

## **SERVING MASTER JOE: A TRUE STORY**

### **Chapter 2**

All the next day, I replayed the time with Master Joe in my head. It was one of the best sex scenes I have had in years. I was amazed and impressed with how well this handsome stranger had understood my deepest needs, and connected with me emotionally and sexually almost before we met. And so I was delighted to find an email in my box inviting me back for a second session before I left town, and, in fact, summoning me for the following Tuesday evening.

This was not a convenient time for me, given prior business commitments. Nonetheless, I immediately wrote back and accepted, thinking I would rearrange my other meetings to make time for this. It was essential that I see Master Joe again, not only in hopes of getting another great fuck, but also to discuss with him the unfinished business between us. Somehow, I had to correct what I saw as a serious power imbalance, if only as a matter of personal pride.

For despite the great endorphin rush after the meeting, I still had an uneasy feeling of vulnerability in this situation. Certainly, I had made a fool of myself and been exposed as a masochistic slave who thrived on submitting to power and humiliation. Worse, the question of my naked slave pics was still open, as I had neglected to secure Master Joe's promise to delete them after the scene was over. This was no small matter: I am moderately well known in my professional circles, and those pictures falling into the wrong hands could seriously dent my career. While I did trust Master Joe as an honorable person, I was acutely aware of the power he still held over me, if he so chose.

My plan was to return on Tuesday as requested, but from the start to set a different tone for the conversation. I informed Master Joe by email that I would only have an hour to spend, that I would be wearing and certainly not stripping out of a suit as I had a dinner meeting to go to afterwards, and that we also had some serious business to discuss. I felt reasonably confident, that, given my skills as a negotiator, I could ensure his discretion, and then even perhaps get another great fuck before I regretfully closed down this exciting but very risky new relationship.

I also prepared myself again carefully for the meeting. I placed exactly EUR 150 in cash in my wallet – even though I only intended to stay an hour, I figured it was probably unwise to disappoint Master Joe with the amount he would find there. In addition, I brought with me a small gift, a pair of handcuffs I had picked up on a whim that day at a sex shop that I thought he might like. Finally, I had also been directed to again wear the underpants soiled with shoe polish (!). After some deliberation, I decided it would be prudent to comply, even if it meant also wearing them to my business dinner. This was a man very much into power, and I needed to be in his good graces.

## **Second Meeting**

And so I found myself once again in Master Joe's presence, on my knees in the studio I had replayed in my mind dozens of times in the last five days. Master Joe again sat in his chair, again irresistibly sexy in leather pants and Boots, with the same sadistic knowing smile playing on his lips and that incredible hard Cock standing up through His leather. I removed my shoes and socks and surrendered my wallet as directed, and this time was relieved to find that I was apparently going to be allowed to remain dressed in my suit. I was directed to drop my pants to show the soiled underwear, and Master Joe seemed pleased to see that I had complied with that request.

I knelt before Him and allowed Him to lock on a slave collar chain around my neck, again with my eyes diverted, first licking Boots and then slowly looking up to get my bearings. I saw a metal dog dish on the floor before me, filled with some sort of cold oatmeal, and then, to my right, the feared slave pictures again neatly laid out on the table. Next to them was a camera on a tripod. And so it became clear to me: far from deleting the pics, Master Joe now intended to add to his collection. I felt a cold sweat breaking out on my brow.

My first two (rational) reactions, either to leave immediately or to stand up for myself and challenge him, withered immediately: under the force of his gaze, I meekly looked down again and prostrated myself on the floor. And so, with dread, I then looked up when ordered to and proceeded to perform for the camera, first by eating out of the dog bowl and barking on command, both full face. My only consolation was the lack of a flash from the machine. Slowly, I began to think and hope that this was only a bluff.

Even the further command to place two clothespins on my tongue and then to sing the US national anthem (!) in the face of Master Joe's obvious amusement and arousal did not terrify me as much, believing as I now did that there was no real camera running. My insouciance soon gave way to astonishment and then dread and terror, however, when I was directed to come over and watch and listen to the replay. It was then that I realized that this was a videocamera, and that everything had indeed been recorded, including the sound!

The rest of the evening was a bit of a blur. I continued to lick Boots and also make love to Master Joe's crotch. "Are you touching your dick?" he asked, as my hand stole up to my rock hard cock. "No", I lied, frustrated again at this inability to pleasure myself. Finally, I was again directed to the bed, this time with my suit pants pulled down, where I was once more forcefully and masterfully fucked, both from the front and from the back. If anything, it was even more exciting than the first time, even if I was still very worried about the situation I had now gotten myself into. As I moved to dress and go, I knew without even looking that my wallet would again be empty. What I was not prepared for was Master Joe's announcement, coolly delivered, that he would be imposing a further EUR 50 "fine" for having lied about touching my cock. I mumbled assent, and hurried to the door, ashamed at the total failure of my negotiation effort.

## **The Game Continues**

The follow-up was less than an hour in coming. At home, in my email, was a Paypal request for EUR 50 from Master Joe. The violation of my wallet performed with such casual self-assurance in person was now apparently to continue online. I fired back a spirited response, reminding him that I had now paid nearly EUR 350 for his services, and that I certainly had no more money for him until we met again. I felt better, finally, for having stood up for myself. But at the same time I thanked him again for what had been an extremely exciting second meeting. The man was extraordinarily sexy, and I had to admit I deeply admired his awareness of and ease in taking and using power.

That awareness became even more obvious with the email received the next day. In language somewhat cruder than in the past, Master Joe again demanded payment from me, reminding me of the videos he now had, and pointing out that, since I was fully clothed in them, they could easily be posted on Youtube for all to see. He announced that the fine was now doubled to EUR 100, and that I had until midnight to pay.

I picked up the phone to call and reason with my tormentor. Master Joe was short with me this time, simply reiterating his demand for payment and my obligation to meet it. I had no choice but to satisfy him, he said. It was simply "the Nature of things". I hung up, now painfully aware that I had been very, very foolish: this man had naked slave pics and videos of me, emails and chats detailing my slave nature and also thanking him for all he had done to date, as well as my private cell phone number and email address. The blackmail had started and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Angry, frustrated but also deeply aroused, I went online and sent the EUR 100, together with an apology for keeping him waiting.

Somehow, I stumbled through the next few days, teaching seminars, dealing with clients, but was repeatedly surprised by embarrassing hardons under my suit as I recalled all that had transpired, and wondering what was coming next from Master Joe. Thankfully, unfortunately, or both, there was no further word from him. And so I packed my suitcase and prepared to return to my home in New York.

It was not until I was safely relaxing in the Lufthansa lounge at Munich airport, enjoying a final cup of coffee, that the text message on my cell phone lighted up. Master Joe wanted a final picture of my cock sent right through the phone. The threat was not articulated, but it was clear. I felt my dick rise in my pants, then went obediently to the mens' room, snapped the pic and sent it. It was only afterwards that I realized that this gave him a further weapon, an obscene pic clearly traceable as sent through my mobile phone. Thoroughly rattled, I boarded the plane, anxious to leave Germany and this highly erotic but also dangerous and expensive new Master/slave adventure firmly behind.

Master Joe can be reached at [betsaubln@gmx.de](mailto:betsaubln@gmx.de)