I speak, Master?" he asked in a soft voice as he quickly, once again, assumed the slave position.

"Of course you can!" I answered, wondering why he seemed so flustered.

"Master, do you want me on top of your bed sheets, or between them, Master?" he asked.

"Well, in between them of course." I answered, feeling none the wiser.

Immediately he obeyed and slowly crawling between my bed sheets, his beautiful tall naked body stretched out as he sighed with pleasure. And as I heard him sighing, he turned over and lay on his back while looking up at me with eyes full of lost memories and sincere gratitude.

Then it hit me. Swallow probably hadn't slept in a nice comfortable bed since he'd been enslaved, whenever that may have been.

But now I was in a bit of a quandary. I wanted to fuck him, but I wasn't really sure how to go about it, or what position to do it in.

Again Swallow took control, as if instinctively knowing what I was thinking. Suddenly throwing the sheets off himself, he brought his bent knees up against his chest, grabbed his ankles and parted them as far apart as he could. In one movement, he had opened himself up to me and was exposing his tight little pink puckered love hole to me.

"Master, please fuck me, Master! Master, please put your beautiful penis in my tiny boy-pussy and fuck me hard, Master!" he said, his voice heavily laced with lust and his eyes glazed over as he smiled up at me.

I admit! I couldn't contain myself. One minute I was staring down at his young firm smooth hairless naked body, stretched out on his back, holding his ankles up past his head, forcing his own legs wide apart. The next I was clumsily climbing on top of him.

And as I lay down, I reached my arms around and under him as I pushed my excited throbbing cock against the entrance of his boy-hole. Suddenly my stiffness slid into him all the way, and when I was balls deep, his sphincter and all his anal passage muscles closed tightly around my cock and started to caress and massage it.

The sensation was too much for me. I started to fuck him slowly, not wanting to hurt him in anyway, and as I clumsily picked up the pace and his body moved and responded to my erratic rhythm, I couldn't help myself when I moved my head down and started kissing him full on his pouting thick lips.

No more than 5 minutes would have past when I found I was arching my back and I suddenly experienced the most intense orgasm I'd ever had in my young teenage life. This was way better than any jerk off I'd given myself. In fact, this had been better than the blow job he'd just given me.

I slumped on top of him, breathing heavily, lost in a sea of wonderment and bewilderment.

Slowly I lifted my head and stared into Swallow's face, an outpouring of inexplicable feelings of compassion and love flowing towards him. But he laid there, his face half to the side, his eyes squinted half shut as he peered through them and up at me with a frightened look screwing up his face.

"What's wrong Swallow?" I asked, suddenly worried I might have somehow hurt him.

"Master, I await your punishment, Master! Master, please hit me as hard as you can for not pleasing you better and prolonging your pleasures, Master!" he stammered, this time preparing himself and smiling a false smile as he lay there bent up and spread-eagled under my weight.

Instantly I kissed him on the lips once again, reaching under his smooth back once again and hugging him tightly to me.

"Oh, Swallow, I'm not going to hurt you! You just gave me the best sex I've ever had! In fact, it's the first time I've ever done it, and it was so incredible. Why would you think I would want to punish you?" I said softly, kindly, unable to stop myself from gently kissing his quivering lips.

"Master, it's what we were taught. A lowly slave is never good enough, and we should always expect to be severely punished no matter how hard we try to please our masters."

"They taught you this at the slave training facility? That's terrible!" I said astonished.

"Well, that's not how it is with me, Swallow. I thought you were fantastic." I said gently, amused at his concerns I would hurt him as I finally lifted myself up off him and slid my wilting penis out of his stretched anus. Instantly he slivered down under me and took my flaccid cock and emptied hairy balls in his sucking mouth, and as I looked down in surprise I watched him lick and polish them clean.

Eventually I fell asleep with Swallow lying next to me, and once during the night when I woke up to go to the toilet to take a piss, he immediately knelt between my parted legs and took my penis back into his mouth.

"Not now Swallow. I need to go to the toilet. You can do it again later in the morning if I'm still up to it, okay?" I said groggily, smiling tiredly at his enthusiasm.

"Master, you need not get up out of the warmth of your bed, Master! Master, please empty your bladder in my mouth and I will drink it all down without spilling a drop, Master!" he said meekly, looking up at me from his position in between my legs.

At first I thought he was joking, but by now I really needed to go, and as I thought about it, thinking this was terribly wrong but that it must also be part of his duties as well, I just shrugged my shoulders and allowed myself to relax completely. Instantly a steady endless stream of urine sprayed uninterrupted into his gulping mouth, and I listened enthralled as he noisily drank it all down.

After I'd finished and he'd nestled back next to me, I lay there for a while in deep thought thinking how wonderful it was to have my own sexual pleasure slave. Already I'd lost my virginity to an extremely tall handsome teenage slave who appeared to be the same age as me, who uncannily resembled Brad Cahill, and was completely obedient to every one of my sexual desires.

Eventually I fell back asleep, but awoke to see the early rays of the morning sun filtering through my bedroom window, and Swallow sucking deeply on my knob. Immediately I rolled him onto his stomach and climbing on top of his firm muscular back, I mounted him for a quick no-nonsense fuck, wanting to hurry up and cum before Monet came into my room to prepare me for the new school day.

After Swallow had showered me and then himself, and Monet had dressed me, I sauntered down to the large family dining room for breakfast.

"You know if you take him to school, you'll probably have to share him with some of the other students, Evan?" Noel had said to me as I'd finished off a slice of toast and marmalade. Instantly I was alert, wondering what the heck he was talking about.

"Evan, to be honest it'll be a great way for you to make new friends. Swallow there is an extremely valuable good-looking pleasure slave, so all the rest of the guys at school will be really envious. If you allow some of the more senior and well-known students permission to use

Swallow now and then, you'll definitely be considered one of the 'in-crowd', if you know what I mean?" Noel continued.

I must have been looking stupidly back at my older brother, with a blank look on my face. How could he even think I'd do that? Swallow was mine, and I knew I was developing close feelings towards him. I couldn't possibly betray him like that.

Noel must have been reading my mind, because he suddenly smiled at me and chuckled loudly.

"He's nothing but a sex slave, Evan. Remember that at all times. He's been trained to do whatever you want and with anyone you want him to do it with. He doesn't care or mind. His only concern in life is to make sure you are happy at all times. Anyway, you might find things at school will change quite dramatically for the better once everyone sees him tagging behind you." Noel finished as he once again slapped me on the back and raced off to get ready for school.

And Noel was right. I couldn't believe how many of the students came up to me when I walked through the corridors of the high school classrooms. Before I'd even stepped inside, Joe Becker, a guy two grades above me who had always picked on me whenever he saw me, suddenly came up and asked if he could inspect Swallow there and then.

I was amazed. As I looked up at him, he kept running his eyes appreciatively over Swallow's naked body, waiting for me to give him permission. It was obvious to everyone there that my slave was a truly unique slave, and a very expensive one at that.

I mean, what could I say? Of course I agreed, and I watched as Joe immediately grabbed Swallow's erection and pumped it, before spinning him around so he could slide two large fingers up my slave's arsehole.

"Do you mind if he gives me a quick blow job before classes start. Love to see how good he is and I'd owe you one if you let him suck me off! We can go to the guy's toilet right now if you don't mind?" Joe said enviously, hoping I'd say yes.

So this is what Noel meant! I was really beginning to like the new opportunities opening up for me. I knew now high school would never be the same again. In fact, with Swallow in tow, I could see how I would suddenly become a well-known, well-liked student from this day forth.

I mean just consider it. Here was Joe Becker, a huge fat smelly guy who always terrorised me whenever he saw me, asking my permission to use Swallow, and promising he'd lay off me if I let him.

Anyway, Joe hurriedly led the way to the boy's toilets, where once inside, he forced Swallow onto his knees, unzipped his school pants and took his large uncut erect cock, before jamming it all the way into my slave's mouth.

I watched entranced, unable to look away as Swallow knelt there obediently sucking him off. The look on Joe's face was one of complete joy as he grabbed hold of my slave's ears and fucked his

sucking mouth as hard as he could. When he came, he zipped up, and thanking me loudly, promised he'd keep the other bullies off my back if I'd let him do it again same time tomorrow.

And to my surprise, some of the other guys who'd come into the toilet block to watch Joe getting blown instantly approached me to see if they could go next. Shrugging my shoulders, I agreed, now smiling openly as each one stepped up to take their turn. Within 20 minutes, Swallow had blown five students, and he was sucking on the sixth when the school bell rang.

Never had I felt so happy to be at school that morning, knowing I had something that everyone else wanted. Not only that, they seemed genuinely eager to do anything I wanted for a chance to inspect Swallow and then have him blow them.

I watched exhilarated as Swallow obediently sucked off all the guys. And as they each ejaculated into Swallow's mouth, they'd high five me as they zipped back up and left.

But as the day progressed, I suddenly realised I no longer wanted to share Swallow like this anymore. It was during lunch break when one of my few real friends came up to me and looked me in the eyes

"What are you doing, man? That's your personal pleasure slave, and a really expensive one by the looks of him. He shouldn't even be here. Besides, how can you expect him to be totally loyal to you if you share him around with everybody, Evan? I reckon you should get him home and keep him there from now on."

The words struck at my heart. Swallow had been my first sexual experience and I'd lost my virginity to him. And as I looked at him on his knees, sucking off some young skinny student I didn't even know, I saw for the first time a huge despairing sadness radiating from Swallow's hunched up kneeling body.

It was at that moment, as I realised I'd betrayed Swallow's trust in me, that I stopped lending him out to any other person.

So for the rest of the day, as more and more students made their way to me, I kept him close to me and rejected their requests, even though some offered money.

Then the day turned into a nightmare. It was Noel's best friends Steve Newby and Trevor Drummond who finally came up to me at afternoon recess, wanting to inspect Swallow. They didn't ask permission, they just pushed me roughly out of the way as each took turns cruelly weighing and squeezing Swallow's testicles and then ran their hands all over my slave's firm muscular body, before telling me they were now going to fuck him.

At first I didn't know what to say. I mean, Swallow was my slave, my personal pleasure slave, and I really didn't want to share him with anyone in any sexual way from now on. And even though Steve was a 6' tall, muscle-bound bruiser, and Trevor was 6' 2" tall, and both played on our high school football team alongside my brother, there was no way in hell I was going to let them bully me around like this, or take something from me that wasn't theirs.

But as they dragged my slave behind them towards one of the students' private resting rooms, with me shouting and yelling behind them, Steve suddenly rounded on me.

"I'll let you watch us fuck this fancy bitch slave cunt of yours, but if you try and stop either of us, we'll rip your arms off and shove them up your arse, you understand?" Steve growled as he threw Swallow before him into the room and onto his back on one of the cots.

I could see the terror on Swallow's face, and all I could do was nod my head in astonishment and fear as Trevor slammed the door shut behind us. Maybe it would be over as quickly as possible and I could then get Swallow back home straight away.

Instantly Steve rushed over to Swallow where he immediately lowered his school pants and jock strap around his knees, grabbed Swallow's legs and placed them over his shoulders. And before I could even move or say anything, he shoved the full length of his hugely thick raging seven inch erect cock all the way up Swallow's arsehole.

The scream that came out of Swallow's mouth was so loud that I thought my eardrums were going to explode, but it was just as quickly silenced by the loud sickening punches that continually connected with Swallow's grimacing tear-stained face.

"Shut the fuck up slut, and enjoy my big fat cock pounding your faggot pussy, slave bitch!" Steve screamed back as he continued to brutally fuck Swallow while at the same time slamming his fist into my slave's face.

Suddenly I found myself roaring with rage as I raced over and started pummeling Steve on his heavily perspiring hairy back with my small fists, desperately trying to get him off of my slave. Then, in the blink of an eyelid, Trevor closed in on me and I found myself sailing across the room, crashing against the opposite wall and slumping down onto the floor as Steve picked up his fuck pace and continued to sodomise Swallow brutally.

I had struck my head against the wall, and I was feeling concussed. Things around me seemed to slow down as I looked around dazed and confused.

As my senses slowly returned, I heard Steve bellow loudly as he blasted his load up Swallow's poor tortured anus, and when he'd finally finished, Trevor stepped forward and dropped his pants and y-front briefs. And just as Steve had done, he lifted Swallow's legs onto his shoulders, laid down heavily on top of my slave and began fucking him as hard as he could.

It seemed like an eternity before Trevor shuddered all over and he ejaculated deep up into Swallow's bowels, but that's when I noticed for the first time that Brad Cahill had entered the room.

Within seconds he had picked up Steve high above his head and flung him across the room. Then he'd pulled Trevor off Swallow and smashed his fists into Trevor's face until he knocked him out. Then Brad returned to Steve and began beating him around his face.

And when Steve lost consciousness, Brad hurried back to Swallow and crying openly, hugged my raped and battered pleasure slave close to his chest.

What the fuck was going on? I felt like I was in a surreal movie, where nothing made sense.

I knew I should get up and thank Brad for saving my slave, for getting Steve off of him, but what was he doing hugging Swallow and weeping like that. Why were they both clinging to each other and sobbing loudly.

And as I stood up unsteadily, it was as if a light bulb went off in my head, and a sinking nauseous feeling grew in the pit of my gut.

As both Brad and Swallow suddenly looked my way, and I saw the resemblance on their faces, I reeled in horror at what should have been so obvious to me from the very beginning.

“This is my younger brother Sean, you fucker, and you let them hurt him. I thought you were my friend, but look what you’ve done to him. How could you? What did I ever do to...?” Brad was yelling at me, his fury rising as he glared at me with absolute hatred in his blue eyes, but he was cut off as the voice of my brother Noel roared over his.

“You get away from my brother’s slave or I’ll have you arrested now, you faggot! Get away now or I promise you you’ll never see your brothers ever again!” Noel bellowed as I watched him enter the room, escorted by his newest young slave following a step behind him.

Brad slowly stood up, flinching at Noel’s words, and looking down at his brother Sean, he reached down and placed the palm of his hand tenderly against Sean’s upturned tear-soaked battered and bruised face.

Then he turned, and ignoring Noel and me, and without looking up until he got close to Noel’s newest slave, he suddenly reached out and hugged the younger slave boy close to him quickly before walking out the door.

Immediately Noel followed him, and as I quickly hurried out to see what was happening, I watched as Noel pulled Brad up and suddenly slapped him viciously across his face as hard as he could.

“You know the conditions, fuck-head. If you want to ever see them alive again, you do what I tell you. If you don’t, then fuck off. Anyway, you got two days left to decide and then the offer lapses, forever!” Noel said angrily as he glared at Brad.

Brad just stood there with his head hanging, his huge hands clenching and unclenching, and when Noel had stopped speaking he instantly turned on his heels and left.

I felt like I was going to faint. Both these two new slaves were Brad Cahill’s younger brothers and Noel and I owned them.

I looked around, realising no-one was in the corridors to have witnessed what had just happened, and as Steve and Trevor staggered to the exit door, I rushed back to Swallow, I mean Sean, to see how he was.

Quickly he stood up on unsteady legs and assumed the mandatory slave position. I could see Steve's spent sperm and bright crimson red blood slowly trickling down his inner thighs as he stood there with his legs as wide apart, his penis still rock-hard and jutting out from his hairless groin as he obediently held his hands behind his back. Terror and pain was written on his badly beaten face as he watched Noel walking towards me.

"Evan, get him home now before anyone sees you or him. I'll explain everything when I get home later today after football practice." He said to me, a flint-like stony look on his face as he glared at my terrified pleasure slave.

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### 3.1     Noel Morgan - Vengeance Is Mine

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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Yeah, I know! Everyone thinks I'm a bastard, a power hungry arsehole!

And as I've always replied, yes I am, and, 'Who gives a fuck?'

But more importantly, I didn't give a damn what anybody else thought of me as I had a mission, a very important mission that involved faggot-girl, as well as my brother Evan.

Either way, Evan would help me reduce queer-girl into nothing more than a quivering pleasure slave, a position within our society he would finally embrace with enthusiasm and eagerness, while at the same time helping me turn Evan into the man, the person I needed him to become.

Of course, the whole scheme had been worked out in fine detail, at the time the queer smart-ass had knock me flat on my back in front of my peers. And like I continue to tell everyone, it was the stupidest think he'd ever done in his entire life.

No one, but no-one takes me on, thinking they'll come out a winner. That's not how life works, especially if you piss me off.

From the time cunt-face had lost his freedom, along with his two younger brothers, and I'd then quickly purchased them, it was just a matter of time before I would embark on the next course of my plans.

Forget about how I displayed my two deeply humiliated new slaves in the study to father, Evan and Mr Hendricks. I can admit that I knew Evan, once he'd gotten over his shock, would choose Sean as his new personal pleasure slave.

How could it be any other way?

But forget that too. It's truly not important! Not when you need to look at the whole jigsaw in its entirety.

In fact, I need to take you back to when I first visited the faggot slime-ball and his two younger brothers while they were still attending the state-owned 'Regional Slave Induction and Training Facility'.

Why? Because that's where you'll find all the answers! Because that's the time when I knew for sure my scheme was finally falling into place.

Yeah, I still remember it very well. It was the week before they were to be delivered to me at home. I'd determined it was time to check on their progress, and to test faggot-boy's resolve.

Like all slave induction and training compounds, it was very sparse in its appearance. After signing in, I was escorted to a huge underground concrete bunker, where my three new slaves were currently being housed.

The area reminded me of a massive basement, sectioned off into individual concrete cells that each contained an open pit for them to squat over when they needed to piss or crap, and a thin single mat for up to four to five slaves to share and sleep on, and a long trough where their mashed up slave food and pellets was pumped.

My escort, a huge bearded man in his late thirties and dressed in a grey regulation uniform, confirmed each of my slaves was now fully vaccinated and their micro-chips were working seamlessly.

Then he took me into an adjoining small office area, and after making sure I was comfortably seated, he enquired politely how much time I would need with my slaves, and after considering his question for a moment, I indicated three full hours of uninterrupted privacy would suffice.

As he was leaving, he motioned for me to help myself to the caramel sweets and orange liqueur left out for my visit.

Oh, the privileges of wealth.

Five minutes later, 18 year old Brad Cahill, his 17 year old brother Sean, and Justin, their 16 year old brother, were ushered quickly into the office and immediately lined up next to each other as they assumed the traditional mandatory slave stance before me.

And there I was! Witnessing my revenge blossoming radiantly before me!

There stood my loathsome enemy, completely humbled, with his blond haired head hanging low, his chin on his chest as he stared obediently and blankly at the floor, his hands behind his back, his crotch thrust out lewdly before him and his massive penis standing up rock-hard and rigid for my personal inspection.

And as I gloated at the fag's total submission before me, I suddenly realised I'd been transfixed by the sight of the faggot's huge erection.

Fuck his cock was big when fully erect! I'd only ever seen his large limp uncut dick in the school gym shower room when he was showering, but to see it now standing fully erect at eight and a half inches in length, and so thick, with his large hairless walnut-sized balls hanging low between his muscular thighs, just made his package look even bigger.

And his two brothers weren't shy in that area either. Impressive!

Oh well, back to business! I could play around with their genitals later, abusing and torturing them to my hearts content.

“Brad? Is that... Is that really you?” I asked him softly, pretending to be shocked by his current naked servile state as he stood before me.

“Sir, yes Sir!” he quickly responded in a soft trembling voice as he immediately recognised my voice. As he’d been taught, he’d answer me without looking up or moving a muscle.

Very good! I was impressed.

“Brad! Look up at me. Let me see your face!” I said in a sad voice, although deep down inside, my heart sang with joy, and my cock became rock-hard in my pants as I sat there looking up at my three handsome submissive and very obedient young slaves.

Quickly Brad lifted his head and stared back at me with fear, utter shame and despair etched deeply within the irises of his bright blue eyes.

Oh how glorious indeed.

“Tell me Brad! What happened to you?” I asked him in a gentle yet firm voice, pretending to be his friend at this, his darkest hour.

At first he was hesitant to say anything that might offend a free citizen like me.

But slowly, as he saw the fake concern and phony trust radiating from my eyes, he opened up as if I were his best friend to relate the whole story of his and his family’s enslavement. Of how he and his brothers had been separated from his parents, how they didn’t know where their parents were at this very moment, and how he and his two brothers now lived in absolute fear of what was going to happen to them.

Listening to his heart-rending tale, I could’ve quite easily dropped my feud with him right then and there, even restored them to free citizenship once again.

A very nice sentiment for those who love a happy ending, but of course there was no way I was going to let go of these fine specimens of enslaved youthful man-boys.

No fucking way! They’d each already cost me a pretty penny.

“Sir, please, is there anything you can do to help us, Sir? Sir, this has all been a horrible mistake, but I’m sure if you were to speak on our behalf, the authorities would have to finally take notice, Sir!” Brad nervously asked in a low timid fear-filled voice, unsure of himself, and frightened of what my reaction might be.

Oh, this was too good to be true.

Suddenly I heard a soft sad sobbing sound coming from the youngest brother who stood to faggot-girl's left, and instantly I saw the raging internal struggle Brad was having as he stood his ground and forced himself not to turn around and hug his little brother protectively.

Very good queer-girl! You've learnt very quickly!

Oh well. Enough of this sentimental bullshit! It was time I ended this farce and got down to business.

"Well Brad, this appears to be your lucky day, doesn't it? Of course I'll help you out. In fact, that's why I'm here!" I said smiling kindly, watching the faggot-girl's sad despondent face suddenly light up with a look of overwhelming relief, while a smouldering flare of hope instantly sparked brightly in the pupils of his desolate blue eyes.

Yes, I could see the queer-girl's mind working feverishly as he began to see the heavenly light of freedom at the end of the nightmarish tunnel he and his family had been drowning in.

"Okay Brad, you're free! Why don't we go report to the manager of this establishment right now, sign the necessary papers and then have you escorted off these premises. Before you know it, you'll be a free citizen once again." I said magnanimously.

The fag's expression turned to one of incredulous joy. He was finding it hard to speak, to express his undying gratitude to me. Tears began sliding down the sides of his handsome face and his chest began to heave as he tried not to break down and weep uncontrollably in front of me.

"That's alright Brad! I understand! I mean, what are friends for if they can't lend a helping hand in times of need?" I said wisely, my eyes appearing to be full of concern for him.

Yes, he was overjoyed. And not knowing how to react to me, whether to rush up and hug and kiss me, he decided instead to turn to his equally stunned smiling brothers. Then sobbing openly, thinking the nightmare was finally over, he went to hug them each as huge relieved grins stretched across their pathetic cute faces.

As I watched them, I reached down and pushed a green button located on the office table. Immediately my escort arrived, and after telling him I needed to see the manager straight away, I turned around to speak with faggot-girl again.

"Come on Brad. Let's get this all sorted out once and for all." I said happily, watching as they all lined up to follow me.

"I think it might be best if just you and the large slave here go see the manager, Mr Morgan. These two can stay here while you get all the paperwork filled out. Once that's all done, you can come back and pick them up as you're leaving." My escort suggested, and nodding my head in agreement, I indicated for faggot-girl to follow me, and for his two brothers to wait here in this office.

When we'd arrived at the manager's office, the queer found it very difficult to break from his training, and as we entered, he instantly assumed the slave position. I could tell he was absolutely terrified of the manager, a large fat perspiring man who went by the name of Mr Kindred and chomped on a Cuban cigar.

"Get on your knees, boy! You know the drill when you enter my office!" Mr Kindred said as he came around from his side of the table, and waited patiently for faggot-girl to drop to his knees, reach up and unzip his pants and commence sucking his rather large very smelly uncut erection all the way to the back of his mouth.

"You're got to keep them in line all the time. No matter what! Now how can I help you Mr Morgan?" he said as he grabbed the back of queer-boy's head, rammed his fat hips forward and then extending his right hand for me to shake.

I couldn't help but smile as I watched faggot-girl on his knees sucking frantically up and down the manager's throbbing cock, his total fear of the obese man making him obey instantly.

But as he did his duty, I quickly explained what the situation was to Mr Kindred while he lowered himself back into his chair, pulling faggot-girl face after him and making sure his cock stayed within his sucking mouth. He considered it for a moment, before sliding a few papers towards me.

"These will need to be filled in first, and once the bitch has finished with me, he can sign the documents." Mr Kindred grunted as he pushed down hard on faggot-girl's head.

And as Mr Kindred clearly enjoyed the blow job faggot-girl was giving him, he immediately lamented what a loss Brad would be to the slave industry, asking me if this was truly what I wanted done.

Suddenly he grunted, slapping faggot-girl's head away from his groin. Then he ordered Brad to get up off his knees and sit on his lap. In front of me, with his head hanging in shame, faggot-girl immediately turned around and lowered himself onto Mr Kindred's large leaking cock, and with his legs spread wide open, I watched as the large cigar smoking man's penis slid all the way up faggot-girl's boy-pussy.

It was strange but very erotic to watch as faggot-girl began to bounce up and down on Mr Kindred's rock-hard cock, and once he'd set up a decent fuck motion, the manager quickly reached around faggot-girl's waist and commenced masturbating him in front of me before agreeing to do what I'd requested.

The look on faggot-girl's face was priceless, his complete humiliation etched on his sad reddened face as he avoided my eyes. And as Mr Kindred ordered him to bounce up and down faster and to hurry up and cum, I watched as my enemy concentrated on doing the old man's bidding.

Of course we all knew that faggot-girl already belonged to me, but having Mr Kindred degrade him so completely in front of me like this, by fucking the faggot-girl in such a humiliating way and then forcing him to shoot his boy-juices all over himself was indeed a very nice touch.

Finally, Mr Kindred growled out loud, slammed his cock deep up into faggot-girl's stretched vagina while at the same time as he forcibly made him ejaculate all over himself.

Yes, life was good, and faggot-girl was now proving to me you could have your cake and eat it too.

Of course, once Mr Kindred was done with faggot-girl, he took the filled in documents from me and slid them in front of Brad. It took less than 5 minutes for faggot-girl to fill out the rest of the paperwork, and then for me to co-sign them.

"Right boy, you are now once more a free citizen! Now if I were you, I'd get out of here before I decide to change my mind!" Mr Kindred said to faggot-girl, who promptly followed close behind me as our original escort led us towards a room where some clothing had been arranged for faggot-girl to change into before he was released from the facility.

And as I watched him timidly shower himself as he cleaned himself up, and then dress himself in front of me, still avoiding looking at me, he asked softly when he could go pick his brothers up.

"What are you talking about? I said you were free! I didn't say anything about those two!" I said abruptly, acting as if he should be grateful to me for this small mercy.

Looking at me, I could see the confusion in his face. And I could also see fear flashing through his eyes.

"But they're my brothers. I can't leave them here. I have to take them out of here. Please, I need to take them with me. I have to protect them!" he stuttered frantically, trying to get the words out all at once.

Now I was looking at him in anger. Then raising my left eyebrow and sighing as I slowly nodded my head, I smiled sadly but firmly as I looked him in the face.

"I understand now! You don't know, do you? No ones told you, have they?" I said, not really expecting a reply.

"Let me clear up any misunderstandings you may have! I was your new owner, your new Master! I have been since you were all first enslaved. In fact, as soon as I heard you and your family had been arrested for tax evasion, I immediately went down town and bought the three of you. Cost me a small fortune I can tell you, so letting the three of you go free is quite out of the question! In fact, I intend to make my money back on those two, plus interest, which should hopefully cover the cost of letting you go free!" I said slowly.

The look on Brad's face went from shock to stunned horror, as what I was saying sunk in.

"Of course, I'm lucky my father has some very powerful and wealthy contacts or there would be no way I could make my money back. I've already organised for Justin here is to be sold off to a male brothel somewhere on the west coast of the African continent. Apparently the black men there have an insatiable craving for very young white skinned slave boys. Not quite sure which country they said it was, and to be honest, I don't think I've ever heard of it before. As you'd know, geography wasn't one of my better classes!" I announced indifferently.

"As for your brother Sean, well, he's to be sold off to a very large syndicate of very horny Japanese businessmen who just love to spend their free time torturing and mutilating white American teenage slave boys. To be honest, I don't think he'll survive more than a few months, which is unfortunate, as he really is a good looking boy. But if he does survive somehow, which I doubt, he sure won't look too pretty after they've finished with him. And I'm told the way they castrate their slave boys is positively gruesome, enough to make the toughest man puke his guts up." I continued, still speaking with feigned disinterest, as if Sean's future was of very little interest to me.

"And you Brad? Well, before I agreed to give you your freedom, it had been my intention to sell you to the warden of our prestigious maximum security prison, because apparently the 230 extremely violent and dangerous long-term prisoners being housed there need a permanent fuck-boy for whenever they get randy. I'm told if they're getting sucked off and their fucking boy-pussy all the time, they don't seem to get in as much trouble as they do when they're not getting their rocks off!" I finished, now acting as if the subject was too boring to continue discussing.

When I looked up into faggot-girl's face, for the first time I thought I might have overstepped the mark. He was livid, his face deep red, his blue eyes full of hatred and fury! He was standing there ready to launch himself at me, with his huge hands clenched into fists.

And strangely enough, he turned me on like I'd never been turned on before.

He looked like nothing I'd ever seen before, so erotically spectacular that my cock nearly burst watching him shaking in rage. And as he stood there, like a young mighty gladiator, looking not too bad in the hand-me-down clothes provided for him, I wondered what it would be like to fuck him right there and then.

"It was you from the beginning, wasn't it? You did all this, just to hurt me! Just to get back at me for hitting you! You fucking cunt! You're the one who destroyed my family...! And my parents...! You...! How could...! My brothers...!" he couldn't go on.

He was shaking violently with rage, and as the queer-girl suddenly took a step towards me, I quickly stepped back.

"Punishment Level 2, proceed!"

Before the faggot-girl knew what'd hit him, the tiny neural punishment unit embedded into the nano-circuitry of the micro-chip recently injected into Brad's spine, sent out a rapid series of energy pulses that frayed every nerve ending in the faggot's body.

Within seconds he'd collapsed on the floor and was floundering around, his muscled limbs shuddering and jerking spasmodically. His mouth opened and closed as he tried to scream but not a sound came out. His limbs flung out and cramped back close to his sides as searing pain lashed his entire body simultaneously.

I laughed as I watched the faggot-girl convulse before me, perspiration pouring off him as wave after wave of agonising pain racked his traumatised body. My initial setting of 'level 2' was truly inspiring, and I wondered what would happen to the poor slave who felt the full power of 'level 12'.

30 seconds later, as the energy pulses stopped, the faggot-girl lay there gasping, trying desperately to breathe as his chest heaved. Tears poured from his terrified bulging blue eyes and he sobbed uncontrollably as he curled himself into a fetal position, moaning as the last residues of the agony he'd suffered abated.

Well, at least that part of the micro-chip works, I said to myself smiling happily as I looked down at the queer-girl trembling there before me.

Yes, this was how it should be! I sighed happily as I looked down at the queer-cunt panting and gasping in shocked pain at my feet.

Fag was getting his breathe back as I was watching, so just for the fun of it, I smiled as I decided to see what would happen if I increased the punishment level.

"Punishment Level 4, proceed!" I commanded.

The effect on faggot was instantaneous and spectacular. Flopping about on his back, his limbs cramped and paralysed up against his body, he again bucked and spasmed, shuddered and shook all over far more violently than he did the first time. His eyes bulged out even further and spittle sprayed from his gaping silently screaming mouth.

And as his body began to stop trembling in pain, I again raised my voice.

"Punishment Level 5, proceed!"

It was a long few minutes before the faggot finally calmed down and once the energy pulses had stopped, it still took the fag more than 3 minutes to regain conscious awareness as the intense seizures of pure searing agony continued to torture every nerve ending of his body. And then another 6 minutes of struggling pathetically around as he tried to make his body and muscles move so he could pull himself up onto his knees.

"Oh, for fuck sake, get up on your feet! You're starting to really bore me now, and I've got more important things to attend to than worrying about you and you fucking brothers, faggot!" I said.

Precariously, shaking all over, he finally got to his feet. With snort leaking from his nose, tear rolling down his cheeks and snuffling back weakly at the sobs that racked his large tortured muscular body, he managed to look me in the face.

"Please Noel! I'll do anything you want, but please let me take my brothers out of here! I've got to protect them, and I'm all they have now! I'll do whatever you want, I promise!" he said softly, his voice breaking as he sobbed openly in front of me.

"Well, well, well! Here we are and the mighty captain of our football team is begging me to save him and his brothers. But it isn't good enough that I've just freed you, is it? No thanks from you for that little bit of compassion! Now you want me to do more?" I spat at him sneering.

"Now listen to me real carefully, you stupid faggot cunt!" I said.

"You're right! It was me! I did this to you. To you, and to your whole fucked up mongoloid family! And do you want to know why, slave? Because I hate your putrid fucking guts! And just for your info, I've always hated you, since the day you first enrolled in my school."

"And seeing you like this, standing before me begging, offering to do anything I want, just confirms the utter revulsion I have towards you!" I told him in a low ominous voice, watching the frightened broken look deepen within his eyes as he absorbed what I was saying.

"Now you know the truth! And there's not a damned thing you can do about it because that microchip in your spine will make you do whatever I want, regardless of the fact I've just let you go free. Now if I were you, I suggest you get your fucking act together, and hurry on out of here, and hope to God I never see you again!" I snarled scornfully.

"And just remember this, faggot-girl! After one month, your brothers will be sold as I told you, and I'll make a nice tidy profit. So you better get used to the idea that you're now all alone in the big wide world, cunt!" I said, digging the barb in deeper as I sneered at him.

"Please Noel! I'll do anything you want, but please let my brothers go!" Faggot-girl blubbered, looking at me in the most soulful doe-eyed way as he suddenly sunk down to his knees in front of me.

This was it! The moment I'd been waiting for had arrived! Immediately I changed tacked, and speaking to him in a clear firm voice, I ordered him to look up into my eyes.

"Okay faggot-girl! I'll make a deal with you! All you have to do is turn up at my place in ten days time. Some of my friends will be there, and I want you to get on your knees and beg me to suck my dick. And then you're going to beg me to fuck you!"

"Once I've finished with you, you're going to do the same with my friends. If by the end of the night I'm happy with your total obedience and performance, you will then voluntarily sign a legal document which will make you my little brother's personal pleasure slave. If you do this, then I won't sell your brothers, and I'll hand them over to you to do with as you please." I added.

"It's totally up to you, Brad! Of course, it shouldn't worry you when it comes to sucking cock, or getting fucked up the arse, especially after what I've just witnessed here today. Anyway, you've got ten days to make up your mind." I finished.

"I'll do whatever you want, but what about my brothers? I need to see them before I leave! They need to know that everything will be alright!" he wept, groaning in despair as he looked up at me.

"No, you can't see them until after ten days. Don't worry! I'll go explain everything to them now. They will of course stay here until the end of this week and then they'll be sent to my home. They'll both be kept safe and sound. In fact, if you decide to agree to my terms, you'll be living with them before you know it, looking after them! Now get up on your feet and walk out before I have a change of heart." I said dismissing him completely.

All I wanted to do now was go and check on my two new slaves and sample their cock sucking and arse fucking delights.

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### 3.2 Brad Cahill - A Cry in the Night

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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It's true to say I now lived in terror of the implanted micro-chip, the slave's ultimate pleasure and punishment device.

The effects on my young 18 year old mind and body that first time were devastating, resulting in me instantly understanding my life had changed forever and I was now just a slave and I would from now on have to submit completely, obediently to any and all free citizens.

And regardless of how tall and muscular I was, how good looking people told me I was, or how well known I used to be, I knew now I was nothing but a common slave, a slave in a world that saw us as expendable labour, like animals to be bartered and sold as disposable commodities to prop up our national economy.

Many people might think that I should have put up more of a fight as soon as I met the six Slave Enforcement Officers. As I'd invited them into my room, many might imagine I could have quickly slipped past them and made my escape.

But life isn't like that, and I know now I really didn't have a chance. They knew what to expect, like the many other free citizens they'd enslaved before me, so I knew it would have been pointless to struggle.

Others might think I shouldn't have submitted so quickly to their rampant lusts, that a real hetero guy like I'm supposed to be would have somehow fought back against the micro-chip's inbuilt program.

If that's the case, they don't know what they're talking about. The fact that the micro-chip implanted in me had the ability to completely take control of my body and everything I did is prove enough that there was nothing I could do to fight back.

For three long hours, against my will, I had no choice but to let them use my mouth and my arsehole over and over again. When they ordered me to look up into their leering grinning faces and smile, with their cocks still jammed all the way in my mouth, I found myself forced to smile.

And every time they ejaculated in my mouth, I obediently swallowed their endless amounts thick sticky sperm. I can make no excuses for my total submission and inability to fight back, except my ability to rebel had been completely stripped away from me.

And when Officer Downing ordered me to sit on his lap so he could hug me closely and masturbate me, I admit being unable to stop myself from responding to his lecherous touch, as he made me become fully erect in his fisted jerking hand, ordering me to concentrate totally on making myself cum.

Yes, I'd felt humiliated and degraded. And I can tell you I wept openly as I felt my budding maleness and youthful masculinity slipping away from me as I finally realised I was no longer a real man.

But in my fragile shocked state of mind, I knew I had no choice but to obey. There was no fighting back. Most importantly, I knew I couldn't fight back against the all-commanding micro-chip injected into my spine.

When they'd finally finished fucking my mouth and my arsehole and the three long hours were finally up, they redressed, re-cuffed me and then walked me out of my dorm room naked. With Officer Conroy holding tightly onto my fully erect penis, and pulling me along as he quickly led the way out of the dorm, we exited the campus house and crossed the dark student car park where they bundled me naked into the boot of their patrol car.

There was no-one around, and to my surprise, even after the oral and anal abuse I'd been subjected to for those three long hours, I still sighed with shuddering grateful relief that none of the other guys from school were out and about at that time in the morning to witness my complete degradation and enslavement.

Ten minutes later, after we arrived at the Federal Internal Taxation Office, I was ushered through the slave entrance of the tall 48 floor skyscraper, and taken straight to a holding cell where my plasti-cuffs were removed and I was locked up by myself.

Left alone with my own frightened nightmarish thoughts, I immediately thought about my family, wondering where they might be, if they were okay. And as images of my father, mother, Sean and Justin, flooded my head, I lay down on the thin rubber mat in the middle of the cell that served as a bed, and suddenly broke down and started sobbing.

I think I fell asleep, exhausted by the events of the previous evening, and I remember having some horrifying dreams that taunted me, where my parents and brothers smiling happily would come and see me, and then melt away and vanish as soon as I reached out to hug them.

It was the clanging and opening of the solid metal cell door that woke me, and as I sat up staring in fear at the person walking in, I tried to calm myself down, to concentrate on what was happening.

"You slave, you should be up on your feet, or on your knees if you're not quick enough to stand, assuming the traditional mandatory slave position. Now get up off your lazy ass, do what I've said, or by God, I'll have you punished in ways you can only imagine!" the sharply dressed grey haired man scolded me.

Immediately I was on my feet, my legs wide apart, my hands behind my back, my head bowed low, and my crotch pushed out in front of me as far as possible, trembling uncontrollably in fear. Also, my penis suddenly became rock-hard, jutting out and up nearly flat against my stomach.

The man, who was probably in his late 50's and dressed in a stylish suit, smiled as he watched me quickly take the slave position. Immediately he walked up to me and took my thick erect penis in his hand.

Instantly tears of frustration flowed down my grimacing beet-red face as I felt his fingers stroking me, tickling my piss slit. And as the straight young teenage guy inside me rebelled in repulsed anger, I tried to step back out of reach of his molesting fingers. But to my distress and utter surprise, I instantly found myself pushing my groin out even further, unable to stop myself from enjoying the sensations his stroking hand was having on my erection.

Again tears rolled down my face as I realised my body was betraying me, regardless of the revulsion I felt deep down inside.

"Not that you need to know, but my name is Mr Pearson, and I run this agency. Thought I'd come down here personally and see for myself the new slave everyone is talking about." He said, his eyes traveling up and down my naked muscled body as he continued fondling me.

"Yes, you are an extremely good looking slave. And by the looks of it, you're a lucky one too. Seems you'll be keeping your foreskin, and you won't be branded like all the other slaves usually are. Of course, you will be having all your body hair permanently removed, except for the hair on your head." he said nonchalantly, while cupping my hairy balls and weighing them in the palm of his hand.

Suddenly he slapped me hard across my face, stunning me.

"When I speak to you slave, I expect you to respond! I'll not punish you this time, but next time...! Now here are a few pointers of what's expected of you, slave, and you'd better not forget what I tell you!" he glared at me.

"Whenever a free citizen enters your presence, you will immediately assume the mandatory slave position. Whenever a free citizen man speaks to you, you will always respond with 'Sir, yes Sir'. If it's a free citizen women you will always respond 'Ma'am, yes Ma'am'. Do you understand slave?" he said.

"Sir, yes Sir!" I replied instantly, tears still spilling from my eyes.

"Good slave. I think you might just make an acceptable slave yet. In fact, I hope you do. As it is, I must admit I wouldn't mind fucking that cute looking mouth and boy-pussy of yours now. We don't usually get many handsome young slaves like you in here, and I've got some free time before my first meeting this morning." he added, as he returned his hand to my erect penis and stroked it, fingering my piss slit once again.

"Anyway, it appears the court has decided to grant you permission to see your parents for one last time, slave. I believe you'd like that, wouldn't you slave?" he stated, and this time he slowly reached down and pulled the zip of his pants down as he waited for my reply, watching me closely to see how I reacted.

But to his surprise, and my own, at the mention of my parents I'd instantly dropped to my knees and lifted my head and started to plead with him, suddenly babbling on, nearly hysterical.

"Sir, oh please! Please may I see them? I don't know what's happening, and I'm worried about my br..."

Instantly I was cut off as he once again slapped me hard across my startled face.

"Shut the fuck up, slave! You'll be told what you need to know and nothing more! Now how much do you want to see your parents, slave?" he scowled angrily at me, before stepping back, undoing his top trouser button so his freshly laundered business pants slid down his skinny hairy legs to lay crumpled up around his ankles.

I immediately assumed the slave position on my knees, with my head bowed low, trying not to cry as I answered him. Again I felt another piece of my young teenage maleness slipping away.

"Sir, I'll do anything you want, Sir! Sir, please may I see my parents, Sir?" I responded, my voice quivering, feeling the bile rise in my gut as I knew what he'd make me do next.

"I thought you'd say that, slave! So why don't you hobble forward on your knees, look me in the face and smile, and then ask me real nicely to suck my dick. If you sound convincing, and I don't have to trigger your micro-chip or your 'pleasure level' program, and there's a twinkle in those boyish blue eyes of yours, I might let you see them one last time. If you don't sound convincing, then you'll have just wasted the last chance you'll ever get to see them." he said.

I wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, to tell him he was a real fucked up sicko. As my revolted mind tried to make sense of the lunacy surrounding me, I immediately knew I couldn't fight him.

So, sobbing back a heart breaking groan that threatened to escape, I quickly moved forward on my knees and made myself smile up at him.

I knew this was my only chance to find out what the hell was happening, so choking down any disgust I might have felt, or any young manly pride I might still have had, I looked him in the eyes and began begging him to allow me to suck his cock.

I pleaded in a loud voice, trying to make my voice sound husky with desire and at times breaking with emotion as I implored him. And as I looked up into his face, I found myself praying to God that he'd let me do it, that he'd let me suck him off, just so I could finally see my parents.

The grey haired man looked down at me with an appreciative wolfish grin on his face, enjoying the humiliating way I was begging to suck his dick. His eyes were half closed, his breathing was shallow, and then he gestured me to move forward in front of him.

"Yes, you definitely are a good looking young slave. Now reach up and carefully lower the front of my underwear and when my stiff dick pops out, I want you to lick and kiss it for a while." he said, watching me carefully as suddenly the micro-chip in me took over and I found myself leaning forward, reaching up to do what he'd instructed of me.

"Mmmm, that feels wonderful! Worship my cock for a little bit more, slave! Oh yes, that's very nice! Now use that cute pointy tongue of yours to lick my piss slit. That's it, a few more times! Oh yes! Now reach around behind me and take each of my arse cheeks in your hands and start massaging and kneading them as you take my whole prick all the way into your mouth!" he said, sighing and moaning softly at times as I obeyed him.

As I began sucking him off, while massaging and caressing his arse cheeks, he grabbed the back of my head and started running his hands through my blond hair.

"Yes, indeed! You are a good looking cock-sucking slave. A very handsome young cock sucker who will definitely make some very rich free citizen a very happy man! Now start sucking me off harder while I fuck your face, cock sucker. Suck me off like the good little blond bitch I know you are! And moan real loud for me, slave! Moan as if you really love giving me pleasure!" he grunted as I obeyed him, taking the full length of his pulsating erect five and a half inch cock all the way to the back of my mouth as he gripped clumps of my hair in his fists and slammed his thrusting groin into my face.

It didn't take him long to cum, but as he shot his salty thick sperm into my sucking mouth, he ordered me not to swallow, to hold it in my mouth as he slowly slid his deflating uncut cock from between my tight lips.

"Yes, that was very nice, slave. A bit more practice and you'll be an expert before you know it. Now open up wide and show me how full your mouth is." he said as he stood there looking down at me.

I opened up wide and showed him his thick globs of sticky man seed covering my tongue and filling the back of my mouth, and then he told me to swallow it all. Then ordering me to lean forward once again, he told me to gently suck his now flaccid dick clean while sticking my tongue under his foreskin at the same time.

"Well slave, I promised you I'd take you to see your parents, but I want you to do two more things before we head off. Firstly, I think I'd really like to see you masturbating yourself! Such a strong good looking slave like you should be able to put on quite an entertaining show. And if you do it as well as you sucked my cock, I may even let you see your little brothers as well. Do you understand me?" he said patiently, an evil smile crossing his face as he looked down at me kneeling before him.

Immediately, even though I was still on my knees, I found myself automatically placing my hands behind my back, lowering my head, and thrusting my crotch up towards him, all against my will.

"Sir, yes Sir!" I replied softly, my mind empty of all emotions or feelings as I now prepared myself to do any perverted thing this man might want me to do. But I didn't try and fight against the commands my micro-chip were sending to my brain as I knew this may also be the only opportunity to see my brothers as well.

"Secondly, after you've masturbated yourself, you're going to get on your hands and knees and beg me to fuck you. It would be criminal if I didn't sample your boy-pussy while you were in my care. Of course, you'd better make my riding your pussy very good for me as well, understand?" he smiled at me. Again I heard myself answer I would do what he wanted.

"Okay then, slave. Let's get you enjoying this as well. Pleasure Level 3, proceed!" he commanded in a firm voice. Instantly my body was swamped with exquisite feelings of pure pleasure as I followed his instructions.

"Now lie down on your back in the middle of the floor here. That's it! Spread your legs apart as wide as you can, lift your head up and smile at me. Good slave! Now start jerking off, get that cock of yours as hard as you can, and make it look as erotic as you can. Ah very nice indeed!" he continued.

"Okay, now when you feel you're about to ejaculate, I want you to aim that big cock of yours at your face, open your mouth as wide as you can, move your head down as far as you can, and catch as much of your own spurting boy juices in your mouth." he said, a malicious grin spreading across his face.

Again my micro-chip kicked in as I lay there with my legs spread wide apart, on my back in the middle of the cell, obediently jerking my rock-hard dick as he'd instructed. And smiling as sensually as I could, I looked up into his face, and started moaning and grunting, hoping the noises I was making would add to the erotic image of my squirming humping naked body as I furiously masturbated myself in front of him.

"Yes, very nice! Now do it faster! Oh yes that's good! Now bounce your buttocks up and down off the floor, get a steady rhythm going! Mmmm, very good slave! Now reach down with your other hand and squeeze and pull on those huge fat hairy balls of yours." he added.

Before I knew it, regardless of the fact I was completely ashamed and humiliated by what I was being forced to do and my face was bright red with degradation by this stage, I felt the familiar tingling churning in my large tightening scrotal sac, which meant I was on the verge of blowing my load.

Quickly I spread my legs even further, hunched my chest forward a fraction so I could move my head further down, aimed my throbbing eight and a half inch erect cock at my wide open mouth and blasted four powerful spurts of my shooting sperm between my widely stretched lips. I was

gasping for desperately needed breathe by this stage and the remaining spunk that shot out of my sputtering cock splashed all over my face and chest before I finally collapsed flat on my back.

"Now that was something worth seeing, slave! Of course, you can scoop up that mess you've made all over yourself with your fingers, and use it to slick up my penis." he laughed as he watched me get up off my back, scoop up my own cum and apply it thickly to his erect cock.

And as he'd indicated earlier, I found myself obediently turning around quickly as I got onto my hands and knees, and offered up my bottom to him.

"Sir, please fuck my boy-pussy for me, please Sir! Sir, please fuck my tight little vagina as hard as you can, please Sir!" I intoned in a loud voice, unable to stop myself from saying the horridly disgusting words that sent an invisible knife of despair through my heart.

"Yes, that's it! Now let's increase your pleasure program while I'm fucking you. Pleasure Level 4, proceed!" he commanded as he drove his cock into my quivering twitching anus.

Again my arsehole gripped at his penis as he slid it all the way up into me, massaging and caressing it, milking its full throbbing length. Again my body quivered and trembled uncontrollably as waves of pure pleasure washed my entire being as I felt him lie flat on my back, wrap his arms around my chest as he set up a steady rapid fuck-motion.

"Uhhhh, that's good slave! Squeeze my cock harder, queer-slave! That's it, get your vaginal flaps squeezing tighter! Oh yes, make my dick feel really good, slave!" he moaned over and over again as he fucked me as hard as he could.

Finally he shuddered all over and grunted as he shot his load deep into me, and as he pulled out of me, he ordered me to turn round and lick his penis and balls clean.

"Okay slave. That was very good indeed! Now why don't we go and see your family." he said, and still breathing heavily, I stood up and obeyed him as he motioned me to follow him out of the door.

I was led through a maze of corridors and up and down many elevators. Eventually I was ushered into a brightly lit room where I was once again left by myself. The room wasn't very wide, yet seemed to be quite long, painted entirely grey and had no furnishings in it at all. There were no windows, no paintings or posters on the wall, and I looked around in confusion, wondering why I'd been brought here.

Then to my astonishment, the entire left wall began to brighten, shimmering as it became transparent as I turned and stared at it.

More importantly, as the wall became crystal clear, there stood my father and mother, and my two brothers on the other side, looking back at me.

The relief I felt as soon as I saw my family was short lived though. I realised they were each standing in four separate rooms that backed onto the long one I was in. And the rooms they were in seemed more like tiny cells. It also became apparent they couldn't see or hear each other, only me at the far end of their cells.

They too were all naked, and I immediately dropped my eyes as I watched my mother trying to cover herself with her hands. Of course, I didn't care if I was naked. All that mattered was I could see them all, and before I knew what I was doing, I rushed up to the clear plastic wall separating us and touched my hands to it.

Instantly I was thrown back, as a charge of electricity passed through me and threw me against the wall behind me. Staggering, I climbed back onto my feet and gingerly looked to where my father stood.

Instantly I started crying, cursing loudly as I tried to understand why the authorities would have beaten him so severely. His eyes were nearly swollen shut, his nose smashed to mush, and his lips were puffed up and bleeding every time tried to move his mouth. He was stooped over, and he stood unsteadily in the centre of the small cell he was in.

"Dad, are you okay? Can you hear me? What's happening! Please, Dad?" I blubbered, trying to see him through my tears, heart broken by the sight of his poor broken body.

"Brad? Is that you? Ah yes, I can just make you out there. I'm so sorry son, but they forced a confession out of me. I wasn't strong enough to resist. Please forgive me, but I had to do what they said! If I didn't sign the papers, they were going to castrate you all, and then sell you to some slave market in the Middle East. I couldn't let them do that to my boys." Dad said in a hushed pain-racked voice.

"Son, listen to me! I don't think I have very much time. I want you to look out for your brothers and make sure they're okay. I've always been proud of you son, so try your best and keep an eye on them." he said, a horrible rasping sound coming from his chest as he spoke. Behind him, as I watched in shock, a door opened and in came three large masked men in white coveralls. And before I could say anything, my father was quickly dragged limping out of the small cell.

My head was swimming. I didn't know what to do. I moved along the transparent wall until I could see my mother. She'd turned her back on me, so I couldn't see her nakedness, or how beaten up she was as well, and keeping her eyes low, she spoke in a sad broken voice.

"Brad! Son! Can you hear me? Now don't say anything, because I don't think they'll let us speak for long. If you see your father, tell him I love him. And always remember to look out for your brothers, no matter what happens." She gasped out, and I could see that she was hurting every time she spoke.

"You're all Sean and Justin have now, and they'll need your strength too, to survive what's happening, and what lays ahead in the future for you all. And Brad, always remember I love you

boys with all my heart!" my mother finished, sobbing softly as the door behind her opened, and she too was unceremoniously dragged away, leaving the small room she'd been in empty.

By now I was frantic, hysterical. What the fuck was going on? Why were the state authorities doing this to us? I couldn't fathom it, and again I moved quickly to where I could see Sean, staring back at me with a mixture of pure joy and complete terror plastered on his face.

"Are you okay Sean? Have they hurt you? Can you hear me?" I rattled off, fearing he too would be dragged away before I'd had time to speak with him.

"Brad, yes I can hear you. I'm scared, really scared, and I don't know what's happening!" Sean said in a frightened trembling voice.

As had happened with both my parents, a door opened at the other end of the room, and in walked four masked men in white overalls. Moaning now, thinking they were going to drag Sean away, I tried to scream at Sean to look at me, but I stopped dumbfounded as each of the men began undressing.

Immediately they surrounded Sean and began beating him up, ordering him to get onto his hands and knees. Sean was crying in pain and terror as he obeyed, and then I watched in horror as one of the men knelt behind him and another man knelt in front of his head.

It was crazy! All I could do was look on as both men proceeded to shove their large erect dicks into Sean's mouth and up his arsehole. And when they set up a serious fuck-pace, I felt myself fall to the ground on my knees, begging them to stop it, to leave my brother alone.

They took their time, and I could see they were enjoying every moment of it as they raped Sean. Horrible squelching sounds as thick penises slammed up his rectum and loud gagging noises as rigid cocks pounded down his throat reverberated over the pa system connecting the two rooms, and as I watched in horror, each man began striking Sean's naked body with their fists as they continued to violently fuck him.

After all four had finished, without saying anything, they got up redressed, and walked out the door, leaving Sean lying sobbing on the cold tiled floor.

Suddenly, before I could respond, a section of the transparent wall directly in front of me popped out towards me, and to my surprise, it allowed me to enter and race over to Sean. Instantly I hugged him close to me. I couldn't stop crying, but after I'd checked him out, made sure he wasn't injured too badly, I carried him out of that room, and lay him on the floor.

Quickly I got up and stepped up close to the transparent wall again and looked straight at Justin, my youngest brother, standing in the last small cell.

"Justin, can you hear me? Are you alright? Please Justin? Just say something so I know you're okay?" I rattled on loudly, again becoming frantic as I tried to get his attention as I stared at his lowered head, at how his naked body shook all over in fear.

Again I watched in horror as the same thing that had happened to Sean, now happened to Justin. In walked four different men in white overalls, and this time as they stripped off, they began beating upon my little brother ordering him to get onto his back.

Poor Justin didn't have a chance as the four men sodomised him over and over again, crying and screaming for help each time they took their turns. Again, as with Sean, once they'd fucked him about two times each, they got up, dressed and left Justin lying curled up in a fetal position on his side as he moaned in agony and sobbed uncontrollably.

Suddenly a section of the transparent wall popped in front of his cell as well, and as I watched it swing towards me, I raced inside, grabbed Justin's limp body up into my arms and carried him out to where Sean lay shivering, and hugged him close to my chest. Instantly he looked up into my face, a stunned look on his face and then he broke down and started sobbing.

In moments, we had all sunk to the floor, and sitting there I couldn't help but hug them close to my naked body, as if the mere action would somehow protect us all.

Of course it wasn't enough.

As I held them to my chest, trying to comfort them, I couldn't stop the tears rolling down my face. For maybe twenty minutes we stayed like that, when suddenly twelve men in white overalls walked into the room to encircle us, ordering us to stand up and assume the mandatory slave position as.

But my memory fades of the horrible events that followed. I remember vaguely how I trembled in fear and shame as I'd tried to protest angrily, tried to scream out and struggle against six of these men who'd stepped forward. But all to no avail as my micro-chip kicked in and made me do what they demanded.

And as I'd fallen to my knees, feeling impotent and powerless, I'd watched with tears in my eyes as Justin and Sean were pushed down onto their knees next to me, I then watched in terror as three of the men stepped forward, unbuttoning their overalls, ordering us to blow them.

I was supposed to protect my brothers, but there was nothing I could do. I felt useless, desperate and utterly despondent as I watched the fear on my brothers faces growing. I know at the time I didn't care what they did to me. But when it came to Sean and Justin, well I couldn't just kneel there and see them shamed and degraded like this. But there was nothing I could do. Especially when I heard my little brother Justin start to sob, his small firm naked body shaking all over, looking at me and pleading for me to save him.

Again the terrifying memory of my micro-chip's obedience program forcing me to be completely submissive, rendering me incapable of protecting my brothers from these perverts and what they were trying to force us to do.

I remember how I thought I was going insane, that this just couldn't be happening. How I'd looked frantically at both Sean and Justin frightened faces, my terrified eyes begging them to forgive me that I couldn't protect them.

Yes, I can still remember how my two brothers had watched me as my micro-chip forced me to turn back around to face the first fat smelly man standing before me. I remember how I'd taken his rancid penis into my mouth, one of many erect penises I would be forced to suck.

I don't remember how long I stayed on my knees, but I remember with shame the continuous sounds of myself and my brothers slurping and sucking deeply on the rampant thrusting penises shoved into our mouth, of the many loud vicious open-palmed stinging slaps across our faces echoing throughout the room. How the three of us, side by side, obediently swallowing each of the twelve men's continuous spurts of endless sperm.

And yes, I can vaguely remember how the three of us finally gave up struggling to over-ride the micro-chips injected into our spines. How my brothers and I sank into a state of utter shock, and we'd obediently responded to their orders to pretend we actually loved sucking them off. How we quickly reached up with our trembling hands and gently caressed and massaged the hairy chests, stomachs, inner thighs and tenderly cupped and squeezed the huge dangling testicles of the men we were sucking off.

For four long hours we were kept in that small elongated room, the sounds of us moaning and cooing in pleasure filling the room as we fellated these smelly grunting farting men and then orally pleasured any other men who happened to walk in.

It's strange to look back and realise there is actually a huge gap of time missing in my mind. I don't remember anything but a few static images of how my two younger brothers and I were then pushed onto our backs and then made to beg each man to fuck us as hard as possible.

The micro-chips in each of our spines had by now taken over completely, making us lift our legs into the air and spread them as far as possible. And as each man mounted us, fucking us as hard as they could, we lay there and thanked them over and over again for making us into their personal bitches, their faggot whore.

But the worst was when they made us fuck and suck each other. I wept with despair and shame as I submitted to the men's demands unable to stop myself from sucking off my two brothers, and then fucking them as hard and brutally as I could when directed.

For four horrendous hours we were made to suck each other off, to repeatedly sixty-nine with each other before we were made to take turns anally penetrate each other.

I vaguely remember how it all finally it came to an end.

Of them finally making us stand and assume the mandatory slave position, of them taking hold of the leaking knobs of our fully erect cocks and leading us off to get finger-printed, photographed and showered.

I have the vaguest recollection of being brought before the slave courts, of the presiding judge authorising our “Lifetime” enslavement and then our immediate transportation to the state-owned ‘Regional Slave Induction and Training Facility’.

But I do remember clearly the agony and pain of my micro-chip’s punishment unit being used on me to snap me out of my shocked dazed state, how the slave facility officers laughed as they raised it to ‘Level 2’, and how I had felt a huge piece of my inner-self die in that instant.

And then the nightmare got worse.

Our training began in serious. I do remember I couldn’t do anything to protect Sean or Justin, as we were punished for the smallest infractions.

I watched in horror as our body hair was permanently removed, how we all looked like grotesquely tall pre-pubescent boys standing in the mandatory slave position, there in the sterile shower block, as they hosed the smeared on hair removal crème from our bodies.

Once again Sean, Justin and I found ourselves placed in a single cell together. I’d wept as I realised we were being kept together, and I remember hugging them both close to me. Justin had the look of a desperately lost puppy, his eyes glancing frantically around in terror at our surroundings, while Sean was nearly always hysterical. I really wasn’t any better, suffering from anxiety and stress as I wondered what was going to happen to us.

I remember how ashamed and humiliated I felt on that first night, when a booming voice sounding over a loud speaker, set our pleasure level programs to 3, and then ordered us to start practicing oral and anal sex on each. At first I tried to rebel, and again I was punished severely until my micro-chip kicked in and I found myself doing what was ordered of me. Whenever we had any free time, which was usually only late at night, we were required to suck each other off, and viciously fuck each other no matter how tired we were.

I can still remember how everyday I was disciplined about three or four times a day. All they needed to punish us was verbally announce the punishment level they wanted, and instantly we would suffer the excruciating agony that followed.

But the most humiliating thing done to us was when the on-duty officers sent for Sean, Justin and I. Every late afternoon, we would be brought to the officer’s lodge where we were forced to orally and anally perform for them.

In the officer’s lodge there would always be about 8 or 9 men lounging around, and as we stood in the mandatory slave position before them, we would initially be made to masturbate for long periods before they took us off to designated cots and proceeded to use us for their personal pleasure.

I know my will and my mind were completely broken the first time we were escorted there. Ordered onto my knees before my two brothers, I was forced to take each of their thick teenage

penises into my mouth and pleasure them to the best of my abilities. My micro-chip's pleasure mode was set at 'Level 3' at all times, and I was unable to stop myself doing what was commanded of me.

But they were instructed not to cum, as the officers had decided it would be more fun to watch Sean and Justin fuck me. Ordered onto my back in the middle of the room, Sean was made to mount me, with my legs resting on his back. Obediently he fucked me, his face sad with utter shame, and once he'd finished, ejaculating deep up inside me, I was then forced onto my hands and knees where Justin was made enter me from behind.

With our pleasure modes set, we acted out the roles they demanded of us, spoke like the little boys they expected us to be, and for many hours each afternoon, we continued to perform for them before they took us off individually and made us pleasure them until they were tired of us and send us back to the slave barracks.

Time seemed to fly by, but I knew we had only been there a few weeks when Master Noel suddenly turned up unannounced. At the time, I didn't know what was happening as we'd been marched towards the small visitor's office and instructed to be on our best behaviour.

Neither my brothers nor I knew who we were seeing, and my greatest fear at the time was they were finally going to split us up, separate us forever.

Oh how I had nearly cried with relief when I saw Master Noel. It didn't matter that we'd had a few scuffles at school, or even that he mightn't have liked me that much. We were fellow high school students and football players on the same team.

To me, I remember thinking instantly here was someone who could help us. But I also knew he was a free citizen and I was now only a broken obedient slave. The brutal training I'd undertaken so far made me stand perfectly still in the mandatory slave position, and only when Master Noel gave me permission did I look up.

I remember that first time I saw him looking at me so sad. And as I realised what I must have looked like to him, completely naked, with my erect cock straining as it stood up ready for his inspection, I nearly broke down and wept then and there if it weren't for my micro-chip keeping me in check.

But more importantly, I remember how ashamed and humiliated I was that he was seeing me like this.

Then he suddenly said he'd help me. I found myself lost for words, unable to express my gratitude to him for saving me and my brothers from this horrible nightmare.

I remember the trip to the manager's office was a humiliation I tried to put out of my mind. For Noel to see me fall to my knees and perform oral on that large fat man, and then for him to see me being fucked up my arse and jerked off at the same time until I came all over myself, well, I'd hoped he knew I had no choice but to obey.

But as I was dressing, I was stunned when Noel told me I was free but not my brothers. That's when I finally realised that Noel was the perpetrator of my whole family's enslavement and I suddenly felt myself crack. In an instant, I wanted to kill him, rip him limb from limb. I wanted to take his neck in my hands and squeeze the very life from his body.

And then before I knew what hit me, he used my micro-chip's punishment mode on me. Instantly I'd collapsed and felt the searing agony once again, and as he used it on me a second and then third time, he increased the power to a level I'd never experienced before.

And so I begged Noel to please give me back my brothers. Yes I remember pleading with him, telling him I'd do anything he wanted if he would just let me take my brothers out of that slave training facility.

But he wouldn't budge until I agreed to his conditions.

I was to turn up at his place, and with his best friends watching me, I was to get on my knees and beg to suck his cock and then beg him to fuck me. And then I was to let them use me the same way.

If I did what he wanted, and he was happy with how I performed, and if I signed a paper that would make his younger brother Evan my master and his personal pleasure slave, then he would hand over my brothers to me.

And so I was freed, allowed to leave that terrifying slave training facility to decide what I wanted to do. By then, I didn't care. I'd do anything for my brothers and if this was the only way I could help them, so be it!

So I went back home to find it had been left untouched since my parents and brothers had been dragged from there, and in a daze, I slumped onto my bed and cried myself to sleep.

The next day I wandered around, not knowing what to do. Whenever anyone looked at me, I'd hang my head in shame, thinking they knew I'd been enslaved and made to do things that had humiliated and degraded me.

I realised the three week long slave training program had altered me permanently, as I trembled whenever I saw other free citizen's with their slaves.

After six days I went back to school. There was nothing else I could do, and I thought maybe if I could see Noel, maybe ask him to be reasonable, to even beg him again to let me have my brothers back.

That's when I saw Evan showing off Sean. I followed him from a distance, not wanting either of them to know I was watching them. I knew Sean was being forced to have oral sex with anyone Evan told him to do it with, but it was only when I heard Sean's loud piercing screams coming

from one of the students' private resting rooms, that I burst in to find Steve Newby and Trevor Drummond sodomising my brother in the most vicious and cruel way.

Instantly I struck out, lifting Steve above my head and throwing him against the opposite wall and then beating the crap out of Trevor. For the first time since I'd been released I hugged poor Sean's badly beaten naked body close to me, whispering in his ears that everything would be alright, that I would make things better.

And when I turned my head and saw Evan looking at me and then at Sean strangely, I lost my head and went off at him. He was terrified and confused, and then I realised he might not have known Sean was my brother.

But that's when Noel walked in, and behind him stood Justin. I didn't really listen to what Noel had to say, all my attention was focused on my two brothers.

That was when I knew I had to do whatever Noel demanded of me. There were no choices here. If I didn't, I knew he was sick enough to follow through on his threats to sell my brothers and I'd lose them forever.

Also, with the micro-chip still implanted within my spine, I knew I wasn't really free. I was only being allowed to wander around, as if in limbo, waiting until Noel chose the moment to reel me back in and finish off whatever horrible plan he'd set me up for.

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#### 4. Evan Morgan - A Disgraceful Performance

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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I was frantic, nearly hysterical.

With Monet's help, I'd put Swallow, I mean Sean, into my bed as soon as I got him home. We'd determined he was okay physically, and he would heal in time, but I could see he was still in deep shock and I didn't want to leave him by himself.

"I'm so sorry Sean! I didn't know! I really didn't know!" I kept babbling on, weeping as I used a cold damp compress to gently cool the bruises swelling up all over his face. He was looking up at me in a sad helpless way, and I could see he was remembering over and over again how Trevor and Steve had raped him and then how his brother had come to the rescue, reassuring him and trying to protect him.

It made no sense. How had I ended up owning Brad Cahill's brother? I needed to see Noel straight away, but I knew he wouldn't be home until after football training in another 3 hours. I had to find out what was happening and then decide what to do.

But as I gently questioned Sean, as he told me of what had happened to his family, how he and his family including Brad had been enslaved four weeks previously due to his father being charged and sentenced for tax evasion, a nagging feeling deep inside me began to grow.

Then when he told me what had happened since, of the horrors he and his brothers had been through and how Noel had suddenly turned up to immediately set Brad free but keeping Justin and himself, it was as if a bomb had exploded in my mind.

Suddenly everything fell into place.

This was it! Noel's ultimate revenge against Brad Cahill!

I felt as if an icy blade had entered my lungs as I thought of the magnitude of what Noel had done, and how he'd played me as well by giving Sean to me as a gift to be my very own personal pleasure slave.

The irony wasn't lost on me as I imagined how my brother must have laughed as he thought of how I'd use Sean to satisfy my own sexual needs.

But this was Brad's brother, Sean Cahill!

And then there was Brad, the one person at high school who'd stood up for me and who I considered my all-time teenage role-model and football hero. A young teenage hunk who I adored from afar, who I had a secret crush on and who'd taken the time to stop by, see how I was and had been so kind to me.

No wonder he hated me! And I knew he hated me!

I'd seen it in his blue eyes early that afternoon. And how could he not hate me? Not after everything I'd done to his brother today.

Again my heart jumped a few beats as I thought of how insensitive I'd been to Sean and how I'd betrayed him by giving him to all those guys at school so he could give them blow jobs.

It was three hours later I finally got to confront Noel. He'd come in the back door, dragging young Justin Cahill behind him, trying to avoid the other slaves as well as my parents as he made his way up to his bedroom.

And I could see why. Justin was bleeding from every orifice and was black and blue all over. He looked like he'd been severely beaten repeatedly and he was having trouble standing on his own two feet.

I followed as Noel literally dragged the poor young abused teenager up to his bedroom, and then watched as my brother dumped him on the floor next to his large king-sized bed. Then ushering me out of his way, he slammed his door closed and locked it behind us.

"What have you done, Noel?" I said to him immediately, shaking my head in utter dismay and horror.

"Oh don't look so sanctimonious, Evan. After football practice all the guys just wanted to have some fun. Turns out the kid here is a real squealer, so he needed to be silenced a few times before he got into the swing of things." Noel said, oblivious to the pain the young boy must have been feeling.

"Now, about this afternoon, well, don't worry about it. Yes, these used to be Brad Cahill's brothers, but they're only slaves now, our slaves, so you'd better remember that." Noel continued.

"Anyway, how's your slave doing? Not too damaged I hope?" he added, looking at me as I stared back at him in disbelief.

"You did this to him, to Brad! This is your way of getting back at him for punching you all those weeks ago! How could you? I never dreamed you could be this vindictive!" I stuttered, looking down at Brad's youngest brother laying there battered and bruised on the floor.

"Oh spare me the pity-pot for fucks sake! Yes, I got back at him, fucked that faggot-girl over real good, and I can promise you he'll never recover from this anytime in the near future. Let that be a

lesson to any low-life who might think about taking me on!" he said hurriedly, as he leaned down, picked Justin up and threw him on his back onto his bed.

"Anyhow, forget about that cunt! Listen up, Evan! I got some friends coming over Friday afternoon to stay the weekend and we're preparing a special present to give to you. Make up for the terrible things that happened at school today. So be here Sunday evening around 11:30pm. Now get the fuck out of my room! I'm still horny and I intend to have some fun with my little slave whore here before I crash out." He said, dismissing me as he turned his full lustful attentions towards Justin.

I didn't go to school for the rest of the week. I stayed in my room and tended to Sean. He was slowly opening up to me more, telling me of how his life used to be before his enslavement and what he and his family used to do for fun.

He loved his oldest brother with a passion, a mix of unconditional adulation and brotherly love that made me feel really envious. I didn't have the same relationship with my brother, and it was doubtful that we ever could.

I stayed away from my brother, avoiding him as much as I could, but by Friday evening, I could hear loud muffled noises coming from Noel's bedroom just up the hallway from my room. I figured his friends had turned up and Noel was probably partying on with them. My heart went out to young Justin, as I knew he would have to suffer their combined cruel lusts and do whatever they wanted.

At 11pm on Sunday, August finally came to my bedroom with a message from Noel, asking me to come to his room straight away.

At first I didn't want to go, but I knew if I didn't send August back immediately telling my brother I'd be there, Noel and his friends would probably come barging into my room, or he would definitely take out his anger at me on Justin, as well as August.

How can I express the shock I felt as I entered Noel's bedroom and saw what was happening in there. Maybe I should have expected it, knowing Noel loved to do anything that would humiliate and degrade me, while grossing me out at the same time.

Still, I was stunned into shocked silence as I walked into Noel's room to find my brother sitting comfortably on the edge of his bed, naked from the waist down with his legs spread wide apart.

Between Noel's legs knelt Brad, my role-model, my football hero, with his hands clasped tightly behind his back. Completely naked, Brad quickly sucked up and down the full length of my brother's large erect cock, taking the raging throbbing shaft all the way into his mouth each time while making loud obscene slurping noises.

Sitting in a sofa chair on the other side of the room, smiling contemptuously as he watched Brad blowing my brother sat Trevor Newby. Also naked, his large solid hairy body slumped back, his thick hairy legs spread wide apart, Trevor was thoroughly enjoying the loud sucking sensations Justin's mouth and throat were giving his long erect cock.

And sitting back comfortably in Noel's computer chair, with his legs spread wide apart, sat Steve Newby. Like Trevor, he too was naked and watching Brad sucking up and down Noel's throbbing cock, while at the same time, he too enjoyed the expert blow job August was giving him.

Suddenly the memories of when Brad had stood tall and proud and then punched Noel in the face and knocked him out flashed through my mind as I tried vainly to reconcile the vision of my high school football hero now on trembling knees between my brother's legs, sucking Noel's large cock into his mouth.

Also, the image of Brad picking up Steve bodily over his head and throwing him across the room flashed through my mind, while the memory of how he'd beaten Trevor into unconsciousness reminded me that Brad could definitely look after himself.

I knew instantly that in some way Brad was being coerced into doing this against his will and it didn't take a brain surgeon to work out that Noel must be using Brad's two brothers against him to make him do what he wanted.

Maybe it shouldn't have upset me really. I now knew Noel would do anything to take out his revenge on Brad, and it looked like his vengeance included reducing Brad into nothing more than a cock-sucking, arse-fucked pleasure slave to sate Noel's perverted lusts in front of his friends.

But it did upset me, and I was starting to feel nauseous when Noel started to roughly face-fuck Brad's slobbering sucking mouth in a cruel violent manner in front of me.

I didn't want to see this side of Noel, of how cruel and vicious my brother could be to any helpless person or slave who had no way to fight back or resist.

Also, I really didn't want to see Brad being completely degraded and humiliated in this way.

"Like I've always told you, bro, he's nothing but a fucking faggot-girl! A fucking cock sucking queer-girl who's finally accepting his place in life! And to think this cunt had the gall to think he was better than me!" Noel grunted maliciously as he thrust his groin savagely upwards, ramming his hard cock all the way to the back of Brad's mouth, bruising the entire lining of his throat as Noel made Brad gag uncontrollably with each brutal thrust.

"This is what happens to faggot scum who decide to lay a hand on me and my friends and think they can get away with it, hey bro!" Noel grunted out even louder as he grasped both of Brad's ears in a painful pincer grip and began pounding away, setting up a vicious fuck pace that made Brad's head whiplash back and forth in rhythm to my brother's large cock slamming in and out of his mouth.

Suddenly I wanted to get away. There was no need for me to be here as Noel continued to humiliate and torment Brad, so turning to leave, I quickly opened the door.

"If you walk out of my room now, bro, I'll have both Trevor and Steve castrate the cunt and his little brother right here and now, and then tomorrow morning I'll sell both their sorry boy-pussies to the Ukraine Sulfur mines. As you know, neither will last a week in those mines without any balls. Now get your ass back in here, close and lock the door, and sit yourself down over in the corner of the room. I've still got to show you how well faggot-girl here is coming along!" Noel said in a quiet ominous voice, as he suddenly pushed Brad's loudly gagging mouth away from his large leaking, throbbing dick, and gave Brad a ferocious backhand across his humiliated badly beaten face.

At first I stood there deciding if I would call Noel's bluff or not, but I knew by the tone of my brother's voice he was deadly serious this time. Just the sight of Brad's bowed submissive head, how he'd been bashed and beaten around his face, how his naked muscled lean body appeared to be covered in black and blue contusions and a thick layer of perspiration, and trembling uncontrollably in fear as he knelt naked before Noel's parted legs, sent a wave of sympathy through me.

As I did what Noel demanded of me and then sat down, I suddenly realised I was now seriously concerned for Brad's, Sean's and Justin's safety. Maybe if I spoke to father about it later? For the moment though, all I could do was watch and listen as Noel stood up while slowly stroking his still fully erect penis, and gestured for Brad to move his ass and get on the bed on his back.

"The first thing you got to learn, bro, is don't take any shit from any faggot-girl. Always remember, they're just low-life cunts to be fucked whenever you want to, and when you tell them to do something, they better do it straight away. Now assume the position and start begging me to fuck you bitch, and make it sound really good. I want my little bro here to see just how much of a queer ass faggot-girl you really are!" Noel snarled at Brad.

As Trevor and Steve laughed and applauded, urging Noel on, again my heart skipped a beat and went out to Brad as he immediately arranged himself on top of Noel's bed. On his back, Brad grabbed both his ankles, pulled them up towards his head and spread his legs outwards as far apart as he could.

For the first time I found myself staring at Brad's enormous erect penis and large dangling hairless balls. It was something I could only dream about in my fantasies. There he was on his back, holding his legs wide apart and my eyes were glued to his rock-hard cock, which must have been 8 or nine inches long and so very thick. I couldn't believe it. I'd never seen anything that big in my life, and found myself blushing in embarrassment, hoping Noel and his friends hadn't seen me ogling Brad's genitals in such a lustful way.

And as Brad forced his legs even further apart, with his finely chiseled body doubled up at the waist and his firm buttocks raised high off the bed, his butt cheeks immediately spread wide apart to reveal his already stretched, red raw arsehole to Noel's, Trevor's and Steve's leering gaze. Then lifting his head and looking up at Noel and smiling in a sexy feminine submissive way, Brad began begging my brother to please fuck him.

"Daddy, please fuck my worthless little girl's vagina, please Daddy! Daddy, please fuck my useless sloppy cunt with your huge manly fuck-pole, please Daddy!" Brad cooed and pleaded loudly in a high pitched, girlish voice that made me cringe inwardly.

"Now that's not good enough girl! In fact, it was fucking hopeless! You just aren't begging hard enough! Now start again, and make me believe you really want me to fuck you! And you'd better put your whole heart and soul into it this time! Beg me like the true faggot-girl that you really are!" Noel grated furiously.

I could see that Brad, under the façade of the sensually smiling and enthusiastic face he wore to please my brother, was absolutely humiliated and very frightened. But gripping his ankles tighter, Brad forced his smooth hairless muscular spread legs further apart, which lifted his buttock up even higher into the air, opening the lips of his used and puffed up anus wider. Immediately Brad again commenced begging Noel to fuck him in a louder shrill little girl's voice.

"Daddy, please fuck my faggot-girl's sloppy vagina, please Daddy! Daddy, please make me squeal like a happy queer cunt by fucking me really hard, please Daddy!" Brad continued begging as Noel stared down at him in triumph.

I couldn't tear my eyes away. There was Brad, my muscle-bound idol, our ex-high school football team captain, the most masculine teenage guy I knew begging to be fucked in a make-believe girl's voice that send shivers of shame through me, while utterly degrading himself in the most perverse way possible in front of my brother Noel, his friends, and me.

"Okay, slut! You've talked me into it! You're even looking like a proper faggot-girl, so I'll give you a treat and fuck you dry!" Noel relented with a snarl, as he quickly crawled on top of Brad's outspread legs, and pushed his large leaking erection all the way up Brad's anus.

As Noel sank his thick cock-shaft all the way up to his balls, and then pumped his cock in and out of Brad's completely stretched arsehole a few times, Noel suddenly stopped and looked at me.

"You know bro? There's nothing finer than fucking the slack pussy-hole of our ex-high school's top sports jock, turning him into your own personal queer bitch girl. And you want to know something, Evan? His loving this so much his leaking all over his own stomach already! Anyway, you should try it some time!" Noel exclaimed in ecstasy as he immediately slammed his hips down and began fucking Brad as hard as he could.

Again I cringed in embarrassment for Brad as I heard a single sob and groan of pure shame escape his mouth before he immediately began thanking my brother for fucking his arsehole.

"Pleasure level 6, proceed!" Noel suddenly grunted in a firm gasping voice. Instantly I heard the air escaping Brad's lungs as he gasped and started to hump his violated spread buttocks as hard as he could upward to meet my brother's pounding downward thrusts.

"Oh thank you Daddy for fucking my sloppy pussy so hard, like only a real big dicked man can, Daddy! Daddy, oh it feels so good, thank you Daddy! Daddy, it makes my queer-girl's vagina

twitch and quiver, thank you Daddy! Daddy, please stretch my faggot-girl's sloppy cunt even wider with your massive manly cock, please Daddy!" Brad repeated over and over again as Noel fucked him as if Brad were a real slave girl.

"Yeah, that's it faggot-girl! Keep begging me! Yeah, take my big cock like the girly fag you really are! Oh yeah, that's it! Tighter cunt! Make your sloppy vagina squeeze my dick as hard as you can! Yeah, that's it!" Noel spat into Brad's smiling yet frightened bright red bruised and battered face as my brother ferociously and savagely fucked Brad's arsehole, lost in an exquisite blissful haze of the fuck lust he was floating in.

It was a strange scene to watch unfold before me. Again, here was my cherished football hero and long time role-model, acting the part of a sluttish whore girl, pretending to be a pretty little girl for Noel's amusement, obediently, enthusiastically and eagerly begging my brother to dominate and fuck him in the most humiliating position possible.

But even stranger was how my own dick betrayed me as I watched the savage rutting on top Noel's bed, how my dick stiffened rock-hard, throbbing and pulsing in my bulging tented pants as I watched my brother continue to take his time as he brutally fucked Brad as hard as he could.

Suddenly Noel slowed down, and lifting his chest up a fraction off Brad's vulnerable sweat-covered body, he raised his right hand, and smashed his fist into Brad's now terrified smiling face.

"That's for all the times you laid a fist on me and my friends at school, you pathetic cunt! Now what do you say, queer-girl?" Noel roared as he resumed fucking Brad again.

"Daddy, thank you for fucking and disciplining me like the stupid faggot-girl I am, Daddy! Daddy, thank you for teaching me the errors of my queer ways, thank you Daddy!"

This was way too much for me. I couldn't stay silent anymore.

"Why are you doing this to him? Why are you tormenting him and making him talk in that horrible ridiculous way? And why the fuck am I here?" my voice rising with disgust, as I watched Noel fucking Brad as hard as he could.

But it was Steve who answered me, and as he pushed August's head hard down on his cock all the way, forcing Noel's pleasure slave to suddenly gag violently. Turning to me with a strange condescending look on his face, he shook his head as if I were an imbecile.

"What you going on about? The cunt's a faggot, a queer! Came here Friday afternoon while we were hanging out having some fun with Noel's new slave, and the fucker opened up and confessed he was a homo. Just like that! And then before we know what to do, he's on his knees, jerking off and begging to suck on Noel's knob. Wanted your brother to fuck him as well, for Christ sake! Started calling Noel his big 'Daddy'! Couldn't believe what we were hearing!" Steve said in a drawl as he looked at me.

"But because he'd got honest with us, and then begged both me and Trevor to do him as well, while also begging us to beat him up as we were fucking him, well, we kind of took pity on him and did what he wanted."

"Anyway, would've taken him to the cops straight afterwards if he didn't sign the slavery papers your brother had stashed up here. Looks like you got yourselves a new pleasure slave that loves to get fucked and beaten up as well, lucky bastards!" he ended, turning his attention back to the action on the bed.

"But that's not right! You know him! You know he's straight! How can you...?" I started but Trevor cut me off.

"What the fuck are you bitching about, kid? I mean, I'm surprised we didn't pick it up earlier either, especially when he was showering with us after football practice. If we'd known then, he'd probably be dead. But just take one look at his face, what his saying, and what his doing now and you can tell his a fucking faggot! Who would have thought this punk was nothing but a filthy masochistic queer who likes to be dominated!" laughed Trevor, clearly irritated I was making such a commotion about something so trivial.

And I did gasp in shock when I turned my attention back to Noel fucking my hero, watching in amazement as Brad suddenly lifted his head up off the mattress and begin licking and planting passionate kisses all over Noel's hairy upper chest, long thick neck, and bulging shoulders, before gently sucking softly under my brother's chin, as he continued thanking my brother for fucking and beating him.

For over twenty long minutes, Noel kept fucking, stopping at intervals to raise his fist and viciously smash it into Brad's face. For over twenty long minutes, Noel roared into Brad's badly beaten smiling face that he was nothing but a queer faggot-girl.

And as Noel pounded his cock into Brad as if he were fucking a real woman, while continuing to viciously punch Brad's face, Brad frantically humped his firm muscular buttocks up and down in rhythm to Noel's fuck pace, and continued to somehow smile and thank my brother for using him like a cheap faggot whore girl.

"Daddy, thank you for stretching my little cunt real wide, thank you Daddy! Daddy, please fuck my vagina even harder, please Daddy! Daddy, I really love your big manly penis sliding in and out of my loose sloppy pussy, thank you Daddy!" Brad cooed softly as he passionately kissed and licked Noel's upper chest and throat.

Suddenly Noel gasped out loud, utterly turned on and basking in Brad's passionate adulation, and as he too moaned and groaned, and I watched the way his naked hairy body stiffened and twitched, I knew for a fact my brother was about to orgasm.

And when he finally did shoot his pent-up juices deep up inside Brad's tortured bowels, Noel suddenly collapsed on top of him, laying there for a long while before he stirred, pulled his wilting

uncut thick cock out of Brad's arsehole and rolled off him to lay motionless beside Brad's trembling abused body.

Without being told, Brad hurried to get up off his back and quickly kneeling between Noel's parted legs, and with his hands behind his back, he lowered his head to gently take my brother's still semi-hard spent organ all the way to the back of his mouth. And after sucking and licking it clean, paying special attention to lick any leftover slime trapped inside my brother's foreskin, Brad then moved his quivering mouth further down to carefully suck and lick on Noel's large low hanging hairy balls.

As I looked on, I could see the toll Noels' fists had taken on Brad's face. All in all, Noel must have landed about twenty solid knuckle-jarring punches as he'd been fucking Brad's arse.

Again, another wave of sympathy for Brad overwhelmed me as I stared sadly at his once beautiful blue eyes, which were now nearly swollen shut. Brad's perfectly pert and cute button top nose was now a bloodied nearly flattened mess, and his once sensually thick gorgeous lips were now puffed up, split and bleeding.

I knew he must be suffering intense pain as he rubbed and caressed his damaged lips and nose against my brother's big fat hairy ball sac before gently sucking one of Noel's testicles into his mouth. And as he suckled on my brother's balls, Brad continued to somehow maintain a semblance of a happy contented smile on his battered face, while moaning and cooing loudly as if what he was doing was the most pleasurable thing he'd ever done in his life.

"Well, bro! I got to admit that was the best fuck I'd had in a long time! And as you can see, faggot-girl's dick is still rock-hard and leaking. Bet you didn't know he came twice as I was fucking him, so I reckon his coming along nicely. Always thanks me when I let him pleasure me, and never complains when I beat the shit out of him." Noel said breathlessly as Brad swirled one of his large hairy testicles gently around in his slurping mouth.

"And don't worry about the injuries to his face. They won't scar or mark his queer looks, and he'll heal in no time. If not, we can get some micro-surgery done on him anytime. Of course, he'll be seeing a lot more of mine and my friends' fists later on, because we haven't finished punishing this cunt for his past indiscretions towards us. Anyway, by the time we're finished with him, I'm sure you won't have any problems at all when I eventually hand him over to you." Noel said contentedly, all his previous rage and fury completely gone.

Regardless of the fact I was feeling traumatised and sickened by what was happening to Brad, Noel's last comment definitely did grab my attention.

Was Noel really going to give Brad to me? Was it true Brad was now our pleasure slave? And why would Noel give Brad to me in any case?

"But we haven't finished yet, have we girl? Now it's Trevor and Steve's go. You know what to do!" Noel said as he got up off the bed and motioned to Trevor to have a go if he wanted to.

Trevor immediately looked at me and then back at Brad.

"Okay queer! Why don't you put your gym clothes back on again? Let Noel's little brother see just how much of a faggot you really are. You can do what you did earlier when you first came in, admitting to us all you were a fucking homo!" Trevor said, smiling evilly as he threw Brad his gym shorts, t-shirt and jock-strap.

"You see Evan, the truths in his actions and what he says. So watch up and see for yourself, because no-one made him come here and do this. And when he's finished, then I'll show you what a real man does with a piece of shit like this!" Trevor said as he turned back around and we watched Brad quickly get up off his back and pick up his high school gym clothes.

Within seconds Brad had slipped his jock strap and tight little gym shorts back up his legs and over his hips, and donned his t-shirt. To me he still looked awesome, even though his face was badly bruised and battered.

He was still a living walking wet dream, and his high school gym shorts clung to his firm hips in a way that not only outlined his firm muscled buttock and thighs, but truly emphasised his huge erect cock and walnut-sized balls.

But then Brad reached down and pulled the hem at the bottom of the left leg of his gym shorts up, releasing with difficulty his large erect penis and balls for all to see. There he stood at attention with his muscled arms hanging at his sides, and his firm thick legs together and his huge penis fully erect jutting out from the leg opening of his gym shorts, with his balls swinging low.

"Okay, do it, homo! Show Evan what you did when you got here!" Trevor sneered.

And then to my astonishment, Brad began doing really fast jumping jacks as he looked at Trevor in a shy timid way. As he quickly jumped and landed in a position that spread his legs wide apart, he clapped his hands above his head. And then just as quickly Brad would jump up again and land on his feet with his legs together and his arms at his sides.

It was all too bizarre, and all I could do was watch as he continued doing very fast jumping jacks, his cock and balls bouncing up and down to the speed of him jumping and landing. And even though it was perversely outrageous, I still found it to be the most provocative and sensual thing I'd ever seen in my life.

"Daddy, please let me suck your big cock, please Daddy! Daddy, please fuck my sloppy vagina real hard, please Daddy!" Brad began intoning over and over again in a voice which imitated that of a little girl as he jumped up and down.

"See what I mean, Evan! That's the same guy who came here and admitted he was a fairy to us!" Trevor said as he licked his lips in lust, stepped forward, and backhanded Brad across his battered face.

"Now get on your back like before, queer, and I'll fuck you just the way you like it!" Trevor said snidely, watching as Brad instantly dropped down onto the floor on his back, lifted his knees up to his chest, and reaching around pulled the fabric of his gym shorts that covered his buttocks taut. Clearly seen by all, where the seam running down the back of Brad's gym shorts was stitched was a large hole which had been ripped into them so as to give direct access from the outside to Brad's anus.

The rest of how Trevor humiliated and beat up Brad as he fucked him began to numb my mind. I watched as Trevor knelt at the base of Brad's buttock, lifted my hero's legs over his shoulders and then lay down heavily on top of Brad. And when in position, Brad obediently reached round and guided Trevor's leaking erection into the hole ripped into the back of his gym shorts and pushed his anus up onto Trevor's quivering eager cock.

And like Noel before him, Trevor began smashing his fists into Brad's face as he fucked him brutally.

Of course, once he'd finished and Brad had dutifully licked and sucked his semi-rigid penis clean, Steve stepped forward, ordered Brad to immediately strip and forced Brad onto his knees where he demanded a blow job. At the same time Steve instructed Brad to jerk himself off, but not to come.

Steve's thick penis and length made Brad gag repeatedly as he tried to take it all the way down his throat. Again my heart went out to him as I watched him being abused by Steve, and I wondered how Noel's two friends could really believe Brad was doing this of his own free will.

Maybe they didn't want to know? Maybe they just hated Brad so much, that any excuse to debase and humiliate him would do. And as I watched Steve then position Brad on his hands and knees, kneeling behind him as he drove his cock savagely all the way up his anal passage, I tried to look away, tried to think of a way to get out of here.

The sounds of Steve's fists connecting all over Brad's back as rode him, of Steve cursing him and smashing his knuckles into Brad's sides and neck, eventually made me turn back and watch. In my own way, I was made to watch Brad's humiliating shame, and if that was the case, then I needed to witness just how brutal and cruel my brother and his friends were.

Finally Steve ejaculated deep inside Brad's bowels, and as Brad once again licked and sucked Steve limp cock and balls clean, he finally stood up on unsteady feet, teetering there for a moment.

Immediately Noel came up to him and took Brad's chin in his hand.

"Time you showed your gratitude for getting real free men like us to fuck your worthless faggot-girl cunt! Also, I want you to show my bro here, just how you and that other hopeless slave over there clean up all the messes we make when we're finished! Now hurry up and get on with it!" Noel said firmly.

For the second time only since I'd entered the room, I looked over at Justin as he hurriedly got up off his knees from between Trevor's legs and went and lay on top of my brother's bed.

And as Noel, Trevor and Steve watched with muted amusement, Brad stood up unsteadily on the king-sized bed so he could step over and position his feet on both sides of Justin chest, facing his young brother's outstretched legs. Then squatting down all the way, balancing himself on his haunches, Brad lowered his just fucked and cum-filled arsehole onto his own younger brother's pursed lips and open mouth.

As Justin lay there staring up at his older brother's widely spread buttocks, he slowly masturbated himself as he sucked and tongued out as much of Noel's, Trevor's and Steve's sperm from Brad's stretched and gaping red raw anus.

Brad strained to stay balanced in this position, suddenly looked me straight in the eyes with a soul-wrenching stare of utter anguish as he reached down between his widely parted knees, gripped his huge erect penis in his large hand and commenced jerking himself as sensually as he could.

"Oh Daddy, thank you for letting me play with my little clitty, Daddy! Daddy, thank you for letting me show you how I like to masturbate myself and play with my little ovaries, thank you Daddy! Oh Daddy, I promise to squirt lots of little girly juices for you, Daddy! Daddy, oh it feels really good, thank you Daddy!" Brad said over and over again while at times changing his chants of degradation so they became far more humiliating and demeaning.

Within 10 minutes, all the magnificent lean yet severely bruised muscles on Brad's body began to spasm intensely as he moaned in utter shame to the incredible sensations of Justin's hot moist tongue sliding in and out of his anus, while his clenched fisted hand slid furiously up and down his huge throbbing erection.

"Daddy, can I squirt my little girly juices for your pleasure, Daddy?" Brad grunted between clenched teeth, struggling not to cum too early as he continued to furiously jerk off, while at the same time trying to maintain his squatting position over his young brother's sucking mouth and probing tongue.

"Well, I suppose it would be nice to see how much woman's juices a queer faggot slave girl like you can shoot when she's all sexed up and randy. Why not? Yeah, do it queer-girl! Show me and my friends what a fucking useless cunt you really are, but you better make sure you don't spill any of your slimy gunk on my sheets! Remember, none on my sheets or I'll have you beaten to a pulp for disobeying me!" Noel said in an amused voice, oblivious to Brad's struggles as he strained not to cum too early.

Suddenly Brad let out a huge sigh as he arched his back, gasped and grunted loudly, and as he fisted his throbbing aching dick at a furious pace, he aimed his rampant cock as low as he could, and whimpering uncontrollably, shot huge wads of his virile juices all over the front of his brother's stomach and groin.

Still gasping and moaning as he tried to steady his breathing, Brad finally squeezed the last of his powerfully explosive sperm from his long thick penis before immediately leaning forward to lick up the steaming puddles of own jism he'd ejaculated all over his brother.

And once he'd licked up and then swallowed all his sperm from Justin's body, Brad quickly took his younger brother's throbbing cock all the way to the back of his mouth, and proceeded to give Justin a slow leisurely blow job, just like Noel, Trevor and Steve demanded of him.

"See, that wasn't so bad, was it Evan?" Noel said to me as he watched Brad sucking off his youngest brother.

"Ah yes, and the big surprise I have for you is that when we're finished with the fucker, he'll be all yours. He's signed all the proper legal papers required stating he is now officially your property, your pleasure slave! But understand little brother... you won't be getting him until probably the end of next month. All our other friends still need time to come around, and by the sounds of it, they're all just dying to try out this piece of queer slave meat." He continued saying in a disdainful manner.

"In fact, just to show you what a nice guy I am, I'll even let you take Justin from here once faggot-girl here has sucked him off and then showed us how much his little brother can cum in his mouth. We don't want you bitching about us being completely heartless!" he finished.

Within minutes Justin arched his back up and moaning softly, ejaculated into Brad's mouth, and once Brad had opened his mouth and shown everyone in the room how much of his younger brother's cum covered his tongue, I immediately grabbed up Justin off Noel's bed and raced him to the safety of my own bedroom.

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#### 4.1     Noel Morgan – The Bitch Is Back

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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I have to hand it to faggot-girl. The love he had for his brothers was all encompassing, all consuming, and I truly believe now there wasn't anything he wouldn't do for them. I actually felt a vague grudging respect for him, but I also had an even deeper hatred for him now as he tried to act like a fucking martyr for them as well.

The violent display he exhibited at school when Trevor and Steve were having a little bit of fun with Evan's new slave just wasn't on. The fact that I had to be on hand goes to show you what a queer cunt he really was.

But I knew at the time I raced after him up the corridor and slapped him hard across his face that he'd show up at my house that Friday afternoon. It was written in his baby blue eyes that he'd do anything to somehow protect his brothers and if this was the only way he could, well so be it.

Of course, before he turned up, I'd given him instructions as to what to bring and how to dress. It was important that Trevor and Steve got to see him in his tightest fitting clothing. I wanted them to realise faggot-girl was nothing more than prime beef homo slave flesh, the best there was, but only after he'd admitted to them he was a fucking faggot, a raving queer, and then let us all use him to sate our lustful desires.

So when he turned up, I was more than pleased to see him in his high school gym t-shirt and tight shorts, looking as if he'd just stepped out of some illegal queer porno flick. Not only that, in a duffle bag flung over his shoulder, he'd obediently packed a few pairs of his skimpiest waist tight Speedo briefs, all of his football gear and a clean and ironed set of his high school uniform.

As I let him enter the front foyer of my family's large house, I stared him in the face, trying to imagine what he must have been thinking and feeling.

To me, he was still very skittish, frightened to look anyone who came near him in the face. Except for the many video recordings I had stashed away showing what he and his brothers had been forced to do, I couldn't even imagine what it must have been like for him in those three uninterrupted weeks, locked up in a slave training centre, forced to suck all sizes of stiff dicks day in and day out, made to take hundreds of erect cocks up his faggot-pussy all the time and then humiliate himself with his own brothers, and punished severely for the smallest mistakes.

Also, I wondered what he must have thought when he was finally released and returned to eating normal food. I mean, slave food which only consisted of soft gelatin pellets and grey porridge-like

mush, and regardless of how nutritious and full of proteins and minerals it was, still looked and tasted like shit to me.

“You ready faggot” I asked him in a sneering voice.

“Please Noel, why are you doing this? Please just give me my brothers back. I promise we’ll go away, you’ll never see us ever again!” he began pleading, and he even had tears welling up in his cute blue adorable eyes.

“Why? Because I can! Of course, I don’t really need an excuse for everything I do, but I’ll give you one, just because we’re old buddies okay?” I laughed at him as he hung his head low, trying not to sniffle and weep.

“I just hate you. And I love fucking and dominating anything I hate. You just happen to be a low-life scumbag who came along at the right time when my friends and I were getting pretty bored. Not much to do here in this tiny burg, and very little excitement. So you come waltzing in, start acting all prim and proper as if you’re one of us, play the big football hero and then decide to take me on. Well, aren’t you the stupid fuckwit then!” I added, shaking my head in mock sympathy.

“And believe me, I’m actually enjoying this. I’ve always enjoyed taking down big tough guys who thought they were better than me. Fucking them up the arsehole and getting them to suck me off is just part of what I do to destroy them. Oh don’t look so shocked! There have been a lot of others before you, but I must admit, you and your brothers are definitely the most attractive I’ve ever brought down.”

“Now why don’t we adjourn to my bedroom where Trevor and Steve are waiting? They don’t know you’re here, so you’d better put on a great performing for us. I want you acting like the queer faggot you really are, and if you stuff this up, I’ll make sure you never see your brother again. I’ll make sure they end up suffering agonies you’ve only ever dreamt about in your wildest nightmares! Understand?” I said to him and then stepped forward so I could cup and squeeze the huge bulge in his gym short in the palm of my hand.

“Feels like you’ve gone all limp in the dick department, faggot-girl! Don’t worry, because since you’ve still got that slave micro-chip in your spine, I’ll make sure you maintain an erection all the time. In fact, just to show you there are no bad feelings between us, I’ll set your slave pleasure level really high so whenever you’re getting fucked, you’ll absolutely love it.” I stated as I squeezed and caressed his bulging crotch.

“But I’ll still want you gagging whenever any of my friends fuck your mouth, so we’ll leave that setting unchanged. Got to make it all look and sound realistic, don’t we faggot-girl? Now, do you know what’s expected of you?” I asked again, this time squeezing his large balls as hard as I could.

“Yes Noel! I’ll do whatever you want! Please Noel!” he grunted in pain, gritting his teeth as he stood there suffering.

"Of course, if you do exactly what I want, and then sign the papers which will hand you over to my brother Evan as his personal pleasure slave, I promise I'll give them back to you. Straight away in fact! Now are you ready?" I said impatiently letting go of his nuts and gesturing for him to precede me.

Like in the movies, I watched him as he lowered his head, his face bright red as he took a deep breathe, wiped the tears from his eyes, and moved ahead of me towards my bedroom.

"What the fuck's he doing here? That bastard nearly put me in hospital!" Steve shouted when he saw Brad from where he was sitting naked from the waist down, as Justin, my newest pleasure slave and Brad's youngest brother, kneeling naked between his parted legs, slowly but expertly sucked up and down the thick long length of Steve's fully erect penis.

And Trevor, who'd been on his knees roughly fucking my other pleasure slave August up his arsehole, immediately pulled his cock out, rushed to a metal souvenir baseball bat I kept hanging over my mantelpiece, positioned himself ready to crack it over Brad's head as he entered.

"Don't worry guys! The cunts just come by to apologise for his rudeness the other day, and to tell us something he feels we all need to know straight away. Don't you Brad?" I said as I ushered him to stand in the middle of my bedroom, before locking the door after us.

The look on faggot-girl's face as he saw his little brother blowing Steve was classic. For a moment I thought all bets were off and he'd start punching out at the three of us. But he pulled himself together, looked down at the floor between his feet and mumbled his agreement with me.

"I can't hear you Brad! You better speak up louder!" I growled in a low voice, my tone suggesting to him he better not fuck around.

"Yes Noel! Look guys, please forgive me, I'm really sorry for going off like that. I was jealous that I wasn't part of what you were doing, and couldn't help myself." faggot-girl said, his voice trembling as he stared blankly ahead at Trevor and Steve.

Both Trevor and Steve looked back at him, blinking, not knowing how to react to this. They both hated Brad with a passion, and weren't at all sure what this was all about.

"Why you dressed like that? You look like a fucking fag, for fuck sake!" Steve said, still not accepting Brad's apology.

"Okay Brad! Tell them what you told me earlier. Best get it off your chest now!" I said firmly, stepping up in front of Brad so I could look into his eyes.

"Guys, I've got a confession to make. You see... I need to tell you... Well, I have to tell you that, well, I'm..." he said, unable to finish his sentence.

"What are you Brad? Come on, best you tell the guys what you are! You know you've wanted to for a long time!" I said, my voice betraying my growing anger as he continued to falter.

"Guys, I have to tell you that I'm gay. I'm a queer. Have been all my life and I've been really horny and wanted to pleasure all you guys ever since I first met you. I was hoping Noel would let me suck him off in front of you both. And then if he wouldn't mind, I'd really like it if he'd fuck me up my vagina!" he said, but this time his voice was a monotone drone, as if his heart wasn't in what he'd just said.

At first I was livid. There was no way what he'd just said sounded convincing, but as I raised my arm to backhand him, Trevor suddenly piped up as he walked forward, his still hard dick bouncing from side to side as he came over.

"What's that you said? You're a fucking faggot! I knew it! I picked him out ages ago, when he first came to our school. A fucking fruit!" he laughed, but the look in his face was one of pure disgust and rage.

"Did he just ask to suck you off Noel? And didn't he just call his arsehole a vagina? And he wants to do this in front of us too! I can't believe it! Well, well, well! We got us a live fucking queer here! Is that right faggot?" Steve said as he pushed Justin's head roughly away from his leaking cock and came over to join Trevor and myself as we stared up into the faggot-girl's humiliated red face.

"Yes Steve, I'm a queer faggot and I'd really like it if you and Trevor and Noel would fuck my mouth and pussy real hard and discipline me by beating me up as well. Please Noel, let me service your big cock, and I promise I'll make you feel good!" faggot-girl said, his left eye twitching as he spoke in a soft humiliated voice.

Suddenly Trevor and Steve were lashing out punches, smashing their fists all over faggot-girl's face and torso. In the background I could hear Justin sobbing and weeping softly as he watched what was happening to his big brother. Instantly I was on top of him, glaring into his face.

"You do what you're told, say nothing or I'll fucking kill you and your brother right now, understand?" I whispered sadistically into his ear. Shaking his head, he immediately assumed the slave position on his knees, looked down and stopped crying as I rejoined the guys.

And there I stood, grinning widely as I watched faggot-girl fall heavily to his knees under the barrage and weight of punches Trevor and Steve were pounding into him.

Just as quickly Trevor and Steve stopped beating on faggot-girl, and staring down into his now bruised and battered face.

"Well Noel! The fucking queer's on his knees, so why don't you make him beg you to suck your dick? I mean, if that's what he wants, I reckon there's no reason we can't have some fun before we call the cops in. What you say?" Steve said breathlessly, as he landed one more savage punch to Brad's left eye.

"Yeah okay, why not? Hey faggot-girl, beg to suck my dick and while you're at it, you can call me Daddy from now on. Yeah, now you really do know who your Daddy is!" I laughed, slowly unzipping my pants and lowering them and my underwear past my knees.

"What you waiting for? Beg me, cunt, and make it sound good, and while you at it, you can jerk yourself off too. Prove to me you really want to suck on my dick, faggot!" I snarled, getting into the mood as I watched him immediately pull the front of his gym shorts down and start masturbating himself.

Admittedly to my surprise and probably to his as well, his cock was fully erect when he released it from his shorts, and then I remembered the implanted micro-chip. As soon as I ordered him to jerk off, it had sent the appropriate signals that made his large penis stiffen in seconds.

"Fucking hell, Jeez, will you look at the size of that mutha?" Steve said in awe as faggot-girl started to masturbate himself in front of us.

"Well Noel! Here's the proof! No real guy would ever do this in front of another man! What a fucking queer! Just look at him jerking off and licking his lips while his ogling your meat Noel! For fucks sake, now that's real nasty!" Trevor said scornfully.

"Maybe so, but I get to fuck the faggot-girl who thought he was oh so high and mighty! Well, cunt, start begging to suck my cock! What are you waiting for? Or do we have to beat you some more?" I snarled, moving my cock up close to faggot-girl's face.

"Daddy, please let me suck your big cock, please Daddy! Daddy, please shove your huge dick in my mouth, please Daddy!" he answered instantly in a heart breaking frightened and humiliated voice.

And as I stood there waiting, letting the faggot-girl beg me, and Trevor and Steve stood looking down at him in disgust, I couldn't help smile with anticipation.

"Okay then, faggot-girl! Lean forward and start licking my cock all over. No, keep jerking yourself and just use your mouth, tongue and lips to pleasure me. Always remember, faggot-girl, queers are never allowed to touch real men like us unless specifically ordered to." I commanded.

"That's it! Slobber all over it! Now keep looking up into my eyes and smile sweetly whenever you're giving me a blow job, regardless of whether my thick dick's stuffed all the way down your throat or just my fat knobs in the entrance of your mouth!" I sneered, and watched as he quickly followed my instructions.

The look in the faggot-girl's eyes was one of total humiliation, of utter defeat and even a real desire to not offend me in any way. I had laid down the course of his future, punished him in a way that terrified him when I'd first had him enslaved, and then made him reveal himself as a queer faggot-girl in front of two of my best friends. Now I was enjoying the entire length of his long moist tongue lapping up and down my spasming uncircumcised fully erect penis.

"Kiss my hairy balls, faggot! That's it, get them all wet and dripping! Yeah, nice, real nice! Now take the whole length of my cock in your mouth and slide them cock sucking lips of yours up and down my dick shaft! Yeah, that's it! Easy now! Watch those teeth of yours! You wouldn't want me to have them all yanked out, would you faggot-girl?" I said teasingly, while breathing more heavily as his hot mouth sucked firmly on my cock.

After a few more minutes, and staring deeply into his blue eyes, I disengaged my bursting cock from his deep sucking mouth with a loud slurping pop.

"Let's change the pace a bit, faggot-girl! Now that you've got my cock all lubed up, wet and dripping, why don't you strip off your clothes, lie on your back, lift your legs up so you can grab your ankles and pull them up over your head?" I said hoarsely, wanting desperately to fuck his cherry now.

"Trevor, kneel down on one side of the faggot-girl's head, and Steve, you get on the other side. Now both of you take hold of his ankles and pull them wider apart. Make sure the queer keeps his legs stretched apart as far as possible at all times, so his vagina's gaping wide open and winking at me. That's it! Yeah, raise his butt higher off the ground so I take my time fucking him!"

"Now faggot-girl, it's time you acted like a horny little faggot! Reach round and pull your butt cheeks wide apart. Show me your girl-pussy, and start begging me to fuck you real hard!" I ordered as I knelt down at the base of his raised spread buttocks.

At first he'd hesitated for a fraction of a second as it finally dawned on him this was really happening. That his worse enemy was actually going to fuck him in front of two other guys from our high school.

But as he saw the frown cross my forehead, he'd immediately lain down on his back, lifted his legs up past his head, and then watched red-faced as Trevor and Steve grabbed his ankles to pull his legs painfully apart so his buttocks lifted high off the floor.

Then obediently faggot-girl reached round and pulled his butt cheeks as wide apart as he could, so I could see his tiny pink bunghole staring at me, he became begging me in an embarrassed and quivering voice to please fuck him.

"Oh Daddy, please fuck my pussy, please Daddy! Please Daddy, please fuck me as hard as you can, oh please Daddy!" he crooned over and over again.

There I knelt. Finally I was looking down upon that once untouchable, unseen entrance to the faggot whore's best kept secret. A place recently invaded by many other men and even visited by his two younger brothers. And now it was finally my turn. I couldn't help smiling as I steadied myself, ready to assault that which was now rightfully mine.

As I watched him stare up into my lust-filled face, silently beseeching me with his sad frightened despairing blue eyes to not fuck him, to not rape him, I pushed the large flanged knob of my

leaking cock against the puckered opening of his anus, feeling him instantly cringe in shame as I prepared for my violent entry.

And even though faggot-girl's dick was really large and bigger than my own, there was no way anyone could call my erect cock small by comparison. I can proudly claim my cock, when fully erect, is about seven and a half inches long, and it's really thick. Maybe it isn't as thick as queer-girl's, but mine would be thick enough to make this little piggy squeal at the top of his lungs all the way to the bank.

But I didn't just want to push my cock into him, listen to him scream for mercy, blow my load and then that was the end to it. No, I wanted to ram my hard dick up his pussy, make him scream in ecstasy, and watch him respond against his will as I slowly fucked him, unable to stop himself squirming in absolute pleasure. I wanted his body betraying him completely, making him forever doubt he was ever a real straight guy.

I wanted Trevor and Steve watching him as he begged for more, his buttocks gyrating and bucking up to meet my stabbing penis as his responsive arsehole tried hungrily to get all of my long hard cock into him.

"Pleasure level 3, proceed" I commanded in a soft whispered but firm voice that only faggot-girl could hear, while at the same time viciously slamming my hips down, shoving the full length of my erect penis all the way up his anal passage.

The look on his face was glorious.

At first he's blue eyes bulged out of their sockets, and his mouth opened wide in a silent scream as the air from his lungs gushed out. I could see his humiliated pleading eyes reflecting the excruciating agony of his anus suddenly and viciously stretched wide open to accommodate the huge girth of my erection as I plunged it all the way in, in one brutal shove.

But within seconds, as the micro-chip in his spine clicked into gear and instantly sent coded messages to his hypothalamus to release thousands of peptides and proteins into his blood stream, I marveled at how his painfully stretched anus didn't split or tear apart as I'd expected.

Instead it expanded itself, moved upwards around my thrusting dick as it tightened and tried to pull the full length of my erect penis all the way into his anal cavity.

And at the same time, fag-girl's face suddenly contorted from that of indescribable agony of being anally raped, into a mask of absolute wonder as waves of pure orgasmic pleasure lashed his huge muscular bunched up body.

Again the muscles of his anus started to expand and contract, undulating, vibrating intensely and squeezing tightly around my thick thrusting dick shaft as I drew out quickly and plunged back into him.

It was all that was needed to get me fucking him at a pace that nearly pounded him into the floor beneath us. As I picked up the pace and started fucking him furiously, he continued to stare up into my face in complete shame and unadulterated lust as his body responded to my brutality, and against his will, he began humping back upwards to meet my frantic fucking rhythm with his own.

“You’re a real faggot-girl now… See, you’re not even a real man. Real men don’t get fucked up the arsehole and like it. I can see it in your face, cunt! I can tell you really do love getting fucked up your vagina!” I puffed and huffed.

“Now you’re nothing but a queer bottom girl for me to fuck whenever I feel like it, and I’m going to be doing this to you a lot, or until I get bored of you. And then all my friends are going to fuck you as much as they like. So, like the obvious whorish faggot girl you really are, why don’t you start thanking me for making you feel so good?” I spat down into his face contemptuously, my teeth gritted, my breathing laboured as I fucked him as hard as I could.

It was beautiful. The faggot-girl was so tight at times, yet entry into his quivering vagina was so smooth and firm. The whole silky inner lining of his hot anal passage rippled and squeezed! His anus secreted natural anal oils that instantly lubricated my slamming cock as I pounded deep up into him. It was an incredibly tight sheaf that massaged and caressed my thrusting pounding erect penis every time I rammed it in and out of him.

And the best thing was, as he begged me to fuck him even harder and deeper, he and I both knew there wasn’t a damned thing faggot-girl could do about it.

What can I say? My balls suddenly detonated and fired, my cock exploded and I floated on a cloud of exquisite orgasmic bliss that left me feeling exhausted. It was the best fuck I’d had in a long time, and as I pulled my dick out of his girl-cunt, I couldn’t help but notice fag-girl had cum all over his chest and neck three times as I’d been riding him. Huge amounts of his own ball juices coating and slicking his upper body. And in complete and utter shame, all he could do was stare up at me and then at the mess he’d made in absolute silence.

“See faggot-girl, this proves you’re a queer-girl. Not only did you love getting fucked up your pussy, but you also came three times all over yourself without once touching your fat leaking clit. Now stay there, and don’t move! Trevor, if you want to take a turn, the queers all yours!” I said gleefully, and slumping back in one of my armchairs, I looked down at where I’d only seconds before speared the faggot-girl’s tight little poop-chute, filling it with my sperm to permanently turn him into my own personal faggot-girl bitch.

As I stared at his now quivering gaping anus as it leaked out trickles of my cum, Trevor immediately took my place, but put both of faggot-girl’s legs over his shoulders before laying the full weight of his large hairy body on top of faggot-girl.

It was a beautiful thing to see. Trevor penetrating the faggot-girl over and over again, as the queer lay there on his back, thanking his fucker at the top of his girly voice.

"Daddy, thank you for fucking me real hard Daddy! Daddy, it feels really good you fucking and stretching my vagina so wide open, oh thank you Daddy!" faggot-girl repeated over and over again as Trevor fucked him senseless.

The look of pure evil lust and orgasmic bliss plastered on Trevor's face as he took his time, drilling his erect dick deeply and then pulling it out all the way before slamming it back in to his thickly haired pubic base was marvelous.

But like all good things, Trevor found himself unable to contain his growing explosive orgasm. Suddenly he began shuddering all over and instantly shot his spunk deep up the faggot-girl's twat. And as Trevor giggled uncontrollably while pulling his slime covered cock out of faggot-girl pussy, Steve suddenly pushed him out of the way and dived on top of faggot-girl, pile-driving his thick leaking log all the way in with one brutal shove.

Like Trevor, Steve tried to take his time, even stopping until his heart-rate returned to normal before he began fucking faggot-girl's overly stretched vagina once again.

Watching Steve's hairy butt rising and falling was a wondrous sight to behold as well. His dimpled buttock's clenching and unclenching as he fucked as hard and fast as possible, but eventually he spurted his massive load of sperm into faggot-girl's bowels, grunting contentedly as he emptied the last of his seed to mix and mingle with Trevor's and mine.

After Steve had pulled out, that's when we decided to get a little big nasty. As we rested up and got faggot-girl to kneel between our legs to clean our cock and balls with his mouth, well, we realised we couldn't leave poor Justin out of the picture either. Again we ordered faggot-girl onto his back.

Yes, Justin was next, and even though he cried and sniffled like a spoilt little brat at first, he was eventually going at it as hard as he could. I knew it wasn't the first time he'd done it to his older brother, so I just didn't understand why he was acting so fucking shamefaced and embarrassed.

Stupid little slut! But he came to his senses after I'd given him a few vicious bitch slaps that knocked some sense into his dull head, and then threatened to separate him from his older brothers forever.

Truth is Justin looked so cute and adorable lying naked face down on top of queer-girl, his small but firm hairless bubble-butt bobbing up and down like a jackrabbit as he fucked his big brother's loose and cum-filled pussy with all his might. And when they swallowed each others tongues, passionately kissing and frenching each other as they rutted away as hard as they could, I smiled as I thought of all the wonderful pleasures faggot-girl was yet to perform for all our friends.

And finally, once Justin had shot his young spunk up his big brother's squelching pussy, I ordered faggot-girl to get off his lazy whore back and kneel before me once more. And as a kind gesture, I instructed him to suck and lick my cock and hairy ball sac once again, lick the sweat out from under my armpits and then give me an all over tongue bath.

"Hey Trevor, how's about you do a phone around? I reckon the other guy's would love to come over and enjoy this faggot-girl's juicy cunt!" I said as I pushed faggot-girl's head away from my left nipple, stood up and went over to my large office table where I usually did my homework when I wasn't fucking August or Justin on top of it.

The legal document was a one sheet A4 paper, which would duly enslave faggot-girl for life to my younger brother Evan. Again, it was all part of the bigger picture and if things went my way, if my scheme panned out, faggot-girl and his two brothers, as well as Evan, would finally be out of the way, and the family fortune would be all mine.

Imagine! \$28 Billion and every cent of it all mine!

Of course, it was easy to get faggot-girl to sign it straight away. I'd promised him if he'd done a good job, performed admirably, and then signed this paper, then I'd hand over his brothers to him.

Only problem is, now that he'd signed on the dotted line, he was now a legal pleasure slave, Evan's sex slave. As such, the law stated that faggot-girl's brothers would now automatically convert to his new owner. It really was silly he hadn't considered that or read the fine-print when he agreed to do what I wanted of him.

Also, I noticed as Steve had been fucking him, he was no longer acting either. Not because he was a faggot or a queer, but because he was in absolute fear of us. He hadn't realised how cruel and vicious I could be, and as I'd let Trevor and Steve also use him, all his resistance and big martyred macho attitude went out the window.

The so-called tough high school football playing faggot-girl was now just a simpering cowering bitch, doing everything I wanted as he begged each of us to let him suck our dicks, or pleaded with us to fuck him as hard as we could.

And as Trevor phoned up all our friends, I thought how nice it would be to reintroduce faggot-bitch to all of my closest high school buddies as the main attraction of an ongoing month long gang-bang party right here in my bedroom.

Maybe I should explain that there are eight guys I hang around, or I should say who hang around me. I've known them all my life, and in a way, they're all like very close brothers to me. Reason is quite simply, they come from the same high society scene Evan and I grew up in. And if any one asked us if there were any differences at all between us, it would surely be that my family is the wealthiest in the state.

Since the time I started walking as a toddler, we were all brought together to play, and as we grew up, we started our own very private fraternity club. No outsiders were allowed to know about us, including my brother Evan, and none of our eight club members were ever allowed to reveal anything about us.

Fact is, I grew up enjoying a privileged life within a private kid's club that eventually evolved into a super serious ultra-secret frat club, where we made major decisions about our futures, about how to deal with those who got in our way, and how to keep the cops out of our hair if any of our members did anything stupid like breaking the law.

Also, because I was the oldest member, it fell upon me to be our unofficial speaker and leader. And because of my high status in the club, it was also my responsibility to make sure all social etiquettes and beliefs were upheld.

Of course, we had a lot of fun as well; doing the kinds of crazy things that no other kid at school could ever really afford to do, like annual holidays to any destination around the world of our choosing.

But one thing we really got in common and loved to do together was go around gay-bashing and then outing them to the whole town.

I suppose people could think that's pretty cruel, but the truth is, if you're a free person and you're gay, you're worse off than any slave. Being gay is nearly illegal in every state and territory of our great nation, so we knew what we were doing was our moral and ethical, as well as legal responsibility.

Now don't go getting all twisted up inside about it! Just because I like to personally fuck male pleasure slaves don't mean I'm gay. In fact, society holds me up in high regard because I've even bought a few, and taken on the responsibility of training them up so they can be integrated into the slave system.

See, slaves aren't considered people; they're just a different form of dumb animal, like cows or sheep. It's just a quirk of nature they just so happen to look like real free persons. They're only put on this world to obey and serve their Masters, which in a way, is a very important role for them.

How did me and my friends get started, you ask? Well I remember it was on a Friday evening and I'd just turned 15, and the eight of us were getting drunk and smoking some really deadly pot to celebrate my birthday.

We were holed up in a large expensive luxury motel room my father had rented for me for the whole weekend, and that's when my best friend Lyndon told me that a close friend we'd all thought was a cool guy, had admitted to him that he thought he might be gay.

Well, the shit hit the fan then. We were all screaming in outrage that a young teenage queer free citizen had taken advantage of our friendship. Before any of us knew what we were doing, we'd revved each other up, and within 15 minutes, we were on our way to the local mall where he hung out all the time. We must have looked like a rioting mob of munchkins racing down the streets.

We did eventually find him, but he was at his home alone, as his parents were away for the weekend. So we broke in and beat the crap out of him. And because he started crying as if he were a fucking girl, a real faggot, we got angrier and angrier.

I don't know who suggested it, but the next thing we knew was we'd stripped him naked, forced him to give us a blow job each and took turns fucking him. It lasted all weekend, him either on his hands and knees sucking us off or on his back letting every one of us fuck him.

Well, we were gone by the time his parents got home, and after phoning through an anonymous tip to the authorities, the then next thing we knew he'd been enslaved for life a week later.

At the time, I might have felt a bit embarrassed and ashamed of my actions, because it turned out my friend had only made the story up about him being gay, so I did the honourable thing, went down to the auction sales that weekend with father, and bought the little fucker.

Now he's my personal cock sucking pleasure slave, and I renamed him August.

Funny how life works out, because I can't even remember what his real name used to be! Dillon? Richard? Who gives a fuck!

So there you go. Friday nights we'd go out trawling for fags. Eventually we refined our methods as we got older; being a little bit more discreet in how we went about locating and kidnapping any one we thought was a faggot.

If they were over 21, we usually just grabbed them, beat them up over a long period until they confessed and then call the law enforcement officers to come pick them up.

If they were about our own age, we'd drag them off to an abandoned warehouse or condemned factory in an isolated area of town, and teach them a lesson by raping them all weekend.

Our last Friday night outing was about four months ago, and that's only because we all had to study for upcoming exams. On that night, we found a young 17 year old trying to sell his body to some truckers at the local café leading out of town.

Memories of that night are still fresh in my mind, because someone had brought along a suitcase full of women's lingerie and a whole array of sex toys. Made that pansy dance around and jerk off for us in between us brutally raping his faggot boy-pussy and cock sucking mouth and then we used the huge dildos and other torture devices on him.

Kind of cool really, as I thoroughly enjoyed that whole weekend!

And why am I going to great lengths when I've actually already won? I already own his youngest brother Justin whom I sodomise every chance I get, and Evan's having a ball fucking Sean every chance he gets, and here's faggot-girl begging Trevor, Steve and me to fuck him stupid.

His just signed the legal docs enslaving him to my little brother for life, and Evan will eventually do the one thing that will ultimately hand the entire family fortune over to me.

Probably it should be as simple as leave it alone now and watch it all fall into place. Hand faggot-girl over to him and see how Evan self-destructs.

But I'm not going to. Because I still owe faggot-girl for hitting me that day, and interfering in my family business.

And why? It just so happened that those eight best friends of mine who Trevor is now inviting over, also happened to be standing there to see faggot-girl drop me with one punch to my chin.

Believe me, there's no way I can let that slide by unchallenged, regardless of the family fortune.

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#### 4.2 Brad Cahill - Animal House

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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I'm scared! Noel has programmed my micro-chip so I am acting like a sobbing frightened little pubescent queer boy.

Already three weeks have passed and Noel's eight high school buddies and some of their many friends haven't stopped taunting, beating and raping me.

A single tear slides slowly down my swollen right cheek.

"What a useless faggot! To think this piece of shit used to be captain of our high school football team!" someone shouts out loudly, followed by raucous cruel laughter as all those watching me gloat at my despair.

"Can't believe the cunt used to strut around school thinking he was such a tough guy! Now look at him! Nothing but a pathetic queer-boy!" another raised voice spits out in disgust.

And even though I am the tallest and by far the most muscular guy in this small dank room, and knowing I could probably take them on and protect myself against their abuse, there is nothing I can do but stand there.

My micro-chip requires that I submit to their abuse and cry and beg them in a little queer boy's voice not to hurt me, to please have pity on me. And I know if I struggle or attempt to fight back, I will be severely punished for not acting exactly as Noel wants.

Also, regardless of my micro-chip, I'm feeling so tired! Absolutely exhausted!

My heaving chest rises and falls erratically, and I struggle to stand still, to not fall down on my knees and start weeping and pleading with them.

I moan as another overwhelming wave of utter shame consumes me, making my entire body tremble violently. I'm so embarrassed and humiliated by what I am being forced to do, and choking back a shuddering sob, I whimper softly, feeling new spilled tears rolling down my severely battered face.

Frightened, exhausted, I stand absolutely still, my head bowed low. With both hands I hold the front of my high school football jersey up under my chin, revealing the huge darkening black and blue contusions that cover large sections of my muscled chest and flat washboard stomach.

My jockstrap and unlaced football pants are pulled down just below my kneecaps, exposing my bare legs, inner thighs and large dangling hairless genitals to all the guys gathered in the room. My legs are trembling, and are spread as far apart as the elastic waist band of both my strap and pants will stretch without breaking and snapping and flicking back painfully on my knees.

Also, placed between my thick muscular inner thighs and balanced on top of my lowered pants, sits my football helmet and I can feel the bottom of my dangling scrotal sac brushing lightly against the top of my protective head gear. Discarded on the floor to my left lies my shoulder-pads and protectors.

As ordered, my smooth hairless crotch is thrust all the way forward, and my very thick fully erect eight and a half inch uncut penis, curving upwards vertically, juts out obscenely from the base of my groin.

Obediently, I stand perfectly still on unsteady feet, as once again a shuddering sob escapes my swollen split and bloodied lips.

Suddenly I whimper aloud in grief once again, as I'm momentarily blinded by the intense dazzling flashing lights of someone taking photographs of my complete and utter humiliation. Desperately I try to hide my battered and bruised face and identity by turning my head away, and immediately I start crying, weeping softly and my puffed-up bloodied bottom lip quivers as I try to contain myself.

"Now that just won't do, fairy! No, not at all! So stop that bawling, look up and smile real pretty for the camera, faggot!" says Daniel Maddox sternly as he steps towards me menacingly, naked except for a pair of baggy boxer shorts hiding his modesty.

"Daddy, yes Daddy!" I respond instantly in a meek, quivering boyish voice, trying to obey him as Daniel squats down on one knee before me and looking up through the view finder of the digital camera, snaps off a few more shots.

At 17 years of age, Daniel stands tall at five feet six inches. He has short ginger coloured hair and is very large and bulky around the chest and stomach, though he doesn't appear to have an ounce of fat on his body at all. With a solid stocky build, much like a pit-bull, he plays the centre position in offensive line on the football team, and used to be one of my closest friends just a few months ago.

"Yeah, not such a tough guy now, are you faggot?" he states, staring up at me, his cruel hazel eyes filled with contempt.

"Daddy, no Daddy!" I reply immediately in a timid, soft voice, cringing in fear as he stands up and suddenly slaps me viciously across my left cheek. Unable to stop myself, I sob, groan and whimper out loudly as agonizing pain shoots through every bruised and swollen muscle in my battered face.

"Can't believe you led me on, making me believe you were this supposed tough straight guy all this time, faggot! I looked up to you, cunt! Really did like you! But turns out you were nothing but a disgusting fucking queer!" Daniel sneers, as he again slaps me savagely across my face.

"Daddy, please Daddy! I'm so sorry Daddy!" I plead, sobbing wretchedly; absolutely terrified Daniel will start beating me around my face and torso once again with his fists.

Daniel, looking down at my rock-hard erection, chuckles as he tightly grips my rigid penis in his right hand, and smiling maliciously, turns his head towards every one gathered in Noel's bedroom.

"Richard! Marcus! Why don't you grab the video cams, and record this faggot queer fucking my hand. Should make great viewing entertainment for all his friends at school, don't you think?" he says, enjoying the instant riotous applause everyone gives him.

Richard Summers and Marcus Fielding step forward. Both are 17 years old, and like Daniel, we used to hang around a lot together.

Richard, standing tall at 5' 9", is the chunkiest of the all guys gathered around watching and laughing at my shame. He has a huge barrel of a chest and large protruding stomach and waist. Also, he has the hairiest body for his young age, with thick black coarse matted hair already covering his large chest and stomach. On the football team, he plays next to Daniel on the centre line.

Marcus Fielding's body and build is the complete opposite to Richard and Daniel, as he is 5' 7" in height, very lean and slim, with short brown hair. Not that his weight and size worry him, as he is the fastest sprinter of the team, and enjoys the position of wide receiver.

Both Richard and Marcus are also stripped down to their underwear, with Richard wearing large overly stretched y-front briefs and Marcus wearing a pair of very tight fluorescent green coloured jockey briefs. I can see that they are all turned on by my shameful appearance, as the fronts of their underwear are bulging and tenting out horizontally from their covered groins.

Again pain lances through my battered and bruised face as Daniel suddenly connects the palm of his left hand stingingly across my cheek again.

"Come on, homo! What are you waiting for? And while you're at it, you can smile real big and tell all the guys, one at a time, just how fucking good this entire queer shit makes you feel!" he says callously, ordering me to hurry up and fuck his unmoving clenched fisted hand.

With tears of humiliation cascading down my face, obediently I begin humping my hips back and forth as I slide my rigid thick dick in and out of the tight cavity of Daniel's fisted hand. Totally ashamed, I feel my large dangling balls repeatedly swinging forward, loudly slapping against Daniel's wrist before swaying back under my parted thighs.

Daniel keeps his clenched fist perfectly still in front of my thrusting groin, making me move my hips back and forth faster and faster, and I watch in despair as Richard and Marcus move in closer to capture my fucking motions and the expression of misery on my beaten face.

As they film me, I obediently look up into the gathered faces of all the guys, grin widely in a grotesque parody of a smile.

I cringe inwardly, knowing I must speak up loudly, and through tear-blurred vision I can make out the glowering faces of Jessie Franklin and Craig Jessop staring back at me.

"Daddy, it feels so nice, Daddy! Daddy, it's making me feel really good, Daddy!" I say in a high pitched boyish sobbing voice to each of them, before I turn my damaged smiling face towards Greg Smithers and Paul Whitman.

Again, as the ever-mounting humiliation flows through me, I announce loudly to them individually just how good fucking Daniel's hand is making me feel.

Quickly I turn my swollen eyes and look into Simon Dexter's, Mitch Ryan's and Devon Willard's stony hate filled faces, and to each one of them, I also tell them how good this degradation is making me feel.

Finally turning to look at Noel, I shiver in fear as I see the stern unhappy look on his face. Immediately I force myself to smile even wider and really start fucking forward as hard and fast as I can, trying to make myself look as sexy as possible for Noel and all the other guys watching me.

Eventually Noel steps forward, and making sure both video cameras are showing a clear full frontal image of me, and that only Daniel's clenched hand gripping my pistonning cock are in the field of view of the camera lens, he smiles maliciously and looks me back in the eyes.

"You can cum now, faggot-girl!" he says in a firm commanding voice.

My orgasm is explosive. Shuddering and shaking uncontrollably I gasp out as I struggle to stay upright on my feet. Then staggering and slamming my hips forward as far as I am able to, I cry out loudly as five powerful blasts of my viscous sperm sprays copiously out of my rampant cock, then quiver all over as Daniel painfully squeezes the last drops of my jism from the length of my cock.

In the background, as I try to steady myself, I hear all the guys, every one of them, shouting, screaming, and yelling at me. Voices roar out viciously, brutally condemning me, calling me cruel terrible names.

And as I stare in horror, standing motionless, struggling to catch my breath and still holding my football jersey up under my chin, with my legs wide apart and my football pants trapped around my knees, I watch as all the guys move as one, closing in on me.

Before I know it, I am wailing hysterically and pleading with them as fists and feet strike my upright body. Sobbing loudly, I beg them in a pathetic pitiful cracking girly voice to please not hurt me anymore, to please have mercy on me, but the savage punches and kicks continue.

Suddenly a powerful head-jarring punch connects with my already nearly swollen over left eye, and I feel myself instantly sink into a numbing state of detachment. I can see all the guys around me, fists and feet lashing out as they quickly force me down onto my knees, and then more punches and kicks knock me onto my back.

I don't know if I am crying or begging anymore. I can see many fists and striking feet lashing out, descending as if in slow motion as they continue to beat on my unmoving prone body.

I don't know when I blacked out, or how long I've been unconscious, but when I wake up I find I'm now wearing my football helmet, and my protective pads are secured onto my shoulders.

In deep shock, feeling no pain now, I realise my football pants have been ripped off my legs and thrown aside, while my jockstrap has been pulled back up around my waist, although the thin cotton pouch has been tucked under my balls, leaving my large hairless genitals uncovered.

On either side of my head, Simon and Devon are kneeling down. Gripping my ankles tightly, they have dragged my legs way up over my head, and then pulled them wide apart.

With my buttock raised high up off the ground, and my arse cheeks stretched wide open for easy access to my anus, I look up into Richard Summer's lust-filled leering face as he lays heavily on top of me and slides the full length of his erection up into me.

Through the protective metal eye shield of my football helmet, I watch him as he now commences grunting and puffing, fucking me with long powerful hip thrusting strokes.

He is holding onto my shoulder pads, looking me in the eyes, bouncing his large bulky hips up and down, his thick leaking teenage cock slamming in and out of my already well-used, red-raw widely stretched anus.

"Always wanted to fuck you, bitch! Make you my sweet little girlfriend and ram your pussy!" Richard grunts into my beaten face, pounding away.

"How's it feel, slut? How's it feel having a real man fuck your queer pussy? Answer me you faggot!" he gasps out aloud as he stares into my eyes.

From far away I hear my own voice replying.

"Oh Daddy, it feels really good, thank you Daddy! Daddy, please fuck me harder, please Daddy!" echoes in my ears as Richard smiles in appreciation and begins to fuck me as hard as he can.

"Yeah, that's it, faggot! Talk real dirty to me, you fucking queer! Yeah, I'm gonna pound you until you start begging me to ram every inch my hard cock up your pussy and out your mouth!" Richard snarled as he fucked me even harder.

In my stupor, I realised it isn't long before Richard ejaculated deep up into my bowels, and then Jessie hurriedly took his place, slipping his penis all the way into me with one quick push.

And so it continues. One after the other, each of the guys takes their turn at fucking me as hard as they can.

As I slip in and out of unconsciousness, I'm feeling no pain except an ever expanding fullness in my anus each time they swap places and push their throbbing cocks all the way into me.

I imagine I open my swollen eyes and I'm looking up into my youngest brother's sad despairing face. In my mind I cry out to him, beg his forgiveness that I wasn't able to protect him or Sean from this living nightmare. But his face turns into a radiant smile as it fades away to be replaced with Steve leering down at me as he fucks me as hard as he can.

But I know Justin isn't here. Somehow I vaguely remember him being taken away so he doesn't have to continue watching my endless humiliation and degradation.

"God you're good faggot! Your pussy always seems to be so tight and gripping. Fucking best screw I've ever had, even better than my girlfriend's snatch!" Steve suddenly grunts into my battered face.

By now, I don't know how much time has gone by, but it seems like an eternity. It could be minutes, hours or days, but I don't know and by now I don't care.

At one time, I look up and there's Daniel on top of me, fucking me, and spitting large globs of phlegm onto my upturned face.

"Oh Yeah, that feels great! Fucking you real hard, gay-boy! Feel my dick filling your pussy, you fucking faggot!" Daniel roars as he pounds me. I sink back into blessed unconsciousness once again as I sense him discharge his ball juices deep up into me.

When I finally come to, suddenly I gag out loudly, violently as a large thick fleshy object restricts my breathing and slams into the back of my throat.

Startled, confused and frightened, I realise I have been placed on my knees, and my hands are tied behind my back. I am bent forward all the way, and the only thing I can see in front of me is the thick patch of dark pubic hairs growing from Mitch Ryan's groin.

"Oh yeah cock sucker! That's it! Take it all! Show Papa what a good cock sucking homo you really are!" says Mitch as he holds the back of my head tightly, and shoves the full length of his fat six and a half inch erect uncut cock all the way to the back of my mouth.

Again I gag violently as leaking tears start gliding down my battered face into his pubic hair. Once again, agonizing pain lances through my brain as I obediently tighten my swollen split lips around the girth of his long throbbing penis.

Now, on bended knees, I am passed around, giving each of the guys as many blow jobs as they want. Each time they cum, filling my mouth with their sperm, I swallow. Regardless if they are sitting down, or standing up, I obediently kneel before them and suck them off.

Finally I can no longer stay on my knees. I slump to the ground and as I feel a crunching blow to my temple ricochet my head backwards, I feel myself slip into unconsciousness once again.

Then there are only voices. I hear them but they seem so far away.

"Is he still alive? Are you sure he's unconscious and not dead?" I didn't know who was talking, but the concerned voice sounded so faint, so distant.

"I never killed no slave nor queer in my life, and I ain't about to start now!" was that Trevor's voice? Again I couldn't tell.

"Oh stop being a drama queen, for fuck sake! Let's just get him to Evan's room like Noel said! Though I got to admit, I didn't realise we'd gotten so carried away. He looks like his in really bad shape, dude!" maybe that was Steve's voice, or maybe Daniel's?

"Don't worry about anything, guys! This piece of shit is nothing but a fucking slave! Anyway, if Noel's queer brother Evan does what he expect him to do, none of this will matter! And if Noel's right, he'll be the wealthiest person in this state within a fortnight, and this faggot-girl and his brothers will cease to even exist! Remember, there's always a bright side to everything!" that was definitely Trevor's voice, but to me, it all sounded so confusing, so unreal.

For a long time I felt nothing. I just floated in a place of complete darkness and emptiness. Then a single voice once again rouses me, a soft irritating voice I just want to go away.

"I don't think I can give you up, faggot-girl! And I sure don't want to give you to my little brother, definitely not now, not ever!"

Yes, that was Noel's voice, a thick syrupy voice speaking directly to me.

"Oh yes, you've become my perfect sex slave, the ultimate! And you were so good at servicing all my friends like you did. Believe it or not, queer-boy, but I was so proud of you! So I think I need you to stay with me from now on. I think you need to stay with me forever!" the voice of Noel continued softly as I felt a cold moist pressure gently glide across my forehead.

"So hang in there, my gorgeous sex slave. I want you to get all better now, and then I'll come and get you back. And when I get you back, I promise I'll never hurt you ever again." The voice ended as it trailed off into silence, and I felt two soft lips kiss my forehead tenderly.

And then I sank into a darkness of pure silence and peace.

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## 5. Evan Morgan - A Time for Action

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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I couldn't take my eyes off him.

He was in the middle of my big king-size bed with my soft satin sheets pulled up under his chin. His chest rose and fell unsteadily, and he was having trouble breathing.

He was unconscious. I tried to gather my thoughts as I considered the savagery that must have been used against him as I felt the tears once again trying to escape my eyes.

Both Sean and Justin were sitting cross-legged, naked on top of the bed on either side of Brad's inert badly battered body. Both were reaching out and gripping Brad's large unmoving hands, rubbing them tenderly and trying to whisper encouragement to him through their sobbing tears. Both their heads were bowed low, not in submissive slave supplication, but from broken hearts and fear their big brother was actually going to die.

Myself, I was livid. Never had I felt so much anger in my short teenage life.

I had been stunned earlier in the day to walk into my own bedroom to find Brad lying in the middle of my bed, his face and body beaten to a bloody pulp, and Noel sitting next to him gently running a damp washcloth over my hero's severely damaged face.

How could Noel have done this? It was barbarous. Absolutely vicious and unacceptable, to such an extent it even shocked my father.

"For fucks sake, he's only a slave! Who gives a shit if he lives or dies?" Noel had said expansively, offhandedly, trying to explain that his friends had just gotten carried away a little bit. But I could see the nervous tick in his right eye as he eyed Brad's severely battered features and gulped as father had rounded on him.

"What have you done Noel? This is inexcusable! You are never to buy another slave again without my permission from this day forth. Evan, you have permission to keep the three of them here with you, as well as August. But be warned both of you. As soon as this large slave here is healthy again, I'm having the whole lot sold. I won't have this type of bloody minded behaviour ruin the family's good name!" he'd said as he'd stomped off.

"I don't know what all the trouble is! He's just a common low-life faggot slave, so why is everyone rallying around him for..." he never got to finish his cruel snide remark.

Me, I'd exploded, and for the first time in my life, I had no fear of my big brother, and bellowing at him, I punched Noel in the face.

"Now get the fuck out of my room before I kill you, you bastard!" I'd screamed.

Noel had staggered backwards a few paces when I'd hit him, and he was holding his bloodied broken nose. A look of pure shock illuminated his face. He couldn't believe what I'd done, and taking one more look at Brad laying unconscious on my bed, he quickly turned around and left my bedroom, quietly closing the door after him.

I was shaking with rage, and quickly went over and locked the door, and as I looked around, I saw Monet and August immediately assuming the slave position and their bodies trembling in fear.

And when I swung my head around, there were Sean and Justin, tears streaming down their faces, leaning over their badly bruised and beaten unconscious older brother in an attempt to protect him from my wrath.

Instantly I calmed down. They were terrified of me. They were terrified their older brother was going to die. To them, I was still the brother of the sadistic person who had destroyed their family, enslaved them and had beaten to a bloody pulp their brother.

"Monet, go and get a doctor here right now. And Monet, not a slave vet, I want a real doctor! August, go get some of my good towels and a large bowl of warm water." I ordered in a soft voice, trying to calm them both down as well. Immediately they went into action, Monet happy to be doing something at least, and I could see he was happy I had finally taken control of the situation.

"Justin and Sean, try very gently to move him to the side of the bed. Otherwise the doctor won't be able to reach him when he gets here." I said in a kind voice, trying to reassure them.

At first they looked at me in fear, distrusting me, but Sean quickly nudged his sobbing younger brother and nodded, a signal for Justin to help him as he carefully, very gingerly began to edge Brad's huge limp broken body to the edge of the bed.

Immediately I knelt down next to the bed but suddenly Justin placed himself between Brad and me. Slowly I reached out and placed my left hand gently on Justin's trembling shoulder as he tried to cringe away from my touch.

And even as I looked at Justin, I remembered how much of a brutal beating he too had suffered at the hands of my brother before I'd quickly whisked him away to the safety of my bedroom over four weeks ago. I wanted to hug him and tell him and Sean that everything would be okay, but I knew that was impossible at the moment.

Again I looked back into Brad's face, forcing myself to see through the severe damage done to his face, remembering the tall handsome young teenage football star who had taken the time out to befriend me, and treated me with kindness.

Then I turned to both boys, a look of purposeful determination on my face.

"Guys, he's going to be alright, I promise you! And from now on, you'll all be safe in this room. No-one will ever enter here without my permission, not even my brother. So try and keep your spirits up." I said softly, watching their frightened eyes as they stared back at me.

It was another 30 minutes before the doctor arrived, but the moment he discovered he'd been called out to visit a slave, he'd nearly turned around and left. But when I told him Brad was one of my most valued and prized possessions, and that I would personally pay him five times the amount he'd normally make for a house call, suddenly he became my best friend and turned his attention to Brad's needs.

As he worked on Brad, bandaging his injuries and injecting him with large doses of pain killers, penicillin, antibiotics and antihistamines, I asked him how difficult would it be to remove the microchip from his spine.

Of course he went on about how illegal such a procedure was, but he indicated that it was something that could be done in a flash. Given the right incentive, even he might consider performing such a removal.

"Can you do it now?" I'd asked immediately, as ideas and thoughts began filtering through my mind. Already a plan was forming and I knew what I had to do.

"Well I could. But he might not survive the delicate procedure in his current physical state, especially if you don't have a full-time nurse to monitor him 24 hours for the next two weeks." He answered.

"I want four extractions done now. I'll pay you quadruple the amount you would normally charge, plus a goodwill fee if you stay here and monitor them." I stated firmly, hoping he would take up my offer. I didn't think he'd knock it back, as \$850k and a \$150k bonus on top is a massive amount of money by anybody's standards.

Of course he stayed, immediately phoning his nursing assistant to bring the correct implements he'd require. Then calling his wife, he explained he'd be away for fourteen days and would see her when he got back home in a week's time.

I stayed there too, determined no-one would interrupt us, and making sure the doctor had everything he needed. And as I fussed and worried, Monet took control of putting August, Sean and Justin to work cleaning my bedroom and ensuring it was spotlessly clean and sterile.

When that was done, he organised with the kitchen slave staff that we were all well fed.

There were a few anguished moments as I tried to console and explain to Sean, Justin, August and Monet what I was now planning to do.

Both Sean and Justin were frantic and nearly hysterical as the doctor very carefully turned their older brother over onto his stomach and began inserting a huge syringed needle into Brad's neck at the base of his spine. Quickly I intervened and sitting them both down I told them how the doctor was extracting the micro-chip from Brad's spine, and how everything would be alright. Immediately they both calmed down and looked at me with hesitant cautious smiles creeping over their frightened despairing faces.

Of course the smiles vanished instantly when I told them firmly that they too would have to undergo the extraction procedure over the next few days.

August was also very jittery, unsure of what was happening. One minute he was Noel's personal pleasure slave and the next moment he was about to be sold off. Looking at me with huge frightened eyes, with tears running down his cheeks, I finally took him aside and gently told him he too was going to have his micro-chip removed and from now on he would be staying with me.

Like the others, he contemplated it for a little bit and eventually gave me a very grateful smile.

Monet was the most calm of us all. In a way, I think he knew what I was going to do before I'd even made up my mind. As always, he moved around the room making sure everyone was comfortable.

And so the doctor did what I paid him to do. He removed the micro-chips from the spines of Brad, Sean, Justin and August. Monet was the only one without a silicon chip, as his advanced age didn't require him to be fitted with one when they were originally made available to the public.

Also, in the fourteen days the doctor stayed monitoring them all, he nursed Brad back from the brink of what possibly could have been his untimely death.

He eventually left, shaking my hand heartily, leaving me with instructions on how to continue nursing Brad.

Brad had actually regained consciousness on the third day, and even though he smiled weakly as he saw his two brothers, his puffed-up, bruised eyes were full of terror whenever he looked at me. It broke my heart to think he saw me as a brutal enemy that would want to hurt him like my brother had.

Physically he got better, mentally he stayed unchanged. To him I was now his master and he was the pleasure sex slave. He woke up screaming every night, frantically staring around, his eyes rolling in terror, and then both Sean and Justin would spend the next few hours trying to calm him down. As the days flew by, we finally got Brad up off my bed and onto his feet.

But every time I approached him, Brad would instantly assume the mandatory slave position, his hands behind his back and his head hanging low on his chest. And like Noel had taught him, he'd offer himself up to me.

And I must admit to being amazed, because even though I'd had his micro-chip removed, he'd still be able to spring a massive erection in seconds as he thrust his groin out for me to inspect him.

It was Monet who took me aside one day and told me what the problem might be, and when he explained it, I felt the tears fall from my eyes as I stared at Brad in despair.

"Master Evan, I'm sorry to tell you but the friend you knew isn't in there. I mean, your friend Brad as been severely broken and so has his mind. I think you'll find it might be a long time before the young teenage man you once knew finally decides to come back, Master Evan!" Monet had said softly and gently to me.

Again Brad had assumed the slave position, but this time I decided I was going to do something about it. I had to break through to him. Looking around at Sean, Justin, August and Monet, I ordered them from the room into my side study, telling them to close and lock the door behind them. Sean looked at me frightened, but I reassured him with a gentle smile and told him everything would be alright.

When they were gone, I turned my attention back to Brad.

"Lie on the bed Brad!" I commanded, and I watched as he did as I told him. And as he lay on his back, he spread his legs as far apart as he could and arched his hips up high into the air.

Instantly my face reddened as I looked down at him, his legs spread wide, his arms stretched out way above his head, and his huge erect penis laying flush against his flat muscled stomach as he pushed his hips further up.

Slowly I approached him and placing my hand on his flat smooth hairless stomach, I gently pushed down, telling him to lie back on the bed comfortably so I could cuddle up next to him. At first he looked confused, wondering why I wasn't already using and hurting him, but he complied, waiting for my next instructions.

"Brad, I want you to be my friend. I want you to cuddle up to me and keep me warm. Do you hear me?" I said softly as I lay down next to him and wrapped my arm around his large muscular chest. I could feel him shivering, as if he was trying to work out what he was supposed to do and how to do it.

"Brad, I love you so much! You're the most handsome guy I've ever met in my entire life. Will you hold me and protect me?" I added, and then I hugged him as tightly as I could to my short skinny body.

This time it was me looking up into his confused frightened face as I tried to reassure him that everything was okay. And as I hugged him, I reached up and ran the soft palms of my hands gently over his body, carefully and tenderly caressing him and kneading his muscled torso.

And then I reached for his huge thick erection, and hesitating for only a moment, I bent my head down and took as much of it as I could into my mouth.

Again, looking up into his confused face as I tried to suck him off, I was nearly overwhelmed by the wonderfully intoxicating scent of his sex organs.

Suddenly he was moaning, looking down into my face with a lost befuddled expression stretched across his, but I could tell he was enjoying the gentleness of my touch and how my small mouth made his thick hard dick feel.

To him, here was his master sucking on his penis, and I was being gentle, tender and caring. Quickly I let his erection fall from my stretched mouth, and just as quickly, as he lay there feeling even more confused, I stripped off my pants and straddled his waist, lowering my virgin hole onto his massive penis.

I didn't try to push myself down on to him as hard as I could. To do so would have ruptured me and probably ripped my insides to shreds. I just wanted him to feel the warmth of my butt cheeks around his large pole for the moment, and then I'd slowly try to get some of his huge fat dick into my tight virginal passage.

It took ages and it was hard going, and at times I thought I would pass out. But by small degrees and forcing myself to continue on, and making myself sit further down on him, I could tell I must have taken maybe more than two-thirds of his stiff organ deep into my anus.

With perspiration pouring off me, I felt the skin of his smooth hairless balls finally touch my arse cheeks and I knew he was all the way in and I was sitting all the way down on him.

I won't lie. I was in excruciating pain, but I raised myself up a fraction and slowly sat down again. Up and down I bounced at first doing it very, very slowly so I could try and get use to the feel of how his mammoth cock was stretching me beyond endurance.

It didn't get any less painful as I slowly increased the speed. At times, I knew I'd collapse in a dead faint if I didn't suddenly feel his hands come up around my hips and hold me firmly, and as I looked down into his blue eyes, I saw the confusion he was feeling as he fucked upward slowly like a real man for the first time since he'd been brutalised by my brother. And for the first time since Noel had hurt him, I thought I saw the real Brad looking back out at me.

"Roll me onto my back and really fuck me hard Brad. I want you to fuck me as hard as you possibly can, just like a real man! I want you to hurt me like my brother Noel did to you! Use me like a slave and hurt me, Brad!" I gasped out as I tried not to black out, tears running down my face as I gritted my teeth against the agony, and silently praying he would do it but be very, very quick about it.

"No Master... Please! I'll not hurt you, and I don't want to do that to you any way, please Master!" Brad said in a panic, nearly hysterical, as he slowly pulled his cock out of my arse as gently as he could. But he did roll me onto my back and lying next to me, clutching my small thin body close to his, he look down into my face with a funny bewildered frightened smile on his face.

Then I just lay there, smelling his naked body, enjoying him hugging me close to him. In my mind, it was a start, and I knew if I did this every day, making him feel more like a man in control, urging him on to look after and protect me, I'd eventually break through his mental block and he'd come back to us all once more.

So every day, once I'd sent everyone out of my bedroom so Brad and I could be alone, I continued to straddle his waist and take his huge erect organ up into my arsehole. And every time I would take him all the way up me, I'd nearly faint from the extreme pain of having it stretch me open so wide.

At times I thought I was getting used to its width and length, and then I'd stupidly think I'd quite happily enjoy having him fuck me as hard as he could. But as he'd once again lift me off him and lay me down next to him as he cuddled me close to me, I'd feel myself lose consciousness from the extreme pain as he slowly but gently remove his massive pole from my anus.

But finally the day came as he lifted me off him and hugged me close to him.

"I can't fuck you like you want Evan. It would hurt my heart if I did to you what your brother and his friends did to me." Brad suddenly said in a voice I recognised from a few month's ago when he was still a free citizen.

Startled, as I looked up into his eyes, I knew instantly it was Brad, the real Brad, and I grinned up at him stupidly as I looked up through a fog of misty tear-filled eyes to see my hero looking down at me. And like a little giggling boy, I remember telling him how much I really did love him, and that one day, I truly hoped he would make love to me.

He held me close to his chest and I must have dozed off, because when I suddenly woke up, I was covered in my own bed sheets. And to my surprise, Brad was kneeling next to me, serving me up a cup of tea. Beside him stood Sean and Justin looking down at me, but with excited expressions on their faces.

Suddenly Justin, like a little kid, jumped on the bed next to me, and lying down he put his arm over me, hugging me gently. With the biggest smile of joy on his still bruised face, he gave me the sloppiest kiss on my lips.

"Thank you for bringing my brother back! Oh thank you so much, Evan!"

I was stunned and a little embarrassed. As I looked up into the eyes of my role-model, at the big gentle grin spread across his handsome face, I wondered if he'd told them what I'd been doing all these days. Would they think any worse of me? I knew my face must have been bright red.

Sean then kneeled down next to me and hugged me close to his chest. He also had a huge smile plastered across his face.

"I don't know what you did, but thank you Evan! Thank you so very much!" he blurted out happily.

Well that answered my question then. No, Brad hadn't said a word.

Anyway, after six long weeks, with us all cooped up in my bedroom, nearly all evidence of Brad's brutal beating and rape was gone. His handsome face healed completely. He continued to have terrible nightmares, and most times, only his brothers could approach him and calm him down, and I wept whenever I saw him suffering like that.

I admit to being very nervous, as after seven weeks, father finally demanded entry to my room to see how Brad was for himself. I had prepared Brad, letting him know it was alright, that my father was just checking on his health.

My father was indeed pleased when he discovered Brad had recovered, and then taking me aside, he told me softly it was now time for us to get rid of them, that he would have them sold in the next day or two.

I was ready for him and immediately replied I had already organised for someone to buy them all, and I'd be taking them by the end of the week to their new home and master. I then asked father to keep this our little secret, as I didn't want Noel knowing anything of what I was doing. Father was actually surprised, but as he looked at me a smile came over his usually stern face. Nodding his head, he patted me on my shoulder.

"Okay son, I'll leave it all up to you. I know this means a lot, so you do it your way." He said as he closed my bedroom door behind him as he left.

When I turned around, all of them were looking at me nervously. We had all known this time would come, and now it was here, I needed them all to be brave. And even though fear shone from their eyes I could tell they were ready. Quickly I motioned for them all to sit down and listen to me carefully.

"Here's the deal, guys. Tomorrow morning at 7am, I'm taking you away from here forever!"

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### 5.1     Noel Morgan – The Turning of the Screws

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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Damn that cunt! How could he? He wasn't supposed to run away, taking five very expensive slaves with him! Well, four very expensive slaves that were really mine, and one stupid old geriatric slave.

I mean, that's not what I'd planned! And now I was in deep shit. I needed to find them and in a hurry, return them all home, all before my father found out and everything I'd planned became known to the public.

Fucking hell! If I fail now, I could even be enslaved for what I've done. Oh shit!

Anyway, I should have known Evan was scheming up something when he wouldn't let me into his bedroom to see any of the slaves. And I needed to see faggot-girl, I mean Brad. I needed to see him real bad, to see if he really was alright and that he hadn't been damaged, I mean harmed, too badly.

Funny isn't it. I haven't been feeling too well ever since the month long gang-bang. I've been feeling depressed and anxious, and not sure what to do with myself. I don't know why I should be feeling this way about a fucking slave, a fucking gay sex slave, but I kind of miss him now.

And since father gave permission for Evan to look after them, including August, there hasn't been any other slave in the house that I've wanted near me to look after my personal and sexual needs. None of them could compare with faggot-girl's total obedience and submissiveness.

Also, and I can't believe I'm admitting this - I just haven't been able to get him out of my mind.

But apart from that, it just made no sense for father to give the slaves to Evan. I'm the one with the experience and know-how to look after those slaves, and with Mr Hendricks support, I could have had Brad up and about in no time.

The way I had it planned, Evan would have fallen in love with Brad, and then stupidly declared his feelings for him to my parents. As it was, I'd always known my little brother was a closet faggot, but there was no way I was going to tell my parents, especially my mother who dotted on him.

Of course, if he fell in love with another man, a male slave at that, this would have had him instantly enslaved, as was required by law. I would then have been declared the sole heir to the family estate and fortune, at which time I would have bought Evan as a house slave and kept him with me. I mean, he is my brother for fuck sake!

And even Brad and his brothers! I knew I wouldn't have got rid of them. Not now! They were the best fucks I'd ever had! And how was I to know I'd suddenly start missing the faggot-girl, I mean Brad, and suddenly want him to be my one and only personal pleasure slave?

I already knew I wasn't going to hurt him physically anymore, because I'd achieved my goal and if Evan did declare his love for Brad, then I'd truly won.

I'd even considered being nice to Brad from now on, especially if he was extra good to me. Why, I was even prepared to let him share my bed every night from now on, as a sort of reward.

But Evan wouldn't let me near him or any of the other slaves. What made it worse was the fact they were my slaves! I brought them! They were mine! So what if they were in Evan's name, they were still mine!

What hurt me the most though, was father intended to sell them all. Once the fag, I mean Brad was all better, they would all be taken away from me forever. I couldn't have that! Not after the huge investment I'd pumped into carrying out my elaborate scheme!

Fact was I felt like I'd been training Brad up to serve me in a way that no other slave could possibly service me. For the short time I'd had him, the month all my friends had used and abused him, I'd realised he needed to be with me and me only.

He was perfect in doing everything I demanded of him. His total submissive broken expression when I made him drink my piss, the way he smiled eagerly as I pounded his pussy and the way he knew how to enthusiastically suck me off just the way I loved it done. It didn't matter if it was out of fear, or my friends were all watching, he just knew how to give me the best orgasms I'd ever had in my entire life.

And the way his blue eyes would twinkle as he looked up into my face, begging and pleading for me to use him like a woman over and over again. Well, I mean, he was irreplaceable. And I needed him to be with me right now, so I could make sure he was okay. No way could Evan possibly look after him and give him what he needed.

What am I saying? Well, now I know I'm in big trouble, because I just can't seem to let go of him. His handsome face and muscular physique drive me wild as I'm fucking him, and his total obedience to me is pure pleasure in itself. The horrible thing about all this is I think I might actually be more than attracted to his looks than is legally allowed.

Of course, I'll always be the real man, the top, and he'll always only be a queer slave, so nobody would know or really care would they?

But his gone now, taken away by my younger brother. And I know I have to track him down and bring them all back before it's too late.

You should have seen me when I got home from school the day Evan left. Like I've done every day since father said Evan could look after the slaves, I'd gone up to my little brother's bedroom door and tapped lightly, hoping he'd come out or let me in. Most times he'd just yell out and tell me to go fuck myself, leaving me standing there more frustrated than ever.

But this day, eight whole weeks later, there was answer, no cursing, no sounds at all coming from his bedroom. I tested the door and it was definitely locked, and when I got one of our other slaves to call out and knock on the door again there was no answer.

Well, I figured I'd leave him alone and would see him later that evening, because he always attended the family dinner. Our mother wouldn't have it any other way.

When every one gathered, I intended to see him there, but as I entered the dining room, father announced that Evan had decided to go out, and he'd probably see us all at breakfast before school tomorrow.

Now I might not be the smartest person alive, but I instantly thought this was a wonderful opportunity to get into Evan's bedroom. Quickly excusing myself, I dashed up the marble staircase, raced to his room and knocked loudly. Even if he'd gone out, the slaves would be in there, would have to let me in, and I could finally see how Brad was, without my little brother getting in the way.

Again there was no answer, so putting my ear to the door I listened for any sounds of movement from within. It was dead quiet. A queasy feeling rose in my stomach, and before I knew what I was doing, I'd hunched up my shoulder and rammed the door open.

In that moment when the door had swung open, I knew what he'd done. The bedroom was empty. No-one was there. But most importantly, everything Evan owned, his clothing, shoes, computer and the posters on the wall were all gone.

I couldn't believe it. I looked around frantically, seeing if he'd left any clues or evidence of where he'd taken off to. That's when I found an envelop especially addressed to me in Evan's handwriting, and I ripped it open with shaking hands.

---

Noel,

*I figure it won't take you long to get into my room and find this letter. You probably even broke down my door to get in?*

*But that's okay, because as they say, by the time you do read this I'll be long gone and there won't be a thing you or father can do about it. And yes, I've taken Brad, Sean, Justin, August and Monet with me.*

*Noel, I know everything you did to get Brad and his family enslaved. Being a computer geek actually has its benefits. And let's not forget about poor August, aka Kyle, as well. Anyway, I have*

*all the original documents that prove your involvement in both these terrible deeds, as well as the list of the people you bribed to make it happen. Also, I have copies of your own account statements and banking details that proves you were personally involved.*

*If you don't want me to forward these files to the appropriate authorities, including father and his attorneys, you will keep your mouth shut, keep father from knowing what I've done for the next five days, and stay away from me forever. Do not come looking for us, because I promise you I will personally see you enslaved for the horrible crimes you've committed.*

*Noel, I will never forgive you for what you did to Brad's entire family. To have destroyed so many peoples lives just because your ego and pride were dented a little bit. I wonder if you even know whether Brad's parents are still alive, or if you even care?*

*Evan*

---

It took me a moment to clear my head and for my rapidly beating heart to get back to normal. Evan had done a runner with my slaves, and ensured both father and I wouldn't come after him until he was safely away.

For one split second, I felt so proud of him. He'd done something I didn't think he'd have the balls to do. Also, he had 'gazumped' me, beat me at my own game and single-handedly ensured there was nothing I could do.

But I knew I couldn't leave it be. I knew I had to go after them. I had to see Brad. I wanted him back and nothing was going to stop me.

Immediately I left his room, closing the door behind me. I'd only jimmied the springing mechanism within the lock itself when I'd slammed my shoulder against it, so there was no external damage to be seen.

Racing down to the car fleet, I ordered the frightened slave who washed and maintained our vehicles to tell me what cars were missing and where they were at this moment. He stuttered about Evan taking the large limousine out earlier in the morning, which meant he had a 12 hour head start on me.

Suddenly I remembered about the tiny micro-chips in each of the slaves' necks, so racing back up to my room, I trashed my room looking for the remotes that would provide me with their locations once I'd activated their GPS modules.

For a moment I stood there confused as I scanned the satellite readings. Apparently they were all still here on the estate. That didn't make any sense, so following the locator, I made my way back into Evan's bedroom, opened the door to his private bathroom.

There on the cabinet sink sat the four micro-chips, plus a note saying if I was quick, maybe I could get my money back on these extremely small yet valuable items.

I had to hand it to Evan. He was far more resourceful than I'd ever given him credit for.

But enough of this! I was tired of playing games now, so I went to my own room, speed dialed a number on my mobile that put me straight through to my number-one contact. It was time to get serious and put an end to this.

“Grady, I have a job for you, and I want you on it yesterday...”

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## 5.2 Brad Cahill - A Friend in Need

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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It seems as if I've spent a very long time in warm comfortable veils of darkness, not knowing or caring what was happening to me or around me. Sometimes I'd get momentary glimpses of consciousness, where I'd wake up and insurmountable agonising pain would flow through every cell of my body.

Immediately my mind would shut down, dispelling any outside intrusions onto my peaceful and tranquil dreams and visions, images where life was simple and carefree, and my family and I were gathered together, laughing and playing and talking of old times.

But something would invariably happen to splinter and shatter the serene state of mind I was in, as a myriad of images of Master Noel's face appearing out of nowhere, demanding I look at him, obey him terrified me and forced me to escape even deeper into my mind.

And when that didn't work, I'd shudder awake in terror to suffer blinding light hurting my opening eyes, and agonising pain lancing through my body, and once again I'd wish for the soothing darkness of forgetfulness to close in around me forever.

But the time came when I did open my eyes proper, and looking around me I tried to remember where I was, and how I got here.

I found myself in a large bed, with a cool light blue coloured satin sheet pulled up under my chin. The feel of the bedding was wonderful on my skin and for the first time in a long time, I felt strangely relaxed.

And then I felt warm soft hands gently holding onto both of mine, and curious as to who might be here with me, I slowly moved my head. Instantly flaring pain shot through my spine and my head felt like it was going to explode, but as the pain ebbed away, I could see Sean sitting next to me on my right and Justin to my left.

The looks on their faces were of deep concern, as well as love and fear. At first I struggled to sit up, but again the agonising pain struck me, leaving me immobile and gasping for breath. Again I looked up at my brothers and tried to smile.

"Shhhh... Its okay bro, don't try to move. We're here with you. You'll be okay!" Sean said in a gentle voice, but I could hear the tremor in his tone.

Suddenly Justin was leaning over me, hugging me very tenderly and weeping softly. I was a bit confused now, as I wondered why they were so upset, so concerned. And as I looked around at my surroundings, I wondered where I could possibly be. Then my eyes fell on Master Evan Morgan.

Then a nightmare of traumatic memories, of terrifying scenes and horrific images shattered my peaceful composure. Instantly I started to whimper and cry hysterically, wanting to get out of the bed I was in and as far away from here as possible.

Master Evan immediately stepped forward, and with a kindness I hadn't experienced in a long time, he knelt down next to the bed and reached out to touch my arm. Then I noticed he was crying too, and his face was so sad.

I didn't know why, but I calmed down a fraction, maybe knowing he wouldn't do anything to harm me. Not like... It was like a bomb had gone off in my brain, and as the images of Master Noel's face filled my mind, I started groaning and moaning in terror, knowing I had to get up and protect my brothers. We had to get away from here, now, straight away.

"You're safe now Brad. No one will harm you. Not in here. Please listen, you're going to be okay." Master Evan kept saying over and over again as I tried to struggle to move.

Slowly I did settle down, utterly exhausted, and as I tried to relax even more, the terror and fear I felt abated a little bit more.

Closing my eyes, I could feel my brothers on each side of me laying down next to me and putting their arms over my chest, hugging me gently as they both whispered into my ears that everything was alright. Slowly, my fragile tortured mind slipped into blissful sleep knowing they were all there for me, and I was now safe and sound.

But the sleep I fell into brought a thousand nightmarish memories flashing through my mind.

There I was, sitting naked on Trevor Drummond's lap facing him, my legs wrapped around his large hairy waist as he sat on a tall stool in the middle of Master Noel's bedroom. Encircling us were as many as 10 guys from high school, all once friends of mine, who laughed and spat contemptuously at me as I impaled myself on Trevor's large erect penis.

Holding tightly onto his naked hairy perspiring body as I bounced up and down, I could feel myself squeezing my anus tightly around his throbbing member as I moved up and down, kissing and licking his long thick neck as he threw his head back laughing outrageously and moaning in absolute pleasure.

Repeatedly, Trevor would pull my head back by gripping my blond hair and immediately punch and slap me across my already badly bruised and beaten face, before shoving my head back onto his neck, instructing me to start kissing and licking again.

And then he was speaking to me, telling me how much he'd longed for the day he could make me his slut and fuck my tiny puckered pussy.

"Oh yeah, queer! You just keep riding my cock. Make a real man like me feel really good! God I'm glad you turned out to be a faggot, oh yeah!" he said to me as I slid and squeezed my boy-vagina up and down his thick manhood.

"Know something, faggot? Always wanted to fuck a muscle-bound blond-haired, blue eyed football playing cunt like you! Acting so smug and cool, but turned out you're nothing but a dirty filthy little homo bum-boy. Now bounce up and down faster and squeeze them pussy lips even tighter, queer boy!" Trevor grunted into my ear as I continued to kiss and lick his neck, while my own throbbing cock rubbed between our bodies, leaking copious amounts of pre-cum that soaked into his thickly matted pubic and stomach hairs.

Then the sordid memory of my best friend Daniel Maddox, sitting back completely naked in one of Master Noel's armchairs, slouched back with his legs wide apart. And there I was, kneeling between them licking his large fat round hair-covered testicles, bathing them all over with my spit before taking them gently into my mouth.

"God damned fag! You should have told me you were a homo when we first met! You could have been doing this to me everyday! Now take my dick in your mouth and reach up and massage my body! Feeling really horny now and I got lots of spunk to empty down your gullet, faggot!" he said, his voice cruel and vicious.

Immediately I did as he said, running my hands over his chest and gently squeezing his nipples, and then running them over his stomach and inner thighs, making him feel good as I sucked him deeply into the back of my throat. Just as quickly, Daniel started swinging his fists down on my arched back, pounding down as hard as he could, demanding I do it properly and stop fucking around.

Suddenly the degrading memories and the terrifying images faded away as the sounds of someone knocking on a door woke me. A tired irritated voice shouted out as if from afar, telling whoever was at the door to go away.

Slowly turning my head, I was startled and scared to see Master Evan lying on top of the bed next to me, his face turned towards the bedroom door. I could see he was only wearing a pair of boxer underwear. Frightened, I noticed how he had his right arm thrown over my chest and was hugging me close to him.

When Master Evan turned back to look at me, our eyes met and he suddenly appeared all flustered and embarrassed as he realised I was awake. Even though agony lanced through every part of my beaten body I tried to smile widely, and with unsteady shaky hands, I threw the satin sheet off me, slowly spread my legs as wide as I could. Then brining my knees back up on my chest, raising my buttocks high off the mattress, I concentrated on making my penis as hard as possible as I offered myself to him.

"Master, please fuck me, please Master! Master, please stretch my sloppy vagina as wide as you can, please Master!" I chanted loudly, in a little girlish broken voice as I stared up in terror into Master Evan's brown eyes.

Master Evan's expression was one of shock and dismay. Slowly he placed the palm of his hand on my knees and gently pressed down, motioning for me to lower my legs.

"Brad, I want you to lower your legs and let me pull the sheet back over you. Now relax. Calm down. That's it. You're still healing, and I don't want you injuring yourself. So no more moving about until I say you can, understand?" He said softly, kindly yet firmly.

"Brad? Look at me. When you're with me, you never have to do that, okay? You never have to offer yourself to me, or talk in that voice ever again. Please listen and try to understand?" Master Evan said, watching the confused disorientated look fill my face.

"Brad, what my brother did to you was terribly wrong. And I want you to trust me when I say I'm going to look after you and try and get you and your brothers away from here once and for all. I'm going to take you somewhere where you will be safe! Do you understand?" he said gently, as tears fell from his eyes and rolled down his face.

At first I just stared at him, and then I began to tremble all over. I couldn't comprehend what he was saying to me. Instantly I thought I was being tested, that Master Noel had put Master Evan up to this. If I wavered, I would be punished severely, maybe even worse than the last time. Besides, why was he sidled up next to me, his arm hugging me close to him?

He saw the confusion and distrust in my eyes, and realising his arm was still draped across my chest, he quickly pulled himself off of me.

"I'm sorry Brad, I was just comforting you. You had another really bad nightmare last night. I just thought you might, well, you know, I mean... I didn't mean anything by it, just to offer you support." he stuttered, unsure what to say. Then the adjoining bathroom door opened and I watched as Sean and Justin came into the room.

When they saw I was awake, and that Master Evan was speaking softly to me, they hurried over. I could see they were bursting with joy and relieve, and I noticed Justin couldn't stop himself from crying. Immediately they jumped on the bed and carefully hugged me to them.

"Evan, you should have called us when he woke up. Oh Brad, you look so much better, thank God!" Sean said excitedly, and as he hugged me to him, he reached over and patted Master Evan on the shoulder.

"What's happening? I don't understand? You shouldn't be like.... I uhhh... Why aren't you acting like slaves? Oh god, if Master Noel finds out, he'll kill us all!" I was becoming frantic. I was watching them being disrespectful to Master Evan, acting as if he was their friend. Oh God, if Master Noel ever found out.

Instantly Sean and Justin were hugging me again, shushing me, telling me everything was okay. I tried to sit up but they kept pushing me flat on my back.

"You can't move yet Brad. You have to stay put. The doctor said you have to rest up for quite a while before you'll be allowed to stand up and go out, so stop your squawking and relax." Master Evan stated anxiously, a firm look plastered on his young teenage face. Both my brothers were shaking their heads in agreement, as they smiled lovingly down at me while telling me to relax.

It was too much for me. I just lay there and let them talk as they excitedly babbled away, trying to fill me in on what had happened recently and what Master Evan now had planned for us within the next few weeks.

With my mind unable to take in everything that was happening around me, once again I found myself drifting off into a deep sleep, and again recent shameful memories flooded my head.

There I lay on my back, spread eagled on Master Noel's bed. There was no-one else in his bedroom and he was kneeling between my parted legs, glowering down at me as he roughly fondled with my large hairless balls and slowly stroked and masturbated my eight and a half inch erect penis.

"You're a gay whore now, faggot-girl! Nothing more than a disgusting queer bottom boy. Now smile up at me and thank me for playing with your girly bits! Thank your new Daddy for making a low-life faggot cunt like you feel really good! Tell Daddy what a fucking homo you really are and beg me to jerk you off!" he said, staring me deeply in the eyes as he continued to slowly jerk my throbbing cock.

And I did. Although my naked body and face had been badly beaten and battered for over three whole weeks, I lay there on my back spread-eagled before Master Noel, looking up into his dark brown eyes, smiling through swollen bleeding lips and thanked him for masturbating me, for making me into his gay sex slave.

As he fondled with my large hairless balls, I pushed my hips up, begging him, calling him my Daddy, pleading with him to make me feel good, acting like the faggot-girl he wanted me to be. I could see how I was frantically humping away on the bed, totally uninhibited as I felt his fisted hand start sliding quickly up and down my raging penis, and instantly I found myself squealing loudly as I shot my ball fluids all over my body.

Suddenly the memories fade once again, only to be replaced with even more humiliating visions of me standing in front of the entire high school football team and their girlfriends, wearing my neatly pressed school uniform. My trousers are around my ankles and my y-front briefs down around my knees.

My school tie is flung over my left shoulder and I am lifting my school shirt and blazer up under my chin, exposing myself to all those gathered before me. Behind me stands tall lanky Marcus Fielding, his throbbing seven inch long rock-hard penis punching upwards in and out of my vagina

as he hugs my back close to his chest while reaching around and jerking me off at the same time with his right hand.

Standing there, being fucked from behind and jerked off at the same time, I smile through damaged bloodied lips and tell everyone watching me just how nice this feels and how much I love being a faggot whore for the whole football team, while Marcus slams his fisted left hand into the side of my head repeatedly as he continues to fuck me as hard as he can.

The memories shift as if in time and I watch myself on my hands and knees, naked now except for a pair of Speedo briefs pulled down my thighs a fraction. Before me one of the football team members is kneeling in front of my face, slamming his fat erection in and out of my eagerly sucking mouth, while another kneels behind me and fucks me as hard as he can.

The guy fucking my pussy has reached under me and is furiously masturbating me at the same time. And as they take their pleasures, laughing in contempt at how my whole badly beaten body responds enthusiastically to their brutal use, I feel their fists descend on my back and into my sides as they punch and beat me unmercifully.

Once more the memories shifted and merged, and this time I see I am on my knees. I am only wearing my jock strap, and the cotton pouch at the front has been pulled down and is tucked up under my balls allowing my erection to stand up nearly flush against my flat stomach.

My y-front briefs have also been pulled down over my head, and my face is poking out of the left leg opening of my underwear.

My hands are by my side, unmoving, and I'm looking up timidly into Craig Jessop's frowning hate filled face. He stands before me tall, naked except for a pair of jockey brief underwear pulled down around his knees.

"I told you to beg, faggot! Beg me to suck my cock before I shove my fist up your pussy!" he snarls at me, and obediently I start pleading with him to let me suck his large fully erect penis.

Immediately he steps forward and starts smashing me around my face, chest and stomach, and even as he pounds his fist into me, I maintain my own erection and continue to beg him. Within minutes I am licking up and down the length of his throbbing organ, sucking on his balls and running my saliva-covered tongue all around the base of his rampant cock, sucking on his pubic hairs.

He cum quickly when he orders me to finally suck him off properly, and when he steps away, Greg Smithers moves forward quickly, demanding I beg him to suck his throbbing cock as well before he begins punching into my pain-racked body too.

Behind him are lined up all the rest of the football team, ready to step forward and demand I beg them each to suck them off. And as I plead with them to let me blow them, they each take their turns smashing their fists into my already severely beaten and bloodied body, before making me worship their erections.

So much agony and humiliation washes through me as I remember the endless amounts of sperm that slide down my scraped raw bruised throat, and I feel my mind shrinking away, trying to find that safe place where no one can follow me to cause me pain, yet wherever I go, I see Master Noel's face leering out at me, telling me that I am his. That he will never let me go.

But it is one of these many visions and images that follows me in my mind, keeps repeating on me, in my sleep and when I'm awake, that shatters my very existence and nearly sends me insane.

There I lay on my back with Master Noel lying on top of me, my legs over his shoulders as he fucks me in a vicious, brutal way. And as he fucks me he stares down into my severely swollen eyes, and then he's kissing them tenderly.

"You're my girl now! We're going to stay together forever and ever. I'm going to look after you and you're going to pleasure me like only the faggot-girl you are can. Oh yes, faggot-girl, I'll never let you go now!" Master Noel said as he gently kissed my puffed-up bloodied lips even as he pounded his cock up me as hard as he could.

As the nightmarish dream-like visions finally disappear and the light between the slits of my eyelids suddenly wakes me, I stare up once again into Master Evan's worried face, but now I feel nothing.

When he speaks to me, I hear myself respond and answer, all the time smiling, but I don't know what I'm saying. In my mind, I know I have finally found a safe haven, somewhere deep down inside me completely empty of all pain and shame and humiliation, a place I know I am able to stay there and not be hurt anymore.

I can see my brothers hovering about me, telling me I am getting better. I know I am smiling and saying what they want me to say, but it means nothing to me at all. In my head, in the safety of my being, I curl away, and as I witness another image of Master Noel flashing in my mind, I whimper and cringe and disappear to another corner of my safe haven.

I don't know how long I am like this, but I vaguely remember them getting me out of bed, of making me stand. Immediately, even though I feel my legs collapsing under me, I try to assume the mandatory slave position.

In my head, I hide away, not caring or worrying what is happening around me, but the outer me senses that for my own physical safety, I must always be vigilant and maintain my slave position no matter what anyone says or does.

And all the time images of Master Noel rise up and chase me around in my head, reminding me there is no escape from him and that I must always be a good faggot-girl.

The days come and go, absently drift by, and I know my body is healing and any bruises I once had are now all gone.

I listen in an abstract way as Sean and Justin laugh and play video games on the huge TV monitor Master Evan's owns.

I watch in a daze as Monet and August happily race about cleaning and scrubbing the huge bedroom we are in, bringing in food when the sun sets and feeding us all breakfast when the sun rises.

Again it means little to me, and always when Master Evan addresses me, I assume the mandatory slave position.

But then something happens that makes me slowly wake up, draws me out of my mind.

I remember one day, a day like any other, when Master Evan dismisses everyone from the room as I stand next to him in the slave position. Before I know what is happening, he orders me into his bed, so instantly I thought he finally might want to fuck me.

As instructed, I immediately lay down on my back on his bed, spread my legs out as wide apart as I could, raised my hips up off the mattress as far as I can, and placed my arms way above my head, offering myself to him like a good faggot-girl slave.

But again Master Evan stops me as he lies down next to me and cuddles up, and I can't understand why he isn't using me. I mean, I thought he was my new Master now and I was his pleasure slave. But since I have been with him, he hasn't once touch me in that way, never allowed me to please him as Master Noel and others have taught me to.

"Brad, I love you so much! You're the most handsome guy I've ever met in my entire life. Will you hold me and protect me?" he says, looking up into my uncomprehending face. He is gentle with me, caressing my chest and stomach ever so lightly, and when he gently touches my erect penis, and then moves his mouth and tries to suck me, I stare down into his face in utter confusion.

I don't know what I'm supposed to do, but when he straddles my stiff cock, pushes down and I see the pain and agony he is subjecting himself to as he orders me to fuck him hard, something in my head snaps and I stop him.

Very gently I lift him off me and lay his small thin body next to mine and I hug him close to my trembling body. I don't know what he wants from me, but I tell him I don't want to hurt him.

Instantly he falls asleep, and I just stare down at his sad lonely face. Memories of sadness and pain rise up in my mind once again, but as I look at his small gaunt child-like boyish face I realise I cannot do what he wants, and that's to fuck him as hard and brutally as I can.

But then every day afterwards he does the same thing, and every time I have to stop him and lay him next to me so as to stop him hurting himself on my thick cock.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but suddenly I was looking down at him, and I felt a little of the old me returning from deep inside my mind. It felt as if I was instantly pulled out of my safe place and like a jigsaw puzzle, all the pieces were connected in the correct pattern.

As I looked down at him, I realised what he'd been doing, how he was prepared to sacrifice himself to me to try and get me back, prepared to use his sexuality to try and save me. In a world where gay free citizen men were immediately enslaved, he had opened himself up to me and let me know his deepest secret to try and save my sanity.

And as I began remembering all the many daze-filled days that had past by while I was under Master Evan's care, I understood how he'd also looked after and cared for both my brothers and August too.

I was staggered by the realisation he was trying to help us, that he was being so kind. And then I remembered how he'd said he'd loved me, and as I looked down at his face once more, I knew I loved him too and would do anything he asked of me to try and protect him.

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## 6. Evan Morgan – The Great Escape

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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A few tear drops ran down my cheeks. Looking back at the family estate disappearing in the distance as the black nine seat limousine we were traveling in exited the two massive iron-wrought gates decorated with the family crest, I wondered how my departure would be taken.

Of course, it was too late to turn back, and so this was it. I had made my decision, and it was unlikely I would ever be back anyway. I doubt father, mother or Noel would ever forgive me for what I was about to do.

Not that I cared that much about how Noel felt.

Looking across at Brad, his two brothers, August and Monet, I could see the fear in their own eyes as they each contemplated the danger we were all in. I tried to smile reassuringly at them all, but for the first time since I'd thought up this plan, I actually felt like a silly naïve 16 year old boy, a young boy trying to play in an adult's world.

I shivered as I considered how much risk I'd put them all in, but I tried to keep my thoughts fixed on what would happen to them if I didn't do anything. For me, it was time to put things right, and this was all I could come up with.

For the entire time Brad and his brothers were in my care, I had been doing a little homework of my own. I needed to know how my brother had enslaved them, how he had gotten away with it.

Using my computer and my access to the Internet, it turned out to be quite easy to discover the relevant details of all those involved in Noel's elaborate plan. For a supposed smart guy, Noel hadn't really covered his tracks all that well! The amount of e-mail footprints leading back to his deceptions was incredible, and none of it security.

So I was able to determine how he did it, and who was involved. It was an amazing list of 'who's who' within high public office through to other disreputable persons involved from all sectors of local and state government.

But the biggest coup for me was access to all his banking details, every transaction, every payment he'd made to try and hide his duplicity.

And then I found the document outlining what he intended to do to me. I was shocked that he was planning to discredit me, have me enslaved and then secure as his the entire Morgan family

fortune. Somehow, he'd worked out my little secret that I was gay, and he intended to use it against me.

Instantly I knew I had to get away. Not only that, I had to get Brad and his brothers out of there to some safe haven. The memory of it staggered my imagination the lengths Noel would go to get his hands on our family wealth.

Suddenly Brad slid across next to me from where he'd been sitting staring at me. He looked at me with a beautiful gentle smile on his face, probably trying to make me feel better, as I reckon he could see in my expression all the fears and concerns I was carrying.

He looked marvelous in the casual clothes he was dressed in and I couldn't help but think how extraordinarily sexy and handsome he was.

Instantly I felt so ashamed of myself, knowing I shouldn't be thinking like this, especially towards Brad and his two brothers. But when he put his arm around me and hugged me close to him, making me rest the side of my face against his large muscled chest, I knew he wouldn't be too angry at my silly stray thoughts.

"Evan, no matter what happens today or tomorrow, I want you to know, deep in my heart, I will always love you for trying to save my brothers and me." He said, and as he lifted my chin so he could look me directly in my eyes, and I felt my heart pound and shudder, I knew instantly I was deeply in love with him.

That's when I started crying. Soft little sobs that erupted from my throat, choking me as I felt myself losing control of my emotions.

How could I ever expect their forgiveness, especially after everything they'd all suffered at the hands of my big brother? And Sean! I had taken advantage of him too. I was no better than my brother!

And what Brad had just said to me. Yes, I believed him absolutely, his sincerity and kindness shone through his handsome features, and it was so like him to declare his kindheartedness and virtue at a time he could see I was so frightened. Yes, he would love me as a brother would, and even include me as one of his for a little while.

But it also struck deep inside of me, like a paring knife, because I knew I couldn't allow myself to love him without endangering the freedom of every one here. Anyway, I was a closet gay, too ashamed to come out, and I didn't want to declare my true feelings to Brad for fear of being overwhelmingly rejected by him and embarrassing him too.

When I had lain with him previously, it had been a means to break through his protective mental walls he'd constructed to save his sanity.

Unfortunately, where we were going, there may not be any slavery, but being gay was still not considered socially acceptable. You may not go to prison for it, but society would still frown down upon you for being a fag, a homo.

Besides, as Brad got better and he slowly put his and his brother's lives back together, he would most probably pick up his life from before he'd been enslaved, study hard, get back into football, and get a great job, meet many girls, and eventually meet a beautiful woman and marry.

As I considered all this, plus the fact I was now homeless and without family, it seemed rather weird how quickly things progressed from that moment on. Before we knew it, we were at the airport, checking in, and walking down the aisle in the 'first class' section of the Boeing 787, being politely escorted to our seats.

Fifteen hours later, and we were booking into the executive penthouse apartments of the Le Grand Hotel.

One minute I was crying in the family limo, the next I was walking around our new luxury accommodation in stunned amazement, wondering how we'd gotten away so quickly and so easily.

I found the complimentary welcome bottle of very expensive champagne, and with Monet's help, we uncorked it and filled up five champagne flutes. Then gathering around, I raised my glass and looked up at every one of them.

"Well guys. I'd like to make a toast. Congratulations and welcome to your new home!" I said out loud, a big smile on my face.

Everyone was looking at me strangely, wondering what I meant. Immediately I went and got a file out of one of my travel bags, came back in and handed it over to Brad.

At first he stared at it cautiously, but he opened it and I watched as his eyes grew wide with incredulity.

"This says this whole apartment block is ours. It's got all our names on it!" he said in shock as he handed it over to Monet. Monet looked at it and then up at me, stunned that he was now part owner of one of the most expensive hotel chains in the nation.

"You paid \$465 million for this! But... I mean..." Monet stuttered, and I rushed forward when he looked like he was going to collapse. Brad beat me to it and helped my old friend into one of the luxurious lounge chairs. Everyone was now looking at me with stunned looks on their faces.

"Of course I did. It's my money and I'll do what I want with it. Besides, I need to know that you are all very well looked after from now on." I said softly, a little embarrassed by their shocked response to me.

"Why isn't your name on here?" August suddenly said, looking up from the title deeds, and when he asked, all the others gathered around him to look as well.

"Well, I didn't want to impose on you all. You mightn't have wanted me to stay here, especially if it made you feel uncomfortable." I answered truthfully, hanging my head in shame. But then I remembered we had three more things to do, one of which was probably the most important of all.

Again I went and got out another file from the same travel bag,

Asking Monet to help me fill their glasses once more with champagne, I asked them all if they minded me doing the honours again.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for the pain you have all endured, and I wish I had been more of a man and done something to help you all much earlier. But I didn't back then, so all I can do is try very hard to make amends. Anyway, I sure hope this goes some small way towards you one day forgiving me." I said, and then handed each one of them a personalized envelop.

Justin was the first to open his, and like a kid at Christmas time opening their presents, he emptied the contents onto his lap. He lifted up the fancily decorated certificate, and the plastic sleeve containing a personalised savings account key card.

"This says I'm free! That I'm a free citizen! And this here says there's a bank account under my name! It says I've got \$5 million in it!" Justin exclaimed in astonishment.

"Is this for real, Evan? And this account you opened for me? \$5 million! Why?" Sean asked, tears in his eyes. All I could do was smile sheepishly, looking at everyone until I saw the confusion on August's face.

"You've made a mistake, Evan. There are three certificates here? Ones for me, but the other two are for my sister and my mum? I've haven't seen them since the day we were all enslaved!" August said shaking his head in sadness, fighting back the urge to cry at the memory.

"Evan, you've included in my envelop certificates for our mum and dad as well?" said Brad, a question in his sad eyes as he looked at me in confusion. Lowering my own eyes, I quickly walked over to the phone on the coffee table, dialed reception and gave them the go ahead to proceed.

Then we all heard a knock on the door, and as we all stood there frozen, not one of us making an effort to answer the front door, I looked at the four of them and grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"I think it's for you. You'd better answer it!" I said to the lot of them, and then watched as Sean and August went to the door together.

At first there was an uncomfortable silence as four complete strangers walked slowly into the room. Everyone looked at each other, until Justin, staring at the eldest couple who'd walked in, slowly rose up from where he was sitting, shaking all over.

At the same time Sean looked at Brad in stunned shock as a huge smile spread across his face and Brad moved forward towards the man and woman with tears cascading down his cheeks.

"Boys, it's really you! It really is you! Thank God you made it!" Sam and Joan Cahill cried out as their three sons rushed into their open arms.

And as August moved forward towards the young 12 year old girl and the smiling grey haired woman hugging her closely and holding on to her shoulders, he wept as he swept his mother and little sister up into his open arms in a huge bear hug.

By now I was making my way to my new bedroom, a lavish room with a massive bed in the corner and a large sofa couch facing a huge LCD TV. It also had an adjoining bathroom with sauna and spa, and a small modern kitchenette. I caught Monet's eye, and gestured that maybe he should come with me so we could leave the reunited families to get reacquainted.

As I closed the door behind us, Monet went to turn down my bed sheets, getting it ready for me to retire, but I pulled him aside and made him sit down as I put the kettle on.

"Monet, you don't have to wait on me anymore. You're your own free man now. You can do whatever you please, and no-one can ever again tell you what to do." I said to him as I served him up a cup of his favourite tea. At first he just stared at me, and a big kind smile formed across his wrinkled face as he chuckled softly to himself.

"Master Evan, I'm seventy one years of age, and I've been a slave for thirty of those years. It's all I know. I don't know anything else. So if you don't mind, I'll continue to look after your needs and make sure you look presentable at all the time. It's what I do best!" Monet said happily as he shushed me when I tried to interrupt him.

"What you did for us all was splendid Master Evan. I have always been very proud of you, as if you were my very own son, and even though I was only your slave, I feel it was a great honour to have served you. Of course I will go on serving you, but I want you to do a favour for me Master Evan's?" he said.

"Of course I will! Just ask and I'll do it." I answered straight away.

"Just be yourself Master Evan. And when good things come along, grab them and don't let them go, no matter what! Life's far too short to be apologising all the time, or feeling sorry about the woes or tribulations of the world. Take it from an old man when I say, enjoy every moment without any regrets." He said wisely.

"I have a feeling that out there in the living room right now, your apology is being accepted. Now get into bed and let me tuck you in. Time we all got some sleep and see how the rest of the

young ones are in the morning! Besides, I want to see if my bedroom is as grand as this one!" Monet said firmly, smiling as he finished his tea and went to fluff up my pillows.

I fell asleep soon after Monet had left me, but I was instantly awoken by the hysterical cries and weeping of Sean and Justin as they came bursting into my room.

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## 6.1     Noel Morgan – The Solitary Stance

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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I couldn't believe it. I'd finally found them all and now here he was, on his back completely naked, his arms thrown back way above his head and his legs lifted into the air and spread wide apart, inviting me to take that which was rightfully mine.

His large thick penis was fully erect, leaking and throbbing as it lay huge on his flat stomach as he waited in fear and anticipation for me to step forward, kneel at the base of his buttocks and slide my own rampant cock all the way up his fuck-hole.

I felt like I was floating on air, on 'Cloud 9', feeling so light and marveling at having faggot-girl, I mean Brad, back in my possession. And as I stared at his recently stretched puffed up, red raw anus, I smiled with happiness that we were now re-united and I could show Brad how much I really did care for him.

Immediately I leaned over him and stared deep in his frightened face.

"Open your fucking legs even wider faggot-girl, and start playing with that clit of yours. And why aren't you begging me to fuck you?" I said, unable to hide the huge smile of joy plastered across my face as I watched him obey me. Immediately I began lightly slapping his large hairless balls about between his inner thighs, watching as little spurts of pre-cum bubbled and oozed out the tip of his penis to dribble in long sticky drips onto his hard washboard stomach.

"I'm sorry Master! Please Master, please fuck me really hard, please Master!" he replied quickly, his quavering voice breaking as he stared meekly up at me. How amazing to think Evan could possibly think of taking Brad away from me. I could even tell faggot-girl was lost in his own daze of overwhelming lust as he stared up at me, silently begging me to fuck him, to make him mine.

Yes, this was good! My contact Grady had come through even quicker than I could possibly have imagined. Immediately after my call, he'd checked all air flights out of the state, instantly finding out the flight number and time of departure for Evan and his fleeing entourage.

Then he'd quite simply done a very quick phone around to the most expensive hotels in the huge metropolitan city of Morrisett, New Holland. Within minutes he had all the details of when they were to book in, how many were staying there, and likely time of arrival.

I've got to hand it to him. Grady was good, but when he rang me back less than an hour after I'd initially contacted him, he suddenly made a demand which I had to accept if I wanted to see faggot-girl any time soon.

"I want the slave bitch for 48 hours. I've heard he's a good looking kid and a great lay. If you let me have him for that amount of time, all to myself for 48 hours, I'll go pick him up, and once I've had my way with him, I'll bring him to a place of your choice. We got a deal?" he'd stated.

What could I say? Actually I had plenty, but at the moment, I wasn't in a position to argue with him.

"Okay, it's a deal! But remember this! If I find one mark on him, or if you so much as damage him in any way, I'll make sure you end up in a plutonium mine west of Kazakhstan! Not only you, but every family member you hold dear to you. Do you understand me?" I said, the threat oozing like treacle from my tongue.

"Now that's not very neighbourly, is it? Okay, I agree, but I will warn you. I like my sex really rough, so expect him to have lots of bruises all over his face and body by the time I deliver him to you!"

I slammed the receiver down on the phone, pissed off I'd allowed myself to be hoodwinked by that conniving bastard. Well, it wouldn't matter, because once I got Brad back, I'd make sure that sleaze suffered severely for his total lack of respect for me.

But it was the waiting that nearly pushed me over the edge. I wanted the fag with me now. I hated the fact I had to wait, and believe me, 48 hours is a fucking long time to wait.

Anyway, as planned I went up to the northern state of New Holland, booked into a seedy looking motel on the outskirts of Morrisett, and messaged through my current location to Grady.

Finally I heard the knock on the door that I'd been waiting for. As soon as I opened it, Grady, a huge bear of a man threw faggot-girl stumbling into the centre of the small one bedroom apartment where he collapsed in a quivering weeping heap.

"Here he is as promised. And thanks for the extended time so I could get acquainted with the queer slave. Anyway, I don't think I ripped his pussy up too much, but I can't guarantee you that! If I have, take it out of the money you're paying me, cause believe me, it was well worth it. Best fuck session I've had in a long time. Now, do you want me to wait for you at the Devonport Motel?" he said, smiling contentedly as he waited for my reply.

"Okay then. When I'm done here, I'll call you and you can smuggle him back across the border for me. Just wait by the phone and I'll call when I'm finished here!" I said, unable to take my eyes off of faggot-girl cowering there in front of me.

Dismissing Grady, I locked the door, and immediately went over and knelt down next to Brad as he tried to cringe away from me. Quickly I ran my hands over his body, making sure that no bones were broken. I must have appeared close to hysterical, really concerned that Grady might have hurt my faggot-girl in some way.

Suddenly I hugged him close to my chest, and before I knew what I was doing, I leant down and kissed my queer-boy on his trembling lips. The look of shock that appeared on his face was no different to the look of stunned disbelief that appeared on mine.

But it didn't seem to matter any more as I quickly reached down and unzipped his pants so I could reach in and slowly stroke his thick uncircumcised penis as he lay there on his side in utter confused silence. Again I leant down and kissed him, and this time not allowing him to move as I ran my tongue inside his mouth.

Immediately I stood up and stared down at him smiling. I couldn't help myself.

"It's great to have you back, faggot-girl. I really missed you, and like I promised you earlier, I've come to take you away with me." I said happily, watching Brad's face intently.

Faggot-girl just lay there speechless, but I could see he was still terrified of me. Well, that was okay, because I didn't want him to suddenly think I was going soft on him, giving him ideas he could somehow get away from me.

"You look a fucking mess. Now get up, take those clothes off and get your sorry arse into the shower. Oh yeah, and leave the door open. I want to watch as you scrub yourself clean!" I instructed, aware of the

Sniffling and trying to contain his tears, Brad quickly got up and stripped his t-shirt, jeans and underwear off and hurried into the shower cubicle. For me it was pure delight to watch him as he suds himself up, washing away the last few days grime and dried sperm caked to his skin, and the rancid lingering scent of Grady from his smooth muscular body.

There he stood, the fine spray of the shower cascading over his head and down his trembling body as he obediently scrubbed himself. I could see where Grady had repeatedly beaten him. Large bruises covered his torso and his left eye was blackened, and his lower lip was puffed out and hugely swollen.

"Bend over and pull your butt cheeks wide apart faggot-girl!" I said to him as he stared at me in defeat. Quickly he turned around and bent over, pulling his arse cheeks wide apart. I could see how he'd been used, how Grady must have fucked him continuously over the 48 hours he was in his care.

There didn't appear to be any damage, but his anus was puffed up and red raw. That was important for me to know. I needed to know I could still shove my dick up faggot-girl's pussy and take my pleasures without him bleeding all over me.

"Okay, you can dry yourself. I want you standing in the slave position before me in 2 minutes. Now hurry the fuck up!" I snapped at him, watching as he hastily grabbed up a towel and quickly ran it over his firm body.

Before I knew it, he stood before me, legs wide apart, hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed low so that his chin rested on his chest, and his groin thrust forward as far as he could push his hips out. But more importantly, his large penis was rock-hard, standing up to attention and leaking pre-cum, waiting for me to touch it, to inspect him.

That's when I truly knew my faggot-girl Brad was really mine. I knew he no longer had a microchip implanted in his spine anymore, but his cock stood up rigid before him, inviting me to stroke and inspect it. I also knew he was once more a free citizen, and if he really wanted to, he could just as easily have walked out of here without saying anything to me.

And believe me when I say, if he'd made that decision to walk out on me, there wouldn't have been much I could have done about it. He was bigger than me, taller than me, and as he'd proved to me on a number of occasions at high school, he knew how to look after himself.

Of course I would never have let him walk out on me. I would have had Grady here in a split second to take him down, and then got him across the border as quickly as I could.

But here he stood, offering his body, offering up his huge erect penis to me in all his naked glory. I knew his will had been utterly broken when I'd initially had him enslaved, and here was the final physical prove that he needed me to look after his submissive needs.

"Did you miss me, faggot-girl? Have you missed servicing all my manly needs?" I asked him as I wrapped my fingers around his fuck-pole and started slowly jerking him off. At first he just moaned and whimpered before he answered me.

"Master, yes I missed you very much, Master! Master, I missed so much the feel of your big manly cock in my mouth and fucking my loose sloppy vagina, Master!" he intoned, and I could tell he was actually speaking the truth to me.

"Okay then faggot-girl, prove it to me. Give me the best blow job you can possibly give me!" I said letting go of his dick and standing up as he slid down onto his knees before me.

Again it was wondrous! How he looked up into my face, his blue eyes reflecting his total obedience to me as he reached up with both hands and unzipped my pants. And then very carefully, he lowered them and my underwear down around my knees as he quickly tongued the length of my growing penis before taking it into his mouth.

"Yes, that's it! Be my good obedient little faggot bitch! Make your Daddy proud how good a cock-sucking homo you really are!" I gasped out loud with pleasure. And he did. He looked me up into my eyes and smiled around the girth of my throbbing penis as he slid his swollen lips tightly up and down its long pulsating length.

"Oh yes, that's it! Now when I cum, I don't want you to swallow, faggot-girl! Just keep it nice and warm in your mouth! Then I'll use it to lube you up when I'm ready to fuck you, baby!" I grunted as I felt my large hairy balls contract, my body shudder and quiver uncontrollably, and as I grabbed

the back of his blond head and pulled his face flush against my crotch, I suddenly exploded into his sucking mouth.

"Good faggot! Now that was a great blow job!" I said to him, and then gestured for him to get up on the small single bed on his back.

"See, darling! My dicks still as hard as ever! Now spit out my jism into the palm of my hand, and then reach around and pull your arse cheeks wide apart for me. A few dabs and we'll be ready to have a lovely slow fuck! Won't that be nice, faggot-girl?" I said to him as he obediently dribbled my spunk into the palm of my hand and I quickly fingered it up into his arsehole.

Then putting his knees over my shoulders so his ankles rested on my lower back, I entered him with one smooth push all the way up his gripping massaging anus. And even without his micro-chip to enhance his own pleasure against his will, his anus instantly responded to my penetration by opening up as wide as possible to wrap itself around the full length of my thrusting penis.

I took my time as I fucked him, all the time looking into his dazzling blue eyes. At times I hammered as hard as I could into his responding loudly squelching boy-pussy, and other times I just let him feel the thickness and length of my cock sliding slowly in and out of him.

Yes, he was mine, and once again I placed my lips against his, pushed my tongue into his mouth and forced him to kiss me long and hard as I began to fuck him with sharp savage lunges that made him shake and bounce about under me.

"You'll always be mine, no matter what happens from now on, faggot-girl! You'll continue to pleasure me whenever I want it, and every time you submit to me, you'll put your whole heart and soul into it, understand!" I breathed out heavily, wanting to embrace him as tight as I could to my humping bucking perspiring body.

"Master, I'll do anything you want, Master! Master, please fuck my vagina even harder, please Master!" he replied in a low sad voice, a voice filled with his own uninhibited lust, yet full of a despairing understanding he was now nothing without me. That he needed this more than anything else in the world.

That's when I lifted my chest up a fraction and began slapping his face as hard as I could while fucking him even harder. And as I watched his reaction to my viciousness, I smiled in joyful love for him as he looked up at me in a frightened terrified way, like a timid naughty little girl who knew she had to accept her punishment.

Yes, this was what he wanted the most. I could see how he'd crossed over to being a complete submissive cock-loving masochist, loving the endless humiliation I was subjecting him to. He knew there was nothing else he could do now in life but submit to me completely and service every one of my sexual needs.

And finally, as I felt myself bracing against the most intensive orgasmic ejaculation I'd ever experienced, I leant my head back down and took his offered tongue between my teeth and bit down lightly as I flooded his bowels with my copious amounts of never-ending spunk.

Slowly I let go of his tongue as my breathing steadied. I could taste a small amount of his blood in my mouth as I ran my tongue over my teeth and gums. And as I stared down into his face, I knew I had to get him and me away from here as quick as possible.

I know I can no longer take anymore chances, and that returning home may not be the best option for us right now. I needed a safe place for us, somewhere where neither Evan nor my father could find us.

As I untangle myself from Brad's naked body, I reached for the phone, my mind made up. It was time to pull in some favors' owed to me, and I knew Grady would also do what I wanted, especially if the incentive and payment was high enough.

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## 6.2 Brad Cahill – Catch 22

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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I no longer know how much of the young proud masculine Brad is still left in me anymore.

That huge part of my personality now seems to be missing. Where I vaguely remember I was once a fearless excitable young free citizen teenager, thrilled about the world and my future. I kind of feel at times that this glorious character trait I once had, no longer exists at all in me now, and the queer slave girl Master Noel has commanded me to become has finally taken over my entire personally.

Sometimes I wonder if I miss the old Brad, the young handsome macho 18 year old teenage football star, who took no bullshit from anyone as he looked forward to a very bright future in professional football.

But I know that's all gone now. I can't pine for what I used to be. I can still remember vaguely how I was once free, and then enslaved to Master Noel. How somehow Master Evan had freed me for a very short time afterwards before I'd allowed myself to be enslaved once again.

Again, I mustn't dwell on those thoughts, and I should be very happy that I am now a highly valued male pleasure slave, and will always be used as a sex slave until I eventually lose my handsome looks to old age.

In this life, where being a sex slave means I don't have any choices whatsoever but to please my master and be exactly what he wants me to be, I know the old rebellious, carefree Brad has been utterly defeated, beaten out of me, and what is left is an empty shell where the former proud youth I used to be once resided.

Oh, my muscular strong 18 year old teenage body is still the same, and my face is still considered extremely youthful and boyishly handsome.

And as I attend to Master Noel's every sexual needs and desires, I obediently grovel and cower, and act exactly like the little faggot-girl he demands I be.

Sometimes as he uses me, and he's looking deep into my eyes, he'll start slapping me real hard, snarling into my startled frightened face.

"I can still see you! Staring out at me defiantly! But don't worry cunt, you won't be in there much longer! Just you wait!" he'd grate through his clenched teeth, and then savagely beat me up as he continues to fuck me as hard as he can. Most times I don't know what Master Noel is ranting on

about, but sometimes I feel something in my mind shift, and I do wonder if it's the old Brad in there.

Anyway, they say once a slave has been enslaved and he finally lets go of his past and learns to accept his future, the slave will achieve a euphoric feeling of freedom that no free citizen can ever possibly hope to achieve.

Maybe they're right!

Even now, six months later, as the dawn breaks signaling another beautiful morning rising on the eastern horizon, and I kneel on my hands and knees between Master Noel's parted legs, I silently give thanks to Master Noel for showing me what a good little girl I am and how it is important to show my gratitude at all times to him.

With his thick semi-hard penis lodged in my mouth, and looking up into his yawning face while he sits perched on the side of his bed rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, I once again praise him in my mind, thanking him for selecting me to be his little faggot-girl, and I can feel my tight little vagina twitching in anticipation for when he decides to fuck me later.

Then when I hear Master Noel sigh softly as he relaxes completely, the warning sign he is about to release his bladder and I should seal my lips tightly around his thick uncut penis so no urine can escape, I look into his handsome adorable face, willing him eagerly to hurry up and bless me with his morning pee.

As the first squirting drops of his bitterly pungent urine trickling onto my tongue turns into a powerful gushing torrent spraying the back of my throat to instantly fill my mouth, I quickly swallow and gulp down all of Master Noel's morning glory piss. Immediately I feel my eyes tearing up with pure joy and happiness as I service my Master's early morning toilet needs, and thank God I am his one and only little faggot-girl pleasure slave.

Sucking the last droplets of piss from out of his long thick tube, and then using my long pointed tongue to lick under his foreskin to clean it out, I keep my twinkling blue eyes focused on Master Noel's contented face. I remember I must at all times be completely docile, and cower before him so he is happy with my absolute obedience to him.

Then, having just swallowed every drop of Master Noel's urine, I immediately obey him when he orders me to lie on my back next to him and spread my legs as wide as I can so he can look down at my total submission to him.

And like every other morning since he rescued me, I am wearing the skimpy pair of frilly girl's crotchless knickers he has bought me. They have been pulled down off my hips and are stretched out thinly between my widely parted ankles.

Master Noel's hand gently caresses my inner thighs, enjoying the feel of the tight silk stockings he makes me wear, and sometimes in the mornings, when he is in a happy and generous mood, he'll flick the elastic band of the garter belt and suspenders holding up my stockings.

As always, I wear the high heels he has brought me, as he likes the look of them as he orders me to sashay around the room we are staying in, or feel them bouncing about on his back when he is fucking me with my legs over his shoulders.

Again I listen intently as he begins to remind me I am his little faggot-girl, and that I must act and behave like a proper little queer girl for his pleasure, and his pleasure only.

And as he speaks to me, and I actually feel him stripping the last vestiges of any manhood and masculinity he may see in me, referring to me as his personal homosexual sex slave, as his little faggot-girlie, and I know he is only doing this for my own good.

I know what he doing is very good for me, as Master Noel has always told me ever since he came up to New Holland and brought me back with him that he is the only one who can truly look after my faggot and queer homo needs.

That he is the only one who can love me with the proper discipline to make me respond to his ever-increasing lustful desires.

As he reaches between my legs and fondles with my large hairless balls, squeezing them gently and patting and slapping them about, I listen obediently as he refers to them as my little girl's ovaries, regardless of their large walnut size. And when he runs his fingers and fisted hand up and down my very thick erect penis, I eagerly smile and agree with him when he calls this my little clitoris, just part of my sweet little adorable girly parts.

And as he roughly slides three fingers up my anus, and the muscles inside my anal passage gently squeeze and suck on his thrusting fingers, I simper and giggle like a naughty little pubescent girl as he makes me tell him how nice it is to have him finger-fuck my sloppy vagina or loose girl pussy.

Yes, I lie there giggling like a little girl for him, lisping out loud in a girlish voice, acting out the role he wants me to play. And every time he does this, I can feel his growing love for me swelling up inside him as I quickly start passionately kissing and licking his hairy body all over.

But when he pushes me onto my back and lies down on top of me, placing my silk stocking-covered legs over his shoulders, and I once again reach down and gently take his rock-hard leaking erection in my hand to guide him into my faggot-girl vagina, I know I love him with all my being, that I will do anything to make him proud of me.

Then as he stares down into my timid smiling face and my body starts responding enthusiastically to his rapid cock thrusting pace as he drives himself all the way in and out of me, I thank him for being a real man. I thank him with all my heart for teaching me what my real nature is, and how important it is for me to act like a faggot, a real queer girl for his personal pleasures at all times.

I can't help it when my butt cheeks spread even further apart for him, pushing up frantically to get as much of his raging thrusting cock all the way further up into me. Willingly I open myself up to

him, my body vibrating and pulsing, my girl-pussy sucking tightly on his rigid penis, caressing and massaging it every time he plunges deep inside me.

And between our bodies, my fully erect clitty aches for release, begging to be touched and jerked, leaking huge amounts of pre-cum onto my flat stomach, demanding attention that will let my fully charged ovaries explode and empty. And the feel of his hot hairy masculine body against my smooth hairless girl's body drives me into a heightened aroused state that nearly knocks me unconscious.

He taunts me again, reminding me of the first time he'd taken me in front of his two best friends, how he had made me squirt my girly juices twice as he'd fucked me hard, and how no real man, especially a supposed tough young teenage sports stud like I used to be, could ever claim to be straight if I'd cum while being fucked up my eagerly hungry vagina.

And as he slams up into me, he continues to remind me I am nothing but his little sex toy, a naughty little girlie-boy born to be fucked, and that I must have always been a queer, a faggot. Just look at my clitty, he says.

See how much girly juices I'm leaking, and then he demands that I admit I love being fucked up my pussy like a real homo. Immediately I smile back up into his lust filled face and tell him I will always be his faggot, his homo, his queer-girl, and that I love the feel of his large erect penis sliding in and out of my vagina.

Again, I can feel and sense a little bit more of my original self vanishing as he continues to berate that part of me that used to be Brad. I know Brad is finally lost forever and Master Noel's new little fuck-girl has taken over completely and will submit to whatever Master Noel wants her to do.

Once more he increases his fuck-pace, growling into my simpering smiling face now, reminding me to move my lipstick-coated lips up and start kissing him passionately all over his muscular manly shoulders, upper chest and neck.

And as I respond, obeying him willingly, completely, licking and kissing his hairy upper torso as he pounds away, I keep my twinkling blue eyes open and stare into his loving vicious ginning face.

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## 7. Evan Morgan – A Reversal of Fortunes

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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Not many people will forgive me for what I did to my own brother. Not my parents, not Noel's friends, not Brad, and not Noel himself.

In fact, as I look at myself in the mirror, sometimes I wonder if I'll ever truly forgive myself, wondering what really drove me to act in such a despicable way. Was it because I had had enough, that I wanted it to end here and now? That if I didn't do what I'd done, Noel would have continued to come after us, making all our lives a living hell!

Or was it because I truly thought Noel deserved to be punished for the horrible things he'd done to so many innocent people?

Or maybe it was because I was so insanely jealous of Noel, of his hold over Brad, and how Brad rushed in to try and defend my brother, declaring his undying love and loyalty to him.

In a way, all the above are the reasons for why I finally set in motion a plan to trap my older brother and have Noel enslaved for life.

On the evening of our escape, when I lay in my bed feeling safe and secure for the first time in a long time, I would never have dreamed I would choose the path I eventually took in wanting to finally destroy my own family and my brother once and for all.

To have Sean and Jason race into my new bedroom at the Le Grand Hotel where we'd literally just booked in that evening, and to tell me Brad had been abducted right outside the front of our executive suite doors, filled me with a panic that nearly drove me hysterical.

It should have been the happiest night of all our lives, where Brad, Sean and Justin were re-united with their parents, where August was re-united with his mother and little sister, and where Monet and I watched with tears in our eyes as they came together.

And the moment Sean and Justin came bursting into my room, sobbing out what had just happened I knew it was Noel and that he was behind this.

At first I thought it would be easy to track down Noel, and once I knew where he was, then I would work out a way to get Brad back.

But it wasn't so simple at all.

On the first night he'd been snatched, while trying to calm the boys and their parents, I was able to discover from the concierge that a large bear-like man in an old duffle overcoat was seen lugger a large bundle out the front door of the Le Grand Hotel.

Immediately I called security for the hotel, and demanded to know why they hadn't done anything about it. When they admitted they had seen the man on their monitors but not moved to query him as to why he was on the premises, I exploded.

That's when I instantly realised most of them had been bribed to turn the other way. None of them cared and they literally smirked in my face when I demanded an explanation. Of course, within the hour, none of them were smirking anymore as I watched them walk out of the hotel carrying their severance pays.

Then I called in a high-priced lawyer, and when he arrived I authorized him to commence proceedings to sue the contracted security firm for a sum of money that would see them put out of business within the week.

But what needed to be done next? Time to me was passing too quickly, and every moment meant the man was getting a bigger head-start on us.

With the assistance of the lawyer, I was able to secure the employ of a creditable well-known private investigator, as well as a private security firm that specialised in contracts such as this. I needed them all to track down the man, find out where my brother was, and work out a way to get Brad back.

Also, I needed full-time security and body guards for every one of Brad's family, for Monet and for August and his family. I couldn't afford to think what would happen if either of Brad's brothers suddenly disappeared and how this would affect his already distraught parents.

By the end of the first week, few leads had been discovered, so it was agreed that the man was definitely a professional under the employ of my brother Noel. Also, it appeared Noel had dropped out of sight. There were no leads whatsoever, and no-one could guarantee me when they could get Brad back.

By the end of the second week, we were all feeling lost and frustrated. I concurred with my security people that it was very unlikely the man, Noel or Brad was still in the state of New Holland.

That was when I launched a class action lawsuit against my own brother and his accomplices, claiming Noel Morgan was responsible for the illegal and improper enslavement of the entire Cahill family, as well as for the Mathers family, which were August's mother and little sister.

Sweet August immediately made arrangements to have his family moved to an island resort, which was surrounded by security, before coming back to me and declaring he would stay with me until we found Brad.

Sean and Justin wanted to do the same thing with their parents. But they quite eloquently argued that there was no way they were going to sit this out, especially considering this was their eldest son who would need their support as soon as we found him.

Monet was just Monet. He was the emotional and rational anchor of our small group. He kept us sane and kept our spirits up at all times. Never once did he cave in to the lowest depths of depression that I sometimes found myself floundering in.

Of course, my lawsuit immediately brought out the national media, who instantly began reporting it as a protest movement against slavery. At the urgent advice giving to me by my growing team of lawyers, I immediately hired on a public relations firm. I needed this whole situation to be seen for what it was, and that was my brother's illegal actions against innocent people.

And then before I could even scratch myself, there were my father and his team of legal beagles confronting me across a huge oak table in the executive boardroom of the Le Grand Hotel.

He looked devastated that I could even do such a thing as this to my older brother, exclaiming I was ruining the family name by going down this path.

Abruptly I held my hand up, demanding he shut his mouth. Then throwing down copies of all the documents I had gathered over the last six months, as well as three dozen video tapes from Noel's personal library collection I had secreted from his room before I'd left the family estate, I told my father to look at the evidence, and I would speak to him the next day. It was a much more subdued man who faced me the next day. But he still whined and threatened me, demanding to know why I hadn't come to him in the first place. Easier said than done, I'd answered, and should we like always just sweep all this under the carpet as well.

No, I informed my father! There was nothing he could do, and I doubted he had the guts to follow up and punish his eldest son for what he'd done.

So now it was my turn, and it was my full intention to go after every person who had abused Brad, to have them all enslaved, along with all their families, and let them experience firsthand what they'd done to Brad and his family.

I remember watching my father leaving, and although he looked like a shattered man who was seeing his presidential chances fly out the window, I could also see he was impressed by my stubbornness, my determination to see justice finally done.

Two months had flown by, and still no leads were picked up to where Noel and Brad had disappeared to. Immediately I hired another two private detectives as well as another three security agencies.

I now had eyes and ears looking in every state and territory of our nation. I was determined to bring Brad home, and bring Noel to justice.

Of course the ramifications of my class action lawsuits escalated across the country, and before I knew it, anyone who'd been associated with Noel was now subpoenaed to appear before the Supreme Court.

Also, word got back to me that the once much-heralded Regional Slave Induction and Training Facility where Brad and his brothers were first imprisoned had now been closed down due to the suicide of the general manager Mr Kindred, and the enslavement of up to 40 of its senior slave training officers.

This was followed by more news of many suicides across the state, of people who had been in the direct pay of my brother. Even the FITO (the Federal Internal Tax Office) and Slave Enforcement Authority were being investigated in depth, and I would soon hear about the suicide of one Mr Jonas Pearson.

But the fact was no-one who was involved in Noel's highly illegal enslavement of the Cahill family could have gotten away or pleaded innocent, mainly because I had all the video evidence.

Noel, to his credit, and to my advantage, had video recorded everything he'd ever done or organised, and everyone involved with him was seen within those recordings.

But still no word came back of where he and Brad could be. As five months flashed by us, I agonised what else I could do to find them.

But it was in the eleventh month that the man known as Grady was finally caught, and in his possession, a video recording of his 48 hours with Brad.

Immediately it was confiscated by the authorities, but I was given a private viewing so I could verify that this was indeed Brad Cahill at the time of his abduction.

But this is where things became really weird for me. In a way, the lewd video recording also told the story of a young man who wasn't abducted, but who had gone of his own free will with the man known as Grady, to a shady hotel room on the outskirts of Morrisett City.

And as the film played, there sat Brad on the edge of single bed, speaking into the camera lens with tears in his eyes as he admitted to following Grady to this filthy one room bed-sitter.

And the reason why? Because Brad knew Noel would never leave him or his family alone if he didn't obey Grady and do what he was told. At least this way, he explained, if he submitted to Noel's will straight away, his family would be free of being harassed or stalked or something far worse.

Then Brad stood up and with trembling hands, lowered his pants and underwear, stepped out of them and holding his large uncircumcised penis up to the camera, began masturbating himself while smiling a sad defeated smile.

Suddenly Grady walked into camera range, and raising his fist, he punched Brad in the face, knocking him onto his back where he proceeded to tear his clothes off his body and then violently rape him in the vilest ways possible.

Immediately I left the viewing room, heart-broken and weeping as I considered my next move. With my team of lawyers on hand, I knew we could get Grady put away for life, because at the time of the video recording, Brad was a free citizen, and it could be proved beyond a reasonable doubt that what was recorded here was nothing more than outright coercion and rape against the victim.

Upon meeting Grady, it took all my strength not to pick up the closer heavy object and slam it across his smirking sneering face. I listened as my lawyers offered him a way to reduce his sentence, and at the federal prosecutor who nodded his head in agreement. All he had to do was give us information that led us straight to Noel and Brad.

Grady immediately tried to haggle, laughing that we had nothing on him.

“I want him enslaved, castrated and sold to the Zasiadko mine pit in the Ukraine. Also include his wife and any children he may have!” I said aloud, watching the smile melt from his face and a scared, panicked look replace it.

“No! You can’t! That’s not legal!” he spluttered, suddenly outraged that a young punk like me could ever make such decisions like this.

“What you did to my friend Brad wasn’t legal either!” I replied softly, and turning towards the prosecutor, I told him to let me know when the jury had made there decision and were ready to sentence Grady.

“It’s a foregone conclusion! You’ll be convicted, and then I want the most severe punishment possible to be meted out to you and every one of your closest relatives. Like they say, we should always keep it in the family!” I said as I turned away from him and made to leave.

“Wait! Wait! Look, I’ll tell you what I know okay? It ain’t much, because your brother didn’t leave any following contact details! He was too concerned of what you might do! But I know how to find out! If you’ll let me keep my balls, and leave my family out of this, I’ll help you find him!” he blurted out, desperately.

Turning back around, I nodded my head to one of my lawyers, and then stormed out of the room.

True to his word, Grady led us directly to Noel’s doorstep, in a southern state of the country, where he’d stayed low and avoided bringing any attention to himself.

He was now 20 years of age, maybe an inch taller than I’d last seen him, and he was working from home for a small electronics outfit near the city of Fairfax. The house he was renting was a dingy small one bedroom affair, with a tiny kitchenette, toilet and shower room.

To me, twelve months had gone by, and I knew I must have appeared to everyone else as if I was a fanatical zealot on my quest to find Brad. I had grown over a foot and a half, and I had begun to really fill out.

I doubt Noel would have recognised me at first if he'd just seen me in the street, as I'd also altered my appearance a bit as well by dying my hair dark brown with bleached blond streaks which was the fad of the day for people my age.

But it was time to drop in and visit him. I know my heart skipped a beat as I knocked on his door, and when he opened it, I must admit it was me who didn't immediately recognise him.

He appeared to have a permanent five o'clock shadow, his eyes were hollow and he was a lot skinnier than I remembered him to be. Whatever he'd been doing lately, he definitely hadn't been looking after himself. All he was wearing was a filthy stained t-shirt and a pair of very dirty tight jockey briefs.

At first he just stared at me, dumbfounded, and casting wary glances around outside to ensure I was alone, he stepped aside and let me enter.

The room was a pigsty. Maggot infested food was strewn around, left unattended in a thick covering of buzzing flies. The light was pitifully low, and it took a second for my eyes to adjust.

And that's when I finally laid eyes on Brad for the first time since he'd been taken from us, from me. He was on his knees which were wide apart, his arms behind his back, his head lowered with his chin resting on his chest and his groin thrust forward towards me as he maintained a raging rock-hard erection.

I nearly cried as I saw how much weight he'd lost. The fact I could see his ribs through his once muscular chest sent shockwaves through me.

Not taking my eyes off him, I made my way to a short stool where I sat down, before turning my full attention back to Noel.

"Well, you're not looking too good at all, Noel." I said casually. Noel just stared at me, and then ran his hand through his long oily unwashed hair as he tried to think of something to say to me.

"What the fuck do you want? Why are you here, Evan?" he said, his voice full of fear, knowing what I was about to say.

"Noel, I've come to take Brad back to his family. Why else would I be here?" I answered, acting surprised he'd even asked me such a stupid question. Immediately Noel moved over towards Brad as if to protect him, and then I watched in amazement as Brad wrapped his once strong but now thin arms around Noel's waist, hugging him close to him.

They were both shaking, trembling in fear. Even though Noel had seen no-one outside with me, he would have known at that point I wasn't alone. In fact as we were speaking, 10 heavily armed

law enforcement officers were now surrounding the house and ready to storm it at my signal. And Brad could sense something was terribly wrong, and was terrified Noel was about to be taken away from him.

"You can't take him! He's mine! Fucking look at him Evan, and see he doesn't want to go! He'll die without me, for fuck sake! You should go now, please, and leave us along, okay? Don't tell anyone we're here, please Evan?" Noel said in a scared blustering hysterical voice, trying to act like the brutish brother he used to be.

But I heard the tone of his voice change into that of a very frightened child, and suddenly he was pleading with me to leave them alone as he slid down and hugged Brad even closer to him.

"Please Evan, please just go and leave us alone." He begged, and for the first time since I could remember, I watched tears run down Noel's face as he started crying.

"I can't do that Noel. Brad's brothers and mother and father miss him so very much, and I can see he's not very well. And Noel, father and mother want to see you too. We only want you both to be safe and sound, Noel." I said softly.

"That's not true Evan! You've come here to separate us! That's why you're here isn't it? You want to destroy what we have together! Well, I won't let you, you fucking cunt! Get the fuck out of my house before I fucking kill you!" Noel screamed at me, suddenly standing up and moving unsteadily towards me.

Instantly I stood up and smashed my fist into his gaunt face, and watching the startled expression on his grimacing frightened face change from surprise to agony as he slumped down on the floor unconscious.

Suddenly Brad wailed, throwing his arms out before himself, and I knew then something was wrong with his eye sight as he frantically felt around blindly, trying to locate where Noel had fallen. Quickly he found him and then leaning over my brother, Brad began howling and sobbing, running his trembling hands over Noel's limp body as he tried to wake him up.

It was too much for me. Standing there, with tears pouring down my face, I shouted out the key word, and before Brad or I knew what was happening, the house was full of armed men checking out every quarter of the small dwelling. Quickly I knelt down next to Brad, who cowered away from me immediately, but I gently wrapped my arms around his thin malnourished naked body and hugged him close to my chest.

And as I watched the pandemonium happening in that small house as the law enforcement officers rolled Noel onto his stomach and cuffed his wrists behind his back, before dragging him out to the police van waiting outside, I wondered what the fuck Noel must have been thinking for them to end up like derelicts on skid row. How could he have done this to Brad? How could he have done this to himself?

Within half an hour, I carefully guided Brad out of there and into a large limousine waiting for us. Brad appeared to be suffering from some sort of eye affliction which had literally blinded him. But I kept him close to me and spoke softly as I guided him slowly into the warm interior of the vehicle that would take us both home.

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### 7.1     Noel Morgan – A Lost Cause

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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How can I now say I'm truly sorry for all the pain I've caused so many people? Is it too late for me to make amends to everyone I've hurt over the years.

The courts have said so. They believe it's too late for me. They even believe that 'slavery for life' isn't good enough, that my punishment should be far greater to reflect the heinous nature of what I've done.

As I write this, I'm sitting on the cold concrete floor of a small cell I'm occupying. There's a thin urine-stained foam mattress I use as my bed, and a hole in the ground which I use to piss and shit in. There are no windows and there's one small rectangular metal door which I have to hunch down to enter and exit whenever the guards take me out of here for the 35 minute exercise period I'm allowed to have daily.

I'm rationed two hours of light a day, and the rest of the time I spend in pitch black, darkness so unsettling at times I fear I am going insane.

In a sense I'm being kept in solitary confinement. The authorities fear I will be instantly killed if they put me in with any other slaves or prisoners.

Not that that means much. I am not allowed to talk to anyone, not even those who guard me and who take every opportunity to come into my cell and savagely beat me with their fists and batons around my head and body. They never leave any serious marks, but they always ensure I suffer excruciating internal pain around my lower back, the soles of my feet and my stomach.

But I've been given permission to use this thin sliver of charcoal to write down my thoughts on the back of some toilet tissue they've given me.

To be honest, I don't know why I bother. Ever since my incarceration, all I've really wanted to do is close my eyes and not wake up. Just dream my little dreams of being with Brad, and remember how it was before things got really tough.

Yes, I remember how I went up to New Holland and took him away from Evan.

Brad was mine, and even though I didn't understand what was happening to me then, I came to realise I'd fallen deeply in love with him. To me, Brad was my soul mate. He was the perfect sex partner for me, the perfect sex slave, and I would have done anything to keep him close to me to protect him.

But after I'd finally smuggled him across the border, all hell seemed to break lose.

My father had suddenly disowned me, I had no access to any money, and all my contacts and friends seemed to be suddenly disappearing. Those who I could get through to advised me strongly not to head home, that Evan was on the warpath and using every available resource at his vast disposal to track me down.

I was frantic. All I knew was I had to keep Brad with me and look after him. There was nobody else who knew what he really needed, that he's desire to be dominated needed to be done by me and by me alone. Nothing else mattered.

Luckily for both of us, I did have a large amount of cash on me. I knew it would keep us going for at least a few months, until I could come up with another plan to get us more money.

So we moved into a lovely apartment in a state south-west that really endorsed slavery, and where I felt fairly safe if anyone came snooping around. For the first month, all I could do was stay in bed with my faggot-girl, I mean Brad, and enjoy his smooth naked body to the fullest. Everything I wanted to do to him I did, and then I'd think up a whole lot more and submit him to all those sexual desires as well.

Of course, I knew I had to go out and look for work. It was up to me to feed us both, to look out for us, so I finally found the courage to go out by myself and search the 'jobs wanted' employment agencies.

That was when I knew I was really fucked up. Even as I sat in the small office of the local employment agency, filling out the necessary forms to enquire about any employment opportunities, all I could think about was Brad at home, lying on our bed where I'd handcuffed him to the headboard.

But more fucked up was the huge pictures of me and Brad splashed across the front of every newspaper in the city, appearing on every TV channel, of documentaries and news articles trying to locate our whereabouts.

Immediately I packed us up in the middle of the night and took us to another city in another state. Once we arrived and I'd booked us into a dingy dirty one-roomer, I rang Trevor Drummond and organised to meet me incognito in an out-of-the-way café bar.

"Look mate, I shouldn't be here. Evan's got everyone out looking for you, and I can't promise I ain't been followed either. So, what you going to do anyway?" he asked me, and I could see he was worried.

"I need money, and a lot of it! Can you give me a loan until I've sorted out all this shit?" I asked, trying to act as if I was in control.

"No problems Noel! I'll give you what I got here and wire you the rest. How much are you looking at?" Trevor asked as he looked around furtively, drinking the last of his coffee.

"I need at least 1mil. Can you do that?" I asked, feeling the strain catching up with me. I knew I needed sleep, but more importantly, I needed to make sure we were safe when I slept.

"Sure, no problems... Here's 60k until I can get home. Noel, you're not going to like this, but I got to tell you. Steve and his whole family were enslaved last Thursday. Just like that. Don't know why, but the news is Steve's father was involved in some type of stocks and bonds scandal." Trevor told me in a near whisper.

"Not only that, but it looks like three other of our guys got taken down as well. And not only them, but their whole families too. I got a feeling that someone's after the lot of us, Noel." Trevor said, his voice trembling.

To be honest, I didn't give a flying fuck about anyone else's problems. All I was concerned with was getting the money I needed to get Brad and me out of the country, a one-way ticket to a cozy island retreat where we could hold up until Evan came back to his senses, fuck him.

After an hour of idle chatter, we finally said our farewells, and that was the last I saw of him. Later I would learn he and his family were also enslaved upon his return to his family estate. I never did find out the reason, but I know I felt an invisible clammy fist start to tighten around my heart when the money never arrived and all efforts to contact him went unanswered.

Now I was desperate. For two months we stayed in that hovel. Then we were on the move again, a different state and city, stay for a little while and then moved on.

Again, all I wanted to do was fuck Brad stupid, make him tell me how much he loved me over and over again. I knew I was fixated on him, but I didn't care, and what money we had I now began to gamble, hoping for that lucky strike that would buy us our tickets out of the country.

Also, I'd stopped hitting and hurting him. My heart was no longer in it, because suddenly I no longer wanted to see him harmed in any way.

Eventually we were down to our last few thousands, and that's when I decided we had to sell Brad's mouth and pussy. I had no choice but to make him available to any guys prepared to pay for a high-priced male hooker of Brad's exceptional qualities.

At first we began raking the money in, and I could see it wouldn't be long before we'd be on our way to our sunny island resort, but then the bottom dropped out of our thriving enterprise.

One of our regular johns, an old geezer about 50 maybe 60 years old started blackmailing us. He'd seen Brad's and my picture in the local media and put two and two together. Before I knew what hit us, he was demanding a double act performance by both of us, wanting to watch me fucking Brad in as many positions as he could think up, and then bringing along all his friends to watch as well.

Me personally, I got to admit I liked performing in front of a crowd, especially enjoying it when they applauded and urged me on. But I put a stop to anyone thinking they could fuck my arse.

Didn't mind them sucking my cock, but when it came to fucking pussy, well that was where I had Brad step in and offer up his cunt. I wasn't any homo, and I didn't care how much the old man threatened me.

And even though I was outraged at being blackmailed, we suddenly started bringing in more money than I'd imagined with our double act. It was all going along smoothly until the old cunt demanded a half a share in everything we were making, and then demanded he spend more time with Brad than I would usually allow.

That's about the time we did another runner, because that old cunt went and hurt Brad in a way I'd not expected. As was arranged, I went to pick up Brad from the old man's house, and as we were leaving, I saw blood trickling down the inside of his thighs from his arse cheeks. He was staggering and groaning and in the dim light, I could see he was badly beat up all over as well.

Immediately I demanded to know what the fuck had happened, and the old man had proudly announced he'd earlier in the evening shared Brad with about 20 other sicko guys who got off on shoving glass bottles and other large objects up his arsehole and then forcing him to dance and masturbate himself in front of them.

Not only that, but that old fart had been paid a fortune.

That's when I took his own fireplace poker, went over to him to shove it up his arse after I'd beaten him around the head a bit. Problem was, I didn't know he had armed himself with a blade and the next thing I know he'd stabbed me twice in the chest and once in the stomach.

As I'd collapsed, he'd hurried over to Brad who could hardly stand on his own two feet, and was about to slit his throat.

Instantly I jumped up and crowned him over the head with the metal poker slick, and as I freed Brad from his grip, I kept my promise and drove that poker up his arse and watched as blood came pouring out of his bowels.

I doubt it if he lived, but we weren't going to hang around to find out. I staggered around swooning, blood leaking from my wounds until I finally located his stash. Then pocketing the 10k he'd tried to hide from me, and I somehow lifted Brad up onto his feet dragging him after me as we high-tailed it out of there.

Brad was seriously ill for about a month. It was the worse month of my entire life. I really thought I'd lose him then. I didn't have enough money to have him or myself hospitalised, and I couldn't afford to have a doctor look at him or me either.

10k just wasn't enough money to have him medically seen to. Also, my greatest fear was having both of us identified while we lay there in their hospital beds, and then me being unable to stop the authorities taking Brad away from me.

As I haphazardly patched myself up, thinking I might even die on Brad at times, it was one of the few occasions I truly did consider ringing Evan and having him come down and pick Brad up.

I stayed in bed with him all the time, falling in and out of consciousness and hugging him close to me as I tried to will him and myself to get better. And as I got better and I watched him slowly recovering, not once did I leave his side.

By now he'd lost a ton of weight but slowly he did get better, but I knew he was still gravely ill. Of course, there was no way I'd ever let him out of my sight again, or sell him to anyone ever again.

That's when I thought I'd really lost Brad forever. I just never thought anyone would do a home-invasion raid on us while we were this down and out, bursting through our front door and holding us at gun point as they tore our small one bedroom unit apart.

At first I thought it was my brother Evan's goons finally tracked us down, but as I quickly took in the situation, I knew we were in real trouble.

Never had I been so scared, as when we were pushed onto our knees in front of the four masked intruders, four huge black men who stood glaring down on us, threatening to slit Brad's throat if I didn't agree to suck each of their big black dicks.

There was no choice to be made as I looked into Brad frightened trusting sickly face. I immediately turned to the big man in front of me and tasted my first cock, in fact my first black cock.

The man was truly ruthless, slapping, punching and gagging me until I sucked him off the way he liked it done. For the first time in my life, I experienced what it must have been like for Brad and his brothers, for all the guys I'd enslaved and then used for my own personal enjoyment.

Of course, with no micro-chip to heighten my senses or make my body respond, I had to endure the constant beatings and bitch slaps as I orally pleasured each one of them, licking and sucking on their big black hairy balls as well, until they got sick of that and then ripped my clothes off me.

And all the time I was repeatedly getting fucked up the arse by them, all I could do was look into Brad's sad frightened face and hope we would somehow survived this. Of course, when the 'boss' as he was known by first anally penetrated me, I immediately blacked out. But I woke up to one of his companion's brutally fucking me.

I wavered in and out of consciousness, until finally they'd had there fill, and then tying me up to the headboard of the bed, they laughed and sneered at me as they dragged Brad out with them as they left.

I knew my anus had been torn up really badly, and blood continued to seep out of me as I worked at trying to untie my bindings. It took me half an hour to free myself and then, throwing on what clothes I had left, I picked up a discarded length of vacuum cleaner piping and went in search of the hotel manager.

As I'd figured, he was only too happy to tell me everything I needed to know. The men who had taken Brad were a neighbourhood gang that ran organised crime in this sector of the city.

But one of their more profitable enterprises was to kidnap good looking white teenage boys, and after raping them for weeks on end, selling them to a sadistic group of foreign nationals who took great pleasure in slowly decapitating the poor victim's body parts a limb at a time, keeping them alive for as long as they could as they sexually abused them at the same time.

And even though I was hysterical, I took my time planning how to get Brad back, and over the course of four days, I prepared myself for the oncoming confrontation.

All it took was a stick of dynamite and a pistol, and the address of where they were keeping him.

I can tell you it came as a huge surprise for them when their front door exploded in on them, and then having me charging in there, screaming at the top of my lungs, shooting every one of them as they lay there shell-shocked.

What I didn't expect was the two bullets that hit me in my right shoulder and my left upper arm. Of course it didn't slow me down at all, as I spotted Brad still being sodomised by that cunt of a 'boss' man.

Pistol-whipped him, dragged him off Brad and then blew his cock and balls off, before I quickly pulled Brad up under my right arm and dragged him out of there to a waiting car I'd loaned that day.

We made a quick getaway out of that state and across the border, but I was nearly frantic with despair as I saw Brad was suffering from loss of blood and extreme agony.

Eventually I found a place for us to rest up, and as gently as I could, I tried to tend to Brad's severe wounds. I didn't care about my own injuries. They were nothing compared to Brad's, so I found myself once again thinking of just ringing Evan.

Also, from that day on, I stopped using him, fucking him, demanding that he service me. I'd seen the pain and agony he'd suffered firsthand as he'd recuperated and I no longer wanted to see him suffering because of me. All I wanted was to make sure he was okay, and I stayed in that small cramped filthy bed hugging him to me as I watched his handsome face become gaunt and shallow and his body get thinner.

By the time Evan caught up with us, we'd finally moved all the way down south and I'd just secured a part-time job repairing simple electronic gadgets from home. We were so broke that all

I could afford to rent for us was a very cheap unit to live in. I had stopped eating altogether and any money we had went on food for Brad and any legal pain killers I could buy for him.

But by now I'd seen how ill Brad really was. He was just so skinny. He wouldn't or couldn't eat and all he'd do was continue to try and make me happy, try to service me, even when I told him he no longer had to do that anymore.

I remember lying awake long hours, holding him tightly to me, knowing I was about to lose him for good if I didn't get him some serious help soon.

That's when Evan turned up on our doorstep, telling me it was time for Brad to go home to his loved ones. I knew it was the truth, but I didn't want Evan to see the defeat in my eyes, I didn't want him to know I knew I'd failed Brad.

So I did what I always do when I want people to think I'm tough and in control. I tried to fight him off, told him to fuck off, but he'd grown in the last year and he just swatted me down like a mosquito.

He knocked me out with one punch. It wasn't that difficult really. I had no strength left in my own body, and I was lucky if I could even stand up.

The next thing I knew I was lying in a prison hospital bed, drips running into my arms, and a whole lot of detectives trying to interview and interrogate me. It was all so hazy what happened then. I was charged as I lay there in that bed, and before I knew it, before I was better, I was sent to the cell I now currently occupy.

Evan came and saw me once before my trial, and we had a short conversation. I remember how he looked at me, and it was a look that really scared me. As he'd sat across from me in the interview room, he asked me simply why.

"Because I love him... Because he makes me feel like I'm a real man!" I said looking at him as tears suddenly rolled down my face.

Then there was silence for a few moments.

"You call that love? What you did was an abomination of love! How can you say you love him?" Evan asked, his voice rising with anger. All I could do was look at him, unable to explain that Brad needed me to fulfill his deepest darkest needs, and that I needed Brad to so I could fill those needs for him.

"Do you hate me Evan? Will you ever be able to forgive me?" I asked him, and I could hear my voice was very small and trembling, because I knew I feared his answer.

"I hate you with all my heart Noel! I hate you for what you've done to Brad and his entire family! For what you've done to August and his family, and for what you've done to our family! I can never forgive you for what you've done!" he answered softly, and there was that look, a look of

pure hatred. I had expected him to say something like this, but when he'd finally said it, it was like a ton of bricks had fallen on top of me.

Suddenly I felt so small and very, very alone. I felt myself look down at the table before me, and then felt my chest contract and heave as a loud mournful wail escaped my mouth and my tears blinded my vision.

That's when I realised I didn't deserve any pity, not from Evan, not from any one, and especially not from Brad. Now I knew I would be made to suffer as I'd made others suffer before me.

"I'm so sorry Evan, so very sorry for what I've done!" I sobbed openly to him, unable to meet his accusing hate-filled eyes as he got up and went to the door to leave.

"I know you've been dying to ask me about Brad, and how he is." Evan said.

"You'll be happy to know that he's doing a lot better. He was suffering severe malnutrition and dehydration, as well as trachoma, which has affected his eye sight rather badly. But he's going to pull through. I've got the best physicians and specialists looking after him." And with that he walked out on me.

At my trial, it was like being at a three ring circus. The national media all turned up, and my name suddenly became synonymous with some of the greatest mass murderers and serial killers ever to be afforded such historic infamy.

I was scared and terrified as I was made to tell the jury what exactly happened and how I'd gone about enslaving August and then Brad Cahill and his family.

But the hardest part was being aware that they were all in the courtroom directly behind me, witnessing my admittance to my crimes and how I'd deliberately planned to enslave them. At no time did I have the courage to turn around and look at them, to tell them how sorry I was. I kept my eyes firmly on the table in front of me, and never lifted them for the entire court hearing.

Except for Brad! When he was finally called up to the witness box, I tried to quickly glance up at him, without him seeing me look at him. All I wanted to do was see how healthy he now looked, and I was swooning in my seat as I saw how handsome he appeared in the white suit he wore.

But once again my tears blinded me as he related to the jury how I'd enslaved him and then the whole sequence of events that led to Evan finally tracking us down in the south.

Of course I was found guilty, and I now await my sentencing.

And as I wait, I am micro-chipped, have all the hair on my body permanently removed, and then I am brutally raped and beaten, all in preparation for when I am formally told I have been enslaved for the rest of my natural life.

On top of that, regardless of my sentence, I am to be castrated and have my tongue removed without general anesthetic.

And then if I survive my mutilation, I will be sold to a mining company somewhere in Uganda.

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## 7.2 Brad Cahill - Wings of Freedom

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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He comes in my dreams as an avenging angel, angry and dangerous, demanding my unconditional loyalty and love.

I give it to him immediately, open myself to him, and as I dream, I feel his wrathful arms wrap around me and squeeze the breath out of me, crushing my lungs, reducing my torso to a bloody pulp.

But then my eyelids flutter and I wake up screaming. I can feel myself being held down on my back, a soft caring voice telling me everything is alright.

My eyes adjust to the dim light, but the face above me is vague and blurred.

“It’s alright Brad. You’re safe now and lying in a comfortable soft bed, covered with soft smooth sheets to keep you nice and warm.” It is Master Evan’s voice and he is speaking so tenderly. I can feel him wiping a warm moist cloth across my forehead, and he continues to talk to me.

“Don’t worry Brad. Your eye sight has been affected a little bit, but you’ll soon be able to see clearly before you know it. Just calm down, you’re safe now and no-one will hurt you.” he says, his voice soothing me, calming me.

I remember him clearly. I recall how he came and took me away from the small suffocating room that Master Noel and I were living in. But where is Master Noel? I need him, oh God I need him, and as I think about him I feel my cock stiffening instantly to its fully erect state.

“Shhhh... That’s it Brad. Calm down. No one will hurt you or do anything to harm you ever again.” Master Evan says in a gentle voice that I find comforting, as he again wipes my forehead with the same warm moist cloth.

Again I think of Master Noel, and I wonder where he is. He cannot be far away, not if Master Evan is here looking after me. Why can’t I see him? In fact, why is everything so blurred? Then I remember what Master Evan has just told me, of the damage to my eyes.

I need to get up and search for Master Noel. Why can’t I move, or raise my arms or legs. I can’t even lift my head up without sudden pain shooting through every nerve ending of my body. Maybe I’ve been refitted with a micro-chip and Master Noel is punishing me for not getting up off my lazy backside. Yes, that must be it!

"Listen to me Brad! Now just calm down and relax. Don't squirm about like that! Just rest up here now, yes that's it." Master Evan continues saying, his voice soft as velvet silk.

"You've been ill for a while Brad, and now you getting better. I want you to stay still and relax and rest up for me Brad. Will you do that for me Brad?" Master Evan says, insisting I stop moving about.

Suddenly I feel very, very tired, and before I know it, I fall into a deep comforting sleep.

That's when the visions come, a rambling kaleidoscope of vivid pictures that flicker and merge into a single moving image. I know what these are. They are my memories playing out in my mind, reminding me of the past.

There in my mind, as if it were only yesterday, are my parents. They are looking a bit haggard but overjoyed as they hug Sean, Justin and me close to them. And there's Master Evan standing aside, smiling a lonely smile, watching us as we laugh and cry, lost in our family love for each other.

But I hear the knock on the door and without thinking I walk over and open it. Suddenly someone grabs me by the front of my shirt, dragging me out and silently closing the door behind me. A huge ape of a man, unshaven and nearly bald and much taller than me, slams me up against the wall of the hallway and puts a finger up to his lips, indicating I should keep quiet, just shut my mouth as he hurriedly pushes me into an empty janitor's room, flicks on the light and closes and locks the door behind us.

At first I am furious. I want to strike back but the way he looks down at me, a smirk across his weather-beaten face suddenly sends shivers of fear down my spine.

"I got a message for you, queer-boy! It's from your real master down south, and I think you're going to want to stay real quiet and not make a sound as I tell what he's got to say!" he says in a terrifying voice that makes me tremble in fear.

"Firstly, he commands you all on getting away from him so easily. Didn't think his own little brother had the balls to do what he did. But you, well, he's got a message. Come back now, of your own free will, and he'll leave the rest of your family alone." The large man said, his voice sounding like gravel on sandpaper. And then before I know it, he is cupping the front of my crotch, feeling me up and then unzipping my fly.

"Of course, if you don't do what he wants, he's going to be so pissed off, and I reckon you can kiss your family goodbye forever. I'm quite sure he'd never harm you, but I doubt he'll let any of your other family members live if you were to disagree with him." He says as he shoves his huge calloused hand inside the front of my underwear to take my testicles in the palm of his fist.

"So, what do you say, homo? Are you going to be a good boy and come peacefully with me? Or are you going to try and fight me and go running off to your new boyfriend?" he says as he starts squeezing my balls as hard as he can.

I know I am crying now, and I know it is senseless to try and fight back. This man is humungous and will knock me about before I know what's hit me. Also, I know I have to follow this scary man and go back to Master Noel.

I've already learnt how cruel Master Evan's brother can be, and I know he'll never let me go. When it comes to the long-term safety of my family, and doing the right thing for them, there really isn't any choice.

"Ah that's good! I can see you made the right decision. Now let's get real cozy here and get to know each other a lot better. On your knees cunt!" he growls at me.

In the dim light of the small janitor's room, I fall to my knees as he stands over me, and as I look up at him, he moves even closer to me and quickly lowers his pants. His penis is fully erect and it is huge, standing out from his hairy groin about nine inches or 10".

"Time to show Papa how good a 'sword swallower' you really are."

I take his throbbing organ in my mouth and I gag as he tries to force it down my throat, not because of the thickness and length of his massive penis, but because he hasn't washed or showered in a very long time.

His stench and the putrid taste of his foreskin makes me want to retch, to vomit, but I still my stomach and do what he demands of me.

For quite a few minutes he makes me work my lips up and down the shaft of his thickly veined cock, before he decides he wants more. Quickly he pulls me back up to my feet by my hair, and spins me around so my back is to him. He yanks my pants and underwear down around my ankles, pulls my shirt up my chest, and makes me bend over and grab my ankles.

"Now that's real nice! I been hanging out to try me some hot faggot cunt, so you just hold tightly onto your ankles and don't make a sound as I corn hole you, you fucking homo!" he grunts as he roughly pushes himself all the way into me.

And then he reaches over me and grabbing a fistful of my blond hair, he yanks my head up and back and starts slamming into me, fucking me as hard as he can. I feel the agony of what he is doing to me, but I also feel my body responding to his brutality. My anus starts gripping and milking his thrusting penis and I find I am pushing back my butt to get as much of him into me.

I feel ashamed of myself. I no longer have the micro-chip in my spine, but it's as if its still there, and the pleasure level has been triggered at an extremely high setting.

"Goddam you're good faggot! Oh yeah, I can see why he wants you back!" the man gasps out loud as he increases his fuck pace and slams into my anus over and over again while still yanking my head up even further as I stand bent over all the way, holding tightly onto my ankles.

The images blur in my mind, suddenly speeding up like the fast forward action on a movie. I see myself kneeling before the man once more, licking and sucking the slime of his recent ejaculation and my shit off his semi-flaccid cock and large hairy balls before he quickly makes me stand up again and pull my pants up before dragging me out of the janitor's room and away from my family and friends and the Le Grand Hotel.

Bundled into the back of a car, I see vaguely the many street lamps lighting up the night, but I have no idea where we are or where we are going. The small room we enter is dusty and damp, and I sit on the side of the bed as he instructs me and watch as he sets up a digital video camera on a tripod stand facing me.

I speak the words he tells me to repeat and dutifully stand up once more, lower my pants and underwear, step out of them so he can video record me masturbating. And as I smile, I watch as he steps forward and punches me in the face.

The images speed up more as he places me in many uncomfortable positions and fucks me repeatedly. Absurdly, I watch as the images show me sucking his monstrous dick before and after each fuck session, and see myself gag as he urinates in my mouth. He continues to beat me around my head, my body and genitals, deriding me for not being a real man and not fighting back.

Instantly the images slow down a fraction as I find myself thrown down in the middle of another small room and there stands Master Noel, his face red with anger as he turns on the man, telling him to go back to his motel and wait for him to call.

I hear Master Noel's voice as if from far away, ordering me to go take a shower and I watch myself stagger into the cubicle. I remember the warm water flowing over me has a reviving quality about it, and then before I know what has happened, I am dry and Master Noel is taking his time fucking me on my back. My knees are bent over his shoulders and he his kissing me deeply, and then as he cumms, Master Noel bites my tongue and declares his undying love for me.

Suddenly I am seeing in my mind images that are running at normal speed. We are in another small compact bedroom, somewhere in the southern states, and Master Noel looks scared and worried. He is cursing Master Evan, and hugging me close to his chest. I lay there, feeling a sudden swelling of love for him, and immediately lower my head and take his semi-erect penis into my mouth.

"Good girl! Yes, that's lovely! Take it deeper baby, and make your Daddy feel really good!" Master Noel intones to me, running his hands through my blond hair gently. It is one of his good days, where he has spared me the discipline of his fists and has momentarily let his guard down. I know I am now safe, that I have made the right decision, and that Master Noel will look after me as he has promised.

Then news reaches him that Master Evan has just picked up our trail as he continues to pursue us. If I could, I would tell Master Noel he doesn't need to worry, as I would never leave him. But I stay silent, obediently speaking only when spoken to.

Again, another room and another city! I can feel my stomach rumbling as we haven't eaten in such a long time. Master Noel jokes that all the protein he makes me suck out of his cock should be enough to feed a small nation, but I can see he is now really worried about me.

I remember the first man he brings home, a skinny spectacled man who takes one look at me and then hands over a large sum of money to Master Noel. Then I am ordered to pleasure him with my mouth and then lie back and let him fuck me for as long as he wants.

That night we eat our first proper hot meal in over a month, and on my knees, I smile with joy at Master Noel as I lean forward with my hands behind my back and eat from the overfilled plate of hot food on the floor placed next to him.

"Tonight you'll be my dog, my bitch! So when you're finished there Lassie, come over here and take my cock in your dick-sucking mouth and hump your clitty up and down my leg. And for being such a good whore, I'll even let you shoot your load." He says happily, watching me as I eat my fill.

As soon as I finish and lick my plate clean, I hobble over to him and push my erect cock up against his hairy leg. As I suck him off, keeping my hands behind my back, I slowly hump his leg, making sure I take my time, just the way he likes me to do it.

The feel of his coarse leg hair tickles and scratches my hairless cock and balls and before I know it, I have let myself go and I'm humping as hard as I can and as fast as I can. His large uncut penis starts spurting his manly juices into my mouth at the same time I ejaculate all over his leg. And as soon as I suck him dry and lick his balls clean, I move down and lick and suck up all the mess I've made on his hairy leg.

Tonight he is proud of me, and as I lay next to him, feeling his powerful arms hugging me close to him, I start kissing his hairy chest and shoulders and long thick neck.

Again the images slide forward rapidly, like a series of cardboard flip boards that suddenly stop at a scene of me on my hand and knees and Master Noel kneeling behind me, his chest flat against my back, his arms hugging my chest tightly, and his fully erect penis thrusting in and out of my gripping vagina.

"Come on boys! My friends here didn't pay a fortune to see two sissy faggots acting like homos. We want a proper man-banging fuck performance! Now get with it!" It was the old man, and he was ridiculing the way Master Noel was fucking me.

I could tell there were about 20 odd men sitting around watching us, and Master Noel was whispering in my ear for me to push back harder, to get into the rhythm of his fuck-pace.

"I'm gonna kill that old cunt one of these days! He's really starting to piss me off big time!" Master Noel grunted and gasped into my ear as he pounded up me even harder. I could hear the applause and wondered which of the cheering men would be fucking me next.

The images speed up once more and I watch myself standing before the old man side on, letting him stroke my erect penis as he pushed the tapered end of a large empty whisky bottle up my cunt. The pain was excruciating, but I bit my tongue and let him do it.

"Fuck you've got a sloppy pussy, boy! See, I've nearly got half the bottle up your vagina and your dick is still rock-hard. Okay then, turn around so my friends can see you and jerk off while I fuck you hard with this bottle. I want to see how far you'll stretch before you start bleeding bitch!" the old man leered, his voice evil and filled with hate.

As instructed, I furiously masturbate myself for them as he slammed the glass bottle in and out of my pussy. I tried not to cry, but tears came and a strangled squeal of pain leapt from my throat as I felt something inside me rip at the same time I shot my girl juices.

Then there was Master Noel, standing over the unconscious dying body of the old man, screaming at him as he rams a metal poker up his arsehole. He has sustained three serious knife wounds and is bleeding badly, but without hesitating Master Noel quickly steps over to me, tears in his eyes as he hugs me close to him and helps me stagger out of the old man's house.

Then there was nothing. No images, no visions, no pictures. I lay in a cocoon of peaceful black silence, until suddenly I opened my eyes and I can vaguely see Master Noel leaning over me, tears of joy in his eyes as he saw me looking up at his face.

We are in another city, another small one bedroom apartment. Master Noel is hugging me close to him, a desperate angry look on his face as he talks of our future. Suddenly the door crashes open and four huge masked men carrying machetes and pistols storm into the room.

Master Noel looks resigned, as if he knew this day would come, when Master Evan's security team would eventually find us. But suddenly Master Noel yells at me to get down, screaming at the four men to stay away as he uses his body to shield me.

The next minute we are both on our knees, our wrists tied behind our backs, facing the men as they ransack our room. Master Noel is shouting at the men to take what they want and then get the fuck out.

"6k boss, just like the hotel manager said, boss!" says the thinnest of the four. They are all very tall, and three of them are verging on obese. We can't see their faces, as they are wearing balaclavas, but their bare hands identify they are all black men.

"So what we got here? Two faggot scum living it up in a cozy hideaway retreat? And doing naughty fag stuff, no doubt? Well, I reckon that'll cost ya big time not to be ratted on. What do ya say, HD?" the largest man says as he glares down at us.

"I say we have some fun before we go, and still give 'em up to the cops when we leave. Nothing nastier than some fucking homos polluting the straight pool, boss!" answered his compatriot in a chilling voice.

"Okay then, fun it is!"

Instantly a long glinting blade is pressed against my throat and one of the men stands in front of Master Noel unzipping his jeans.

"I reckon you the top man, since you still dressed and all. So you get the pleasure of sucking my cock and licking my big fat hairy black balls first." The man said sneering down into Master Noel's horrified face.

"Mind though, we'll give you one chance to get outta here with your cherry intact. If you don't want to suck us all off, and then have us fuck you stupid, we'll leave you alone and just slit your bitch's throat before we fuck him. Then once we're finished, you can go home, and forget this ever happened. Your choice punk?" the man said.

At first Master Noel just stared at the huge black uncut dick in front of his face, and then he turned his head my way, looking at the menacing knife pressing against my throat. And then he turned back around and without another word took that large throbbing erection into his mouth and started sliding his lips up and down its thick length.

Before I could even move, one of the other men stepped forward quickly and shoved his penis into my mouth and ordered me to suck him off.

Again the images in my mind shifted quickly ahead in time. I could see Master Noel and I had been positioned next to each other, our wrists still tied behind our backs, and we are both on our knees at the side of our bed, bent over so our faces are pushed into the mattress.

Kneeling behind us, two of the large black men are brutally fucking us, while slamming their fists into our backs if we don't push back onto their raging thrusting cocks fast enough.

Master Noel has had his clothes ripped off him and his favourite jock strap has been shoved into his mouth gagging him. I have a pair of Master Noel's Speedo briefs jammed into mine. Our faces are turned towards each other, and I can see the lost, daze look on Master Noel's grimacing pain-riddled face as he is forced, like me, to take all the men's erect penises over and over again.

The images shifted once again in time, and I recognise the cellar room where the men and 16 of their gang members hang out. I am on my back, the boss laying on top of me, my legs over his shoulders as he pounds his huge black cock in and out of my vagina.

The look in his eyes is feral and he is fucking me as hard as he can, intentionally trying to hurt me and make me cry.

"Fucking some real nice white pussy here guys! God he's good! His pussy keeps gripping my dick so tight!" he grunts and drools as he slams himself over and over into me.

I remember how they had decided to take me with them once they'd had their way with Master Noel and me. Tying Master Noel up and then dragging me out of the room, they'd thrown me in the boot of their car and driven me here where I'd spent the next five days performing oral on all their gang members and then letting them rape me up my vagina whenever they wanted to.

I remember my mind had gone completely numb and all I could think about was Master Noel, and how he'd sacrificed his cherry to save my life.

If ever I was stunned, it was when the heavy wooden door to the cellar room I was being sodomised in suddenly blew inward, shards of splintered wood injuring many of the black men inside, and Master Noel storming in firing a gun at anything that moved. Then there was a volley of gunfire that seemed to go on forever, but as the smoke cleared, there stood Master Noel looking around for me.

As soon as he saw the boss who was still on top of me, he raced over, smashed the handle of the gun against the surprised black man's temple and pulled him off of me. Then Master Noel rolled the man over onto his back, took aim and shot the man's genitals off.

With Master Noel supporting me, he dragged me to a waiting car he'd stolen earlier and slammed the accelerator down as he drove us out of the city and across the state line. I could see Master Noel had been injured. He'd taken two bullets. One that had entered and passed through his upper left arm and the other having passed through his right shoulder.

After many hours, and I can see he was very groggy and weak, he finally books us into a small run-down hotel on the outskirts of a city, three states away from where we'd been robbed and raped, and looking me over carefully, he hugs me close to him as he cries and kisses me all over my startled face.

"It's alright baby! You're safe with me now! Come on, lie down here and try to get some sleep, okay." He said to me gently, not worrying about his own injuries, just concerned about me.

The images of the three weeks we stayed there float through my mind as Master Noel decides once again whether to ring Master Evan to come down and collect me. But as I recover a little and he starts feeling better, he chooses to move us once again. I also know there is something wrong with my eyes now, as he is just a blurred image on the edge of my vision, but I don't tell him.

"I've got to get you help, Brad! I'm really scared I might lose you if I don't. Maybe I'd better ring Evan and have him come down here now?" he said in a whisper, mainly to himself than to me. Immediately I wrapped my arms weakly around his waist and tried to hug him close to me, tried to reassure him all was well.

Finally the images speed up and I see myself on my knees, trying to stay upright. I feel so weak, and I'm having trouble not falling into a deep faint. I know I have been unable to eat, that no food I take in stays down.

I hear the knock on the door and the vague outline of Master Evan stands before us. Master Noel is nearly hysterical. I can hear it in his voice. He is trying to protect me, but I know he is in bad shape too. As he has seen me getting ill over the last month, he too has stop eating.

I hear the scuffle and then the loud sound of a body hitting the floor and I know deep down it is Master Noel. Frantically I move forward, cursing my inability to see, but my hands come across him and he lays there before me unmoving.

Instantly I start howling in despair. He isn't moving, and I know there's something wrong with him, but suddenly I feel soft tender hands brush my shoulder and gentle arms wrap around me.

"Shhhh, Brad. Its okay! Noel's okay too, and your safe now. Shhhh there baby!" I hear Master Evan say softly to me, hugging me ever so gently against his chest.

"Shhhh, you're safe now. We're going to look after you and get you all better again." Master Evan continues and I feel myself calming down and then the images disappear and darkness descends all around me.

Noises and voices surround me, at first feint and muffled. My avenging angel appears above me with the face of Master Noel and the body of a glowing iridescent Adonis. And on pure white wings he floats down to me to cup my face gently and wipe away my tears.

"It's time for you to move on, Brad. It's time for you to let go of me and seek out your own destiny." The angelic floating figure with Master Noel's face says to me, a huge beatific smile stretched across a benign face glowing with love.

Instantly I open my eyes to see the outline of Master Evan hovering over me. I think he is smiling happily down into my face and I feel his lips gently kiss my forehead as he once again whispers to me to rest and to sleep. A rich comforting darkness swirls around me, settling over me, protecting me.

And then my eyes flutter open as bright natural sunlight awakens me. I can see better now, the figures and objects around me coming into clearer focus. There standing over me is Master Evan, just as he has always been, and I can see the details of his whole face now. He looks so handsome and tall, not like the memory I had of him as a short skinny teenage bookworm who always looked shy and timid.

Now he looks strong and vibrant, but in the back of his eyes I see the gentle kind boy I use to know. And before I know what I'm doing, my hand rises ever so slowly until I can caress his cheek.

"Thank you, Evan. Thank you so very much for saving me, my handsome young prince!" I whisper softly up to him, and I see the tears of pure joy and love spill down his cheeks as he moves his lips down onto mine and gently kisses me.

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## 8. Evan Morgan – A Reversal of Fortunes

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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He lies next to me sleeping peacefully. I look down on his handsome face and I feel my heart fill with joy. To me he is everything. He is my life, my love, my very being.

Since I brought him home, I have had to do a lot of soul searching. I nearly went insane when I realised how hurt he was, how badly damaged his mind and body were. But he was home with me now, and to a point, that should have been all that mattered.

But as I surveyed the horrible wreckage Noel had inflicted upon all these innocent people, on all my friends, I turned my head away from compassion and sort a vengeance that would nearly cost me my soul.

As Brad lay there seriously ill in hospital, and then at home in my bed, I stood next to him every waking moment of the day, not moving, just waiting patiently for him to wake up. I watched his wounds and bruises fade away and all the horrible scars covering his body I had surgically removed as he slept in his deep coma. In time, when he woke up, the skin on his body and face would be as smooth as the day he was born.

But as I stood there waiting, my mind was in turmoil. Instantly I resolved to have any person who'd ever raised a finger against Brad utterly destroyed.

As I've stated earlier, I'd already started the process many months before. Upon viewing a number of private DVD discs that had been hidden away in Noel's bedroom, I came across footage of my brother's month long gang-bang, just before he'd handed Brad over to me.

Also, I came across the footage of Sean's and Justin's rape at the hands of the law enforcement officers who'd raided the Cahill residence that very first night they'd all been enslaved. On top of that, I also came across recorded footage of what they were subjected to while incarcerated at the state-owned 'Regional Slave Induction and Training Facility'.

It was enough for me to begin legal proceedings on Brad's behalf against every one of them.

Steve Newby and Trevor Drummond were currently being held in a prison awaiting sentencing, along with every one of their family members.

Jessie Franklin had already been convicted and sentenced to a lifetime of slavery, and was currently serving out his time in a sleazy male slave brothel, somewhere on the east coast. His

friends Mitch Ryan, Simon Dexter and Devon Willard had also been convicted and were now waiting to be sentenced.

As for Richard Summers, Craig Jessop and Marcus Fielding, their families were fighting for their very existence against the formidable resources I'd thrown against them.

Craig and Marcus were already in custody, along with every one of their siblings, while Jessie and Richard had done a runner to try and escape my wrath.

I must admit one of the happier times for me at the time I was desperately searching for Noel and Brad was when Daniel Maddox turned up on my doorstep unannounced, frightened and begging me to leave his family alone.

Of course I invited him in, got Monet to make him a coffee, and sat there listening as he asked my forgiveness for anything he might have done against me. I was astounded. He went on to say everyone back home were under the impression I was after anyone who'd done me any personal harm.

I shook my head in wonder and letting him rattle on pathetically, I inserted the DVD which showed what he'd done to Brad in crystal clear high resolution color.

As I clicked the on button, I smiled as I heard his voice taper off as he watched himself fucking Brad as hard as he could, while slamming punches into Brad's unprotected battered and bloodied face.

"You were his best friend, weren't you?" I asked as he stared in horror at what he was doing. Then he started stuttering, his eyes flickering back and forth between my face and the large TV monitor screen, unable to say a word.

"Well Daniel! What you see up there is exactly what's going to happen to you, to your father and mother, and to any brother or sister you might have, and then I'm going to have you all castrated. You see, Brad's my best friend, and what Noel did to him was illegal. And just so you know, Brad happened to be 100% straight. Noel told you a pack of lies and you and all your friends raped my friend in the most vicious way possible, and then laughed it off as some sort of guy thing. Well, I'm here to see that justice is done! You can go now!" I said quietly, and the look on his face one of pure terror.

I watched him stand up on quivering legs, his face completely white. And then before I knew what he was doing, he came back and knelt before me, his head hanging down. I could see he was crying, and his chest was heaving.

"Please don't do this, please Evan. I've got three brothers younger than me! I'll do whatever you want, but please leave my family alone, please Evan!" he sobbed, the fear in his distraught face so palpable it made me smile sadistically.

"Do you see that young slave up on the TV screen there Daniel? Yes, that's the one! That's Brad youngest brother Justin. And I can see you had a wonderful time fucking the shit out of him. Oh well. Hopefully we'll all learn from our mistakes, won't we Daniel?" I said, all pious and glaring down at him as Daniel saw himself sliding his cock in and out of young Justin's mouth.

"I didn't know. Honest! I thought he was a slave. I wouldn't have done it otherwise. Please Evan I'll do whatever you want if you leave my brothers and my family alone! I'm begging you Evan!" he said staring up at me.

And I believed him. Slowly I stood up and moved until I was staring down at him.

"Okay Daniel. I'll leave your brothers and your family alone, but on one condition. When you leave here and get back home, I want you to go to the nearest Slave Enforcement office and voluntarily register yourself for lifetime indentured service." I said as I glared into his horrified face.

"On the day you do this, you will call me. When I arrive, and I see that you're there, I will then personally buy you and move you to a safe place. And when I eventually find Brad, I'll leave it up to him to decide your fate. He'll either let you go or sell you to someone who I guarantee will not be very nice to you. Now get out of here!" I shouted. I watched as he scampered out the front door.

To my surprise, I got a call from the slave authorities two days later, enquiring whether I was interested in purchasing a new slave who used to go by the name of Daniel Maddox. Instantly I bought him, and for the first time since I'd smuggled Brad, Sean, Justin, August and Monet out of the state, I went home for a visit.

One thing for sure is I definitely didn't like being inside a slave facility compound. This was my first time and the whole place reeked of despair and hopelessness. The slave enforcement officers were extremely brutal, and the entire management of the centre seemed to condone severe punishment of slaves as an acceptable social necessity.

I saw the cells the slaves slept in, the horrible grayish porridge-like muck that served as food and the extreme exercise routines each slave was required to do three times a day regardless of the fact they were all micro-chipped.

Wherever I turned, there would always be a slave on his knees sucking off a staff member, or in more isolated areas of the compound, I could hear slaves being anally penetrated by zealous officers who seem to take it on themselves to treat the slaves as animals.

Finally I was brought to a small cell which housed Daniel. As soon as he saw me, he assumed the traditional mandatory slave position, with his head bowed low with his chin on his chest, his hands behind his back and his legs wide apart as he thrust his groin out to me for inspection. His penis was fully erect, and he seemed to be trying not to cry in despair as he stood there.

"So you did it. I'm actually rather proud of you Daniel. As promised, I've purchased you so you are now mine, and I've also halted all legal suits against your family. Your brothers are all safe now, you don't have to worry." I said softly, even kindly.

"Guards, I want him showered and made ready to leave with me now!" I stated, and then made my way to the visitor's waiting rooms.

Once he was delivered to me, I considered my next move, which was really quite daunting when I thought about it. We were now on our way to my parent's family estate, and I steeled myself against what I expected would be an explosive confrontation.

But I was in for a pleasant surprise. My father came rushing out and hugged me close to him and stared down into my face with pride beaming from his eyes. I was in shock, but as I looked behind him, I could see my dear mother smiling back at me, and she gave me one of those cheeky winks she always did when she wanted to make me laugh.

I couldn't believe it! Then I realised Daniel was standing behind me in the slave position. This is why I'd come here.

I hugged my parents once again and then excused myself, promising to meet them in the family study in 15 minutes, and with Daniel following close behind me, I made my way to my old bedroom.

It was strange to stand in my room and realised nothing had been touched since I'd left. For some sentimental reason, my parents had banned all staff and slaves from entering my room, maybe on the off-chance I might come home one day.

And here I stood. Again I turned my attention to my new slave and gesturing him forward, I indicated he should stand directly in front of me. In his slave position, I had to admit he was quite nice to look at.

"You've got a nice compact smooth hairless body Daniel! I'm quite sure you'd be a sexual dynamo in the sack!" I watched him shake uncontrollably as my words reached him.

"Now why don't you turn around, bent over and pull your arse cheeks apart. I want to take a look at your vagina!" I said firmly, smiling to myself as I saw him cringe at how I referred to his arsehole. Quickly obeying me, I looked upon his red raw, very sore looking anus before I told him to turn back around.

"How many times did they use you Daniel?" I asked him quietly.

"Master, ever since I signed the papers and they led me to be processed, Master!" he said sadly. As I looked into his face I realised he was on the verge of crying.

"That's not what I ask you? How many times did they fuck you Daniel?" I asked again. Quickly he answered me, suddenly frightened by the tone in my voice.

"Master, about 30 times, Master!" he stated, keeping his eyes lowered.

"And how many blow jobs have you given since you registered yourself as a slave?" I asked slowly, my voice level yet firm.

"Master, about 50, Master!" he replied.

"How long have you been there, I mean, what day did you sign in and what time?" I asked him.

"Master, I've been there since 7am yesterday morning. As soon as I signed the legal papers, I was immediately taken to be micro-chipped and then straight through for processing, Master!" he answered me in fear, wondering why I was asking him all these questions.

To me, the questions were all relevant to Brad and his brothers. As I tried to calculate the abuse Daniel had suffered in this short period of time, I could only imagine what it was like for the Cahill brothers.

Standing up I went over to an old bureau I used to store old clothes and digging around inside, I threw a pair of underwear, long baggy shorts and an oversized t-shirt at Daniel.

"Here, put these on. I'll not have you present yourself to my parents with your dick standing to attention. Besides, they know you and your family very well, and I know it would be far too embarrassing for them to see you all horned up all the time." I said, as I picked up the micro-chip manual I been given and flicked through its pages.

"Ah, here we go. 'Main Command Over-ride, disengage power unit 2770-423'! Well, that should do it. Daniel, look at me now." I said as I looked up at Daniel's confused face.

"Punishment Level 1, proceed!" I said. Daniel squawked and whimpered, cringing away from me, but nothing happened.

"Pleasure Level 3, proceed!" I stated firmly. Again nothing happened, and as Daniel looked at me in utter confusion, I realised he no longer had an erection as he quickly slid the underwear and baggy pants up over his hips.

"Daniel, you'll be staying in here from now on, or at least until I find Brad. You will consider this room as your room and look after it like you would in your own home. You can use anything in here, watch the LCD TV, play any movies you want, any online games, but keep it clean at all times!" I said.

"Most importantly, you will continue to go to school and study, and you can go out and be with your friends whenever you want, assuming you have any left that is. You will abide by my parents house rules and be back in this house when they tell you to be home."

"If they agree, you may be allowed to spend some nights and weekends with your own brothers and parents, but only if both our parents agree. And under no circumstances are you to tell anyone you are a slave, do you understand me?" I finished.

Daniel just stood there looking at me dumbfounded. He looked around the room and then back at me.

"Master, I... I don't..." he stammered.

"Daniel, you will never call me Master ever again! My name is Evan. So start using it as you used to!" I added.

And to my surprise Daniel did something that made tears well up in my eyes. Quickly he dropped down on his knees directly in front of me, and then laid the side of his face on my lap.

"Oh Evan, I'm so sorry for what I've done to Brad. I know I deserve to be punished for how much I hurt him. Please, I'd do anything you want to make up for it!" Daniel cried in heart rending sobs that echoed through my old bedroom.

"It's not me you should be asking forgiveness from. And don't worry, you'll definitely get your chance to apologise to Brad after I've found him. For the moment though, you'll do what I say and enjoy my parents company. But if you piss them off, I promise I'll reset your micro-chip and you'll rue the day you were ever born, understand?" I said sternly, even though I was gently patting his hair.

"Yes Evan, I'll do as you say!" he said with conviction and as I helped him back up onto his feet, he suddenly grabbed me and gave me a big hug.

Needless to say my parents were absolutely fine with this arrangement. Eventually they would be caring for another 12 young teenage guys who had the courage to front up to me and do the same thing Daniel did.

What I didn't tell anyone, was I'd actually bought them in Brad's name, so when I found him, he could decide their fate himself. I don't know why I did this but it seemed Brad might one day need to face up to some of those who'd caused him great pain and hardship.

Of course, the day finally came round to when I'd finally tracked Noel down, and I knew he wouldn't escape me this time.

Getting Brad home became my highest priority, and it took four days to eventually get him back to New Holland Mercy Hospital. As I always did, I paid for the finest specialists and physicians to take care of him, with 24 hour nursing care and security. There was no way I was going to lose him again.

And this time I made a decision that I knew angered Brad's brothers and his parents to such an extent I actually thought they might have packed up, moved away and taken Brad with them. At the time, I didn't care, because it seemed the right decision to make then.

The decision was I didn't inform them when I brought Brad back with me, and I kept his whereabouts secret.

Brad's condition was extremely critical, and I didn't want them seeing how he was at that moment. By the time I'd gotten him to the hospital, I needed to know if he was going to die, and only then would I have notified them that I'd found him and they should hurry to see him straight away.

But I was informed he was going to make it, so it was important he first got over his delirium, where he was begging me to go get Noel for him, or pleading with me to take him to Noel.

In fact, all he talked about as he ranted and raved in his delirious state was his need to be with Noel at all times, that Noel had to be there to look after him. I just didn't want Sam and Joan Cahill to see their eldest son in such a terrible state, and definitely didn't want his brothers to see him in this state either.

And so I stayed with him all the time, speaking softly to him, reassuring him he was now safe. By the end of the second week, he'd finally drifted into a deep sleep that terrified me, but I was advised by the large medical team this was normal, that Brad's body and mind was working overtime to heal themselves.

But I'll never forget the morning he woke up finally, his face looking refreshed and youthfully handsome as usual, and he stared up into my eyes. Slowly he'd lifted his hand so he could touch my face, and as tears spilled down my cheeks, he smiled a smile that nearly knocked me off my feet.

"Thank you, Evan. Thank you so very much for saving me, my handsome young prince!" he said ever so softly as he gazed into my weeping eyes. And before I know it, I was ever so gently, tenderly kissing him on his lips. As I raised my head, I watched as he closed his blue eyes, lowered his hand and fell peacefully back into a deep sleep that lasted about 24 hours.

Again I stayed where I was, at times sitting down and nodding off as I held his warm hand, or just standing there as I kept vigil over him. Finally as the sun rose that morning and I listened with joy to his steady breathing, I picked up my mobile and rang Sam Cahill and Sean.

I admit I was exhausted by the time they turned up, and all I wanted to do was go back to my bed and sleep. But I had one more thing to do before I finally took a much needed rest.

Noel had been kept in solitary confinement ever since he'd been released from the prison hospital. For some reason I just needed to see him, to try and understand why he had done all this. I also knew he probably couldn't answer me, because I don't believe he really knew himself.

And so I turned up at the prison's visitors' rooms, and watched as they brought him in.

He looked nothing like my brother at all. He was so skinny, and he was having trouble walking as they pushed him roughly forward. All of a sudden I began worrying he'd fall over dead before his trial. His hair had been shaved down to a number one, and his face was gaunt and dark hollows ringed both his eyes.

When he saw me, he stopped for a second, and then dropped his eyes to the floor, unable to look me in the face as he stumbled and lowered his thin frame into a plastic seat opposite me. All he could do was cast casual glances up at me, looking me over.

"Jeez, I can't believe it... It's so good to see you Evan. How have you been? How are father and mother? I don't usually get any visitors you know. I mean, who wants to meet the..." His voice trailed off as he seemed to go deep into his own shattered mind. I could see he was suffering immensely, that somehow what he'd done just might finally be catching up with him.

"You're looking really good little bro. It really is so good seeing you..." He looked up at me, his eyes full of fear and his body was trembling uncontrollably.

And that's when I asked him.

"Why? Why did you do all this to Brad, Noel?" I asked him, tears rolling down my cheeks as I stared across at him.

I watched his lower lip trembling as he finally looked up at me, and as I watched the tears spill from his eyes he answered me, and I knew then he was telling me the truth.

"Because I love him... Because he makes me feel like I'm a real man!"

All I can do is stare back at Noel. It was unbelievable! How would he know what love was, but I could see in his eyes he really believed he loved Brad.

It is too much for me. I tell him he's warped, he's concept of love is evil. But he looks at me, as if pleading with me, and I know now he's hurting in a way I don't think I'll ever understand.

"Do you hate me Evan? Will you ever be able to forgive me?" The question shocks me, and I can see he is really scared asking it. His eyes are looking at me, so sad and deep.

And that's when I hurt him even more. I reject him then and there, as I will never understand how he hurt the one person who went out of his way to treat me like a friend.

But what I didn't expect was the sudden mournful howl of pure sadness and despair that rushes from his lungs as he drops his head and sobs there openly in front of me. I am stunned and I suddenly want desperately to go over and hug him and tell him everything will be alright.

But I don't. I just sit there for a second as I watch my big brother sob and then he starts apologising to me. And again I know he is sincere.

I find myself standing at the exit door ready to leave all too soon, unable to take any more. But I do the one thing I hope will mean something to Noel, I tell him Brad is fine and he will recover in time.

That's when I take my leave, but I don't go home, I go straight back to the hospital to see Brad. My mind is spinning and I know if I look upon his face, everything will be okay.

Within a week, Brad was released from the hospital and placed in my care. His parents were still pretty miffed off with me and to a smaller degree so were his brothers, but eventually Brad resolved the issue by choosing to come home with me.

I was so ecstatic, unable to believe he was up and around, and he was with me. My heart was overflowing with a love I'd never experienced before, and all I could do was get in the way of Brad no matter where he went. I couldn't help myself. I needed to be there for him, to make sure I was on hand no matter what.

Finally he took my hands in his and lifting them to his lips and kissed them. I nearly fainted! We were the living room of the executive apartment in the Le Grand Hotel, and when he led me to my bedroom, I stumbled after him as if I were floating on air.

What can I say? It was absolutely beautiful the way he made love to me, and how he opened himself up to me. I was very conscious of needing to be very gentle and tender when he opened his legs and allowed me to slide my erect cock up into his tight anus, and he was very careful and slow when he pushed his huge penis up my tight opening.

That night I shared myself with him and instantly declared my unconditional love for him. As he rode me for the third time, staring me in the eyes as I wrapped my legs around his waist and tightened them to keep him locked to me, I told him I would love him for as long as he would have me.

And as he reared up and ejaculated deep inside me, he said the words that would live with me until my dying days.

"Evan, I love you with all my heart, my wonderful brave hero!" he gasped as he stared into my eyes and I felt the last trickles of his sperm spurt deep up into me.

For the next few days all we did was stay in bed, and then finally it was time to prepare ourselves for when we attended Noel's trial.

I hadn't told Brad about my visit to see my brother. In fact, I'd been trying very hard to forget about it all together. And as it was, all I'd eventually ended up telling him was Noel was being looked after and he was in very good hands.

But the main issue for us now was for Brad to be ready to testify on behalf of the federal prosecution. I still wanted Noel either locked away or enslaved, and I didn't care which. For me it was important that Brad was able to finally put this horrible nightmare behind him so he could get on and start really living his life to the fullest.

It was strange to see how hesitant Brad became as the big day drew closer. My lawyers were trying to get him to be more relaxed, guaranteeing him that Noel would never see freedom again, and if we were lucky, he'd probably be sold to some unknown country and that would be the end to it.

Brad didn't seem happy with those conversations and would immediately get up and slam the door behind him as he left us staring in his wake in complete and utter confusion. That's when one of my lawyers said Brad could be suffering a severe case of 'Stockholm Syndrome', where a kidnap victim starts to identify and sympathise with his captor.

Again, it's funny when I think back to that time, because I'd considered that as a serious issue we might need to address prior to Noel's trial, but after I'd gone and seen him, I knew deep down it wasn't that, or more truthfully, it was just a small part of Brad's problem.

That night, the evening before the trial, I waited for Brad to come back from the gym where he spent a lot of time when he needed to be alone. I now knew I needed to know the true of how he really felt about Noel, as I'd been putting it off for ages.

I watched him as he came through the front door and then stripped off on his way to the shower. In a way, I thanked him silently for making a mess, because Monet loved cleaning up after us.

As soon as he'd showered and dried himself, he came over to me and cuddled me close to his body. And that's when I asked him.

"Brad? I need to ask you a question. Do you love Noel?" as soon as I said it, I'd instantly wished I'd bitten my tongue off and choked on it instead. I mean, what did I expect him to answer?

"Of course I do, Evan. I thought you knew that." He said so matter-of-fact.

"I don't understand. How can you love someone who did all those terrible things to you and your family? I just don't get it?" I said, and he could see I was jealous, that I was upset.

"I don't understand it all myself Evan. And I know what he did was terribly wrong. But I saw a part of him where he showed his real 'self' to me, where even though he was all mixed up, he really did love me in his own way." Brad said to me gently.

"And in my own way, well, I love him. Oh, he tried to look after me, and believe me when I tell you it nearly got him killed a few times. Did you know he got stabbed three times and shot twice trying to save me? And on three occasions he nearly called you to come down and get me, because he knew he was failing me. It broke his heart when you finally came knocking on the door, but I know he was so proud of you for having tracked him down." He continued.

"You were the only person he was prepared to lose to, what with that huge stubborn ego of his. And you did win Evan. You beat him and you won me." Brad said kindly and suddenly I was in tears, burying my face into his big smooth chest.

The next day we were all nervous. Brad because he was expected to testify against Noel, and me because suddenly I didn't seem to see my brother as the huge monstrous ogre I thought he was. Also, I was starting to think maybe I'd been terrible wrong in not being there to support him, regardless of what he'd done. I mean, he was still my brother and he was all alone now.

But when I saw him in court, I nearly screamed blue murder.

I was livid, angrier than I'd been in a long time. Noel was in an even worse condition than the last time I'd seen him. He was coughing up blood and appeared to be disorientated most times. And even though they'd showered and shaved him, I could see he was terribly ill.

I could see his mind was still functioning though, because as the court proceedings commenced, he answered the relevant questions regarding his guilt and his understanding of the case against him. But he refused to look back at us or even acknowledge our even being there. But I watched him carefully when Brad got up in the witness box and how Noel tentatively glanced up a few times to look at him, before he buried his head in his arms and sobbed silently to himself.

I was stunned. I sat there watching Noel, completely broken and shattered and I realised I'd abandoned my own brother. I know what he did was heinous, but I was his own flesh and blood and I'd shown him no compassion whatsoever.

He'd been caught and would suffer the full weight of the law thrown against him, and all I could do was hate him even more.

That afternoon I walked out of that courthouse and went for a walk by myself to try and collect my thoughts.

Brad was tired and restless. He tried to spend more time down at his favourite gym, but his mind wasn't with it. Finally he came back and confronted me.

"You told me he was okay, Evan! Well, he doesn't look okay to me one bit. What's going on? You know his dying don't you Evan? Is that what you really want?" he said to me, his voice rising with anger.

"Of course I don't! I never planned for any of this. It's not my fault. I mean, I didn't know he was that sick! Oh God, I didn't know?" I answered softly, my heart breaking as I watched Brad standing there so hurt.

"Well you better think of something Evan, because they're going to crucify him tomorrow, and then it'll be all over except the funeral!" Brad said as he went into our bedroom and closed the door behind him.

I stood there stunned. More importantly, I was thinking how stupid I was that I hadn't considered this outcome earlier. But then I knew what I had to do. For the first time I think I smiled and went straight over to make a phone call to one of my lawyers.

The next day in court was pretty much what we'd all expected. Noel was convicted for the unlawful and illegal practice of enslaving innocent persons, and for bribing state officials in public positions to assist in enslaving innocent persons.

He was to be taken straight back to his cell to await his immediate sentencing before the judge, who would now hear applications from slave merchants and traders who might be interested in purchasing Noel.

As was most common, the meeting was held in the Judge's chambers. As I entered, staying close to the door, I noticed my lawyers were also present, as well as three other persons who appeared to be representatives of anonymous buyers.

Immediately my lawyer put forward a huge bid, which the Judge's adjudicator logged accordingly. From there a flurry of bids were put forward. Immediately two of the bidders dropped out as the amount rose beyond their authorised amount. This left my lawyers and one single anonymous bidder left to battle it out.

What was more amazing was the bidding climbed to a figure unheard of in the history of slave auctions, and now I was starting to get really pissed off with whoever was bidding against me.

But the moment it topped \$5 million, my lawyer raised it to \$5.250 million, the other bidder dropped off, and the Judge immediately awarded Noel to my representatives.

Was there ever a time that I thought I might have lucked out? Never! Because I would have spent my entire fortune to secure ownership of Noel, just to keep him out of the hands of any other slave trader.

But I must admit to being absolutely exhausted. Quickly I exited and hurried back to Brad who appeared distraught and was on his mobile frantically phoning around. When he saw me, I could see tears pouring down his cheeks, and I found myself frightened for him, not knowing what the problem could be.

"I lost him, Evan! Someone came in with more than me and I lost him!" he said in the saddest tone I'd ever heard in his voice.

And then it all fell into place. He was the mystery bidder. Oh for fuck sake!

Suddenly I broke out laughing, unable to contain myself, and as he looked at me as if I'd gone insane, I took his hand and motioned for him to follow me.

Once again I stood there in the prison visitor's room, but this time I had Brad with me. He was still confused as to what we were doing here, asking me repeatedly if I'd organised for him to see Noel for the last time before he was trucked off to his new owner.

But whatever excitement I felt, or however smug I might have been, it all vanished as Noel was escorted on unsteady stumbling legs into the room.

There stood Noel before us, my big brother, completely naked, trying to assume the traditional mandatory slave position as he wobbled there, his head bowed low with his chin resting his chest, his hands behind his back and his legs wide apart, and his groin thrust as far forward as he moved his hips.

But what shattered my composure was how thin he was. His ribs showed through his chest, his arms and legs were really just flesh hanging on bone, the sharp outlines of his pelvic bones showed through the skin of his hips.

The only thing that seemed to have any physical strength and health about it was his uncircumcised penis, which jutted out from his now hairless crotch in the most obscene way.

Before I could react, Brad had rushed forward and pushed the two laughing smirking prison officers away from Noel and carefully wrapped his arms around Noel's emaciated naked body, helping him to stay upright. I had rushed forward too, taking off my long leather coat and given it to Brad to wrap around Noel.

And Noel, as if in a daze, was looking at Brad as if he were a figment of his imagination.

"Is that really you Brad? Am I dreaming? Have you come to see me one last time? Thank you Brad, I really appreciate it, you know?" Noel said, his chest shuddering with pain as he tried to breathe, his eyelids flickering as he tried to keep them open.

"And Evan, you're here too? Can you ever forgive me? I really am so sorry bro! I'm so sorry I turned out to be such a big disappointment to you!" he stammered, his breathing laboured as he looked at each of our faces, trying to smile.

"They tell me I'm to be taken from here to be castrated and have my tongue removed. Apparently they don't use anesthetic. Well, if this isn't just another hallucination I'm having, I'm glad it's you two who will hear my last words." Noel said, coughing violently as he tried to laugh and make light of his predicament.

And then he looked up into Brad's face, his eyes softened and he began to cry, a soft mewling sound that wrenched our hearts as Brad held him tightly.

"Oh Brad, how much I love you! And I never saw it coming. I hope one day you can forgive me for the way I treated you!" Noel half whispered as he lost consciousness and went limp in Brad's arms.

Immediately I felt for a pulse in his wrist and detecting it, I looked up into Brad's horrified tear-filled eyes.

"Listen to me Brad! His alive, but just barely, so we have to get him to a hospital straight away. Also, the person you bid against today was me. As such we own him now, so hurry the fuck up and carry him to our car. I don't know how bad he is, so let's get a move on!" I said as quickly as I could, pulling on his arm to follow me.

Brad didn't care. He'd heard the part I'd said about him still being alive, about us owning him and to hurry up. The next thing he was tearing ahead of me, but he didn't stop at our limo, he raced off in the direction of the hospital two blocks away carrying Noel in his big cradling arms with me racing after them, trying to keep up.

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### 8.1     Noel Morgan - A Strange Forgiveness

*(Compiled from the Confidential Testimonies of Noel Morgan)*

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It's been nine weeks now, and I'm still stuck in this fucking bed. They won't let me up and whenever I complain, they just laugh in my face and tell me to get over it.

I can't even play hard-ball with them anymore either. If I even try to boss them around, or get uppity with them, they just look at me somberly and shake their heads in a no-no kind of way.

When they do that, I usually shut up straight away, because I really don't want to upset them.

But I admit I look up to them both. Brad, because I still love him dearly, though no-one understands how I can say that, and Evan, because he's my little brother and he spent over \$5 mil of his own money to keep me from being sent away to what definitely would have been my death.

I got to say, it was hard to adjust to their ways though. I always thought my brother was a fag, I mean gay, because he always seemed so shy and meek and all. And Brad, well, I just knew. But I don't talk to them about it, because I know I'm probably the reason for the way they turned out, and for them eventually getting together.

Anyhow, I've come to accept their relationship, them living and sleeping together, and I feel okay about it now. It still hurts sometimes when I'm lying awake at night and I can hear them being all loving in their bedroom, but I reckon that's part of my punishment too.

And to be honest, it's not all that bad now. Before though, I found it really hard at first, because I was still really sick and I always considered Brad was mine.

I know. You all must think I'm off my rocker, probably thinking I'm in denial about my sexuality. Maybe I am a queer? And true, I only ever think about one guy right now, and I probably will for the rest of my life.

All I ever really wanted from the beginning was for Brad to be my fag, and I know if I'd been given enough time, I would have loved him forever. But that's not how things worked out is it?

But when it comes to them sharing their lives together, well, I can be a man about it and admit I'm just so very jealous. Also, I'll probably always be jealous, because they seem so happy together, something that I'd always wanted to create for me and Brad in my own heavy handed way.

Oh well, I get to go out in my new wheel chair later this week. They promised if I was really good, stopped pestering them and bitching about everything, they'd take me for a stroll outside, where I'll actually get to see some real sunlight for the first time in nine weeks.

Yes, I love them both. How can I not? I remember how I woke up the day after Brad had rushed me to the hospital from the federal hospital. Brad was sitting in a chair next to my bed, holding onto my right hand firmly, his head slumped forward and the side of his face resting next to my hip, fast asleep. On the other side was Evan, and he too was asleep in a chair, holding on to my other hand.

At first I didn't know what was happening. I even thought I was having the most wonderful dream, or I'd actually died and gone somewhere astral-like. I mean, the whole hospital room I was in was painted vivid white so it sure made me wonder.

But then my past memories kicked in, and I found myself staring down into Brad's handsome sleeping face. I couldn't help it when the tears filled my eyes and I started to cry softly. Instantly both Brad and Evan woke up, and seeing I was now awake, they jostled around me, making sure I was comfortable.

When I tried to speak to them, I found no sound would come out of my mouth and suddenly my lungs began aching as I tried to push myself up. Immense pain instantly filled my head and my body, and I found myself struggling desperately to breathe properly.

"Noel, you have to relax and not move around." Evan said as he looked down on my grimacing face. Brad was frantically punching at a button, trying to get the attention of the hospital staff.

"Brad, would you please sit down, you're upsetting Noel!" Evan said, his voice full of concern and rising a bit in irritation.

"Noel, you're going to be okay. You're suffering from a combination of pneumonia and bronchial lung infection. The doctors are treating you and say you'll be fine, but you have to rest up." Evan said softly. Brad had sat down in his chair and was holding my hand again, watching me carefully with distress written all over his face. Also, I could see they weren't telling me everything, that they were keeping something back from me.

But at that moment, I didn't seem to mind anymore. Not at that exact particular moment in time. Not about the extreme pain I was suffering, not about what was actually wrong with me.

Because I finally realised this wasn't a dream at all. Here was Brad watching over me. He was really here!

I was stunned. I wanted to reach up and touch and caress his handsome sad face but my hands wouldn't move. So all I could do was stare up into his face, and hope he could see how happy I was to see him, and how very, very sorry I was.

Again the tears began, and I saw him reach down with a thin tissue paper and tenderly wipe the moisture from under my eyes.

"I'm here Noel. I'm not going anywhere, so rest up for me, will you?" he said to me, a big smile on his face as he gently squeezed my hand to reassure me. And before I knew it, I'd closed my eyes and drifted back to sleep.

"How long has it been? Two weeks? Okay, you can bring him slowly out of his induced coma. His brain should have had time to recover, and the recent CAT scans relating to his stroke and heart attack should allow us to see how bad his condition is." The voice said as I drifted in between consciousness and unconsciousness.

When I opened my eyes, it was once again to see Brad sitting there next to me holding my hand.

"Hi there, sleepy." he said as he smiled down at me, and for the first time since I'd met him, I smiled up into his face with as much affection and love as I could muster. The reaction from him shocked me as he lowered his head and rested it next to mine.

"I've missed you Brad." I tried to say to him, and found I could only whisper a short breath of air with my words on it, words which escaped from the corner of my mouth. Even saying the very words exhausted me, but I could see he'd heard me.

"Me too Noel, I've missed you. Now don't speak because you're still healing and we want you to get better soon." Brad said as I lay there looking up at him.

"What's happened to me? Why can't I...?" I tried to ask, suddenly scared because nearly the entire left side of my face and body was completely numb and I couldn't move a muscle.

Brad looked up over me and I saw Evan looking back at him, shaking his head from side to side.

Now that was scary! And as I watched Evan look down at me with a big sad smile on his face, I figured the news about my health was going to be real bad.

"Noel, the doctor will be back in a few seconds. He's going to give you a quick once over and let us know if it's okay to take you home with us." Evan said.

Of course, within an hour I'd found out just how sick I was, as well as the fact I wouldn't be getting much better any time soon.

That really made me ponder my life, and what I'd done to end up like this! I was only 20, and I'd suffered a massive heart-attack, a stroke and my lungs were damaged. On top of that, my kidneys had packed it in and my liver wasn't functioning properly anymore.

It was all the result of the time I'd been with Brad down in the south, and then the regular beatings I got when I was in solitary confinement within the federal prison.

None of the medical staff could believe I was still alive, and it was still expected I'd not last long, maybe a few months if I was lucky.

From what I learnt, not many people were that worried about me when they found out I was seriously ill. Most were actually happy and some I heard were even now celebrating my imminent death.

As I lay there, all I could think about was how pathetic my life had been. And always my thoughts turned to Brad and what I'd done to him,

And then I started wondering. Why was Brad here? Suddenly it didn't make sense. I had done some terrible things to him and his entire family, yet he sat next to me everyday and held onto my hand, willing me to get better.

When Brad had first turned up at high school and I'd first seen him, I'd hated him with a passion. All I'd wanted to do was destroy him and his entire family. But something happened that I couldn't understand and the next thing I knew is that I've fallen in love with him and I was fighting for his very life.

That's when I fell into a deep depression. Memories of what I'd done to Brad kept filtering up into my mind, a constant reminder of the pain I had caused him and others. Before I knew it, I was somehow pulling the drips out of my arms, wanting so much to end it all.

It felt right that it should end this way, and as I fell into a deep blackness that seemed to swallow up every fibre of my being, I heard myself faintly whispering Brad's name over and over again.

To me it was funny to wake up feeling so rested and relaxed, yet feeling really pissed off that I was still alive. I remember chuckling to myself as I woke up to find I'd once again failed at doing something as trivial as this, of ridding the world of a despised criminal monster and slave.

But to my surprise, as I felt the tears gather in my eyes, I felt someone's large warm body lying next to me in my bed. Big muscular arms were draped over me, hugging me tightly. At first I was confused as I realised I wasn't in the hospital anymore either. I was in what appeared to be a really large nice room, overflowing with flowers.

A huge LCD TV was built into the wall opposite me which I could easily see, the bed I was lying in was huge, the sheets covering me smelt fresh and clean, and a large beautifully crafted crystal light hung from the ceiling.

And then I watched in astonishment as Brad lifted his head and smiled at me.

"Welcome home stranger. Evan and I are your new roomies, so we'll be caring for you from now on. And if you ever pull another stupid stunt like you did in the hospital, we'll have to take your pocket-money away from you for at least two weeks." He said softly, a wide grin on his handsome face.

"Why are you doing this for me? You should hate me? All of you should? I don't understand?" I whimpered, still unable to move and stammering out of the side of my mouth. Again I was weeping, and I could hardly see him as he drew his body closer to mine.

"Noel, you were a cunt, a horrible person who nearly destroyed everything I love. But you also saved my life down there in the south on a number of occasions." Brad said calmly.

"Also, I really do love you. Not because of the terrible things you did to me, or to my family, but because I saw that side of you no-one else has ever seen before. You nearly died for me, twice, and I know you even killed for me as well. And then you went without food for so long to make sure I was fed and got some medication." He continued.

"To me, you will always be a part of my life now and forever. Also, you're my slave too, and I need to make sure you're well looked after. You might not know this, but you cost Evan a small fortune, and then he gave you to me straight away!" he chuckled in a tender kind of way.

"But you're not well anymore, Noel, so I want to be here to look after you until you get all better. Evan and I are going to take shifts, so we can keep an eye on you, 24 hours a day." he added, smiling down at my exasperated confused expression.

"It doesn't matter why Noel! Just enjoy the pampering and we'll all try to get you better again, okay?" he finished, and as I watched him, he dragged his body up even closer to mine and lay down with his head resting lightly on my chest.

What could I say? I was shocked, stunned! Here he was, being so kind and tender. I could hardly breathe because it still made no sense. I remember finally breathing in and smelling his blond hair, how clean it was and seeing how it shone in the soft light of the room I lay in.

"I'm so very sorry, Brad. Can you ever, ever forgive me?" I said in a half whisper, and I readied myself for his negative response.

"Noel, I forgave you ages ago. I forgave you when you showed how much you really did love me. So no more being sad at yourself anymore, please?" Brad said as he lifted his head up and looked deeply into my eyes.

I fell asleep and woke up to the smell of real food wafting through my room. Instantly my mouth began to water as I felt my stomach rumble. As I looked over towards the door, I watched as Brad and Evan walked in, carrying three large dinner plates.

"We're eating in here from now on. Time we started acting like a family once more." Evan said happily as he sat down on the bed next to me and started to cut up my food.

Again, all I could do was watch them in a daze as they laughed and joked, ate and fed me, acting as if this was a normal thing to be done every day.

Needless to say this became a daily routine for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and as I got better and a small amount of feeling came back into the left side of my body, we began to make arrangements for when I could finally get out of my bed.

In a way, I never was able to understand how Brad could so easily forgive me, but that's maybe because he's genuinely a lovely sincere guy, who is more a man than I ever was, or ever will be.

The truth of my situation is I will never walk properly again without crutches, and I only have partial muscle control over a third of my body. When they told me this, I took it for what it meant to me, and that was this was all part of my punishment for all the terrible things I'd done.

And then Brad and Evan came in one day and told me about their relationship.

At first I just stared at them and then I was crying, and before I knew what was happening to me, I found I was howling inconsolably in despair. I know I had no right to feel so distraught whatsoever, but I just couldn't believe that I'd finally lost Brad, and to my little brother.

I know that's what I'd originally planned all along, but that was before I fell in love with Brad.

Also, now I would have to live under their roof and know they were fucking each other every night. I just couldn't believe I would have to lie here and there was nothing I could do.

But what hurt even more was I knew I would only ever be able to look at Brad from now on and never be able to touch him ever again.

They were frantically trying to calm me down, as I'd somehow managed to knock over my drip stand and torn some of the butterfly needles from my arm. Blood was spraying everywhere.

Evan was weeping and Brad was nearly hysterical as they both held me close to them tightly, not allowing me to move at all.

Somehow, I must have cried myself into an exhausted sleep. I awoke and knew it must have been late that evening, and I found myself once more looking up into Brad's concerned face.

Straight away I started crying again as I remembered that he and Evan were now a couple, but in that instance, I also knew once again I had no right to demand anything from them at all. I knew they owed me nothing, but I owed them everything.

As I sniffled back the tears, I tried to smile up at Brad and tell him I was alright, that I was just shocked, being stupid and childish, that's all. I wanted him to know I was actually really happy for them both, and I wished them all the happiness in the world for their future.

Brad just smiled down at me, and then he did something that shook my very world.

He stood up and started taking his clothes off very slowly in front of me. I watched him in stunned silence as he dropped his trousers and then his underwear, unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off.

Naked, he stood there before me in the traditional mandatory slave position, his legs wide apart as he stood there before me, his hands behind his back and his groin thrust out as far as he could. His thick long penis was rock-hard and quivering, and his smooth hairless balls dangling low between his thick muscular inner thighs.

There before me stood my beautiful naked Adonis just as I remembered him from months before. When I looked into his face he was smiling, and then he quickly moved forward and crawled under the sheets to cuddle up next to me.

“Oh Noel, you don’t ever have to be jealous of Evan and me. I told you I love you, and I wasn’t just mouthing off. I’ve never forgotten what you did to save me from those terrible men down south, and I’ll always be here for you. I still find it hard to believe you got stabbed three times and also took two bullets and were still able to get me safely away each time.” He said softly as he planted soft tender kisses all over my face.

“And don’t worry about Evan either. He knows what the score is, and that you are a vital part of my life. In fact Noel, you’re a very important part of his life too. Believe it or not, he’s very proud of you. When I told him what you did to protect me, to save me, he demanded we look after you from now on.” Brad added as he gently rubbed himself up against my limp unmoving body.

“I was going to wait until you were a lot better before jumping in the sack with you, but maybe now’s as good a time as any.” he added mischievously.

I couldn’t look away from his handsome face as he gently touched me all over. Although my body was damaged internally and I couldn’t move a muscle, I still found my dick was able to respond to his caresses.

And that’s when I asked him.

“Brad, I’m dying aren’t I? That’s why you’re being so kind to me?” I asked, knowing the truth before he answered.

At first Brad just stared down at me as if I’d hit him with a crowbar across the back of his head, but then he smiled sadly, and tears came to his eyes.

“Yes Noel, you are. The doctors give you a few months more. But it isn’t why I’m being kind to you Noel. I want to be here with you right now because I do love you. I need to know my man is being looked after and being cared for, so that’s why I’m here, Noel.” Brad said so sincerely that my eyes began to fill with tears once again.

And as he smiled down at me, Brad moved ever so carefully, exploring my naked hairless body, making sure not to squash me or hurt me in any way. And as he took my throbbing cock all the way into his mouth, sucking me off as gently as he could, I thanked him and told him once again just how much I truly loved him.

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## 8.2 Brad Cahill - Unconditional

*(Extracts From the Recently Discovered Writings by Brad Cahill – Pleasure Slave)*

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Ten months on, as I look down into his sleeping gaunt face, I know he is dreaming of all the terrible things he did to me. His facial muscles twitch and tense constantly, and I know the memories of the past, of what he's done, are haunting and tormenting him over and over again.

And even though I have told him I have forgiven him, that I love him with all my heart, I can still tell he despises himself completely, because he can never forgive himself for the pain he has caused me.

So how do I explain it so anyone could comprehend why it is necessary for me to look after Noel, keep him safe and love him regardless of the terrible things that have happened in the past?

To me it's quite simple! But to others, well they just won't or couldn't understand.

No one will really understand. Not my brothers, not my parents, and to a certain extent, not even Evan.

And it's not that I don't want them to understand, it's just that I can't explain or articulate the reasons why.

How do I tell Evan and my family that I became addicted to the endless beatings, to the utter humiliation and shame Noel and his friends subjected me to?

How do I explain the insanity of how I looked forward to obediently stripping off my clothes before all the guys on the high school football team, slowly sliding my tight skimpy underwear down my legs and stepping out of them before being forced to masturbate in front of them?

It would be impossible for me to look all my loved ones in their eyes, and tell them how I trembled with unbridled lust every time I was pushed down onto my knees and made to perform oral sex on any of Noel's friends who happened to want a blow job.

What would they say if they knew every time I lay on my back or got on my hands and knees to be anally penetrated over and over again I would uncontrollably ejaculate multiple times without ever having to touch myself?

To everyone who knew my situation, I would hear them politely and sympathetically say it was the slave micro-chip that made me feel so eager and enthusiastic to pleasure Noel and all his friends, and that I shouldn't feel guilty or ashamed of what I had to do to survive.

But what no-one knew, except for Noel, was that on the afternoon I was led into his bedroom to admit I was a faggot, a queer to Steve Newby and Trevor Drummond, Noel had secretly deactivated the micro-chip implanted in my spine.

From that moment on I was fully aware of what I was doing, of how I'd submitted completely to Noel, of how I eagerly opened my smooth hairless muscled legs wide apart and let Noel and his friends mount me repeatedly.

And of course there's so much more to the story of my total subjugation to Noel, and why he did what he did to me, but more importantly, why I accepted it.

I will always remember back to the evening Noel was stabbed three times as he tried to save me, and how he then shoved that fire poker all the way up that cruel blackmailing old man's arsehole.

Again what no-one knows is that as he'd driven us over the state-line, where he eventually found us a place to lie low, Noel totally disregarded his own serious injuries, his punctured lungs, to tend to my needs first.

Once he'd washed me and bandaged me as best he could and then dosed me full of pain-killers, he'd collapsed unconscious on the bed in that small hovel of a motel room from complete exhaustion and loss of blood.

For the next three days he'd slipped in and out of consciousness, babbling incoherently at times in a frenzied fevered state.

That's when I understood why he had done what he'd done. That's when I found the sealed envelopes at the bottom of his travel backpack as I searched frantically for strips of cloth to bind his continuously bleeding wounds.

At first I ignored them as I washed the blood off his body and tried to staunch the bleeding, but I suddenly saw one of the envelopes had my name on it, and the other was addressed to Evan.

Even though I was curious, I still put the one addressed to me aside and nearly forgot about the letter as I tended to Noel. Eventually, as I lay next to him, holding him close to my chest, praying for him to pull through, it caught my eye again and I found myself carefully opening it so as not to damage the seal too much.

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*My dearest Brad,*

*I'm writing this letter having just left you in the care of my little brother Evan.*

*I know you are seriously hurt, and it is entirely my fault, and believe me when I say it breaks my heart to know you suffered so brutally at my and my friends' hands.*

*For a whole month I let them do things that I knew would cause you great pain, hoping this was what you truly wanted, and hoping you would love me afterwards.*

*Yes, I know I am solely responsible for your pain and your injuries.*

*Also, I know whatever I say now will not make up for the terrible vicious things I have done to you and your entire family.*

*But I thought it was important I write this for you, and for you to receive it when the time is right.*

*Of course, as you hold this letter in your hands, that time is now, and as such, this must be because:*

*I) I am dead, or;*

*2) I've finally been caught by Evan and the authorities, and I've recently been enslaved for the rest of my life as a result of my terrible crimes against you and your family...*

*Either way, you'll probably be incredibly relieved that I am now out of your life forever, which is actually a heart-breaking thought for me because I truly do love you with all my heart.*

*How can I say this, you may ask? Well, it's because from the moment I first saw you, I fell head over heels in love with you.*

*The very sight of your youthful yet masculine muscular body, your blond hair and handsome face and twinkling blue eyes nearly drove me insane with desire. The way you were so kind to everyone, the way you looked at life, at the world in general, with courage and child-like eager curiosity that made me crazed with a lust and love I dared not admit in this strange new modern world we live in.*

*If I were to declare openly to anyone how I felt about you, I would have been enslaved immediately, regardless of my family's massive wealth and power. And so I played my part, being the spoilt rich brat who schemed to bring ruin to you and your family.*

*Also, I had watched you closely, and I now knew your secret too. You may deny it to the day you die, but I know the truth, and like me, I know you can never reveal yourself to anyone either. Only you know the truth, but if I have been right, if my intuition has been correct, then I hope one day you may be able to forgive me. If not, my time after this life will be spent in the fiery pits of hell.*

*So what to do in those early days when I first saw you? For me I decided the only thing I could do was to enslave you and make you mine. Then it didn't matter what society said about us, as they would quite happily accept the master slave relationship.*

*But I also saw something in you that went much deeper than just being different. I could see through your tough macho rugged exterior and sports jock image and see the submissive masochist locked deep away within you.*

*The very moment I laid my eyes on you, I knew. I can't explain it, but I saw you for what you really were and to me that wasn't terrible or ugly. It was beautiful and pure, and I wanted to be a part of your blossoming, as you fulfilled your potential.*

*And so I chose to go down a path that would allow me to unlock it. A terrible agonising brutal path that would harden and set my heart to stone even more than it had been before. All so I could prove I was right all along, and for you to prove your absolute love, devotion and loyalty to me.*

*Believe it or not, but I know now I have achieved the outcome I originally sought. A month of my closest friends torturing and raping you, and I know you love and care for me too. I know now I have released you of your demons, and that you have allowed me the wonderful and glorious opportunity of sharing this with you.*

*Can you imagine how I have felt to be able to love you in the only way I know how?*

*As the memory of me dim with the passage of time, I will not ask you to forgive me for all the terrible things I've done to your family either. I knew from the very beginning they would suffer, but I also knew if I enslaved them and then gave them to my little brother, Evan would eventually free you all.*

*Your parents have not been sold to a Bauxite mine, as I once taunted you, wrote in my journals and told others so cold-heartedly. They are currently enslaved to an elderly farming couple up north who are looking after and caring for them and will sell them back to Evan when he finally hacks into my computer at home and discovers all the evidence of my crimes.*

*I know Evan will do it. He is very intelligent, and you can believe me when I say I don't take him for granted at all. It is only a matter of time before my little brother comes of age and brings me to justice. I don't even know how I can begin to tell Evan how proud I am of him.*

*Yes, in all my writings I sound like a pompous ass, a cruel inhuman tyrant, and yes, I did it all just so I could be with you.*

*My hope is I am actually dead now if you are reading this. But if I am enslaved and you read this, know that I really did love you with all my heart in the only way I knew how.*

*I'm sorry Brad, so truly sorry for the pain and agony I've put you through, so as a small recompense to you and my family, I have decreed my money and entire inheritance upon my death or enslavement to be given to you.*

*I know it can't make up for the evil I have inflicted, but when Evan frees you, you will be worth over \$8.6 billion, and hopefully that will be enough for you and your family to start all over again.*

*And what about me, you may ask?*

*Well I will have just spent a whole lifetime in the shortest period of time loving the most extraordinary guy I have ever known.*

*Always remember that you will be forever my only love as long as I live, assuming I am not dead already.*

*All my love!*

*Noel*

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As I'd carefully resealed the letter back in its envelope, I remember the strange feeling that resonated through my body as I looked down on him.

I already knew what he had written was all true. And indeed, he had freed that part of me that loved to be dominated and abused so severely.

I remember how in my own injured state as I tried to look after him, I then listened to Noel admit in his fevered stupor how he'd always yearned after me from the first day he'd seen me at school.

What he'd written in the letter he now freely admitted to me, that all his bravado to appear the vicious depraved enslaver of innocent persons had been a mask, a terrible cruel façade he knew would release the terrible secret buried deep down within me.

I could have escaped then, used his mobile to ring the authorities or Evan. But I chose not to. I chose instead to love him more and further enslave myself to him. I chose to look after him until he got better.

And he did get better, before we were once more confronted by the terrible realities of him being shot twice as he tried to save my life again.

Yes, I knew he cared and loved me in a way no-one could ever fully understand.

Now he lies on his back in our new luxurious home we share with Evan, and I knew he was deathly ill. I know Noel will not survive this one, as the doctors had already said his body is slowly deteriorating, that his lungs are too damaged, his kidneys have failed, and his liver was now not functioning at all.

So all I can do is make what time he has left with me as enjoyable and memorable as I can, and believe me, I will do anything to make him happy.

Tears are streaming down my face as I again undress and slide in next to him. My movements wake him and he looks up at me with a smile of pure joy.

"Brad, what time is it? Where's Evan?" he asks contently, curiously, yawning as he stares into my eyes. Suddenly he is concerned for me as he sees I am crying.

"What's wrong? Damned my useless body!" he says angrily, unable to sit up or even move as he tries to comfort me.

"It's alright Noel! They're tears of joy and I'm just happy you're here with me." I say, trying to calm him. Again his eyes soften, and he moans softly as I wrap my body around his and start licking his smooth hairless chest and stomach.

"Oh baby, I just wish I could hold you tightly. It would be so nice to hug you back. Maybe soon when I'm all better, hey?" he says, a wide smile stretched across his trusting face.

All I can do is smile lovingly back at him as I squat over his hips, lower my anus down onto his rigid manhood and sit down gently so his erect penis slides up all the way into my bowels as I lean forward and start kissing him on his lips.

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## 9. Evan Morgan – A New Beginning

*(From the Private Diary of Evan Morgan)*

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Noel died on the 16<sup>th</sup> July, 18 months after we'd brought him home. He went peacefully, and the doctors tell us he felt no pain whatsoever.

Brad was inconsolable. He had been there with my brother as he'd breathed his last breath.

I received the call telling me to come straight home. With a lump in my throat, my heart breaking and tears cascading down my face, I literally ran all the way back to our apartments.

As I entered the bedroom, I watched as Brad wept and howled, hugging Noel's limp body tightly to his chest. And when he finally realised I was there, he gently placed Noel down and rushed over to me, sobbing uncontrollably as he hugged me close to him. Then he led me over to where Noel lay.

At first I didn't want to look, but as I wiped the tears from my eyes, I looked down on his face, and I was utterly surprised at how at peace Noel looked. He looked so incredibly young and handsome.

"I got Monet to contact my brothers and parents and they're on their way. I hope you don't mind, but I got him to also ring your parents as well. They should be here any moment" Brad wept. All I could do was hug Brad back again as tightly as I could, letting him know I was here for him too, as I knew he was here for me.

But deep down in my heart, I felt as if a huge part of me had been rent from my soul and cast adrift. I found myself forlornly looking down at Noel and asking him over and over again to forgive me.

If only I had tried harder at finding them, just maybe I could have prevented Noel's eventual death. If I had been more honourable and made sure he was being cared for at that federal prison during his trial, maybe he would still be with us healthy and alive.

I watched as Brad went and sat next to Noel's body, and I felt the tears pouring down my cheeks once again as he tenderly gathered Noel up in his arms and held him against his chest.

It was Monet who took control of the situation as he always did when things needed to be done. He came up to me and put his arms around me and walked me out of the room, whispering to me that we needed to talk now.

"Your parents have arrived. I think you should go out and greet them while I look after Master Brad and Master Noel. Then you can take them in to see your brother." Monet said kindly, moving me towards the lounge room where my parents waited.

We hugged and wept, and as I watched them both steady themselves, preparing to go into the bedroom where Noel was, Monet came out to let me know all was ready.

Finally they went in, wanting to see Noel by themselves, and as I waited for them, Monet once again came up to me.

"Master Evan, I am so sorry for your loss. But it is time for you to consider what you want to do now. Firstly, before I go on, I need to give this to you. Master Noel made me keep it, making me promise I was only to give this to you if anything were ever to happen to him." Monet said as he handed over a letter addressed to me.

I looked at it in a daze. With trembling hands I opened it and read it.

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*Hi Evan,*

*If you're reading this, then it means I bit the big one... And if that's the case, I hope all is still well with you, and Brad and his family are safe and sound in your care.*

*Of course, if Brad is with you now, which should be the case, please look after and love him as much as you can. If my guess is right he'll need you more than ever now, because it means I have failed him and I am no longer there to look after him.*

*Evan, I want you to know I love you and I'm so very proud of you. I've always been very proud of you, even though I never showed you or told you that before.*

*One last thing before I sign off. I hope that you can one day forgive me for what I am about to do. I have just this moment put into motion something so terrible that you may never be able to forgive me, but it is something I need to do. Not just for me, but for Brad too.*

*I'm sorry to be so vague about details but it is important you do understand that I actually do care and love Brad deeply. All I can say to justify my actions is if I can have him for just a short period time, then it will all have been worthwhile.*

*Take care little bro...*

*Noel*

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I read it, reread it, and then looked up at Monet.

"When did he give this to you?" I asked.

"It was well over a year and a half ago Master Evan. A month before he brought Sean and Justin home as your new pleasure slaves." Monet said gently.

I was staggered. Suddenly it all made sense. It was never about the destruction of Brad and his family, or trying to steal my own family's wealth and fortune. It had always been about Brad and Noel, and to a lesser extent, me.

"Didn't you know Master Evan? I'm sorry to say, but it was quite obvious to the rest of the house slaves what Master Noel was doing. He truly did love Master Brad in a way that could only have resulted in Master Brad being enslaved. That way they could be together." Monet said softly, his eyes sad as he realised I'd not known.

So now I understood. Noel had manipulated everyone into thinking he was a cruel sadistic animal, someone who had schemed and plotted to destroy Brad and his entire family, all because of a supposed personal high school feud.

He had let all his straight friends beat and rape Brad, maintaining his heterosexual status and once he'd broken Brad, made him love Noel back, then he'd made sure Brad was then handed over to me. Noel knew I would look after Brad and I would set him free, but I can see how my brother hadn't realised how much in love with Brad he was.

I was amazed at the complexity of it, but I was overwhelmed by sadness that Noel knew it would ultimately destroy him when he chose to go down this route.

But what made me weep with a broken heart was Noel had been gay all along, and that he'd seen his terrible actions as being the only way he could be with Brad.

In a sense, I knew this was true as well. Our society wouldn't have allowed him to openly confess his love for Brad, and he would have been enslaved straight away.

The funeral took place a week later. A small affair, where those close to Noel came and paid their final respects. August was there and so were Sean and Justin. My mother and father were there of course, along with Monet and myself, with Brad giving the eulogy.

A surprise was the number of high school friends who knew Noel and had played on the high school football team with him over the years. When they walked passed the open coffin in the little chapel, they kept their eyes low as they also passed by Brad.

I could see they were ashamed of what they'd done to Brad, as well as deeply saddened by Noel's death.

Anyhow, over the next few weeks, Brad and I comforted each other, trying to come to terms with the loss of Noel from our lives.

For Brad, it was as if a true soul-mate had passed away, leaving him bereft of a major part of his life. For me, it was coming to terms with the fact that I loved my brother with all my heart and the guilt I felt for not having loved him more.

As for Brad's brothers and parents, I think they came to understand there was much more to what had happened between Brad and Noel, and they quickly learnt to forgive my brother.

Also, my parents came to terms with the sad reality that they had just lost their eldest boy, and for many months, my mother was nearly inconsolable.

But with Noel's passing, life seemed to strangely readjust itself around us, enabling us all to move forward. Monet stayed with us and looked after us, while August moved in permanently with us as well.

Both Sean and Justin decided they too wanted to live with us and so we all reached a decision we needed to get a bigger place.

We settled for a massive 4 storey 25 room house that overlooked the main river that ran through the centre of Morrisett City.

Now Brad attends college and will graduate with full honours. I am still studying, along with Sean and Justin, and we're all enjoying the peace and tranquility as we spend our time with Brad.

One thing remained to be decided, and that was something only Brad could do himself.

Down at my parent's estate remained the question of what to do with the 14 young teenage guys who had voluntarily signed up for lifetime indentured servitude. Fourteen young male slaves Brad now owned and needed to decide what to do with.

He asked me to go with him, and of course I agreed. He hadn't told me what he was going to do, but it didn't really matter as I would have supported him regardless.

Of course father and mother were waiting outside for us when we arrived, and to our surprise, so were every one of Brad's slaves. Not that you could tell they were slaves. They all wore nice clothing and stood nervously around as we stepped out of the family limousine that had picked us up from the airport.

More to our surprise was how they sheepishly moved forward to surround Brad, and to my surprise, they each stepped forward with tears in their eyes, knelt down before him and asked Brad to forgive them.

Daniel Maddox was the last to come up to Brad, and falling to his knees, he wept uncontrollably as he begged for Brad to forgive him.

Brad was the most surprised, but he immediately moved forward and hugged them each, telling them they were now all free. With Daniel, he lifted him up and hugged him for ages and then kissed him on the forehead.

If there were ever a time I felt a deep love for Brad, it was then. He didn't judge them or hate them, he didn't choose to do anything other than let them know he had forgiven them and they could now all go home as free citizens to live with their families.

When we returned home, Daniel came with us. It wasn't a decision Brad and I took lightly, but we knew we had to. Daniel looked and sounded very fragile, and we were so concerned he would do something to harm himself because of his intense feelings of guilt that we knew we needed to keep a close eye on him.

Of course Daniel jumped at the offer, and Brad knew that given time, Daniel would be okay and would one day be able to get on with his own life.

It's a funny thing to look back on everything that had happened and to realise that nothing really was as it appeared.

Brad recently had a huge portrait of Noel painted, and he now spends many hours in front of the mantelpiece where it hangs, quietly contemplating about life and speaking to Noel's image whenever he feels the need or gets down in the dumps.

And myself, I now love my older brother unconditionally, regardless of what he may have done in the past, and I still to this day hope he has forgiven me for having turned my back on him in his darkest hours.

**The End**