

THE COLLATERAL

PART 9: EXIT STRATEGY



Josh Hunter

The Collateral

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Doug grinned at the deputy.

“Shawn! Buddy! Are you in for a treat! My boy is gonna show you a real good time.”

Shawn didn't say anything. I stared at my wannabe guardian angel, wondering why the hell he was doing this. But I guess the answer was obvious: I was a whore, and he was horny.

“You'll be needing this,” Doug explained, handing him the key to my cock cage. “But I guess I don't need to offer you a slave prod, right?”

He glanced at the prod hanging on the deputy's belt, along with the handcuffs and the pistol.

“The boy is pretty docile now,” Doug said. “So he shouldn't give you any trouble. But if he does, just call me. I'll make sure he...”

“Doug, I think I can handle your kid brother.”

A flicker of annoyance crossed Doug's face.

“He's not my brother anymore.”

“Whatever you want to tell yourself,” Shawn said. “And Doug? I want to be clear on one thing. You're never going to tell anybody about this.”

“Aw, buddy. You can trust me! We go way back.”

“Yeah, we do,” Shawn agreed. “Which is why I'm telling you this.”

He stepped up to my brother. Doug is a big, strong guy. At least a half foot taller than Shawn. But the deputy didn't seem scared of him. He put an arm around my brother and pulled him close.

“Doug, if anybody ever finds out about this... If I hear any jokes about it at work, if my dad ever asks me about it, if a random person on the street ever brings it up, then I am going to come looking for you. And then...”

He pulled Doug's ear to his mouth and whispered something. My brother went pale.

“Do we understand each other?” Shawn asked.

“Uh... yeah,” Doug stammered.

My brother quickly walked back to his car.

Shawn watched him drive off. And then he turned to me.

“So, Wes. Why don't you come inside?”

“Yes, sir.”

His house was small but neat. And I could smell something cooking.

“I made chili,” Shawn said. “If you're hungry.”

I followed him to the kitchen. He poured two glasses of Coke, and then scooped the chili into bowls.

“What do you like in it?” he asked. “Cheese? Sour cream?”

“Uh... cheese would be good, sir,” I said.

He got some shredded cheddar from the refrigerator and sprinkled it on top. But as he handed me the bowl, he noticed the way that my eyes were following the slave prod on his belt.

“Is that making you uncomfortable?” he asked.

I wasn’t sure what to say to that. The whole point of a slave prod was to keep me on edge. To remind me that punishment was close at hand if I ever forgot my place.

Shawn took the prod off his belt and set it on the counter, next to a pie that was cooling.

“Sit down, Wes. Let’s eat.”

I wondered what the hell was going on. I knew what Shawn was paying my brother for. And like all my tricks, he would want to get his money’s worth. So why this charade of cooking me dinner, first?

But I did as I was told. Shawn’s chili was... weird. It was dark and spicy, and it had some flavors that I wasn’t used to. Chocolate and maybe... coffee? But after a few bites, I decided that I liked it.

While we ate, Shawn tried to make conversation. But the list of “no go” topics was a long one: He couldn’t ask me how I was doing. He couldn’t ask about my family. He couldn’t ask about my girlfriend. He couldn’t ask about my band.

“How’s your dad’s restaurant doing?” he inquired.

“I don’t know, sir. They don’t tell me much.”

“Oh.”

He asked my opinion on a couple of things that were happening around town. But I’d been cut off from the news for so long that I didn’t have anything to say. And then he noticed that I was still glancing at the slave prod on the counter every few seconds.

“I guess you can’t really ignore that,” he said.

“No, sir.”

He got up and took the slave prod out to his car. Then he came back and started eating again.

Finally, he mentioned that The Cardboard Astronauts had a new album out.

“You like them. Right, Wes?”

“Yes, sir,” I said.

I’d been a huge fan of the group about five years earlier, back when Shawn and Doug had been friends. I was surprised that he remembered.

He set the album to play on his phone, and we listened to it while I ate a second bowl of his strange chili.

“You have room for dessert?” he asked.

“Yes, sir.”

He cut two slices of apple pie and put one in front of me. I ate it in silence.

“You’re being awfully quiet,” he said. “I remember you always had something funny to say about everything.”

“I’m not supposed to speak unless spoken to, sir,” I reminded him.

“Oh, right,” Shawn said, like he hadn’t thought of that.

He took a bite of his pie.

“Well... I guess it’s good that you’ve learned that,” he said. “It will keep you out of trouble. But you don’t have to do it here. You can say anything you want. And you don’t have to call me ‘sir’.”

“I don’t?”

“No. You don’t.”

“Okay. Then what the hell am I doing here, Shawn?”

Shawn must have paid a week’s salary for this night with me. And it sure as hell wasn’t to watch me eat pie.

“Well, Wes... I... um... I was...”

I let him stammer on for a few seconds.

“Don’t bother explaining. I know what you want. I’ve done it for enough other guys.”

Shawn’s face turned red. Like he was the one who was embarrassed.

“Fiona and I are getting serious,” he finally blurted out.

I didn’t know what to make of that statement.

“Fiona?”

“My girlfriend. You didn’t know?”

“I don’t hear much gossip.”

“Well, Fiona and I have been going out for six months now. And she’s amazing. And I’m thinking that I’d be dumb not to pop the question. I mean, she’s everything I’m looking for. Except that... um... well, sometimes... I... um... I think about guys, too.”

He seemed to have a lot of trouble getting those last few words out. Like he’d never said them out loud before.

“Don’t get me wrong,” he said. “I’ve never done anything with a guy. I’ve just thought about it. But I don’t want to get married to Fiona and then find out later that I’m really... you know...”

“A homo?” I asked.

“Yeah. So I’ve been thinking that I should experiment. Just once. Just so I can be sure. I’d planned on going down to San Francisco and renting a guy there. But then I heard that you’re... well, available for this kind of stuff. And I thought it might be easier with somebody that I already know.”

He sat there for a moment, staring at the table.

“For God’s sake, Wes. Will you say something?”

“Why? You didn’t pay Doug for my conversation. You paid him so that you can fuck me.”

Shawn seemed surprised by my bluntness.

“Um... I guess I thought that it wouldn’t be a big deal for you. Since you’re...”

“A whore?” I asked.

“Uh... I was going to say experienced.”

It was a nicer word, but it meant the same thing: Shawn figured that if so many other men had gotten to fuck me, then he should, too.

“Well, you paid for me,” I pointed out. “So how do you want to do it?”

“Come on, Wes. Don’t be that way.”

“Hey, you paid to fuck a slave. And you’ll get your money’s worth. But I’m not gonna pretend like this is some kind of date.”

Shawn looked at me, and I saw the disappointment in his eyes. Like he’d honestly thought that fixing me chili and apple pie would make this okay.

But a rapist who cooks you dinner is still a rapist.

Finally, Shawn shook his head.

“I’m sorry, Wes. This was a mistake.”

He took my plate and washed the dishes in the sink. I watched him, confused. Wondering what was going to happen. If he was going to bend me over the kitchen table and screw me. Or maybe even go out to his car and get that slave prod.

But instead, Shawn got a blanket and a pillow from the closet and tossed them on the couch.

“You can sleep out here,” he said. “If you get hungry, help yourself to anything in the fridge.”

And then he went to his bedroom.

I lay down on the couch and tried to sort out my feelings. I was still pissed at Shawn. I couldn’t believe that he’d paid my brother for the chance to fuck me. But at least the deputy had taken “no” for an answer. I wasn’t sure if that was funny or sad. Shawn had spent a whole week’s wages for this one night with me, and he was going to bed with blue balls.

But I guess that was typical Shawn. My wannabe guardian angel never did manage to do the right thing. But he didn’t do the wrong thing, either.

Like at the whipping: He didn’t put a stop to it. But he did stay with me, reminding me to count so that I wouldn’t get extra lashes. He’d made sure that the paramedic got a chance to do his work. And he’d called my father, so that I wouldn’t be left to Doug’s tender mercies when it came time to administer the pain meds.

Maybe it wasn’t much. But it was a hell of a lot more than anyone else had done for me, even my family and friends. And I guess it wasn’t fair to expect Shawn to be some kind of avenging superhero, swooping in to right the wrongs of the world. He was just a decent guy, doing what he could inside a fucked-up system that he couldn’t change.

Eventually, my rage cooled. I still hated that Shawn was thinking of me as a whore. But... well, that’s what I was. Whether I liked it or not.

Anyway, without my anger, I started to think about other things. Like how fucking horny I was. God, I hated that fucking cock cage. There’s nothing worse than just lying there, desperate for release, knowing that you’re not gonna get any.

And then I remembered that Shawn had the key. It seemed weird to go ask him for it. But... well, the whole situation was weird. And I really needed to get off.

It took me a couple minutes to work up the nerve to go knock on his bedroom door.

“Yeah, Wes? What is it?”

I opened the door. Shawn was lying on his bed in his boxers.

“Am I still allowed to speak?” I asked.

“Yeah, Wes. You’re always allowed to speak to me.”

“Okay. Then can I have the key that Doug gave you?”

“Oh, the one for...? Yeah, I’ve got it here somewhere.”

He grabbed the pants of his uniform off the floor and rifled through the pockets until he found it.

“Here you go,” he said, tossing me the key.

“Thanks. I get really tired of wearing this goddamn thing.”

“Yeah, I can imagine,” Shawn said.

“No, you probably can’t,” I told him.

I pulled down the shorts of my slave uniform and unlocked the cage right in front of him. Shawn’s eyes went wide as my penis prison slid off, and my frustrated dick started to fill out. I guess I was deliberately fucking with him. You know, showing him what he was never gonna have.

But I gotta say, the look on his face made it worth it. And it kind of turned me on. It was like when I was in the band, and I’d take off my shirt, and all the girls would go crazy. God that made me feel sexy.

I grinned at Shawn.

“Sweet dreams,” I told him, and went back to my couch.

It probably wasn’t smart, poking the bear like that. I mean, Shawn could have gone out to his car, gotten that slave prod, and forced me to do anything that he wanted. But I knew that he wouldn’t. Not Shawn. Not even if I teased him something awful.

I lay down on the couch and started jacking off. God, it felt good to have my throbbing dick in my hand again. Just thinking about my own needs for a change, with nobody demanding anything from me.

I tried to pick a girl to fantasize about. But thinking about Carol made me sad. And thinking about Sharon from the groomers made me anxious, because I still didn’t know where I stood with her. And I sure as hell didn’t want to jack off to any of the bitches that I’d been put to stud with. I tried to remember some of the porn that I’d seen in my freeman days, but it was getting hazy.

And anyway, Shawn kept popping into my head and screwing up my concentration. I wondered how long he’d felt this way about me. I remember him being nice to me, that one summer when he and Doug were friends back in high school. In fact, I was the reason that their friendship had ended. Shawn had caught Doug being rough with me and told him that it wasn’t funny. They had a huge fight and stopped hanging out together.

After that, I didn’t see much of Shawn for a couple years. But once my band started performing, he came to most of our gigs. I didn’t think much of it. He’d stand in the back, drinking a beer. I figured he was there to pick up girls, or maybe he really liked our music. But I guess he might have had other reasons for coming to all those shows.

Fuck. I realized that I was feeling bad for Shawn. He’d spent all that money to have a night with me and figure out if he was gay. And now he was gonna wind up marrying this Fiona girl without knowing if he was doing the right thing.

Well, that was his problem. I sure as hell wasn’t going to sleep with some guy just because I felt sorry for him.

But the more I tried to jack off, the more Shawn kept popping into my head: Shawn wearing his deputy uniform and smiling at me. Shawn lying in bed in his boxers. The look on his face when he saw my cock. And at some point, I realized that the feeling in my dick wasn't pity.

For a sick moment, I wondered if Doug's programming had finally taken hold. If he'd actually managed to turn me gay. But that didn't seem right.

And then I remembered something that Mr. Carsten had said: that "gay" and "straight" are freeman labels. For a slave, there are only two kinds of sex: The kind that you're forced to have. And those rare moments when you have a choice.

Man, there is nothing as exciting as getting to make a choice. Deciding if you want to have sex, and who you want to be with, and what you want to do with them.

I got up and went to Shawn's bedroom door. And this time, I didn't knock.

I walked in on Shawn jacking off. He quickly pulled his boxers back up, embarrassed.

"What is it, Wes?"

I didn't say anything. I just took off the shirt of my slave uniform. I hesitated for a moment. And then shucked off the shorts, too, and stood there with my hard cock bobbing in the air.

I could feel Shawn's eyes on my naked body. I usually hate the way that men look at me. Like they know that they've paid for it, so they can do whatever they want with me. But there was something kind of sweet and desperate in Shawn's expression. Like a teenage boy, staring in wonder at his first centerfold.

"You don't have to do this," he said, his voice hoarse.

"I know. But we're both horny. So let's not overthink it."

I crawled into bed with him. Shawn tensed up, like he was scared. He really hadn't done anything like this before.

I realized that I was going to have to take charge.

I reached down and grabbed his cock. Shawn gasped, and his body went stiff as a board. But I could feel his dick throbbing in my hand, and a warm drop of precum leaking onto my fingers. I gave his cock a few gentle strokes.

"Better than your own hand?" I asked.

Shawn swallowed hard and nodded.

I grabbed his shaking hand and guided it down to my cock. Tentatively, he wrapped his fingers around it.

"That's it," I said, giving him some encouragement.

We lay there, playing with each other's cocks. Shawn seemed a little confused by my foreskin. Since he was circumcized, I guess he'd never felt an uncut dick before. It took him a while to figure out what to do with it. But then he noticed how much I liked it when he slid my foreskin up and down over the sensitive head of my cock.

"Oh, fuck yeah," I moaned, as he got the hang of it.

Shawn got this huge grin on his face. He stared into my eyes for a moment. And then he pulled me close and kissed me.

I wasn't expecting it. Nobody had kissed me in a long time, and I'd forgotten what it was like. The guys that Doug whored me out to always had a better use for my mouth. And it would have been weird to kiss the bitches that I was covering during the breeding sessions.

But suddenly Shawn's tongue was in my mouth, and his arms were around me, and our bodies were pressing up against each other. And he was kissing me with this wild desperation, like he'd been waiting years to do this.

That kiss seemed to go on for hours. And I swear, it was better than sex. I know that sounds crazy, coming from an 18-year-old male. But it was true. I was getting whored out four times a day and put to stud several times a week. So I wasn't exactly starved for sex.

No. What I was hungry for was this. This thing that Shawn was giving me. This feeling of connection. Like I actually mattered to someone, at least for a little while.

I think Shawn would have kept kissing me like that all night. But after a while, I wanted to take things to the next level. So I pushed Shawn back onto the bed and started working my way down his body. Kissing his neck. And then his chest. And then his stomach.

By the time I got to his dick, Shawn was trembling. I paused for a moment, letting the anticipation build. Teasing the head of his cock with my hot breath. And then the tip of my tongue. And then finally wrapping my lips around it.

Shawn looked down at me with this crazy look of gratitude. Like he was finally getting something that he'd been craving his whole life. So I decided to show off.

I broke out all the tricks that Landon, and Doug, and even Pastor Bob had taught me. And they sure worked on Shawn. I got a real kick out of making the deputy moan and writhe around on the bed. And there was something thrilling about the feel of his hard cock throbbing in my mouth. I was beginning to understand why gay guys like sucking dick.

Eventually, Shawn decided that he wanted to give it a try, too. He cautiously put his mouth on my dick, like he was worried what it was gonna taste like. But once he got over his initial hesitancy, he really took to cocksucking. He was a little lacking in the skills department, but he made up for it in enthusiasm. We wound up sixty-nining on his bed, sucking each other's hard cocks.

It didn't take me long to get Shawn close. But then I thought about that amazing blowjob that Ramón, the groomer at the clipping post, had given me. How he'd kept me right on the edge of an orgasm for what seemed like forever. And I wanted to see if I could do the same thing for Shawn.

It was tricky, but kind of fun. Listening to his breathing. Watching the expressions on his face. Feeling the twitch of his cock. Getting him right to the edge over and over again, without sending him over. I managed to keep him there for three minutes. And then four. By the time I got to five minutes, Shawn was a helpless, sweaty mess, muttering things about God and Jesus.

But I wanted to do something more for him. Yeah, Shawn had kind of sucked at the whole guardian angel thing. But at least he'd tried. And from what he'd told me, this might be the only time in his life that he was ever gonna be with a guy. So I wanted to make sure that he got the full experience.

"Do you want to fuck?" I asked him.

Shawn spat out my dick. He looked at me in shock.

"Uh..."

"It's not a trick question," I told him.

"Well... yeah," he said cautiously. "But... I mean... you'd be okay with that?"

He sounded surprised that I'd let a man fuck me when I didn't have to. And honestly, I was kind of surprised, too.

"Yeah," I said. "It's okay. Like you said, I'm experienced. So let's find out if you're a faggot or not."

Shawn didn't have any lube around the house. But when I explained that we couldn't fuck without it, he grabbed a bottle of olive oil from the kitchen.

"Will this work?" he asked.

"Let's find out."

I oiled up Shawn's hard dick, and then I lay on my back and spread my legs for him. He reached down, and his fingers found the steel base of the butt plug, wedged tight against my asshole.

"What is that?" he asked, surprised.

"It's... um... it's something that Doug uses to get me ready for..."

I stopped. I didn't want to talk about it. I didn't want to think about all the other men who'd paid to fuck me.

"Just take it out," I told Shawn.

I shuddered as he pulled the metal plug out of my ass. Shawn held up the gleaming steel device, curious about it.

"Get rid of it," I told him.

Shawn turned and tossed it in his trash can, which wasn't exactly what I meant. But at least the damn thing was out of sight.

"So... uh... how do we...?" Shawn stammered awkwardly.

Well, there was no point pretending that I was some innocent little virgin who didn't know what I was doing. I grabbed Shawn's cock and guided it into me. Gently, he started pushing. And then I clenched my teeth, as the head of his dick suddenly popped inside me.

"You okay, Wes?"

"Yeah, keep going."

I arched my back, struggling to take it as the shaft of his cock slid deeper and deeper inside me. Shawn looked down at me, staring straight into my eyes the whole time. Like he was trying to gauge how fast he could go. Until he was all the way in, with my asshole wrapped tight around the base of his dick.

He gave me a moment to catch my breath, and then he started slowly fucking me. He got this big goofy grin on his face, like a kid who'd gotten the perfect Christmas present. The thing that he'd been waiting for all year.

I felt my hard dick twitch, and a warm drizzle of precum leaked onto my stomach. Shawn seemed surprised by that.

"Do you... um... well, like getting fucked, Wes?"

"Yeah," I admitted.

There was no point denying it. Maybe Doug really had turned me gay with that damn butt plug and all those Pastor Bob videos. Or maybe it's just different when you actually like the guy. But whatever the reason, I wanted Shawn's dick inside me.

"You can go faster," I told him.

Shawn didn't need much encouragement. He started fucking me harder. I felt that weird tingling building up in my gut and racing up my dick.

But I guess that I'd gotten Shawn too excited. Because all of a sudden, he let out a howl, and I felt his hot cum shooting up inside me. He collapsed on top of me, moaning and shaking as he pumped the rest of his load into me.

When it was over, he seemed embarrassed.

"Um... thanks, Wes," he said awkwardly.

He looked down at my hard cock, still throbbing with excitement.

"So... uh... how does this work?" he asked. "Do you want to fuck me now?"

I had to admit, the idea of popping Shawn's cherry was awfully tempting. But I figured that I ought to let him catch his breath, first.

"Maybe in a bit," I told him.

Shawn pulled his boxers back on. And then we went out to the kitchen, and he scooped us up some ice cream. We wound up talking for a couple of hours and laughing our asses off. I don't even remember what we talked about. But it was the first time that I'd laughed in months.

And then we wound up kissing again, and Shawn picked me up and carried me back to the bedroom.

He said that I could fuck him this time. But as we got closer and closer to the moment of truth, I could tell that he was getting cold feet. And I couldn't really blame him. My dick is really big. And I'd never fucked a guy before, so I wasn't sure that I could do it without hurting him.

"It's okay," I told him. "You can fuck me again if you want."

"No," Shawn said. "It's my turn. I'll do it."

God. He really was just a big old Boy Scout.

"This isn't like taking turns to do the dishes," I told him. "I like getting fucked. And you're clearly scared of it. So don't rush things. Wait until you're ready to lose your cherry."

Well, I didn't have a tough time winning *that* argument.

Shawn was like some kind of unstoppable sex machine. And he wanted to try everything. We started off with me on top, straddling his dick. And then he wanted to fuck me bent over his desk. And then spread eagle.

It was when he was fucking me doggy style that I finally lost control. I felt those icy tingles exploding up my cock, and I shot a monster load all over his sheets.

Shawn paused, unsure what to do.

"Should I...?"

"Don't you dare fucking stop," I barked at him.

Well, I didn't have to tell him twice. Shawn hammered my ass like a man possessed.

We finally wound up back in missionary position. Shawn staring into my eyes as he fucked my brains out. His sweat dripping down on me. His hard dick throbbing inside me. I knew that he was getting close. But I didn't realize that I was, too.

And then suddenly I felt this explosion inside me. Shawn's hot jizz shooting up my ass as my own cock erupted like a fucking volcano, spraying cum all over my stomach. It was like the two of us were sharing one colossal, mind-blowing orgasm. It was so intense that I thought I was gonna pass out.

When it was over, Shawn lay there panting for breath. His sweaty body heavy on top of mine. His dick slowly going soft inside me. I stroked his hair for a while, until I realized that he'd fallen asleep like that.

I gently rolled him off me, and put my arm around him.

Something told me that he wouldn't be marrying that girl, after all.

* * *

I woke up in Shawn's arms. I lay there for a long time, enjoying the feeling of being held. Of being safe.

"You awake, Wes?" he finally whispered.

"Yeah."

"I've got to go to work soon. But I've got time to make pancakes, if you want."

"Hell, yeah!" I said.

Shawn jumped up and pulled on his boxers. I looked around for my underwear. With everything that had happened, I guess I'd started thinking like a freeman again. But then I saw my uniform lying on the floor, and it all came back to me. The weight of the chain collar around my neck. The tattoo on the back of my hand.

I pulled my slave uniform on. It was a small act, but it was enough to remind me of my place. And of what was waiting for me, once this moment with Shawn came to an end.

I went to the kitchen and helped him make breakfast. And it hit me that this wouldn't be such a bad life. Making love to Shawn every night. Waking up in his arms. Making pancakes in the morning. It was so different from the dreams that I'd had when I was a freeman. But now?

Now, I would give anything for that.

We sat down to a breakfast of pancakes with maple syrup and bacon. Neither of us knew what to say, so we ate in silence.

"I wish I could stay here with you," I finally blurted out.

I didn't mean to say it out loud. It just happened.

"Yeah," Shawn said. "So do I."

He seemed like he meant it. And part of me wanted to trust Shawn. To tell him that we should run away to Canada together, and leave this shithole town behind.

But trusting the wrong person was what had cost me my freedom. And Shawn was a cop, and I was a slave planning my escape. So we were as close to natural enemies as you can get.

But I couldn't stand the idea of going back with Doug, either. Of being treated like a piece of livestock. Not after I'd had a taste of what it felt like to be a man again.

"Please don't send me back," I said softly.

Shawn looked down at his plate.

"I don't have a choice about that, Wes."

"You know what my brother is gonna do, right? As soon as you hand me back to him, he's gonna whore me out to another guy. I'll probably get fucked by four different Johns before dinner."

Shawn kept his eyes on the table.

“Yeah, Wes. I know. But Doug’s not breaking any laws. You’re his property, and he can do what he wants with you.”

He paused for a moment. And then he finally raised his eyes and looked up at me.

“But... you know... at least you like getting fucked, right?”

I stared at Shawn in disbelief. He really didn’t get it. Maybe no freeman could.

“I liked getting fucked *by you*,” I yelled at him. “Because you gave me a choice. Because you treated me like a person. The other tricks don’t ask what I want to do. They don’t even ask my name. They just use me like a goddamn fuck toy!”

And then I just unloaded on Shawn. I told him about the farmer who raped me. About the tech bros, and the judge, and that sadist with the dungeon in his basement. About being forced to mate like an animal in front of people who used to be my friends and neighbors. About the fact that I’d lost count of the number of bitches that I’d covered, and how many children I’d fathered. About getting fucked by my own brother.

“But you don’t care about any of that,” I said. “Because it’s all fucking legal!”

Shawn didn’t say anything. I knew that I was ruining everything. He’d given me one nice night. Just one night when I felt like a person again. But now I hated him for it. For reminding me of everything that had been taken away from me. And if I had to go back to my life as a slave, then I didn’t want him to have any illusions about what that meant.

“It’s killing me inside,” I told him. “It’s like I can feel a little piece of my soul dying every day. I’ve got to find a way out of this.”

Shawn looked at me in surprise when he heard that last sentence. It was as close as I dared come to telling him what I was planning. Or of asking for his help.

He studied my face for a moment.

“You’re not thinking of doing something stupid, are you, Wes?”

Something stupid. The words stung my ears.

Yeah, I guess that an escape attempt would sound stupid to a freeman. The odds of success were terrible, and failure would mean a long, slow death by torture. That wouldn’t make any sense to a person with a family, and a future, and a lot to lose.

But when you’ve got nothing? When your choice is a soul-crushing life as a subhuman sex toy or a desperate run for freedom? Suddenly, the math looks a whole lot different.

I stared back at Shawn, wondering how many runaways he’d helped to track down in his time as a deputy. If anybody knew how hard it was for a slave to escape, he did.

“Seriously, Wes. I want you to promise me that you won’t do anything stupid.”

I tried to hide my disappointment. I’m so fucking dumb. What did I think was going to happen? That after one awesome night, Shawn would throw away his whole life for me? That he’d turn his back on his dad and all his friends? That he’d give up his job and his house? That he’d go on the run with me, knowing that he might wind up a slave himself?

I’d been an idiot to think that Shawn would ever help me escape. So now I had to throw him off the scent.

“I’m not gonna do anything,” I told him. “Except wait. My dad promised to free me once the loan for the restaurant is paid off.”

“Yeah. I heard about that,” Shawn said.

We let the unspoken question hang in the air:

Would my father keep that promise?

There had been a time when I'd been sure enough to bet my life on it. But I was a different, more trusting person back then.

Shawn didn't feel like finishing his pancakes after that, and neither did I. So we scraped them into the trash and did the dishes.

Shawn put on his deputy uniform, while I grabbed the steel butt plug out of the trash can in his bedroom. I handed it to him, along with the cock cage.

"My master is going to expect me to be wearing these when you return me," I told him.

I could have put them on myself. But I wanted to make Shawn do it. I wanted him to know what he was sending me back to.

He didn't argue. He slid the cockcage over my junk and then snapped the ring closed around my nuts. He had a harder time with the butt plug, but he finally managed to coax it inside me. At least he was gentler about it than Doug.

And then we sat there on his couch for ten minutes, waiting for my brother. Neither of us said anything the entire time. I knew that I wasn't being fair to Shawn. He was only being human. A decent guy trying to do the best he could in a crappy system. It was my own fault for expecting him to be something more, some kind of avenging superhero who could swoop in and rescue me.

But that was okay. Because I was gonna rescue myself. And this time, I wouldn't make the mistake of trusting anyone.

The doorbell rang. Shawn opened the door, but he didn't invite my brother in.

"Good morning!" my brother said cheerfully. "So how'd my boy do? Did he give you your money's worth?"

Doug grinned, like he was hoping for some juicy details.

"Your brother and I had a nice time," Shawn said.

Doug laughed.

"Nice? It should have been a hell of a lot better than 'nice.' Are you sure you knew what to do with him?"

Doug called me over. He reached into my shorts and felt for the cock cage and the butt plug.

"Well, at least you remembered to cage and plug him. You sure you haven't done this before?"

Shawn took a thick wad of bills out of his pocket and handed them to my brother.

"The fee. As agreed on."

"You know what?" Doug said. "Why don't you keep it? I'm sure you can do me a favor down the line that will more than..."

Shawn shoved the bills into Doug's hand.

"Take the money, Doug. I don't want to be in your debt."

A trace of annoyance flickered over my brother's face. But then he forced himself to smile.

"If that's how you want to do it."

"That's how I want to do it," Shawn said.

Doug shrugged. As he marched me to the car, I glanced back at Shawn. He was standing there in his deputy uniform, watching us go with this sad look on his face. So yeah, I guess he did understand what he was sending me back to. He just didn't think that he could do anything about it.

As we climbed into the car, Doug noticed the bags under my eyes.

"You don't look like you got much sleep, boy. Did the deputy work you over good last night?"

I didn't say anything.

"Aw, come on, boy!" Doug whined. "I want some details. Did he pound your ass? Or make you suck his dick? Or did the two of you just play Monopoly all night?"

I glanced at the slave prod on Doug's belt. After being treated like a man for a night, it was gonna be hard to get used to this again. To the idea that I didn't have the right to my own privacy. Or to anything else.

"Yes, master. He fucked me."

"Just once?"

"No. Several times."

"So he enjoyed it?"

"Yes, master. He seemed to."

Doug laughed.

"I knew it! Shawn acts like such a fucking Boy Scout. But deep down, he's a horn dog just like every other guy."

Doug started the car.

"And now that Deputy Shawn has had a taste of you, I'm sure that he'll be begging for more. Hell, maybe next time, the two of us will share you. Wouldn't that be fun, boy?"

Doug grinned, like that was some fucked up fantasy of his. Getting back together with his best friend from high school, and the two of them tag-teaming me.

But something told me that it would be a cold day in hell before that happened.

* * *

Doug drove me home. He marched me into the apartment above the garage, stripped me down, and shoved me into the shower. He went through the whole routine of getting me cleaned out, and lubed up, and plugged again. Ready for use.

My first trick of the day was at a cheap motel out on the interstate. An Asian guy in his forties who seemed to be in a hurry. I had the feeling that he'd stepped out of the house for a quickie while his wife wasn't looking.

It was so fucking hard for me to walk into that motel room. Shawn had reminded me what it felt like to be a person again. To be treated like my feelings mattered. *Like I mattered*. I didn't want to give that up again.

But the Asian guy had Doug's slave prod. And I knew that my brother was waiting out in the parking lot, ready to come running if there was any trouble. So I sucked the Asian guy's dick and spread my legs for him. At least he didn't take very long.

Afterwards, Doug tried to make conversation with him, hoping to network. But the client didn't seem to appreciate a chatty pimp. Once he was done with me, he just wanted to pay and leave.

My next trick was in our garage apartment. A businessman in his fifties who wanted to have a little fun on his lunch break. And then it was back in the car, for a couple trips out to see rich tech bros with vacation houses up in the hills.

Each time, I did what I had to. And each time, I felt a little less human afterwards. I tried to remember the way that I'd felt when I was with Shawn. I wanted to hang on to that. To make a safe place for it in my head, where nothing would be able to touch it. But I could already feel it fading.

By the time that the fourth guy was done with me, I was numb. But Doug was in a good mood. He talked a mile a minute the whole drive back. Telling me what a good whore I was turning into, and how proud he was of me, and how much money he was gonna make off my ass. I didn't say anything. I just kept thinking about my upcoming escape, and how it didn't really matter whether I wound up dead or in Canada. Because either way, I'd never have to hear my brother's stupid voice again.

We got home, and Doug took me up to the garage apartment. Apparently, the thought of all those other guys pounding my ass had gotten him all hot and bothered. He took out the leather restraints and strapped me face down onto the bed. I guess he still didn't trust me. We both knew that he could take me in a fight, even without the slave prod and the shock ring. But I might get in a lucky punch.

When I was tied down spread-eagle on the bed, he took a moment to enjoy the view.

"God damn it," he said, running a hand over my smooth ass. "You are one sexy piece of slave-flesh, boy."

He grabbed the lube off the nightstand and oiled up his stubby five-inch dick. And then I clenched my teeth, as he started guiding his cock inside me.

"Good boy!" he whispered as he started fucking me. "All that training I've put you through is starting to pay off. We're making real progress. Pretty soon, you're gonna be an eager little slut. Desperate for the feeling of a freeman cock in your ass."

He kept blathering on like that the whole time he was screwing me. Maybe he was baiting me, trying to get a reaction. Or maybe it was another one of his bullshit programming techniques. Or maybe he just liked to hear himself talk.

But the worst part was that the bastard made me cum again. I hated him, and I hated what he was doing to me. But I couldn't stop my own body from betraying me. I felt my angry dick straining against the bars of its steel cage, and that weird tingling in my nuts. I buried my face in the pillow, trying to hide my shame. And then I screamed, as the orgasm exploded up the shaft of my dick, spraying hot cum all over the sheets.

Doug laughed.

"That's it, boy! Show me how much a beta cuck like you loves taking alpha cock."

He hammered away on my ass for a couple more minutes. And then I shuddered, as I felt his hot jizz shooting up inside me.

My brother lay there for a few seconds, panting for breath. His sweaty body heavy on top of me. His dick still throbbing inside me. And then he finally unlocked the restraints and told me to get cleaned up.

“You need to go pick up our dinner, boy. My dad will be pissed if you’re late with it.”

* * *

I jumped in the shower, pulled on my uniform, and ran to the restaurant.

I saw Shawn watching me from the other side of the street, just like always. Even after all the mean things I’d said to him that morning, he was still doing his guardian angel routine. Good old dependable Shawn. It wasn’t his fault that he couldn’t do more.

I found myself hoping that he would rent me again. It would be nice to have one more night with him before I left. Maybe even find a way to say goodbye. But realistically, I knew that our night together had been a one-time thing. He’d blown a week’s wages on it, and he couldn’t afford to do it again.

And deep down, I knew that Shawn wasn’t gonna be mooning over me forever. Sure, he liked me. And he really liked fucking me. But he and Carol had something in common: They were both *practical*. Now that Shawn knew what he wanted, he was gonna be looking for some cute freeman to date. Shawn wasn’t the kind of guy who would waste his life pining away for a slave that he could never be with.

I didn’t blame him for that. And I guess I didn’t blame Carol, either. Not anymore. It’s just the way things were. She’d been right, and I’d been stupid.

But still, it felt like I owed Shawn something. Maybe I would write to him when I got to Canada. Just to let him know that I was okay. And that if he wanted to come up and see me sometime...

Nah. That would be stupid. A letter like that was bound to get intercepted by the authorities. And if they thought that Shawn had helped with my escape, he’d be in a shit ton of trouble.

So better to just vanish, and let him wonder.

I got home, put on my fancy uniform, and served my family their dinner. As I stood there waiting to refill their wine glasses, I thought about my escape plan. I still had a lot of things to work out: How to carry enough food. How to make sure that the sheriff’s dogs couldn’t track me. How to get across town at night without being seen by anyone.

But my big problem was still the collar. I couldn’t go anywhere with that GPS chip chained around my neck. But none of the tools that I worked with would even scratch the hardened steel links. And I couldn’t just walk into a hardware store and ask for a bolt cutter. Even if I told them that I was buying it for my master, they’d be sure to call and check on something like that.

There had to be some way to cut that fucking chain, though. Other slaves had managed to do it. And I would, too.

At least, that's what I told myself.

When dinner was over, Doug fed me my kibble with a couple of carrot sticks and a slice of watermelon. My reward for being a good whore that day. I expected him to have a couple more tricks lined up for me afterwards. But apparently, Ashley had claimed "dibs" on me for the night.

"Have fun," my dad said as she led me out the door. "But try to keep the noise down."

"You'll never even know that we're there," she assured him.

I followed Ashley to the garage apartment, two steps behind with my head bowed. A couple of her friends were already there, unpacking bags full of liquor. —Old friends, from her days as a waitress.— They'd strung up a banner that said "Welcome to the Jungle", and they'd thrown a zebra-print rug on the floor and leopard-print sheets on the bed. They'd even set up some little fake palm trees.

There was something weird about the palm trees. I stared at them for a few seconds before I realized that all the leaves were penis-shaped. In fact, there seemed to be a lot of penis-shaped stuff in the room. Penis-shaped straws. Penis-shaped shot glasses. Even some penis-shaped cookies.

Ashley looked over the dick-heavy decor.

"Not exactly subtle."

"Hey, this isn't a stuck-up garden party," her red-headed friend said. "This is Jane's last chance to have fun."

"Marriage isn't exactly a prison sentence," Ashley said.

"Yeah," her other friend with the tattoos shot back. "In prison, you still get to have sex."

The three of them had a laugh about that.

Ashley told me to blow up some inflatable animals that were part of the decorations. Monkeys, and rhinos, and lions. All of them male, and all of them with raging hard-ons.

When I was done, the woman with the tattoos came over.

"Okay, boy. Time to get into your costume."

She handed me a tiny scrap of tiger-striped fabric. I looked at it, not sure what I was holding.

"Chop chop, boy," she said, imitating Ashley.

Reluctantly, I pulled off my uniform. It still seemed weird to strip down naked in a room full of people who were fully clothed. But then, they weren't looking at me as a person. I was just a piece of male livestock.

The tattooed woman showed me how to wrap the fabric around my waist and secure it with a velcro strip. It turned out to be a skimpy loincloth.

"What do you think?" she asked the other women.

The redhead looked me over and frowned.

"It doesn't look right with that cage on him. Can we take it off?"

"Sure," Ashley said.

She fished her keyring out of her purse. I could see the tiny key for my cock cage sitting there right next to her house key and her car key. Like my dick was just one more thing that she owned.

She unlocked the cage and took it off me.

“Oh yeah!” the redhead said, “Much better. Turn around for us, boy.”

The loincloth was barely long enough to cover my dick, even when I was soft. And it was nowhere near wide enough to cover my ass.

“The boy actually makes a pretty good Tarzan,” Ashley said.

“Yeah,” the redhead agreed, keeping her eyes locked on the bulge in the front of my loincloth.

I forced myself to think unsexy thoughts. Lord knows, if I started to get a woody in this thing, everybody in the room would know it.

I heard a car pull up outside, and then a bunch of loud women shouting at each other in our driveway. So much for “keeping the noise down.”

“I thought we were going to a club?” a woman asked.

“We are!” another woman yelled back. “The best club in town!”

A moment later, the door opened, and a pack of Ashley’s friends climbed the stairs into the apartment. From the sound of it, they’d already been drinking pretty heavily. One particularly inebriated blond woman was wearing a tiara and a sash that said “Queen of the Jungle.”

She stumbled into the room, laughing. And then she caught sight of me, standing there in that tiny loincloth. She just stared at me for a few seconds, her mouth hanging open.

Ashley laughed, and led her over to me.

“Him Tarzan,” my stepmother explained. “You Jane.”

The other women all laughed, but the blond didn’t seem to get it.

“Wow,” she said, almost speechless. “He’s...”

“All yours for the evening,” Ashley said.

The redhead started pouring tequila shooters, and my stepmother told me to go whip up some cocktails. *Screaming Orgasms*, of course. Luckily, she’d left the recipe next to the blender.

I put the drinks on a tray and started handing them out. The blond bride-to-be took one, but then the redhead shoved a second one into her hands.

“Oh, no,” the blond protested. “I think I need to slow down.”

“Don’t be lame,” the redhead told her. “You’re about to get married. So this is probably your last chance to have multiple orgasms.”

The bachelorette kept arguing, but I noticed that she drank both of the cocktails. And then the next one I brought her. And the one after that.

The other guests were pretty heavy drinkers, too. They downed screaming orgasm after screaming orgasm, then switched to tequila shooters with salt and limes. And the more they drank, the louder they got. I swear, I thought my ears were gonna start bleeding after some of those shrieks.

After an hour, the redhead got a box of cards out of her purse.

“Okay, enough warm-up! Time to get this party started.”

She put two stacks of cards on the table in front of the bride-to-be.

“This is a little game called Touch & Go. The rules are simple. You draw a card from the pink deck, which names a part of your body. Then you draw a card from the blue deck which will name a part of his body,” she said, pointing at me. “All you have to do is touch the two body parts together. And anybody who chickens out has to wear this for the rest of the night.”

She held up a big ID tag with the words “BORING BITCH” on it.

The redhead looked around at her friends. She nodded to the woman with all the tattoos.

“Jackie, why don’t you go first?”

“Sure. I’ll get this rolling.”

The tattooed woman pulled the top card off the pink deck,

“It says ‘your nose,’” she explained, showing everyone the card.

She reached for the blue deck.

“Just so you know,” the redhead said with a grin, “there is one card in there that says ‘dick.’”

The tattooed woman rolled her eyes.

“Now you tell me.”

She picked up the blue card and looked at it.

“His right elbow?” she said, a little disappointed.

The redhead shrugged.

“If that’s what the card says...?”

The tattooed woman waved me over. I stood there while she touched her nose to my elbow. The party guests all burst into laughter. I guess they were so drunk that everything seemed funny.

The next few cards were all kind of like that. Weird but not too embarrassing. Inebriated women pawing at me with strange body parts. Their shoulder to my calf. Or their knee to the top of my head. Or their feet to my neck. It was like the most fucked up game of Twister ever.

But then one woman got “your tongue” and “his left ear,” which was kind of... uh, interesting. And another woman got “your right index finger” and “his left nipple.”

And when it got around to the redhead, she drew “your lips” and “his thigh.”

She grinned and knelt down in front of me. She started kissing the inside of my leg, slowly working her way up towards the edge of the loincloth.

I did my best to fight it. I thought every unsexy thought that I could. Cold showers. Old nuns. Taking out the trash. But it was no good.

Ashley’s friends giggled, as the front of my loincloth slowly rose. And then they burst into applause as the head of it peeked out. I stood there, red-faced, while they laughed at me.

After that, my erection became part of the game. No matter what any of the women drew, they did their best to get me turned on. And it was surprising what they could do with some pretty bad hands. “Your fingers on his neck”. “Your nose on his belly button.” Even “Your tongue on his back.” Before long I was rock hard, and that loincloth wasn’t hiding anything.

And then it was Ashley’s turn. I watched, praying that she would draw something innocent. “Your toes to his eyebrows,” or something dumb like that.

She picked up the first card, “Your left hand.” And then she picked up the second card.

“Oh, fuck,” she muttered.

She held it up for the other guests to see. It was the goddamn “dick” card.

The redhead laughed.

“Those are the breaks. You chickening out, Ashley?”

Ashley started to say something, but she was drowned out by all her friends making clucking sounds. The redhead handed her the “BORING BITCH” tag.

“Fuck that,” my stepmother said, throwing it on the table. “Get over here, boy.”

I swallowed hard. I knew better than to disobey Ashley. She was willing to electrocute my nuts just for talking back to her. I couldn't even imagine what she'd do if I embarrassed her in front of her friends.

My stepmother held up her left hand dramatically. And then she reached out and wrapped her fingers around my cock.

“Happy?” she asked her friends.

The drunk women clapped and cheered. Ashley grinned and pumped my dick a couple of times, showing off for them. I clenched my teeth, trying not to react. But it was no good.

Ashley looked up at me, my hard cock throbbing in her hand. She had the same gleam in her eye that she gets when she reaches for her slave prod. Like she just loves having that kind of power over me. Knowing that she can make me jump, and flinch, and tremble.

“Come on, Ashley!” one of her friends yelled. “Show us how a married lady does it!”

Ashley tightened her grip and went to work. She was kind of awkward at it, like she wasn't used to having a dick in her hand. Or at least, not in her left hand. But it didn't matter. To my horror, I realized that I was getting close. And I wondered what would happen if my dad walked in and saw us like this.

I stood there, helplessly trying to fight the orgasm that was building inside me. I shuddered, as my angry dick leaked a hot drop of precum. And then Ashley pulled her hand away.

Her friends stared at the drop of semen, slowly sliding down the shaft of my cock.

“Aren't you gonna finish him?” her friend with the tattoos asked.

“Of course not,” Ashley said, smiling. “I have to leave something for our bride-to-be.”

The blond bachelorette giggled excitedly. And then she drew her cards. She stared at them for a moment, confused.

“What?”

Ashley leaned over to read the cards, and then burst into laughter.

“Um, it says that you need to touch his tongue with your pussy, dear.”

I glanced at the redhead, who had this mischievous smile on her face. And suddenly, I started wondering just how “random” this game was. I'd seen her take the cards out of her purse. But I didn't remember seeing her shuffle.

“Well, if that's what the cards say, you have to do it,” the redhead announced.

“But I can't!” the drunk blond protested. “I'm getting married to Clint.”

“Yeah, but Clint's not here,” the woman with the tattoos pointed out. “And honestly, has he ever gone down on you?”

“Uh... no. He says that men aren't supposed to...”

“Yeah, Clint says a lot of dumb stuff,” the redhead shot back. “And the two of you have a whole lifetime of boring sex ahead of you. So don't you think you should take this one last chance to do something a little wild?”

“But I’m not... I mean... I can’t! Not in front of everybody!”

“Oh, we’re all friends here,” the tattooed woman said. “And it’s just for a few seconds. You can tell him to stop if you don’t like it.”

The bride-to-be was still protesting that she couldn’t possibly cheat on her fiancé. But she wasn’t actually putting up much of a fight. I watched as the redhead and the tattooed woman reached under her dress and pulled off her underwear.

Ashley put a hand on my shoulder.

“You know what will happen if you disappoint my friend?” my stepmother whispered.

“Yes, mistress.”

The bachelorette looked at me nervously.

“Well, just for a minute,” she said.

I knelt down in front of her chair. I looked around at the faces of all those drunk women, eager for me to put on a show.

“Get to it, boy,” Ashley chided me. “Chop chop.”

“Yes, mistress.”

Reluctantly, I lifted the bachelorette’s skirt and put my head under it. And then I did what I was there to do.

“So?” The redhead asked. “What do you think?”

“I don’t know,” the blond bachelorette said. “It feels kind of...”

“Good?” someone suggested.

“I guess,” the bride-to-be said uncertainly.

And then she gripped the arms of the chair, as my tongue found that magic spot.

“Oh wow,” she gasped. “That’s really... oh... oh!”

And then she threw back her head and moaned.

It only took me a few minutes to bring her to orgasm. I could feel her whole body tensing up. And when I finally put her over the edge, I swear she howled like a wolf. I had the feeling that this Clint guy had never actually gotten her off.

I pulled my head out from under her dress and stood up. The bachelorette looked up at me with this confused expression, like she wasn’t quite sure what had just happened. All the other women stared at me in shock.

“Jesus,” the redhead muttered. “Is he really that good?”

She turned to Ashley.

“And you’ve never...?”

“No,” my stepmother said. “Dominic wouldn’t approve.”

The redhead laughed.

“Since when do you care what that stick in the mud thinks?”

Ashley didn’t say anything. She just stared at me. And I could tell that something had changed.

Even when I was a freeman, my stepmother had never thought of me as family. She’d married Dad for his money, and I was just some baggage that had come with the deal. She’d mostly ignored me. We could be in the same room, and she’d look right past me like I wasn’t there.

When I became a slave, she finally saw me. But she saw me as a servant. Someone to open her doors and pour her wine. A well-dressed status symbol, to make her feel like the lady on Downton Abbey.

It took her a while longer to start seeing me as an asset, a cash cow that she could wring money out of like a sponge. But even when she was whoring me out to Mrs. Graysdon and those other rich ladies, Ashley had never looked at me the way they did, with that hungry gleam in their eyes.

But now? Maybe she was finally waking up to the fact that sex could be used for something other than trapping a man into marriage. Or maybe she just wanted to find out what all those rich old ladies had been paying so much for.

"Well, it's getting late," my stepmother said. "We should wrap this up and let our bride-to-be enjoy her final night of freedom."

The other guests downed the rest of their drinks and said goodbye to the blond bachelorette. Pretty soon, it was just Ashley, the redhead, and the guest of honor.

"Thanks so much, Ashley," the bride-to-be said. "This was a great send-off!"

"Oh, you're not done yet," my stepmother said with a grin. "You've got the apartment and the boy for the rest of the night. So have fun!"

"Oh, I couldn't," the blond protested. "Clint will..."

"... never know what happened here," the redhead said firmly.

"Yeah," the blond said, "but..."

"Condoms are in the top drawer of the nightstand," Ashley told her. "Be sure to use them. The boy is insanely fertile. You wouldn't believe his track record. If he even looks at a breeding bitch he gets her knocked up. So let's not find out if it works on freewomen, too."

It was the first time that I'd heard any mention of my "track record" in a while. I wondered just how many kids I had fathered. How many of my children Ashley had sold to buy overpriced clothes and antique furniture.

"No, really," the blond said. "I can't sleep with someone right before my wedding!"

"He's not a someone," Ashley corrected her. "He's a slave. And everyone knows that sex with a slave doesn't count."

"And anyway," the redhead added. "What do you think Clint is doing at his bachelor party right now?"

The blond got real quiet all of a sudden, like she'd never thought about that.

Ashley sighed.

"It's not like you have to sleep with the boy," my stepmother said. "If you're feeling prudish, you can just tell him to give you a massage. He'll be fine sleeping on the floor."

"Yeah," the redhead snorted. "But we're all going to assume that you fucked his brains out. So you might as well have fun!"

"But..."

"And remember that the boy is a slave," Ashley warned her. "Don't confuse him by treating him like a freeman. Just tell him what you want him to do. And I left a slave prod on the nightstand in case he gives you any trouble."

Ashley and the redhead hugged the blond bachelorette and departed, leaving us alone.

The bride-to-be looked me over. I must have seemed ridiculous, standing there with my hard-on tenting that loincloth.

“Um... I suppose a massage does sound nice,” she said shyly.

Well, you can imagine how that went. A few minutes later we were naked on the bed, fucking like animals. She forgot about the condom, and I didn’t remind her. It wouldn’t be a terrible thing for one of my children to be born as a freeman.

Anyway, I tried to enjoy the sex. I mean, at least I was fucking a hot blond with nice tits, rather than getting my ass pounded by some tech bro. But somehow, it didn’t feel all that different. It was just one more person using me for their pleasure. And I didn’t have a choice about it.

The bachelorette made a lot of noise when she came, digging her fingers into my back and screaming about God and Jesus. And then I pumped my load into her, and we both fell asleep.

With all the alcohol that I’d seen her drink, I figured that she’d be passed out till morning. But a couple hours later, she shook me awake.

“Hey... can you do that thing with your tongue again?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I went down on her. But that got her so excited that she wanted to fuck again. And I did what I had to. It’s amazing how even sex can start to feel like a chore, when you don’t have a choice about it.

I figured that she had to be done with me. But then she woke me up again, just as the sun was coming up. This time she wanted to be on top, riding my dick with this big grin on her face, like she’d never had so much fun in her whole life. Back in my freeman days, I would have fantasized about an encounter like this. A hot blond begging for my dick, while I gave her orgasm after orgasm.

But that was the thing: I wasn’t giving her anything. She was taking what she wanted from me. Just like all those guys that Doug had whored me out to.

I wondered if sex would always seem like work now. If there was something broken inside of me, and I would never really be able to connect with anyone again. But then I thought about Shawn, and our night together. It had been weird, and messy, and we would probably never do it again. But we’d connected. I still didn’t know what it meant, but we’d connected.

Shawn had reminded me that it was my situation that was fucked up, not me. And I had to get away while that was still true.

* * *

The college girl was flirting with me as I took her order.

“So were you really an American slave?” she asked, pointing to the tattoo on my neck.
“Or did you get that as a political statement?”

“Yeah,” I told her. “I was really a slave.”

“Wow!” she said. “How’d you escape? I’ll bet that’s a great story!”

“Maybe I’ll tell you sometime,” I said.

She passed me her number, and I pocketed it. The coffee shop job didn’t pay much, but at least I was out meeting people. And it paid for the room that I was renting from one of my coworkers. And it left me time to do open mic nights. I was still hoping to find some musicians and start another band.

The next guy in line had a simple order. He stared at the tattoos too, but he didn’t say anything. And then the next person was a kid. A little boy about eight. I wondered what the hell he was doing there on his own.

“You look a little young to be drinking coffee,” I said.

There was something familiar about him. He kind of looked like my mom. My real mom, I mean, not Ashley. And then I noticed the slave tattoos on his neck and his hand.

“Hi, Dad,” he said.

It hit me like a punch to the gut.

“How did you get here?” I asked.

“I ran away from the ranch where they were raising me. I ran all the way to Canada. Just like you did.”

Holy shit. I never thought that I would see any of my kids. I jumped over the counter, laughing with joy. But as I went to hug him, the boy slapped me hard across the face with a sound like a gunshot.

“How could you just leave me there?” the boy screamed at me. “What kind of father runs away and leaves his kids behind?”

* * *

I sat up with a start, the dream slowly fading from my mind. But instead of the relief that usually came when I woke up from a nightmare, there was only the cold realization that my real life was even worse. Maybe I would get myself out of this mess. But I would be leaving a big piece of myself behind. And I would never find a way to make it right.

I heard the garage door close, and someone coming up the stairs. I quickly pulled the leopard print sheets over my junk.

Ashley walked into the room, carrying a big white bag with the logo for Dad’s restaurant printed in gold. I guess he’d splurged on a new design. Fancy bags for his fancy restaurant. I wondered how much that had cost.

My stepmother looked around at the wreckage from the previous night’s party. Her eyes landed on the blond bachelorette and me lying naked in the bed.

“It looks like somebody had fun,” Ashley said with a grin.

The blond slowly sat up.

“Fuck. You’re not gonna tell Clint, are you?”

Ashley shook her head.

“Bachelorette party promise. Nobody will hear a word of this.”

Ashley cocked her head at me.

“Chop chop, boy! This breakfast isn’t going to serve itself

I didn’t like the way that she watched me as I climbed out of bed. I could feel her eyes lingering on my dick. Something had shifted. And I had no idea how to put that djinni back in the bottle.

She hadn’t actually told me to put on my uniform, but I wasn’t going to serve breakfast with my dick flopping around everywhere. So I quickly pulled on my gray shorts and the shirt with the S and chain logo.

The restaurant had set up everything, so there wasn’t a lot for me to do. I put the silverware on the table and plated the food. With a pain, I saw that they were having Alphonse’s French toast. He does this special thing where he stuffs it with pears and raisins and ricotta cheese before he fries it. It used to be my favorite breakfast.

And of course there was a bottle of champagne and a container of orange juice in the bag. God forbid that Ashley have to start the day without a mimosa. There weren’t any champagne flutes in the garage apartment, so I mixed their drinks in tumblers.

The blond bachelorette pulled her dress on and sat down to breakfast with Ashley. They picked up their mimosas and clinked glasses.

“Well, I hope this was a good sendoff,” Ashley said, fishing for thanks.

“Oh yeah, this was all... amazing,” the blond said, a little sad.

“You don’t seem pleased,” Ashley said.

“It’s just... well... do you think I’m doing the right thing by marrying Clint?”

Ashley blinked, surprised by the question.

“What brought this on?”

“Well, do you?” the blond pressed.

Ashley shrugged.

“I guess it depends on what you’re after. He’s never gonna be rich. But he’s got a decent job, and his house is about halfway paid off, right? So unless you’ve got a multimillionaire on the back burner, I’d say go for it.”

“Yeah,” the blond said. “I guess. I just feel like I’m kind of rushing into this. Like maybe I should have dated a few more guys before I settled on Clint. You know?”

Ashley burst out laughing.

“Honey? It’s not like you were a wallflower before you met Clint. You have... a healthy amount of dating experience.”

“I know, but... I’m just wondering if I might’ve missed something.”

Ashley looked at me, and her eyes narrowed. I wondered if I was somehow gonna get blamed for this.

“Ashley?” the blond said. “Can I tell you something?”

“Of course.”

“But you can’t tell anybody else.”

“Cross my heart.”

“Well... I’ve never had an orgasm with Clint.”

“Okay,” Ashley said, a little confused, like she didn’t see what the big deal was.

“I mean, like ever,” the blond clarified. “He’s always so excited that it’s over in a couple of minutes and then he falls asleep.”

“Well, there is more to marriage than orgasms,” Ashley said.

The blond looked at her in shock for a moment.

“Wait a minute: Ashley, have you ever had an orgasm?”

“Of course I have. I’m a married woman. I’ve had sex with Dominic more times than I can count.”

“Yeah, but have you had an orgasm with him?”

“Of course.”

The blonde looked skeptical.

“And what was it like?”

Ashley shrugged.

“It was... you know... nice enough.”

And suddenly it was the blond’s turn to laugh.

“Wow! You have definitely never had an orgasm, Ashley!”

Ashley’s face flushed pink, and she changed the subject. The two of them chatted for a while over their breakfast. But the more they talked, the more uncertain the blond seemed about getting married.

“Well, I should get home and shower,” she finally said, standing up. “Thank you for everything, Ashley! You’re the best friend ever.”

“I certainly am.”

The blond put on her shoes and left. She’d forgotten her underwear, but it wasn’t my place to remind her. Ashley waited until she heard the garage door close, and then turned to me.

“What the hell did you do to her?”

“Uh... you know, mistress.”

“No. Apparently, I don’t.”

“Well... just the usual stuff,” I said cautiously.

“The usual stuff?” Ashley pressed.

“Yeah. The stuff that I do with all your clients, mistress.”

I really did not want to give my stepmother a blow-by-blow description of the previous night.

Ashley gave me a skeptical look, like she figured there had to be more to it than that.

“Well, this mess isn’t going to clean itself up,” she finally said. “You’d better get started, boy.”

Ashley departed, leaving me alone. I had a lot of work to do, but first I sat down to eat the remnants of their breakfast. The blond bride-to-be had only eaten half her French toast. And even cold, it was amazing. Alphonse really knew his shit.

I was gonna miss him if I got out of this. We’d never been best friends or anything. I was just the son of his employer. But he’d gone out of his way to help, making all those little treats for me when he found out that I was living on slave kibble. It wasn’t much, but he’d done what he could. Kind of like Shawn.

The weird thing was how many people didn’t even do that much.

I polished off the French toast and cleaned up that apartment. There were cups and empty bottles and paper plates all over the place. And of course, someone had thrown up in the

bathroom. It took me a couple of hours to get it all squared away. Just in time for Doug to find me.

“Come on, boy! You can’t spend all morning playing with the ladies. I’ve got some real work for you.”

“Yes, master.”

Doug got the ladder out of the garage and told me that I had to clean out all the gutters on the house. It was dirty and disgusting work, but I guess it was better than getting my ass hammered by a bunch of strangers. It did seem a little strange, though. Doug had stopped giving me these sorts of pointless household chores when he started whoring me out. Maybe he hadn’t been able to find a client for me that morning.

By the time I was done, the gutters were spotless, and I was covered with moldy leaves, and mud, and what I’m pretty sure must have been squirrel shit. Doug had me shower off. And then he went through the whole process of getting me cleaned out, and lubed up, and plugged. Ready for use again.

He let me get dressed. And then he made me stand there while he gave me a lecture on the quality of my work.

“So, this is your profile on the escorting app,” Doug said, holding up his phone.

I looked at the screen. A naked picture of me with a hard dick, and the price to rent me for an hour. Even after everything that I’d been through, I felt my face burning red with shame.

Doug magnified part of the screen.

“Tell me what your rating is, boy.”

“Uh... it says three stars, master.”

“Right. And is three stars good?”

I wasn’t sure what I was supposed to say.

“I don’t know, master.”

“Then let me tell you: It sucks.”

He began reading some of my reviews.

“Obedient, but not very eager.”

“Docile, but boring in bed.”

“A handsome slave in bad need of training.”

He shoved the phone in my face, making me read the reviews. They were all from anonymous handles with no real names. I wondered if any of them had been written by the Judge, or my old chemistry teacher, or someone else that I knew.

I felt sick to my stomach. I guess the only thing worse than being a whore is being the kind of whore that people complain about.

“These are freemen who are paying good money for your ass, boy,” my brother growled. “So I expect you to show them a good time. Understand?”

“Yes, master.”

“Good. I expect you to shape up immediately. And until then, you’re gonna be on an all-kibble diet. No more fruits or vegetables until that rating is up to four stars.”

Fuck. Doug was gonna make me sing for my supper. It wasn’t enough for me to be a whore. Now I had to pretend that I enjoyed it.

“Okay, boy. Let’s get you to work.”

I followed my brother down to the car, walking gingerly. With every step, I could feel that cold metal plug moving around inside me. As we drove across town, I saw other people cleaning their storm gutters, and a crew from the county clearing brush out of a drainage ditch.

So maybe we did have some rain coming. Or maybe it was just more of the same. Desperate people, preparing for a storm that was never gonna come.

Doug stopped the car in front of Landon's house. I shuddered, remembering the last time that I had been there. Landon and his gay friends passing me around like I was a party favor.

Doug marched me up to the front door and rang the bell.

A few seconds later, Landon opened the door.

"Hey, buddy!" Doug said, like they were old friends.

"Hey, Doug," Landon answered, with noticeably less enthusiasm.

"My boy here is ready to see to your every need," Doug said, slapping me hard on the back. "What are you in the mood for today? A quick pump and dump? Or maybe you want to treat yourself to a couple of hours and really give him a workout?"

"Actually, my parents are out all afternoon," Landon said. "So I was thinking that I might keep him 'till four. Would that work for you?"

Doug's eyes lit up at the thought of the payday.

"Sure, Landon. A little endurance training would be good for my boy. Don't feel like you need to go easy on him!"

Doug handed him the slave prod and the keys to my cock cage.

"The boy is pretty docile, now that I've finished breaking him," Doug said. "But if he gives you any trouble, just..."

"Yeah, Doug," Landon said, cutting him off. "I know how to handle slaves. Unlike you, I've been doing it my whole life."

"Uh... right."

My brother stood there awkwardly for a moment, and then turned and headed back to his car. Landon watched him drive off, like he wanted to make sure that Doug was really gone. When the car was out of sight, Landon turned to me.

"Come on, boy."

He led me into the house. I wondered if his friends Chandler and Holden were waiting out by the pool again. I was pretty sure that they were the jerks who'd left those bad reviews. I remembered the way that Holden had complained about my lack of training. My first full day as a faggot whore, you'd think he could have cut me some slack.

Fuck. The idea of having to take it from all three of them again made me shudder.

But instead of heading out to the pool, Landon turned and led me upstairs. I followed him down the hallway and into his bedroom. It reminded me of mine, before Ashley had turned it into a fancy guest room for visiting breeders. There was a desk with a laptop on it. A gaming system. A hoodie in our school colors hanging over the back of the chair.

Landon's phone chimed with a message. While he typed out a response, I examined the posters on his wall. They were mostly of sexy male athletes and movie stars, and a lot of them were signed collector's items. I studied a picture of a shirtless soccer player with a particularly messy signature. And then I turned and saw something familiar.

Hanging right there on the wall, between pictures of Rock Hudson and some Olympic diver, was the poster for my band. I just stared at it, dumbfounded. The four of us on stage. My three bandmates with their instruments. And me, with my curly blond hair and my carefully torn-up jeans, belting out a song. It was hard to believe that it had all been real: Me. The band. Our dreams. It seemed like something that had happened to another person.

I glanced at Landon. He was too busy with his text to notice my reaction. He'd probably been looking at that poster so long that he'd forgotten it was there.

Landon finally finished typing and tossed his phone onto the desk. He sat down on the edge of his bed and unzipped his fly.

"Come on, boy," he said, snapping his fingers at me. "Let's see if your cocksucking skills have gotten any better with practice."

I clenched my teeth in anger. It wasn't like I expected Landon to make small talk with a slave. But he knew my name. And he'd been happy enough to use it, the last time we were together. But now we were back to "*boy*." Like he was trying to put things back the way they were supposed to be. A freeman getting serviced by a slave, nothing more.

I glanced at the slave prod, lying on the desk next to his phone.

"Yes, *sir*," I said, trying to keep the anger out of my voice.

And then I knelt down in front of him and went to work. Trying not to look at that damn poster hanging on the wall behind him. Trying not to think about the person that I used to be, as I felt Landon's dick getting hard in my mouth.

"Yeah, that's it, boy," he whispered, running his fingers over my short blond hair.

And then he suddenly grabbed my head with both hands and pulled it off his cock.

"You didn't tell anybody about... you know... what we did last time?" he demanded to know.

"You mean, that you sucked my slave dick?" I asked.

I paused for a moment, letting him sweat.

"No," I finally said. "I wouldn't do something like that, *sir*."

Landon relaxed. He smiled and took the key to my cock cage out of his pocket.

"Good. 'Cause there are some more things I want to show you."

He had me strip down, and we wound up sixty-nining on the bed. And damn, that really is a good way to learn. Landon was a world-class cocksucker, and he showed me every trick he knew. And then had me try them all on him.

It was weird. I didn't exactly like Landon. He was a spoiled rich kid who treated me like a sex toy. But he seemed to get a thrill out of turning me on. And after a while, I realized that it was dumb to keep fighting him. I had so much pain and misery in my life. If a guy wanted to give me a few minutes of pleasure, then I shouldn't be too proud to take them.

Before long, we were both getting close. I felt my dick tingling, as I thought about shooting my load into Landon's warm, wet mouth. But then he suddenly grabbed my ankles and flipped me onto my stomach. I felt him running his hands over my smooth ass. And then he grabbed the base of the butt plug and slowly pulled it out.

Fuck. I should have known this was coming. I tensed up, waiting to be violated with his cock. But instead, I felt Landon's hot breath on my asshole. And then his tongue slowly tracing the ring of it.

“Oh, God,” I moaned, as icy tingles exploded up my body.

Landon laughed at me.

“Never been rimmed before, straight boy?”

I was about to say something that would have gotten me in trouble. But then Landon’s tongue touched my asshole again, and all I could think about was the mad rush of pleasure arcing through my gut.

I gripped the edge of the bed, trying to control myself. But it was no good. Landon was playing my body like an instrument, and there was nothing I could do to stop him.

“You like that, Wes?”

I opened my mouth, but the only sound that came out was a whimper. And then I felt Landon moving behind me, and the slick head of his cock pressing up against my asshole.

“You want that, Wes?”

I lay there trembling underneath him, while he teased me with the tip of his cock. Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore.

“Yes,” I blurted out. “I want it.”

I was too fucking horny to fight it.

Landon chuckled.

“See? Even a straight boy can learn to appreciate a good dick.”

And then I lifted my head and gasped for breath, as I felt the long shaft of Landon’s cock sliding into me.

“That’s it,” he whispered to me. “Don’t tense up. Just relax and take it.”

I grunted in pain as his hard dick stretched my asshole to its limit. But I didn’t care. I was so fucking desperate to have that cock inside me. And then the last inch of him slid home, and I felt his scratchy pubes rubbing against my smooth ass.

“You okay there, Wes?”

I was clenching my teeth so hard that I couldn’t speak. But I lifted my head and nodded.

Landon didn’t move. He just lay there on top of me, his hard cock throbbing inside me. I think he was giving me some time to get used to it. But the tease was killing me.

“Fuck me,” I heard my voice whisper.

“What was that, Wes?” Landon asked. “I can’t hear you.”

Goddamnit. I didn’t have the patience for this game. I looked back over my shoulder at him.

“I said, ‘fuck me’, Landon. Fuck me *now*.”

Well, I didn’t have to tell him twice. Landon got this big old grin on his face. And then he started screwing my brains out.

Holy hell.

Carol once said that she’d had an “out-of-body experience” while I was fucking her. But getting screwed by Landon was the exact opposite. It was an *out-of-mind* experience. Like every thought in my brain just stopped, and there was nothing left but the feeling of Landon’s cock hammering away inside me, and my own dick throbbing in response.

I heard myself moaning. And then Landon slammed his dick into me all the way to the hilt, and I felt his hot cum shooting up inside me. I howled, as the electric tingles at the base of my balls exploded up the shaft of my cock, and I shot my sticky load all over his sheets.

Landon laughed.

“Jesus, Wes. I didn’t know you were a screamer.”

He pulled his dick out and rolled off of me. The two of us lay there in his bed for a while, staring at each other while we caught our breath. And then Landon reached over and traced the line of my lips with his thumb. He looked like he was about to kiss me.

But then he seemed to catch himself.

“Well, we should get cleaned up,” he said.

I followed Landon into his fancy bathroom and jumped in the shower with him. We rinsed off together and soaped up each other’s backs. There was an awkward moment when I dropped the soap, and Landon told me to pick it up.

“Maybe it’s your turn to bend over for a change,” I suggested.

It was the sort of thing that most of my other tricks would have punished me for saying. But Landon just laughed.

After that, Landon wanted to play some hot new video game that he was into. So we sat on the floor of his bedroom in our towels, shooting alien lizards. I’d never seen the game before, so I had trouble keeping up with him. But Landon coached me through it, explaining the strategy for each opponent and how to use the different weapon upgrades. And bit by bit, I started to get the hang of it.

It seemed crazy that anybody would pay that kind of money just to hang out with me and play video games. But when you’re as rich as Landon’s family, maybe you don’t even think about what things cost.

After a while, Landon started talking about stuff besides the game. Like how pissed he was at his parents, because they were making him go to Stanford when he wanted to go to UCLA. How they’d already decided that he was going to Harvard Business School after that, and were donating money to make sure that he’d be accepted.

“It’s like they don’t even care what I want,” he muttered.

I let him drone on about his stupid rich kid problems until I finally couldn’t take it anymore.

“Yeah, your parents sound terrible,” I said sarcastically. “Mine just want to whore me out and sell my kids into slavery.”

Landon’s face turned red.

“I... um... uh...”

“It’s okay,” I told him. “But you don’t want to play ‘*whose life sucks more*’ with me.”

“I guess not,” he agreed.

And then he turned back to the game.

“Look out, Wes. There’s a centurion coming around that corner to your left.”

After that, Landon only talked about the game. I hadn’t really meant to shut him up. I guess even stupid rich boy problems are still *problems*. I just wanted to remind him who he was talking to.

We played for another hour, and then the doorbell rang.

Landon sighed.

“That will be Doug.”

Landon had me take off the towel so that he could lock the cock cage back onto my junk. And then he lubed up that cold metal plug and slid it back inside me. But at least he was gentler about it than my brother was.

When he was done, Landon pulled on his jeans and his T-shirt, and I put on my slave uniform. He looked at me for a moment, like he wanted to say something. But then he just turned away.

“Come on. Your owner is waiting for you, boy.”

Yep. We were back to *boy* again.

* * *

Landon led me downstairs and opened the door to my grinning brother.

“So, did my slave show you a good time? Did you get your money’s worth out of him?”

Landon sighed.

“Yeah, Doug. He was fine.”

Landon returned the slave prod and the key to my brother, and then pulled a thick wad of bills out of his pocket. He handed the money over to Doug without even counting it.

“I’m glad that you had fun with him,” my brother said. “Do you think that you could leave a rating and a short review about him on the app? It would really help my business.”

Landon fixed my brother with a cold stare. He thought about it for a few seconds, and then shrugged.

“Sure, Doug. I’ll post something tonight.”

“Five stars?” my brother asked hopefully.

“Four and a half,” Landon said. “He’s still got room for improvement.”

I raised my eyes and glared at Landon. But he just grinned and winked at me, like the whole thing was a joke to him.

Doug marched me back to the car, grumbling about how I needed to try harder.

“Hope you like slave kibble, boy. Because you’re not getting a bite of anything else until those ratings improve.”

My brother drove me home. I’d barely set foot in the front door before Ashley ordered me to go put on my fancy dress uniform with the black velvet vest. Apparently, we were hosting another breeder. And this one rated a cocktail party.

The guests started arriving a half hour later. I handed them each a glass of sangria, and then circulated through the party with a tray of fancy hors d’oeuvres from Dad’s restaurant. From what I overheard, everybody was talking about the rain that was forecast to arrive later in the week. People were wondering if it meant that the drought was over, and things could finally get back to normal. Maybe if there was enough water in the river for kayaking, the town would start to get tourists again.

Dad and the breeder were talking politics, though. Apparently, the New Administration had struck a deal with El Salvador to start buying its prison population, and there was a lot of controversy about that.

“Frankly, I don’t understand what all the fuss is about,” the breeder said. “El Salvador gets to empty its prisons. The US gets some badly needed slave labor. It’s a win-win.”

“True,” Dad said cautiously. “But as a slave owner, aren’t you concerned that this will devalue your assets? I mean, all those new slaves coming on the market at once are bound to...”

“No, I’m not worried at all...” the breeder said, cutting him off. “Those El Salvadoran convicts are all hard-core gangbangers. They’ll be useless for anything but mining or agricultural work, and even then they’ll need to be well guarded. No one in their right mind would think of buying one as a domestic servant. So they won’t compete with the kind of high-end slaves that you and I are breeding.”

“Well, that’s good to hear,” Dad said. “Although I suppose the liberals will keep complaining about it.”

“Idiots,” the breeder groaned. “They’d rather have those men rotting in a Central American prison than working as productive laborers here in the States? How is that good for anyone?”

Dad smiled. There’s nothing he liked better than bashing “dumb liberals.” But Ashley was getting bored with politics.

“You know, I’m sure our guests would love to see the bitches that you brought,” she suggested to the breeder.

“Oh, I don’t know,” the man said with false humility. “Do you really think they’d be interested?”

It took Ashley about ten seconds to talk him into it. Like all rich guys, he loved to show off his expensive toys.

“Boy, go fetch our guest’s slaves,” Ashley told me.

“Yes, mistress.”

The crowd fell silent as I led the women downstairs. There were three of them, all stunning. An Asian girl about my age. A Hispanic woman who could have been a model. And a white MILF who looked to be in her early thirties.

The breeder couldn’t wait to start bragging about them.

“Peggy here is a real grade-A bitch,” he said, gesturing to the white woman. “She’s given me twelve pups over the years, including a pair of twins. You wouldn’t believe the price that I got for those! Ordinarily, I sell bitches as soon as they turn thirty. But white breeding stock is so hard to come by, and Peggy is still getting knocked up pretty easily. So I’m hoping to get a few more pups out of her, yet.”

He turned to the Hispanic girl.

“I won Carlotta here from another breeder in a card game. The idiot thought I was bluffing! As you can see, she’s a real looker. I’ve gotten three pups out of her so far, and she’s got a lot of good breeding years ahead of her.”

And then he put his arm around the Asian girl. I noticed that she flinched a little at his touch.

“And this is Miko, my newest acquisition. I paid a pretty penny for this one, but she’ll earn it back for me. She’s only produced one pup so far. So let’s hope that your stud gets the job done with her tomorrow!”

My brother leered at the three women.

“Maybe we could get a better look at them?” he suggested to the breeder.

“Sure!”

The breeder had the women take off the shirts of their slave uniforms so that the guests could admire their breasts.

“Damn, Dominic!” Mr Jenkins, our neighbor from down the street, shouted. “That stud of yours is one lucky slave!”

That got a round of laughter from the other guests. As freemen, they didn’t understand. Before I was a slave, I would have counted myself lucky to fuck any one of those women, let alone all three. But it’s different when you don’t have a choice about it.

The fun of sex is in the uncertainty. Seeing a beautiful woman and wondering if you might have a chance with her. Taking the risk of talking to her, knowing that she might shoot you down. The thrill when you discover that she’s kind of into you. And then the excitement when you realize that she actually wants it as badly as you do.

God, I miss real sex.

My brother ogled the women’s tits, practically salivating.

“Jesus,” he muttered to the breeder. “How the hell do you resist fucking them yourself?”

The breeder chuckled.

“What makes you think I don’t?”

“Oh...” Dad said, a bit surprised, “Aren’t you worried that you’ll accidentally impregnate one yourself?”

The breeder laughed and slapped my father on the back.

“Trust me, Dom. They’re not going to get knocked up from being fucked where I’m fucking them.”

Dad looked grossed out, and quickly changed the subject.

“Well, I think that everyone has seen enough for now. Boy, take our guest’s property back to his room.”

“Yes, master.”

I led the three women upstairs. The Asian girl kept eyeing me nervously, like she was thinking about what we were going to have to do the next day. The other two wouldn’t even look in my direction. Like the less they knew about me, the better.

I guess I understood. I’d lost count of all the bitches that I’d been put to stud with. But at night, sometimes I would dream about my kids. Wondering what they were gonna look like. And what was gonna happen to them.

It must be even worse for the bitches. They had to carry those babies for nine months. But at least they got to see their children, however briefly. I wondered if any of the breeders let the women hold their children for just a moment, before they were taken away to be sold.

Anyway, with the bitches out of sight, the party started to wind down. The guests drifted off. Doug put out a bowl of kibble for me. And then Dad took the breeder and the rest of the family out for a fancy dinner at his restaurant.

“I expect you to have this mess cleaned up by the time we return, boy,” he said on his way out the door.

“Yes, master.”

I waited until I heard the car pull out of the parking lot, and then I got to work. I rushed through the party cleanup and got it done in under an hour.

Which meant that I finally had some time alone in the house. — Well, except for the bitches. And they weren't going to come out of their room.

I went into my father's office and sat down in his big chair. I took a deep breath, tapped the mouse to wake up his computer, and then typed in his password.

Isabel1776!

I think my heart actually skipped a beat during the split second that it took for the password screen to be replaced by the desktop.

I was in.

I opened up an incognito browser window. And then I just sat there for a moment, with my shaking hands on the keyboard. I hadn't had internet access since Dad took my phone away, back on the third day of my enslavement. Man, that seemed like a lifetime ago.

I went out to the social media page for my band. I couldn't help myself. After being cut off for so long, I had to know what was going on.

I stared at the page like it was some ancient relic. Which it kind of was. I could still see the last photo that I'd posted. Mike and I rehearsing in his garage the day before my enslavement hearing. Above that was a short post from Mike saying that I'd quit the band, but promising that they'd be releasing some hot new songs really soon. And above that were a bunch of comments from our fans, asking why we hadn't posted for so long and if the band was still performing.

Fuck. I'd been the one who managed our social media. The one who posted every day, and responded to the fan comments, and nagged the other guys to post more. Without me around, I guess they'd dropped the ball. I checked the events section to see if they had any gigs coming up, but there was nothing there.

After that, I thought about looking into my dad's bank account. I really wanted to know how close he'd gotten to paying off the loan. But I couldn't be sure that his banking password would be the same as his computer password. And a bad guess with the bank might set off warning bells somewhere.

And honestly, I knew deep down that things weren't going well. I remembered all the ways that Dad had dodged questions about the balance on the loan. Telling me that I wouldn't understand because I didn't have a business degree.

If the news had been good, Dad wouldn't have been able to resist bragging about it.

"See what a great businessman I am, Wes? Look at all the progress I'm making on paying off our debt!"

The fact that he didn't want to talk about it? That told me everything that I needed to know. It was time for me to give up on my dad, and focus on getting my ass to Canada.

I really wanted to type "*How the hell do you cut off a slave collar?*" into the search bar. But I knew that the tech companies were cooperating with the New Administration, and that a search like that might set off some kind of alert. They might track the IP address back to the house and check to see if a slave lived there.

No, I had to be smarter than that. I tried to think of something less obvious. The sort of query that a curious freeman might ask.

"How does a slave collar work?" I finally typed.

That got me a few long articles. I scanned them for useful information. Apparently, the GPS chip was hidden in one of the chain links. That special link was partially hardened steel and partially some sort of resin that looked like metal but would transmit radio waves. So that link might be a little easier to cut through. *If* I could figure out which one it was.

The other thing I learned was that the GPS chip was using my body motion to recharge itself. Every step I took was powering it up a little. So if I could manage to lie completely still for a couple of days, it would eventually run out of juice. But how the hell was I supposed to do that while I was on the run, hiking through the mountains?

I moved on to other topics. My idea of drugging my family with melatonin turned out to have some problems. It might make them sleepy enough to go to bed early, but it wouldn't really guarantee that they slept through my escape attempt. I would have to be on the lookout for something stronger.

I got a bit luckier with my drone research. Apparently drones can't see through tree cover very well. Even their infra-red cameras have trouble picking up a person through leaves or pine needles. So if I could get into the forest I'd be reasonably safe. At least, until I had to cross a road or a firebreak or a river.

Dogs were another story. My plan to douse all the clothes that I was leaving behind with Ashley's perfume was a non-starter. Apparently bloodhounds are so good that they can pick out a human scent even when it's masked by something else. Google said that the only things that really gave dogs trouble were high winds or rain.

Well, we were supposed to have some rain coming, right? And even a few hours would give me a good head start. I went to one of the weather sites to see what I had to work with.

I stared at the forecast for a few seconds, thinking that it had to be a mistake. Then I switched over to a different weather site. And then a third. But it seemed to be true.

Holy fucking hell.

We weren't due for a light summer shower. We were about to get hit with something called an "*atmospheric river*." Seven solid days of torrential rains. Seven days when drones couldn't fly, and dogs couldn't track. When the police and everybody else would be too busy dealing with flash floods and downed power lines to even worry about one escaped slave.

It would be rough going for me. Hiking through the mountains in the middle of all that rain. Trying to cross creeks flooded with the runoff. I'd be wet and cold, and if I didn't find a way to stay warm at night, I'd die of hypothermia. But still... I would have a *full week's head start*. By the time the rain ended, they wouldn't even know where to start looking for me.

I stared at that weather forecast for a long time. It almost felt like God was finally cutting me a break. And Lord knows, he fucking owed me one.

The rains were due to start in five days, a little after dark. So I had to be ready by then. I had to pull together everything that I would need to survive in those cold, wet mountains. And most importantly, I had to find a way to get rid of this goddamn fucking GPS collar.

But for the first time, it felt like my plan could really work. It was still crazy, and desperate, and borderline suicidal. But it could work.

There was a chance that my life could belong to me again.

* * *

The next morning, Ashley had me set up the furniture on the porch for her “Breeding Brunch.” I took a grim satisfaction in the fact that this would be the last of them. Whether I made it to Canada or not, I wouldn’t be fathering any more children for her to sell.

The guests started arriving at 10 AM. I stood at the door passing out their mimosas. Judge Walker turned up early and sat on the couch talking with my father. Doc Russell and his wife got into a conversation with the breeder about different strategies for ensuring conception.

It still seemed weird to me. Doc Russell had taken care of me my whole life. And yet it had been so easy for him to stop seeing me as a patient and start thinking of me as livestock. I guess doctors and veterinarians aren’t really all that different.

Landon turned up with his two buddies, Chandler and Holden. Just seeing the three of them together made me flash back to that day by the pool when they passed me around like a party favor. I kept my eyes down as I handed them their drinks.

“Hey, Wes!” Holden, the wrestler, said. “I’m looking forward to seeing you in action!”

“Yeah,” Chandler, the blond soccer player, agreed. “I just hope he’s better at giving it to girls than he is at taking it from guys.”

“Ah, I hear he’s been getting lots of practice at being on the receiving end,” Holden said. “Haven’t you, boy?”

I didn’t say anything. I just stood there, my face burning red with shame. I glanced up at Landon. He opened his mouth like he was going to say something. But he didn’t.

A few minutes later, Ashley led everyone out to the porch and had me cover the first bitch. It was the eighteen-year-old Asian girl. She looked like she should be in high school, or maybe hanging out with her friends at the mall. Not being stripped naked and laid out on a leather bench.

The girl looked scared. She’d only been bred once before, and there probably hadn’t been a big audience like this. With a shock, I realized that I was actually the more experienced one. When the hell had that happened?

It seemed like I should say something to her. Maybe tell her to ignore the crowd or something like that. But I figured that she probably wouldn’t want advice from me, the stranger who was about to impregnate her.

So I just kept my mouth shut and did what I was there to do. As I started screwing her, Landon and his buddies whispered to each other, and then broke into laughter. I couldn’t hear what they said, but I think my dad did. I saw his face turn bright red. Apparently, some part of him could still feel shame.

In spite of herself, the Asian girl started getting into it. She wrapped her arms around me and dug her fingers into my spine. And then she threw back her head and let out a desperate little whimper.

“Looks like your boy’s got some game!” the breeder chuckled. “The last stud I put her with didn’t get *that* reaction.”

I glanced in the breeder’s direction. And that’s when I saw Ashley. Usually, she didn’t pay much attention to me during breeding sessions. She was more worried about her guests and

making sure that they were enjoying her party. But this time she was staring straight at me with this hungry look on her face.

She'd probably never thought about what these breeding sessions are like for the bitches. Why would she? Ashley was a rich freewoman, and they were just livestock. But suddenly, I could tell that she was thinking about it. What it would feel like to be underneath me, writhing around with that big old cock slamming into her.

The Asian girl howled and arched her back. I felt the throbbing walls of her pussy tighten around my dick, and that was enough to send me over the edge. I collapsed on top of her, trembling, as I shot my hot load deep inside her.

I opened my eyes again to the sound of applause. I carefully climbed off the bitch. And then the two of us pulled our uniforms on while the audience discussed our performance, and whether I'd gotten her knocked up.

After a meal of Eggs Benedict and roasted asparagus, they had me cover the Hispanic bitch. She wound up having an orgasm, too. For some reason, that really impressed the breeder.

"Damn. Twice in one day? Does your boy usually make the bitches cum like that?"

"Um... yeah," my dad said awkwardly. "I suppose that he does. Is that unusual?"

"It sure is," the breeder said.

Afterwards, Ashley had me serve coffee and some fancy little cakes. The guests sat around chatting for an hour, and then the breeder brought out his last bitch. The white woman in her early thirties. Unlike the other bitches she didn't even seem to notice the audience. She just stripped off her uniform, lay down on the leather bench, and spread her legs. With all the enthusiasm of a factory worker punching in for their shift.

Well, we both had a job to do. But as I climbed on top of her, she turned her head to the side so that she wouldn't have to look at me. It was a little thing, but it pissed me off.

Maybe she didn't want to know my name. Maybe she didn't want to know anything about me. But if she was going to carry my child, she could at least look me in the face once.

It turned into a battle of wills. Her, trying not to react to what I was doing. Me, trying to get her to acknowledge my existence. But I guess I had an unfair advantage.

Because it's really hard to ignore someone who's fucking you with a ten-inch dick.

I saw her bite her lip. And then she arched her back. And then she finally looked up at me with these angry eyes.

"Yeah," I thought. *"Go ahead and hate me if you want to. But at least you're gonna know what I look like."*

She broke out in a sweat and squirmed around underneath me. I felt her nipples getting hard beneath my fingertips. She clenched her teeth, trying to stifle her moans.

She knew what was coming, and she couldn't stop it. She wrapped her legs around my waist, pulling me into her. And then I felt her body convulse, and her hot fuck juices gushing over my cock.

"Oh, fuck," I gasped, as my jizz erupted into her. My angry dick pumping and pumping until it was bone dry.

There was a moment of stunned silence before anyone remembered to applaud.

"Holy hell!" the breeder shouted. "Three for three? No wonder your stud's track record is so good! Bitches are more likely to get knocked up after they have an orgasm."

“Really?” my dad said. “I hadn’t heard that.”

“Oh yeah,” the breeder responded. “It causes some kind of hormonal change, gets their bodies all primed to conceive. Let’s hope it worked this time!”

My father was about to say something back when he happened to glance at Ashley. My stepmother was staring right at my dick like a hungry dog at a big juicy steak.

Fuck. Even my clueless father couldn’t help but notice. And I didn’t need things to get any more complicated. Not now. I quickly pulled on my uniform.

The guests finished their coffee and gradually drifted away. The breeder stayed to chat with Dad and Judge Walker for a while, but eventually took his bitches and started the drive back home.

As I cleaned up after the party, I kept an eye out for anything that I could use in my escape attempt. But there didn’t seem much point in stuffing scones and petits fours into my backpack. And all those butter knives and sugar spoons weren’t going to cut through the chain collar around my neck.

When I was done, Doug took me to the garage apartment and cleaned me up for work. I shuddered, wondering who the hell he was whoring me out to this time. But I knew better than to ask. My brother had really beaten that “don’t speak unless spoken to” rule into my head.

“Just hang on,” I thought. “It’s only for a few more days.”

He drove me out to Cedar Lake. I was surprised when we pulled into a run-down old office park. Doug got out of the car, and I followed him across the parking lot. Walking two steps behind him with my head lowered, like I was supposed to. We passed the offices for a bail bondsman and a tax preparer, and then went in a door that had a nondescript sign that said “Pearson Photography.”

There was no one in the tiny reception area, so Doug rang the bell. A young guy with curly brown hair came out.

“I have an appointment for my slave,” my brother announced.

“Oh, hi! You must be Doug!” the photographer said, shaking his hand. “I’m Grant. We spoke on the phone.”

Grant looked me up and down.

“Oh, yeah. This is one fine slave you’ve got here. I can make him look like a million bucks, no problem. Come in the back with me.”

He led us through a door into his studio. It was a big room with lights hanging from the ceiling. There was an enormous bed in one corner, and a weight bench in another, and even a little set that looked like a gym locker room. Up against one wall were racks of costumes, mostly slinky nightgowns, and feather boas, and high heels.

“I thought you specialized in shooting slaves?” Doug asked, confused.

“Not exactly. I do nude photography of all kinds. Girls who want to give their boyfriends something special for Valentine’s Day. Gay guys who want killer pics for Grindr. And I do a really good business in the wives of US servicemen. You know, when they want to remind their husbands what they’re coming home to.”

“Well, I’m whoring the boy out,” my brother said bluntly. “And the pics that I’ve got right now are kind of boring. Most of my customers are men. But it would be good to have some pics that appeal to women as well.”

“Yeah, I can do that,” Grant said confidently.

He set up his lights and camera, and then had me stand in front of a gray backdrop so that he could shoot some face pics. A couple of times, he asked me to smile. But I just stared at him, trying to remember the last time that I’d had anything to smile about.

“Your boy looks pretty upset there,” the photographer said.

“Yes. He likes to be difficult,” Doug grumbled, taking the slave prod off his belt.

But Grant waved him off.

“Nah, don’t do that. I can work with what your slave is doing. He’s got an interesting intensity.”

He finished the headshots and had me take off my uniform. He dug around in his costume collection and found some clingy white boxer briefs for me to put on. It was the first time that I’d worn underwear since my enslavement.

“Can you take that chastity device off him?” Grant asked. “It doesn’t look right in the underwear.”

“Sure!” my brother said cheerfully.

The photographer had me strike different poses. Some flexes to show off my muscles. Some more candid ones, like someone had just walked in and caught me changing in the gym.

And then it was time for the nudes. The photographer told me to get my dick hard, and then put me in all these sexual positions. Standing with my hands tied to the bedpost. Down on all fours and looking back over my shoulder. Lying on the bed with my legs spread.

“Yeah,” Doug said with a grin. “He looks really fuckable in that one!”

I guess it shouldn’t have bothered me. I mean, half the town had seen me naked. And all of them knew that I was a whore. But now there was going to be photographic proof of it. Even if I made it to Canada, I’d never be able to live down these pictures. They’d always be out on the web somewhere. Me, showing all the different ways that men could fuck me.

Doug stood behind the photographer, watching the shots come up on a screen.

“Wow,” my brother said, “he looks amazing in these. Like a goddamn movie star!”

“It’s all in the lighting,” Grant explained. “You want the right color temperature to bring out warm skin tones, and the right kind of shadows to emphasize his muscles.”

Grant snapped a few more pictures, and then said that I could put my uniform back on.

“I’ll pick out a dozen of the best shots and send them to you,” he told Doug. “If those don’t get your clients excited, nothing will.”

“Thanks!” Doug said.

He dug out his wallet and counted out some bills for the photographer.

“You know,” Grant said, “Your boy is really photogenic. Have you ever considered renting him out for modeling work?”

“There’s modeling work for slaves?” Doug asked.

“Oh, yeah. *Playgirl* has an all-slave issue coming up in the spring. I could send them some of your boy’s pics and see what they think.”

“What do they pay?”

Grant quoted him a number, and my brother frowned.

“That doesn’t seem like much,” he said, disappointed.

“Maybe not. But you’ll make it up on the backend. There are a lot of people who will pay big money to fuck a *Playgirl* centerfold. You won’t be able to keep up with the demand.”

“Really?” Doug said, getting interested.

“Yep. And *Playgirl* shoots some porn, too. I hear that pays a lot better than the still photography.”

“How much better?”

“I’m not really sure. But you’d need to get your boy circumcised. *Playgirl* wants slaves who look like slaves.”

A chill ran down my spine.

“That might be a problem,” Doug said. “My dad is technically the boy’s owner. And the old man has some weird ideas about that kind of stuff.”

“Well, I’m just telling you how things work,” Grant said. “The boy’s your property. So it’s your call.”

They said their goodbyes, and Doug drove me home. I really wanted to believe that he’d forgotten what that photographer had said. But I knew my brother. And he was not the kind of guy who left money on the table.

When we reached the house, Doug gave me some bullshit job to do in the kitchen and then headed into Dad’s office. I stood outside in the hallway, trying to listen in through the thick door. I couldn’t make out most of what they were saying, but it sounded like things were getting heated. Their voices got louder and louder.

“Dad, be reasonable! Every other slave in town has had it done!” I heard my brother shout.

And then my dad exploded at him.

“We are not mutilating the boy’s penis, and that’s final!”

I stepped away just in time, as the door flew open and Doug came storming out. He stomped upstairs to his room, not even noticing me. I breathed a sigh of relief. It was nice to see that jerk lose an argument once in a while.

I walked back to my father’s office and peeked inside. He was sitting there with his head in his hands, crying.

I guess I never will understand my dad.

He swaggers around town, the respected slave owner and ruthless businessman, proudly squeezing every drop of profit from the asset he controls. But maybe, just maybe, there’s still a part of him that remembers the boy he once carried on his shoulders.

And wonders how the hell we ever got here.

Dad looked up and saw me staring at him. Our eyes met for a moment. And then he quickly composed himself.

“Come here, boy.”

He opened his wallet and handed me his credit card.

“We’ll be getting some heavy rain later in the week. Run down to the store and pick up anything that we might need if the power goes out. Candles, matches, that kind of stuff.”

I stood there for a few seconds. But apparently that was all that my father was going to say to me. No admission of whatever he’d been feeling.

“Yes, master,” I said coldly, and left.

I walked down to Main Street. With no pockets in my uniform, I had to carry the credit card in my hand. But I realized that this was an opportunity. A chance to buy a few things that I needed. So instead of going to the grocery store, I walked down to Gunderson's hardware.

The clerk on duty was a guy named Brian, who'd been a couple years ahead of me in high school. He gave me a funny look as I walked in.

"My master told me to pick up a few things," I said, showing him the credit card.

"Okay," Brian said, and nodded for me to continue.

I picked up a basket and started browsing. The store was a maze of densely packed shelves. I passed a few other customers, also picking up storm supplies. I grabbed some candles and a spare flashlight for my dad. But I was looking for more important things.

My biggest problem was still getting out of the collar. I couldn't go anywhere while I had that GPS chip locked around my neck. I studied the tools in the store, looking for something that would cut through the chain. I finally spotted a stack of bolt cutters at the back of the store. Yeah, one of those could probably snap the collar off me in a few seconds.

But even with my dad's credit card, I didn't think the hardware store would let me buy a bolt cutter. And it wasn't like I could steal one, either. They were three feet long, way too big to smuggle out of the store unseen.

I was still thinking about it when I looked up and saw Brian standing at the end of the aisle, watching me. Yeah, I guess a slave eyeing a set of boltcutters was bound to make people nervous. I walked over and picked up a set of batteries from a nearby shelf, trying to conceal my real interest.

Brian shadowed me for another minute. But eventually he had to go ring up some customers. I wandered through the aisles, loading up my basket with things that were useful but not *too* suspicious. A first aid kit. A couple of small tarps and a thin rope that I might be able to rig into a makeshift shelter to keep me dry at night. An extra pair of work boots, in case mine gave out during the hike north.

And a roll of duct tape. I didn't have any specific plans for that. But the stuff comes in handy in all sorts of weird situations, and I'd feel better having it in my backpack.

But that still left the problem of the collar. I'd never be able to get one of those boltcutters out of the store. But a hacksaw blade was another story. I found one labelled "*Multi-Material Blade — cuts wood, metal, and plastic.*" Yeah, that sounded like it might do the job.

I weighed the risk of putting it in my basket. If Brian asked, I could say that I needed it for my brush-clearing work. But then he'd point out that I don't need a blade that cuts *metal* for that.

No. I was gonna have to try for the five-finger discount. Luckily, the blade was pretty small. In its cardboard package, it was about a foot long and an inch wide. I waited until no one was looking, and then I stuffed it into the waistband of my shorts and covered it with my shirt.

I took a deep breath and got into the checkout line. There were three people ahead of me. But every time another freeman joined the line, I had to go to the back. And the longer I waited, the more nervous I got. Brian kept glancing at me suspiciously. He'd seen me looking at the bolt cutters, and he knew that I was up to something.

With a sinking feeling, I realized that this wasn't going to work. Brian had been edgy ever since I walked into the store. And if he looked me over closely, he was bound to find that saw blade.

I broke out in a cold sweat. I started to panic, and for a split second, I was back in that punishment frame in the front yard of my house, the neighbors cheering as the whip blows landed on my back. And that was for stealing *a jar of peanut butter*! What the hell would they do if I got caught stealing a blade that could cut my collar off?

"Are you okay, Wes?"

I turned and saw Mrs. McFarley standing behind me. She'd been one of my first clients when I started my lawn-mowing business.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm fine."

I stood aside so that she could take my place in line. But she just smiled.

"Don't bother. I'm not in a hurry."

And then she studied my face for a moment.

"Are you sure you're okay? You look really pale, Wes."

Fuck. Now the other customers were looking at me, too. I had to get a grip. Do something to get the attention off me. And then get rid of that goddamn saw blade.

"No, it's okay," I said. "Please go ahead of me, ma'am."

As I moved around her, I pretended to stumble and drop my basket. The contents spilled out onto the floor, rolling in every direction. Everyone turned to look. But now they were looking *at the ground*, and the sudden mess that I'd just made. While their eyes were off me, I quickly slid the saw blade out from under my shirt and placed it on the shelf.

"How fucking clumsy are you, boy!" Brian yelled.

"I'm... I'm sorry, sir," I stammered. "I'll clean this up."

"Damn right you will!"

It took me a few minutes to gather up everything that I'd dropped. Some of the candles had rolled halfway across the store. Brian charged me for a flashlight that had broken in the fall.

"Is that everything?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said, handing him my dad's credit card.

Brian paused, studying me for a moment.

"Lift your shirt, boy."

I did as I was told. Brian had me turn around to make sure that I wasn't hiding anything in the back either. And then he finally let me go.

On the way home, I doubled over and vomited into the gutter. That had been way too close. And I still hadn't found a way out of the collar.

* * *

At dinner that night, everyone was talking about the big rainstorm that was coming. Dad said that it was proof that "climate change" had been a myth all along, and that everything would be getting back to normal now.

“I tell you, next summer will be the best tourist season this town has ever seen!”

“Yep!” Doug agreed. “And with all the marketing we’ve done, your restaurant won’t be able to keep up with the demand!”

I wondered if any of that was true. And what it would mean for me. If the drought ended and the tourists came back, would Dad keep his promise and free me?

“Unfortunately, we’re gonna have to close down the restaurant next week,” my father went on. “The roads will be a mess, and they’re predicting power outages. I doubt that anyone is going to feel like eating out in the middle of all that.”

“That’s a shame,” Doug said.

And then an idea hit him.

“You know, if you’re taking the week off anyway, why don’t you guys go on a vacation?”

“Oh, there’s too much to do here,” Dad said.

“Ah, the boy and I can handle everything,” Doug said with a grin. “And you haven’t had a vacation in years!”

Fuck. I remembered the last time that Dad left me in Doug’s care. I shuddered, wondering what screwed-up bullshit my brother was planning this time.

But then it hit me: sneaking out of a house with just one person in it would be a hell of a lot easier than sneaking out of a house with four people in it. And if I drugged Doug and tied him up? Then it might be a couple of days before anyone even realized I was gone.

“We could go down to San Diego,” Ashley suggested. “That would be well out of the rain.”

“Yes, but it’s a long drive,” Dad responded. “And what if something goes wrong here?”

He and Ashley went back and forth on the subject a few times. But she wasn’t pushing him. Not like she does when she *really* wants something.

I weighed the risk of being alone with my brother against the advantage of getting the rest of them out of the house. And then I played my trump card.

“You’ve been promising to take Izzy to Disneyland for years,” I reminded my dad.

“Wes!” Ashley shouted, snapping her fingers at me. “You know better than to speak without being spoken to!”

But it was too late.

Izzy looked up from the video that she’d been watching on her tablet.

“We’re going to Disneyland?!”

* * *

After dinner, Doug fed me my bowl of kibble. He took me to the garage apartment and cleaned me up for work. And then he took me out to one of those vacation houses in the hills.

“Now don’t forget, boy: You’re getting nothing but kibble until your rating is up to four stars,” my brother reminded me. “So put some effort into it with these clients. It’s time you started taking some pride in your work!”

I stared at my brother for a moment, wondering if this was another one of his weird jokes. But he seemed to mean it.

And who knows? Maybe there are guys out there who love being prostitutes and are proud of how good they are at it. But I'll bet they weren't forced into it. And that they aren't being whored out by their own family.

As we walked up to the house, I recognized it. The owner was a tech bro who'd been one of my first tricks. Not the worst of them, but not a guy that I remembered fondly, either. This time, he had a bunch of his friends up from Silicon Valley. Five guys in their twenties and thirties, drunk on the crazy money that they'd made when their startup went public.

They'd already been partying for a while by the time that Doug and I got there. So they didn't waste any time in putting me to work.

Nobody invited Doug to stay. But nobody remembered to kick him out, either. So he just hung around the party, helping himself to their cocaine and expensive Japanese whiskey. And I think a couple of the guys were actually interested in Doug. I mean, he is freakishly tall, and he's still got that baseball jock bod from college. I guess if you didn't know what a fucking jerk he was, you might think he was hot.

The guests passed me around for hours. Dragging me off to different bedrooms, or fucking me in the living room in front of everyone. A few of them asked Doug how he'd managed to get his hands on a young blond slave like me, and he spun this crazy story about winning me in a card game. I don't think any of them believed it. But they didn't seem to care that he was lying, either.

Then they decided that they wanted to see Doug screw me, so he made a big show out of that. Bending me over the coffee table and slapping my ass. Trying to make up for his little dick with all that "alpha dog" attitude.

"Yeah, this boy used to have a big mouth on him," my brother said, as he slammed his cock into me. "A real smartass. It took me a while to beat all that attitude out of him. But you can see what a nice, docile piece of fuckmeat I've turned him into."

After that, the guests got tired, and the party finally started to wind down. Doug fell asleep on the couch. And I managed to get a few hours of shuteye on the thick carpet.

* * *

Doug kicked me awake at ten the next morning. The party guests were shambling around, pulling on their clothes and getting breakfast. Doug locked the cock cage back onto my junk, and slid that cold metal plug inside me.

The bleary-eyed host handed my brother a huge stack of bills. And a couple of the guests gave Doug their phone numbers and said that he should look them up the next time he was in Silicon Valley. My brother got real excited about that. But it was clear to me that they wanted sex and he wanted a job. So unless Doug was willing to put out or those tech bros were willing to overlook his stupidity, everyone was going to be disappointed.

I followed Doug out to the car. He seemed pretty messed up after all the drugs that he'd done the night before, and I didn't think that he was in any shape to get behind the wheel. But it wasn't like I had a say about it.

When we got home, Doug went straight up to his room and passed out. I was sore and exhausted. But unlike my brother, I hadn't spent the whole night nibbling on chips and finger food. So I went to the kitchen, poured myself a bowl of kibble, and forced myself to chew the hard little pellets.

I'd only managed a few mouthfuls when my stepmother came in and sat down at the kitchen table with me.

"I'd like a cup of coffee," she said.

I glanced at the coffee maker. It was only three feet away from her.

"Yes, mistress."

I dragged my aching body over to the counter and poured her a cup. I knew how she took it— sugar, no cream. I put the mug down in front of her, wondering if she expected me to drink it for her, too.

"You're just getting back?" my stepmother asked.

"Yes, mistress."

"The client kept you for the whole night? What did Doug charge for that?"

"I wouldn't know, mistress."

"No. Of course you wouldn't."

She sipped her coffee.

"Where is Doug?" she asked.

"Asleep, mistress."

Ashley seemed surprised by that.

"This late? Was he out with you all night?"

"Yes, mistress."

Ashley took another sip of her coffee. I was hoping that she would ask for more details. I would have enjoyed telling her how Doug had spent the night snorting cocaine off a mirror with a half-dozen horny tech bros. Maybe she'd tell Dad, and my father would finally learn the truth about his golden-boy MBA son.

But instead, my stepmother stood up.

"Well, I guess you're mine for the morning then. Come along, boy."

She turned and walked out of the kitchen. I glanced at her coffee cup, sitting on the table. She'd barely touched it. Ugh. If she was gonna make me fetch her goddamn coffee, she could at least drink it.

I followed Ashley out of the house and up to the garage apartment. She sat down on the bed and studied me for a moment.

"Do you remember my friend? The one that I threw the bachelorette party for?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Well, last night she told me that she's called off her wedding."

Oh, fuck. I hadn't asked to be the entertainment at that bachelorette party. But I knew that somehow, I was going to get blamed for this.

“She also asked if she could see you again,” my stepmother added. “Or I guess it would be more accurate to say that she *begged*. She said that she absolutely had to be with you again, and that if I was a real friend, I would make it happen.”

I stood there with my head bowed, wondering just how much trouble I was in.

“What the hell did you do to her?” Ashley finally asked.

I shrugged.

“Just... the usual stuff, mistress.”

“Come now, there must be more to it than that!”

Ashley waited for me to answer, but I didn’t know what to say. Finally, she snapped her fingers at me.

“Take off your uniform, boy.”

I hesitated. But Lord knows, she’d seen me naked enough times. Reluctantly, I pulled off my shirt and shorts.

My stepmother fished the key out of her purse and unlocked my cock cage. My aching dick immediately filled out and got semi-hard. Ashley studied it, like it was a designer handbag that she was thinking of buying.

“I suppose it is bigger than most men’s,” she said grudgingly.

And then I gasped, as she reached out and grabbed it.

“But why does everyone keep acting like this thing has some kind of magical powers?”

“I don’t know, mistress.”

She rolled her eyes, like she wasn’t impressed. But she kept her hand on my throbbing cock.

“I’ve seen what you do with it when you’re covering bitches,” Ashley said. “I suppose it’s basically the same when you’re pleasuring freewomen?”

“No, mistress,” I said, surprised.

Those breeding sessions were nothing like real sex. There was no kissing, no foreplay, no connection. It was about as impersonal as you could get. The fact that Ashley didn’t understand that made me wonder just what she and my dad have been doing all these years.

“Well then, what did you do with those freewomen that I rented you out to? Like Mrs. Graysdon?”

“Um... well...”

“Jesus, boy. Half the time I can’t get you to shut up. And then when I ask you a question, you suddenly forget how to speak.”

I saw my stepmother reaching for the slave prod on the strap of her purse. So I told her everything. All about Mrs. Graysdon dressing Julio and I up in those football uniforms so that she could pretend to be a cheerleader after the big game. Ashley burst out laughing when she heard about the pom-poms.

“Are you making this up, boy?”

“No, mistress.”

“No. You’re not clever enough to come up with something like *that*. What about my other clients?”

I told her how one woman had me pretend that I was a freeman gardener, so that she could seduce me. And another who had me give her a massage before our sessions.

“A massage? That doesn’t sound so bad,” Ashley said.

She stretched out on the bed.

“Okay, boy. Let’s see if those hands of yours are as good as everyone says.

“Yes, mistress.”

I picked up my shorts and started to put them on, but Ashley barked at me.

“Did I tell you to get dressed, boy?”

“No, mistress.”

So I wound up giving her a back rub. And of course, it didn’t end there. Ten minutes later, she was moaning like a banshee with my tongue on her clit. And a few minutes after that I was fucking her brains out.

It was weird. I hated Ashley. But the sex was *amazing*. After everything that she’d done to me, it was so goddamn satisfying to have her writhing around helpless underneath me with my big old cock pounding away inside her. This pleading look on her face, as she realized what she’d been missing. And then the way that she threw back her head and howled as I shot my load into her, and she had her first orgasm.

After dreading it for so long, I was actually glad that I’d gotten to screw her. After I escaped, Ashley would spend the rest of her life yearning for something that my dad couldn’t give her. And eventually, even my clueless father would notice the disappointed look on her face every time they made love. So it felt like I was getting a little payback on him, too.

When it was over, Ashley didn’t say anything. She just lay there for a few minutes, panting for breath. This confused look on her face, like she was trying to understand what had just happened. And then she got dressed and left.

I curled up in the sheets, enjoying a few minutes alone with nobody barking orders at me. And then I drifted off to some hard-earned sleep.

* * *

Doug shook me awake a couple hours later.

“Rise and shine, lazy slave!”

He looked at me, lying naked in the messed-up bed.

“So which one of her slutty friends did Ashley have you fucking this time?” he asked with a grin.

“I don’t know, master,” I said, thinking quickly. “She didn’t bother to tell me her name.”

Doug chuckled at that.

“Well, time to get back to work, boy. I’ve got a *paying* customer for you.”

Doug dragged me into the shower and got me ready for use. It’s weird how quickly even something like that can begin to feel routine.

We got in the car, and my brother drove me over to Landon’s house. I wasn’t sure how I felt about spending another afternoon with that guy. Sometimes, it seems like Landon and I are actually connecting, and I find myself starting to like him. And then... well, then Landon reminds me who he is.

It might be easier to get fucked by a stranger. Someone who'd never known me, and didn't call me by my name.

Doug marched me up to the front door and rang the bell. My trick answered it a few minutes later.

"Landon, buddy! Good to see you!" my brother said. "I really appreciate that review you left."

My brother stuck out his hand, and the rich kid reluctantly shook it.

"Is it okay if I keep the boy for a few hours?" Landon asked. "My parents won't be back till 5."

"Sure! You got it!" Doug said. "By the way, are you excited about Stanford? You must be starting the semester soon, right?"

"Uh... yeah. I'm leaving tomorrow, actually."

"Oh? Well, I'm gonna miss your business. But I'm sure you'll be back for fall break and Christmas and stuff. And maybe you and I can catch up then. I'm sure we'll have a lot to talk about. Stanford's business program is supposed to be..."

"Doug!" Landon said, cutting him off. "I need the keys."

"Oh, yeah. No problem."

My brother gave Landon the keys to my cock cage. But when he tried to hand over the slave prod, the rich kid waved him off.

"Nah, I've got my own now," Landon said, turning so that Doug could see the device hanging on his belt.

It was a fancy designer prod, like Ashley and my dad had, with Landon's initials inlaid in gold.

"Sweet!" Doug said, "That's a beauty!"

Landon shrugged.

"A gift from my parents. They want me to make a good first impression at school."

"Well, that oughta do it!" Doug agreed.

"Thanks," Landon said.

He led me inside and closed the door on my brother.

"Man, that guy likes to talk," Landon muttered.

"Yes, sir," I agreed.

We went up to his big bedroom.

"Go ahead and strip down, boy," he told me.

Well, I guess we were going to get right into it. I shucked off my slave uniform, and Landon unlocked my cock cage.

"And take that thing out of your butt, too," he told me.

I did as I was told.

Landon stood there in his khakis and button-down shirt, looking me over for a few seconds. Finally, he pulled a box out from under his bed and opened it up. Inside were freeman clothes: Tightly-whitey underwear. One of my band's old T-shirts. And ripped-up jeans like I used to wear to school.

"Put those on, boy."

"Um... yes, sir."

I slowly got dressed. It felt strange to wear underwear and real clothes again. The jeans were a little long on me, but I rolled up the cuffs.

Landon studied me.

“No, that’s not quite right.”

He got a Stanford hoodie out of his closet and had me put it on. Landon was taller than me, so it was a little baggy. And then he had me zip it up, so that it covered the chain collar and the barcode on my neck.

“Yeah, that’s better,” he said.

Landon got out his phone and snapped a few pics of me.

“Can’t you smile?” he asked.

“Yes, sir.”

I did my best to look happy, and Landon took a few more photos.

“You seem kind of stiff,” he said. “Try sitting on my bed and looking out the window?”

He shot some candids of me in different poses. And gradually I loosened up. We managed to get one photo that he really liked, where he caught me off guard. I don’t know why, but I looked relaxed and almost happy in that one.

Next, Landon sat down on the bed with me. He put his arm around me and held up his phone to shoot some selfies of us together. I guess he wanted to have some pics of me to take with him to school. But he was trying to make it look like I was his freeman boyfriend, in case any of his friends at school ever saw them.

Finally, he put away his phone.

“So, do you want me to take this stuff off now?” I asked.

“Not yet,” Landon said.

I waited for him to explain.

“Since it’s the last time that I’m going to see you for a while, I want to do something a little different,” he explained. “Have you ever done any roleplaying?”

“You mean like D&D?” I asked.

“No, not like... I mean...”

Landon paused, suddenly flustered.

“Do you want me to act like I’m a freeman, sir?”

Landon’s eyes lit up.

“Yeah. Do you think you could do that?”

I didn’t need to think. The chance to spend a few minutes when I didn’t have to call anyone “master” or “sir?” When I could wear real clothes, and pretend like I had a future, and a choice about what happened to me?

I grinned at Landon.

“Thanks for having me over!” I said, slapping him on the shoulder. “I’ve never been to your house before. Aren’t your parents around?”

“Uh... no,” Landon said, caught off guard by my sudden change of demeanor. “They won’t be back for a few hours.”

“Cool.”

I flopped down on his bed like I owned the place.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?”

“Well,” Landon said, taking a moment to get into it. “I actually just wanted to tell you how fucking awesome your band is.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. But you must get that a lot.”

“And I never get tired of hearing it!” I said, with my old cocky confidence.

“Man, I really dig that one song you do. The one about the guy who’s in love with someone who doesn’t even notice him. Where’d you get the idea for that one?”

We chatted back and forth about my music for a while. And then he turned on his sound system and played some of my songs. Man, that was weird. I hadn’t sung in so long that it was like hearing somebody else’s voice.

We lay there on his bed for a while, listening to my music. And then I felt his hand sliding up under my shirt.

“Uh... Landon? You know that I’m straight, right?”

“Yeah. And you know that I like sucking dick. Right, Wes?”

“I might have heard something about that around school,” I admitted.

“And you’re okay with that?”

“I guess. But I’m not into it either.”

“Really? ‘Cause I heard you like blowjobs.”

“I like blowjobs *from women*,” I corrected him.

“Then you’re missing out. Because gay guys give way better blowjobs than girls do.”

“Do they?” I said.

“Yeah,” Landon said confidently. “It’s an empirical fact. They’ve run clinical trials on it.”

I felt his hand sliding onto the crotch of my jeans. Tracing the outline of my hard dick through the denim.

“I don’t know if this is such a good idea,” I said.

“Hey, I’m just trying to be a good friend,” Landon said. “Help a buddy feel good. Show him what he’s been missing.”

And then I shuddered, as he gave my dick a gentle squeeze.

“I can’t do this,” I told him. “If my dad found out, he’d...”

“Hush,” Landon said, popping the button on my jeans. “Your dad’s not gonna find out. Your friends aren’t gonna find out. The only people who will ever know about this is *us*.”

Landon lifted my shirt and kissed my stomach. Slowly working his way down, as he unzipped my jeans. I found myself shaking, like I really was some scared little virgin about to get his dick sucked for the first time. Nervous and excited at the same time.

I knew that it was just a fantasy. This could never have happened back in my real life, when I was a freeman. But I found myself wondering why. Why was this so impossible? I mean, Landon was an Olympic-caliber cocksucker, and I sure like getting my dick sucked. So why couldn’t the two of us have hooked up like this, back in high school?

And then I remembered: Because Landon would never hang out with a guy like me, who mowed lawns all summer. He’d barely spoken to me all through high school. And even if he had worked up the nerve to ask me over to his house, I never would have come. Too worried about what my rabidly homophobic father would think.

It seemed stupid now. All the dumb shit that keeps people from connecting with each other.

As Landon put the moves on me, I stayed in character, playing the inexperienced straight boy. Trembling with excitement as he wrapped his lips around my throbbing cock. Moaning and trembling as he deepthroated me.

Maybe I should have put up more of a fight when he tried to fuck me. But honestly? Even in my freeman days, Landon probably would have won that battle. He had this sneaky way of sliding a finger up my ass while he was blowing me. And by the time I realized what was happening, I was so turned on that I didn't care.

"You okay, Wes?" he asked, as he guided his cock into me.

"Yeah," I said, my mouth dry. "Don't stop."

Landon fucked me gently at first, like he was giving me a chance to get used to it. But we were both too horny to wait. And before long he was pounding my ass like a jackhammer. I arched my back and whimpered, struggling to take it. And then I felt his hot load shooting up inside me. I threw back my head and hollered, as my own throbbing dick cut loose, spraying hot jizz all over my stomach.

When it was over, Landon looked down at me and grinned.

"You know, Wes? I'm thinking that maybe you should come over to my house more often."

"Yeah," I agreed. "That doesn't seem like such a bad idea."

Landon got this weird look on his face. And then he leaned down and kissed me. This long, slow kiss, that seemed to go on forever.

And then he finally pulled his dick out of me and stood up.

"Well, we should get cleaned up, Wes."

We showered off together in his big fancy bathroom, still laughing and joking like we were friends. But when we got back to his room, he had me put my slave uniform back on.

I guess fantasy time was over.

When we were both dressed, Landon sat down at his desk. He turned on his computer and waved me over.

"Want to see what else my mom is getting me?"

He opened up a file with pictures of four shirtless Hispanic guys, between 18 and 25 years old. They were all wearing slave collars and had barcode tattoos on their necks.

"Mom says that I can pick one out to take with me to college. You know, to help do my laundry and keep my room clean and that kind of stuff. But mostly, I think she wants me to have one for appearances. Because when people see that you have a slave following you around, they know that you're someone important."

He shrugged.

"I hear that it makes it easy to get into fraternities, too. Because they figure you'll loan out your slave to the brothers when they get horny."

I wasn't sure what to say to that. So we sat there silently staring at the photos for a while.

"Have you decided which one you're getting?" I asked.

"Nah. I got it down to these four. But I keep putting off the final decision."

He paused.

“I wish you were Mexican, Wes.”

I didn’t understand what he meant by that. Landon noticed the confused look on my face.

“Just... if you were Mexican, my mom would be able to buy you for me. But since you’re a blond caucasian... well, even my family doesn’t have that kind of money.”

And that was it. The closest that Landon ever came to admitting that he liked me.

Landon paged through the catalog, showing me different pictures of the boys. He asked if I thought that he should get the tall one, or the one with the chiseled body, or the one with the handsome face, or the one with the intense eyes.

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t want to help him pick out a new fuck slave. And I had my own problems to worry about.

There were only four days left until that “atmospheric river” hit. And I still hadn’t figured out how to remove my collar. There didn’t seem to be any way for me to get the tools that I needed. At least, not on my own.

I was gonna need help. And that meant trusting somebody.

Fuck. I really didn’t want to do that. Being a trusting idiot is what cost me my freedom in the first place. And everybody that I thought I could count on had let me down. But I didn’t have a choice. If I was going to escape, I was going to have to share my plan with someone.

I looked at Landon. As a freeman, he could easily get his hands on any kind of tools that he wanted. Hell, they might already be sitting in his garage. All he had to do was leave a hacksaw blade where I could pick it up on my way out of town. Maybe hide it under a bush in his backyard.

Whatever I was going to do, I had to make up my mind quickly. Landon was leaving for college the next day, so this was gonna be my last chance to ask for his help. Deep down, I knew that he liked me. But did he like me enough to help me escape?

I studied Landon’s face while he scrolled through the pictures of the slaves that he was trying to decide between. Sometimes it seemed like we had a real connection. And I wanted to believe that there was a decent guy in there, somewhere.

But Landon had grown up in a family of slave owners. It was hard to imagine him turning against a system that had given him everything he ever wanted. Well, *almost* everything. And he’d never said that he loved me, or even that he liked me. Only that he wished he could *own me*.

Desperate as I was, I decided not to ask Landon for help.

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang. We went downstairs, and Landon returned me to my brother. He didn’t even say goodbye. He just handed Doug the key to my cock cage, along with a thick stack of bills.

My brother drove me home and sent me out to pick up dinner for the family. As I walked to the restaurant, I saw Shawn doing his guardian angel routine on Main Street. Quietly keeping an eye out to make sure that nobody hassled me.

I knew that Shawn cared about me. But I couldn’t go to him for help, either. He’d try to stop me from making such a risky escape attempt. Maybe warn my dad that he should keep me locked up until the rains were over.

Fuck. I was running out of time. I had to figure something out, fast. But who else could I go to for help?

And then it hit me: The one person that I could always count on. A person who worked in his dad's garage every summer. A person who would have easy access to all kinds of tools, and the knowledge to use them.

I just had to find a way to get a message to him.

I went to the alley behind the restaurant and knocked on the back door. Alphonse opened it.

"Hey, Wes! Give me a minute. I'm packing everything up right now."

He vanished into the kitchen and returned a minute later with a big paper bag.

"Here you go."

I took the bag, but I didn't leave with it.

"Uh... Alphonse?"

"Yeah, Wes? Is there something else you need?"

"Um... well, there's a friend of mine, Mike O'Brian. I really need to talk to him."

"It's important?"

"It is to me. And I don't have a phone anymore. And it's not like I can just walk over to his house and knock on the door. So..."

Alphonse thought for a moment.

"I'm guessing this is something that you don't want your dad finding out about?"

I didn't say anything.

Alphonse sighed.

"Okay, Wes. Let's say that your friend is waiting for you in the alley some night when you come by to make your pickup. Would that..."

"It can't be *someday*," I said quickly. "It needs to be tomorrow. At the latest."

Alphonse gave me a funny look. He knew that I was up to something sketchy.

"You understand that I can't do something like that without telling your father. Right, Wes?"

"Yeah," I said glumly.

"But... you never know. You might get lucky. Maybe your friend will happen to be standing in the alley tomorrow night. Just randomly, for no particular reason."

"I could use some good luck right now," I said.

"Yeah," Alphonse agreed. "It seems like you're overdue for it."

Good old Alphonse. I knew he wouldn't let me down. I walked home with a strange feeling growing inside me.

Hope.

The final piece of my plan was falling into place. I hated to drag Alphonse and Mike into this. But if there was anybody left in this world that I could trust, it was those two.

At dinner that night, Izzy was talking non-stop about Disneyland. She'd been watching videos about the different rides, and she'd made a list of all the ones that she wanted to go on. She'd also decided that she had to have her picture taken with each of the Disney princesses, who were scattered at different locations around the park. Dad and Ashley seemed resigned to the fact that they were going to have to spend at least a couple of days at "the happiest place on Earth", but they were planning to head down to San Diego afterwards. There were some restaurants there that Dad wanted to check out, and some stores that Ashley wanted to visit.

After dinner, I helped Izzy pack her suitcase.

"I'm going to miss you," I told her.

"Don't worry, Wes! It's only for a week."

"Maybe. But I'm gonna miss you like it's forever. Like I'm never gonna see you again."

That was as close as I dared get to saying "goodbye" to my little sister. I wondered if she'd even remember me after I was gone. She was only eight. When she grew up, would she ever recall having a brother named Wes? Or only a family slave by that name? Or would even that version of me be lost to the fog of time?

After Izzy was tucked in, Ashley insisted that Dad take Doug down to the restaurant.

"You should show him everything that might go wrong while you're out of town. Leaks in the roof, flooding in the wine cellar, problems with the refrigerators. Make a list of everything that Doug needs to keep an eye on while he's looking after the place."

Dad was impressed with Ashley's thorough planning.

"You really have turned into quite the businesswoman," he said, giving her a kiss on the forehead.

"Well, I learned from the best," Ashley responded.

But as soon as Dad and Doug left the house, my stepmother hauled me out to the apartment over the garage.

This time, I let her have it, using every trick that Carol had ever taught me. Teasing Ashley until she was a moaning, trembling bundle of need, aching for what I could give her. I managed to get her off once using just my tongue. And after that, she was literally begging to have my dick inside her.

I screwed her in different positions this time. Missionary, and spread eagle, and doggy style. And then I had this nasty fantasy:

I imagined that I was out on the back porch, covering a bitch at another one of those breeding brunches. Only this time the bitch was *Ashley*. I stroked the barcode tattoo on her neck, and grabbed her chain collar while I fucked her brains out.

My dad sat in the audience, sipping a mimosa and watching the action.

"Oh yes, it's very difficult to get a quality white bitch like this," my father said, responding to one of his guests. "But I lucked into this one. She actually used to be my wife. But she made the mistake of failing to read the fine print in our prenup agreement."

The guests roared with laughter as he told the story of their divorce proceedings, and how those turned into an enslavement hearing.

"I had to remain impartial, of course," Judge Walker said.

"Of course," my father agreed, with a wink.

"But it was a very satisfying ruling to deliver," the judge said with a grin.

"Yes," my father said. "And it's all turned out for the best. She was a terrible wife. But she's turned out to be an excellent breeding bitch! I expect to get another ten pups out of her before she's finished."

Damn. The fantasy was too fucking hot. Back in the real world, Ashley howled as she felt my hot cum shooting up inside her. She collapsed onto the bed, whimpering, as her body shook with the force of her orgasm.

She lay there for a few minutes, quivering, as my dick slowly went soft inside her. And then she finally recovered her composure.

“Clean yourself up, boy,” she barked at me. “And wash the sheets while you’re at it.”

She got dressed and went back to the main house. But she’d lost her arrogant swagger. She was like a junky, who realized that she’d let herself get hooked. I was just sorry that I wouldn’t be around to see the look on her face when she found out that her only supplier had escaped to Canada.

* * *

The next morning, I carried their luggage down to the car. Dad spent a few minutes reminding Doug about everything on their checklist for the restaurant.

“And call me if anything goes wrong,” my father insisted.

“Yeah, yeah,” my brother said. “Don’t worry, Dad. I’ll take good care of it.”

My father turned and looked at me for a moment, but he didn’t say anything. I realized that this was the last time that I’d ever see him. By the time that he got back, I’d either be dead or on my way to Canada.

It felt like I should say something to him. But what was there left to say? I wasn’t the kind of son that he wanted. And he wasn’t the kind of father that I could respect. And it was too late for either of us to change that.

I watched as my father got in the car and drove off. I waved goodbye to Izzy, but she was too busy staring at her tablet to notice. Probably watching more videos about Disneyland.

As the car turned the corner and vanished from sight, I realized that a big chapter of my life had just ended. And then I stumbled, as Doug gave me a hard slap on the back.

“Well, boy! Looks like it’s just you and me for the next 10 days!”

“Yes, master. Lucky me.”

Doug sent me down to the store to pick up some supplies. Canned goods and stuff that he could eat if the power went out. But also a ton of beer and chips and snack food. At any rate, it gave me a chance to shop for my escape kit.

I walked down the aisles, looking for food that I could take with me on my hike north. I couldn’t carry enough for the whole trip, so I was gonna have to raid trash cans and any camping sites that I came across. But the longer that I could put that off and stay away from people, the better.

I looked at some canned meat and vegetables. But all that extra metal seemed like dead weight that I’d have to lug around. And I didn’t want to leave a trail of empty cans behind me. I considered grabbing some plastic jars of peanut butter, figuring that would be a dense source of calories. But I couldn’t eat that for every meal. And anyway, I still had some bad associations with peanut butter.

No, I needed something that had a good mix of nutrients, that wouldn’t spoil, and with as many calories per pound as possible. And reluctantly, I realized what I was looking for.

I grabbed a big bag of slave kibble and added it to the cart. It seemed crazy that I would have to keep eating that stuff after I escaped. But if it helped me get to Canada, it would be worth it.

It took me five trips to carry everything back to the house. The beer, in particular, was heavy. But with all the groceries, Doug didn't even notice the extra bag of kibble.

Once everything was unpacked, my brother dragged me up to the garage apartment to get me cleaned up for my next trick.

"We don't want you getting out of practice. Now do we, boy?"

"No, sir."

I let him lube me up, and then I shivered as he slid that cold metal plug up inside me. But I consoled myself with the thought that I would only have to do this a few more times.

And then I put on my uniform and waited to see who I was being whored out to this time.

There was a knock on the garage door. Doug went to answer it and returned a moment later with Judge Walker.

Fuck. I'd really hoped that I wouldn't have to see that man again.

"So how's the boy's training coming along?" the judge asked my brother.

"He's still a work in progress," Doug admitted. "But I'm whipping him into shape."

The judge came over to inspect me. I stood there with my head bowed, staring at the floor. Trying not to let the bastard see how much I hated him.

It had taken three of them to turn me into a slave: My brother, who had come up with the plan. My father, who had talked me into it. And Judge Walker, who had cleared away the legal hurdles. Pretending that he was there to protect my rights, when he was really working for my dad the whole time.

If I ever got the chance, I would make all three of them pay.

Doug put the slave prod and the keys to my cock cage on the nightstand.

"The boy shouldn't give you any trouble," Doug said confidently. "I've pretty much knocked the fight out of him. But call me if he decides to be difficult."

"I think I can handle him," the judge said with a smile.

"Great. Have fun with the boy!" my brother said, and left.

The judge sat down on the bed and slowly took off his tie. I could feel his eyes on my body.

"So, boy. How many freemen have you serviced so far?"

He'd asked me the same question the last time we'd done this. The answer then had been seven. But now...

"I don't know, sir. I've lost count."

The judge smiled, as if he liked that answer.

"Well, let's see what you've learned."

He unzipped the fly of his khakis and had me go down on him. It still felt weird, wrapping my lips around the cock of someone who used to be a family friend. But I did all the usual tricks, licking the head of his dick, and pumping the shaft, and deep-throating him. I realized that Landon had taught me a lot during our time together. But the big thing that I'd learned was how much better it is when you *want* to please the guy you're with. When you're watching his face and listening to his breathing, eager to find out what gets him excited.

With Judge Walker, though? I just wanted to bite that bastard's dick off. And eventually, he seemed to notice.

"Hm. Maybe you need a little incentive, boy."

He opened the drawer of the nightstand and rummaged through all the crazy sex toys that Doug had put in there. Eventually, he decided on a sound-activated dildo. I watched nervously as he popped open the bottle of lube and oiled it up.

"Strip down and put your hands on the wall, boy."

I fought the urge to punch the judge in his big fat face. It would have been really satisfying. But I couldn't afford to make trouble. Not when I was so close to escaping.

Reluctantly, I peeled off my slave uniform and faced the wall. The judge kicked my legs apart. He yanked the metal butt plug out of my ass and tossed it on the floor. And then he started guiding that big dildo up inside me. I pounded my fist on the wall, struggling to take it.

"Easy, boy," the judge whispered.

I felt that fake dick sliding deeper and deeper inside me, stretching me to my limit. And then finally, the last inch of it popped inside me, and I felt the wide base wedged tight against my asshole.

"Now, let's see how this works," the judge whispered.

He clapped his hands. And suddenly that dildo began vibrating inside me. I whimpered, as icy tingles exploded from my balls and raced up my dick.

"Oh yeah," the judge said softly. "That will do the job."

He had me get down on my knees and blow him again. Only this time, whenever I did something that he particularly liked, he'd shout "Good boy!" And then that dildo would start up inside me.

The judge seemed amused by my reaction to it. Trembling, and squirming, and gasping for breath. I realized that he was trying to train me to give him better blowjobs. Like giving a dog a treat when it performs a trick. I told myself that it wouldn't work. But the feeling of that fake dick buzzing deep in my gut was so intense. Pretty soon I was horny as hell, with precum leaking through the bars of my cock cage. And I realized that I was giving the bastard exactly what he wanted.

The judge ran a hand over my short blond hair.

"Yeah, boy. You're going to adapt to your new life just fine."

After that, he wanted to fuck me. He kept switching positions, ordering me to get down on all fours, or stand up against the wall, or lie on my back and spread my legs for him. Putting me through my paces. He didn't even take the cock cage off. Like he wanted me to know that this was all about his pleasure, and mine didn't matter. That he was the only real man in the room.

I lay there taking it for what seemed like hours, while he hammered his dick into me. And then I cringed, as I finally felt his hot load shooting up inside me. But at least it was over. And I would never have to let that son of a bitch touch me again.

The judge took his time getting dressed. And then he called my brother to say that he was done with me.

Doug came bounding up the stairs a couple minutes later.

"So did you have a good time? How'd my boy do?"

“He’s coming along,” the judge said with a smile. “He’s not as skittish as he was the last time I saw him. And his oral skills have improved significantly. It seems that the work you’ve been lining up for him has been a good learning experience for the boy.”

The judge paused.

“He’s still not very enthusiastic about it, though.”

“Oh, that will come in time,” Doug said. “He’s still hanging on to some old freeboy ways of thinking. Once those are gone, he’ll learn to be a happy pleasure slave.”

“I suppose so. But it would go a lot quicker if you didn’t need him for breeding.”

“How so?” Doug asked.

“Well, I’ve read that headstrong young bucks like this are often locked in chastity for the entire first year of their enslavement.”

“Really?” Doug asked.

“Oh, yes. It keeps the boys in a constant state of pent-up sexual frustration, and they quickly learn that their only opportunity for relief comes while they have a freeman’s dick inside them. So after a few weeks they become eager little cock sluts, dreaming of ways to please their masters.”

Doug grinned, loving that idea.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “That would probably be good for the boy. But unfortunately, he’s worth too damn much as breeding stock. My family can’t afford to turn down the stud fees.”

“Of course,” the judge said. “I understand. I only meant that it would speed up his training and ultimately make things easier for the boy.”

The judge and my brother chatted a bit more and then said their goodbyes. But as the man turned to go, something inside me snapped.

“Say hi to Owen for me,” I called out.

The judge stopped in his tracks. His son Owen and I used to play together when we were kids.

Doug’s hand landed hard on the side of my face.

“Jesus, boy! You know not to speak unless spoken to!”

He turned to the judge.

“I’m sorry about that.”

“No,” the judge said, “don’t worry about it.”

And then he hurried off.

* * *

Doug had me shower off, and then he sent me to go pick up his dinner. I ran down to the restaurant, practicing what I was gonna say to Mike when I saw him.

But when I got to the alley, no one was there.

I couldn’t believe it. I just stood there, staring at the empty alley for almost a minute. But Mike hadn’t come.

I finally pulled myself together and knocked on the restaurant door.

“Hey, Wes!” Alphonse said.

“Hi, Alphonse. So... um... I guess nobody talked to my friend Mike?”

The chef seemed surprised. He stepped out into the alley and looked around.

“Oh. Jeez, Wes. I’m sorry. I guess luck wasn’t with you tonight.”

“I guess not.”

I stood there waiting while Alphonse went and got Doug’s dinner. What the hell was I going to do now? Mike had been my last hope. And I couldn’t believe that he had let me down.

Alphonse came back and handed me a paper bag.

“There you go, Wes. I’m sorry that your friend didn’t make it.”

“Yeah. Me too.”

Alphonse closed the door, and I turned to make my way home. But just then somebody stepped around the corner and started walking down the alley towards me.

MIKE!

I got so excited that I dropped the bag.

“Buddy! Am I glad to see you!” I said, running towards him. “I was beginning to think that you weren’t coming.”

“Yeah? Well, your dad’s cook made it sound important.”

I just stood there staring at him for a moment. Mike looked exactly the way that I remembered him. The same clothes, the same dumb haircut. It seemed weird that I’d been through so much, and he didn’t seem to have changed at all.

“So... how’s the band?” I asked.

Mike got this serious look, like he was about to deliver some bad news. But then he stopped himself.

“Look, Wes. We both know that you didn’t call me down here to talk about the band.”

Well, that was true. And there was no point beating around the bush.

“I need a hacksaw blade,” I told him. “The kind that cuts metal. They must have that kind of stuff at your dad’s repair shop, right? Could you grab one without anybody noticing?”

Mike’s jaw dropped.

“Jesus, Wes. We haven’t spoken for three months, and then you ask for something like *this?*”

I suddenly got angry with Mike.

“And whose fault is it that we haven’t talked in all that time?” I reminded him. “It’s not like I can just pick up a phone and call. And you never even came by the house to see how I was doing. *Not once*. Do you know what that would have meant to me? Just to have a friend to talk to?”

“Yeah,” Mike said, “I know. It’s just...”

He gestured at the slave uniform and collar and the barcode tattoos.

“I mean... what would we even talk about anymore? It seems cruel to tell you about the band when you’re not in it anymore. And I can’t even ask how your day is going because...”

“Yeah, I get it.”

Who the hell would want to hear about me being whipped and raped and whored out?

I forced myself to calm down.

“Look, I just need the saw blade. Can you get one to me? For old times’ sake?”

Mike shook his head.

“It wouldn’t do you any good. A blade like that will cut soft metal, like copper pipe. But that collar is hardened steel. You’d only dull the saw blade.”

Fuck.

“Okay. What about a bolt cutter? Could you get your hands on one without...”

“Same problem, Wes. The steel in that collar is harder than the blade on a bolt cutter.”

Damnit. This was gonna be more difficult than I thought.

“Look, there has to be some way to get me out of this fucking thing. When they welded it onto me, the salesman said that they could cut it off if my dad ever wanted to switch to a different model.”

Mike thought about it for a moment.

“I guess an angle grinder would do it. Those things will cut just about anything.”

“Great. Is there one in your dad’s shop?”

“There are four, actually. But...”

“How big are they?”

Mike held up his hands, indicating something about the size of a football.

“Could you smuggle one out of your dad’s shop without anyone seeing?”

Mike hesitated.

“Probably,” he said.

“Okay. Then here’s what we’re gonna do.”

I took a deep breath and forced myself to think.

“The rains start the day after tomorrow, around nightfall. So that morning you’re gonna swipe an angle grinder from your dad’s garage and put it in the trunk of your car.”

Mike didn’t say anything, so I kept talking.

“At midnight, you’re gonna sneak out of your house. — Don’t forget to leave your phone in your room, so that no one can track your movements. — Get the angle grinder from your trunk and meet me at the abandoned house on Mulberry Street. You know the one I mean, right?”

A hint of a smile crossed Mike’s face. That house was a popular makeout spot. We’d taken girls there after some of our gigs. But I figured that with the rain, it would be empty.

“Yeah, I know the one.”

“I’ll meet you there,” I told him. “You cut the collar off me, and I’ll chuck it into a storm drain. The water should keep the GPS tracker from broadcasting a signal, at least until the rains are over. And by then, maybe it will have washed all the way out to sea.”

“Where will you go?” Mike asked.

“Some place where no one from this town will ever find me. And then you’ll go home and crawl into bed like nothing happened. And the next day you’ll return the angle grinder before anyone even notices that it’s missing.”

Mike shook his head again.

“It’s not that simple, Wes. I can’t just pop that collar off you in a couple of seconds. It would take at least... two, maybe three minutes to cut through a chain like that. And an angle grinder is loud. REALLY loud. Everyone within a block of that house is gonna hear what we’re doing.”

“Won’t the rain help?” I asked. “There will be wind, and thunder, and...”

“No, that won’t cover a sound like this. It’s hard to explain if you’ve never heard an angle grinder at work. It’s this ear-splitting high-pitched mechanical shriek that just drives people crazy. You have to wear hearing protection while you’re using the thing. As soon as we start cutting, somebody is sure to call the cops about it.”

Fuck. There had to be a way to do this. I couldn’t get this close to freedom, only to be stopped by a little noise.

“Well... what if we go down in the basement?” I suggested. “All that dirt will block the sound. Won’t it?”

Mike thought about it for a moment.

“Yeah. Probably.”

Mike paused and looked at me.

“Wes? You know what they’ll do to me if I get caught helping you?”

“Yeah, I know.”

The punishment for helping a slave escape was enslavement.

“I wouldn’t ask if I had another way,” I told him.

I waited for Mike to say that he would do it. But he stood there thinking about it for way too long. If our roles had been reversed, I wouldn’t have had to think at all.

“Mike? You know what my brother is doing to me? What he’s renting me out for?”

“Yeah. I’ve seen the ads. Everyone in town has.”

“Then you know why I’ve got to do this. If I don’t get out of here soon, there won’t be anything left of me.”

Mike didn’t say anything.

“Please,” I begged. “I’ve got no one else to go to. And you’re my best friend.”

Mike lowered his eyes and stared at the pavement.

“That’s the thing, Wes. I guess you haven’t noticed, but we haven’t been friends for a while now.”

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. But Mike just shrugged.

“Freemen and slaves can’t be friends. Not really. Everybody knows that. And it’s because of situations like this.”

Mike looked a little sad for a moment, like he wished that things didn’t have to be this way.

And then he turned and walked away.

* * *

I picked up my brother’s dinner and stumbled home in a daze. I couldn’t believe that Mike had turned his back on me.

I tried to see his side of it. If I’d been in his shoes, would I really have risked my own freedom to help out a friend?

But I kept coming back to the obvious answer: *Of course I would have*. Because that’s what friends do.

I started to wonder if Mike and I had ever really been friends. Maybe we were just two guys who grew up near each other and happened to share the same dream. Without the band, would we have drifted apart years ago?

I got home, and my idiot brother made me go through the whole dinnertime routine: Putting on my fancy dress uniform. Plating his food in the kitchen and bringing it out to him. Filling his wine glass every time it was less than half full. He sat in my dad's place at the head of the table, preening like he was the lord of the manor. And he finished a whole bottle of wine by himself.

After his dessert, Doug grabbed me by the arm and marched me upstairs.

"Come on, slave boy," he said, slurring his words. "It's about time I got to fuck you in my own bed."

Doug was unsteady on his feet, and I had to fight the urge to shove him down the stairs. Tempting as it was, a dead brother didn't suit my purposes at that moment. It would bring the EMTs and the sheriff and lots of questions. And even if they didn't blame me for it, Dad and the family would come rushing home.

I wasn't ready to give up on my escape plan. And one idiot brother was a lot easier to deal with than a house full of people.

Doug dragged me into his room and collapsed onto his bed. He looked up at me, bleary-eyed.

"God, I love seeing you in that uniform," he said, chuckling. "It's like a big old sign announcing that *I won*."

I didn't say anything. I never had figured out what Doug and I were supposed to be competing over.

"Okay, slave boy. Strip down. Show me what all those horny guys are willing to pay so much for."

Reluctantly, I did as I was told.

"Damn!" Doug said, running his eyes over my naked body. "It's hard to believe how much I've improved you. Just a few months ago you were a worthless little shit. No brains, no discipline, no purpose. And now look at you: A grade-A prime piece of livestock. The most valuable breeding stud in the county. And a hell of a pleasure slave, to boot!"

My brother fumbled his way out of his clothes. I looked down at his big, tall, baseball-jock body. I'd lost so many fights to those muscles.

Doug finally managed to kick off his jeans. He peeled off his expensive Hugo Boss underwear and slapped a spot on the bed next to him.

"Okay, boy. Get down here and show me how a good slave treats his master."

I wanted to take a swing at him. But I forced myself to unclench my fists. And then I slowly crawled onto the bed.

Even drunk, Doug wasn't dumb enough to stick his dick in my mouth again. Maybe he didn't have the literal bite marks anymore, but I'd left a scar in his brain. So he jumped straight to the screwing, pinning me face down on the bed and hammering away with his little five-inch pecker.

He kept yammering on the whole time. Telling me how lucky I was to have a master who cared enough to train me like this. How I should be proud to be such an amazing fuck toy. How I was finally becoming the sort of slave that God wanted me to be.

I tried to tune out his dumb chatter. But I couldn't ignore his hard dick pounding up my ass. As much as I hated to admit it, at least some of Doug's screwed-up programming had taken hold. And my body couldn't help but respond to having a dick inside me.

No matter how much I hated the person that it was attached to.

I felt that familiar tingling building up in my gut. I balled the sheets up in my fists, desperately trying to fight it. But there was nothing I could do. I felt my angry dick throbbing against the bars of its cruel steel cage, trying to get hard.

And then the tidal wave swept through me. I screamed into the pillow, as my caged dick cut loose, shooting hot jizz all over the sheets.

My brother laughed and gave me a pat on the head.

"Good boy! That's God's way of rewarding you for being a good slave and taking care of your master's needs."

I lay there trembling, while Doug humped away on top of me for a few more minutes. And then I shuddered, as I felt his hot cum shooting up inside me. But at least it was over.

My brother collapsed on top of me, panting for breath. His body dripping sweat onto me. His dick slowly going soft inside me.

Finally, he rolled off of me. He looked over at me and grinned.

"Wow, you really have come a long way, boy. Now, what do you say to your generous master for all the time that he's spent training you to be a better slave?"

Goddamnit. I fought back the urge to spit in his face. I needed Doug to believe that I was really broken. That I wouldn't give him any more trouble. And that I was definitely not looking for a way to escape.

"Thank you, master," I said slowly.

Doug laughed, like he thought that was hilarious.

"Now go get some clean sheets, boy. I'm not gonna sleep in a puddle of your cum."

I got up and went to the closet. But when I came back with the fresh sheets, Doug had passed out. I poked him gently, but he didn't wake up.

Well, I had to take every opportunity that I could get. I grabbed his jeans off the floor and fished his keyring out of the pocket. I found the key for my cock cage, the one for the car, the one for the house. But there was another small one that I didn't recognize.

Yeah, that had to be what I was looking for.

I went downstairs as quietly as I could. The stairs creaked, but Doug didn't wake up. I went to the garage and found that tool chest with the "no slaves" logo on the front. Sure enough, that little key fit the lock perfectly.

I took a deep breath, praying that what I needed would be inside. And then I opened the lid.

At first glance, it was just a jumble of random tools. Everything that had been sitting in our garage before I was enslaved. I took the items out one by one to see if there was anything that I could use: a hammer, some nails, two screwdrivers, some wire cutters, a hacksaw with some spare blades, and a power drill with some bits.

I looked it all over. According to Mike, the saw blades wouldn't do me any good. And if a bolt cutter wouldn't get through this collar, then there was no way that those little wire cutters would do anything.

I studied the power drill for a while. It was the only thing in the chest that looked like it might be able to punch a hole through metal. But in the end, I couldn't figure out any way to use it. If I tried, I'd just wind up drilling a hole in my neck.

And that was it. There was nothing that was gonna cut through the collar. I wondered why Doug had even bothered to lock this stuff up. What did he think I was gonna do with it? Build myself a canoe and paddle my way to freedom? But then, Doug had never been particularly good with tools, and he probably didn't even know what these could do. So he'd just locked them all up to be on the safe side.

I put the tools away and locked the chest. And then I snuck into my dad's office and logged onto his computer. First I checked the weather forecast. The rain was still due to start around sundown in two days. An atmospheric river that would drench the whole area for a week. So my luck was still holding there.

But the thing I really wanted to research was the machine that Mike had told me about, an *angle grinder*. I found a YouTube video that showed how to use one.

Fuck.

Mike had not been kidding about how loud those things are. And they threw out a lot of sparks. And it made me realize that the whole idea of holding a dangerous cutting tool that close to my own neck was kind of crazy.

But... at least now I knew what an *angle grinder* looked like. And how to operate one. Sort of.

I turned off Dad's computer and climbed the stairs back to Doug's room. He was still out cold, so I put the keys back in his pocket.

I turned out the lights and crawled into my sleeping bag at the foot of Doug's bed. And then I lay there thinking for a long time.

It felt like God was taunting me. Giving me this once-in-a-lifetime chance to escape, and then keeping it just out of reach. All I needed was some way to cut through a quarter inch of hardened steel. Just a *quarter fucking inch!*

I wanted to believe that I could do it. *I had to believe that I could do it.* But time was running out, and I could feel myself starting to panic. What if there was no way out of this collar, and I was stuck being a slave for the rest of my life?

My brother was training me like an animal. How long could I go on fighting it? How long until I was nothing but a mindless sex toy, happy to be used for the pleasure of freemen? How long until I forgot all about my old life and the person I used to be?

I lay there for a long time, trying to convince myself that it would never happen. That I would find a way out of this mess.

But I couldn't actually think of one.

* * *

The next morning, Doug stumbled out of bed late. His breakfast was some kind of “hair of the dog” cocktail: vodka, and Tabasco, and grapefruit juice, and a crazy amount of black pepper. It looked revolting, but he downed it in a couple of gulps. And afterwards he seemed to feel better.

He had me clean up the guestroom and the garage apartment, and then he sent me out to pick up more supplies: hot dogs, and ground beef, and chips, and ice, and even more beer. Apparently, he was planning some kind of party. Even my brother can’t drink that much beer.

On my way to the grocery store, I took a detour and walked by the auto shop that Mike’s dad owned. It was only a couple blocks out of my way, so I figured that it wouldn’t look too suspicious.

As mad as I was at Mike, he had given me two key pieces of information: The only thing that would cut through this collar was an angle grinder. And there were four of them sitting in his dad’s shop.

So I was thinking that I might try to break in on the night of my escape. There wouldn’t be anybody around the shop after dark, and the heavy rain would keep the neighbors from seeing me. I could get my hands on an angle grinder, cut the collar off, and then head for the hills.

Unfortunately, Mr. O’Brian’s auto shop was more secure than I had remembered. At least from the front. The small parking lot had a chain-link fence with razor wire on top. I figured that I might be able to cut through that with the wire cutters in the tool chest back home. But the doors were a bigger problem: Two big steel security gates that rolled down to cover the garage, where the tools would be. And I had no idea how to get through those.

I went to the store, picked up my first load of groceries, and took a different route home. This time I walked by the back of the auto shop. Things looked a little more promising from that side. There were a couple of windows, and they didn’t have bars on them. So a brick or a heavy rock would get me through. And with all the rain, the neighbors wouldn’t hear the breaking glass.

I was starting to think that this idea could work. But then I got closer, and I saw the red sign on the back of the building, with a picture of a security camera on it.

Protected by Sentry Point Alarm Co.

Fuck.

I kept walking, trying not to look like I was checking the place out.

As I made my way home, I did the math: As soon as I broke a window in that shop, the alarm company would be notified. I’d have to get in quickly, find the angle grinders, and cut the collar off. Mike had said that he could do it in two or three minutes. But Mike knew what he was doing. For me, who’d never used an angle grinder before? Trying to slice a collar off my own neck without killing myself? I figured maybe five to ten minutes. *If I was lucky.* And I’d be making a crazy amount of noise the entire time.

The sheriff’s station was only a few blocks from that auto shop. So once they got the call from that security company, it wouldn’t take them long to get there.

No matter how many times I ran the numbers through my head, it just didn’t work. It was another dead end.

* * *

I dropped off the first load of groceries and headed out for the second, and then the third. By the time that I was done lugging it all back, Doug was out on the porch setting up for his party. He had a couple of guys helping him: Jasper and Tony, two of the waiters from Dad's restaurant. Tony was setting up a bar, with red plastic cups and vodka and mixers. And Jasper was cleaning up our old propane grill. Apparently this was going to be a cookout.

Doug had set up a big whiteboard on a stand. He was drawing boxes on it, with numbers next to them running between 0:10 and 10:00. I watched for a moment, wondering what the hell he was up to. And then my brother looked up and noticed me.

"Ah, you're finally back. Get the coolers out of the garage and fill them up with ice and beer."

"Yes, master."

When I finished that, I noticed that Doug had attached a big digital clock to the whiteboard. But I still had no idea what he was up to.

My brother told me to get out the folding chairs and the card tables and set them up around the backyard, so that people would have places to sit and eat. I did as I was told. But as I was finishing my work, I saw Jasper and Tony carrying that "tufted leather ottoman" out to the patio.

So apparently this wasn't just a cookout.

A few minutes later, the first guest arrived. One of Doug's frat brothers from college.

"Hey! Elliot!" my brother shouted.

"Glad you could make it!"

"Hi, Doug."

"This is Jasper and Tony," my brother said, introducing the two waiters. "They're helping out with the party. Let 'em know if there's anything you need."

"Good to meet you, Jasper. You too, Tony."

Elliot turned in my direction and opened his mouth, like he was about to say hello to me as well. But he caught himself in time.

"So... how are things going for you?" he asked my brother. "Your dad's restaurant doing any better?"

Doug launched into a buzzword-laden speech about all the great things that he was supposedly doing for my dad's business. Elliot nodded along, like he wasn't really paying attention. But every so often I'd catch him stealing a glance at me. He'd met me a couple of times back when I was a freeman. And some part of him was always gonna think of me as Doug's kid brother.

A few minutes later, another one of Doug's frat brothers arrived. A tall, gangly redhead with three female slaves in tow.

"Palmer!" my brother shouted. "Good to see you, man!"

"Hey, Doug!" the redhead said, bumping fists with my brother.

My brother took a long look at the three sexy women that the redhead had brought with him.

“Wow! These are your dad’s bitches? That is some quality breeding stock.”

“Yeah. It’s more a hobby than a business for my dad, but he makes good money at it. And he got real excited when I told him that you had a blond stud. And even more when I told him about the ‘friends and family’ discount.”

“Happy to help!” my brother said with a grin. “Just remember that I am gonna be calling in this favor someday.”

“Sure, Doug. By the way, my dad said to compliment you on your stud’s track record.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. In fact, he wants to make an offer.”

The redhead handed Doug a folded slip of paper. My brother looked at it and groaned.

“Ugh. I really wish I could take it. But I can’t.”

The redhead seemed surprised.

“Come on, Doug. That’s a lot of money. Aren’t you going to at least show it to your dad?”

“There’s no point. My father’s got this weird sentimental thing about not selling the boy.”

The redhead looked confused.

“I don’t get it. If your dad hates your brother enough to enslave him, why the hell won’t he sell him?”

Doug shook his head.

“You don’t understand. My dad was in a tough spot. The boy was a total loser back when he was a freeman. He didn’t want to go to college. He didn’t want to get a job. He just wanted to run around with his rock band, sleeping with every slutty girl that he could get his hands on. He was heading for a future as a drug-addicted bum living on the streets. At least this way, my dad can take care of him and keep him in line.”

The other frat boys were silent for a moment.

“Jesus,” Elliot muttered. “I’m glad I’m not part of your family.”

Doug shrugged.

“My old man made the right call. Not everyone is cut out to be an alpha dog. Some people are better off slaves.”

My brother turned to the redheaded frat boy.

“Anyway, enough about my slave. Tell us about these bitches that you brought!”

The redhead grinned.

“This one here is Kora. Pacific Islander stock. She’s produced four pups for my dad so far, and she gets knocked up real easy. Almost always on the first try! And over here we have Tanya. My dad got really lucky with this one. Right after he bought her, we found out that...”

I kept my eyes on the ground while the rich kid droned on. If I looked at the women, I’d start to picture what our children were gonna look like. And this was hard enough already.

Luckily, I was spared the rest of the redhead’s story by the arrival of Doug’s third friend, the stocky frat boy with the wavy black hair.

“Hey guys!” he shouted.

“Reid!” my brother said. “It’s been too long, buddy.”

I looked up and saw that he was trailed by a stunning young Asian woman wearing a black dress with the S-and-chain logo on the front.

“Jesus,” my brother said. “This is your assistant? You weren’t kidding. She is smoking hot!”

The three boys circled around her, inspecting her like a piece of meat.

“Are you breeding her?” the redhead asked. “Is she getting knocked up tonight, too?”

The stocky boy shook his head.

“Nah, she’s not fertile. That’s why they sold her as a personal assistant rather than a breeding bitch. But she’s got her uses.”

He grinned and gave her a slap on the ass.

“Get me a beer, doll.”

“Yes, master.”

Man, there was something about her voice. It was like someone pouring warm honey in your ear. Her walk was a sensual tease. And she had this weird smile on her face, like she knew that every guy on that porch was looking at her.

As she bent over the cooler, the former frat boys all turned to stare at the curve of her butt.

“Damn,” Elliot said. “You need to start sharing the wealth, bro.”

“Yeah,” the redhead chimed in. “You can’t show off a prime piece of ass like that and keep her to yourself!”

“I can do whatever I want to,” the stocky boy said, grinning. “My slave, my rules.”

“What happened to *bros before hoes*?” Doug asked.

The stocky boy laughed. He clearly loved having something that the rest of them wanted. A rich kid, proving that he had the best toy.

“Well... we’ll see,” he said noncommittally.

He ordered the Asian woman to get his bags from the car and take them into the house. And then he had her do the same for the other boys. Doug offered to go inside and show her where to put everything, but the stocky boy just laughed at that suggestion.

“Like I’d trust you alone with my slave, Doug?”

A few minutes later, the other guests started to arrive. Mostly young guys, but there were a few girls in the mix as well. And since it was a small town, I knew all of them. There was my friend Steve, who threw great pool parties every summer. Jayden and Emma, my classmates who had been breaking up and getting back together all through high school. And Rick and Aaron, the drummer and keyboardist from my band.

Doug had the bitches and me line up so that guests could inspect us. The guys stared at the sexy breeding slaves, practically drooling. And even the girls seemed curious about what was going to happen. Apparently, they’d all been hearing stories about Ashley’s “Breeding Brunches.”

A few of my friends glanced at me awkwardly, like they weren’t sure how to behave in the situation. But none of them spoke to me. And they all helped themselves to the free burgers and beer.

Doug worked the crowd, trying to play the big shot slave owner. But he was upstaged by the stocky frat boy with his gorgeous personal slave. Guys kept coming up and asking him dumb questions, just to be able to stand near her.

"How long have you had her?"

"How much did she cost?"

"Did you train her yourself, or hire someone to do it?"

I stood there, watching my old friends mingling and chatting. And then two more guests walked in.

Mike and Carol.

Doug spotted my old girlfriend.

"Hey! You made it!"

He ran over and gave her a big hug. Carol smiled at him, but quickly pulled away. It wasn't hard to read that body language. Doug was hoping to hook up with her again, and Carol had decided that there wasn't a chance in hell of that.

"Come on!" my brother said. "Let me show you the breeding stock."

He took Carol by the hand and led her over to me. Mike followed along, awkwardly.

"This one's Kora. And this one is Tanya. And this one is Lucinda."

Doug made a big deal out of quoting the stats for each slave: How many pups she'd produced. What they'd had sold for. How many tries it took her to get knocked up.

I don't know. Maybe he had actually looked up all that stuff before the party. But I had the feeling that he was just making up numbers to try and look smart.

And then he got to me.

"And this is my family's slave, Wes," he said, like Carol and Mike had never met me.

"Best stud in the whole county. His track record at knocking up bitches is unbelievable. And he has thirty-two confirmed pregnancies so far."

The number hit me like a punch to the gut. I was gonna have *thirty-two kids*. *Thirty-two* kids that I would never see. Who would be raised on slave ranches and sold as livestock.

I looked up to see Carol's reaction. But she had her poker face on, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking.

Mike wasn't sure what to say.

"Well, I'm glad that he's so... I mean, it's good that your family has such a good..."

He stammered on for a few seconds, unable to complete the thought.

Finally, Carol took his hand.

"Come on, Mike. Let's get a burger."

I watched them walk away, wondering what was going on there. I knew that it was none of my business. Carol wasn't my girlfriend anymore, and Mike wasn't my friend. But I still wanted to know.

The two of them stayed together as they wandered through the party, getting their beer and hamburgers. I caught them looking at me a couple of times. We'd make eye contact for a moment, and then they'd look away.

But after a few minutes... well, they just sort of forgot about me and started enjoying the party. Gossiping and laughing with the other guests. Like I wasn't even there.

I felt like a ghost, watching my friends go on with their lives.

After a while, Doug jumped on a chair and shouted for everyone's attention.

"Hey! Who wants to get this breeding party started?"

There was a loud cheer of mostly male voices.

"The first bitch up is going to be Kora, that hot little Pacific Islander. Palmer, why don't you let our guests have a better look at her?"

The redhead ordered Kora to strip out of her uniform and had her stand on a chair. There was a chorus of wolf whistles from the boys in the audience, as they ran their eyes over her naked body.

"And covering the bitch will be my family's wonder-stud," Doug said proudly. "The breeders call him 'one-shot Wes,' because he always gets the job done on the first try!"

My brother gestured to me. I glared back at him.

"Aw... don't be shy, boy. You know what you're here to do!"

I saw his hand go to the slave prod on his belt. I was tempted to make him use it. Just to show everybody at the party what he was really like.

But I couldn't afford to make a scene. Not with the rain just twenty-four hours away.

Slowly, I peeled off my uniform.

I didn't get the wolf whistles. But a few of the guys pointed at my cock cage and whispered to each other. And some of the girls giggled. Not Carol, though. She still had her poker face on.

"Yep, this is gonna be quite a show," my brother shouted. "But why don't we make it a little more interesting? Who thinks they can guess how long it will take my stud to finish the job?"

He gestured to the whiteboard, with all the boxes and the numbers.

"Five bucks gets you a box. Closest guess to the correct time wins the whole pot. Who wants in?"

The redhead frat boy walked up and handed Doug a five-dollar bill.

"Put me down for four minutes," he said.

He seemed confident about his guess. He'd probably watched a bunch of studding sessions with his dad.

My brother took his money and wrote his name in the box next to four minutes.

The stocky frat boy studied me for a moment.

"How long has your boy been in that chastity cage?" he asked my brother.

"A little over two days now," Doug said.

The stocky boy chuckled.

"Then put me down for one minute. He's gonna go quick."

One by one, the other party guests joined in. The boxes started to fill up with names, and my brother's pocket filled up with cash.

"What about you, Carol?" my brother called out.

My ex-girlfriend waved him off, like she wasn't interested.

"Aw, don't be a wet blanket," Doug said, putting her on the spot. "It'll make the show more fun."

"Fine," Carol said.

She studied the whiteboard.

“Give me that last box. I say he’s gonna go over ten minutes. Probably way over.”

Jesus. Apparently Carol thought that this was going to be like our lovemaking, when we would take our time and have fun.

A couple of guys started snickering.

“No fair!” my friend Steve shouted. “Carol’s got insider knowledge!”

My ex-girlfriend’s poker face slipped for a moment, and she looked embarrassed. Carol, who never takes shit from anybody, was ashamed that she’d dated me.

But then she pulled herself together. She turned to Steve with a smirk on her face.

“You mean because I’ve actually had sex?” she asked. “Rather than just jacking off to porn every night like you do?”

There were howls of laughter at that.

Doug worked the audience, getting everyone to chip in. Even Mike and my other bandmates placed bets. The lowest guess that anybody made was thirty seconds, and the highest was Carol’s at ten minutes.

“Okay. Let’s make us some pups!” my brother shouted.

He walked over and unlocked my cock cage. There were some murmurs from the audience as my dick filled out and slapped up against my stomach. I guess some of the guys had heard rumors about how big my cock was, but none of them had ever seen it.

My brother turned to his redheaded friend.

“Palmer, did your dad give you any instructions? Is there a position that he wants us to use?”

“Nah, he says they’re all pretty much the same for conception. Have your stud do it any way you want.”

“Okay. How about doggy style then? That should make for a good show.”

Doug had Kora crawl onto the leather fuck bench and get down on all fours. And then he ordered me to stand behind her, like a sprinter in the starting blocks.

“Okay. Ready, set... go!” my brother yelled.

He reached up and started the timer. I watched the big red numbers scrolling by. The whole situation was so crazy, and for a moment I couldn’t remember how I’d gotten there. It was like some fucked-up dream that I was about to wake up from.

And then the stocky frat boy slapped me on the ass.

“Come on, boy!” he growled at me. “I’ve got money on this.”

Reluctantly, I did what I’d done so many times before. I buried my humiliation down deep, and slid my cock into the waiting bitch. It felt like I was turning into some kind of sex machine, a soulless robot built for fucking.

I think that part of my brain must have shut down for a while, because my memory got fuzzy, and time seemed to skip around. I remember the bitch moaning and trembling as I hammered my dick into her warm wet pussy. My old friends shouting for me to go faster or slower, depending on their bets. People cheering as they saw that I was getting close. And then the bitch crying out, as I finally shot my hot load into her.

“That’s two minutes and forty-three seconds,” my brother called out. “Which means our winner is... Aaron!”

There was a round of applause, and my former bandmate came up to collect his winnings. Doug handed him a wad of bills, and Aaron took them without bothering to count. That was stupid. Knowing my brother, I'm sure that he skimmed something off the top.

I glanced over at Carol. She was staring at me with this look of shock on her face. Like she hadn't really understood what I'd become until that moment. And then she quickly looked away.

I slowly pulled my uniform back on. Now that the job was done, I seemed to be invisible again. I could hear the people around me, talking about what they'd just seen me do. But nobody actually talked *to me*.

Doug led me over to a corner of the porch and leashed my collar to one of the posts. I don't think he was really worried about me running off in the middle of the party. He just wanted to show everyone that he could lock me up like a dog. And then he brought me a bowl of kibble.

"Eat up, boy! You've got two more bitches to cover, and you're going to need your strength."

I didn't want to eat that stuff in front of my friends. But I was hungry, and... well, they weren't my friends anymore. So I chewed down a few mouthfuls of the hard little pellets.

Doug gave me an hour to recover, and then he started taking bets for the next breeding session. This time he doubled the buy-in for the pool to \$10, but nobody seemed to mind. They eagerly snapped up spots on his whiteboard.

And then my brother spotted a new face joining the party.

"Hey! Shawn! I was beginning to think that you weren't going to make it."

I looked over and saw Shawn walking into our backyard, all decked out in his deputy uniform.

"Hey, Doug. I'm afraid this isn't a social call. I'm on duty all afternoon. I just wanted to check in and make sure that everything's going smoothly."

"Oh yeah! Everybody is having a blast. You want a beer?"

"Uh... remember how I just said that I'm on duty? But I will take a soda, if you've got one."

"Jesus. You are a big old Boy Scout," my brother said disapprovingly.

Doug went into the house to find some soda. Shawn walked over to the corner of the porch where I was sitting. He looked at the bowl of kibble in front of me, and the chain leash securing me in place.

He stood there for a while, but he didn't say anything to me. Maybe because he didn't want anybody to see us talking. Or maybe because he didn't know what the hell to say.

Eventually, my brother came back with a can of Coke for him.

"Drink up, you wild party animal."

"Thanks," Shawn said.

He sipped his Coke and looked around at the party.

"You know, Doug. One might get the impression that there is underage drinking going on here."

"Really?" my brother said, pretending to be surprised. "I guess a couple of the younger guys might have grabbed beers when I wasn't looking. I'll talk to them about that, deputy."

"Just make sure that things don't get out of hand. Otherwise I'll have to shut you down."

“Jeez!” Doug said. “I thought a man’s home was his castle?”

“Well, your ‘castle’ is in a quiet residential neighborhood where the neighbors don’t want drunk teenagers vomiting in their bushes. Understood?”

“Aye-aye, Deputy Shawn!” my brother said, giving him a mock salute.

“And no outdoor music after 8 PM. And make sure that nobody gets behind the wheel drunk.”

“Wow. You are pretty much a walking buzzkill, Shawn.”

“That’s my job. I’ll be going now.”

He put down the soda can, but Doug grabbed his arm.

“Nah, buddy! I’m just razzing you. Don’t go yet. We’re about to start the second breeding session. You want to get in on the pool?”

“The what?”

“The pool,” Doug said.

He explained how it worked. Shawn looked at my brother like it was the craziest thing that he’d ever heard.

“So what time slot do you want?” Doug asked. “The boy has already covered one bitch today, so he may be a little slower out of the gate this time. You might want to grab something around... five minutes? Maybe five and thirty seconds?”

“Doug, I also don’t gamble while I’m on duty.”

“Is that really a rule?” my brother asked skeptically.

“It is for me.”

My brother shook his head.

“Wow. You are determined not to have fun.”

Shawn stood there watching, while my brother lined up a few more takers for the pool. It looked like pretty much everyone was joining in.

The redheaded frat boy brought out the next bitch, a pretty black girl. This time, Doug had me fuck her missionary style. She stared up at me with big dark eyes, while all those people stood around us cheering. I remember that she got this weird, pleading look on her face as I got her close. She wrapped her legs around my waist. And then she threw back her head and howled, her body convulsing as I shot my seed deep inside her.

“Four minutes, 52 seconds,” Doug announced. “And our winner is... Levi!”

Another one of my old friends came up to collect his earnings. I glanced over at Shawn. He stared back at me for a moment. And then he put down his soda and left.

Afterwards, Doug leashed me to the post again. I sat there in a state of shock. Doug was burning down every last piece of my old life. My friends, my band, the person that I used to be... all of that was gone forever. The only thing that I could hope for was a fresh start in Canada.

But the rain was only a day away. And I still didn’t know how to get out of this fucking collar.

* * *

By the time Doug started taking bets for the third breeding session, the sun had gone down. This time the buy-in was twenty dollars. But the drunk party guests eagerly snapped up spots in the pool.

The girls had all left by then. The boys were so busy ogling the hot slaves that they hadn't paid any attention to the freewomen. Even Carol got fed up and told Mike that she was going home.

Mike stayed, though. I saw him and his bandmates chatting with a guy named Trevor. I remembered him from high school. Trevor had starred in every musical, and he had a good voice. So maybe Mike was still trying to find a new vocalist. But there's a big difference between belting out *Oklahoma* and bringing a crowd to its feet with a killer rock song.

The third bitch was a light-skinned Hispanic woman in her mid-twenties. This time, Doug had her ride my dick, cowgirl style. The guys were pretty damn drunk and horny by then, and they yelled some really messed-up stuff at us. But I did my job. A cheer went up when the bitch orgasmed, arching her back and moaning.

"Hell yeah, brother! Teach that bitch to take it!" my friend Levi shouted, as I shot my load into her.

"Five minutes, 22 seconds!" Doug called out.

This time, it was my friend Steve who'd won the pool.

With that, the guys seemed to think that the party would be winding down. I saw them grabbing their final beers and starting to say goodbye. But my brother had other plans.

"Hey! Where's everybody going? Now that the work is done, this is when the real fun starts!"

That got their attention.

Doug turned to his redheaded friend.

"Palmer, you've been to a lot of breeding sessions. Isn't there a traditional way to end these things?"

"Yeah, Doug! There is. You see, after a breeding session, the stud is usually feeling pretty cocky. I mean, he's being fucking all these hot bitches while the freemen just stood around watching. And you know, a cocky slave is bound to get himself in trouble. So before everyone leaves, it's a good idea to put the stud back in his place."

"Really?" my brother said. "And how does a professional breeder do that?"

"Well, I'll show you."

The redhead walked over to me. He unzipped his khakis and whipped out his cock.

I stared at it for a moment. And then I turned and looked at my friends. They seemed as shocked as I was. But kind of turned on, too. After watching me fuck all afternoon, they were all horny as hell.

"Come on, boy," the redhead said, grabbing my chain collar. "I know you've had a dick in your mouth before."

I started to tear up. After everything that I'd been through, maybe it shouldn't have been such a big deal. Every guy at that party had seen the ads, and knew that I was a whore. But still, I didn't want all my old friends to see me sucking dick.

The redhead didn't give me a choice, though. He pulled my face down to his crotch and forced his cock between my lips. With tears in my eyes, I did what I'd been trained to do.

“Holy shit!” the redhead said. “Your stud’s got a really sweet mouth, Doug. He’s really picked up some skills since the last time he blew me.”

“Yeah, he’s been getting lots of practice at servicing freeman cock,” my brother said.

“Well, if he’s that good, let me have a chance!” the stocky boy said, cutting in.

He grabbed me by the collar and pulled my face off the redhead’s dick. He made me lick his balls, and then run my tongue up the shaft of his cock.

“Damn, he does have a knack for it,” the stocky boy said. “Aren’t you going to join in, Doug?”

“Nah. As a good host, I want to make sure that my guests are taken care of first.”

He looked out at the crowd of drunk and horny boys.

“Anyone else want a turn with my stud?”

My friends glanced around nervously at each other. Kind of freaked out by what was going on. But a little excited by it, too.

“Come on,” my brother said. “There are men who are paying *big money* to have my slave suck their cocks. And you’re gonna turn down the chance to try it for free?”

The boys looked at each other, but no one stepped forward.

“Okay,” my brother said. “How about you, Steve? I can see that raging boner in your jeans. You gonna tell me that you don’t need your dick sucked?”

My friend grinned sheepishly.

“Maybe I do. How about you let one of those breeding bitches do it? Or maybe that hot Asian chick?”

“The ladies don’t need to be put in their place,” my brother explained. “And honestly, my boy gives better blowjobs than any of them.”

Steve seemed a little tempted. But he shook his head.

“Sorry, Doug. I’m not into having guys suck my dick.”

“He’s not a guy. He’s a *slave*. His whole purpose in life is to give freemen a hand when they need it. Or a mouth.”

“I guess,” Steve said. “But I still wouldn’t feel right about it.”

“What?” Doug shouted. “What do you mean you wouldn’t *feel right about it*? Are you some kind of slave-loving commie liberal?”

“Hell no!” Steve said quickly.

That was the kind of accusation that could get you in real trouble if people believed it.

“Then act like a fucking freeman!” my brother barked at him. “The boy’s been conditioned to want to please you. He’s a total cock slut now. So give him what he needs.”

And then Doug pointed at my dick and laughed.

“Look how hard he’s getting! The boy gets off on sucking cock.”

I felt my face turning red. My brother was right. I was semi-hard. Some part of me had given in to his bullshit brain-washing techniques.

Doug marched Steve over to me.

“Be a man and take what you’re entitled to,” he told my friend. “My boy is a real pro. He’ll give you the blowjob of your life.”

Steve looked down at me. Kneeling there naked with my buzzcut hair, and the slave collar, and the barcode tattoos. With my waxed legs and armpits and my carefully trimmed

pubes. I probably didn't look anything like the boy who used to come to his pool parties every Friday.

Slowly, Steve unzipped his jeans and pulled out his hard cock.

"Okay, boy," my brother said. "Show him what you can do."

I glared at Doug. But he just grinned at me and moved his hand to the slave prod hanging from his belt. A reminder that he could *make* me do this, one way or another.

Reluctantly, I opened my mouth and went down on my former friend.

Steve was already pretty excited. He threw back his head and moaned as I deep-throated him. It wasn't long before I could feel his hard dick throbbing in my mouth, and I realized that he was getting close.

And then he suddenly grabbed the back of my head and started face fucking me, hard and fast.

"Oh yeah, boy! Fuck yeah!"

He slammed his dick in all the way to the hilt, and I felt his hot jizz shooting down the back of my throat. And then he stood there, shaking, as I sucked down the last few drops of his cum, draining him dry.

"Jesus," he muttered.

He looked around at the other boys, who were all staring at him.

"So," Doug asked. "Was I right?"

"Uh, yeah," Steve admitted, a little shaken. "That was the best blowjob of my life."

After that, the other guys weren't so shy. They came up, eager to test out that magic mouth of mine. But Doug added a new twist: Each boy had to promise that he would log into the app and leave me a five-star review afterwards.

It figures. My brother always has an angle.

I found myself going down on guys that I'd known for years. But at some point I stopped keeping track of the names and the faces and all the broken friendships. They weren't individuals anymore. They were a mob. A bunch of drunk, horny guys who'd been given permission to do anything that they wanted with me.

And then Doug spotted Mike, standing apart from the group.

"Hey, O'Brian! Don't you want a piece of this?"

"Uh... I'm okay, Doug. I should probably go."

"Now? And miss all the fun?"

Doug put his arm around Mike, guiding him into the center of the group.

"Yeah, the thing is, I've got a girlfriend," Mike said. "And she wouldn't..."

"Fuck Carol," Doug said. "She's not here. And anyway, she knows that sex with a slave doesn't count."

"Yeah!" Steve said. "And the boy's blowjobs are even better than Carol's!"

Mike started to protest. But then Doug pulled him close and whispered something in his ear.

I saw my friend's eyes go wide. He looked shocked for a moment. And then he stared at me, his eyes burning with hate.

Oh, fuck. I knew exactly what Doug had told him.

Mike shoved his way through the circle of boys. He unzipped his fly and slapped me in the face with his semi-hard dick.

“Come on, cocksucker! Show me what you’re good for!”

A cheer went up from the mob, as Mike joined in. He grabbed the back of my head and shoved his dick into my mouth. And then he started brutally face fucking me. I coughed and gagged while he rammed his cock down my throat. But Mike didn’t let up. It was like he had something to prove.

Doug grinned, like he’d won another victory in whatever fucked-up game he thought we were playing. He went into the house and came back with a bottle of lube.

“If you think his mouth is good, wait ‘till you see how much he likes taking it in the ass!”

Doug shoved me onto the ottoman and had me get down on all fours. If any of the guests were shocked to see my own brother fucking me, they didn’t say anything. But then, they weren’t seeing me as “Wes” anymore. I wasn’t even a person, just something for them to play with. A sex toy with pulse.

The other guys were quick to join in. I remember Rick pounding my ass while his brother Aaron stuffed his dick down my throat. Levi and Jayden and Steve, laughing and cheering each other on as they took turns screwing my brains out.

At some point I looked up and spotted Doug’s friend Elliot. He was over on the steps, sitting with the bitches and that personal assistant. Just sitting there, sipping a beer and watching the action, with this sort of sad expression.

I can’t figure Elliot out. He’s a rich kid, and he talks like he has no problem using slaves for sex. But when it comes to me, something is different. I guess because he still sees me as Doug’s kid brother. It’s weird that a stranger would hold onto my old identity like that, when all my friends seemed to have forgotten it.

The fuckfest went on for what seemed like hours. Guy after guy, shooting their loads up my butt or down my throat. Until it seemed like all of them were finally spent.

Except for Mike.

He pinned me down spread-eagle on the leather ottoman and fucked me like an animal. Hammering his dick into me over and over again in a frenzy.

“You’ve been screwing my mom!” he growled in my ear. “You asked me to risk my freedom for you, and the whole time you were *screwing my mom!*”

He slammed his cock into me as hard as he could, and I felt his hot cum shooting up inside me. Burning away the last traces of my old life.

After that, the party started to wrap up. As the boys came down from their sexual high, they began to feel a little embarrassed about what had happened. They pulled on their clothes, had a final beer, and then slowly drifted off.

Doug had me show the frat boys to their rooms. Elliot and the redhead and the bitches were sleeping in the garage apartment. And the stocky boy and his personal assistant were sleeping in my old room. — I mean, our fancy new guest room.

When everyone was squared away, I limped into the shower, sore and exhausted. I stood under the hot water for a long time, soaping myself up over and over. But I was never gonna feel clean again. Not really.

By the time I dried off, Doug had already passed out. I crawled into my sleeping bag at the foot of the bed. And then I started to cry.

I couldn't go on like this. I just couldn't. But there was only one more day until the rains came.

And I still didn't know how I was gonna get out of this fucking collar.

* * *

The next morning, Doug kicked me awake. He ordered me to get dressed, and then he sent me down to the restaurant to pick up breakfast for his guests.

I brought the food back, and plated and served it up to the frat boys. They sat around our dining room table, chowing down on Eggs Benedict, while they bragged about their fabulous careers and how much money they were making. Doug rambled on and on about all the great things that he'd done for Dad's restaurant and kept hinting that he was ready for a "new challenge." But none of the other boys seemed interested in hiring the self-annointed marketing genius.

At one point, the stocky boy's sexy Asian assistant came in with a message for him. — Apparently, she was allowed to have a phone. — She whispered something in his ear, and he thought about it for a moment.

"Tell them ten-and-a-half, but no higher."

"Yes, master."

As she turned and walked away, there was a chorus of complaints from the other boys.

"Dude, you can't keep teasing us with that!" Elliot said.

The stocky boy rolled his eyes.

"Well... I suppose that I could throw you guys a bone."

He called his assistant back and had her go down on the other boys, right there at our dining room table. From what I could see, she seemed pretty good at it, and she got each of the boys off shockingly quickly. I wondered if she'd had professional training, like on that *Slave Breakers* show that my brother likes so much.

Doug grinned as he shot his load into her mouth.

"Damn, she's almost as good as my boy," he said. "But next time, I want to fuck her."

"Yeah," the stocky boy said, chuckling. "I bet you do."

He really loved having something that the other boys wanted so desperately. It made him the "alpha dog" in their pack.

Afterwards, the frat boys packed up and left. They were all eager to get out of town before the rain started. Elliot was the last to go.

"See you around, Doug."

He looked at me for a moment, but he didn't say anything. And then he was gone.

* * *

Doug had me do the dishes, and then he ordered me to clean up the mess from the party. I spent the rest of the morning picking up beer cans and paper plates from our backyard. Cleaning the grill. Wiping off the leather ottoman. And trying not to think about what had happened there the night before.

But I couldn't help it. I kept flashing back to one friend's face after another, laughing as they took their turns with me.

I was still loading up the trash bags when Doug came out.

"Jesus, you're slow," he said. "You'll have to finish this later. I've got some paying work for you."

He had me put on a fresh uniform. But he didn't go through the whole routine of cleaning me out and shoving that metal plug up my butt. So I figured that this gig was just some landscaping work. Maybe somebody who needed their gutters cleaned before the rain.

I guess that was good news. Lord knows, I needed a break from getting fucked. And maybe I'd get lucky, and the client would have an angle grinder sitting in their garage. Though that seemed like long odds.

We got in the car. But Doug only drove two blocks and then stopped in front of the O'Brian's house.

Oh, fuck. This was going to be even harder now that Mike knew.

Doug marched me up to the house and rang the bell. Mrs. O'Brian answered the door, and my brother said that he'd be back to pick me up in a couple of hours.

"Yeah, that will be fine," she said.

As soon as the door closed, she leapt into my arms. Kissing me enthusiastically. I guess Mike hadn't said anything to her. I sure wouldn't have, in his situation.

But I guess she noticed that I was a little off.

"What's wrong, Wes?"

"Um... I've just had a really tough few days," I told her.

She smiled at me seductively.

"I know what will make you feel better," she said, sliding her hands under the shirt of my slave uniform.

Of course she didn't want to hear about my problems. She just wanted to live out this little fantasy of hers. Making love to a hot guy who would listen to her drone on for hours about anything that was bugging her. I wasn't allowed to have issues of my own.

I started tearing up. I just didn't have anything left inside. I was all used up. And it was starting to look like I would be a slave forever. The rains were going to start that night, and I still hadn't found a way out of the collar.

And then I suddenly realized how goddamn stupid I was being. I needed an angle grinder. And I was standing right there with a woman who was desperately in love with me. A woman whose husband owned the auto shop.

I'd always rejected the idea of asking Mike's mom for help, because... well, because she was *fucking crazy*. But I was out of options.

I took a deep breath. To make this work, I was gonna have to really sell it. I was gonna have to push all her buttons, so that she would have no choice but to help me escape.

I pulled her hand out from under my shirt.

“Barbara. I’ve got to tell you something.”

“Sure, Wes. What is it?”

“Well, there’s no easy way to say this. But... this is the last time that I’m ever gonna see you,” I said, choking up a little.

Her eyes went wide.

“What are you talking about?” she asked.

“My family has decided to sell me. Dad says he needs the money for his restaurant. They’re sending me down to the auction house in Sacramento tomorrow. I don’t know where I’ll go from there. The lawyer thinks that I’ll probably get bought by some breeder.”

“They can’t!” Mrs. O’Brian yelled, grabbing my hand. “They can’t do that!”

“Yeah, they can,” I said. “I’m a slave, so they can do anything they want with me.”

I paused, realizing that I was gonna have to push harder than that.

“I just want you to know what you’ve meant to me,” I told her. “The only thing that has kept me sane through all this is knowing that I’d get to see you every week. Without that... fuck, I don’t know how I’m gonna keep going.”

Tears started streaming down my face. I was so fucked up that they were never far from the surface. I hugged her tightly, like I was holding onto her for dear life.

Finally, she got the idea.

“Wes? What if there was a way for us to stay together?”

“We can’t,” I said. “They’ll never let us. And it’s not like you can afford to buy me.”

“Wes, you remember that dream that we’ve always talked about? You and me, running away to Canada? What if we really did it?”

“No way,” I said. “It’s too risky. I’d never be able to live with myself if anything happened to you.”

Mrs. O’Brian got this big smile on her face. I was giving her exactly what every hopeless romantic wanted. The chance to risk *everything* for love.

She cupped my face in her hands.

“Listen to me, Wes. It’s gonna be okay. We’re gonna get to Canada. And we’re gonna be together.”

“Are you sure? I can’t ask you to do this.”

“You don’t have to ask,” she said.

“Okay. But we’ll have to leave tonight,” I told her. “And I can’t go anywhere until we get this collar off me. It’s got a GPS chip in it.”

She took a long, hard look at my collar. For all of her big talk about us running away together someday, she’d never actually thought about how to do it.

“We’ll have to find something to cut this off,” she said.

Duh.

“It’s hardened steel,” I told her. “The only thing that will cut through it is an angle grinder.”

“I think my husband has something like that around the shop,” she said.

“Can you get it?” I asked. “Do you have a key? Or the alarm code?”
“Yeah, I have to pick up things for him sometimes. And I know where he keeps the tools.”

“Great! Have you ever used an angle grinder?”

She shook her head.

Fuck. I’d hoped that being married to a mechanic, she might have picked up a thing or two.

“Well, do you think you can learn? I’ll bet there are videos online that will...”

“Yeah. I’ll figure it out.”

“You’re amazing,” I said, and then I kissed her.

“So here’s what we’re going to do,” I told her. “After everyone goes to bed, you’ll go to the shop and get the angle grinder. Then you’ll meet me at the abandoned house on Mulberry Street at midnight. We’ll cut off my collar. And then we’ll start driving. We’ll keep going all the way to Canada. Nobody from this town will ever see us again. And we’ll finally be together, the way we always wanted.”

I thought it was a pretty good speech. But Mrs. O’Brian seemed to be wavering. Now that her dream was really happening, I was worried that she’d lose her nerve.

“Are you sure about this?” I asked her. “Are you sure that you really want to risk *everything* for us?”

Mrs. O’Brian got this determined look in her eye.

“Yeah, Wes. I would risk *everything* for us.”

“So would I,” I told her.

Yeah, that had her back on the hook.

I carried her up the stairs and through her down on the bed. And then we made crazy love. I pulled out all the stops, using every trick I knew to really show her a good time. She had three orgasms before I finally came, too.

I figured that I’d better keep her happy. At least until we cut this damn collar off.

“Jesus, Wes. You’re incredible.”

“So are you, Barbara. And every single day is gonna be like this,” I promised her. “Once we’re in Canada.”

* * *

I heard the doorbell ring, and realized that our two hours were up.

“Don’t forget,” I told her. “Midnight tonight. And then nobody will ever keep us apart.”

“I’ll be there, Wes.”

We sealed it with a kiss. And then Mrs. O’Brian took me downstairs and returned me to my brother.

Doug took me home and had me clean up the rest of the mess from the party. As I bagged up the beer cans, I worked out the rest of my plans for that night.

My original plan had been to hike to freedom. Get Mrs. O'Brian to cut off the collar, and then ditch her and take off into the mountains on my own. But now, the prospect of a warm, dry car ride was awfully tempting. If she drove nonstop, we could get to the border in twenty-four hours. Drive up into the hills. And then cross into Canada on foot.

But only if nobody was looking for us. That was the problem. The moment a BOLO went out, we were dead. Every cop and every traffic camera between here and Canada would be scanning for our faces and the car's license plate. And we'd be caught before we got anywhere close to the border.

I thought about Doug. He was going to be the only freeman in our house that night. And there was a way to make sure that he couldn't report my escape. I felt kind of sick, thinking about it. But I would get over my scruples. To win my freedom, I was gonna have to become as ruthless as my brother, and prove which one of us was the real *alpha dog*.

The bigger problem was Mrs. O'Brian. Her husband was bound to notice that she was missing the next morning, along with their car. He'd try calling her to find out where she was. And if she didn't answer, he'd probably go to the cops.

But if I let Mrs. O'Brian get on the phone with her husband, who knows what crazy things she might say? He might even talk her into turning around and coming home. She was obviously still in love with the guy, or she wouldn't be so mad at him all the time.

No, the safer thing would be to have her send a text message in the morning.

"I'm taking a few days for myself. I need to think about our relationship."

Given how fucked-up their marriage was, that seemed plausible.

Mr. O'Brian wouldn't want to report his marital problems to the sheriff. At least, not right away. He might get worried after he didn't hear from his wife for a couple of days. But that was okay. By then I'd be safely over the border.

Of course... the slave police would be investigating my escape. They'd wonder if Mrs. O'Brian had really acted alone, and if she'd had any help getting that angle grinder out of her husband's shop. And since everybody knew that Mike used to be my best friend, they'd definitely bring him in for questioning.

Oh, fuck. Mike... well, it's not like Mike would be able to stand up to a professional interrogation like that. They'd trick him, or confuse him, or intimidate him into giving up everything. He'd tell them about our meeting in the alley, when he'd filled me in on the angle grinder and how it could cut through hardened steel. Maybe he hoped that they'd go easy on him, since he hadn't actually stolen one for me. But the slave police didn't go easy on anyone. They'd arrest him for failing to report the conversation. And then he'd be enslaved.

As mad as I was at Mike, I still didn't wish that on him. He was a young, attractive guy, so I knew exactly what kind of work he'd be trained for. Maybe he'd wind up at the same porn company that had bought Jeff, the quarterback from our high school.

But Mike had decided that we weren't friends anymore. So what happened to him wasn't my problem. I just had to get my own ass to Canada. No matter what it took.

When I was done with the backyard, Doug had me wash the sheets and towels in the guest room and the garage apartment. And then he had me put on my dress uniform for dinner.

The restaurant had closed after lunch, in anticipation of the heavy rains. So Doug ordered a pizza and had it delivered to the house. There was something sad and pathetic about it. My

brother, sitting there all alone at our big dining room table, eating pizza off the good china while he scrolled through social media on his phone. I stood in the corner, refilling his glass as he worked his way through another bottle of Dad's expensive wine.

Afterwards, he dragged me upstairs in a drunken stupor and shoved me onto his bed.

"Not so special anymore, are you, boy?" he said, slurring his words as he struggled to take off his shirt.

"You, with your ten-inch dick and your fancy friends and your parties and your girls. You thought you were hot shit, didn't you? You even took Shawn away from me. My best fucking friend, and you fucked it all up!"

He managed to get his shirt off. But then he stumbled while trying to take off his shoes, and almost fell over.

"Well, who's Mr. Popular now? Huh, boy? Now that everybody knows what you are, and what you're good for?"

He awkwardly pulled off his pants and then fell onto the bed with me.

"I've always been the smart one," he said, giving me a sloppy pat on the cheek. "The one who understands how the world really works. And that's what makes me the alpha dog. And you, my fucking bitch."

He grabbed the lube off the nightstand and oiled up his dick. And then he forced my legs apart and climbed on top of me. He was drunk and rough, and he talked shit about me the whole time. But it was hard for me not to smile. Because I knew how this was all gonna end for him.

He made a big deal of it when I came with his dick inside me, blabbering on about my "slave response" and how this proved that I liked being his bitch. And then I shuddered, as I felt his hot load shooting up inside me. The last time that I'd ever have to take it from that bastard.

Doug collapsed onto the bed and passed out a few seconds later. I watched him for a couple of minutes, to make sure that he was out. And that's when I heard it:

The pitter-patter of raindrops on the roof. Just a few at first. But getting louder and stronger, until it sounded like a herd of cattle stampeding on top of the house. I looked out the window and saw it coming down in torrents.

I almost laughed. I'd been so worried about being ready for the rain. A week-long window when drones couldn't fly, and dogs couldn't track. And now it didn't even matter. I was gonna be riding to Canada, not walking.

Still, I didn't want to seem ungrateful.

"Thanks for the help," I said to God, or Fate, or Luck, or whoever had arranged that atmospheric river. "But I got this now."

I grabbed the backpack from the attic. My plans had changed, but Mrs. O'Brian and I would still need to look like hikers when we got close to the border. I stuffed the tarps into it and strapped the sleeping bag to the top of it. But I didn't bother to pack the bag of slave kibble that I'd bought. I'd never have to touch that fucking stuff again.

I got my rain jacket and the freeman clothes that I was gonna wear for the trip. Jeans and a grey hoodie that would cover the barcode tattoo on my neck. I got Doug's keyring out of his pocket, and unlocked the cock cage and the shock ring. I sure as hell wasn't taking those to Canada with me.

And then I got the steak knife out from under Doug's bed, where I'd hid it a few weeks before.

There was only one sure way to make sure that my brother never reported me missing.

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I planned my escape so carefully. But in the end, nothing went the way I thought it would. Except for this: Against all odds, this was the moment when my life started to get better.

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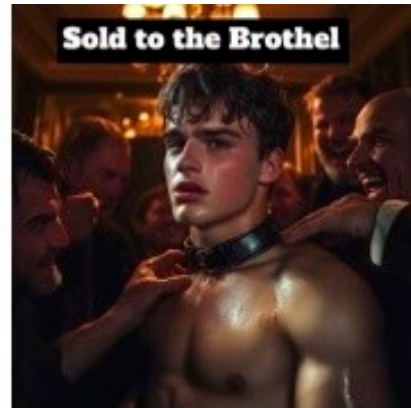
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