

© 2002 by david stein; all rights reserved. Following a collaring scene at the Altar bar (which flourished for about a year in lower Manhattan in the early 1990s), Terry and Matt drive north to Terry's house in Westchester. It's late on Friday night at the start of the Columbus Day weekend.

CHAPTER 22

Welcome to my dungeon

As we climbed the stairs out of the bar, the sound of my leg chain was loud in the silence. I was glad Altar wasn't anywhere near a residential neighborhood. A smirk of Tribeca trendies leering at us would have spoiled the mood.

I was almost looking forward to another relaxing ride in the trunk of Terry's old Jaguar, but when we stopped on a side street around the corner I saw that he'd brought the Jeep. He didn't plan to let me sit next to him and chat, however.

"Face front, dickhead," he ordered after opening the tailgate and rear window. He unclipped my leash, took his bag from me, and set it on the tailgate, then unlocked my handcuffs and pulled my jacket off. I rubbed my sore wrists and bare arms as he folded the jacket and laid it on the left side of the cargo area, behind the driver's seat. My asshole twitched around the plug, but it felt good. So did the leather collar around my neck; just as the first time I wore it, it felt like it belonged there.

Terry turned me around and again crushed me to his chest. I inhaled the scent of his body-warm leathers and began licking whatever I could reach. He laughed aloud and kissed me fiercely, possessively.

"Three days, boy!" he said, pulling back and holding me at arm's length, his strong hands clamped onto my shoulders. We stared into each other's eyes, smiling, until at a nod from him I dropped mine submissively. "Three days of nonstop bondage and confinement, three days of all the flogging and fucking you can handle! Three days as my full-time slave, doing whatever I tell you with no backtalk. How's that sound to you, boy?"

"It sounds great, Sir!" I said, looking up at him again — his

enthusiasm was contagious. "Three days or three years, Sir! I'm your boy!"

"We'll see," he said with a wry grin. "Anything you need to tell me before I secure you for the trip?"

"No, Sir."

"Good."

He fastened the cuffs on me again, but in front, and reached into his bag for what proved to be a well-worn leather head harness with a detachable gag. He turned me around and put it on me, tightening the straps till it was snug. The rubber gag — with a breathing, or piss-feeding, tube through the middle — was like a short, fat, chewable cock filling the front of my mouth.

"Climb in, boy," he ordered, giving me a boost with a firm hand on my sore ass. "Use your jacket as a pillow."

I tumbled into the Jeep and squirmed around until I was in a tolerably comfortable position in the narrow space behind his seat, with my knees bent and my legs pulled up a little. Terry had chains already prepared in all four corners of the cargo area, and in a few minutes my shackled feet were locked in place and chains were looped around my knees, chest, and waist and pulled tight enough that I couldn't roll around. His last step was to lock my cuffed hands behind my head to the rollbar on the side of the Jeep. After wriggling in my bonds enough to test them thoroughly, I settled back onto my jacket with a contented sigh. *So nice to be tied up by a man who really knows what he's doing!*

"That ought'a keep you happy for an hour or so till I get you home," Terry said, sitting on the open hatch door of the Jeep and reaching in to run his hand over my exposed butt. "If I can resist pulling over on the way and raping you first."

I could only grunt in response. He laughed, then reached over to squeeze my crotch. He unbuttoned my jeans again and pulled my hard cock and balls out of the damp jock strap, squeezing my cock and rolling my balls around in his gauntleted hand, and jiggling the plug in my ass with the other, until I was moaning and writhing in pleasurable pain.

"You're so easy, Matt," he said in an amused tone. "It's almost no challenge to play you. Push your buttons — bondage, boots, leather, affectionately rough handling — and you're a bitch in heat. I'm amazed no one's ever enslaved you before."

I didn't try to answer, just groaned under his delicious tor-

ments. If I'd been able to speak clearly, I'd have explained to him that it wasn't my "buttons" but *who* was doing the pushing that made the difference — I didn't react this way to just *anybody*.

"Well, let's get this show on the road, boy," he said.

But he couldn't resist one more embellishment. With the air of an artist putting a last touch to a masterpiece, he took some strips of leather and tied up my cock and balls. Only then did he shake out a folded canvas tarp and drape it over me, covering even my face, before locking up the rear of the Jeep. I had no trouble breathing under the tarp, which smelled a little musty, with traces of gasoline and oil, but I may as well have been blind-folded, not that I could have seen much anyway with my face only a few inches from the back of his seat. Terry was no doubt more concerned with keeping anyone outside from seeing that I was half-naked and tied up. Under the tarp I was an unidentifiable lump, not a captive being "abducted."

"Get some rest, boy. You'll need it," he told me when the Jeep was moving. He put on a CD or tape, and the vehicle was filled with the sound of a classical guitar. I *was* pretty tired, and despite the hard surface under me, which let me feel every bump in the streets and roads we passed, I felt so safe and secure that I soon drifted into a deep sleep. I stirred whenever he stopped for a toll or changed the music but always dozed off again quickly.



I woke with a start, however, when Terry opened the back of the Jeep and pulled off the tarp. Blinking in the sudden light, I shook my head to clear it as he unlocked the chains holding me in place.

"Hope you enjoyed your nap," Terry said with a wide grin, "'cause you won't be sleeping again for a while!" He unstrapped the head harness and unlocked my handcuffs and leg irons. "Now get your ass out of there and strip down to your boots." I scrambled out of the Jeep and began taking off my clothes as he tidied up the bondage gear, packing it back into the bag he'd carried into Altar.

He took my T-shirt, chaps, and jeans from me as I removed them and stowed them in the Jeep, slamming the hatch door and window closed when I was naked. He recuffed my hands be-

hind my back before untying the leather strips he'd put around my hard cock and tight balls. Although the air in the garage was warm enough, I shivered from excitement, spiced with just a little fear now that I was truly at his mercy. *Can I take whatever he throws at me?*

"You look real good, boy," he said, running his eyes and hands over me. The feel of his large, strong hands on my body was so erotic that my cock, standing proudly from my recently shaved crotch, began dripping precum.

I melted into him as he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me against his leathered chest, holding my cuffed hands tight against the small of my back. My cock squeezed between his legs, and I laid my head on his shoulder. My throat vibrated with a sound somewhere between a moan and a purr as he stroked my back and kneaded my ass. I was totally lost in the moment, not thinking about what had happened earlier or what was to come.

"Ready, slaveboy?" Terry asked softly next to my ear.

"Yes, Sir." *Ready for what?* I asked myself. "Anything you want from me, Sir," I told him.

"Anything?" he asked, teasingly. "No limits?"

Why can't I keep my big mouth shut?

"Not for you, Sir. Use me any way you want, Sir. I trust you, Sir — and you did promise to protect me."

He laughed and pulled my head back so he could look into my eyes.

"I don't want to 'use' you, Matt. I intend to *play* you — like a violin or guitar. You're here so I can practice my art: bondage, confinement, torture, control — I can't create the effects I want by myself, and now I realize that I can't do my best work on a subject who doesn't belong to me. I need your unconditional trust and acceptance, whether you're suffering or blissed out with pleasure, to achieve what I have in mind. Understand?"

"Not entirely, Sir." I could see bondage as a form of sculpture, but it was hard to think of the cries and shrieks I emitted under torture as sweet music, though I suppose to a sadist . . .

"That's okay. You don't have to understand it. Just do whatever I say. I won't promise it'll never hurt, because sometimes it will, only that in the end you'll be glad you obeyed."

He bent to kiss me, and I opened hungrily to him, sucking on his tongue and lips. When he pulled away I wouldn't let go

— I darted my tongue at his moustache and hit his chin, raspy now with beard stubble.

Laughing, he diverted my face to his jacket and let me lick my way down to his crotch. I was on my knees, licking along his thick cock under his leather, when he suddenly pulled a leather sack over my head, plunging me back into darkness, and tightened it with drawstrings in the rear. The only openings were tiny air holes near my nose. I could breathe well enough if I did it slowly, but the front of the hood pulled tight against my face every time I inhaled, and the strong leather aroma of the rough suede inner side filled my nostrils. When I exhaled it puffed out like a balloon, and my ears hummed with the increased pressure.

“I have a surprise for you, boy,” Terry said. The thin leather was no obstacle to hearing. “Stand up and follow my lead.”

He held my left arm above the elbow as we walked slowly from the garage into the basement of the house. The sound of our bootsteps was loud on the cement floor of the garage and then became much softer, almost muffled; I assumed we were crossing the carpeted floor of his work-out room and erotic art gallery. Between the smell of leather from the hood and the stale air that wasn’t able to escape through its tiny air holes between breaths, I was almost giddy.

“You’re doing fine, boy,” Terry encouraged me. “Take it slow. We’re almost there.”

We walked a few more steps before he paused to unlock a door, then led me through a narrow corridor out into a larger space. (Hooded, I couldn’t see the raw images of extreme torture covering the corridor walls, but somehow I still felt their baleful impact.) After a few steps, I figured we must be outside the cell-block where he’d “interrogated” me the last time, and I expected to hear the clang of the solid steel door opening, but it sounded more like a heavy wooden door swinging back on hinges. *Is that the surprise? Still another secret room?* I wondered as we moved four steps forward, then turned.

“Careful, boy. There are some steps to go down here. Take it slow.”

I counted three steps before we moved out onto a level surface again. Even through my boots the flooring felt smoother than cement, and yet less even — sort of ripply — and much harder than vinyl or rubber. Our bootsteps echoed as we walked some

distance away from the steps. We stopped finally, and Terry said, "Stay there, boy," his voice booming in what seemed to be a large space.

I spread my legs a bit for a firmer stance and stood quietly for several minutes, my hooded head bowed toward my chest and my arms cuffed behind me. I felt the snug collar ride my neck and the hood collapse in and then balloon out with each deep, slow breath. The room was warmer than the garage, quite comfortable for a naked prisoner, but Terry must have been sweating buckets under all that leather. *Maybe he's taking some of it off*, I speculated while awaiting his return.

Eventually I heard his footsteps approaching, and when he was in front of me he set something down on the floor with a metallic clang. Without a word, he removed the handcuffs and chafed my wrists and rubbed my arms, soothing away any stiffness. I was practically purring when he spoke again.

"Doing okay, boy? Any problems I should know about?"

"No, Sir. I'm fine," I answered truthfully. "I could stand to piss again, Sir."

"Hold it for now," he said, continuing to massage my arms, then my thighs and legs, almost like he was preparing me for something, or checking out my condition. His hands on me felt good, but I wondered what was in store. *Softening me up for the kill?* While I'd been genuinely looking forward to the "nonstop bondage" he'd promised, part of me just wanted to snuggle in his arms or at his feet and dreaded being bound and left alone. My half-hard cock reflected that ambivalence. The more exotic the equipment he used on me, the more elaborate the scenes he orchestrated, the more I craved the simple touch of his hand.

Those thoughts broke off when Terry pulled my left arm out toward him and start wrapping something around my wrist, some kind of bandage or other soft material — *rubber?* He did the same to the other one, and then he locked some kind of wide, very thick, and heavy cuff around each wrist. The cuffs fit snugly over the padding and had no give when I flexed my wrists, so I figured they were the same heavy metal set he'd used on me the first time, or something similar.

Terry adjusted my position, pushing me a little back and to the right, before pulling my arms up and out to the sides and anchoring the chains attached to the cuffs somewhere out of my

reach. When he finished I was tightly stretched, and my cock was about as hard as it gets. Another rattle of chain, and he was clamping even heavier cuffs around my boots.

“Good thing you wore these boots, dickhead,” he said as he worked down at my feet. “Makes it easier for me — I don’t have to worry about protecting your ankles. That why you wore ‘em, boy?”

“Yes, Sir, more or less. I figured you’d want to chain my legs in the bar or after, Sir, and I didn’t want to have to go barefoot.”

“You figured right, boy,” he chuckled. “It’s always a pretty safe bet that I’m going to want you chained if I can, or restrained some other way. . . . Now spread those legs, boy. More! As wide as you can get ‘em and not fall over.”

The butt plug pressed more firmly against my prostate as I eased my legs apart, keeping my boots flat on the floor. This maneuver lowered my torso and thus stretched my arms even tighter. Terry anchored the chains so that my feet were at least a yard apart, and then he put another chain *between* the ankle cuffs, pulling inward, so I literally couldn’t move an inch. The same for my wrist cuffs.

By then I was breathing hard, despite the hood, almost hyperventilating from excitement. My steel-hard cock was stabbing the air in front of me and beginning to drip precum. Maybe it’s vanity, but I love to be spreadeagled! Just about any male body looks better that way, and it always makes me feel sexier and more vulnerable at the same time. Terry seemed to like it, too.

“Yeah,” he said, his voice coming from in front of me again. His gloved hands lightly stroked my heaving chest and rippling belly as if to calm me, but it just made me hotter. “That’s the way I like to see you, boy, all the time — in bondage, under my control. That’s what I want. If you’re not in bondage, you’re not *my* boy, are you, dickhead? That’s how you want to be, too, isn’t it, boy? My bondage slave? My bondage toy?”

“Yes, Sir! That’s what I want, Sir! Only . . . *ahh-hh!*”

“Yes, boy? What is it? What’s worrying you?”

He was playing with my nipples, not hard, just lazily rubbing and flicking them with his fingers, and I was too turned on to think. *But there’s something . . . something important . . .* It was no use. At that moment I truly wanted nothing more than to be his full-time bondage toy.

"Nothing, Sir," I forced out. "I just wish I could see you, Sir, that's all."

I wanted to remind myself how attractive I found him, how much I lusted for his body. And I wanted to check if he had that crooked grin again, more mischievous than really cruel. *It's when he stops grinning that I really need to worry about what he'll do!*

"Soon, boy," he said. "Be patient. You have nothing to worry about — nothing except taking some pain for me. You can do that, can't you, boy? You want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir!"

I felt his hand on my balls now, and I moaned softly as he manipulated them, roughly squeezing them low in their sac and fitting something around it that finally snapped shut. The pressure when he took his hand away, abandoning my nuts to gravity, told me it was a metal "doughnut" ball stretcher, and a heavy one. I hissed and gritted my teeth, but the pain was quite bearable — for now.

Suddenly Terry's hands were all over me, teasing and tormenting rather than soothing, twisting my nipples *hard*, slapping my swollen balls and hard cock, squeezing my biceps and buns, gripping handfuls of flesh as if he'd tear them from my body — *taking* me, claiming me as his property, his plaything. I moaned under his touch but made no verbal complaint. I *wanted* to be exactly where I was, stretched out like a sacrificial victim, completely at his mercy, even if it hurt like hell. I felt totally alive, acutely sensitive to every stimulus, vividly aware of our relative positions and respective status. My role was very simple at that point: all I had to do was suffer.

He started slapping my chest and punching my abs, lightly at first and then hard, *harder!* Hooded, I couldn't see where the next blow was coming from. Rigidly bound, I couldn't move or resist, couldn't even flinch. Heavy, full-handed smacks raked the front of my body, rocking me in my chains, knocking the breath out of me so I couldn't even groan or cry out, just ride with the pain of his furious assault as it broke over me. I pulled furiously against my unyielding bonds, grateful that they prevented a cowardly escape, even more grateful for the thick leather of my boots and the bandages around my wrists that kept the metal cuffs from mangling my joints.

When my whole front side was one delicious ache, my skin

glowing with the heat of the blood his slaps had brought to the surface, he eased off and let my breathing and heart rate return to something like normal. My eyes were filled with tears, and I heard myself softly whimpering, but these were involuntary reactions. If he'd asked me if I wanted him to stop, I'd have said no without hesitation. This was what I needed: to feel his power and control, to be overwhelmed by his use of me. He didn't ask my permission, though. He took my (relative) silence for consent, or for all I knew he read my mind. He straddled my left leg (I could feel his leather breeches rub my naked thigh) and started slow again, lightly paddling my ass with one hand while the other slowly fisted my half-hard cock. My cock jerked in his hand whenever his slaps on my ass jiggled the butt plug, which only made him chuckle and do it again.

After a few minutes he stopped toying with me and just held onto the root of my cock and balls to balance himself as his blows on my ass became harder, then harder still. Soon he was whaling away full force, smashing his leathered palm across my butt cheeks so that I jerked and grunted with each blow. He let my strangled genitals go and moved behind me, hitting me with both hands in turn as hard as he could, *left, right, left, right*, moving up and down across my ass, *high, low, middle, high, middle, low*. My butt was on fire, but as just about every other blow drove the butt plug across my prostate, my cock was fully hard again. Some small part of my brain wondered if I could actually come just from being spanked.

I never got to find out, for Terry moved his theater of operations onto my back, still using only his hands, as far as I could tell, and still slapping more than pounding. But it definitely hurt — a lot. And yet it was starting *not* to hurt: the whole experience of being so intimately pummeled combined with the excitement of my stretched-out helplessness and the sensory imbalance of sightlessness with my overloaded touch and hearing to put me in a state of altered consciousness. My awareness was divided — part of it was still inside my leather-swathed skull, squealing like a trapped animal, but another part seemed to be floating serenely overhead, looking down equally on my glowing, sweat-soaked, pain-wracked body, sagging in its chains, and on the hard-working leatherman tormenting it.

When Terry finally stopped hitting me, I seemed to see him

still standing there behind me, watching me. I licked my lips and wondered what he was thinking. *Did he enjoy hurting me? Do I still please him now that my body must be as red as a boiled lobster?*

I hung in the chains and panted, the hood expanding and collapsing around my face like a bellows, for several long minutes before he finally unlaced it, came around in front of me, and pulled it off. The first thing I saw, blinking my teary eyes in the sudden light, was that he'd removed his cap and leather jacket, and his short-sleeved black leather shirt was now open at the neck, without the leather tie he'd had on earlier. But he still wore his gauntlets, and his leather breeches were still tucked into his tall engineer boots.

As my eyes adjusted, I saw that his face and arms were running with sweat, and his brushcut hair was plastered flat onto his skull instead of standing proudly erect. I chewed my lips and wished I could lick him clean. Despite the sweat, working me over had left him looking relaxed and happy. His characteristic mocking half-smile played on his lips as he looked into my eyes (before I lowered them).

"Welcome to my dungeon, Matt," he said, his honeyed baritone deepened by reverberation from the space around us. "This'll be your home for the next couple of days. Feel free to look around — as much as you can, anyway," he chuckled.

I had trouble just taking my eyes off him: the black leather seemed to soak up the soft yellow-white light. Turning my head to the side, I saw that the light was coming mainly from long glowing tubes mounted high, front and back, on steel-gray, I-beam-shaped pillars on either side of me. My chains were anchored to the same pillars, and I could make out similar pillars and glow tubes beyond them to the sides and across the room.

The more I looked around, the more my eyes widened in amazement. If Terry's jail cell was obsessively authentic, his "dungeon" could have been featured in *Architectural Digest*. The pillars I was chained to were part of a circle of eight similar pillars, and the gray, pie-shaped ceiling slabs they supported met at a point high above the center of the circle. That confirmed my suspicions about where we were: underneath the landscaped "hole" in his octagonal doughnut of a house. My memory of the flamboyant garden above us made the monochrome furnishings of the dungeon — black, white, gray, and steel as far as I could see,

except for an odd splash of color directly across the room — seem all the more severe.

The diameter of the circle formed by the pillars must have been at least 15 feet, and the dungeon space appeared to continue at least another 10 feet beyond them. Not all of the glow tubes were lit, and some of the “bays” between pillars were drowned in shadows. Turning my head to re-examine the pillars I was chained to, I saw that the flanges of the I-beams were perforated with large and small holes, no doubt to make it easier to run cables through a building but equally handy for attaching ropes or chains. The gleaming chains from my wrist and ankle cuffs were looped through large holes and fastened with snap-open carabiners, the kind used by rock climbers, rather than locks. Of course, since I couldn’t reach the ends, there was no reason to bother with more secure fastenings.

I looked at Terry again, in awe at the amount of thought, effort, and, no doubt, money that had gone into this “dungeon,” where every inch was as carefully designed as the lobby of a skyscraper. His smile had vanished, and his face was stern. *Uh-oh*. He reached out and raised my chin with a finger until I was looking directly into his eyes.

“I’m going to put you through the wringer, boy,” he said, “and I expect you to take it all and beg for more. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said in a small voice, and my cock drooped. I was coming down from my “high” during the previous scene. My arms and legs were hurting from the prolonged stretch, and I was tired, sore, and needed to piss. Much as I wanted to please him, I was past ready for a break.

“Don’t worry, boy,” he said, noticing my reaction. “I’m not going to demand anything you can’t give me. If you try hard, you’ll do fine.”

He stepped forward and pressed himself against me, rubbing his sweat-soaked leather shirt and breeches against my tenderized torso. He licked at my face and nipples as I pulled uselessly on my chains, trying to touch him. My cock sprang erect again, poking at his own full basket, hard under leather. He stayed out of reach, laughing, until he brought his face back to mine and kissed me deeply. Our tongues entwined as I responded eagerly to the affection.

“I love you, Matt, but don’t think that’ll make me go easy

on you," he said quietly when our lips finally separated. "Because I love you, I'm going to push your limits. If you're not ready to be the kind of slave I want, better we find out early. But I'm sure you can handle it."

I opened my mouth to speak, and he held a finger against my lips.

"Don't talk now. There's nothing you need to say. Trust me." His voice was deep and slow, almost hypnotic in its effect as I stared into his hazel eyes — now brown, now gold depending on the angle of the light.

"Just keep still," he told me as he ran his hands along my arms and shoulders, feeling my muscles, once again soothing the tensions that his bondage and torments had created. "Relax. . . . Don't think too much. . . . Ride with the pain, don't try to fight it. . . . Relax. . . . Trust me. . . ." He bent to run his hands over my thighs and legs as well. "Trust me," he said once more when he'd straightened up and caught my eyes again. Forbidden to speak, I nodded.

He smiled and walked off toward my left, into the darkness. When he came back a few moments later he was carrying an aluminum bucket, which he fastened to the ball stretcher weighing down my nuts. He stood in front of me, unzipped his breeches and pulled out his beautiful, thick, cut cock, milking it slowly over the bucket.

"I've gotta piss something fierce, boy. Been holding it just for you."

The golden stream leaped from his cock and splashed into the bucket with a noise like rain on a tin roof and a smell that made me lick my lips in frustration. I'd never had much thirst for piss before, but every time I saw Terry piss — and didn't get it — all I could think about was how hot and good it would feel going down my throat. He sighed with satisfaction as he relieved himself, and I groaned as the bucket got heavier.

"When you're ready to piss, boy," he said, shaking off his dick and stuffing it back in his breeches, "do it right here in the bucket. But be careful: you'll lick up any you spill on the floor."

He caressed my face, twisted both my nipples, and playfully slapped my erect cock, making the bucket swing painfully.

"Just hang around the dungeon for a while, boy," he said with a mocking grin, "while I get comfortable."

And he calls me a smartass! I followed him with my eyes to a wide platform at the end of the room and up a short flight of steps, no doubt the same ones we came down. A massive door of darkly stained wood strapped with black metal in a quasi-medieval style stood ajar at the back of the platform. My Master went through his dungeon portal and closed it behind him with an echoing thud.