

Slave Diaries, Part Two Back-Story

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 17, 2009, though it had been undergoing training for several months prior to purchase. 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. (NOTE: The slave also sees himself as inferior, particularly to White Men, and wants to be referred to in racially derogative terms. If that offends you, don't read any more of this story.)

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, except those granted to Nifty. Copyright owned by the Master, whose name is withheld, but who is identified by His email address. Names have been changed to protect identities. If you would like to correspond with either the Master or His slave, contact the Master at lthrpig1@aol.com. The Master encourages your questions and suggestions.

SOME BACKSTORY, from The Master

In a future installment, I will detail My interactions with the niggerslave that I now own. Those installments will be far more graphic. I appreciate Nifty, and have beaten off to the stories on this site for years. I know that readers of Nifty want fuck-stories. I want fuck-stories when I go to Nifty. I want to read about gaping, open boyholes, hard dicks raping those holes, piss pigs, cum, gang bangs and fisting (among other things). I want to read those stories while I beat my big dick and shoot cum all over my stomach.

You'll get all that if you stay with this. I promise. But for now, you will have to be patient.

Because, for Me, this is about more than just beating off and shooting cum all over your stomach. For Me, this is real. And, for Me, this is about bringing my slave out from the cold – helping him to accept his nature, to be proud of his nature and to reveal his nature to the broader world.

This is also about other slaves out there.

you know who you are. Late at night you lie in bed, alone. Horny. Hungry. you read these stories. you are reading this right now. Deep down, you're wishing *you* were owned. But, you're afraid, or you're ashamed. you're ashamed that it turns you on so much to think about being naked and shaved, on your knees, drooling over a Superior Man's boots. you're scared that you are only happy when a cock is pouring piss down your throat. And the longer you put it off (being a slave), the more intense the cravings become. They pull at you.

you can't imagine how you could be a full-time slave. you can't imagine walking away from your job, or changing your life so radically. you don't know how you can become what you know – deep down – you are.

And so, right now, you're reading this. Maybe you're beating your useless slavecock. Maybe you've already cum, but the urge has returned – even more powerful than before.

These Diaries are for you, slave boy. They are written to show that you CAN be what you are and still have a “normal” life. Because, this is real. Yeah, I've boosted the language up here and there. And in the future, I'll be taking all sorts of artistic license. I already have. But, the fundamental story is true, and My slave's writings are his own (with my edits).

This is real. It can happen to you. But, you always – always – have to take the first step.

So, here goes:

I was alone for the weekend. My roommate was away and that always means I can find some hungry pussyboy to take care of My cock. I went on line. The minute I saw his profile, I had to use him.

Again, there is more back-story to tell, and I WILL tell it. But, for now, all you need to know is that his profile read something like this:

“NIGGER FOR HARD USE”

Beneath that was a very hot pic of a very hot black ass. More than that, I could smell the submission through the screen. I'd been attracted to black men all My life, but only in the past few years had I come to realize that many needed to be treated – and handled – in a certain way. Not only did they crave submission; they yearned to be put in their place – to serve and service dominant White Men. Even more than that, they got off on “race-play,” which is a polite, leather-community-way to say that they were niggers and they were into being treated like niggers. And what they really craved was White Men who unapologetically used them as niggers and had no fear – and a strong desire – to do just that.

Again, in another installment I hope to talk more deeply about race-play and its profound complexities and power. But, for now, all you need to know is this: that day, I knew I had found Me a nigger and I was going to use him as hard as I could. More than that, I was hoping that I could train him to My will, so that I could use him without limits.

Did I mention that I don't like limits? I don't. They're so fucking limiting.

So, I sent an email to the nigger's profile, with my phone number.

I said: “If you're serious about submission to a Superior White Man, then call me, nigger.”

And, damned if two minutes later my phone rang. And, just as I could smell his need through the screen, so could I hear his craving over the cell phone.

“Yeah . . . uh . . . you sent me an email. On asspig. You said – you told me – to call.”

It turns out he was a couple hours north of Me. And working. So, he couldn't talk right then, but he didn't need to. I could tell he was hungry. My profile shows my big White Dick and that always makes true niggers drool. I told him to call back when he had a break, and he did.

I was PISSED that he was working and I said so. But, we talked about what he wanted. The

more we talked the more horny I got. I only had the house alone that day and night and I NEEDED to get off. What I really needed to do, though, was put My mark on this nigger, so I could use him again. I could tell that this was new meat on the market – it was only a matter of time before some other White Top would sniff him out and slap on a collar. Since I spend a bit of time on line, I knew this was a recent profile. Hungry black bottom bois flip My switch – so I would have seen this profile before and I hadn't.

The more I talked the more he needed it. I could tell he'd been looking for this for years and was now finally ready to get it. So, I came up with an idea. I told him – not thinking it was possible – to ask if he could leave work early. He paused – I don't think he expected that. Then he said something about money and being laid off from another job.

It wasn't typical nigger-talk – like you get with some niggers that think they can charge for their services, particularly when dealing with hungry white boys. But, I ain't a hungry white boy. I ain't interested in niggercock – I'm interested in nigger cunt. And, I could tell that money was an *actual* issue with this nigger – that it wasn't a scam, and that he really needed every dollar he earned. Of course, that didn't surprise me, either. I mean . . . well, he was a fucking nigger. His profile said so. Having money problems kind of goes with being a nigger, based on My experience.

I said: "How much do you make an hour?"

He quoted his hourly rate and explained that he also received some commissions.

I said: "If you can get off work, I'll pay you the exact same rate, in cash, for every hour of work you miss. And, I'll also pay you for gas. Since that's pre-tax dollars, you'll earn more from Me than you will at the job. And, if you please Me and serve Me well, I'll also pay you extra for lost commissions."

There was a pause. Again, I could tell he wasn't expecting My offer. I could tell he was resisting it, in fact. I could tell that he didn't want to be seen as just a whore – but I could also tell that it turned him on to *be* a whore. He wanted it. He could hear the force in My voice.

So, I said: "Give me a break, nigger. you know you want it. And, besides, getting paid just adds to the whole dynamic. Just think of it: a hungry nigger, willing to leave work early – willing to beg his boss to leave work early - just to suck a big White Dick, lick a White Man's boots and get his niggerpussy fucked, raw, all night long. And, it gets worse (or better, depending on how you look at it). That nigger's getting paid for it. he NEEDS to get paid for it. Like a fucking whore. In fact, he can't do it if he doesn't get paid for it. you got to admit – you can't get more nigger than that, can ya, nigger?"

There was a long pause.

He said: "I'll see if I can get the time off, Sir."

I didn't hold out hope. I didn't think he would be allowed to leave work, with such short notice. But, then the phone rang – just minutes later. he was breathing hard. he was excited. he had gotten the time off. (I admit – I was impressed. I don't remember what he told his employer, but it must have been good. To Me, it was just another demonstration of what a hungry niggerslave he was.)

I told him to drive directly to My house. He wanted to clean out his hole first – which I normally expect and demand. But, I was too horny and I wanted this nigger on his knees as soon as possible.

I said: "I'll clean it out for you, nigger, with My piss. And, then I'll give you as many enema's as it takes until it's ready to get raped."

Again, he paused. Again, I could tell he wasn't expecting that.

"No one's ever done that to me, Sir."

"you got a problem with it, nigger?"

"No Sir, I've always wanted a White Man to do that to me. It's so humiliating."

"Yeah, nigger, it is. But, that's what you need. Get your ass over here."

The only other thing you need to know, before you read the nigger's letter about our first interaction, is that I am always very clear what I want from My slaves. No limits means no limits. That means FULL toilet service. Any fucking nigger can drink piss – and should. But most niggers stop at being a *real* toilet.

My view is that a nigger is a nigger and a slave is a slave and the role of ANY slave is to take WHATEVER his Master has to give. I don't see why I should use a toilet when I have a slave. And, I don't see why a slave shouldn't absolutely crave everything that comes out of my body. Not just my spit and cum and piss, but yeah, my shit, too.

The nigger drew the line there.

"Whatever," I thought. he'll learn.

I'm fine with limits to begin with. I'm a completely honorable and responsible Top and I know the rules. I understand about needing to exit a scene, if necessary, and I know how to exit a scene, if necessary. I know how to talk about a scene, and set boundaries, and I understand limits. Limits are fine, to begin with, and even necessary. It takes *time* to build trust and connection and dominance/submission is a dangerous game.

There was plenty I could do to this nigger, even if I didn't shit in his mouth. More than that, I LOVE a fucking challenge. The minute a slave tells Me something I can't do – you can bet that's the one thing I want to do to that slave, more than anything else.

And, I told the nigger that. I told him that if this worked (and he KNEW how perfectly I fit his profile and his fantasies, so it was more likely to work than not) I would eventually shit in his mouth and he would love every fucking minute of that.

To be clear, I haven't done that yet, even though he's owned now. It's been months since we first met and I still haven't done that yet. See? I told you I was fucking responsible. I'm working up to that. I'm conditioning him, over time, to crave My shit. And, I'm patient. But, he's already gone farther in that scene than he's ever fucking imagined. And, to his credit, he's done so with abandon.

That, however, is another story.

For now, that's what you need to know about our first meeting.

So, here's the two letters I got after the first time I met and began training My slave. It's important to note that although the slave is 46 years old, and has been sexually active most of his life, he has not had experience in most of the activities outlined here and in future installments.

Enjoy. (Oh, and at the end of our meeting, he violated My orders by sitting on My furniture. No slave uses My furniture – they only use My floor and My bed, and only that with permission. he also couldn't handle My piss the next morning That's what he's talking about in this letter. The fucking slave sat on My furniture and couldn't take all of My morning piss – so He got punished for it.)

FIRST LETTER FROM the slave, AFTER OUR FIRST MEETING:

Sir,

i thought a great deal of the experience i shared with You.

First, i want to apologize for sitting on furniture and not taking Your piss. Both are mistakes i will not make again. i had become concerned that i would be late since i had not organized before hand the travel time from your home to my workplace. That was in my head, thus i sat on furniture. That will not happen again.

i did not take your piss because i had psyched myself out. Something You said the night before. You said that if i were a true piss drinker i would be drinking Your piss in the morning and that it would be stronger. i had that in my head, and thought i would bring it back up Sir – that i would vomit or something.

Guess, overall i was not in the correct headspace.

Truth is, i want to be Your urinal. i found it sexually appealing for You to simply open my mouth and piss in it. The thought of being Your urinal turns me on. i want to be at Your feet drinking every drop of Your piss. It even turned me on thinking that if i lived there, i would drink your piss 24/7. Just my own kinky thoughts.

i truly did want to stay naked. i like being subservient to You. i like being always naked before You. i liked being collared and shackled and i loved being used so thoroughly. You pissed on me to mark me. i felt marked and like it. You pissed in my ass and down my throat.

You personally cleaned out my nigger cunt in preparation for Your cum. i liked that You personally cleaned me out. It turned me on that You did it yourself.

You brutally fucked my nigger pussy making it Yours. You repeatedly fucked my nigger cunt. You truly took me. When you were on top of me pounding Yourself into me, i knew, i was Yours. You possessed me. You claimed me as Your fuckhole. i gave myself to You completely. You took me completely.

i wanted You to punish me that final morning. i did not do it on purpose. But i realized i had disrespected You. i needed to be punished. i wanted You to have the satisfaction of punishing me. i wanted to go back upstairs, be tied down to the bed, and have my naked nigger ass beaten good, until You were satisfied.

If i had had time...

What bothered me was the money. Not that You gave it to me or PAID me. True, it does play into it - the nigger who needs the money. And i do. i found the expenditure of gas, not to mention the hours off work, would be prohibitive. And now that my position at one of my jobs has been made redundant, i have that in my head now – money problems. i will have to find an alternate source of income.

What bothered me Sir was, i think You were trying to shit on the money and put it in my mouth. As a way of getting around my not wanting to eat Your shit. It was something we agreed i would not be doing, and i think You wanted it anyway, so that is why You put the money in Your ass before You put it in my mouth. i got the impression You were trying to shit on it first. i do not know because i was blindfolded. The thought bothered me.

(MASTER'S NOTE: Clearly, I wasn't going to just give the nigger money. I made the nigger work for the money. So, I had him suck each bill until it was soaking wet, then shoved the bills up My ass. he had to pull out each one with his tongue and teeth – except the last one, which I soaked in My piss. He still has that five dollar bill and it still smells of My piss, by the way. But, just to be clear, My ass was CLEAN that night. I made sure of that. I even told the nigger that, but he forgot. Again, I understand limits and I'm a responsible Top. I wouldn't push a new slave to a place he doesn't want to go on our first meeting. But, the nigger didn't know that – or couldn't get that through his thick skull, or was simply scared and overwhelmed. he knows better now. I just thought you would like to know that the nigger got paid by Me pushing wet dollars out of My ass, and into his mouth.)

You mention Your fantasy. Mentally i can go there. I do not know if i could go there physically . i doubt it. i just wanted You to know that mentally, i understood and was there.

The time i spent with You was intense and powerful.

Thank You Sir,
nigger

SECOND LETTER ABOUT OUR FIRST MEETING

From nigger you fucked

Sir,

i was thinking about what You said about important moments.

You did not mention when You looked at my nigger pussy and saw Your cum dripping from my hole. That was an important moment. You seeded me, and i had your cum dripping out of my nigger pussy.

You dipped your finger into that nigger pussy and pulled out some of Your cum and fed it to me. i tasted it and knew You seeded me. You pumped three thick loads of cum into this niggercunt, making me Your bitch. And i know it. My ass is sore because You beat me. my asshole is sore because You raped me.

You made me Your nigger pussy.

A very important moment, Sir.

Thank You, Sir.

nigger

Next Up – the ACTUAL Bill of Sale for My nigger, some more backstory, a niggerslave's prayer and more.

(FINAL NOTE: These letters are largely un-edited, but certain details have been changed for privacy. Additionally, in the early stages of Our/our interaction, the niggerslave was not well versed on "old-guard" leather tradition, specifically capitalization of pronouns when referring to his Master. "You," not "you" – when referring to his Master. "i," not "I" – when referring to himself. the slave has learned and adapted, and I have made changes to conform to that style. But, I have missed certain pronouns. If that's the case, blame the slave, not Me.)