Made Myself a Slave

by Cyberboy [M/b, rape, bondage, tort]

From: Cyberboy < cyberboy x 10@msn.com>

Subject: MadeMyselfaSlave (M/b, cons, bondage,torture,rape)

(WARNING: This is obviously fiction...nothing like it has ever happened in real life, nor should it, probably, ever! If you are at all bothered by scenes of Man/boy sex, then you will not enjoy this. And finally, this should not be taken as an excuse to cause any sort of abuse to a boy. Cyberboy <cyberboyx10@msn.com>

Hi, my name's Danny and I'm an 8-year old 2nd-grader and I'm a really smart kid in a class of real smart, accelerated kids, and I'm cute, and cuddly, and oh yeah, I'm totally a little faggot. I'm known since forever that I like other boys and Men. I mean, not just that I like to play with boys more than I like to play with girls...I mean that other guys really DO turn me on and girls just don't. And ok, sure, you don't believe me and you think I'm just a stupid kid who doesn't even know what being 'turned on' means. So let me be specific here, it's not that I don't like girls...I can play with them and talk with them and it doesn't bother me at all. But girls don't make me get a boner like boys do, boys and men, I should say. Look, I've seen pictures and vids of girls and nothing happens. But when I look at the same sort of thing with boys and Men, I getta boner every time! Whether you like it or not, I'm old enough to have sex-dreams, and always dream about being naked and having sex with boys and Men...not ever girls or women.

Is that gay enough for you?

It's every parents nightmare how a curious kid can find all sorts of picture sites and stuff on the internet. A few months ago I was looking up anime sites for some Japanese cartoons I like, and came across some shota-style artwork. In case you don't know, shota means boy-sex stuff, either with a girl or a woman or a boy or a Man, or some kind of weird, tentacled monster too, actually. It's for pervy people who like boys and want to do sex-things with boys, and the stuff available is either single-drawings or comic-book pages (Japanese comics are called manga) in like, a whole story.

Right away, I didn't really like the ones with a boy and a girl or woman, ick. But I totally liked the ones with a boy and another boy, or a Man. Those were hot to me, and I searched around and found quite a lot. The boy in the drawings sometimes sucks dick or gets his own dick sucked, but he almost always gets fucked. I thought that was especially hot. The manga stories always started the sex-scenes (the best part) with, like, the boy screaming and crying his head off at being fucked (whether he'd actually wanted to get it or not, from the start of the story), but by the end, he was always liking it. A real common theme in this stuff is Force, like where the boy

is held down or gripped tight, or even ganged up on. Another thing they like to show is bondage, where the boy is tied up so that he can be fucked by the guy (or guys) who want to do it to him without having to hold him down and fight with him so much. The bondage stuff, like if it's a story, the boy is always drawn like it hurts a lot and doesn't always come-around to liking it by the end. That didn't matter to me at all actually, because right off the bondage shota became, the fave stuff for me look at. I always saved bondage art like that and I could even endure some of the girl or woman-stuff if it had particularly good bondage, as long as they were doing stuff to a boy.

I also liked it more when the boy who was getting it looked really young, like my age, because what always gave me a boner was imagining that I was the boy that was getting it! For real, I would look at this stuff on my computer and pretend like it was me that was tied up and getting raped or tormented in some sexy kind of way. Not only was I thinking a LOT about sex at my age, but I also had the weird idea that sex for a boy was mostly getting fucked up his butt, which would always totally hurt at first, but gradually become something that he really liked. Except sometimes he wouldn't because maybe it was too hard or something. It didn't matter, either way was OK with me, because this stuff always gave me a hard-on! I really liked the idea of a bigger boy or a Man pushing me down with my wrists tied together behind my back, and then lifting up my legs and pushing them down so that my knees were against my shoulders so that he could utter sexually molest me! That was a word, molestation that always got me excited...I mean boner-excited. I totally wanted to be molested. I totally wanted to fall into the hands of some nasty perv who would wanna have sex with me soooo much that he'd tie me up and make me do it even if it was hurting me and making me cry. 'Cuz I knew for sure that I'd be liking it a TON by the end.

I was now spending a lot of time on my computer. There are always new links to follow to find other sites. It was easy to find the boy-love and Man-boy love sites and find out what it was all about. Any kid nowadays knows at least something about pervs, y'know, that they exist and all, even if kids don't know exactly what it is they want to do that makes them so bad. Well, now I knew, except I didn't think it was so bad at all. Pervs wanna have sex with boys, well that was OK with me. In fact, I totally felt that I needed a perv in my life.

Anyway, there are sites where people post messages and chat and say all sorts of things about boy-love (or BL as they mostly call it), and some of it is really boring! For instance, some of these places have lots of photos posted by members, with my fave kinds of pics being the ones where the boy is in shorts or underwear or speedo swimsuits. I had no idea what a speedo swimsuit looked like until then, but right away after, I wanted to wear one and look sexy like that. So the photos weren't boring, true, but members would post comments to go with them and mostly say stuff about the "purity of boys" and "innocence" and how much they'd never hurt a boy or do anything but cuddle or whatever. There were some of guys who would write stuff that was extremely hot like, "That boy is too sexy not to get fucked like he totally deserves!" But then they'd get harassed by the cuddlers and told how wrong they were to think like that and stuff. I always thought this was pretty fake by the way that the piccys of the boys that were nearly naked were always the most popular. Not everyone who said he was a cuddler would just cuddle if he ever got the chance, I figured.

Either way didn't stop me from downloading lots of pics of boys and older boys and some Men! I really liked the ones where a younger boy (meaning like me) was with an older boy or with a Man. Because that meant to me that they were having sex with the younger boy, always, without fail, every time. That's the way my own pervy little mind went.

I did like pics of boys my age and a little older, especially the sexier ones where they're posing kind of like they want to get thoroughly molested. But mostly I filled lots of folders on my computer with pics of older boys and Men, specially when I could see the really cool dicks in their speedos and especially more if they were particular strong-looking, muscular guys. I was majorly into that, I was an utter size-queen boy-faggot...I wanted my guys hot, hung and muscular! And then I started finding porn-story sites and porn-picture sites with real naked pictures of super-hot, mega-muscular guys with their incredibly big, ultra-stiff'n hard, totally naked Man-Cocks!! Have you ever licked your tongue against a computer screen? 'Cuz I sure have!

There was more too. I even came across porn-chat sites and BL chat-sites where the guys weren't always so nice about what they wanted to do with little boys. Definitely HOT! There really is a TON out there that kids my age really probably shouldn't ever see because they will become totally perverted like I am. Too bad I'm sharper at my computer and how to use it and its security and stuff than my parents.

I loved reading some of the sex-stories and sex-chat and learned a lot about these things that I just knew I wanted to do. I saw pics of cock-sucking (mostly Man on Man, but some boy on Man) and knew I wanted to do that. Some of my fave pics ever are of a boy my age sucking a really big cock and then having cum explode out of his mouth and then splashed on his face. I totally thought of the boy in that picture as "lucky" that he was getting to have sex already. Any time I saw a picture of a younger boy having sex, I didn't think of him as abused or exploited or whatever that 95% of the wusses at the BL sites would say (whether they meant it or not). I always thought of him as a lucky kid. Even if the Man had his hand behind the kid's head like he was making him do it, that was ok by me! Even if you could tell that the boy wasn't really enjoying it, I mean, that just made it better to me and made me think he was even luckier. I thought it'd be utter shota-coo' to have a Man make me suck his cock. I WANTED Men to make me have to do stuff like that!!

I would sit in front of the computer in just my underwear (both my Dad and my Step-Mom have jobs so I've got a lot of by-myself, home-alone time) and I would open my few pic-files of a boy my age sucking a dick or getting fucked, and I would rub myself and jerk off and push a finger or two up my butt and I'd tell the boy on the computer screen over and over what a lucky kid he was to get to have sex already! I loved reading stories about boys that were made to have sex. I read stories and mangas about Fathers or Teachers or whatever who would sell their boys for sex to other Men, and I thought that was HOT! I wished I had a dad who would take sexy pics of me and would have sex with me and let other Men have sex with me. I know it sounds weird, but getting molested and exploited and made into like a sexy little boy-whore was exactly what I knew I wanted! The idea of being a boy-prostitute on a dark street corner wearing sexy-tight leather shorts and a t-shirt and getting picked up by strange Men in cars who would do whatever-they-wanted to me actually did scare me a little because of some of the really ick-things in the

stores that would happen to the boy. But that kind of danger was also what really turned me on about it! Barely 8-years old or not, this was all stuff I WANTED to do...but I also figured I'd like it lots better if a Man still MADE me do it!

I started in on chatting and posting messages myself a little while back. I made a yahoo ID that said I was older than I am (18) but that I look a lot younger and that I like to act younger, like 13, and want to have sex with bigger guys. I posted a pic with my cell-phone I took of this really cute 15-year old guy that goes to a high school near to my school, and who looks like he's in junior high. He wasn't exactly my type, I'd rather get dragged into the locker room by the football team. But from time to time, I sort of stalked this kid to get other pics of him to send to guys who wanted more pics of "me." I figured I could pretty easily sound like an older kid with my chat-writing style, and I was right. Everybody's lying about something on the net anyway. For me it was reverse role-playing because I knew that NO one would believe I was 8-years old anyway, even if I admitted it. Or if they DID believe it they'd leave skid-marks running from me since I'd just have to be police jail-bait. I suppose their would be utter desperate and die-hard pervs who wouldn't, but I figured they were too stupid for me.

I did mention that I was really smart, right? Ok, admittedly this took a few tries and failures before I figured out how to do it for the best results, which was Hot Guys writing back to me!

Anyway, this all became an obsession. I was having constant sex-dreams and sex-thoughts. I started sleeping with my arms and legs outstretched like I'd been tied to bedposts and pretending being all scared that a man who'd kidnapped me was gonna rape me. I had tossed my old boxers underwear (that my parents had always bought for me) and switched to sexier briefs. I really loved briefs and got to where I just wore a pair of briefs as my pajamas for bed. My parents would tell me to get ready for bed and all I'd do is take my clothes off and then maaayyyybe wear my bathrobe too. I was an 8-year old kid, so they didn't think it meant anything like what it really meant! For me, it was boy-code to say, "Hey Dad, you could fuck me if you want!"

I knew that pervs mostly thought a kid in briefs was sexy, and I wanted to look sexy for pervs.

The school I went to is a private school with uniforms (white shirts, ties and dark blazers) where you can either wear matching dark pants or shorts. I switched to shorts, and I mean shorts that were definitely shorter than the other boys' shorts. Kind of like the sorts of shorts a Japanese school-boy in a shota-drawing would wear. I could stand the teasing because while I always got the highest grades I was also decent at sports, and so wasn't a total geek. Most of the teasing came from older boys and all that meant to me was that older boys were noticing me, which was so very cool! And besides, a few other kids my age started wearing shorter shorts too. For gym, I now exclusively wore lycra-spandex shorts, also kinda sexy short; and of course I also got myself a bright red, size 22 speedo-bikini for swimming that fit me tight and hot so that it looked like wicked sex when it was wet and clingy.

How my parents could not realize that all these switches and new purchases meant I was a drooling fag that was desperate for sex is beyond me. After all the stories I'd read, I could not believe that my Dad would not sneak into my room late at night, get on my bed on his knees with his legs on either side of my shoulders, and then wake me up by lifting up my head to make me

suck his cock. Then he'd throw aside my World Wrestling League sheets and pull my pyjamaunderwear off and stuff them into my mouth so that my Step-Mom wouldn't hear me screeeeeem as he fucked me good'n hard while telling me to stop crying because I deserved it!

It was all becoming too much. A finger or two up my butt wasn't cutting it anymore. I fell in *love* with some of my Dad's tools, slicking up the handles and pushing them inside me. I played definite favorites with this Philips head with a particular long handle, spurning the desires of the other tools! It always hurt at first to make it go in me, but I didn't care. Like a good shotaboy I knew that if it hurt that was because it was supposed to because I was so little...and anyway, I'd be liking it enough by the time it was over. So yeah, I blush a little, but I liked it sooooo much! Masturbating wasn't about jerking-off for me, it was about pushing something up my butt and then back and forth. Still, this was all just OK, but not exactly satisfying, I mean, for as much as I understood what satisfaction was. I'd read about climax and orgasm and knew I was too young for that. When exactly is it over when you're pushing something up your butt by yourself? I sure didn't know, but what I DID know was that I needed to get good and fucked by somebody for real soon! Like in the porn-stories, I needed to have hot Man-sperm shot into my mouth and try to swallow it all and have some run down my lips and drip off me; and I needed to have hot man-sperm explode up my ass! I just knew it! And the likeliest candidate for the job was my teacher at school.

It helped that Mr. Greyson was super-sexy, in his twenties and he works out a lot. I've seen him in his gym clothes when he takes us out to the field and he's got a really strong, muscular, great body, and I totally wanted him to molest me total majorly and fill me with lots of hot Mansperm! How many stories have you read about a Teacher or Coach who teaches a special student how to suck a grown Man's cock and then how to get fucked by a grown Man? Yeah, me too!! So I figured this was the likeliest prospect, particularly also that it seemed to me that Mr. Greyson liked me a lot too. And by that I mean, liked me in that special way, y'know, like he wanted to have total MAN-boy sex with me. Mostly because I noticed him noticing me after I'd started dressing like a sexier boy. And I checked and he didn't have any girl friends even though he's hot and I figured that meant that for sex he liked to perv on his class of schoolboys all day and then go home to jerk off with the thought of all of us in his mind. Did he moan my name as he finally climaxed and shot his sperm with desperate visions of me tied to my desk all naked for him to molest me and shoot hot Man-Sperm all deep inside me??? Ohhhh, I sure hoped so!

So finally, one day after school, I was alone in the classroom with Mr. Greyson. Everyone else had dashed of but I'd stayed behind to finish up a homework assignment (which I usually polished off in school so it wouldn't cut into my computer-sex time at home). Realizing that it was twenty-seven minutes after the last bell which meant we were really alone, I went up to his desk to talk about a book report that was gonna be due in a few days. I stood real close to him and could smell his scent which by the end of the day was a combination of perspiration and cologne. I always loved that smell 'cuz it turned me on and today was no exception so I got a boner in my shorts. My shorts are not only short, but they also fit pretty snug, so if you looked you could sorta tell when I got a stiff boy-dick. But he didn't notice, or didn't act like it anyway, and just snapped his fingers to get me to pay actual attention to the stupid school-stuff he was telling me.

I tried to be attentive and ask reasonable questions that would prolong this scene and keep me right up next to him so that he would notice that I had a boner and that I wanted him to make me suck his really big Man-Cock and that I wanted him to bend me over his desk, pull my shorts and underwear down my legs and fuck my brains out! Ok, I wasn't stupid and I DID know it wasn't as easy as in those crazy sex-stories and I'd first have to make him know that it was OK with me to do it and how I'd keep his secret!! And I also knew we probably wouldn't do it right here in the classroom (although that would be cool!), but I'd have to go home with him, or he'd come home with me or maybe we'd go somewhere else. I understood all that.

My only problem was that I was still a little shy about being a gay-boy back then. I know I made it sound easy, but it was hard for me to wear my shorts after I first got them, and my speedo and even briefs-as-underwear because almost no boys wear briefs-as-underwear anymore. According to some of the harder stories I've read, my sexy school shorts alone would be indication of my total faggotness and be practically an open invitation, with me just ASKING for some pervs to snatch me and rape me violently! And I knew how sexy I looked in my speedo and how much it was like wearing a sign saying, "Little Faggot Here!" Of course I also wanted that sort of attention, but just not all the teasing. Obviously I conquered my fears about that sort of thing and just wear them. This led me to finding out that most everyone doesn't really think the way I do, or the way the guys in these sex-stories do. I mean, there I'd stand in front of the mirror and think how I just looked like utter-sex and deserved to get molested, and my Step-Mom would come up and say how I looked so cute and adorable.

But she was a girl so what did she know?

Anyway, I was having a hard time figuring out what to say to Mr. Greyson. I couldn't bring myself to say the sort of stuff that the boys in some of the stories would say, y'know, the ones where the boy is a total boy-slut? It'd be way too embarrassing to just come and say, "Oh Mr. Greyson, why don't you teach me a lesson on how a Real Man fucks a boy?! I want to spread my legs for you and be your BEST student!!" But unfortunately, that's exactly the sort of lame thing I'd always DREAM of saying to him, which was why I was now so tongue-tied.

So I tried to look utterly interested in everything he was babbling and sort of kept posing myself a little while he spoke, and even spread my long, stick-slender legs in what I thought was a sexually inviting way. Nothing I did though could stop him from talking about sentence-structure, and it was becoming an emergency now as my boner was going soft on me. So I moved right up to where he was sitting, and I breathed in his smell again and it was like I got a little drunk on it. My boy-dick got stiff again and without thinking, my hand kinda moved to it and I rubbed it a little through my shorts. He noticed at first just that I'd got awfully close and that I looked kinda space-out, so he snapped his fingers at me (which was a thing he did to get attention) and then was about to push me back a little. But he paused for a second as he saw and realized what my hand was doing and I just suddenly reached out with my rubbing hand and grasped his and pulled it down so it was pressed against the boner in my shorts and I said to him, "I'm listening...I want to learn everything from you, Mr. Greyson!"

Well, that stopped him cold, total loss for words until he sort of stammered to ask what it was I was saying. I stepped in even closer, about to climb onto his lap, so that I could feel his warmth

and he could feel mine. All of my nervousness just kinda flew away and I said a line right out of the sex-stories and my dreams, "Sir, I love you and I've dreamed of you and I want you to teach me everything that a Man and a boy can do together!" Without waiting for a reaction, I reached down to unsnap my shorts and let them drop to my feet to show me in my underwear (I was wearing brand new, silky-white, bikini-style briefs that I'd saved for special), stiff as a boy can be. "I want to be your boy, Sir. You can have Man-sex with me and even shoot your hot sperm inside of me...and I promise I'll never tell and always keep it a secret!"

Well there, I'd gone and done it. I'd totally offered myself to him, hitting all the important notes: that I loved him, that I wanted to be with him, that I wanted sex with him and by "sex"I totally meant that ANYthing he wanted to do was OK, and that I wasn't stupid and understood about security and safety and stuff like that. I had totally done my job! I completely expected that he would now take over. His hand would press against me and he'd stroke my stiff boner through my sleek underwear and he'd look at me and smile and he'd know for sure that I was the boy of his dreams! I just knew he had pervy thoughts about all of the boys in his class and I just knew I was his favorite, and now he knew he could do everything he's ever dreamed of doing with me!

I wondered if he'd want to have me suck him off first or whether he'd want to fuck me first. It didn't matter to me, I'd do whatever he wanted. If it was to suck him, I already knew I would totally do my best to make sure to swallow all of his cum! And if it was to get fucked by him, I knew I'd keep telling him how much I liked it, even though I knew it was gonna hurt because I'm so small and...ohhh fuk, he's SO BIG! I just closed my eyes and sort of blitzed out a little at imagine all the things I just knew he wanted to do with me. How many times had I sat in class and day-dreamed about him molesting me over my school-desk. It was a little conspiracy I had with my desk, imagining all the ways I could be positioned over it. My favorite was on my stomach, over the front of it, with my arms pulled down so that my hands were below my chair, and my wrists were tied together with a rope so that I couldn't get them back over the seat. My legs would be pulled apart, with each one tied at the ankles to the front legs of my desk. I'd be naked, of course, and he'd push our history book underneath me to prop me up so he could get at me. Slooooowwly he'd rub in some Vaseline while I whimpered with my underpants stuffed into my mouth. Then he'd start to push into me, steady and forceful with his brutally long, stiff, thick, ultra Man-Dick...and I knew my eyes would be clamped shut and full of tears and I'd manage to open my mouth just enough to let my painful cry of a boy being molested for the very first time in his life just barely be heard. Just for my Teacher's ears, Mr. Greyson, who'd know that I was taking it and being brave for him because I loved him so much.

My dream disappeared. His hand slipped to my waist alright, but only to stop me. He pushed me back, hard, and I fell down because it was so unexpected. He was angry...pissed off really, and he stood up and he kicked my shorts back over to where I'd fallen and he ordered me to put them back on. I was scared, this was so far away from what I'd ever imagined that I completely gave up on thinking and just scrambled to do what he said. And as soon as I was dressed again, he grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me to the front office where he recounted, in terse, ugly words, what had just happened. The Principal looked at me sternly, so did everyone else in there, and I felt small and ashamed and terrified. My whole body was trembling and I was crying too, of course. They put me alone in a little room and called my parents to pick me up. I guess there was a discussion after they arrived, but I only overheard the yelling parts. At first

they were in denial, but Mr. Greyson repeated his story verbatim. I got yanked out of the room and with my eyes downcast, I admitted that it was all true. My Dad was adamant at making me totally SAY it that I was a little faggot who wanted to have sex with Men. He did this mostly by shouting the most repulsive statements he could think of at me and demanding to know if that's what I REALLY meant!! I'm pretty sure now that he didn't actually want to hear the truth, and would have much rather that I lied about it. But while I'm not exactly sure why, I honestly never even considered lying.

I don't know if they really have any official rules about this sort of thing or not, but I was automatically suspended and undoubtedly would be expelled.

My father was insanely mad, not only at being dragged from his beloved office (he's one of those kinds of guys who loves his job), but even more when he realized he had a "little faggot" for a son. It was utter silence from me on the drive home, even though the insults and horrible statements flowed freely from the front seats. This was all personally humiliating and insulting and embarrassing to them, and would undoubtedly impact them severely in their chosen professions as well as their social standings. I had screwed them over completely in my perverse desire to get screwed by my teacher!

We got home and I was ordered to my room and I ran, frankly, and closed the door. Dinner did not enter my mind, and later I figured it might not be real smart of me to eat anything they tried to give me anyway right now. Of course I sobbed like a baby at how terrible this had all gone and seriously wondered what, at 8-years of age, I was now going to do with my life. I could hear my Dad and step-mom going at it because they were both so loud and full of anger. They weren't arguing though, they were just going on about how I had ruined everything and what THEY were going to do with me. My Dad made it very clear that he hated having a son who was a faggot and would love to be rid of me. My step-mom (who was never more than fake-interested in me) mostly just said stuff like how they were stuck because of the law, and so they'd better work out some kind of plan. There was talk about finding some particularly awful boarding school.

I stayed in my room because I honestly thought that my dad would really hurt me if he saw me that night...and totally not "hurt me" in any kind of good way. I finally fell asleep but tossed and turned and woke up several times, finally for the last time a little before 5:00. I was certain now that I had to run away. My parents hated me and soon all my friends would hate me and my teacher hated me and it was all hopeless. Staying here would be a nightmare, I'd figured that out. I had a plan, maybe not the best one possible, but at least it was a plan. So I packed some clothes in my school backpack and broke my piggy-bank which actually had a few hundred dollars in it. Then I switched on my computer, setting it on silent and set about to delete everything. I activated my security scrubwear and cleaned it all up because I did not want to leave traces. I knew how to do that, I'd found a lot of info from paranoid BL's about how to delete traces and I had the best scrubwear available. All of my files were organized and set for this. My computer had been primed for total deletion of all the sex-stuff for quite some time. All that accomplished, I crept towards the front door. Next to the door was a small table and stacked on top of it were five hundred dollars in twenties. There had never before been money left out like that. One of them, or both, had figured out that I'd probably try and run away, and

so I guessed it that their message to me was, "Yes, go you little faggot! Take this money and go away as far as you can! We NEVER want to see you again!"

And as simple as that, I did it.

I took a train to take me across a few states to New York City. I figured I didn't have to worry too much about Police or Amber-Alerts because my parents were likely going to let a little time pass before they reported anything...if they reported anything at all. Despite that though, on a stop-over I went into a barber shop and got my hair cut short. I've got blond hair and I always-always have worn it long,. But I sliced off most of that before I left home. Now I just needed a proper cut since I was going short and spikey-jelled. And I always needed to wear glasses but never wore them once I got my first pair of contacts last year. Well, I'd thrown the contacts out and was wearing my old glasses again. I thought about my clothes but figured I was safe there as my parents were also pretty smart and, since they hated me now, would probably aid in my staying-lost by not accurately describing the clothes I'd taken. So anyway, I was as disguised as I could get.

Once in Manhattan, I entered a net-café, got a table with a little privacy, got a coffee and muffin, got a look of surprising non-curiosity from the cashier, and logged into my special accounts. Stay with me here, I said I'd deleted all traces of this stuff, all my fake-ID's and accounts, from MY computer. Deleting all traces of this stuff forever is pretty close to impossible. But no one would be able to find my fake ID's and accounts from anything in my computer and my room, which pretty much means no one could ever find it. Anyway, I looked up this guy I knew, Brent, that I'd chatted with before. Now if Brent was everything he said he was, that meant he was in his twenties, was already a pretty successful artist, worked out every day and was tall, strong, muscular, and hot. I knew he was totally gay as he corresponded regularly with my 18-year old persona who looks younger and wants to be 13. He doesn't know that 18-year-old-me knows how he also likes to go to BL sites and other, more pervy boy-sites, and jerks off to pictures of some really young boys, as well as some really hard stories. I had, in fact, corresponded with him as well with one of my pervy-older-guy personas (which I was never able to carry on for very long) in which he shared with me an incredibly hot, bondage sex-fantasy he had that involved the cute Sprouse twins when they were, y'know, younger.

This made him pretty close to A-List Material for me. And if he really did look like his picture, then I would happily jump into his arms. Yes, this was my plan. Find a hot guy who likes little boys and finally and for real have hot, steamy MAN/boy sex! What exactly sort of plan were you expecting??? Ok, also, I hoped that he would like me enough to let me move in with him. I wasn't so stupid that I didn't know it was dangerous for a kid my age to be alone on the street, and I for-sure didn't want to be sent home to my parents who hated me. I was like any other kid, really, I needed a safe and nurturing home environment in which, y'know, I would be loved and cared for and get fucked up my butt at least once a day!

So I sent Brent an e-mail as the 18-year old me, telling him my tale of woe of how my parents threw me out of their house when they found out I was gay. So I came to NY and I was hoping to meet him and how I wasn't actually trying to, y'know, move in with him or anything, but that I would like to meet him and maybe he could show me around and I could figure out what to do

next. I figured that if he hadn't lied about everything that this would work and that he'd at least be willing to meet. I knew if I wrote to tell him, "Hey Brent...great news! I am an 8-year old boy who is DYING to meet you and suck your big and beefy cock and get my brains fucked out by your big and beefy cock!!" that I might as well just say, "Hi Brent, I'm the F.B.I. and I want to ruin your life!"

Anyway, I checked the message to be sure it was hopeful without being totally pathetic and then sent it off. I then went off for a walk and came back an hour later and logged on again and there was no reply. Well, that sucked, as Brent was usually pretty quick to write back to 18-year old me. But it was not unreasonable, even to me, that he might feel a little nervous about actually meeting someone. But it was heading to lunch-time and I was wondering what I would do tonight and where I would stay if I didn't get to stay with Brent. The money I had wasn't enough to stay in NYC for very long, and I didn't even know if a kid could get a room in a hotel!

I went back out for a walk and tried to think up other ideas. Mostly, they involved meeting some guy somewhere that would let me at least stay the night. But I was not thrilled with the idea of just seeing what would happen and what kind of guy it might be. It could get very unsafe and very unhealthy for a kid my size. My fantasies about being some kind of hot, sexy boy-prostitute kinda fell apart against the scary reality of it. I knew there was no way I could do anything to defend myself if things went bad. For that matter, it was the same situation with Brent, really, but I at least had a good feeling about him.

When I came back to the café after 2:00 and signed back on, there was a message for me from him. Being basically smart, he figured out what I was suggesting and didn't promise anything like a commitment, even for just a few days because, y'know, we both didn't really KNOW each other. But he was concerned and worried for me being alone and wanted at least to talk to me and help me out. So he said he'd meet me at 4:00 in a Barnes and Noble on 14th Street and we'd see what happens. I signed off, cleared my history and looked on a map to find out how to get there. It didn't seem that far and as I wasn't ready to try the subways on my own, I walked it.

Brent had given me a description that he'd be wearing a black jacket, black leather pants and black boots, and would be carrying a portfolio (because he'd be coming from a client's meeting). He said I also already knew what he looked like from the pictures he'd sent, and he already knew what I looked like. Needless to say, that news cheered me up quite a bit, though I felt a pang of guilt that I'd lied to him about me...but I guess I figured I could manage to make it up to him somehow. Brent showed up a little early, and I'd been there for a while already and was deep in a book. But I saw him stroll past me, mostly because I noticed the long, lingering (but kind of, y'know, hiding it) look he gave me. I always like it when guys look at me that way and usually notice and wonder, hmmm, I wonder if he wants to have mad-crazy sex with me? But this time, I though to myself, oh gosh, that's Brent!

I caught up with him in the fantasy-fiction section and walked behind him for a bit and kept noticing him noticing me and then turning away and this went on for a bit, actually. I was pretty naturally terrified that I'd say something wrong and he'd haul me up to the front desk cash-register and tell how I'd tried to be a faggot with him and report me and the police would come and it would be a disaster. But finally, I figured that just wasn't going to happen and so sucking

up all my courage, I stepped beside him and whispered, "uhmm, Hi...I'm Danny. No really, I am. Thanks for coming for me."

This time, the look of stunned surprise was entirely expected and so I waited for him to blink this time, and as soon as a smile started to form on his face, I put my hand in his and said, "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Uncle Brent. Let's go home."

I don't think he was really thinking clearly at first, and so we just walked out of the store and headed towards where he'd parked his car in total silence for a whole block until we were close enough for Brent to pull out his keys. Then he finally spoke, turning to me and quietly stating the obvious, "You're a lot younger than I expected."

"Yeah, I know," I whispered back with a smile. We were now next to his car and there was no one around us, but I still whispered. "I didn't want to say, y'know, the truth...because I didn't want you to be afraid this was some kind of entrapment thing. See, I know about that stuff. And I wanted to be careful, but I also really wanted to meet you because it IS true that I AM gay and my parents threw me out...well basically, yeah. And seeing you now...wow, I really want to be with you! Ok?"

He unlocked his Mercedes and opened the door and I quickly climbed in, hopping from the driver's seat to the passenger seat and maneuvering my hefty backpack behind me. The windows, by the way, were mirrored so you couldn't see in. After he took a long sigh like he had no real, firm idea what he was getting into or whether he was being smart, he started the engine and pulled out into the street. He told me he lives in Westchester in a house he inherited from his Father. He started babbling then, frankly, just filling the car with chatter so as not to think too much about what was happening and what might happen. I realized I was making him nervous, oh cool. But I figured I should do what I could to change that, so I undid the snaps of my shorts (modest, long-shorts...not my usual sexy kind) and then pushed them down my legs. Brent looked alarmed and asked what I was doing and I said how I wanted him to see me in just my underwear, so I also took off my collared shirt. I reminded him that no one could see into the car and then stretched out my bare legs. "And now you can see that I'm not wearing any kind of wire or recorder or anything and look," I said as I reached over and took his right hand in both of mine and pulled it over to place it against my underwear. "Not even the F.B.I. can use a kid like this to trap someone, right?"

Instinct took over for Brent and he started right way to feel me and rub me and stroke me and real quick, I had a stiff boner in my underwear, just because of him. I didn't say anything else at first, just letting this go on while he drove. But finally I nibbled my lower lip a little, and then just flat out said, "Ok, my name really is Danny Cartwright but I'm really only 8-years old and I'm in the 2nd- Grade, but that doesn't matter because I'm also totally gay and for me that means I totally want to have sex with a Man. So that means, Brent, that when we get to your home, I hope that the first thing you do is fuck me wild! And I hope that you REALLY want to fuck me. And I hope you want to fuck me a lot and I really hope you'll let me stay with you and that you'll fuck me wild every day and let me be your total boy-lover and hot sex-toy. There."

I'd said it all in one breath, everything I'd ever dreamed of saying to a Man since I'd learned about what kind of boy I really wanted to be. After I finished, there was a very stark moment of silence.

"That's quite a declaration," he finally replied. "Look, uhm, Danny, why don't you at least put your shorts back on." He said as he put his right hand back on the wheel. "I'm gonna cause an accident otherwise."

"Sorry..." I muttered as I reached down to pick up my shorts.

"Not that I don't want to fuck you, Danny," he quickly added. "I want to and I'm definitely going to as soon as we get home. If you've never been fucked before, you are definitely going to be fucked very soon! Ok, champ?"

I beamed back at him as I hitched my shorts back on. "Ok!" I gushed back eagerly, "I can't wait! I tried to get my Teacher to do it to me but I guess he's not really a BL and I guess I really blew it there. But I bet it's going to better with YOU for my first time anyway!"

Brent grinned back, "You're kind of a boy-slut, aren't you Danny?"

Giggling, I tried to deny it, saying how I'm usually really shy. "But I figured that if I stripped and got sexy with you, that you'd know at least that I was for-real, y'know, a boy who wanted to have sex with you."

"Heh, you are an utterly amazing kid, Danny Cartwright, 8-years old. But tell me, what made you so sure that I'd even want to have sex with a kid as young as you? We'd never talked about that sort of thing, I mean, me and you as Danny Penning, the 18-year old version of you."

"That's true." I answered. And then I winked, "But we sure did between you and me as Arthur Hansom, the 25-year old version of me."

He blinked and then said, "My God, you ARE a boy-slut!"

Brent's eyes and attention kept flowing back from me and the road. I suppose still being bare-chested made me look pretty attractive to him, which probably explains why we were driving pretty fast across the parkway to get out of Manhattan. Like a nice grown-up and totally respectable BL-site member, he started to go on about how he wouldn't hurt me or make me do anything I didn't want to do. That it'd be OK to take things slow and see how we both really feel about each other.

"You ARE still going to fuck me wild when we get home, right..?"

"Absolutely," he nodded swiftly. "But don't worry, I'll lead you into it easy and slow and gently so that you don't get hurt and that you like it as much as possible."

"mmmm...cool." I agreed, and then we were both a little quiet as we drove past the big, George Washington Bridge and traffic opened up more.

"Hey Brent..?" I asked.

"Yeah..?" he replied.

"You know, like, shota-stuff...you've seen that sort of thing, right? The ruff-play kinda bondage-y sort of stuff?" I paused and he admitted that he had. "Well, I was thinking that, y'know, you don't HAVE to be quite so nice and easy and gentle about everything...if you want. I mean, I've sort of had this dream for a long time, ok, that I got kidnapped by this guy, and the guy gets me to his house and then he takes all my clothes off except mayyyybe just my underwear, me and then, like, he ties me so that my wrists are tied behind my back, and then the guy carries me to his bedroom and pushes me down onto the bed and wrestles my underwear off me and then he just sort of, y'know...uhmmm, he fucks me. Kind of hard, I mean...more like he rapes me.

"If you wanted to do something like that, y'know, pretend that you've kidnapped me because you think I'm a sexy kid and you want to molest me and so you're making me do this stuff like suck your cock and then fucking me, and you do it a little rough, y'know? And I'm struggling against you but, ok, no chance there because you're so awesome big and strong, but my struggling makes you rougher with me and so that when you first went to do it, y'know," and I made a stiff fist-punch straight in front of me as an example, "...and it would hurt, I know. I'm sure it would, and I'll probably cry about it because of how it would feel, like that. But getting it like that as a first thing...ohh fuk, yeahhhhhh...!" I had to scoot my shorts back down and even my underwear, so Brent was pretty astonished to see that rather then jerk off my super-stiff three-and-a-half-inch boy-boner, I sat up and pushed two of my fingers up my tight boy-butt!

I squirmed in the seat as I rocked up and down on my fingers, moaning a little. Finally I pulled out of myself, licked my lips a little sheepishly, tugged my underwear back up, turned back to Brent and said, "So uhmm, yeah, if you wanted to make it sort of a game where you were pretending to be someone who was really mean, and made it so that my first time was...was like that, uhmm, that would be OK with me...really."

Not wanting to be pulled over by the police under these circumstances, Brent drove home about as fast as he could. When we pulled off the highway and onto neighborhood streets that must be near to his house, I relaxed a little and threw another log on the fire (just to be sure) by spreading my legs really wide. Brent obliged by calling me a boy-slut again as he reached over to stroke me some more. More relaxed now himself, his fingers reached to feel me up between my legs, and oh wow, I kinda shuddered. It wasn't much longer before we pulled up to the gate that swung open at the press of his key-button and then drove up the long driveway leading to his surprisingly big house and then into his garage.

As soon as the engine was off and the garage door was closed, he reached over and unbuckled me and pulled me up with my back against the steering wheel, and he lifted my legs and I put them over his shoulder and he just sunk his face and licked me all over through my underwear and ohhhhh, it felt so good! Then he smiled and stroked my face and said I was the most

beautiful boy he'd ever seen and he kissed me and said, "So, ready for your first fuck, little 2nd-Grader?"

And I don't know where it came from, I guess from every boys-slut story I've ever read, but I managed a grin and put my trembling, little hands around his strong, broad shoulders and said, "Yeah Teacher, I wanna get an A+ in Fucking!!"

That was it. He pushed the door open and dragged me out forcefully. I got rough manhandled over to a work table he has in here where he packages stuff up. He pushed me on my side and held me down while he cut off a piece of twine and used to tie my wrists behind my back. While he did this, he called me names like, "Boy-slut!" "Faggot-boy!" and "Little boy-whore!" and how much I deserved everything that was going to happen to me! Right away, I thought it was a game and I started to struggle with him as he pushed me further back on the table, cut off another piece and tied my ankles together. Finally, a rag was stuffed into my mouth, the ends of which he tore and used to tie it around my head. He said, "Let's start again," and he popped the trunk open and put me in it and then slammed it shut with a, "You're MINE now, boy! You're never going to see your home or your family EVER again!!"

I thought my boner would never get soft again. Waiting in the dark all alone and tied up wearing just my white-and-yellow bikini-cut underwear was soooo scary and totally hot! It was more than five, breathless minutes later when he re-opened the trunk and smiled nasty down at me. "Yeah, it's time for little 8-year old Danny the 2nd-grader schoolboy to get RAPED for the very first time in his life! But definitely NOT the last!!" He lifted me up in his strong arms.

The jacket and dark, long sleeve shirt were off now, but he had on a black leather vest that looked cool and showed off his arms and chest more. I gave my best to wriggle and squirm and act scared as he carried me into the house and up the stairs to his bedroom. He has a big, fourposter bed and he just dropped on me onto it. He was attacking at my underwear in seconds pretty quickly had it ripped and torn to bits. Rougher then I'd imagined, Brent shoved two lubed fingers up my butt with a quick thrust and I cried out and my eyes teared up almost immediately. Ohh, that hurt a lot more then anything I'd ever done with myself, which was always slow and gradual. He sneered how it was going to hurt LOTS more when he RAPED me as he kept on rapidly pushing in and out of me with his two, long fingers. Just after I managed to get over the hurting-part and gasped like the way I do when I start to like it, he pulled out and then pushed me to the center of the bed and sat on top of me. Reaching behind me, he untied my wrists and then jerked my arms over my head and diagonal-spread them as they throbbed a little from the sudden rush of blood-flow. He scooted up me so that his weight was on my chest and it was crushing me, but he didn't care as he fastened restraints to my wrists that were looped around the posts at the head of the bead. With a hop, he was off me and first to one side of the bed and then the other as he adjusted and tightened the pull on my arms. I made sincere attempts at crying for help, muffled as I was by the gag. I don't think I was pretending anymore.

Next he untied my legs and pulled them wide apart and fastened restraints at my ankles, lifting my legs up at an angle, unlike my arms which lay flat. He tightened them around the back posts until my slender, small body was spread-eagle taut and I was naked and my boner was sooooo stiff and I couldn't believe this was happening but simply could not be more excited that it was!

He undressed before me, taking off his pants and sexy underwear and ohmigosh, his cock really IS big and beefy, sure lots bigger than anything I've ever put up my tight-boy ass before! And suddenly I'm scared that I won't be able to take it or that it'll hurt too much and just be too painful. My eyes were incredibly wide and riveted on the big round bulb of his steel-hard looking Man-Cock, and oh gosh, how I was scared and how much I wanted him to do it anyway!

"You're my slave now, boy" he said as he got on top of me. "You're my slave-brat, fuck-toy boy-faggot to fuck any time I want!!" A small pillow went under my back and he scooted it down to elevate my butt and then he got on top of me again, looked me straight in the eye as he maneuvered his great big Man-Cock against my tiny boy-anus, and then started to push!

"nnnnNNNNGGGHHHH!" I cried into the gag as I felt the tremendous pressure of his Cockhead against me. He actually had more lube on his cock to make this, y'know, even possible, but it still took a lot of force as he really hadn't prepared me the way every boy in every story I've ever read is prepared by multiple fingers and dildos and all gradually building him open to accept the majesty of his first Man-Cock up his tight'n tender boy-ass. Not me though, I was a shotaboy getting' my first-ever Man-Fuck like it was a total RAPE, and so this was definitely going to HURT! Already I was crying and my teeth were clenched together and then my mouth opened wide to gasp out and then more and more as it felt like my whole body was being ripped wide open!! My legs were already pulled painfully far apart and tied soooo tight, but I tried to spread them even more in the hope that it would help with some of the agony! If I weren't gagged, I know he'd be able to hear me say, "No please, don't do it! 'm sorry, Brent, but I can't take it, please, you're too big and I'm too little and...NOOOO!"

It would have been soooooo cool if I hadn't been gagged and I'd been able to beg like that so he could understand me, all begging and crying like a total helpless, little boy, and that he'd just gone ahead and fucked me real hard anyway!!

GAHHHHH, his thick Man-Cock suddenly popped into me, almost the whole head at once and even through the gag, my scream was still awfully shrill. My head seriously snapped back on my neck and whapped several times against the mattress, while the whole of my skinny body practically leapt up from the bed and would have gone shooting off, I bet, if it hadn't been for the restraints! I wanted to screeeeem so loud and gave it a real good try, but the gag stifled most of the sound. Still, I know Brent could tell...he could tell that I was really hurting and totally in a TON of pain from what he'd just done to me! I thought sure he was gonna pull out of me, and to be honest at the time I totally wanted him to because I never ever imagined it would hurt this much!! But all he did was caress my face with a kind of mean gentleness and at the same time he kept all of the intense pressure of unrelenting sex-torture just barely within the ultra-tight anal-entrance of my tiny body. "You are being raped, my little boy-slave...how do you like it?!" he asked me in a really great, evil villain-like voice.

It was just the perfect thing for him to do. I'd wanted it like this. I was tied up and I was helpless and there was nothing I could do! And he was gonna RAPE me for real and he was NOT gonna stop for anything! He knew it that he was hurting me and he still wasn't going to stop because if a guy really had kidnapped me to rape me...he wouldn't stop either. And so here he was, on top of me and just barely up my boy-ass with his ultra-hard Man-Cock and it felt like someone had

rammed a big ol' baseball bat right up my boy-butt and I knew...I utterly knew that as bad as it was already, it was still gonna get worse for me and hurt even more!! And I guess I really can't explain it real well other than to say that I was struggling and gasping and crying and writhing and major screeeeming, and yet still I had a boy-boner that was more super-stiff than it had ever been before!! There was no way I could have formed any kind of words to answer his question, but just him asking it and the caressing touch thing he was doing to my cheek against the torture-touch his Super-Hard Cock was feeling inside of me somehow managed to toughen me up a little and I tried to stop crying quite so much and tried to stop screaming so much and I drew in, like, three long breaths and then bit my front teeth in fiercely into the gag and managed an actual glare with my eyes as if to say to him, "I c'n TAKE it, Brent, 'cuz I'm a fukkin' BOY!!"

Oh yeah, and he sure did! His hands slapped against my skinny waist and he gripped me tight and then there was this steady PUUUUUSH to get inside me and I totally and really just couldn't take it even though I wanted to be utter brave and snarl back. It was just way more force and power then I could ever hope to withstand! Of course in my utter perv, little-boy way, that's what made it so majorly cool! But I know for sure that if we'd done this any other way then the way we had, meaning how I was tied down to the bed and barely able to move and entirely helpless, I am dead-certain positive that I would have managed to find some way to get out from under him. It hurt just THAT much! 'Hurt' is just a blazingly weak word to describe what Brent made me feel. My little-boy arms and legs pulled frantically on the restraints, and my immature muscles were total flexed, and all of my puny strength was spent to absolutely no avail as he tore open my sphincter and anus with the ripping power of his Manhood and did not relent until he had all TEN masterful inches of himself buried deep inside me! In and In and IN he went until I thought there was no end to him! Gag or no, *I* could hear my shrill screeeeem of total suffering just as sharp and loud and clear as possible, even though I expected it was going to be muffled by the presence of his relentless Man-Cock forcing its way up through my neck and out of my gaping mouth! Tied up and all alone and forced to feel it like this, with my whole body engaged in struggle and pain and the total helplessness of a little boy against a Big Man!

I will never EVER forget the first time I was fucked! Brent made it TOTALLY supreeeeme!!

I got to suffer like that for a long time. Brent later said it was like five or six minutes but for me it just seemed like forever with me writhing beneath him and pleading pitifully for the mercy of him getting out of me and off me. But no way, he did not budge and utter stayed like that until I finally got to where I stopped being such a crybaby about it. Sure, his Man-Cock was lots bigger than anything I'd ever pushed up my boy-butt before, and for a while I didn't think that it was even possible for me to like it the way I'd liked my fingers or the way I'd liked my Dad's tools that I used on myself like they were sex-toys! But I'd downloaded tons of pictures of hot, hung guys, all naked and super-strong looking with their iron-stiff hard-ons standing up like steel...and ohh, how I dreamed of them fucking me, all of them taking turns to pound me with their enormous, throbbing cocks and telling me how I was the best and bravest 8-year old boy ever!! So just like that, because I wanted it so much, I was able to start to relax, with my small, twig-like body becoming accustomed to this enormous presence within me. As long as I kept total still, then ohhh yeahhh, it felt sooo good! It felt so good to be soooo full...so full of Man-Cock!!

That's when he undid the gag and began to kiss me and hug me and tell me how really terrific and good a boy I was and how perfect and tight and awesome I was. He'd say, "Danny, you are being such a good boy! Such a strong and brave and gooooood boy!!"

I shivered and gasped over and over with every slight movement he made. Any shift could cause a twinge and spasm of pulsing pain inside me and I'd have to wriggle and adjust as much as I could so it would feel better. And the more I did it, I found it got easier and better. I was still kind of throbbing inside and I know my eyes were total watery with tears, but I managed a swallow and was able to focus my eyes on him and for the first time in a while actually saw him instead of just flashing lights of agony, and I stammered my treble-voice to ask him, "Am I...your boy now... Brent..?"

"You are my boy forever, Danny! You are the most AWEsome boy in the world!" And then he pulled back his incredible cock, practically peeling me off the bed from the restraints, and then he pushed back into me and I cried out another gasp, but not quite the nothing-but-pain screams from before. Pulling back had actually felt gooooood, and going back in hadn't felt anywhere near so bad as the first time. And then again, he pulled back...sooooo awesome...and again he pushed in and yeahhhhh, ohhhh, that does feel good too! Oh yeah, oh yeahhh, this was it! I was being fucked! I was finally being fucked!

"You're fucking me!" I squeeked at him with tears still in my eyes. My lower lip quivered a little as his thickness washed into me again and I instinctively flexed my legs and opened myself to his entry a little and whoa, that sure made things even better. My voice got a little stronger, "You're a MAN and I'm only an 8-year old boy...just a second-grader schoolboy, and you're forreal FUCKING me and it's...ohhhhh, it's the best thing ever!"

His exertions within me got a little faster right around then 'cuz I guess I was really turning him on. Cool. But despite the roughness of our beginning, Brent was careful not to push his full weight against my upraised legs, for fear of hurting me too much or snapping me in two, actually. His fuck-strokes inside me felt better and better. My own little prostate started to respond and get very excited by all this back-and-forthing of a Man's Cock, and my own pencilthin dicklet was ragingly stiff from all this mega sexual adventure! The restraint made it cool in the way that it is AWEsome to be tied up because the constant pull on my arms and legs is soooo exciting, and not being able to get away or stop what's happening to me if I wanted to...is just too extreme! Oh yeah, I definitely liked it being tied up. But I also knew that if I were free, I could probably adjust myself more and do a better job with my own little body, and make the sex, like, more pleasure for both of us. Next time, maybe, sure. I did know that I wanted this time to be rough and forceful, even though I knew that if I really had been raped, and Brent was being as for-real rough as he really could be with me, I knew I'd totally still be crying.

And I totally loved Brent right then and there for being just exactly this way with me.

"How do you like my thick cock inside of you, 2nd-Grader?" he asked me. "Yeah, I always knew you were a little faggot of a boy who wanted his big teacher to make him stay after class and pull down his shorts and underwear and fuck him! You want all the teachers to fuck you, don't you Danny? You little slut of a boy, you're really loving this, aren't you? You love to feel

dick! You probably haven't been a virgin since you were 5-years old. Your kindergarten Teacher was the first to FUCK you, wasn't he?! You love it prancing around in your little underpants and getting Men HARD so they wanna FUCK you! Yeah, you asked for it, boy! You asked for it for a long time and now you're finally getting it! And you're gonna get it like this from now on, you little fuck-toy boy-faggot!! Take it, boy! Take it! TAKE it! TAKE IT!!"

He started really hammering his massive Manhood inside me in time to each TAKE! And my eyes would bug and I would rear back, my chest and stomach and shoulders and neck utter stretched, and I would go, "AAAAAA!!" to each mega-intense thrust! He was hurting me again, but not the total-hurt like from the beginning, but more like a good-hurt thing where it was feeling kinda good and kinda bad nearly at the same time. I liked it this way, it was utter cool, and I especially liked his talking dirty stuff to me and calling me names too, like out of the Manboy Fuck stories. It made him so totally in charge, which was good. I wanted to talk dirty too and be just an ultra boy-slut!

"Oh yeah, oh yeahhhh...ohhhh that feels so good, Uncle Brent! Fuck me good like that! Your dick is so big I can barely take it, but DO it anyway! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!! Fuck me harder than any 2nd-Grader ever!! AaaaaAAAAAA!! Oh gosh, that HURT!! Oh pleeeeeeeze DO it again!! My boy-butt is so tight I can barely stand it! But I don't care, rip me open with your big, fucking cock! I wanted to be your boy, an' now I have to take it! I asked for it so do it and keep fucking me! Fuck me, ohh FUCK me to DEATH! I don't care cuz' I...I...nnghhhh...aaaaaaaAA! GAAAAAHH!!! Wha..? GAHHH!! unngggGGAHHH!! Wha..what's happening to me..?! Oh GAAHHHH!!!"

It felt like Brent had just suddenly squeezed my own boner and balls and pushed something back inside me that just exploded with a burst that shot all over and then like just twisted from where his super-awesome Man-Cock was buried in me and then spread out to every part of my body! I seized up from this amazing sex-lightning that lanced inside me and I felt my insides utter tense and clench around his massive invasion and all of a sudden, Brent jerked on top of me and his already huge erection pulsed and throbbed and actually got bigger in me! oh FUK!! Then I felt a warm splash of something deep in me and it took a moment before I realized that Brent was actually cumming inside me...ohhhh, shooting his hot, steamy Man-juice up my guts, like they say it in all the stories. It felt just great and I had a total tingle all over and everywhere, and I just knew that I was in heaven, a place where really good boys go! Brent's sperm was now inside me and I knew that is totally where it belongs!

When he finally pulled out of me, I had tears again in my eyes, but they were utter toys of joy! The straps to my four limbs were quickly undone so that I could wrap myself around him and just love him completely. He was a little blurry to me because our thrashing together had knocked the glasses off my face, but he got in close and I hugged him and loved him and kissed him without any reservations about how kissing is, y'know, for girls. We were both slick and drenched in the sweat of Man and boy, and what was even more that I, a mere 8-year old boy, had the sperm off a super-awesome MAN inside me! Brent lifted my legs and licked his tongue at my pinkish-red sphincter and at the trickle of his sperm that was leaking out.

"Feed it to me," I said with a heavy breath as I lay on my back with my sweat-stained head on his pillow. He smeared his two fingers inside me, making me gasp a little, and then brought them to my mouth and I licked them and then swallowed his fingers and licked off all of his cum. It didn't taste all that like much of anything, but it was HIS sperm and so I loved it and wanted it. I begged him to feed me all of it, as much as he could, and he did.

Brent lay down next to me and cuddled me in close. Then he put his arm around me and pulled me on top oh him, so that we were lying stomach to stomach, or more like stomach to chest as he's six feet tall and I'm not even four. His hand stroked down my sweaty-smooth back and caressed the firm, round boy-butt that he'd just fucked. He said I had a perfect boy-ass, just right for fucking!

"Will you spank it if I act out and get all naughty?" I asked with a mischievous grin

"Oh, definitely" he replied, and I showed him that I really wanted him to because I got another boner that he could definitely feel against his firm, muscle-toned six-pack. "You really are a kinky, little boy-slut, aren't you?"

I nodded eagerly. I'd seen shota-drawings of boys in bikini-briefs all tied up by their wrists or spread-eagled between two poles and they were getting spanked with paddles and switches and straps and canes. In the drawings, the boy-victims always got real stiff boy-boners as this went on, like being beaten and tortured was a total turn-on to them, and made them want to have sex even more! When they'd get untied, they were always so passionate to the Man who had done it to them, like they were now utterly desperate to get fucked!! I knew it had to be true! I knew that to get tied up and spanked would make me feel so completely helpless and so much totally just a little boy in the complete control of a Man, and how that would be so hot to me that I would totally have a ultra-stiff boy-boner too and desperately need to get fucked! I mostly thought that's what my boner was for...to tell a Man that I wanted to be fucked, that it was OK, y'know, because I've got a hard-on and that means I'm turned-on and excited and I want to be fucked! And it was a given that when I'd get around to hearing grown-up sex-words like foreplay, I would totally connect it in my twisted, little boy-slut brain with, "Oh, you mean like getting tied-up or spanked?"

So yeah, oh yeah, ohhh FUK yeah, I definitely wanted to be spanked, either tied up or held, and either naked or wearing something really sexy!

"Well, you'll get all the spankings a naughty, little, sex-crazed boy like you deserves!" continued Brent. You'll get everything that a super-hot, sexy boy like you deserves and wants and needs, won't you?" And his finger slid back up my butt again, and as I purred my puppy-pleasure, I then felt the second...ahhh...oh, and then the THIRD which made me rear up from all of the sudden pressure. At first I tried to pull away but then...oh then I pushed back, and it was so MUCH that I collapsed on top of him again. I twisted a little in throes of pure boy-pleasure and even though my boner was thrillingly hard and felt good because it was soooo stiff, I knew for sure that for me, what he was doing with me was for-real sex! Being fucked and feeling fingers and anything up my butt was for-real sex to me!! Not my dick at all, really. I was a total butt-sex faggot-boy!

His fingers were plowing me nice and deep and steady and I really liked it. I asked him if he could make me orgasm again and that almost made him stop. But in between gasps I told him that I knew about stuff like that and how he fucked me so good that he made me have a dry orgasm which was just utterly the best!! I told him how I wanted to get fucked every day and feel boy-sex dry-orgasms inside me all the time!! It wasn't much longer before he lifted me and scooted me up and then slowly brought me down on his re-aroused and very hard Man-Cock! "Sooo awwweeesome," I moaned as I was impaled and filled with the most intense feeling ever that a boy can feel...utter Man-Sex!

He was calmer and quieter and slower this time and it was different and really good to be able to move and respond to what he was doing and what I was feeling. His dick felt even better this time because I'd felt it before and was ready, and I just loved what it did inside me, making me feel so especially little because it was so incredibly big! The bigness of his Man-Cock just made me feel so completely like a boy. For me, feeling-like-a-boy didn't mean at all to be like a young-man...but to be littler and smaller and practically helpless. Brent could just hold me down or tie me up and then he could do anything at all he wanted to me...and just the thought of that was hot and sexy. Feeling-like-a-boy meant being in a Man's strong arms and feeling his overwhelming strength but then also his intense love, because he knows he's such a powerful Man and I'm his utterly devoted, little boy. That was just absolutely everything I wanted to be!

He fucked me so perfectly that my little body got excited twice and shrieked through me with the shudder of awesomely dry orgasms. The orgasm of a boy, I thought, which made it the best kind of orgasm ever! The best kind for ME, yeahhhh, the dry orgasm of a boy!! "I wanna be a boy forever...!" I moaned over and over again as Brent fucked me to a finish, again shooting his Man-Sperm inside me. I was too exhausted by everything when he finally pulled out, and he eventually realized he was paying compliments to a very drowsy, inattentive little boy. But a boy who was his lover now...a boy for a Man!

He petted me and then suggested I take a little nap, but I didn't exactly hear him. But about thirty minutes later, I came to myself again and realized he was gone. I kind of panicked and jumped off the bed and dashed naked to the door, but then I heard him downstairs, making kitchen noises. mmmm, I'd come all this way and I'd found Brent and he brought me here and he'd for real fucked me...twice already...and now, ohhh, with those just-so-normal sounds downstairs, I knew for sure that I was home. I had a few trickles of his Man-Cum running down the insides of my legs, and I scooped the dribbles in my fingers and brought them to my mouth several times on my way to the bathroom because I just loved his Man-Cum! I stooped along the way to scoop up my glasses where they'd fallen to the floor, and then I looked at myself in the big bathroom mirror. I majorly liked what I saw which was a very small-but-sexy boy who'd just been fucked. "Twice!" I said out loud with a big grin!

I knew that some people might look at me and so I was all just-so cute and adorable, and Brent still might do just that. But he also called me sexy...and I really liked it that he did.

I cleaned myself up because I did feel yucky and dirty. Brent had an enema kit (are you really surprised that I knew what it was?) in his bathroom and I flushed myself twice and then used the

toilet. I ran my fingers through my now real-short hair which I hated at first, to be honest, but I totally liked it that way now because that was how Brent first ever saw me. I grinned as I used a little Vaseline from the same jar he'd used to slick up his Man-Cock for fucking me to gel my hair back into spikes, and then rustled through my backpack that he'd brought upstairs, I guess, while I was tied up in the trunk (that had been soooo cool!). I pulled out my little, red, nylon speedo, and put it on. It fit so nice and tight and, I knew, totally sexy!

I tied it snug and looked at myself again in the mirror. I only have a little muscle definition, and I really don't have hips or curves to my body at all. My little dicklet is no bigger or smaller than your average 8-year old kid's dicklet. My arms are very thin and my legs are just a little too long for the rest of me, starkly smooth tubes straight down to my feet. But I'd just gotten an awesomely good-looking and successful Man to break dozens of laws to fuck me wild in his own home. How could anyone possibly think a boy who looks this much like he can get Men to utterly FUCK him could ever really be cute???

I went downstairs and found Brent in the kitchen preparing dinner in just a smoking-jacket type robe. Boy, did he make a double-take at me in my sexy speedo, which made me grin like the Cheshire Cat. "You like it?" I asked with sparkling eyes and an inviting pose with my right hip kinda thrust to the left so that it actually looked like a hip, and I spread my smooth, bare legs a bit to make my perky boy-butt really stand out. He quickly agreed that, to him, I looked like utterly blatant sex!

Boy-boner time again.

Strong hands effortlessly lifted me up onto the marble island-counter in the center of the kitchen and Brent began to pet me and kiss me. This time I really kissed back and it was weird at first when his tongue went into my mouth but I quickly found it was hot and I liked it and we wrapped our tongues together and he sucked at mine and I sucked at his. In between I told him how I wanted to be his total boy-sex-slave and dress however he wanted and do whatever he wanted and how if he had any friends that like boys, they can all fuck me and do me like that, gang-fuck style! "You can tie me up whenever you want and play bondage games with me and pretend I'm Cole Sprouse and you take me down to the secret Basement-Dungeon in the Tipton Hotel and do just anything and everything you want to me!! I'll still be your boy no matter what you do to me! Even if I say 'Nahh, I'm kinda tired and don't wanna get fucked, or how maybe my favorite show is coming on TV just then,' or maybe even beg you like, 'oh pleeeeeze Brent, it's been so much already and it just hurtzz now 'cuz I'm so sore so pleeeeeze don't fuck me anymore!', you should totally just go ahead and fuck me anyway...except maybe do it harder to me because I made it like I didn't want you to. Really RAM it in me extra ultra-HARD and don't care if you make me cry. And you should say something like, 'TAKE it, you little fuck-toy, you're just a little brat boy-faggot and you don't EVER get to say NO to ME or to any MAN!' No matter what I say, you should always do what you want because that's really what I want anyway!"

Brent put his strong hands around my skinny arms and punched my arms back behind my back and close together so that it hurt. He leaned in close to me and said, "This is the way it's going to be, boy. I am a MAN, and you are nothing but a little boy! You will do EVERYthing I want,

whether you want it or not! You are my slave-boy and if I want you to feel good, you will feel good...and if I want to hurt you, you will be hurt. But no matter what I do to you, I expect that little boy-prick of yours will get stiff and excited and boy-boner hard because it's ME that's doing it to you! I will make you into the boy-sex-slave you want to be, and I don't care if you change your mind because you are always going to be my boy-sex-slave!!

He kissed my passionately then, and I kissed back, despite the ache in my arms and the threats and the bigness of his tongue. He finally let go of me to rub his hand against my dagger-stiff boy-boner for a few moments and then he yanked me off the counter and set me down on the floor on my knees. "You are the biggest and the best little boy-slut in the world!" he said and I proudly agreed with a moan. I was backed against a bottom cabinet and Brent opened his robe...and my eyes flashed like camera lenses just before he filled my moist mouth with his big, juicy Man-Dick and gave me my first ever lesson in Cock-Sucking! It was hard work and took a long time with me licking and sucking and using my throat as best I could, because he'd already cum a lot already. He also kept his hands at my head, holding me and pushing me back and forth and making it like he was forcing me to do this which was ultra-cool! The first time he made it go down into my throat...fuk, that hurt! He had to kinda push while holding my head firm and steady, and there was nothing I could do but feeeeeeel it practically tear my throat open and start to swallow it! He wasn't touching me anywhere like my butt or my dick but just doing this and making me have to do this, y'know, having to serve him on my knees because he's a MAN and I'm just his little slave-boy...ohhhh yeahhhhh, this just gave me such a ragingly stiff boy-boner in my tied-tight, red speedo-bikini that I thought I'd tear right through it!

I also didn't really know what I was doing all that well, and he was giving me instructions while moving and jerking my head around and he was also calling me names like, cocksucker and boy-faggot, and danny-the-queer, and boy-slut and his little sex-slave (ohhhh...!) and lots of other stuff. It took nearly half-an-hour and my mouth and jaw and throat were really sore and I was tired and I sort of wanted to stop but then he'd maybe bang my head a little or call me his "boy-slave" again and I knew I wasn't gonna stop for anything!! At the end, he had his hands holding me at both sides of my face and tilted my head back and shot a thick stream of steamy-thick Man-Sperm down into my mouth right against my throat and ohhhhh, I started gulping because I wanted to do this right and swallow every bit. It was real hard because it was so much and it bubbled out from my lips a little but I swallowed most of it and the rest just trickled a little and I was able to lick it back after he staggered backwards and pulled his super-awesome Man-Cock out of my mouth. I was so into it that right after my lick, I lunged forward to suckle his Man-Cock again and get all of the Sperm that was sticking to it back into my mouth and throat and finally my stomach where thick and steamy Man-Cum belonged!

The Man I loved tousled my hair and called me the "best boy ever!" which made me take a deeeeeep breath that was just seething with total desire and absolute satisfaction right there and I knew for sure that Brent could tie me up and make me for-real scream from for-real torture and as long as afterwards he tousled my hair and called me the "best boy ever!" that I'd somehow still be OK with it. I wondered though if he would...how far would he go with me? I hoped he'd do stuff with me and to me that I couldn't even imagine, because I wanted so much to prove to this Man how much I loved him and how much I wanted him to be proud of me and know that even though I was just-a-little-boy, that I was the bravest and best boy ever!!

For sure he told me finally that I could stay with him and be his boy for as long as I wanted. I told him right then that that meant forever! He smiled and reached and lifted me up with one hand up between my legs with his palm against my stiffie boy-boner, and he called me Bonerboy, because I'm almost always sooo boy-boner hard 'cuz I'm such a boy-slut. Brent set me on the counter and spread my legs apart and licked at my little hard-on and testicles and tilted me back too and knuckled my sphincter through my bikini-speedo, and that especially felt great! Eventually, he pulled away and tousled my hair again and I beamed back and sorta wanted to leap up in a pounce and wrap my nearly-naked body around him but he sensed it and said, "No, that's enough for now, I want to finish dinner." And of course I totally did what he told me to and settled down.

While he went back to his cooking, he told me how he'd have to take me shopping for some new clothes as the selection in my backpack was probably pretty limited. I said, "Sure," but also asked him if he could buy me more speedo bikinis and really sexy underwear and stuff like that. And I also asked him if it would be ok that I mostly just wear something sexy like a speedo or underwear around the house so that way whenever he looks at me he will see me as his total boy-sex slave! "That way," I said, "it'll be like I'm always there and ready for you to fuck me, like I'm total just asking for it! And I'll also always know how it's like at ANY minute of any day that I can just get grabbed and get whatever utter faggot-bikini thing I'm wearing tugged down and then I get supreeeeemely fucked...yeahhh, whether I even want it or not! Total awwwwesome, Brent!!"

That brought him back for another slightly-shorter round of petting and licking and stroking, and I made little moans like a boy who wouldn't mind it at all to get another really good fucking. But instead, he gave me a pretty firm slap against my right cheek, definitely enough to make it really sting. That got my attention definitely and I looked straight at him with a wounded 'what-did-you-do-THAT-for?' sort of look. But before I said anything stupid, he led off first with how I better not ever call him anything but 'Master Brent' or just 'Master' or something like that ever again. There was so much strength in his voice then that I sat up and just meekly nodded my agreement with wide-eyed, mouth-open acceptance. He held the moment like that for nearly a minute until I finally thought to add in a quiet voice, "Yes sir, Master Brent."

He gave the cheek he'd just swatted a couple of gentle pats. "So you think you'd like it to get yourself GANGED by a bunch of Men, eh? You think you're that much of a little sex-slut, boy? Well, we'll see about that. I've got some friends and oh yessss, they will want to meet you. Saturday is when it will happen, when you'll be for-real gang-fucked! There'll be a lot of MEN and we will all FUCK you non-stop for the whole day!! You'll like it at first, I know, because you're such a little faggot! But soon enough, it'll start to hurt. You'll get all sore, your skinny arms and legs and your whole body will get tired and weak and start to ache. And your butt, yeahhh, when you start to get all sore up your butt where it's like we're just rubbing you raw with all our thrusting inside of you. And then your scrawny little body will get hit with so many of your faggot-boy, dry orgasms from getting ass-fucked that it's all too much and you can't take any more! But it's gonna keep happening to you, slave-boy, whether you start crying or screaming or even begging us to stop! It might start as a Gang-FUCK, but it'll become a GANG-RAPE!! You'll like it at first but then it'll hurt you and you maybe think you'll like that too, but

you won't. Do you know why? Because you're just a queer, little faggot of an 8-year old boy...a whimpering 2nd-Grader who can't TAKE it to get FUCKED so much by the SEX-POWER of MEN!!"

His hand went to my throat and he squeezed a little. "You think you're a tuff little brat that wants all of this to happen so you can prove how tuff a little brat you are? Well, we'll see. Even that little mouth of yours is gonna get a work-out, and it's a good thing you've always dreamed about getting spanked! Good thing for YOU because you are definitely gonna get spanked HARDER than any schoolboy has EVER been SPANKED BEFORE!! I bet your hot, little bubble-butt is gonna get spanked at LEAST a THOUSAND TIMES!!

"So that's all this Saturday. Still think you're going to like it?"

His hand went away from my throat and while he didn't entirely squeeze so tight that I totally couldn't breath, I was having to gasp after he pulled away. My voice choked and caught and I stammered and I realized also that I was trembling. Brent...no wait, Master Brent had really scared me here and for the first time ever, I was wondering if this really was something I wanted to do and be. This was for-real, I was his utter slave now and he was going to do whatever he wanted to me. I felt a tear roll down my cheek as I finally managed to sob, "I...I don't know..!"

Two strong hands grabbed me at my shoulders and pushed me face down on the counter. Reaching into the drawer, he pulled out two, long nylon ties and first he forced my arms behind my back and jerked my wrists together at the small of my back and tied them together with one of the thin but incredibly strong little straps. Then he pulled my legs onto the counter, forced them together and bound them at the ankles. As he pulled my head up by my hair and stuffed a rag into my mouth, he said, "It doesn't matter whether you think you'll like it or think you still want to do it or not. You're nothing but a SLAVE-boy now. You're MY slave-boy! I'm bigger than you, I'm a MAN and you're just a little boy, so I can make you do WHATEVER I want! There's nothing a weakling little 2nd-grader like you can do about it! In just two more days you're going to be brutally GANG-RAPED by at least TEN MEN, and it's GOING to happen to you whether you want it or not!!"

His free hand stroked down my smooth back and then caressed my perky, round, protruding bottom through my speedo-bikini. He was gentle as he smoothed his hand between my legs and then felt up, back and forth rubbing all excited, just barely touching my soft testicles through the nylon and gliding back up the crack of my bum. Back and forth, back and forth, he exerted his middle finger a little whenever he passed over my speedo-protected sphincter...protected for now, anyway. "This is what a boy like you is good for," he said as he caressed my boy-sex, "You were BORN to be fucked by MEN...and you will be! You'll be my little slave-boy forever!!"

I was crying and I was scared but also, I could tell for sure that my sturdy little dicklet was boy-boner HARDER than I had ever felt it before in my life. Pressed against his counter-top, I thought sure it was gonna work a groove right through his 'spensive marble. I watched as he walked away from me, going back to finishing the dinner. I watched with tear-faced eyes and a redness to my face from the difficulty in breathing with a rag deep in my mouth and the

discomfort of the ties that were too tight around my wrists and ankles, and the assurance that I was soon going to have to endure...well, a lot of pain! The thought of the last part, I mean, it wasn't really causing me to get soft or anything. In fact, as I imagined ways that they might tie me up so that they could really let me have it like I'd seen in some of the fiercer shota-drawings, it felt like I might just stay all boy-boner ultra-stiff for the rest of my life!

Master Brent finally finished preparing dinner, but set only one plate. Then he pulled me off the counter and set me on my knees under the table right before his own chair. He sat down and opened his robe and his thick, beefy Man-Dick was already stiffening again, and he put his hand behind my head and pulled my head down and I opened my mouth and I started to do what he was forcing me to do. My hands were tied behind my back and my ankles were tied together and I was on my knees and almost naked with just a sexy bikini against the cold floor. But I started to do the best job possible that I could at sucking his Man-Dick like this.

While he ate his dinner and while I sucked his Man-Dick, he told me that this was also how it was going to be from now on. "Suck it right and you'll get your dinner, the only food for boys like you! I'll get you some special vitamins to supplement your new, thick, rich, all-protein diet. Understand?" He felt down with his hand to the top of my head so he could know that I was nodding yes. "This will keep you young and strong and fit, like a boy should be. And I know about a special drug that I'll get for you and give to you that will also keep you young and small, like we both know you want to be! But even if you didn't, it's what *I* want you to be...so you'd have to TAKE it anyway!"

ohhhh...I sucked him even deeper and better. He sort of lost interest in his own meal for a couple of minutes there. But he'd already exerted his MANLY sexuality quite a lot already today so this took a while. He finished eating and just stayed in his chair after while I gave it my all to feed myself. He even petted my head and hair a little and that was nice, and after about half an hour when my mouth and jaw and throat were getting pretty tired, I could tell he was alllllllmost there. I gave him a real loooooonnnng lick there, sliding my mouth off his thick shaft, and then slowly went back and gobbled the bulbous head of his Man-Cock into my throat and used lots of suction and moisture and so when he came and shot his fiery-hot streams of thick Man-Sperm down into my throat...well, I knew it must have been totally great for him. His whole body was tense and then just exploded and I barely was able to handle the gobs of steamy, white Man-Cum that flowed into me. But yesssss, for sure this WAS boy-food, and I wanted to swallow it all to show him for-real that I was utterly devoted to him. I was nervous about stuff that was going to happen to me, actually more than just a little scared...but I guess I figured that a boy-slave like me, well, a boy-slave should be scared at least some of the time, right? And if it hurts sometimes too, well, it should hurt sometimes to be a boy-slave. So yeahhh, that's what I figured.

When it was over, he pulled me out from under the table and lifted my up and kissed me on the lips and all over my face and he told me again and again and again that I was his boy! He cut the ties on my wrists and ankles and my skinny hands just flew around his neck and shoulders and we kissed and cuddled all mushy like that for a while. Afterwards, he set me to work cleaning up the kitchen, which I did because I was his little slave-boy, and he just watched and admired my almost totally naked body. I admit it that I posed a little and pranced a little and showed off a little, and I admit it that it turns me on a lot to be nearly naked and on display like this and

knowing that I'm really a hot and sexy little boy (whether I'm also cute and adorable or not) and that I can get MEN all excited about ME as well.

After all this, we moved into his big living room and watched a movie together on his leather couch with his big projector-screen, and I was still naked but for my skimpy, sexy speedo-bikini. We weren't making as much of a big deal about the MAN-MASTER and boy-slave routine, so I could chatter a little more freely, though always still making sure to call him Master Brent. This was very cool too, kind of like we were Father and son except better 'cuz, y'know, with SEX!! I was a little cold being just nearly naked in my speedo, so I got to snuggle up real close to him for warmth and comfort and love. It was a James Bond action-movie and we both mentioned how it would be better if the girl in the movie were a young boy like me, sharing the adventure and danger and getting rescued and kissed and loved. Master Brent petted me almost constantly throughout the movie and I always would get boned-up-like-a-boy whenever he petted me through my glistening nylon speedo, whether against my little dicklet or my round butt or up between my legs right there which is where I get to FEEEEL..ohhhh..the true STRENGTH of a MAN inside of me and so 'cuz of that, it is just the favorite and best part of me EVER!

After the movie we went back upstairs with him carrying me in his arms and me pretending that my wrists were tied behind me and I was looking up at him kind of like I was scared. Master Brent sat down on the bed and pulled me over his knees and started to spank me through my thin, speedo-bikini. He spanked me and spanked me, tugging my speedo down my legs and down to my ankles and then off me entirely so I was totally naked for his spanking-fun and utter Man-Pleasure. I was crying and trying to sob as quietly as possible. He'd started this by asking me how brave and strong a boy I could be. He wanted to know if I was really a boy, or whether I wanted to be fucked by Men so much because I'm more like a girl. So I wanted to prove to him how much of a brave BOY I really could be. He paused to caress and admire the redness of my glowing bottom, and let my throat catch in my gasping whimpers. Soon he reached into a sidetable drawer and pulled out a paddle to test me even further. I had never been spanked like this before...ever! It was how I'd dreamed of being spanked though, as a for-real punishment that wouldn't end just because I'd started crying and pleading that I'd had enough spanks. And after about twenty of these, you can bet that I was pleading with him, "Oh please Mr. Brent, ohhhh pleeeeeze don't spank me any more..!"

He twisted my arm back enough to hurt me and keep me firmly in position and let me have it for thirty more wicked swats with the paddle. He really made me cry good and long and I was flailing my legs back and forth like the little boy that I was. The paddle had holes drilled in it that I later found out make it more intense and painful for boys to get spanked with it. He called me all sorts of names like faggot and whore and slut and slave and stuff like that, making me know it and admit that I deserved it to get spanked and I deserved it to get treated roughly and I deserved it to get fucked and even raped! He made me say stuff like, "I'm a little 8-year old faggot, boy-slut whore who wants Men to FUCK me up my tight, little 8-year old faggot boy-slut whore asshole and FUCK me real GOOD'n HARD because I'm nothing but a little 8-year old faggot boy-slut whore who DESERVES it!!"

But he never once called me a little girl. So I knew he loved me.

After the thirty-fifth blow against me, he dropped the paddle, pulled me up off his lap and threw me onto the bed behind him, turned, positioned me roughly and ohhhhhh FUK, just RAMMED his way into me without any regard and HAMMER-FUCKED my ultra-red and sore boy-butt with his AWESOMELY, SUPER-STRONG MAN-COCK!! My face was already wet with my tears because I'm nothing but a weak and simpering faggot of a boy-brat that DESERVES to be treated like this and get used as a SLAVE and get ASS-FUCKED MASSIVELY HARD by a MAN!! But with my eyes closed as tight as can be and my teeth clenched together, I managed to withstand the shattering FORCE of his SAVAGE PENETRATION and even the first full eight seconds of his rough MAN-FUCKING of me before I finally couldn't hold it in anymore and screeeeeeemed and gasped and cried like the totally little boy that I am! He never let up on me, not a bit!! Although while he continued to THRUST his POTENCY in and out...In and Out...IN and OUT of me, he stroked my shoulders and called me his brave and strong little slave-boy!! That just made it all sooooo good and utterly worth it to me!! I loved him like a boy totally loves his MAN and if he was maybe even going to FUCK me to DEATH...than I was willing!

Of course not that it mattered whether I'd be willing of not, which was what makes it sooooo ultra-coo' to be a boy!

I dunno how long it lasted, I think nearly an hour. I dunno how many times he made me getta dry-cum boy-orgasm from fucking me over and OVER, but each one was like more AWEsome for me than the one before. When he finally pumped his own river of boiling-hot Man-Sperm inside me, which made me dry-cum boy-orgasm AGAIN like a boy-faggot slave-boy always should, ohhhhhh, I was just utterly exhausted. I'm just a boy, I'm only 8-years old and in the 2nd-grade and I'm a small and weak and helpless boy in a great big World that's FILLED with MEN who can do ANYTHING they WANT with me. ohhhhh FUK yeahhhh! So I finally went to sleep for real with Master Brent's still-stiff Man-Dick right up my tight'n tender boy-butt...just where it belonged...and where it belonged FOREVER!

I slept so soundly and great, and I totally had the best kind of dreams. I was the lucky boy at last!

Thanks for reading it through to the end and I hope you liked it! Any comments, please respond to

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