

SERVING MASTER JOE: A TRUE STORY

Chapter 1

FOREWORD

The story that follows is, believe it or not, absolutely true. It was written by me, slave mike, under the orders of Master Joe, and then edited by Master Joe to ensure that it accurately depicts His view of things. It is now being published by Master Joe, who has claimed full copyright to its contents and full ownership of any proceeds to be gained from its publication.

It all started on a January night in Berlin. I was newly arrived for my two weeks' work visit there, and already horny for some illicit gay mansex. Since I didn't really have anything going along those lines in Berlin, I decided to cruise through the Internet escort ads, focusing especially on the rougher SM profiles. For my little secret has always been a penchant for dominant Men. I am at heart a cocksucker and bootlicker, although one could never tell that from looking at me! In fact, I enjoy this kind of sex all the more because in "real" life I am quite successful, even powerful, and like to think I am very straight-acting and appearing. So it is a release for me to pretend to submit to humiliation at the hands of strangers, even for a short encounter.

I hadn't had much experience with escorts, and am not used to having to pay for sex. On the other hand, it has a certain charm being the customer, and thus getting to call the shots, just as I do in my business life. Always efficient, I like the idea of making an appointment for some manly, no-strings-attached sex, all on my terms. While I do lick the Boots, in the end, I am the one in charge.

The three or four escorts I had visited in the past were all fairly forgettable, attractive enough guys, but none with anything to really keep my interest. So I flicked idly through the online ads, until one caught my eye. "Master Joe" was a fairly hot looking Skinhead youth, with a well written ad in both English and German. As his prices seemed reasonable as well (EUR 90 for one hour, EUR 150 for two), I decided to give him a try and shoot off an email. And given my horny mood, I included a little extra info about my submissive tendencies and even attached a couple of fairly hot pics of me in action as a gay slave.

Master Joe's response was quick and quite reasonable. He offered me a slot the following Friday night, asked some intelligent questions about what I had written, and sent another very hot pic of himself in full leather. Enthused, I responded with a longer email confirming the meeting and throwing in two more slave images of myself, this time with the face fully visible, feeling deliciously reckless as I pushed "Send".

Two days later, still feeling mildly uneasy, I decided to phone the number to hear Master Joe in person. The voice was reassuring: masculine, sexy and eminently reasonable. I chatted for a while about our upcoming date, then casually suggested that it would be best if he deleted my pics after inspection – after all, one can never be too careful about these things. His response was measured but also challenging: was I ashamed of what I had sent? Again fairly recklessly, I suggested that he keep the pics as security to ensure that I show up as agreed. Master Joe seemed to like this idea and we agreed to discuss it further in person. I hung up the phone with my dick unaccountably hard, my mission unaccomplished but the anticipation heightened.

First Meeting

The day before our meeting, I heard from Master Joe again, this time with a text message on my cell phone telling me to let him know when I left home, and an email with specific instructions for the meeting. The rules were fairly harmless by BDSM standards: I was to strip naked when I arrived, always address him as Sir, be prepared to eat from a dog dish, never touch my or his cock, and also (somewhat unusually) put all my clothes in a large garbage bag which was to be waiting for me, and also let him take the fee from my wallet directly rather than pay him. I was pleased at the attention being paid to this new customer and looked forward more than ever to an exciting evening.

On Friday evening, I took care to be on time. Prudent as ever, and forewarned by the email, I had carefully prepared my wallet, removing the photo id and some of the cards, and also ensuring that it contained just enough money to cover a possible two hour session plus a little extra for dinner and drinks afterwards to unwind. I wore an older pair of underwear, as Master Joe had also explicitly requested, and a few minutes before the appointed time stood in front of the house, already half erect with the anticipation of some good leather sex.

Master Joe did not disappoint in person. Even more attractive than on the photos, with a good physique, very muscular and sexy legs and feet, and a soulful, searching and highly erotic gaze from two dark eyes, he immediately confirmed my judgment that I had chosen well this time. Even the garbage bag placed in the middle of the room, where I was told to deposit all my clothes, did not detract from my anticipation to strip, surrender all my clothes, and allow him to carry the bag out of the room, leaving me naked and very vulnerable. Since leaving was now not an option, I decided to get down and begin to service this delectable man.

As my mouth approached the sizeable crotch swelling, my left hand instinctively reached for my own meat to begin the process of self-gratification. It was with difficulty that I remembered the instruction not to touch myself, and reluctantly desisted. I had less trouble keeping my eyes down on his Boots, as I had already seen the unyielding authority in his eyes and did not really want to challenge that. So I knelt naked before him, grateful for the chance to service even in this weak way, and curious as to what would happen next. I also did not protest when a slave collar was strapped around my neck.

That was when I first noticed the pictures: all five of the photos I had sent of myself, all neatly printed on color paper and in a stack on his chest. He fingered them absently and meaningfully, making me acutely aware of their significance.

I cursed myself inwardly for my carelessness, for I had only recently learned the hard way about the power of pictures. An escort in Denver had blackmailed me for nearly \$1000 with photos he took of me in service to him and threatened to post on the Internet if not adequately compensated for his discretion. But here, as then, my fear and indignation was mixed with a fair amount of excitement as well, and I was not the only one that noticed my cock standing at attention. Power is erotic, even when one is on the losing end.

I stammered something about the "security deposit" only having been meant for the first meeting, and got back to work sucking Cock, hoping to deflect his attention from the possibilities I had offered him with my carelessness. He seemed to enjoy that, but soon tired and had me crawl to the corner to fetch a beer, mocking me as I clumsily tried to pour it out for him like a nervous waiter in awe of a powerful and easily infuriated customer.

When Master Joe then pointed to his Boots, I intuitively got to work licking Them, even wordlessly continuing on the soles when directed to do so. A thorough ministrations of the

Boots on his Feet was followed by the order to fetch a second pair in the corner and to clean those with polish laid next to them. My consternation in searching for a rag with which to apply the polish ended with the sudden realization that I was to use my own underpants, still on the floor beside me, in a particularly sadistic and also erotic demonstration of humiliation and degradation. Somewhat stunned, I did as I was told, and soon the crotch of my shorts was black with shoe polish.

Master Joe was clearly enjoying his position and the spectacle of my humiliation. This became even more clear when He leaned over, picked up my wallet from the floor and casually went through it, removing bills and inspecting the rest of the contents. I remained naked and kneeling all through this, my hands behind my head, gaze averted and anxious not to give any further offense.

Finally, the big moment came: I was told to move over to a leather bed area, kneeling down with my ass in the air. I stammered that I am not used to being fucked, but obeyed all the same, stretching my ass back until I felt the tip of His condom-covered Cock begin to penetrate. What followed was a very intense and highly pleasurable fuck, mercilessly persistent and at the same time extremely erotic. As his Cock was big, however, and the fucking very manly, I found myself whimpering and even crying a little in the process, as I begged him to go easy on me. It lasted some minutes, and finally ended as I was flipped over, the condom removed, and Master Joe's hot cum shot all over my stomach, marking me as His slave property.

I was quite flustered as I then washed up as best I could and gathered my belongings to go. Master Joe sat impassively in his chair, only speaking to order me to put on the shoe polish stained underpants. When I looked in my wallet, still discarded on the floor, I found all the money gone. I opened my mouth to challenge my cash rapist, who only looked at me sardonically. "I take what is due me", he said. I nodded meekly, not daring to resist or take make any further mention of my pictures, finished dressing and stumbled out the door.

And so I found myself outside in the night air, Master Joe's cum still pungent on my chest, my underpants soiled with His shoe polish. My wallet brazenly emptied and my ass tingling from the best "rape" I had had in many months. What is more, I was now headed directly to a movie with friends, with no time to change clothes beforehand. It would be a while before I regained my composure to rejoin the real world, where I still had dignity and status. But for tonight, I had received all that I came for and more.

You too can meet Master Joe and experience a similar adventure, if you have the courage. Even if you are far away from Berlin, you can contact Him right now by email and offer yourself as a slave. Send Him a few naked slave pics of yourself, if you dare, and see where that takes you. But don't say I didn't warn you, and realize that I can take no responsibility for the consequences.

Master Joe can be reached at betsaubln@gmx.de.