

The door shut as my latest Patron walked out of the room, my shaven hole twitched as the warmth of his penetration still lingered in my muscles. I lay there spent and not really feeling, other than the dull ache in my arse, the throb of jutting dick against the mattress and the hot, wet, sensation of liquid travelling down my inner thigh. I lay there, more out of device than choice, my heavy muscular arms, still taut from my morning training, shackled behind my back and my legs tied wide apart.

From any vantage I was a pervert's wet dream. All muscular, naturally hairy; cleanly shaven, 6'3" of me – the only hair I had left was the hair on my head, cut neatly into a centred ponytail and a quiff – the Masters would tell me at times how much of a show pony I looked. A manicured horse to parade for their guests (this led to them inserting a horse-tail plug in me, fitting me with a horse bit and taking turns riding me around the estate, whipping my thighs and low hanging balls) and they would parade me often.

The only details I knew of my captivity was that I had been captured by an organisation called The Coven. I had learnt this on the occasion that one particularly lazy Master had been at Breakfast and had me on my knees between his legs underneath his heavy gut, suckling at his balls whilst making polite conversation with his business partner. It was then, whilst dutifully sucking, that I had learnt that not only was The Coven one of the leading Private Societies for the wealthy elite but it had come to be so from the illicit slave trade that it so pleasingly benefitted from. I was not alone.

But I knew that already. When I wasn't fucking or being fucked by my brothers I was helping them with the chores around the estate. Often naked, sometimes clothed (depending on the guests) we would rarely speak other than to communicate what needed to be done.

Though that wasn't true of them all. Paul, my cell mate and brother slave, was the only person in the world that I trusted – he had been here since I had, a captive at 18 just like me. We were opposites, where I was brawny he was lithe. Where I was dark of hair, he was light. Where I was tall he was short, but beyond our differences as souls we were alike.

Coupling had been forbidden by the Masters as it encouraged rebellion and made disciplining slaves difficult if one were to try and "rescue" the other. It never ended well. So, to the outside eye, and to our Masters, we were as separate and distant as two slaves with two single minds – but at night, when I wasn't strung up and sold, I would grab him into my arms and hold him as if we'd been separated for years.

I longed for that moment now. Now as the lights in the room turned on and filled my vision momentarily. It was a Keeper who'd come to make me presentable for the next Patron. I felt the cool swab of the damp clothe bathe my skin and wipe away the drying cum from my thigh and hole. He roughly washed my face and brushed my teeth with the empathy and compassion of a doctor performing surgery. As soon as he started he had finished and disappeared, returning the lights to low.

I couldn't see my new Patron when he entered but judging from the footsteps there was more than one. It wasn't another Keeper, it was far too early – the squeak of his heels told me this was a Master or a paying Patron.

There was movement next to me, the bed dipped down on my left and I felt a jacketed arm lay onto the small of my back. "Have you missed me" his velvety tones started – I knew immediately who it was. A particularly cruel Patron who seemed obsessed with me and always asked for me when he visited. An older gentlemen, silver haired, prominent gut, moustachioed and a big, deep belly laugh.

"Grandaddy?" I whispered.

“That’s me, Son” his hand caressed along my backside whilst his other came over and squeezed my left buttock – they quickly parted my cheeks and I felt a thick digit trail down my cleft and across my still wet hole “How’s my sweet pussy boy been holding up, have you missed your Granddaddy’s cock, boy?”

I twitched my hole instinctively and felt it pulse onto his finger. He cooed then laughed gruffly.

“That’s twisted man” came the whispered breath of one of the other men who were in the room. The air was ripe with sweat and bodily fluids, a thick heat made my skin sweat and I felt the man I called “Granddaddy” (though we weren’t related by blood) pause his caresses.

“You don’t like it Rodrigo?” Granddaddy asked, his words were laced with the kind of menace I’d only heard when we were deep into our play previously “come here”. It was an order rather than an ask.

“I’m good over here, Boss”

“Tito, bring your friend over” Another order and the sound of reluctant footsteps slowly approaching “You know me Rodrigo. I love pussy, I live for it. Damn near breath the shit. I know pussy and I know ass” He paused “if you can look me in the eye and tell me that this right here” he clutched my buttocks and shook the heavy, rounded, shaven glutes “isn’t the sweetest fucking ass-pussy you’ll ever fucking taste in your fucking life then we’ll go, right now”

There was an uncomfortable silence

“Right now, Rodrigo” He said “Do you know why we’re not moving? We’re not, because you can’t tell me there’s something out there sweeter than this” He tapped my hole swiftly with an open palm “this shit” another tap, a little harder “is the best” another “fucking” another, harder “ass pussy” I moaned with another hit “in this place, aren’t you son?”

“Yes Granddaddy – I want you so bad Daddy, please breed me” I arched my back and pushed my ass out to him – I felt his hand swoop down for another hit, but stop when he got close enough and gently stroked my hole again only this time he slipped a finger in. I tightened instinctively onto him and moaned in my best ‘sissy’ voice.

“See Boys?” His tone changed “Fucking Beautiful” another pause and he slipped another digit inside of me “Rodrigo” he said after a moment of silent fingering “put your lips to this hole”

There was nothing, then the sound of footsteps and the slight click of a knee and I felt a new pair of hands on my thigh. Softer than ‘Granddaddy’s’, somehow wider – powerful. I felt them spread me and after a second the flat of his large tongue ran from my taint, up over my tight puckered hole and up and out from the crack.

“You see?” I heard Granddaddy say – again, only silence and a moment before Rodrigo’s tongue dived back into my hole – this time, I felt his stubble and his strong jaw work around me. It was wonderful, he was putting everything into it. He stopped, spat, blew, smacked and worked my shaft with a free hand. Granddaddy had leaned backwards and tweaked at my nipples, watching my face go from ecstasy to ecstasy with each tongue movement. He also began to use his tongue across my neck which set my back arching.

“You like that, baby?” he whispered into my ear between nibbles “You like your big brother eating your hole?” I murmured back my approval “you love how your Daddy makes you feel right Baby? You want cock? Which do you want first Baby?” before I could respond he kissed me on the mouth, bending my head backwards.

“Yours Daddy” I said with saliva running down my chin from the kiss.

“Yeah baby, yeah, you know how to make your Granddaddy happy don’t you – and I want to be inside you again, so bad baby - arch your back pussy boy, open your hole for big brothers tongue – yeah that’s it.” He sighed, a deep sigh “I just wish I could take you home, pound that tight hole of yours every damn day” He paused to admire Rodrigo’s work “you like that don’t you – Rodrigo” he ordered “lube that hole up for me deep and I might just let you have a piece”

His tongue seemed to dart further into me, if that was even possible, I moaned into Granddaddy – bit my bottom lip, strained against my cuffs and pushed myself further back on to the invading tongue.

“Fuck me” Rodrigo breathed as he came up for air “look at that” each word punctuated with a tap to my rear “I don’t normally go for muscle guys but this hole is something fuckin’ else”.

“Tito” Granddad said “Your Boss and his boy are hard, where’s yours?”

I heard movement again, this time turning my head to look over my shoulder to see if I could see Tito. Average build, beardless, not big, tall or anything. But as he undressed I saw why he had a place in this trio. The length and girth of the meat that swung between Tito’s legs when he unzipped his fly and let his trousers fall to the ground was mesmerising. I only pulled my eyes away to glimpse the head of Rodrigo, tan, broad shoulders (near enough my own size, maybe a bit smaller), slicked back black hair, as he bobbed up and down against my hole.

“I’m all here Boss” His voice was gruff, he sounded as though he had smoked a great deal over a long time. “-but I don’t rise to the occasion on a whim – Maybe Rodrigo here could use some of those tongue talents on me”

An immediate “Fuck off” between mouthfuls told me that Rodrigo wasn’t interested.

The next thing I felt were the clasps of my bonds being untied from my wrists and ankles – I became very aware that I was now free to move and turned to face Granddaddy who was by now, moving himself over onto the plush leather sofa by the wall. Largest enough to sit a group let alone three. “Tito, Rodrigo, get over here”.

The tongue ceased its lapping and he gave me one last smack and a squeeze of both cheeks. I saw both Rodrigo and Tito make their way to the Sofa and sit side by side to Granddaddy. “Kiss our feet pussy boy show the older men in the family how much you want them”

I stood as slowly as I could so the two strangers could see me in full. Every inch of my body was a sculpted masterpiece – not too big, not too low in body fat. The perfect model of manhood except for my completely shaven body – Masters told me it made me look younger and more pure. I could see Granddaddy smiling as I walked over to them only to stand in-front of them admiring the three men in front of me.

I walked towards them and my time with the three gentlemen began.

---

The birds were singing outside when the Keepers came and took me back to my cell – my knees were sore, and it had taken the two of the burly keepers to get me to my feet.

Before long I was back in my cell. Paul wasn’t there which was strange but not uncommon, he was likely in some room somewhere with a Patron or two, or busy at some function of the masters

devising – he was pretty and easy to look at, easier still to drool over. Whatever he was doing I'm sure he'd be returning soon. I reserved my panic for later and eased myself onto my cot ready to embrace what little sleep I could.

It was 2 hours later when the cell doors opened and in the half light and through semi closed eyes I spied my only companion enter. Something was wrong though. He seemed unsteady and had to be held by the keeper (only one as he was much slighter than their solid mass). I could see markings on him and what dimly looked like blood trickling down his legs.

I had to exercise every ounce of restraint not to jump from my cot and tend to him but I knew that in the presence of the keepers, not only would I face dire consequences but greater still would Paul be put in danger and that was something I couldn't afford.

I heard the keeper muttering to himself as he lifted the boy up and onto the mattress. He paused for too long once he had done so. That moment felt thick, like time slowing. He was thinking, a dangerous act for a Keeper. In a heartbeat the Keeper lifted himself onto the bed with Paul. I felt the bed groan under his weight, he was heavy set, hairy and lumbering – a keeper I know by the name of Beer Can.

And then the pounding began. That thumping sound of flesh hitting flesh, accented by the screams of the metal cage of our beds. Had the beams of the bed not been made of sterner stuff I most certainly would have been crushed on the collapse. Each heavy thud meant a new sensation of pain for Paul, he had been bred for perfection and this act of the Keepers not only jeopardised that, it was downright sadistic. The Masters would surely find out when he was next inspected. It could mean Paul's withdrawal, or worse.

I bit my tongue and strained every muscle to not intervene, whilst it may go badly for Paul if the Keeper were interrupted it would go worse for both of us if I did the interrupting.

The door to our cell clanged suddenly and the thumping stopped as quickly as it had begun.

"Can! What's the hold up?" A loud, booming voice ordered – tinged with fear. If a Keeper took too long, in a cell with a slave like me – it could be bad.

"Just showing the slaves who's boss, Boss" called back Beer Can.

"Next cell round, now!" he barked, still from outside "or you'll be docked for my time"

Beer Can grumbled and vehemently gave one last plunge into Paul's delicate body. He was breathing heavily as he looked down at that pale white skin of Paul's, like glass in the moonlight. Whilst some men would whisper love at that sight, Beer Can's mind was made of stranger stuff.

"One day I'm going to own your sorry cunt" It was a loud whisper "you're mine, remember that"