

Iroppoi Herususementaa

TopLegal

2002-2003

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1 Part 1

By TopLegal

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

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Application

“Hey Patrick,” Tim called out, “are you ready for our property final?”

I was sitting in the cafeteria at the law school focused on the more immediate civil procedure exam and responded to Tim, “let’s get through civ-pro first.”

“Good point,” Tim said as he sat down at my table.

“Where do you work out Tim?”

“I just use the university’s gym.”

I nodded, “It’s just that I’ve heard the new gym near the the graduate apartments is supposed to be out of this world.”

Tim snickered, “Yeah out of this world expensive; it is over a thousand a month.”

“Oh, they did not have prices on their web site.”

“Patrick, you will be working out at the school gym for the rest of law school.”

I shrugged. I had filled out the gym application last night and figured I had nothing to lose. The application itself had been quite long, and unusually prying. I guess in the “euphoria” of finals at law school, submitting naked pictures for a gym membership seemed like a fun lark.

Email

A few days after that conversation with Tim, I was up late finishing my last review of criminal law for the final and received a peculiar email:

Coady-san

As for your request for application to our health club, we would be most humbly appreciative if you would pay us a visit tomorrow at two.

Lane Tanaka, Membership Director

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The awkward English of the whole thing surprised me, but my interest was more piqued than before.

I thought through the timing. My criminal law final would be over by noon. The post-finals party did not start till five. Two was spot on.

I replied:

Tanaka-san:

Thank you, I will be at the front desk at two.

Patrick Coady

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I finished my final and had lunch at the cafeteria with Tim. For some reason, I decided not to mention the health club. We dissected the final and then around one, I left for the dorm to grab my gym bag and make my way to the health club.

I arrived a few minutes early and was greeted in the lobby by a young man. “Konichiwa Coady-san,” the man said as I entered.

If I had an iota of common sense I would have turned and run at that point, but I simply waved back and sat down on the only chair in the waiting area.

Two guys came in a few minutes later and were each greeted by name and buzzed through a wood door without showing any sort of membership card. I was left waiting for a bit and noticed the strongly Japanese style influences throughout the room and artwork.

“Konichiwa Coady-san,” a new voice said from behind me, “I am Lane Tanaka.”

I turned to see an extremely handsome, young, white man, who clearly worked out daily. I extended my hand to meet his and greeted him back.

“Coady-san, let us go to my office,” Lane offered as he extended an arm to point towards a smaller, now open, door that was camouflaged in a side wall. I led the way and he followed shutting the door behind me.

We walked up a flight of stairs and into a small, windowless office. “Coady-san, please sit down.” I did. “Coady-san, our committee reviewed your application closely and was quite excited to extend an offer of membership to you.”

“But,” I started.

“Please Coady-san, allow me to explain, we have many membership classes here at the club and you will be at a rate that is most accommodating of your situation.”

“Oh.”

“Not to worry Coady-san, can I take the required blood draw now?”

“Uh, sure,” I said, vaguely recalling some discussion of that on the web site.

Lane came around and got chatty with me about how the club was owned by a Japanese consortium and the staff was required to use certain polite terms and language. He really set me at ease so much so that I did not notice the syringe in my arm until it was too late.

“Relax Coady-san,” Lane instructed as he removed the syringe and inserted the phlebotomy cup to draw my blood. The strange thing was that I had not already gotten out of the chair and run screaming from the club.

“Stand up now Coady-san,” Lane instructed and I did. “Take your clothing off and put this swim suit on,” he said handing me a pink Speedo bathing suit. After putting the bathing suit on, I felt quite sexy.

“Let’s head down to the floor,” he said leading me out a different exit from his office and down a longer staircase which opened into a hallway with a set of pictures lining the wall. “This is the main corridor to the locker room, we have the schedules of all of the bottom-boys along the walls Lane said pointing out a photo and corresponding schedule.

We walked closer to the locker room and he showed me my picture, which had an “In Training” sign below it. If I had anything to say, I was unable to say it. Whatever drug he had injected me with was leaving me quite out of control.

“Don’t worry Coady-san, we will provide you plenty of training before you are part of the schedule, pink indicates trainees, black tops, white bottoms, blue employees. Sex with employees is forbidden. Bottoms are paid for by the tops and are 100% available to all tops. Sex is as instructed by the top. As a club rule, we do not permit condoms. Presently we have 18 bottom-boys. You will be nineteen. We have 100 top-members and prefer to have 20 bottom boys, but there is always turnover. There are five employees.”

I found myself propelled down the corridor and inside a stunning indoor swimming pool with a glass roof. I noticed that it was dark outside and realized that I had been at the club longer than I suspected.

Lane gave me no time to think about that and guided me to a starting block and was quite loose and free about touching my body as he positioned me to take a dive. “Give me five laps.”

I dived in without question and gave Lane five laps. I got out and noticed that several men in black suits were eyeing me closely and one was even talking to Lane.

“Ah, Coady-san,” Lane said, “allow me to introduce Wolf-san one of our more junior tops.”

Almost instinctively, I bowed slightly and greeted Wolf-san in Japanese: “Konichiwa Wolf-san.”

Wolf-san grabbed my groin and felt up my cock without asking. I just stood there impassively and allowed him to do so. He commented to Tanaka-san, “Amazing how quick the first programming session takes in these boys Tanaka-san.”

Tanaka-san responded, “Quite, but we still like to allow three months for training to ensure that the boys are capable of fully enjoying their jobs.”

Wolf-san leaned in close to me and forced his tongue into my mouth and kissed me roughly. “See you in three-months Patrick,” he said and walked away.

Lane smiled at me, “he his quite looking forward to fucking your ass. He says you ‘ring his bell.’”

I nodded meekly and followed Tanaka-san from the pool area to the workout room. A pink jockstrap and matching shoes and socks were sitting by the entrance and without prompting I changed from the bathing suit to that outfit in front of the room. About six guys in black jockstraps were working out and there were two guys in white jockstraps working out.

Lane guided me through an intensive cardio workout and commented, “of course when you are working you need to interrupt your workout for the tops.” As he helped me up from one of the machines I saw a bottom doing squats onto a top’s rigid, bare cock.

“That bottom is William Thompson, he is one of our best. The squat move is his signature and none of the other guys have the upper body strength and control to do squats like that on another guy’s shaft. Makes him quite popular. We had to place some limits on the tops to ensure he did not get worn out.”

I nodded approvingly and followed Lane back to his office. Back in Lane’s office I willingly let him give me another injection.

Dorm

“Ok, Coady-san, see you same time tomorrow,” Lane said as he helped me out into the dark street. All I was holding was a small bottle of pills in one hand and a membership card in the other.

For a second I thought it was strange that it was late out, but then it passed. I looked at the card and aside from my picture and my name “Patrick Coady”, the rest was in incomprehensible Japanese characters. Same for the pill bottle. My name was printed on a label, but the description of the pill was in Japanese.

I remembered Lane explaining it was a special vitamin supplement, maindokontorooru piru. I was to take it three times a day. I took my evening dose, shoved the bottle and card in my pocket and then decided to walk over to the party.

Nobody but Tim noticed I was late, and a quick excuse about falling asleep from exhaustion

made complete sense to him.

In the morning, I quickly regretted getting piss drunk. My head was throbbing and Tim was laying naked next to me.

“About time we fucked,” he commented as I opened my eyes.

I kissed him, “Suppose so, but don’t get any ideas about love or relationships.”

“Of course not,” he said as he pushed me out of bed onto the cold floor.

I landed unceremoniously and looked up at him. Tim and I had made winks but never fooled around seriously, now in our piss-drunk stupor we had fucked, or something, last night.

Barely awake for even five minutes, I had a strange need to take my vitamins. I scoured the floor for my jeans and reached into the pocket and pulled out the bottle. It was not until I swallowed my morning maindokontorooru piru that I felt ok.

Tim was still lounging in bed and called out, “Patrick, I always had you pegged more for the top-type. But man, you sure know how to suck dick and take it up the ass. And you were fucking insatiable.”

“Well as long as you enjoyed your one and only shot at my ass,” I quipped back.

“Nah, I’ll just get you drunk again.”

“Fuck you,” I said as I headed towards the in-apartment shower. Showering I noticed several characters tattooed on my shoulder. I was torn between which was the odder part, the fact that straight-laced, suburban, white-boy Patrick Coady suddenly had a tattoo or the fact that I could read, and understand, the Japanese characters, they simply said my name: “Patrick Coady”

The more I tried to focus on the tattoo, the more I felt disoriented. After a minute, I stopped and took my shower.

Tim was standing naked in the bathroom when I stepped out of the shower. “Leave any hot water for me?”

“Nah,” I retorted, “you’ll have to make do with an ice bath.”

Tim chuckled and stepped past me and into the shower. I dried off and got dressed. I was lying in bed with blue jeans and a white T-shirt when Tim came out, “Any chance of another blow job now that you are sober?”

“Scram,” I said, “I start my internship at the public defenders on Monday and I don’t want my weekend ruined with some lusty teenager who thinks he’s in love with me cause we fucked while we were both drunk.”

“Hey,” Tim shot back, “you’re the baby here at only twenty-one in law school. As for ‘love,’ fuck that, I’m just looking for a good fuckbuddy.”

“Oh, well perhaps from time to time,” I commented, “but we are working on opposite sides this summer, and sleeping with the enemy seems so wrong.”

Tim giggled and finished dressing himself.

We kissed warmly and he headed out.

I was out the door a few minutes behind him and headed towards a local Nordstrom. In the store I went up to the personal shopper department and gave my name to the clerk who immediately said, “Yes, Mr. Coady... Sorry... Coady-san, we have the items you requested ready for you to try on.”

I tried to remember calling Nordstrom, but drew a blank. I followed the clerk to a dressing room and tried on a perfectly tailored suits and approved its matching cousins. The suits were followed by dress shirts, then casual pants, casual shirts, jeans, t-shirts, shoes, underwear, every conceivable item of clothing had been selected for me. “Coady-san, would you like us to deliver these to your apartment?”

“Yes,” I said admiring my body in the mirror wearing some of the casual clothing.

“Very good then Coady-san, everything is paid for and will be delivered to your address. Do you have time to pick out your new Rolex?”

“Um, sure,” I replied.

“Very good. You had indicated you were not sure which one you wanted and so I thought it best to show you the range here,” he said as he pulled out a small tray filled with gorgeous watches.

I gravitated towards one of the chronographs and the salesman gently encouraged me to try it in. “Quite nice Coady-san,” he said.

I liked it. The salesman said, “why don’t you wear that out. All I need you to do is sign the receipt in a moment.”

“Sure,” I said. The salesman disappeared for a minute and returned with a long receipt and a pen. I signed for close to twenty-thousand dollars of merchandise and walked out wearing my new watch.

Looking down, I noticed the time and felt a strong need for another one of my vitamins. I took the bottle from my pocket and swallowed another maindokontorooru piru and relaxed again.

I took a bus back to the graduate apartments and found that Nordstrom had already delivered much of the merchandise. It took me four trips in the elevator to get all of the bags to my dorm room.

By then it was 1330 and I realized I needed to head over to the gym. I checked for my membership card and my vitamins and headed out the door.

Second Visit

I arrived at gym two minutes before two and the same receptionist was working. Again I was invited to sit down and wait for Tanaka-san.

I tried to detect where the door to Tanaka-san's office was but could not see even the hint of it in the wall. I noticed Wolf-san enter the gym again, he made a point of waving to me.

Around 1415, Tanaka-san came down and invited me to his office. "So, Coady-san, did you enjoy your shopping trip?"

"Quite Tanaka-san."

"Good," he said as he jabbed my arm with a needle. "Today we are going to give you our special inoculations to protect against diseases." Another needle jabbed my arm and I felt hopeless to do anything about it. In all, I received seven injections before I blacked out.

I woke up, sort of. It was a very dream like haze. Lane Tanaka was explaining some important instructions to me, but I couldn't fully understand them cognitively. It was as if I was standing outside my body. I knew every word being spoken was resonating with my body, but I would be damned if I could repeat a word of it to you.

"Coady-san, let's go down for your workout," Lane said and I suddenly could move.

"Ok," I said as I followed him past the hall of bottom-boys towards the swimming pool.

"Notice the schedule Coady-san, each bottom is scheduled for three 8-hour shifts a week and four 2-hour shifts."

I nodded.

In the pool area, I was the only one wearing a pink-trainee Speedo. Again Lane felt free to touch every part of my body in positioning me and training me in how to swim and dive. Again a number of the tops looked on in black Speedos approvingly.

As I finished in the pool, I noticed Thompson-san doing his signature squat-thrusts on one of the top's hard cocks. I followed Lane into the workout area and switched to a pink jockstrap for my cardio workout.

After we finished this time, Lane showed me the extensive locker room/sauna areas where we found an orgy of about ten members in equal numbers of tops and bottoms.

Wolf-san was standing to the side watching the orgy and stroking his dick off. He smiled at me and when we walked by he tweaked my nipple. I bowed politely and thanked him before moving on. It just made sense.

By the time I left the gym again, it was close to midnight and I quickly took my vitamin and then headed back to the dorm. There was a message on my machine from Tim inviting me to meet him at a bar.

I ignored it and hit the sack.

In the morning, I woke up to a phone call that at first I could not understand. Then I quickly

found myself responding to the call in Japanese. The call ended immediately and when I tried to remember what I said my head hurt. I took my vitamin and forgot about it.

In the bathroom, I noticed another tattoo, this time on my other shoulder. This was also in Japanese characters and read something like, “Treated - Disease Free - 5/19/2003.”

I shrugged and took a shower. Wearing my new clothing and watch felt great and I felt sad that I had no workout for the Saturday.

Tim

Tim stopped by around 1000 and talked his way in. “Stood me up last night.”

“We are *not* dating.”

“Ok, but still, you could have called.”

“I was out.”

“Anyhow, I get a free blowjob for you standing me up.”

“I’m not stupid Tim, we just fucked last night you can’t possibly be that horny already.”

“Pent up needs,” he responded. I supposed that made some sense. Tim had not dated, or fooled around, all semester. I on the other hand had been through five different guys in series.

“If we are going to do this fuckbuddy thing, there need to be some groundrules.”

“Like what,” he asked.

“Like, if you want sex you just have to ask for it and the other person will give it, no excuses, no kissing, no falling in love,” I responded.

“Fair enough,” Tim said, “now come suck my dick.”

I went over to him and got on my knees, unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and began to suck his dick. Tim moaned quite pleurably as I gave an expert blowjob. I was shocked at the quality of my technique and my knowledge of how to keep him on the edge of orgasm for close to twenty minutes.

For me it was an enjoyable game that I was somehow quite expert at. Tim’s appearance—which was quite attractive—was uninteresting to me. His pleasure was my paramount concern and I found the more I focused on that the more pleasure I got.

After about twenty minutes he said, “Coady, I want your ass again.”

I came off his dick and told him to get a condom and lube from the bedroom and I would be waiting. I stripped naked and kneeled on the coffee table, ass out for Tim’s hard rod.

“Fuck Coady,” he exclaimed on re-entering the room, “you really know how to turn a guy on.”

He entered me swiftly and I found I was able to easily control the tightness of my ass to slow his ability to reach orgasm and enable him to fuck me for ten or so minutes before shooting inside me.

“I really like this fuckbuddy thing,” Tim said as he pulled out and hit the showers. I waited for him to finish before showering myself. When I finished he was watching TV. “Quick question though, what if I want another blowjob now?”

“Just ask,” I said.

“Cool,” he responded, “can I buy you dinner?”

“No, that’s against the fuckbuddy rules,” I said.

“What if you start dating again, can we still be fuckbuddies then?”

“Sure,” I responded, “whoever I’m with will need to just understand.”

“So you’ll be fucking them and getting fucked by me Coady?”

I shrugged; somehow I did not think I would be dating anytime soon. We spent the afternoon watching football and drinking beer.

Around 1700, my phone rang and again a strange voice was giving instructions. Again, I responded in Japanese.

“What the hell was that Coady?”

“Oh, wrong number I think,” I said.

Escort Duty

Tim mentioned something about a formal affair and headed out. I found myself getting dressed in one of the tuxedos from Nordstrom and then heading over to the club for an 1800 rendezvous.

Lane was standing in the lobby, “Ah, Coady-san, sorry to call you in but we have very little time to review the escort rules before you need to depart.” With that I followed him quickly to his office and submitted to another injection.

By 1900, I was standing in the lobby waiting with Lane Tanaka. Tim entered and Lane greeted him, “Konbanha Webster-san, your escort is ready.”

Tim looked at me and smiled, “excellent that will be all Tanaka-san.”

I greeted my friend Tim, Webster-san, appropriately with a slight bow and followed him out to the waiting limo. “Remember our conversation Patrick about how expensive this club is?”

I nodded.

“It’s nice to be wealthy,” he said. The limo pulled up outside the opera house and the two

of us exited.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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2 Part 2

By TopLegal

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

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Opera with Webster-san

Tim led the way to his private box at the opera. I meekly followed a step behind submissively. When we arrived he had me sit down next to him and promptly unzipped my pants and whipped my cock out from my underwear like it was second nature. I sat there calmly and allowed this to happen without even flinching.

“So Patrick, it seems like your training is progressing well,” Tim commented as he stroked my cock into a frenzy. “You must feel quite embarrassed and powerless to be out in public and having your privates fondled.”

He was right, I was embarrassed, but somehow despite that I had no ability, or even will power to move away from Tim’s control.

“Oh, and Patrick,” Tim continued, “I know you might get a bit excited as I continue this hand job, but I expect you to make absolutely no sounds.”

His words were like a command. Suddenly I found myself completely unable to make a sound.

Tim laughed quietly at my predicament, “oh and one other command Patrick, despite my work on your cock, you will *not* orgasm until the very end and you *will* pay close attention to the opera no matter what I do to you.”

I nodded, but made no sound.

Not cumming was slightly easier than I expected, but focusing on the opera was more difficult. Tim would squeeze my balls painfully or tweak my nipples through my shirt at the most in opportune moments and yet I had to try to keep my eyes and ears on stage.

The whole experience was awful. Strange thing was that I felt a bit schizophrenic about the whole thing. The Patrick Coady I had always been hated the torment. The Patrick Coady I was becoming loved every minute of my escort duties for Webster-san and relished each of the tweaks he found to drive me crazy.

Just as I contemplated my schizophrenia, the opera came to a close and I shot a massive load

of cum onto the floor in front of me. Tim released my cock and applauded the performance. I was worn out and remained seated in my chair with my now limp dick dangling between my legs.

“Patrick,” Tim said, “I hope you enjoyed the opera since I’ve purchased your escort services for every performance this season.”

I nodded appreciatively, but remained sitting impassively.

“Tsk, tsk,” Tim said, “look at the time and you haven’t even taken your evening dose of the mind control pills.”

With the mention of my vitamin supplement, I suddenly felt nauseous for not having taken my evening dose. I reached into my pocket and found the maindokontorooru pirus and then quickly took one and immediately felt better.

Tim chuckled again, “well the training at the club is top notch; put your dick away and lets go back to the limo.”

I immediately put my cock back in my tuxedo pants and stood up to follow Tim out to the limo. He led the way and again I followed meekly, a step behind him.

In the limo, Tim gave some directions to the driver in Japanese which I could not quite understand and then raised the partition.

“Just so you know Patrick, once your training is over I won’t have any special claim to you,” Tim said, “but for now as your sponsor, I get free use of you within certain guidelines.”

I nodded.

Limo Ride

“You can talk freely as long as you remain respectful Patrick.”

“Webster-san, domo arigatou gozaimasu,” I responded politely.

“Good,” Tim continued, “a bottom costs about \$200,000 to train. Members pay those costs as their final initiation fee, I won’t become a full ‘top’ member until your training is complete.”

“Two hundred thousand?”

Tim snorted, “your wardrobe alone was a significant chunk of that.” I looked down at my gorgeous Rolex watch. “But you are wondering about the rest, well the medicines and inoculations against the diseases are expensive and the psychoactive training drugs come at a great cost as well.”

“Webster-san, is that why when you told me not to speak I could not open my mouth?”

“Exactly Patrick, you are being injected every time you go to the club with massive doses of a mind control drug and then subjected to extensive programming sessions. The pills are

boosters that raise your brain's sensitivity to the drug itself.”

“Why?”

Tim grabbed me from the seat across from him and sprawled me over his lap and smacked my bottom firmly five times and then said, “Politeness, Patrick.” Then I was shoved back off his lap.

“Sorry Webster-san; what I meant was Webster-san, why are you programming me?”

“Actually, whether you can believe this or not, your selection as the bottom being paid for with my initiation dues was complete chance.”

“Really Webster-san?”

“Does that make you feel better about becoming a sex-worker, bottom?”

“Yes.”

Tim chuckled again, “I really did not expect it to be anyone I knew. I only found out while you were undergoing your first treatment.”

“Feel guilty?”

Apparently he did not, because I was hauled over his lap again for impoliteness. After the spanking was finished I quickly apologized: “Sorry Webster-san.”

“Not a problem, anyhow, the fact that it is you is irrelevant once the first three months of training are finished since you and I will only have the most general contacts.”

“But till then... Webster-san?”

“We will be having quite a bit of contact.”

“I look forward to it Webster-san,” I said the words but could not believe they had come out of my mouth.

Sex

We pulled up two blocks from the graduate apartments and I followed Tim out. “Follow at my side and respond normally to any law school chums.”

I took a step forward and walked along side Tim and into our apartment building. We took the elevator to my floor and I let the two of us into my apartment.

“Strip,” Tim said firmly and I wanted to resist and yet I could not. Instead I stripped naked and stood in front of him helpless to resist anything he might demand.

There was no condom, Tim forced himself onto me in a mad passion. We were barely inside the door and I was tackled on the floor and the part of my body and mind that wanted to struggle was completely unable to achieve any movement.

Tim fucked me passionately and was clearly enjoying the bareback sex. I found my body

responding to please his needs and was helpless to resist. He achieve orgasm quickly and stood up and walked out leaving me on the floor like a used garment.

I fell asleep naked on the floor crying with Tim's cum filling my ass.

I woke up the next morning with a bad headache and a burning desire to take my vitamin supplement.

The previous evening's events were hazy. I could remember being at the opera with Tim and that was about it. I took my pill and felt better.

Dream Walker

The rest of Sunday was completely uneventful and the next day would be the start of my internship with the public defender.

I decided to shower the night before and while I was showering my tattoos seemed to glow faintly. But the more I tried to stare at them the more nauseous I became. Then I got the bright idea to force myself to remember my visits to the club and only succeeded in vomiting.

Deterred and frustrated at my predicament as a drug controlled sex slave there was very little I could do to fight back that did not induce tremendous waves of nausea.

Finally I set upon a plan. I had been able to train myself to remember and write down my dreams. I cued myself to dream about my training at the Iroppoi Herususementaa and then lay down to go to sleep.

I woke the next morning at 0400 and found two pages of notes in my dream code. I took the notes with me to the kitchen and popped my maindokontorooru piru without even thinking about it.

At the table I pulled out my laptop and transcribed my dream notes.

It was devastating.

The most devastating aspect was that I could not see an out. Even reading the instructions reinforced their power over me. I found myself shredding the paper on which I recorded my dreams and deleting the files on my laptop.

Then I vomited all over the table and felt like shit for being a sex-slave and worse still for trying to decode my programming.

Public Defender

I cleaned myself up and then got dressed for my new job.

At the public defenders office the next morning I involved myself totally in learning about my internship and put all of the thoughts about the club out of my mind.

It wasn't until lunch time when I crossed paths with Tim in the courthouse cafeteria that the club came back to my mind.

"Hey Coady, how you doing," he said jovial as ever.

"Nauseous."

"Just relax, working in court will become second nature."

"Not that."

"Oh," Tim said, "sorry, I actually am finding this pretty nerve wracking."

"Nah, the court stuff is a piece of cake, I will get lead on the bail hearings for petty felonies this afternoon. It's this club stuff."

"Is it bothering you?"

"Yes," I said a bit too loudly for the cafeteria.

Tim offered, "Patrick just go talk to Lane if you aren't feeling well about your workout?"

Something about what he said calmed me immensely. I decided that I would go straight from work to the club and talk to Lane Tanaka about how I was feeling. I popped one of the maindokontorooru piru and Tim and I finished by talking only about our mornings.

Tim was finding the whole experience at the DA completely unnerving, but I was actually doing fine. I mused, some of the training from the club was generally helpful for helping me deal with a new situation like my job.

We parted ways and as promised by my mentoring attorney I got to serve as lead on the bail hearings. It felt good to be in the lead again and at the end of the hearing the assistant DA commented to my mentor that I had performed well.

My mentor commented, "Good work Patrick, the hard part is continuing to care after many years."

"Thanks Nancy, how long have you been doing this?"

"Ten years."

"Do you still believe in what you are doing?"

"Most days, yes. I work out every evening to let off steam and that helps a lot."

"Cool, I'm going to hit my club actually."

"Enjoy," Nancy said as she took her briefcase and left the courtroom. I paused briefly and then followed her example.

Club

I reached the club around five and remembered to take my pill on the bus ride over. At the club the same receptionist as always greeted me and invited me to sit for Tanaka-san.

When Lane finally emerged over an hour had passed and he guided me upstairs. “Sit, sit, Coady-san.”

“Thanks, I’ve just been feeling very nauseous.”

“Coady-san, that is terrible, Thompson-san had a similar problem during his training. He fought the training drugs the longest of any boy in the history of the clubs worldwide: one year.”

“I don’t want to work here, I want my life back.”

“Coady-san, let’s look at some basic facts here, you *did* fill out the application of your own free will, no?”

“Yes.”

“And you came here to the club for the first time of your own free will, no?”

“Yes, but then you drugged me and my life has been upside down ever since.”

Lane sighed, “we only want willing bottoms at this club if you don’t want this job we can give it to someone else. We get hundreds of applications a week, we only select the best. You have the potential to beat even William Thompson. But the best are always difficult.”

“So if I say I want to leave I can just leave?”

“Yes, we would of course have to deprogram you.”

“And if I stay?”

“You will make a generous living, have fine clothing, and enjoy more sex than most men ever dream about.”

“For how long?”

“Most bottoms stay with us three-to-five years and then move on into a relationship with a client who must then resign the club or become a staff member.”

“What about Tim, I mean Webster-san, did he really have no idea I would be his trainee?”

“Coady-san, no initiate knows who their payments will bring in, the situation with you and Webster-san is unfortunate. By the time I realized the mistake it was too late to adjust course as your programming was underway.”

The needle went in.

I woke up in a small white prison cell in a cold sweat. “Let me out!”

The lights began to flicker and an audio track in Japanese came on.

I passed out again.

The next thing I knew I was walking out of the club in a clean suit towards work and took a moment to pop my pill.

Seeking Help

On the way to work I resolved to extricate myself from the club. I was assigned as a clerk in a capital case going to trial and lost track of time. By the time I finished the day I found myself heading back to the club.

I did not want to go but I felt like I had no choice.

At the club Lane spent two hours making me practice a variation of the squat thrust technique with a dildo and then with his own cock. As we parted he commented that I was showing potential to be a better bottom than Thompson again.

That made me feel good.

I got home around 2100 and remembered my earlier thought and decided to try an ex-boyfriend for help. “Hey Reza,” I said over the phone.

“Patrick?”

“Yeah, sorry to call so late, but I could use a hand,” I stammered, my nausea started to set in, but I steeled myself, “can I come over?”

“Patrick we broke up three months ago and not so much as a call and now you want me to drop everything so you can come over?”

“I need help Reza, I’m in trouble,” I said as I vomited into my trashcan.

“Are you vomiting?”

“Yes, please,” I said and started to cry.

“Ok, stay put, I’ll be over.”

I put down the phone and curled up crying in bed until the phone rang again with security asking me to sign Reza in. We hugged warmly and he came up to my apartment.

It was close to midnight already, “Look Reza, you may not believe anything I’m about to tell you but it is the truth, and I need help, and you are the only person I trust to help me.”

Reza’s emotions at that moment were indecipherable. A young Arab from Saudi Arabia raised in a strict Islamic family but educated in the West, Reza had always been an enigma. Our relationship had failed when he had been overcome with self-loathing about being gay.

“I’m here Patrick and I’m listening.”

“Ok, I signed up to join a health club.”

“FUCK! You hauled me across town cause you are too wimpy to get out of a health club

contract!”

“NO, Please Reza, listen,” I pleaded.

“Is this some fucking mind trick to trick me into living a disgusting faggot lifestyle?”

“RAIZA,” I screamed his name and pounded my fists into his chest and then vomited bile.

He helped me to the bathroom and let me explain about the situation.

“What a mess Patrick,” he remarked as he looked down at the floor to avoid making eye contact. “You always had to be on top with me, I never knew you would take it up the ass.”

“Reza there is a lot more to this than whether I’ll take it up my ass.”

“True,” he commented, “so what should I do kidnap you and tie you down until you go cold turkey on their programming or something?”

I thought about it, it was not as crazy as it seemed. “Well maybe if you came with me you could make them put me back to normal?”

“Maybe they could help me stop being gay?”

“Reza they seem to be more into the gay business than into making people straight. Plus once they drug you.”

“Ok, well let’s go together and perhaps we can straighten out your situation. I’ll meet you at the courthouse at four?”

“Great,” I said, “and thanks Reza, maybe we could try being friends again?”

“Patrick you know how hard it is for me to reconcile my upbringing with my sexual and emotional needs for male relationships.”

“Fair enough, I can sleep on the couch, you take the bed.”

“Who says I’m staying?”

“It’s one in the morning Reza.”

“Fair enough,” he said leaving the room and taking my bed.

I curled up on the couch.

Frontal Assault

Making it through the day was challenging and despite my best efforts my attempts to avoid taking the mind control drugs that masqueraded as vitamins was unsuccessful.

When Reza arrived in the courtroom, my anxiety level actually climbed rather than dropped. I broke into a sweat as Reza approached.

“You ok Patrick?”

“Just nervous, you?”

“Yeah a bit, you look awful though.”

“Let’s get this over with.”

Reza hailed a cab and we were dropped off in front of the club. I was drenched with sweats and in terror. “We don’t have to do this Patrick.”

“I want to be free.”

“Ok,” Reza said as he guided me into the club.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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3 Part 3

By TopLegal

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

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[Editorial Note: I revised the spelling of Reza's name between the posting of Part 2 and Part 3.]

Frontal Assault

As we entered the club, the receptionist rose and helped Reza carry me directly up to Tanaka's office where I promptly passed out.

"Reza, you must let me give your friend this injection," I heard.

"No more injections, he wants out of your crazy cult."

"If he doesn't get this injection he will go into a coma."

"Go ahead."

I felt a jab in my arm and then everything went dark. When I came too Reza was screaming at Lane in his typical enraged state.

"I'm ok Reza," I said and he calmed and came to my side. "I didn't know you cared so much."

Reza growled at me.

"Really Coady-san there was no need for this elaborate visit. If you want out, just say so."

My schizophrenic feelings took over again. The old me was screaming I want out. But instead, nothing came out. Instead like a puppet controlled by the club, I shook my head no.

"You see Reza, Coady-san is here voluntarily," Lane said dispassionately. "Perhaps you might be interested in how we can help you unlock your potential?"

"I'm not a faggot."

"Well for a fee we could fix that," Lane said.

"How do I know you won't make me a sex-slave like Patrick here?"

“You don’t.”

“Is he really here voluntarily?”

“Ultimately yes, all of our drugs cannot force someone to do something they honestly don’t want to do. We pick our boys carefully from the applications, but even so one-in-ten leaves us and resumes their life without a thought.”

“So what do the drugs do?”

“They bring out his suggestibility and make him more pliable to rules and strictures we set out.”

“Without the drugs?”

“He would be a less cooperative boy and less desirable to our high paying tops.”

“So the drugs could help me stop wanting men?”

“Yes—or allow you to love them without your religious upbringing making you feel terrible.”

Reza nodded. Through this whole conversation I sat silently. The little part of the old me that was there recognized the truth in Tanaka-san’s statements. I enjoyed what I was being asked to do by the club, it excited me, it turned me on. I needed their help to unlock that potential.

“I’ll think about it,” Reza said, “should I take him home?”

Lane nodded and left the room mentioning, “oh, Reza you might enjoy trying Patrick as a fuckbuddy whatever you decide.”

Fuckbuddy

As we walked back to my apartment Reza brought up the “fuckbuddy” topic. I explained that if he wanted to be my fuckbuddy I would willingly suck his dick or get fucked without any kissing or relationship baggage.

As we entered my apartment, Reza said, “You know Patrick I could really use a fuckbuddy.”

The programming kicked in, “Not a problem Reza, there are some ground rules.”

“Skip them for now,” Reza said as he guided me to the bedroom and shoved me onto the bed and pulled my pants down.

“Lube is,” I started.

Reza finished, “sitting out along with condoms.”

For the first time ever Reza penetrated me. I knew he preferred to get fucked but that was so hard for him. He fucked me violently and let off a string of curses in Arabic that I knew because while we were dating he had used most of them to describe himself when I fucked him.

After he orgasmed inside me he pulled out and begged me to fuck him back. I hesitated for a moment and then decided that it was permissible.

Reza loved it and the fact that this time I was not trying to kiss him made it easier for him to enjoy. I used my training to prevent an orgasm as I fucked Reza long and hard for over a half hour.

When I finally stopped he shot a load on me and then headed out without even thanking me.

The next day was uneventful and I found myself looking forward to my mind control pills more and more. After work, Reza was in the courtroom again.

“Hey Patrick, you are looking really good in there. Can we chat?”

“Sure.”

We walked out of the criminal courts and down towards a park. “That was a lot of fun last night,” he offered.

“I enjoyed it too Reza.”

“I really think that the club might be able to help me.”

“So you will trust them?”

“Actually I suspect they’ll make me as queer as you.”

“And you’ll go anyhow?”

“Yes,” he said smiling.

“They will still be short one bottom even with me.”

“So a nice young Arab boy could be a nice addition for them.”

“I suppose, it probably would be less difficult to accept being made into a sex-slave if we were undergoing the training together.”

Joint Training

We arrived at the club together and were again immediately ushered to Tanaka-san’s office. “Reza, nice to see you again,” Lane said looking up from a file with a photo of Reza sitting prominently on one side.

“I’m in,” Reza said as he sat down in the chair for his first injection, “I’m ready to stop hating myself for being gay.”

Lane handed me the file and instructed me to memorize it as he picked up a syringe. I memorized Reza’s file as instructed. When Reza blacked out, I stayed put as he was taken from the room by an employee and waited for Tanaka-san to return.

“Did you finish Coady-san,” Lane asked me when he returned.

“Yes,” I replied and handed him back the file.

“Good, let’s get you started on your routine, I think we should practice your squats some more.”

“Great,” I replied.

We spent about two hours practicing my squats and then Lane left me to do my cardio workout alone. By the time I was finishing up and walking to the locker room showers, Lane was escorting Reza down the hall and I noticed that Reza’s picture was next to mine on the wall of boys.

When I finished in the shower I went back to the gym to watch Lane walk Reza through Reza’s first workout. His handsome, lanky body looked fantastic in the pink jockstrap.

Later, back in Tanaka’s office, I watched Tanaka give Reza his first set of mind control pills, aka vitamins and a membership card and then we both headed out together.

Reza had two advantages that I lacked, first he knew he had been brainwashed and second he had me for support. We went back to my apartment and fucked each other without condoms until the morning before I had to go to work and he had to go to Nordstrom.

When I saw him after court he was wearing a Rolex and we headed to the gym together to see Tanaka-san.

Switcheroo

“Ah, Naiyeer-san and Coady-san,” Lane said greeting us in the lobby. “Coady-san, Naiyeer-san’s decision to join us offers an opportunity to remedy the awkward situation with Webster-san and yourself.”

We were now in Lane’s office and there was an extra chair. We both sat and got our injections and then blacked out.

Later, Tanaka practiced me on the squat maneuvers and mentioned Naiyeer-san was receiving his inoculations. “Coady-san, as I was mentioning earlier, we have corrected your pairing with Webster-san, Webster-san will be paired with Naiyeer-san. You will now be paired with Wolf-san who just paid his initiation fee.”

I nodded approvingly, “Thank you Tanaka-san, I think that will remove that awkwardness.”

“I thought you might think that,” Lane replied and then he made me switch from working with the dildo to working on his cock.

After an hour of practice on Tanaka’s cock I was sent to do my normal workout while he tended to Naiyeer-san.

In the pool Wolf-san approached me as I climbed out and patted me on the butt. “I hear we will be working more closely Patrick.”

“It will be my honor to work with you Wolf-san.”

“Webster-san and I have already agreed to some joint outings, including the opera.”

I bowed slightly and smiled in approval and then was dismissed to finish my routine.

The next morning was a Saturday and I woke up with Reza in bed with me and he was still asleep. His tattoos matched my own and my main rebellious streak against the training was at an ebb.

Opera 2

Reza and I were both in tuxedos when the limo with Webster-san and Wolf-san pulled up for our escort duties.

Inside the limo, Webster-san asked Wolf-san if he could “borrow me for a minute.” Wolf-san agreed and I was grabbed, pulled across Tim’s lap and spanked twenty times. When the spanking ended, I politely thanked Webster-san for disciplining me and then Wolf-san turned his attention to me and Webster-san turned his to Reza.

When we arrived at the opera, Reza and I each dutifully followed our respective hosts for the evening by a footstep to Webster-san’s private box.

Reza and I were positioned in the middle so we could see the other’s predicament. Webster-san repeated my treatment of the previous week, which I could now easily remember. Wolf-san on the other hand contented himself with pulling me close and kissing me deeply with tongue until the opera started at which point he pushed me to the floor and forced me to give him a blowjob for the entire opera.

Reza lost control during an intermission and shot his load. Webster-san simply indicated that he would be punished back at the car with a razor strap. Reza could do nothing but sit there. I was doing a perfect job of keeping Wolf-san excited, but without orgasming.

After the show, Tim led Reza somewhat forcibly by the arm back to the limo while I followed Wolf-san at a more respectable distance.

Inside the car, Tim barked orders to the driver in Japanese and closed the partition. Reza stripped naked inside the car and handed his belt to Webster-san saying something in Japanese that I understood to mean, “please punish me quite severely for my misdeeds.”

Tim obliged with a brutal assault on Reza’s bared butt with the strap. Wolf-san simply held me and kissed me as the punishment took place. When the strapping was over, Reza was crying profusely and thanking Webster-san over and over for the whipping—all in Japanese.

“Get dressed Reza, we’ll all go back to Patrick’s place,” Webster-san indicated.

Reza clothed himself again in the car. “Patrick,” Wolf-san said, “do you approve of the way Webster-san punished Reza?”

“Very much so Wolf-san,” I responded.

“Good,” he said as he tongued me deeply.

Reza was dressed by the time we reached the apartments and stepped out of the limo. We headed up to my apartment and once inside the door, Reza and I were ordered to strip.

Wolf-san took a run at our asses first. He started with Reza's reddened butt and fucked in bareback until he was close to orgasm. Reza managed to prevent the orgasm using the training which undoubtedly spared him a second thrashing.

At my ass, Wolf-san ordered me to make him orgasm in not less than three and not more than five minutes as Webster-san clicked the timer on his chronograph.

I focused my anal muscles as Wolf-san's bareback cock entered me and carefully matched his thrusts. As Wolf-san orgasmed into me, Webster-san cried out, "three minutes, one second."

I had barely ten seconds to enjoy the after-glow of Wolf-san's hearty orgasm into my ass before Webster-san began his assault. The mission had changed. I worked to please Webster-san without allowing an orgasm. For an hour.

Webster-san then turned to his own boy and fucked him with the same violent abandon he had used on me during my first escort night and Reza managed to hold his orgasm off about ten minutes which seemed to satisfy Webster-san.

I noticed the clock was reading 11:57 and Webster-san and Wolf-san were leaving my apartment.

Reza and I were exhausted but slightly giddy, I realized also that escort duties ended at midnight to reduce the chances of anyone falling in love.

"Fuck, Coady," Reza said to me as he felt his sore ass, "your friend Tim really packs a wallop."

"So you are ok?"

"Somewhat, I mean, I don't hate myself for enjoying getting cock up my ass and wanting to suck dick. You?"

"Things like that spanking Tim gave you make me want to fight the mind control pills and escape."

Reza headed towards my bed and I followed and we fell asleep curled against each other. In the morning, I could only vaguely remember the previous night. Reza was happy as can be and we agreed to head to the club for an early workout.

Bondage Training

"Ah, Coady-san," Tanaka-san said as he greeted the two of us inside the lobby, "we have some specialized training for you today can you get into your jockstrap and meet me in my office in ten minutes. Naiyeer-san, I'll be monitoring your standard workout on the closed circuit camera."

Ten minutes later I was standing in a pink jockstrap in Tanaka-san's office. Lane entered and was holding a syringe. "Coady-san we will be giving you bondage training today as well

as some body modifications.”

I was unconscious before I could even ask a question.

When I awoke I was blindfolded—no hooded—and tightly confined—in a straight jacket—I quickly realized. Oddly, despite my normal tendencies towards claustrophobia, I was not even mildly panicked by the situation. Instead, I was finding it quite arousing and erotic. Listening carefully I could hear Lane Tanaka’s measured breaths.

Softly he spoke, “struggle some Coady-san.”

I complied, becoming more aroused as I vainly struggled against the restraints.

“Good,” now relax again.

I relaxed completely and savored the tight confines of the straight jacket.

“Most bondage tops enjoy a certain amount of struggle,” Tanaka-san was explaining in a very soft voice. “You will have to find out how much each wants by reading their body language and their arousal.”

His hand brushed my cock and it was like an electric spark. I had to fight not to blow my load as I squirmed and nearly jumped off the restraining table.

Tanaka-san, “now you may recall I mentioned we were going to make some body modifications. Yours have improved your flexibility and added some concealed prosthetics to assist you in being able to escape almost any bondage situation.”

His hand brushed my cock again and I lost it, shooting my sperm all over the table and into his hand.

“Tsk, tsk, Coady-san,” Tanaka-san scolded, “you will need more training before Wolf-san can enjoy you for bondage services. As a punishment for orgasming without permission I will leave you locked up like this until you can get yourself out.” I started to panic as I heard Tanaka-san leave the room.

I had to completely submerge my free personality to regain composure. My programmed personality set to work. It was like I was double jointed in various locations as I maneuvered myself out of the straightjacket in about fifteen minutes. Out of the straightjacket I had to pick the lock on the hood to completely free myself.

It took me about five more minutes to engage one of the prosthetic lock picks attached to my hands and used them to pick the lock. I concealed the prosthetics and exited the room.

“Freeze,” Tanaka-san said as a command and it ran through my body and I stopped. “Let’s work on ropes now Coady-san.”

I followed him back to the room and lay down on the table to be restrained with an array of ropes and tight leather restraints. I found myself quite aroused and was willing to be tightly restrained. I also was subtly manipulating my body to widen my self-escape safety valve.

Twenty minutes later, I was tied down and rock hard. Tanaka-san brought out a feather and began taunting my cockshaft. “Oh, Coady-san,” he said mocking me, “cum this time

and that strapping Naiyeer-san received from Webster-san last night will seem like a tender kiss.”

The palpable threat hanging over me, I resolved not to orgasm. The intensity of the feather was nearly overwhelming and Tanaka-san was quite skilled and unrelenting with it. The longer the assault continued the more I had to submerge my old personality deeper and deeper.

“That will do,” Tanaka-san finally announced. “Time?”

“Forty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds,” I announced instinctively.

“Stay here until 1700 and then free yourself in time to get dinner with Reza.”

Dinner

Reza had been home for several hours when I got in around 1800, he had made the two of us a nice dinner and served it up.

We did not discuss our training, but he commented that he wanted us to move in together.

“Ok, but where?”

“The club has some apartments for the bottoms but they have to be shared by two bottoms.”

“Let’s do it,” I said enthusiastically.

After dinner Reza stripped naked and deep welts were visible from just above his ankles up through his upper back. “What happened?”

“Corporal punishment training,” he said matter of factly.

“To make you more amenable to Webster-san’s sexual kinks?”

“Exactly, I know you are still trying to fight this whole thing Patrick,” he said as he kneeled in front of me and took my dick into his mouth. “But from where I’m kneeling this has been the best thing that could happen to me.”

I pulled him onto my dick firmly and fucked his face. Only after I orgasmed did I offer, “But Reza, I was happy being gay before the club, you hated yourself, all this just validates all of your self-hatred, even the intense corporal punishment.”

Reza smiled broadly and nodded.

We were not going to be able to talk rationally about the issue.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <<http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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4 Part 4

By TopLegal

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

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June 2003

Three weeks had passed since I had joined, no become inducted into, the “Iroppoi Herususementaa.” June was now upon us and Reza and I were now moving into an apartment provided by the club.

Reza had completely given himself over to the club’s programming techniques. I still fought the programming sporadically—but unsuccessfully.

Lane Tanaka had coordinated our move and was standing in the dressing room area of our new apartment. Designed for the club’s bottoms, the apartment’s design consisted of a modest entry with a locked door to a basement sex-playroom and a staircase to two small bedrooms each with narrow bed, a large communal dressing room/bathroom and an efficiency-style kitchen.

“We have ten of these,” he explained, “each has been customized to meet our bottom boys’ special needs. They are designed to discourage you from having overnight guests and also to be slightly uncomfortable so you prefer being at the club.”

The apartments were in a row of walk-ups facing the club itself so proximity was not a problem. “Domo arrigatou goziamasu Tanaka-san,” I replied in unison with Reza.

“Also, Coady-san and Naiyeer-san I want to leave a very short document here listing the various training options available to you over the next two months now that you have the basic course in your trainer’s kink.”

Tanaka-san handed the paper to me and left our apartment.

I took the paper and read it:

Iroppoi Herususementaa Training Areas

Mandatory: Basic submissiveness, Nihongo, Male Sex Partner Pleasuring (oral, anal, orgasm control, hand jobs, kissing, hugging, erotic touching, basic massage), Basic Biofeedback

(heart rate, temperature, breath rate control)

Electives: (Pick five points in addition to trainer's interest.)

- Armpits (0.25)
- Bondage (1.00)
- Cock and Ball Torture (1.00)
- Corporal Punishment (1.00)
- Dildos (0.50)
- Enemas (0.25)
- Exhibitionism (0.75)
- Fisting (0.75)
- Food (1.00)
- Foot Fetish (0.25)
- Humiliation (0.75)
- Lactation (1.00)
- S&M (General) (1.50)
- Rape (1.00)
- Romance (0.25)
- Rough Sex (0.50)
- Rubber/Latex (0.50)
- Scat [feces] (0.25)
- Shaving (0.25)
- Torture/Interrogation (1.00)
- Verbal Abuse (0.25)
- Violence (0.50)
- Voyuerism (0.50)
- Watersports [urine] (0.25)

Most subjects have advanced courses of equal or greater point value. One point value corresponds to one week of hypnotic training. Many areas require body modifications for full proficiency. All courses include instructions on performing as both a top and as a bottom. Only service as a bottom is required for your employment.

Selections

Reza and I finished reading the list, a virtual what-is-what of kinky, and not so kinky, sex acts. I did the math and realized that we each had about four more sessions to finish our respective initial courses.

I decided to set up my computer and put the more difficult decisions out of mind. Only a small desk was provided for me to place my computer on. A small instruction sheet provided information on accessing the Iroppoi intranet.

I plugged in the provided Ethernet cable and powered up my machine. The browser was redirected to a page in Nihongo, Japanese, that at first I could not comprehend. It took a few minutes for me to figure out how to login as “Boku Coady”. I was then greeted with a detailed calendar of my training sessions and work schedule.

By clicking the links I could review text notes by Lane Tanaka commenting on my progress. I noticed a button that loosely read “Iroppoi Worldwide.” A world-map was shown with about seventy club locations, most in Japan marked on the map.

I clicked on the monitoring tab and was allowed to open a monitored connection to the normal Internet to review my email at the law school.

After scanning through the spam, I found an email from my mom asking if I could come visit her. I forwarded the email to Lane Tanaka for permission and did not immediately reply.

Reza came in and asked if he could sign up for his electives on the intranet, I exited the monitored connection and returned to the main Iroppoi site to review the tops’ sexual interests at our local club:

- Corporal Punishment
- Bondage
- Torture/Interrogation
- Humiliation
- Exhibitionism
- Rubber/Latex
- Cock and Ball Torture
- Romance

I decided to go for Exhibitionism, Humiliation, and Rubber/Latex, as my first two points of electives and Reza selected Cock and Ball Torture and Turture/Interrogation as his.

By the middle of the week, despite the earlier promises that I could keep my “day” job, I found myself tendering my resignation and withdrawing from the law school. I also got my

first completion tattoo for my bondage training. I also told my mom I was too busy to visit for now.

Freed from the shackles of any regular job, I was now expected to devote one-hundred percent effort to becoming a better sex slave. Every morning would soon start with an intensive workout. Then I would shift to basic sex training issues and finally to the hypno-elective of the week.

But more immediately, was the second joint escort trip with Reza and our top's in training: Webster-san and Wolf-san.

Bound in Public

Saturday we were off-duty until about 1700 when Lane came over to help me get ready to see Wolf-san.

Lane was carrying a black duffel bag and I felt a strange sense of foreboding. Lane came into my bedroom and ordered me to strip and then shut the door. Once I was naked, Lane removed a set of leather restraints connected by metal chains. The first one was attached between my cockshaft and my balls. The next two were affixed to my legs. The chain now connected my legs to my balls.

“Coady-san,” Lane said, “walk around a bit to make sure you can do it quietly.” I complied. The cold metal of the chains chilled my legs and the sensations were awkward, but I could do it quietly. A neck collar was then attached and the chains for the arms were run through a loop there before the wrist restraints were attached.

“Walk around a bit more.”

I did, it felt even more awkward and now I would have to put on my tux, sans underpants. Lane opened the bedroom door and let me go to the common dressing area to hobble around and get myself dressed. I noticed Lane stroking his hard dick in his pants as he watched me get dressed. The tuxedo handily concealed the restraints and Lane then locked them with small padlocks.

“I’ll let myself out,” Lane said, “oh and Wolf-san will have the keys.”

It was 1750 and Reza was still naked. He had spent most of the day stomach down, red backside in the air trying to recover from a week of intensive hypnotraining in corporal punishment.

“Reza, get ready,” I said, “you don’t want to start our escort evening with a whipping?”

“How much time do we have bondage boy?”

“Ten minutes Reza.” He stood up quickly and got dressed. He forgot his bow tie though.

Movies

The limo pulled up and we got in and greeted our respective masters. Webster-san immediately noticed Reza's failure to be properly dressed and quickly had him pants down and over his lap for a savage strapping.

Wolf-san explored my bound body and again checked that I approved whole-heartedly with Reza's punishment. I did. "This is so hot Patrick," Wolf-san said as he reached into my pants and gave my ball-sac a firm tug and I let out a slight moan. Still holding my balls firmly, Wolf turned to face me in the car and started kissing me passionately with his tongue while tugging my restraints from my ball-sac.

The car came to a stop and after a few minutes to allow Reza to finish dressing we stepped out—at a movie theatre.

Severely overdressed, I felt out of place and suspected Reza did as well. My discomfort was exacerbated by the difficulty of walking in my shackled state to the entrance and then into the theatres where we quickly took a place in the front row for some random action movie.

The theatre was relatively crowded though nobody was immediately behind or around us. Once the lights went down, Webster-san took Reza's dick out for manual stimulation. Wolf-san put me to my knees and the process was much like the opera.

Reza again blew his load too early. I kept Wolf-san hard, but without orgasm for the full movie.

In the car, Webster-san announced that Reza's punishment would wait until we were back at the house. Nonetheless, both of us were instructed to strip naked in the limo.

The limo pulled up in the back alley behind our apartment. There I noticed another limo further down the street with naked bottom boys exiting the car behind tuxedo clad men.

The back door led directly to the play space/dungeon. Wolf-san ordered me to restrain Reza to a whipping pillory for discipline. I realized at that moment that Reza's orgasms during the hand jobs were intentional, programmed responses to better please Webster-san.

Once Reza was secured and Webster-san had begun flogging him, I was shown a hanging, or floating, table with tie-down hooks arranged in the shape of a spread out human body arranged on it.

Without prompting, I lay down on the table. Wolf-san handed me a special leather mask with matching hooks that I put on to myself and then I waited to be restrained.

Wolf-san first removed the earlier restraints and then started with the rope. He tied me down to the table by lacing¹ the rope across my legs up towards my cock and balls, each time it crossed my body the rope was hooked around the restraint of the table. At my groin, Wolf-san tied the ropes around my cock and balls leaving me even more erect.

Then he continued up past my midsection to my shoulders and tied the ropes down. Almost

¹<http://www.bdgsales.com/lacetable.html>

hopeless, the next set of ropes were worked up my arms and then to the face mask.

The rope now had to cross my body in at least fifty or more locations. I was quite secured to the table.

I heard some noises and then felt a hard plastic rod being shoved into my fuckhole. I struggled slightly and Wolf-san yanked my nipple hard and ordered me not to make any sounds or struggle.

I complied. Reza's screams were still continuing which did not bother me in the slightest or distract from the intensity of my own experience.

The first dildo was removed and then I felt a larger buttplug enter my ass. The next sensation completely confused me, but I realized it was Wolf-san's mouth sucking my dick. Restrained and blindfolded the sensations were overwhelmingly intense.

"Shoot your boy load," Wolf-san ordered and I immediately complied even though he had stopped sucking my cock. "Good, now take my dick and make me cum immediately," he said as he rammed his cock into the hole in the face mask.

It took me one minute to bring Wolf-san to a massive orgasm that filled the back of my mouth with his hot gism. As he withdrew I swallowed and heard him walking away.

I noticed then that Reza was no longer crying out in pain and realized it was probably midnight. Wolf-san's restraints were quite thorough and it took me about a half hour to free myself.

I found Reza, back bleeding with deep whip marks crying and still affixed to the whipping pillory.

I helped him down and he was still babbling in Japanese about how worthless he was for disappointing Webster-san and how deserving he was of punishment.

I dressed his whip marks with a salve and took him to bed with me so he was laying on top of me.

Squat Thrust Competition

Sunday morning I woke up with Reza on top of me and only vague memories of my escort duties. I went down to the front door to get the paper and noticed that the entrance to the playroom had been locked.

I realized then that I did not have a key to the play room. I picked up the paper and took it upstairs only briefly reflecting on the fact that Tanaka-san and the other employees of the club had free access and control over "my" apartment.

Reza spent most of the day resting on his stomach while I studied the club intranet site to learn about the club. The site was packed with a tremendous amount of information for employees—I apparently had a 401k with a company match.

Sunday evening, Lane Tanaka came over and explained that he wanted to do a competition between William Thompson and myself at the squat thrusts using club employees as the cocks.

Lane also gave Reza an ointment and commented to me that the ointment activated the healing agent modifications implanted into Reza. Ten minutes after the ointment was applied Reza's back looked smooth as a baby's bottom.

"By the way Coady-san," Lane added, "I really like your elective choices. Especially, latex, it really goes well with bondage, as does exhibitionism. Naiyeer-san, yours are quite good too and again complimentary to corporal punishment."

The next morning I walked out my front door at the same time as William Thompson. Face to face at the club door for the first time, he said, "nice to meet you Patrick."

"Likewise William."

"Look," he said, "I only started here about a year ago and started this whole squat thrust thing and now the tops are crazy for it. Management knows better than to train all of the bottoms on this, but you are going to be one well fucked bottom once you are in circulation."

"Thanks," I said.

Inside the club, I followed William right to the locker room where he put on a white jockstrap and I put on a pink one. We then walked to the training rooms. Inside two employees were sitting on benches awaiting our asses.

William got right to it giving his employee a quick blow job and then mounting like he was going to sit on the employee's lap and beginning to do squats up and down with only his arms to lift him on and off the employee's cock.

I followed suit and sat down on a complete stranger's cock. It felt weird and humiliating. But his cock inside me was quite intense. My arms were burning as I lifted my body up and down along his cockshaft in steady thrusts. On each up and down motion I felt the mushroom-like head of the employee's bare cock thrust along my fuckhole with an electric intensity.

William and I brought our respective employees to orgasm at exactly the same time and then dismounted. The two employees instructed us to stay put. Lane Tanaka entered and complemented both of us and then instructed us to squat the other before leaving the room.

William made me squat his cock first and used the biofeedback to make it take almost an hour for me to bring him to orgasm. My arms were completely burned out when he started to squat me. It was a fantastic sensation and I paid him back by withholding my orgasm for a bit longer than an hour.

When we finished, Lane Tanaka re-entered and sent us both about our normal cardio routines.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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5 Part 5

By TopLegal

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

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[Editorial Notes: (1) I revised the spelling of Coady's last name between the posting of Part 4 and Part 5 to reduce confusion between Patrick's first and last names. (2) I also found a site that sells the bondage table² that inspired the scene in Part 4. Having used one of the tables for a real life bondage session, I can report that they are fantastic. (3) Thanks go out to all of you who have sent email feedback; when possible I have tried to incorporate it into the story. Your feedback keeps me writing. Updated versions of parts 1-4 are at my website³.]

Summer Secret Santa

Something about the way Tanaka-san carried himself as he arrived on the morning of July 4th struck a note of terror into my bones. In his hand he had a small, but quite effective martinet⁴.

"Coady-san, Naiyeer-san will be busy all day at the gym. It is time to put an end to your foolish resistance once and for all," Tanaka-san said as he flicked the martinet in the air. I instinctively found myself undressing without even receiving an explicit order. "Freeze," Tanaka-san ordered.

I found myself completely unable to move, but *quite* capable of feeling the intense pain of the martinet's sting over and over again across my defenseless body. No restraints were needed, the mind control pills had done quite a good bit of work and I could not move at all as Tanaka-san punished me for my ongoing insolences during training.

The harder that Tanaka-san lashed me with the martinet, the deeper my old personality became submerged. "Yes, Coady-san, deeper and deeper lose yourself in the excruciating pain of the lash," Tanaka-san repeated over and over again as he struck me with ever-increasing ferocity.

My training made it possible, no instinctive, to count ever blow of the lashes: 429 in all across every inch of my exposed flesh. And to keep track of the exact time, three hours and

²<http://www.bdgsales.com/lacetable.html>

³<http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>

⁴<http://www.ianboy.com/Galleries/Martinet/martinet.htm>

thirty minutes.

When he finished I felt like I was floating outside my body. “Unfreeze,” Tanaka-san ordered and I collapsed in pain. The old me was still there but it was like it was outside my body looking in. The proud, twenty-one year old law student who had joined an odd health club was gone. Remaining was a well-conditioned slave boy who had been thoroughly punished for week after week of minor, but clearly unacceptable, insolence.

“I will be repeating this with you daily for some time to ensure that you can reach your full potential as a slave,” Tanaka-san said.

“Domo arrigatou goziamasu,” I replied instinctively. My ability to fight the conditioning had just been brought down an exponential step. Savagely beaten and thoroughly sore I was abandoned by Tanaka-san to head to the gym and do my workout.

There, my all but naked, muscular, slave body would be on display—savage thrashing marks and all.

I threw on a kimono and some slippers and crossed the street to the entrance of the club and started my workout.

Santa’s Visit

My workout was quite trying since almost every inch of my exposed flesh was intensely sore from the earlier thrashing. When I got home Reza was back and the martinet was hanging from a peg on the wall.

“Lucky dog,” he said with tremendous sincerity.

I shrugged, my old me was hovering outside my body and screaming at me, but I did not hear anything.

Reza picked up the martinet and handed it to me. “Please,” he pleaded.

I bent him over the countertop and administer thirty savage blows to his exposed buttocks. He relished the savage pain dealt out by the tool and even achieved orgasm.

We embraced passionately and kissed. “Thank you Coady,” he said affectionately. I noticed burn marks on his arms. He caught my glance and commented as if it was nothing, “just getting used to the torture and interrogation techniques.”

Funny thing was I found myself thinking it was completely normal too.

I finally made my way to my bedroom and found a wrapped present on my bed. The package was about a two feet square and wrapped in solid black paper.

I carefully removed the wrapping as Reza stood behind me watching. “Tanaka-san gave me that to bring here saying he was ‘proud of how well you behaved today.’”

Inside the package were several pieces of heavy latex clothing: jockstrap, socks, long pants and a long sleeve T-shirt. I felt my cock harden. I had a strong desire to get dressed in it

right away and immediately acted on that desire.

I then put on more typical street clothing from the Nordstrom visit and headed out with Reza for a movie. The whole trip was fantastic especially because I was covered nearly from head to toe in the tight, skin clinging latex outfit.

The next morning I was still in my latex when Tanaka-san arrived to discipline me with the martinet. Two hundred lashes later he was satisfied that I was on the road to “better living.”

As I collapsed on the floor to recover from my thrashing, Tanaka-san asked “Are you ready to start on your exhibitionism training?”

“Hai,” I replied enthusiastically.

“Good,” Tanaka-san said, “your biofeedback control is amazing for the latex, I think ‘Santa’ may have another latex gift for you tonight.” Then he walked out.

Inside the club a few minutes later, the receptionist diverted me to Tanaka-san’s office where I was pumped up with four different drugs and then blacked out.

Exhibitionism

I woke up naked on a park bench and I found it very erotic. It took me about ten minutes to get my bearings and I quickly realized I was at the park two blocks from my apartment. I took my time walking home, completely unashamed of my public nudity—or the accompanying hard on.

At home, Reza showed off his newest tattoo for completing torture and interrogation level-two training. Accompanying the tattoo were horrible burn marks along his arm, chest and face. He was happy as a pig in shit. The marks from the previous day were completely gone though.

“Coady, you got another gift,” he said. He had no appetite for a flogging after his earlier, exhausting torture.

I eagerly went to the bedroom and found a nearly identical package, this one containing a latex sleep sack.

“Coady,” Reza said as he brushed up against my naked body, “can I put you in it for the night?”

I mentally prepared myself using my Latex level-two skills and actuated some of the self-lubrication techniques and implants and slid my arms into the arm pockets as Reza zipped me up. Only my head and wildly erect cock poked out. Reza commented, “maybe Santa will give you a hood tomorrow?” Then he started stroking my wildly leaking cock.

“Tsk, tsk,” he said, “so little self-control to be leaking pre-cum like a faucet.” He then roughly shoved my erect cock into the sack and zipped me up. “See you tomorrow morning, Tanaka-san says I will have to administer your whipping,” he said as he walked out of the

room and shut the door.

As he left, I practiced struggling against the sack while maintaining my body temperature and avoiding profuse sweating. I practiced lubricating different areas using the implants to increase my freedom as well. It was surprisingly easy and natural.

As I fell asleep a voice, an old and familiar voice was complaining about how “I need to fight back against the mind control pills.” But I just decided to unleash an orgasm from the simple pleasure of the latex sleep sack and then promptly settled in for a long night’s sleep.

Tanaka-san emptied me from the sack in the morning and complemented me on my performance. Reza was ordered to clean the sack as I showered. When we both were finished I was frozen in place and Reza was ordered to administer two hundred lashes with the martinet. He definitely did *not* spare the rod. His blows made Tanaka-san’s seem like being hit with a feather and I was completely helpless to move or scream.

When I was freed, Reza caught me from falling and I thanked him profusely as was of course required and appropriate.

Tanaka-san then told me to come by within the hour for my next exhibitionism training and to do a proper workout. I noticed at that moment that all of Reza’s torture marks from the previous day were completely gone.

The club’s medical technology and human implant techniques were unparalleled.

Santa brought me a latex hood that night.

Before bed, I decided to walk around the neighborhood wearing ultra-tight gym shorts and a muscle T. A huge boner was quite visible as I walked around on the border of nudity in public.

I stopped at the local convenience store and bought a banana and ate it quite sexually on a park bench before finally heading home.

Reza was sprawled out on his bed, seemingly relaxing when I came in. I noticed he was keeping his legs far apart and then noticed whip marks on his cock and balls.

“Jesus Reza, are you just a glutton for punishment,” I asked.

“Coady are you my mother or something?”

“No, I just find it a bit distressing to come in and see bloody lines on your cock and balls.”

“Grow up already Coady, I’m a worthless faggot and I deserve to be hurt, punished and enslaved.”

The part of me that used to fight with him about this was gone, I found myself saying “Actually, you are quite valuable as a faggot slave Reza.”

He smiled at me, “Nice to see you are getting with program finally Coady. I’ll make sure when they have me punish you tomorrow that I hit harder since that seems to beat the insolence out of you.”

I nodded in full agreement and asked if he would help me into the sleep sack.

Celebrity Escort

The next morning Reza was directed to punish me again. As promised the previous night he was even harder with the martinet than the previous day.

When he finished, Tanaka-san announced that Wolf-san was in Nihon on club business along with Webster-san and so the normal escort duties were canceled.

Reza was visibly disappointed and I realized I was sad too. Wolf-san's bondage and latex depravities were exciting even if I had a hard time remembering them after the fact.

Tanaka-san allowed our disappointment to sink in for a minute in silence before announcing that our trainers had left instructions. "Naiyeer-san, Webster-san instructed that you experience a true punishment so you might better understand what will happen if you actually do disappoint him."

I realized at that moment that just as the martinet was used to punish me since I was not trained to be a corporal punishment slave, Reza was likely to be subjected to something he found distasteful. "Coady-san, Naiyeer-san is to be confined to your latex sleep sack until at least 1800 hours."

Reza's face turned to panic as I slid him into the still damp and lubricated sack. He was unable to resist, or talk, just suffer his punishment. "Good," Tanaka-san said as he turned to me, "Coady-san, Wolf-san specifically instructed that we loan you out to another member."

I nodded in agreement, slightly relieved.

"As a club policy, we generally frown on that, but on review we have a visitor from another branch in town and that better complies with standard training policies."

Tanaka-san pulled a small envelope from his pocket and handed it to me and then left with an admonition to keep one eye on Naiyeer-san.

My friend was in a complete panic inside the suit. I found the sight amusing since I thought the tight, skin hugging, latex sack to be fantastic. But for him, it was a punishment. Tanaka-san had left him permitted to struggle, but not really move, to make the punishment's effect more intense. Reza's gorgeous Arabic features were covered with sweat as he vainly struggled inside the sack.

I made no effort to comfort my friend, I was just happy—and aroused—to help assist in his punishment. I opened the envelope and found a two words in katakana characters corresponding to the pseudonym John Smith. The photo though was an unmistakable dead-ringer for a famous boy-band star. For me though he would be Sumisu-san.

I logged onto the intranet and looked Simusu-san up, only his real name found his record and it indicated he enjoyed intense bondage sessions. I looked back at my roommate's predicament and decided to jack off kneeling on top of his body.

Reza managed to grunt as I straddled his confined body and stroked myself to orgasm. When I finished I noticed he was not only sweating but was managing to cry as well. When he was released from the punishment he would be quite exhausted and grateful for my efforts in inflicting his punishment.

Sumisu-san

An email arrived on my computer, actually two. The first was information that a limo would arrive at 1700 hours to take me to Sumisu-san's performance that evening and contained dress instructions. The second note was from my mother complaining that I never wrote to her anymore. I deleted the second without thinking.

I debated what to do with Reza and realized that he would be there till midnight since I could not release him *earlier* than 1800. I noticed it had already reached 1500 and forced Reza to drink two quarts of water before I started getting dressed.

Sumisu-san had requested that I wear a total latex outfit under a tuxedo to the concert. Reza looked mortified as I dressed myself from toe to neckline with latex and then covered the hot, skin-hugging latex with a tuxedo.

Noticing that it was 1630 when I finished, I forced another two quarts of water into Reza, kissed him on the forehead and stood outside awaiting my limo.

As a twenty-one year old guy, I fell into the "gay guys" group at the concert. But my tuxedo and Rolex watch definitely made me feel out of sorts as did the latex suit underneath. It was taking a tremendous amount of biofeedback control to keep myself from overheating in the hot performance arena.

I found myself with a front row seat. During the performance, I noticed Sumisu-san making eye contact with me and smiled back politely. The concert did not end until 2200 and I was led by an usher backstage to a different waiting limo.

It was another fifteen minutes before Sumisu-san arrived. "Want an autograph Patrick," he joked?

I politely declined.

Sumisu-san gave instructions to the driver in Japanese and shut the partition. "Strip down to your latex Patrick," he said politely.

I did.

"Nice," he said as he ran his hands along the latex and against my body. "The club has good taste in picking slaves."

I nodded.

"Sucks that you can't even call me by my name doesn't it?"

"No, Sumisu-san, I have no problem with that."

“All celebrity members have to have pseudonyms for anonymity. You seem quite well trained and behaved for a trainee.”

“Domo arrigatou goziamasu,” I answered.

We were back at the basement play area of my apartment before 2300 and I was quickly led to bondage swing that was featured in the play room.

Still in my latex, Sumisu-san removed the cock and butt panels and introduced me to the swing. Restrained to the bondage swing he could fuck me from several angles or force me to take his dick. Sumisu-san rode my ass on the swing, off the swing, and everywhere in between for a full hour.

At midnight he politely stopped, left me a signed autograph and then headed out leaving me restrained to the swing. I used my prosthetics to unlock myself and took the picture to put on my wall.

I let a very exhausted and suitably chastised Reza out of my latex sleep sack which he had to clean before I would let him go to sleep.

I went to sleep still in my latex outfit dreaming of being bare-back gang banged by Sumisu-san’s entire band.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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6 Part 6

By TopLegal

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

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Sumisu-san 2

Reza was completely exhausted the next morning from the previous day's punishment, but I was surprised to find Tanaka-san had brought Sumisu-san into our unit.

"Sumisu-san," Tanaka-san said pointing to me, "I am glad you were so pleased with Coady-san's training. He has been quite a challenge."

Sumisu-san smiled broadly at me and picked up the martinet from the peg as I instinctively stripped. "Well Lane," Sumisu-san said, "I am really glad you could see your way to letting me help his training along. The best bottoms have historically always put up the most resistance."

Tanaka-san ordered me to freeze and the young boy band star administered a savage thrashing to my entire body. The strokes immersed me mentally and with each violent lash the young star was driving my free personality deeper into submission.

Three hundred lashes after the assault started, Sumisu-san put down the lash and held me tenderly as I collapsed into his arm.

"Fuckbuddy rules," Tanaka-san called out as Sumisu-san carried me into my bedroom. Sumisu-san licked every inch of my sore flesh and commented that he wanted to take me to hang out with his band.

"To be fucked by them all?"

"Patrick," he said mockingly as his tongue flicked over my just lashed and sore, but sensitive cock head, "why else would I take you to see them?"

"They know you are gay?"

"Who says they aren't?"

"Are they?"

Sumisu-san stood up and tacked my autographed picture of him on my wall. "So many questions Patrick, I'm beginning to think the thrashing was not effective enough."

I shuddered involuntarily at the thought of further punishment and offered to suck his dick but was turned down and he handed me a kimono to go do a cardio routine.

Still in a pink trainee swimsuit and jockstrap, I was unmolested in the gym, but Sumisu-san pushed the limits and openly groped me in the gym.

“Coady-san,” I heard from across the gym. I turned and saw the club’s director Damien Sato beckoning me.

I walked across the gym floor to Sato-san. I passed by William Thompson squat thrusting Sumisu-san’s cock as he did a leg press.

Sato-san took me by the arm and guided me to Tanaka-san’s office. “Tanaka-san,” Sato-san said to the seated trainer, “allowing Sumisu-san into Coady-san’s house was a breach of training standards.”

“Sato-san,” Tanaka-san responded, “my humblest apologies, Sumisu-san was so complementary of my training methods, I perhaps was not thinking.”

Sato-san stuck Tanaka-san’s arm with a syringe and the trainer blacked out. I was ordered to carry Tanaka-san to one of the training rooms and strap him to a table and affix a virtual reality headset to his head.

Sato-san then led me back to his office where Sumisu-san was sitting politely waiting. “Where’s Lane?”

“Tanaka-san will be indisposed for a few hours,” Sato-san said as he picked up a syringe and then jabbed Sumisu-san in the arm.

Punishment

When Sumisu-san, no John, my boy band friend awoke he was fully laced down to the bondage table in our basement apartment. Sato-san’s parting instructions were to “have fun.”

I had already inserted an electrode with a buttplug in John’s anus and as I saw him waking up, I applied a gentle, stimulating current to jolt my young friend awake.

“Patrick?”

I increased the voltage to a more painful level, “that’s Coady-san to you for the duration of your punishment.” John’s satisfying struggle against my thorough bondage work on the lace-down table due to the painful electrical stimuli aroused me greatly.

“Humblest apologies Coady-san,” he said, quickly followed by “domo arrigatou goziamasu.”

I reduced the electrical voltage down to a more minimalist level and picked up a feather.

“Interesting turn John,” I said flicking the feather across his rock-hard boy cock. “You thought you would be taking me back to your mates and instead you are here suffering my attentions.”

He fought vainly to free himself as I began to tickle him gently with the feather. “NO,” he screamed as I increased the intensity of the tickling and targeted his most sensitive exposed areas. The more he struggled, the harder his cock became and the more he oozed precum.

“John,” I commented idly, “did you know there are eight different positions from which you can be fucked on the bondage swing?”

More precum dribbled out of John’s cock and then I brought the intensity of the electrical stimulation to more painful levels. John started screaming more loudly and begging for his punishment to end but that only caused me to turn the intensity higher and higher.

Realizing that his pleas only worsened his predicament, John tried to modulate his screams and stick to struggling helplessly against the restraints. All the while John’s cock was rock hard.

“I was thinking I might use your cell phone to call one of the other guys over for some boyband boy-on-boyband boy action?”

John shot his load into a shallow cup I had waiting at the tip of his cock. I reduced the electrical stimulus to almost nothing and then commented, “It would seem you would like that very much.” Then I forced John to drink and swallow his own cum.

“Well you will have to settle for trying all eight positions on the bondage swing with my slave cock.” John’s quick suddenly became rock hard again and began to drizzle precum liberally again. “Then, I’m going to flog you with the martinet quite severely and finally dress you up like a British prep-school lad with short-shorts.”

His precum flowed freely as I carefully released him from the table into confining leather restraints and then carried him to the bondage string with one hand on his rock hard cock.

At the swing, I strapped John into the first position and then removed the buttplug. I plunged my hard cock into his ass and began to rock John back and forth on the swing in a full pumping action. I used the biofeedback techniques to control my own orgasm, but John lacked that training and quickly unloaded his cum.

As I forcibly moved John to the second position and restrained him, the full horror of his predicament was beginning to dawn on him. “Please Coady-san,” he begged as I reinserted my cock into his waiting ass and began pumping and swinging until he achieved a third orgasm for the evening.

Flogging

John was hoarse before the ninth orgasm—eighth position—and I still had not cum even once. His eyes pleaded with me for mercy. He was too fatigued to fight as I led him to the whipping pillory to be restrained for his punishment.

Drained of cum from six hours of forced anal sexual pleasure in a variety of bound situations. He was feeling quite different about his position versus mine. The tops received almost no training except for Japanese language from the club. The employees/slaves like myself were

heavily trained.

As I lashed John with the martinet for the first time, his hoarse voice's barest scream was an exquisite music to my ears. "You see John," I said, punctuating each word with a blow of the martinet, "our next stop will be the hotel where your mates are staying."

I took care to strap only on the areas that would be easily concealed with shorts and a T-shirt. Still humiliating for a club top and even more humiliating for a public figure like John. Satisfied that a mere fifty lashes had done their job, and I released him and handed him the shorts and T-shirt he was to put on.

Exhausted from his ordeal, he dressed without resistance and followed me out the back to a waiting limo. We pulled up at the small hotel where he was staying and made it up to his room without encountering anyone.

"Call them," I said firmly. John picked up the phone and dialed the suite next door. "Tell them you have a piece of meat for them to enjoy."

He made the calls and in a few minutes the other four band members were in the room. John was naked, kneeling on the coffee table with his flaming red ass and back in the air.

"Gentlemen," I said to the four arrivals, "John would appreciate it greatly if you would fuck him so he can cleanse himself fully of his error this morning."

One asked, "Who are you?"

John called out, "guys just get it over for me, please. We've fucked girls as well as guys together, just fuck me and get it over with."

One of the guys dropped his pants and shoved it into John's mouth, "get me hard then." Another dropped trousers and just rammed it up John's ass. The other two pulled out their cocks and started stroking them. John took it in the ass like a man and when it was over, I left without fucking him.

Back at my apartment, I wrote up a full disciplinary report for posting at all clubs worldwide.

Wolf-san Returns

I was excited to see Wolf-san in the club again the next week. He was pleased to see that I was progressing nicely and kissed me on the cheek at the club.

"So did you get some initiation in Japan?"

"Actually, yes," he said, "they will be sending you soon. I still can't quite get over what you did to that boy band star for his punishment."

"You disapprove?"

Wolf-san hesitated and then shook his head, "no, more just that we are taught *not* to think of you boys as having desires or sexual appetite. Reading Sumisu-san's punishment log I suddenly was struck that you might have some desires."

“I did not orgasm Wolf-san, I took no pleasure in punishing Sumisu-san.” That was only partially true, that part of me that was outside my own body had loved fucking Sumisu-san in every position. Loved the power I had over him and loved that I was fucking a celebrity. But that part of me was not in control.

“True,” Wolf-san said, “but do you ever want things? To be hugged? Loved?”

I hesitated. Weeks of violent lashings with the martinet were unraveling ever so slightly as Wolf-san opened the door to my liberated personality. But only slightly.

“Wolf-san, I have learned to find extraordinary pleasure in making my body as attractive to others as I can and as available to pleasing others as possible.” The programming won out.

“I can see why Webster-san was relieved to switch to training Reza.”

I knew what he meant all of a sudden. I was a good friend of Tim Webster. Or at least I used to be. Now I was another item on the sex slave buffet for his selection. He could easily stomach using me, but actually breaking my will would have turned his stomach.

Wolf-san had no such compunctions about breaking my will and commented that Sato-san had given both of us dispensation to an extra escort duty on Friday *and* Saturday night.

I stopped at Tanaka-san’s office to discuss my final training sessions and my future schedule before heading home. I was going to do Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from noon to eight shifts when I started. Reza was similarly scheduled Sunday to Tuesday. Both of us would do escort work on Saturdays.

“Coady-san here is a first class ticket to Tokyo on JAL for your final training. In Tokyo you will report to headquarters for your final week of slave training.”

I took the ticket, bowed slightly and thanked Lane Tanaka for his hard work over the previous months in training me. Reviewing the ticket, the flight was two weeks away. That just meant that I would get used to my shift times and could optionally review the existing electives I had taken.

My shoulders were thoroughly tattooed to reflect my specialties. The next five or so years loomed large ahead of me as I returned to find Reza with a ticket to the Saudi Arabia club.

“They are sending me to the Saudi club for my final initiation since they have the most torture specialists in the clubs in the Middle East.”

“So this is a test?”

“Yes, if I pass I’ll go to Japan to finish the initiation,” he said calmly.

“Reza,” I said reaching out to hold him, “I am glad to be in this with you.”

“You have to demonstrate total surrender in order to pass the tests Patrick, if you hold back even slightly you will be kicked out.”

The part of me on that far away cloud screamed something, but I could not hear it. “I want to be here Reza. I love serving the tops here at the Iroppoi Herususementaa.”

“Good,” Reza said, “I’m just glad to finally find people who will treat me like the disgusting faggot piece of shit I really am.”

I embraced Reza and kissed him.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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7 Part 7

By TopLegal

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

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Friday Escort

Friday arrived quickly and it felt odd to be on an escort session without Reza. I was ready with my latex under my tuxedo well before 1730. Something about being ensconced in thick, body clinging, latex aroused me tremendously.

In the limo, I quickly learned that we would be going out for a formal dinner at a French restaurant and that after dinner we would go back to Wolf-san's mansion

We were seated in an intimate dining room at a table for two. Wolf-san took the seat facing into the room and I had my back to the room.

"Patrick, remember what I asked you earlier?"

"Sure, Wolf-san."

"I'm sorry I did that, it was rude of me to try and plant doubts in your mind just a short period before your big test."

"Wolf-san please forget it, I already had."

"Good, Tanaka-san was furious with me for the conversation."

"How did he hear it?"

Wolf-san laughed at me. "Patrick, surely you realize that the club and your residence is under total surveillance at all times?"

The thought had never really crossed my mind. But now that it was mentioned it made sense. Wolf-san stood up abruptly and commented he needed to relieve himself and for me to stay. Something about the way he said it triggered me to feel rooted in the ground and unable to move.

Webster-san swooped into Wolf-san's seat and leaned towards me to talk. His voice was soft and furtive and I had to lean in to hear him, "Patrick, I dropped out, I couldn't stand seeing you like this."

I shrugged, weeks of floggings with the martinet had left my free will far behind. All that was readily accessible was my slave-trained personality.

“Patrick, I didn’t go to Japan with Gary and I haven’t seen Reza for a few weeks. They did not want you to know. I convinced Gary to let me see you tonight, if anyone finds out, he will suffer serious punishment.”

I knew what he said was true Wolf-san, Gary, could be quite severely punished for putting an almost completely trained slave such as myself in such jeopardy for programming destruction.

Webster-san leaned in closer, his voice was a whisper and practically had my ear against his lips, “Patrick let me rescue you, please.”

“From what,” I said somewhat loudly.

“From a life of slavery,” he whispered back.

“I don’t need rescuing Webster-san.”

“Just Tim, Patrick.”

“I don’t need to be rescued Tim, I’m quite happy where I am.”

“That’s their drugs making you say that Patrick.”

I wanted to get up and leave the situation but I was torn between Wolf-san’s direct command to stay and the awkward emotions Tim was evoking in me. Then an idea dawned on me, if I could show Tim, Webster-san, that I was working for the club willingly, maybe he would come back. “I have an idea. What if we visited the club together and they gave me a dose of the blocker serum. You could ask me questions and know that my old-self was answering you. Then you would know I was here voluntarily.”

Tim hesitated, the thought of returning to the club clearly scared him, and yet the revelation that there was an antidote, however mild, to the mind control drugs that were pumping inside my body clearly intrigued him. “Ok,” he managed. Torn between fear and curiosity, his curiosity had won out.

Anti-toxin

Wolf-san was apoplectic at the suggestion that three of us return to the club together, but Tim managed to assuage Wolf-san’s fears and so we headed to the club together.

At the club, the receptionist immediately steered us to Tanaka-san’s office. The three of us waited about five minutes before Tanaka-san entered along with Sato-san.

“Webster-san,” Sato-san led in, “you were asked not to return to the club.”

I decided to interject, “Sato-san, Tanaka-san, please no disrespect is intended; however, I believe that a brief demonstration may be able to bring Webster-san back into our fold.”

Sato-san looked at me inquisitively.

“Reviewing the procedures manuals it appears there is a drug that can block the effects of the mind control treatments for about an hour.”

Tanaka-san let out a slight, but audible gasp. Sato-san excused Tanaka-san along with Wolf-san. “Wolf-san,” Sato-san said, “Coady-san will be punishing you later this afternoon so follow Tanaka-san to one of the cells.” Wolf-san nodded submissively and followed Tanaka-san out of the door.

Sato-san went to the side cabinet where the usual drugs were stored and moved a painting on the wall aside to reveal a safe. With his body blocking the dial, Sato-san dialed a combination and opened the safe. He placed a single vial on the table as well as a single syringe and walked out without any further remarks.

I picked up the syringe and seemed to instinctively know how to inject myself. I drew the plunger on the syringe back and took air into the tube and then injected it into the vial and then drew the anti-toxin into the syringe.

My old self seemed to be screaming something about the phrase “anti-toxins” and poisons, but I was focused on Tim Webster.

Tim put his hand on mine and said, “Patrick you don’t need to do this for me.”

“This isn’t for you Webster-san, this is for the club, I have an obligation to help the club.”

Tim let go of my hand and I plunged the syringe into my thigh and forced the anti-toxin in.

“How long will it take to work Patrick?”

“Now clue, probably about ten minutes and it is supposed to last for about an hour.”

“I’ve started my second year of law school. I miss seeing you in class.” I nodded and let Tim continue. “Some of the guys asked what happened to you and I felt really embarrassed.”

“I do not miss school.”

“How will we know when the anti-toxin has taken effect?”

I shrugged, “So seeing that your million dollars was going to brainwash me into a sex slave turned your stomach?”

Tim nodded and looked down.

“So if the club had not ‘slipped up’ and assigned me to you, none of this would have happened.”

Tim looked down and averted his eyes further, “I’m embarrassed to say that I think if it had been anyone else I would have never given it a second thought.”

“Fucking sack of shit,” I blurted out.

Tim chuckled, “I think we know the anti-toxin is working. So are you really here willingly?”

I hesitated, it was August 2003 and I had now been with the club for three months. My first weeks had been filled with resistance to the brainwashing poisons they pumped me

with constantly. Now, weeks of violent lashings and mental conditioning had submerged my personality for all but a few brief minutes a day.

“Well Patrick?”

“Cool your jets Tim, I’m fucking thinking about my feelings.” I took another few minutes and thought about my old life, law school, seventeen-hour days, a decent income, but drowning in debt. Then my thoughts turned to the lucrative pay during my upcoming five year stint with the club.

“If I had stayed in law school I would be working like a dog in a job I hated to make a modest income. You would always be millions richer than me, just going to law school on a lark. Look at the opportunities I have now, I will be making over a million a year working three days a week. After five years here I can retire if I want.”

Tim was not ready to give up, “but what about what they have done to you.”

“What about it, it is making me capable of succeeding at my job.”

Silence hung in the air.

“Let’s go deal with the matter of your punishment,” I said as I guided Tim down towards the prison holding cells. I led him to one of the control rooms where Lane was standing watching Gary through a one-way mirror.

Gary Wolf was restrained to a plain metal table and was wearing a pair of virtual reality glasses. I sat down in the control chair and guided Tim to sit on my lap.

“Let’s deal with Gary,” I said as I pressed a button that caused several candles sitting underneath the table to be ignited. The heat of the candles quickly reached the table and Gary’s screams quickly filled the room.

Tim hugged me close and I looked at Lane Tanaka and then my watch and concocted a small plan. “Tim suck my dick,” I ordered as I pushed my friend onto the floor between my legs.

“Lane,” I said, “just so you know while I am not under the influence of the drugs still, every time you came to my house this past month and beat me made me fall more and more madly in love with you.”

Lane had inched closer to me and I pulled his face to mine and kissed him passionately. I glanced at my Rolex and noticed that I had only five to ten minutes of freedom left. The irony of my kiss was not lost on Lane. I could tell he knew that for the next five years he could only helplessly watch me serve as a slave. I would be unable to reciprocate the love he obviously felt towards me and that I had just egged on.

Gary’s punishment was working most effectively as the heat from the array of candles under the table was inflicting severe burns to his skin. His burns would take much longer to heal than on one of the slave boys.

I smiled at my handiwork and the delicious ironies that my hour of freedom had brought me. I left Lane with Gary and led Tim to one of the other punishment chambers.

“Tim,” I said, “I have about two minutes of freedom left and I just want you to know that the punishment I have selected for you is based on your childhood traumas.”

“Please Patrick,” Tim pleaded, “don’t allow a woman to rape me like my aunt used to.” Tim’s file was replete with gruesome facts like this one. His fears and sexual kinks were laid down in his early childhood in Saudi Arabia.

I left the room and knew that the punishment would be carried out.

Japan

I watched Tim Webster through a one-way mirror as a female impersonator forced herself onto him. My freedom ran out suddenly.

Tanaka-san led Wolf-san to me. Wolf-san had savage burns along his entire backside. Kneeling on the floor he apologized to me profusely in Japanese before being escorted out.

Tanaka-san handed me a ticket on JAL to Tokyo for the next morning.

At my home I found Reza packing with a ticket to Saudi Arabia. We spent the night together, I did not know then it would be the last time I would ever see Reza.

The next morning one limo was outside for Reza and me. The limo took us to different terminals at the airport, when we parted we kissed tenderly.

In the departure lounge, a polite stewardess started talking to me in English. I responded to her request in fluent Japanese, to her surprise. After I got my mineral water and took my mind control pill, Tim Webster arrived. Chastened from his punishment, but back in the fold he sat down next to me and thanked me for my efforts on his behalf.

“Did Wolf-san fill you in on the initiation procedures?”

Webster-san chuckled, “somewhat.”

“Sumimasen,” I called over to the stewardess to order a scotch on the rocks for Webster-san. “Nicely done Patrick,” he commented when the stewardess brought the drink. “Are you wearing latex?”

I nodded, “total latex body suit with no openings under my suit. Fourteen-hour flight. Kinky, no?”

Webster-san laughed, “that stuff is a bit lost on me, but I must admit the thought of you unable to use a toilet for almost a full day is rather entertaining.” Webster-san downed his scotch and then headed off to the bathroom.

I focused my biofeedback to reduce my bladder urges.

We boarded the plane as part of the first class cabin. The in-flight crew appreciated that both Webster-san and myself spoke relatively fluent Japanese and lavished us with outstanding hospitality.

I quickly fell asleep in the solo-sleeper, but I could sense that Webster-san was quite restless. Nothing I could have imagined would have prepared me for the initiation that I faced ahead.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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8 Part 8

By TopLegal

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Iroppoi Tokyo

Clearing customs was a snap and just past customs was a sign written in the katakana with “Koade” and “Uebusuteru” written on it.

The young Japanese man carrying the sign led us to a waiting limousine and then disappeared. Inside the car was a note, also in Japanese, instructing us to “furumau,” meaning loosely to behave.

Despite my training, my bladder was on the verge of exploding when we arrived at the mid-rise building on the outskirts of Tokyo. The limo let us out in front of the building and we entered the club. Much like our US club, the door led to an ornamental area with minimal seating and a single receptionist.

We were rapidly directed by a Japanese man who did not introduce himself towards a hidden passage and then down into a basement holding cell.

There, I stripped naked and relieved myself on the toilet in the corner of the cell and lay down on the floor mat. Again, Webster-san was restless, but ultimately curled up next to me and fell asleep.

The Interview

In the morning Webster-san was guided out of the room first by a young white male. I was left alone for quite some time before I was fetched. Two young, naked Japanese males fetched me. Both bore tattoos that indicated their slavery and employment by the Iroppoi.

The smaller of the two grabbed my testicles roughly and yanked on them to guide me while the larger one cupped my neck from behind and pushed me along.

Naked, I was marched by my balls to the elevator. Neither boy spoke to me as we waited for the elevator to come. They placed me in the center of the elevator and ordered me to “stay” and then stepped out of the elevator car and walked away.

A few minutes passed before the doors closed and another few passed before the elevator moved. I was being subtly tested. A small movement when I had been ordered to stay would be a strike against me.

I wanted ever so badly to please the Iroppoi and become a fulltime slave. So I stood obediently. The elevator experience lasted over an hour with the elevator car apparently randomly moving up and down through the building and the doors opening and closing as well.

Finally, the doors opened to the two Japanese slave boys again who stepped into the car and again forced me out by pulling on my balls and pushing on my neck. I knew better than to speak.

They guided me to a dark, windowless room lit only with black lights. A column of light radiated from the center of the room and they positioned me inside it and again ordered me to stay. They then left.

Almost instantly, the room began to get colder. Naked, my nipples responded immediately and then I started to shiver. A fully clothed, middle-aged, Japanese man entered the room and approached me.

“Koade-san,” he said in Japanese, “welcome to Japan, three simple rules for your time with me. First, if you hesitate you will be punished. Second, if you lie you will be punished. Third, if you speak English you will be punished. Understood?”

“Hai,” I responded enthusiastically and without hesitation.

“Good,” he said, switching to English as he began to stroke my cock. “This interview is behavioral. We will verify that you have the correct attitudes to work as a fulltime slave.”

I nodded and allowed my dick to stiffen to full erection.

The interrogator began to fire questions at me in both English and Japanese at such a rapid pace that I could barely get out a simple “Hai” or “Iie” before he was half-way through the next question. Several times, my answers displeased him and I would receive an enormous jolting pain through my entire body that was indescribable and almost impossible to tolerate.

“Koade-san,” he shouted as my body was writhing in pain for answering yes to a question about whether I liked one type of music over another, “focus. A slave does not like anything for himself. Only what his master likes.”

I nodded submissively and felt an inner revulsion that I had failed to appreciate such a simple fact. The interrogation had been going on for at least four hours and the room was so frigid that I could see my interrogator’s breathe in the stark lighting of the room. His hands had never left my cockshaft and I knew better than to orgasm.

“Now, Koade-san, do you prefer steak or lobster?”

“Iie,” I responded, I was a slave, I had no preferences.

“Very good,” my interrogator said, “I think that will do for today, I know your free self absolutely hates cottage cheese. I have had some prepared with fruits for your only meal today. You will eat every bite when the attendants bring it in.”

I nodded meekly, he was right, what was left of my shredded independence was like a cartoon character on my shoulder gagging. But I was a good slave boy and I would eat the cottage cheese.

Webster-san's Passage

The interrogator departed and the two slaves returned. One was pushing a delicate cart with a domed platter. My cock had softened without the interrogator's attentions and I was freezing from the temperature of the room.

The smaller slave handed me a large wooden spoon and then lifted the dome off the platter to reveal an oversized portion of cottage cheese with fruit. Hungry, I dove into it with abandon and ate every bite.

Then they led me out of the room by my testicles and neck. In the hall, I was glad to be out of the cold room and I was brought back to my cell directly.

Webster-san was there, slumped over naked in a corner of the room. I instinctively went to him to comfort him and found he was delirious and unable to talk clearly. On his legs, bite marks were visible. I pulled him close to me tenderly and held his sweaty body through the night.

In the morning, my interrogator showed up at our cell with surgical cart. Webster-san was still delirious. "Koade-san," he said, "life or death?"

"Life," I said. The interrogator plunged the anti-toxin into Webster-san's arm and the two slaves carried him from the room.

"We find that a brief experience with what will happen if they ever cross the club helps the tops color within the lines."

I nodded meekly.

"Let us see to the rest of your initiation, I think we left off in the middle of your interrogation."

After close to ten hours yesterday, I could hardly fathom what could be left. But my momentary distraction earned me a backhand that knocked me off my feet.

"Pay attention slave," he barked at me.

I got to my feet quickly and followed a step behind to the elevator and back to the cold interrogation room.

Today the room was unbearably hot. A dry, sauna like heat smacked me in the face as I entered. It did not seem to faze my interrogator in the slightest. Today the room was lit in the infrareds and I was under a heat lamp.

The interrogator's trained hands immediately went to my cock and the questions began rapid fire. The first batch centered on whether I truly enjoyed giving oral sex. Two hundred

unbelievably detailed questions on that subject alone. “Do you like the taste of cum?” “Do you like licking balls?” “What is the best way using only your tongue to keep a man on the verge of orgasm during oral sex?”

I got three wrong and was punished again with even more intense jolts of pain than the previous day.

The interrogation then turned to anal sex. Four hundred questions later, I had managed to only get one wrong and was feeling proud of myself.

Then the questions began to focus on my electives. Bondage. Bondage escape. Struggling. Latex. Humiliation. Exhibitionism. I lost track of the questions and became one with the interrogation.

When the interrogation ended it was with a simple, “that will do Koade-san, tomorrow the tests begin.”

I was not given any food, but simply led back to my now empty cell. Webster-san was on a flight back to the states.

Latex

In the morning, a twenty-something white male entered my cell. “I’m Mike,” he said, “follow me.”

I did, we arrived at a small lab room. He inserted an enema tube in my ass and began filling me up.

“I’m the latex expert worldwide for Iroppoi,” Mike explained as the warm water filled my ass. “We will be cleaning you out and then testing you out under water.”

He pointed to the tank in the room. Mike removed the enema hose and sat me down on the toilet to expel. The enema process was repeated three more times until I was thoroughly emptied and then I was allowed to piss.

“The water is about fifty degrees Fahrenheit,” Mike explained, “so this test will be particularly challenging. It involves bondage, latex, breathe control, body temperature control and more. If you pass you will move to the next set of ordeals.”

A double-layered, thick latex suit would be my only barrier against the cold waters. Mike pressed a button and a metal cross with restraints rose from the tub. The suit came in two pieces. The first piece for everything below the head and the second piece for my head.

Mike was impressed by how quickly I got into the suit and helped seal the head-body barrier. Blind and only able to breathe through my nose, Mike guided me onto the frigid metal cross and fastened me to it with cold metal cuffs.

I began to focus on keeping my body temperature up as he fitted a breather to my nose. The air in the breather was warm. A small concession to human frailty.

The platform was quickly submerged in the water and through the latex, my prostrate body was soon cold. I focused to stay warm and relaxed in this predicament and then I noticed that the air supply was being reduced.

I focused myself into a meditative state.

Twenty-four hours later the water temperature began to rise and I felt the air intake increasing. Our hypnotically induced time tracking capabilities were impressive I thought as I felt the platform moving.

Out of the water, I was still blind from the hood. I made no efforts to free myself. The breather was removed and then the hood.

Mike was beaming, “my god Koade-san you just beat all of the records by a mile. Your interrogator finally ordered the test ended.”

I modestly bowed slightly.

Exhausted from the ordeal, Mike was kind enough to help me from the suit and he then provided me with a sushi dinner and plenty of water.

“Koade-san,” he whispered in my ear as I finished up, “good luck with the final test, I know you can make it.”

Mike kissed me on the ear and departed.

My interrogator entered moments later. “Come slave,” he ordered. I followed him to the elevator that took us down to a waiting car. Barefoot and naked, I was guided into the trunk. I forced myself to meditate and ignored the bumps and temperature extremes of my ride.

The trunk opened inside the center of a prison facility. My interrogator helped me out of the trunk and led me into a steel cage about a meter on each edge.

“Be back in one-week,” he said, “if you take any food or water from the prisoners you will spend the rest of your life in this prison.”

He got into the car and drove off.

Prison

Shortly after the car left, the prison area came to life. About a dozen, naked men and an equal number of naked women came from the shadows.

I realized at that moment that they were all failed slaves. They disgusted me. They had not had the fortitude to stick with the Iroppoi training. I gave no thought to the barbarism of life in prison for failing as a slave in what was supposed to be a voluntary endeavor.

A grizzled older man approached my cage. Speaking in Japanese he mocked me and appealed to my “free” self to rid myself of the Iroppoi programming. I ignored him and curled up in the cage.

By the sixth day, my thirst and hunger were getting to me. That and the relentless chatter from the prisoners about how awful life as a slave was and to free myself.

I managed to ignore them and make it to day seven. When my interrogator picked me up he coarsely threw me into the trunk like a bundle of goods.

Back at the Iroppoi, I was given a chance to wash up and fed another sushi dinner with lots of water.

Patrick Coady is Dead

In the morning, the now familiar two Japanese slaves guided me to the interrogation room. This day the room was temperate and the lighting normal.

My interrogator entered and ordered me to freeze. He put a device on my shoulder and removed my “Patrick” tattoo. The removal was painful.

“Time to pick your slave name,” he commented, “most slaves pick a character name from a movie, you may speak English if you want.”

I racked my brain, then I thought of the Mission Impossible character, disavowed and all that, and said, “Ethan Hunt.”

“Very good,” the interrogator said, and applied a new tattoo. “We will alter your fingerprints and DNA as well and then send you home.”

He walked out and the room went dark. I then blacked out.

I woke up back in my bed in the states with Lane Tanaka standing over me.

“Hunt-san,” he said, “wake up.”

Groggy, I slowly propped myself up on my elbows. Tanaka-san handed me three pills and some water and I took the pills without question.

“How are you feeling Hunt-san?”

I took a moment to do a mental inventory. “Ok.”

“Good, we want to start your five years of service Thursday, September 11.”

I nodded, “what day is it?”

“Saturday, September 6.”

I had been out of it for some time. I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I was surprised to find Tom Cruise’s face on my body staring me back in the mirror. Not only had the club altered my identity, it had matched my face to that of the actor.

Patrick Coady was dead.

Slave's Life

Lane walked me through the pills, pink for mind control, three times a day, every day. Orange for DNA anti-rejection, every morning through October. Blue for a special muscle growth compound, every day.

“Many new slaves like to get slave written down their backs in Japanese as a tattoo,” Lane commented. I nodded in agreement and rolled onto my stomach. “This is a temporary tattoo that will last about six months and then disappear.”

“How did Reza do?”

“Naiyeer-san is no longer attached to this club,” Lane responded, “he is fine and that is all you need to know.” I almost asked another question but realized it would only result in my punishment. Lane added, “Webster-san has also moved back to Saudi Arabia.”

I nodded.

“Since you are scheduled with Thompson-san, I am going to move him in here,” Lane explained. “Also, we will be regulating your meals more closely now Hunt-san.” I nodded.

“More closely,” was euphemistic. Every calorie I ate except on escort duty or while outside the residence was now going to be tightly controlled and decided by the dietary planners of Iroppoi. Any pretense of choice was gone.

I heard the front door open and knew that it was Thompson-san moving in. “Hey, roomie,” he called out.

“Hey Will,” I replied.

He entered my room, mounted me and fucked me and then stood up and walked out. I did not find anything odd about that and just lay there for a bit to absorb all of the changes.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>

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9 Part 9

By TopLegal

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Slavery

I was allowed to rest up for the whole day without any more interruptions. I got up only briefly to take my midday and evening mind control pills.

Late in the evening, William came into my bedroom and asked if there was anything he could do help. I begged off, but he lay down with me anyhow and pulled me against his body and held me until we both fell asleep.

In the morning I felt much better and William got me to fuck him before we ate our morning meal. Our meal plans were simple: drinks were exclusively water or Gatorade. Breakfast and lunch was a prepared protein shake left on the counter and labeled with our names. Dinner was generally pasta. End of story.

William showed me a trick to watering down the protein shakes to make them easier to get down. I found the shake a bit chalky and hard to keep it all down despite Will's trick. "Get used to them Ethan. You will find you really like them after a few months."

I nodded and went to the bathroom and then put on my kimono and headed to the gym for a workout. In the gym, I went through the main doors for the first time and to the locker room. Inside I put on a white jockstrap for the first time and white sneakers. Because I was not working on Sundays, I would be able to work out more or less unmolested.

Wolf-san happened to be in the gym and came over to compliment me and I offered to give him a blowjob as thanks for his efforts in training me. He accepted and I kneeled down on the floor of the club and sucked him off.

At that moment, I recognized that five long years lay ahead of me.

Bar Hopping

That night after dinner William suggested that we go out to a gay bar in the city and practice picking up tricks. "The club encourages us to go out and turn tricks during the week," he claimed.

It was not prohibited, so I decided to go with him. We dressed up in some casual clothing that had been purchased for us from Nordstrom and headed out. Instinctively I went into my desk for my wallet and found an Arizona driver's license for "Ethan Hunt," a corporate American Express Card and fifty dollars of spending money in a compact Polo billfold.

"What state they give you?"

"Arizona," I called out.

"They like Arizona because the licenses last till you are 65 and they have a connection at high levels in the DMV there. I got Connecticut."

I shrugged and followed William out the front door. We walked a block and a half to a subway and took it down towards the bars.

We got into the club and headed up to the dance floor. William warned me off alcohol with the mind control pills and I settled for a mineral water.

"Ok, here's the game Ethan, we each get 2 points for anal sex and 1 point for oral, most points wins."

I nodded and walked away from him and began hitting on the strangers in the bar. The Iroppo training had enabled me to be quite sexually attractive. Especially the ability to release pheromones to increase my attractiveness. My mug looking like Tom Cruise did not hurt either.

A huge black man in the back corner of the bar was my first fuck of the evening. We did it in the back room and he actually came inside me twice. Four points.

As I was exiting the backroom, I saw William enter with a cute twink.

I scored eight more visits to the backroom that night and racked up twenty points total. William however only got seven. My reward was getting to have him suck me off and getting to fuck him in the backroom.

Around two in the morning, we moved on to an after hours club where we convinced one guy to take the two of us home as a package for a thousand: no limits.

He paid us half the cash up front and we walked back to his modest brownstone a few blocks from the club. Inside his house he had the two of us strip and start sucking him off. His boyfriend came downstairs and joined us on the floor. The four-way orgy was conducted entirely without condoms. Bareback fucking went every which way. It was about five in the morning before William and I left with the rest of our spending money.

"Weird," I commented to William as we entered our apartment.

"What is?"

"That the club would sanction us whoring ourselves out for bargain rates to non-members."

William laughed, "Don't be silly Ethan, it is part of my slave conditioning. I am straight still and never took to their kinky fetishes. So I am forced to have oodles of gay sex as a form of punishment still. A bit like you used to get whipped with the martinet. I hate it. I

hate gay sex and yet I am forced to do it constantly.”

I nodded as if I understood, but I could not really understand what it would be like for him. I decided not to go to bed and stripped naked, showered and hit the club for my morning workout.

When I got back, from working out, my breakfast was waiting. I drank it a bit more eagerly than the day before and then took my morning pills. Finally I crawled into bed with William and slid my cock into his tight fuckhole and fell asleep till around noon.

Oddities

When William woke up with my cock in his ass he freaked out a bit and ended up crying. Which I, of course, being a good little slave boy had to report. William did not fault me for reporting him, but did while sobbing like a child explain the full horror of his slave conditioning in greater detail.

William was actually 29 and had been a successful contractor for a number of years before joining the club. He was married and had three kids. Never a lick of gay sex or a thought. He had actually built the apartments we lived in along with a team of guys. After the job was over he had fallen on hard times and made a calling to the club to see if they needed more work.

Damien Sato had been in charge of training then and had offered to guarantee that his family would *always* be cared for at an extremely high level of wealth if he would do a five year stint as a sex slave.

William had initially refused and cursed out Sato-san as a faggot. But as the recession deepened in 2001, William had been without work for nearly a year and things were getting desperate.

Unlike how I was gradually lured and kept consensually—after a fashion, William signed a “legal” slavery contract running fifty pages in length up front, was drugged and that was that. Damien Sato intentionally had added triggers that made William hate himself for having gay sex but much like the way we all take our mind control pills, if William did *not* have enough gay sex as determined by the club, then he would become physically ill.

William’s sobbing deepened as he explained being forced to watch how his wife was paid off. Once a year on the anniversary of his slavery, he is shown pictures of his family and given an update.

I want to emphasize that I felt no pity for William Thompson. He was a slave, just like me. Slaves were not worthy of pity. Crying like he was carrying on was unacceptable and I left our apartment to contact Tanaka-san.

Tanaka-san thanked me for my efforts and went back to our apartment with me and ordered Thompson-san to score at least twenty points at a club that night as punishment and then left without a word.

William had already stopped crying and avoided eye contact with me.

“William,” I said, “it’s ok that you aren’t gay, but a slave should behave itself better.”

“I know,” he said, “it is just that my second anniversary is coming up soon and I wonder how my kids are and things like that sometimes.”

“Well cared for, better cared for than if you were part of their life.”

He conceded that and stopped moping, he knew that his enslavement as a bitchboy for rich gay men put big bucks on the table for his wife and kids.

I read up on William on the computer. According to his file, his wife was told William was selected for a government spy program with deep cover. Five years minimum with no contact. Paid off on a monthly basis, she was under surveillance. Twice she had been cautioned not to have sex with “enemy spies” like the next door neighbor. Reduced to masturbation, the club had provided her videotapes of her husband that they produced while he was under deep hypnosis. She watched the tapes regularly and masturbated to them.

Club

It was a white night–underwear only–at the club that night. I was along to supervise William’s punishment. Tanaka-san had privately instructed me during my workout not to have too much sex so that I would be eager for my first working day.

I was wearing a Calvin Klein tech thong⁵ while William had on a more conservative pair of Calvin Klein briefs. Anxious to get his punishment over with, he quickly scored with five guys in the first hour. I contented myself at the bar with water. I kept my beautiful, well toned butt facing out and mostly ignored the crowd.

“Can I buy you a drink,” I voice said from behind me. I turned my head and saw a young guy, barely twenty-one in my estimation. He was smallish, like myself, but well built. He was extremely close to me and I rotated myself around and extended my hand for a shake.

“No thanks, Ethan by the way.”

“Daniel,” he responded. “Your friend some kind of whore?”

I chuckled and responded, “something like that. What’s it to you? Do you want to fuck him?”

“No,” he said as he moved closer to me, “I want to be fucked by you.”

I nodded politely and pulled him closer to me. “What’s your last name Daniel?”

“Parente.”

I reached around and groped Daniel’s taut ass and pulled his face against my chest. “How old are you Daniel Parente?”

⁵<http://www.internationaljock.com/zpage12-8229.html>

“Twenty-one.”

“You here with anyone?”

“Alone,” he said and sighed slightly.

I pulled him closer against me.

“Any particular time you need to be home?”

“I’m in college, no curfews anymore.”

I pushed Daniel’s face towards my nipples and told him to suck them. He did it eagerly, but without the finesse I had been taught as a sex slave.

I questioned him further, “so when’s your birthday Daniel?”

“Um...” he stammered, “...nineteen...eighty...”

“No need to lie,” I said, “I peg you at about sixteen.”

He nodded meekly.

Daniel Parente

William came out of the backroom at about that time, physically drained from having had fifteen guys fuck him up the ass. Suitably chastised, he wanted to leave. He was shocked to see me coddling a young, underwear clad Hispanic boy. “Ethan, who is your friend?”

“William, this is Daniel Parente; Daniel, meet William.”

Daniel lifted his head from my nipple and shook William’s hand vigorously.

“We need to go Ethan,” William said.

I had other plans though; our Iroppoi was still short one sex slave because Reza had been reassigned to Saudi Arabia. The young Hispanic boy at my side could fill a perfect niche.

William seemed to sense where I was going with this and asked to talk to me in private. Daniel asked if William was my boyfriend. “Roommate,” the two of us answered in unison and stepped away for a moment.

“Look Ethan, I’ve just been punished for a minor infraction by having to have hours of demeaning, revolting faggot sex. I’m not really in the mood to see you play mind games to turn a sixteen year-old boy into a sex toy tonight.”

“I am not even certain that the Iroppoi will want him, but don’t you think it is my duty as a good sex slave to help the club achieve the best.”

William nodded in reluctant agreement. “Can I at least go home without you so I can apologize profusely on my hands and knees to Tanaka-san and be allowed to shower?”

“I should be ok with a sixteen year-old boy by myself.”

William gave me a hug and headed out. I turned and saw Daniel beaming at me, clearly feeling victorious. I sighed slightly and returned to him.

“Look Daniel, do you read any Japanese?”

“No, senor, hablo Espanol.”

I understood his statement, “Well I want you to look at the tattoo on my back closely and see if you can deduce what it means.”

I rotated, brushing my butt against his crotch and felt his cock stiffen. Daniel unabashedly ran his hand down the small of my back where the “SLAVE” tattoo lay and traced its outline.

“No clue,” he said. I rotated again this time allowing my firm, but not fully erect cock to push against his stiff boy prick.

“It says, ‘slave.’” I let that hang in the air for a few minutes before finishing, “if you stay with me you will likely end up with similar tattoo on your back.”

He was clearly torn between his lust for my gorgeous muscular body and the looming threat of some sort of unknown slavery. After an uncomfortable minute or two of silence he asked if I would be back later in the week.

I said I would keep my eyes open for him and let him walk off.

I headed home to get some sleep before my first full day as a sex slave inside the club.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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10 Part 10

By TopLegal

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

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Day 1

I woke up the next morning full of vigor and excitement. After months of grueling training, I would enter the workout area of the Iroppoi Herususementaa as a full fledged sex slave on my first day of duty.

Without thinking, I popped all of my morning pills and then headed out for breakfast. William was half way through his shake and I picked mine up and drank it straight.

“Excited,” William asked.

“Quite.”

He smiled at me, “I remember my first day two years ago like it was yesterday.”

“William, question, if you hate gay sex so much, why doesn’t working the floor bug you at all?”

“Hypnosis and mind control, same reason you wretch if you forget your mind control pills in the morning. They have me wired up to think of it like a military training game in the club, it is only during nights out and escorts that I can feel the true revulsion of what they have made me.”

I finished my shake and hugged William. “If it makes you feel better, I let Daniel go home to think about the meaning of the word ‘slave.’”

William finished his shake and then suggested we meditate and rest further before heading over to the club.

At ten to noon we headed over to the club, we went straight through the main doors and into the slave picture hallway. My picture was at the end with a large banner reading, “STARTING TODAY.”

I followed William to the locker room, took off my kimono and my Rolex and put on my white jockstrap, white athletic socks and white sneakers and waited.

It was only 1158.

Mentally, without needing the watch I counted the remaining seconds. Then it was like any other workday had started.

I turned around and found three members in black jockstraps waiting for me and I gladly bent over a waist high bar placed in the locker room for just this sort of anal action to allow the tops to fuck my brains out.

Steam Room

An older black male top led me towards the steam room and I, of course, followed willingly. He strapped me belly-down to a pommel horse placed in the sauna for fucking slave boys.

He took me first in the steam room as eight tops watched on. His massive block rod snaked into me and rammed me through. I moaned in appreciation as he reamed my ass thoroughly.

After he shot his load he moved to the side and allowed the next top to take me. Seven fucks later I was dripping man sperm from my fuck hole and feeling a bit tired and my shift had barely begun. I stood myself up and profusely thanked all of the tops for fucking me and headed to the gym itself.

In the gym I managed to do my first rep and then a top asked me to switch places and squat thrust ride his cock. I did it eagerly.

I noticed William on the other end of the gym squatting another guy. The squat thrust fuck was such a thrill for me, I had tremendous control over the speed, depth, and intensity of the fuck. Using those tools I could make it take a while for the guy or send him over the edge in seconds.

The most unusual position I ended up in was doing upside down “pull-ups” so my cock was at waist height as I controlled my fall to the floor and then raised myself back up repeatedly.

Wolf-san approached and ordered me to freeze in place. I had to support my weight with my elbows half bent as he stroked my cock to orgasm. I tried to hold off the orgasm as long as possible so he could enjoy giving me the hand job, but it was hard to hold myself up.

I managed to hold out for twenty minutes and then I shot my load onto Wolf-san’s arm. He then allowed me to release. I got onto my knees and then licked my own cum off Wolf-san’s arm.

He kissed me on the forehead and thanked me.

91 Guys Later

I spent the next eight hours being fucked by top after top. Periodically, Wolf-san would interrupt and drain me of cum. My fuckhole felt raw from all of the fucking, but strangely it felt good to be used to intensely by man after man.

When the ordeal was over, I would have sworn that my fuckhole was red, but in the shower, I

could see that the Iroppoi's gene manipulations, had toughened up my fuckhole to withstand intense sexual usage.

I showered without interruption and then headed to Tanaka-san's office. He congratulated me on a job well done and sent me home.

William greeted me warmly. Finally I was a true initiate to the twisted world of the Iroppoi.

Escort Duty

The next two days were a bit calmer with a limit of five squat-thrust fucks per session and ten fucks total. My slave training was so complete that I gave absolutely no thought to my treatment in any way other than that it was exactly what I should be doing.

I am after all a sex slave.

Saturday morning Tanaka-san informed me that Sumisu-san would be visiting with the band and wanted to use me again. I took the instructions and then went to the gym for an uninterrupted workout.

Around 1500, I suited up in the tech-thong, a pair of jeans that was a size too tight and a white muscle-T. I put on dress shoes and headed out for the fifty-block walk to the hotel. I paced myself as instructed to get my heart rate up and arrived at the hotel at exactly 1700.

I was allowed unimpeded to the floor where Sumisu-san and the band were staying. The door was open a crack and I went in without knocking.

"Ethan," Sumisu-san called out, "come on in."

"Hey guys," I said waving my hand.

One of the band members called out, "We've been having a lot of fun with 'John' since your last visit."

Another offered, "Anyhow, 'John' promised that he could invite you over to join in our continued fun."

Sumisu-san stood up and stripped down to a thong. Without prompting, I copied. Two of the band members approached me and led me to the coffee table where I kneeled on top of it so my ass was facing one band member and mouth the other.

The remaining two band members positioned Sumisu-san similarly. Then the face and ass fucking began. The four young band members fucked Sumisu-san and me endlessly without orgasm.

The young band mates took care to hold their orgasms until after Sumisu-san shot his load and then took further pains to shoot their loads in his mouth.

The initial fucks over, I was ordered to haul Sumisu-san over my ass and spank him to tears. 'Michael' handed me a hair brush and I pulled 'John' over my lap for a bare butt spanking.

It took about ten minutes. But I had Sumisu-san writhing in pain and crying like a huge baby.

'Michael' then ordered us to switch. I held out for thirty before consciously deciding to start crying. I found the sensations of Sumisu-san spanking me to be very reinforcing of my role as a sex slave.

"'John'," 'Michael' said, "amazing how Ethan here really helped us see what a little faggot fuck toy you are."

Sumisu-san was kneeling on the floor in front of Michael and nodding submissively. Michael continued, "I think that you really will have to quit your Iroppoi club as a top and sign up like Ethan here to be a fuck toy slave boy."

John started crying and Michael just forced his cock into John's mouth. "Ethan do you think he could start working as a slave?"

I shook my head, "he can be your private fuck toy though."

Michael took on a shit eating grin. "Absolutely, he already is and we have paid the club a buy out fee of \$25 million. Tonight was the last time he will ever see you or the other Iroppoi slaves."

One of the other band members picked up the hairbrush and while John was still sucking Michael's cock began to administer a brutal butt blistering assault on John's bare ass.

I was escorted out of the room at 2300.

Underwear Night 2

Sunday was underwear night and William was ordered to go to underwear night again. I had my own marching orders. Daniel had been identified as a good candidate for involuntary slavery.

At \$250,000 for an unsuspecting guy in certain private Thai clubs, the Iroppoi occasionally assisted in kidnapping. William resented our purpose. But he was wearing a jockstrap for easy fucking action. I had my tech-thong on.

I saw Daniel Parente alone in the corner. I approached him as William went for his first conquest of the evening.

"Hey Daniel," I said as I approached him and kissed him on the lips passionately. I timed the kiss with a release of a pheromone from one of my implants. The pheromone would help seduce the young teen. I led the eager boy to the back room and passionately fucked his ass in the corner until he orgasmed three times.

After fucking him I told him I was moving back to Japan and wanted him to come with me. He was eager to please me and I gave him some detailed instructions.

Daniel's Abduction

Sitting in Tanaka-san's office the next morning I had quite the intelligence view of Daniel Parente's movements. Instead of driving to school he went to the train station and left the car unlocked with the keys in the ignition.

He paused at the payphone and found an envelope wedged into the phone. He picked it up, opened the envelope and read the instructions:

Take the next train to center city, when you get there exit the train and look for a homeless man wearing an orange ski cap.

Give him a twenty-dollar bill and he will give you your next instructions.

Make sure to take this letter and the envelope with you.

Through the surveillance camera I watched Daniel put the envelope into his pocket and step onto the platform to await the train.

The surveillance picked up in the station where a homeless guy inside the waiting area took a twenty from Daniel and handed him another note:

Board the next Amtrak to Quebec. Locker #854 will open with combination 4298 and has your ticket, a new ID for you to use and some clothing to put on.

Do not talk to anyone on your trip and use your pseudonym. Keep this note with the other in the bag in the locker.

I'll see you on board.

Love,

Ethan

Daniel picked up his bag, placed the fake ID and passport in his wallet along with the cash and then put on the baseball cap and designer glasses to help disguise his identity.

Tanaka-san put me in a car to the next station where I would board the train to meet Daniel.

I boarded the train under a false passport marking me as Richard Crowley and made my way through the train to find Daniel—Jonathan—had saved me a seat.

I approached Jonathan and saw the empty seat and asked, "Mind if I join you?"

"Nah," Jonathan replied.

I sat down and introduced myself, "Richard."

"Jonathan," he replied back.

“Where you headed?”

“Montreal.”

“Me too,” I said.

I reached into my bag without thinking, pulled out my pill bottle, and took my mind control pill. I then dived into my bag for a magazine. I had Games Magazine and flipped it open to a crossword puzzle.

Jonathan asked if he could help and I let him work on the puzzle and kibitzed the answers. We were completely unnoticed as two young guys traveling.

In Montreal, we cleared customs separately since I went through the Canadian’s line as Giroux LeBlanc. We did share a cab ride to a massive downtown hotel where I paid cash for one night in the hotel.

I then headed out with Jonathan for dinner and we headed back to the hotel together. While Jonathan was in the shower, I followed my instructions and confiscated all of Daniel’s identity papers that marked him as “Daniel Parente.” I substituted his original set of fake IDs for a Japanese passport marked as “Tom Sato.”

My own Japanese passport was ready and I concealed all of the fake documents in a secret pouch in my bag and took another mind control pill. If I had any sympathy for Daniel’s plight, the dominant mind controlled personality that controlled me could not express it.

“Hey Tom,” I offered, “ready for Japan?”

“Really,” Daniel responded, eager to tour the world and in a bit of a daze as to how he was being made to disappear.

I had him suck my tits and drink my man milk which helped make him more suggestible. We fell asleep in each other’s embrace.

In the morning we rushed to the airport and checked in for a Tokyo-bound flight. In Tokyo, we breezed into the country as odd “white” visitors who had somehow acquired citizenship. An car from the Iroppoi whisked us to the club facility where I quickly found myself in a familiar “cell.”

Daniel was so disoriented from his whirlwind trip that he quickly passed out on my chest after sucking up another dose of my mind bending man milk.

In the morning, I was pulled out of the cell early and shown the newspaper articles about the disappearance of a “Daniel Parente” within the states. It turned out his car had been stolen and the two thieves were in custody on suspicion of murder.

I was given my instructions on where Daniel would be sold along with the routing information for the accounts. It appeared the deal was for \$250,000 for a white slave that could not become infected with AIDS.

The club had only about \$15,000 in expenses and I would get \$50,000 for my work. I was sent back to the cell to await Daniel’s return from the medical procedures that were immunizing

him against STDs.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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11 Part 11

By TopLegal

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

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Japan Work

My cell time was interrupted by an announcement in Japanese over the loudspeaker instructing me to put an eight-hour day in on the gym floor.

I left the cell and went to the elevator. At the exit of the elevator a fully clothed Japanese man uttered a locker number to me in Japanese: "341."

I found a perfectly sized white, bottom, jockstrap as well as socks and athletic shoes for my usage. I checked my mental clock and determined it was about 1600 local time. I would be up till midnight on the gym floor.

On the floor the Japanese businessmen wasted no time in interrupting my work out routine to fuck my brains out. They were rougher than most of the American tops and tended to slap me a bit before as if to assert their dominance. Not that it was needed. I am after all a good little slave boy for the Iroppoi.

Around midnight I wound down after having been fucked by about fifteen guys and given an equal number of blowjobs. Back at my cell I found Daniel curled up in a corner sobbing softly.

Thailand

"What's the matter Daniel?"

He looked up at me and pleaded, "I want to go home."

"Come here," I beckoned as I pulled off my T-shirt revealing my muscular chest and ample nipples. He stood up and came across the room to me. I pushed his mouth down onto my nipples and encouraged him to suck. As he sucked and my mind control-laced man-milk filled his mouth and stomach, the effect was quick.

He stopped crying. Then he became attentive as I explained he was going to be sold into slavery and not give me any resistance or complain about it to me again.

He agreed and I could see the conflict I had set up in his brain between his self-realization of what he had allowed to happen to himself and the simple clear instructions he now felt a strong compunction to follow.

We fell asleep in each other's embrace.

The next morning we were transported in the trunk of a limo to a remote air strip where we were loaded into a special transport crate and which was loaded into the cargo hold of a plane.

I could tell Daniel was scared, but my simple mind control instructions had the desired effect of procuring his unwilling cooperation and silence.

We cleared customs inside the crate and then were transported by truck to a warehouse. I attached a dog collar to Daniel's neck and led him by a leash to a waiting car. The car took us to a sex club that catered to foreign visitors.

I led the two of us into the club through a back entrance. The club's owner greeted me warmly and I handed Daniel's leash to the owner who roughly grabbed the boy and forced him to his knees.

The owner ripped Daniel's clothing off with a knife and inspected the Daniel like a product on a shelf in the supermarket.

The owner nodded and I handed him the transfer instructions. Daniel was kneeling on the floor, clearly terrified but unable to complain. I leaned towards him and whispered, "if you are smart you'll cooperate since this guy won't hesitate to beat the crap out of you."

The owner returned with a receipt and invited me to stay but I decided to head out. The car was waiting for me and I stepped into it and could only imagine what the rest of Daniel's life would be like.

The car took me to one of the fanciest hotels in Thailand where I checked in under my own name: Ethan Hunt. A huge suite awaited me and I took a bubble bath to relax.

When I came out of the bath a young Japanese man about my age, dressed all in tight black leather was standing in the center of the room with a tawse.

In Japanese he said, "to make sure you remember who you are slave. FREEZE."

I became paralyzed as the young Japanese man lashed every inch of my flesh from my ankles to my shoulders with the tawse. I could see my frozen body in the mirror as the punishment was administrated. As my skin turned redder and redder the little free spirit inside of me seemed to float further and further away as the pain became more and more intense.

When he finished the man announced, "tomorrow you will visit Daniel to help you contemplate just how well you are treated at the Iroppoi."

I could not speak or move still and was in unspeakable pain.

The man laughed at my predicament. "When I leave, wait ten minutes before you move."

With that my tormenter dropped the tawse on the floor and walked out.

I silently counted the ten minutes before I could move. I badly wanted another bath to soothe my beaten flesh but instead flopped onto the bed and forced myself to get some sleep.

In the morning there was no evidence of my thrashing visible. However, the tawse still lay on the floor. Also, my body was still sore from the violent thrashing.

I marveled at the Iroppoi's medical techniques. There was some latex clothing laid out for me on the dresser. Without question, I donned a latex bodysuit and then put on a pair of extremely tight fitting jeans and a white mock turtleneck.

I looked around the room and noticed my travel bag on the entry dresser. I picked the bag up and put the provided wallet and passport into my pockets. I was now myself again: Ethan Hunt. For a fraction of a second that seemed wrong, but the thought passed. Then I got a hard on thinking about getting to see Daniel Parente in honest to goodness involuntary slavery.

An airline ticket home was in the bag. I slung the bag over my shoulder and hit the bathroom to fix my hair and brush my teeth. Then I walked out of the hotel, pausing only briefly to check out.

I hailed a taxi and gave directions in English to the sex club. It was already midday and the club was surprisingly busy. The owner let me in without the normal \$1,000 cover charge.

Daniel was on the center stage and tied to a waist-high wheel with his ass sticking out and his legs tied to the floor. The device was ingenious in that the boy could be rotated around to be fucked by multiple sex partners or even permit two or three boys to share the carousel.

Other slaves were locked in cages around the room too. The owner explained that the slaves on the floor got fucked at will as part of the cover charge. The backrooms ran another \$100 for a half-hour.

I approached Daniel who on closer inspection had deep whip marks in his back already. The owner offered, "he really has quite the tongue. Most of our boys are Thai and know better than to talk back."

"Well you wanted a genuine American slaveboy."

"True," the owner commented as he pulled out his dick and rammed it into Daniel's ass. Daniel let out a stream of curses which as soon as the owner finished fucking him resulted in several savage blows of a cat-o-nine tail from one of the paid employees.

Daniel was sobbing and his back was bleeding. The owner was annoyed with the employee for breaking the skin, "take him back to the cell."

Daniel was removed forcibly and carried struggling back to the prison cells for the slaves. I decided against visiting the slave chambers and left unmolested.

At the airport I could not shake some thoughts of sympathy for Daniel's plight. I had so many advantages, the prosthetics, the genetic modifications, the hypnotic training, the biofeedback control. But he had none of those. He had just been abducted, somewhat willingly, by me and swept into a new life of pain and servitude.

On the plane I fell asleep quickly and was glad to land in the States. I picked up the newspaper and read about how the DA had been forced to drop murder and kidnapping charges against the thieves that stole Daniel's car.

I got home and found that William was already at work. Tanaka-san debriefed me and then expected me to work the last four hours of my shift. I did it completely willingly and happy to be serving as a sex slave and glad that I wasn't stuck like Daniel.

Hollywood

The next morning I was woken up at 0700 and rushed out the door with barely a chance to pee by Tanaka-san to get on a flight to Hollywood.

A major star—another Sumisu-san—wanted a blowjob boy on the set. I was given no information about who it was until I got to LAX. I was greeted by a limo driver holding a sign that said “HUNT.”

I had only the smallest personal “manbag” with me. The limo driver took me to the Bel-Air where I was ushered up to one of the suites. I found a huge array of expensive luggage packed with my name on it as well as a note.

We are filming in New Zealand, I have paid \$10 million to have you at my side non-stop for the next three months.

You will be staying in a private cottage I am renting ostensibly as a distant cousin helping keep my house.

On most days you will spend ten or more hours a day in extremely confining bondage. I will also be fucking you regularly. You will also be expected to periodically make your way to the set discretely to give me blowjobs in my trailer

JS

The prospect of a trip to New Zealand excited me. Knowing how much John Sumisu had paid to have me exclusively made me feel valuable. The thought of such extensive bondage was also exciting. I flopped onto the bed and jerked myself off.

After orgasming, I ripped the note up and flushed the pieces down the toilet.

Around 1900 there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find a young bellhop with a note. I tipped the boy five and opened the notecard.

Ethan:

I am in the restaurant please join me in a tuxedo promptly. You will recognize me, cousin.

JS

The last word was a cue to the pretext. I was Sumisu-san's cousin. I would also avoid the Japanese honorifics in public. I put on a tuxedo that was hanging in one of the closets and quickly made my way to the Restaurant.

I scanned the room and noticed three well dressed men apparently sitting alone. Two had their back to me. One I could rule out visually. I hesitated and the maitre de approached.

"Sir, may I assist you," he offered.

"I believe my cousin was already seated," I responded.

"Ah, yes, he is expecting you," the maitre de responded and led me to one of the two tables. My "cousin" stood and embraced me warmly. I recognized the famous star immediately.

My meal had already been ordered, but I did not find that strange or object. "Excellent table manners," John remarked midway through the meal, "you are every bit as well trained as promised. Also, you are quite bright."

I beamed slightly and thanked him for the compliment.

"When do we go to New Zealand?"

"Monday," he said, "I just figured for what this is costing I might as well enjoy some time with you in LA."

"Will you be staying here with me then cousin?"

"Yes, I will," he said and smiled at me wickedly.

Torment

After dinner, in my suite, I was quickly reminded of my station by Sumisu-san. From the luggage a huge array of bondage equipment emerged.

"Strip," he said in a commanding tone that left me no doubt that I would suffer if I hesitated. I quickly undressed as Sumisu-san finished removing a full store's worth of bondage gear from my luggage.

A leather straight jacket was my first companion. Sumisu-san knew many of the tricks taught to Iroppoi bondage boys and barked at me to suck in my gut and fully tightened the straightjacket to the point that I could barely breathe.

My cock was rock hard from being bound up and Sumisu-san pressed on, locking my cock in a steel cage and then binding my legs together with restraints. My cock strained vainly against the metal rods of the cage for release, but it was firmly trapped. My buttocks were readily accessible to the young star and he pushed me over a counter and rammed his cock in without any lube.

I self-lubricated as quickly as I realized what was going to happen so his cock entered easily

without tearing and I enjoyed the fuck greatly.

After fucking me he mocked me openly to right myself while in the straightjacket and with my legs bound together. He laughed as I fell onto the floor on my first attempt and verbally humiliated me as I struggled to comply with his order on the second attempt and failed again.

Stuck on the floor he showed off about twenty-thousand dollars worth of suspension bondage equipment that would be used on me during our stay in New Zealand.

“Now I recognize that you are ‘modified’ to make it possible for you to escape from most situations,” Sumisu-san said in a tone one might normally use to lecture a recalcitrant school boy. “But, I want to emphasize that if you ever damage a piece of my bondage equipment you will be tied to a tree and whipped so severely you will regret the day you were born.”

I nodded meekly.

“Now get yourself free,” he said as he gut punched me and knocked me onto the floor.

I worked to dislocate my shoulders and pull my arms out of the sleeves of the straightjacket and then remove it. He had done a thorough job with the straightjacket and I doubted that Houdini would have been able to escape. It took me about seven minutes of intense breath control along with the ability I had to move my shoulders and arms in abnormal positions to get out.

I then used prosthetics to pick the locks restraining my ankles.

“Very good,” Sumisu-san said. His cock was bulging, aroused by my escape. “Leave the cock-cage on and clean up the equipment and put it away.”

I did as instructed and packed everything away.

“Good, now do you need to pee before I lock you up for the night?”

“Please Sumisu-san, that would be most appreciated.”

“Use the shower Ethan, I don’t want that cock-cage to come off till before our flight.”

I nodded and went into the shower and turned it on and had to pee myself to relieve my bladder. When I stepped back into the room he had attached straps and restraints to the posts of the main bed. I hopped into the bed without prompting and got on my back. Sumisu-san spread me out and restrained me spread eagle.

“That will do, now stay until morning boy.” Sumisu-san walked out of the bedroom and shut the door. I heard the TV go on in the next room and the sounds of hetero-porn. I used biofeedback to relax my body and put myself to sleep.

I woke up with Sumisu-san sprawled on top of me and his rigid cock pushing against my chest. He was staring into my eyes when I opened them.

“You are quite the pretty boy Ethan, the club was right to select you.” His lips brushed against mine but did not fully connect. Kissing was prohibited to reduce chances of tops and boys falling in love. But the brush of his lips aroused me and my cock strained against

the metal cage.

“Domo arigatou goziamasu,” I responded enthusiastically.

“The last time I hired a blowjob boy from the club he was not trained for advanced bondage and found the ten-plus hour sessions I like to do quite a strain. I ended up able to use him for extended bondage only once a week.”

“I am sorry to hear that one of my fellow slaves was inadequate for your needs in any ‘way.’”

His lips brushed against mine again and then he licked my ear. “I have very specific requirements and finding a slave with advanced bondage training who meets those requirements can be a challenge even within the Iroppoi. Their hypnosis techniques are not flawless; the slave has to have a certain aptitude towards a skill for the more advanced lessons to really take hold. Also the mind and body have to be strong.”

I felt myself blush at the flattery. He was of course right. The Iroppoi selected mentally and physically fit slaves and kept us in peak mental and physical condition. But even still, not every slave could withstand or learn every trick.

“When I let you up Ethan I want you to go to the bathroom and then get dressed in jeans and a white muscle-T.”

I nodded once and Sumisu-san removed the restraints. I had to pee myself in the shower again to relieve my bladder because of the cock cage.

Out of the bathroom I noticed that the restraints were packed away. I rummaged through the only suitcase that had not been opened the previous night to find a limited array of clothing that had been selected for my three-month trip. I put on tight jeans and felt very consciously aware that the cock-cage could almost be seen at my crotch.

I put on a muscle-T and followed Sumisu-san out to tour LA. He drove us around in a fancy convertible and despite his fame, the twenty-two year old star and I were hardly noticed.

Over lunch in a corner booth I asked him to share my cover story. I was a cousin twice removed from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I was instructed not to go into more details and he gave me a few more key details about Cedar Rapids to enable me to fake it, but again I was not to discuss that as much as possible.

Flight

Back at the Bel-Air Hotel, I checked my man-bag’s secret compartment and found a longer dossier I had neglected on my flight to LA. I read through on Sumisu-san’s history. I realized that in January 2004, just before we returned home, he and I would celebrate his 23rd birthday together.

My huge suitcases were all gone except for the one with clothing. Sumisu-san commented, “not to worry Ethan, the production company picked them up for cargo transport.”

I nodded as if I understood. I found myself slightly disappointed that I would not be tied

up again till we got to New Zealand.

We spent the next day or so in LA, most of it hanging in our suite. Sumisu-san's apparent appetite for heterosexual pornography surprised me a little and then I realized it was a great cover for his homosexuality.

True to his word, the cock-cage was stuck on my body through our morning departure for New Zealand when he made me remove it myself and pack it in my suitcase.

At the international departures area of the airport, Sumisu-san was recognized by the check-in clerk who convinced him to give her an autograph.

We then headed to the first class lounge to relax until the departure. In the lounge Sumisu-san was recognized by a businesswoman who proceeded to coo all over him about the film he was working on. I was impressed how polite he was with the woman.

I stayed out of the picture and we hung out on the airplane together. The sleeper style seats afforded us an opportunity to be close without it seeming overly odd. Under the blanket, he held my hand most of the way to New Zealand as we slept.

I felt perilously close to falling for him.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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12 Part 12

By TopLegal

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

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New Zealand

We arrived in New Zealand and an assistant from the production company greeted us. I stuck to the cousin story and kept it short. The grip took us to the cottage that would become my home for the next few months.

As soon as the grip departed I was ordered to strip naked and set up the bondage equipment in the basement. I did it eagerly. Without even being asked I brought Sumisu-san the cock-cage to enclose my cock. He put it on and commented that he believed that slaves should not orgasm. I thanked him for locking my cock up and for trapping me in a humiliating situation every time I wanted to pee.

He smiled wickedly and hugged me. Again he came close to kissing me but our lips only brushed. It was electrifying for me and I felt my cock stiffen.

“After you finish unpacking,” Sumisu-san explained, “let’s go meet the cast cousin.”

I returned to the basement and finished unpacking the gear and then locked the basement off. I dressed myself in the clothing Sumisu-san had laid out for me and then waited dutifully for him to exit from the shower.

Cast Dinner

The cast dinner was fantastic fun for me. As Sumisu-san’s cousin, nobody thought twice about the fact that two guys were living together. I managed not to gawk too much at the stars and since I was not permitted any personal possessions back at my home Iroppoi room I did not bother to ask for autographs.

After dinner we drove back to the house where after a brief chance to pee myself in the shower due to the cock-cage, Sumisu-san began to get me into some elaborate suspension bondage equipment.

Tonight’s bondage would be a straightjacket inside a hanging strap cage. This time Sumisu-san put a tight metal collar around my neck to make it harder to escape the straight jacket.

With my own weight tightly pulling the hanging strap cage tightly around me it would be hard to escape. Also I would be stuck standing all evening.

Sumisu-san cranked me off the ground and then sat down on a lounge chair and began to stroke himself off at the sight of me in bondage. My own cock was struggling against the cock cage to become fully erect.

After about thirty minutes of stroking himself, Sumisu-san shot his load. Then he picked up a feather and pushed it against my inner thigh and began to tickle me mercilessly. Trapped by my own weight and the straightjacket I was all but helpless against the tickle assault. I laughed endlessly and found myself rather enjoying the added touch on the bondage.

I noticed Sumisu-san's young cock become hard again quickly. As he tickled me and watched me laugh forcefully, he got harder and harder. He stopped tickling me after about an hour to allow me to catch my breath and leaned in towards the metal cock-cage and licked my semi-erect cock to taunt me as he shot another load.

He stepped back, "yes, that will quite do Ethan, see you tomorrow. Make sure you have gotten yourself free no earlier than six am and no later than seven so that you can make me breakfast."

He walked away and I felt a tremendous longing for his tongue, touch and torment. But I was alone and bound.

I programmed myself to fall asleep until 0550 and drifted off thinking what a lucky man I was to be an Iroppoi sex slave.

Escaping the hanging strap cage was non-trivial given the restriction against damaging any equipment. Some of my prosthetics could easily cut open the straightjacket or straps. Instead I had to work myself out of the straightjacket quickly, but arduously.

The strap cage was particularly difficult until I figured out how to release the top using one of my prosthetics. I fell to the ground unceremoniously, but neither the equipment nor me was damaged.

I went upstairs and made pancakes for Sumisu-san and me. He arrived downstairs promptly at 0700 and congratulated me on getting out. He ate his breakfast as I stood at his side, obediently. Only after he ate was I able to go to the bathroom.

He took me downstairs to check that his bondage equipment had not been damaged. I earned five strokes with a whip because I had failed to coil the ropes properly when I put them away. I thanked Sumisu-san profusely for whipping me and then got dressed to go hang in his trailer and give blowjobs throughout the day.

Night 2

My young master orgasmed into my mouth several times during the day inside his trailer. When we got home, I was immediately taken to the basement for a new extended bondage session.

A leather sleepsack designed for suspension was quickly put out for me. I crawled into it and watched as he laced me up tightly. “Suck it in slave,” he barked as he pulled the lacing tighter.

He looked down at me and said, “Shame your ass isn’t accessible for fucking and that I did not let you pee first.” Then he laughed.

I was so aroused by my predicament that the taunts aroused me even further. His bare feet soon presented themselves to my mouth for licking which I did with great eagerness.

Then Sumisu-san pissed into my mouth—and on my face—before suspending me for the night. He said with a certain degree of cockiness, “I doubt you will get out of this without cutting open the laces. But if you don’t free yourself, you will be stuck until tomorrow night after the shoot.”

I nodded and watched my master leave.

I took in the scenario and began planning my escape.

I actuated a “snake-like” prosthetic that was top-secret even within the club. I was one of only three slaves with the device. It snaked out of my neck and pushed open the lace knot with ease. Once I had the sack open I lifted myself from the suspension rig. I then carefully coiled all of the ropes and put the equipment away.

It was only around 2200 so I decided to walk upstairs. Sumisu-san was nowhere to be found so I went to the bathroom to piss myself and then headed up to his bedroom and crawled into his bed.

Around 2400, he staggered upstairs drunk. “Well...” he slurred, “freed yourself, fine.”

Sumisu-san fell into bed and against me piss drunk.

When we woke up the next morning he was laying on top of me and staring into my eyes. “I’m amazed you got out of that, it is such a turn on.” He pushed my legs up in the air and fucked me facing me. His lips stayed close to mine as he fucked me harder and harder. The touch of his lips to mine was electric and his eyes stayed open and locked on mine during the whole fuck.

After he shot his load he stayed resting against me for a while before he moved. We had no time for breakfast before we had to go to the set. I had to hold my bladder all day and give him eight blowjobs.

Night 3

That night Sumisu-san pleaded with me to call him by his first name. I refused commenting that it would only get both of us in trouble. He responded that we were already in trouble—or at least he was.

“You are falling in love with me?”

“Yes Ethan.”

I nodded, I was an obedient little slave boy though and felt no reciprocating emotions for him. Just pleasure from being fucked and used. “I’m glad you are enjoying me so much.”

He pushed his hand through my hair affectionately. “Its good that one of us is keeping their head on.” His eyes became sorrowful.

I smiled up at him and allowed him to kiss me deeply on the lips and insert his tongue into my mouth. It was electrifying.

We slept together that night wrapped in a tender embrace.

Poker

The next morning it was not business as usual. Sumisu-san tied me to a post in the basement and flogged me with a bullwhip before leaving me for the day. I suffered for his indiscretion.

I made no efforts to free myself and when he returned that evening and found me there still, he beat me further with the bullwhip. The punishment, while excruciating only served to reinforce my slave training.

“How long till your back heals?”

“Usually a day,” I responded.

“Make it faster, you need to lose to Orlando at strip poker in two hours.”

I nodded and freed myself from the bonds and headed to the bathroom to soak my savaged back and hurry the self-healing process. Before I dressed myself, Sumisu-san removed the cock-cage and then let me dress.

Doorbell rang and Sumisu-san answered it. I was on the couch relaxing.

“Hey Orlando,” I called out.

“Hey Ethan,” he responded, “how’s it hanging?”

“Cool,” I said.

“Did your cousin explain this perverted game?”

“Strip poker.”

Orlando laughed. We went to the kitchen table and Orlando shuffled the deck. I lost the first round. I was expected to lose so I made intentionally bad choices in replacing cards in my hand.

Orlando seemed not to notice my poor play and seemed more concerned with staying out of second with John.

When my underwear came off the game was close. John had lost his shoes and socks. But Orlando had lost both those *and* his shirt.

“Ok cousin,” John said, “as loser you need to do a sexy dance naked.” I wiggled around a bit which seemed to satisfy him and Orlando. Then John announced, “as for second place.”

Orlando suddenly grabbed my cock by the balls and swallowed my cock into his mouth. John laughed, “second place in this game sucks.”

I watched John for subtle clues as to how to behave and finally allowed my cock to become erect and then waited another five minutes to shoot my load.

“Well that makes up for me coming in second last time Orlando,” John commented. I put my briefs back on and then joined John and Orlando watching straight porn in the living room.

One thing I noticed as we had played the poker game is that the same implant that was helping me keep time was also enabling me to closely count cards and estimate poker win-loss estimates. I devilishly thought about how fun it would be to go to a real casino.

Sumisu-san however had other more immediate plans such as having me service some of the female cast members to distract from his homosexuality.

Man Milk Brainwash

Sumisu-san had me in his trailer wearing nothing but a pair of tight gym shorts. Cate arrived looking for John and I gently persuaded her to stay and have a drink.

I kicked up my pheromones, in particular the androstenol pheromones and handed Cate a glass of water. Her response was surprisingly rapid. I leaned in for a kiss and received it willingly. Then I had her suckling on my breast.

The mind control drugs that leech into my man milk provide a suitable opening for basic hypnosis and mind control of people and Cate proved to be no exception.

When we finished she was convinced she had just had the best sexual experience of her life with my temporary owner—John Sumisu. She also would have this strange urge to share information about generalities of the experience with others and also to *not* seek John out for sex again.

Success.

My reward was an intense seventy-two hour bondage session without food or water. I loved every minute of it.

Two other female cast members had similar encounters with my man milk and my cock instead of Sumisu-san’s. For each such visit I was rewarded with ever more intense and longer bondage sessions. The final one lasting a whole week with an IV providing some fluids to prevent dehydration.

During the long bondage session I realized for a brief moment that my entire old personality was gone. All that was left was a mirrored ball that only reflected back Ethan Hunt. At that same time I found myself increasingly aware of the amount of “hardware” or perhaps

better yet, “wetware” that had been installed into me.

If I thought exclusively in Japanese, I could review a series of half-biological / half-mechanical devices wired through my body. There were the ducts for self-lubrication of my sexual entry/insertion tools (dick, fuckhole) as well as for general lubrication of my body. The other “ports” were for my breasts and milk supply; pheromone controls; and a bewildering array of prosthetics.

I focused mentally in Japanese on the time keeping unit. I was able to find that it had been implanted along my brain column and contained a body-powered computer system for time keeping, record keeping, and computations.

Almost instinctively I began to practice long computations in my head. I found that I could easily generate two random numbers up to about a hundred digits in length and perform arithmetic on them rapidly. The unit also explained my increased memory capacity and strong biofeedback controls.

I turned back to the pheromone unit and found that I was capable of emitting perceptible amounts of ten or so complex compounds. Several of which were completely artificial.

Kinky.

Cast Sex

I guess I should not have been surprised to come home from the grocery store one afternoon to find Sumisu-san fucking a cast member’s, Sean, brains out on the kitchen table.

“Hey coz,” Sumisu-san called out as I walked in with my arms laden with groceries. If my appearance bothered either of them they did not bother to say. Sumisu-san continued to fuck Sean’s ass until he came and then the two switched positions oblivious to my domestic tasks.

With Sumisu-san still getting fucked Sean politely asked me to strip naked and lay down on my back on the kitchen table next to Sumisu-san. I complied.

He pulled out of Sumisu-san and asked me if I minded. I shook my head and lifted my legs so he could fuck me.

He was surprised how well controlled the entry went. I was able to precisely open my fuckhole to allow his cock to tightly slide in and then surround his member firmly and apply tremendous pressure. He shot his load almost instantly.

Sumisu-san laughed.

I got backhanded and then pulled over Sean’s lap like a belligerent child for a spanking. Sumisu-san got one as well.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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