

slave diaries (part one)

This is an occasional series, documenting the actual ownership of an actual slave living in the San Francisco Bay Area. The slave was purchased on Saturday, January 17th, 2009, though it has been undergoing training for several months. The purchase price was \$500. The slave was previously owned via an online interaction by a Master in Pennsylvania.

The slave is an African American male, aged 46. The slave has craved submission since the age of five, but has been resisting that submission for most of its adult life. The slave has finally accepted its position as a slave. This series will detail the development and growth of the slave under the guidance of his new Master.

DISCLAIMERS: It is the Master's wish that these writings be shared with a broader audience. Both the Master and slave are HIV positive, therefore they engage in unprotected sex. You should follow your own safe-sex guidelines in order to protect your health. If you are offended by such stories and interactions, move on. If you are under the age of consent, you should not read this series. If you are offended by stories which involve the exploration of racial domination and politically incorrect racial play, you should not read this series.

The Master owns the slave and these writings. You may not publish these writings without the Master's prior consent, but you may share them, particularly if you are exploring or living the Master/slave lifestyle. All rights reserved. Copyright owned by the Master, whose name is withheld for now, but who is identified by His email address. Names have been changed to protect the (less than) innocent. You may contact the Master at lthrpig1@aol.com if you would like to correspond with either the Master or His slave. The Master encourages your questions and suggestions.

THE slave DIARIES

Master,

A great deal has taken place. You purchased me. i am now a bought and sold slave. When Master George phoned me to inform me that i had been sold, i felt a strange mixture of fear and wonderment. i had been sold. i am a human, and You had just purchased me.

i do not know how to accept being purchased, except to say thank You for buying me Master. i am now owned. for real. i feel owned. i really do. it is a humbling feeling to be owned. For me, ownership means, You have total and complete control over me in all ways. i fear this control, i fear it greatly. i long for this control, i yearn for it. It has always been this way.

i keep thinking of how i awoke this last morning in Your bed Master. i, again, woke up with You inside of me. I awoke with You using Your cunt. Honestly, honestly, it truly does feel like a pussy now. Thank You for that Master. Thank You for making it a shaved pussy for You to fuck and seed whenever You desire. i wanted to be pussy so bad. i am Your pussy. i can now say that and know it is completely true. i love that You made me pussy. That morning, it was your normal morning fuck, but i knew You owned me. i spread my legs knowing my place was beneath You with my legs open and back arched, aiming Your cunt toward You so You could have the best angle to fuck deep into Your pussy. As You fucked me, You grew, to where You were pounding

into me again. Causing that pain deep inside again. i took the pain of Your use and spread my legs further to give You even more access. i gave myself to You completely, knowing it was my purpose and place. Knowing it was Yours to take, and my purpose was to make sure You had all that You wanted.

It was very important to me that You took the hair from my body. i do not deserve hair. i am not a man. i am Your slave. i am what You rape, fuck, use for Your pleasure.

i found the beating hard to take Master. i thank You for beating me. i accept that the reason i am beaten is that i am a slave. i found i drank an enormous amount of Your piss Master. i found it became difficult to consume so much piss. You fed me nothing but piss and cum. i overflowed with Your piss inside of me. i know i will be drinking even more and more of Your piss and more often.

i am in shock. i do not know how to deal with what is taking place. i put forth arguments against or questioning my enslavement. i found Your counter arguments stronger.

i love that i no longer have hair on my body. i long to be totally naked at Your feet, legs wide open so that You can see my nakedness. i like You looking at me naked, knowing i should never be allowed clothing.

Thank You for talking to me. Thank You for allowing me to talk to You Master. Thank You for ordering me to be an open book.

i do not know how any of this is gonna work. i know i am scared. i am very, very scared.

slave