

## A TATTOO FOR FATHERS'S DAY

THANK GOD! I thought to myself when I finally heard my dad get out of bed to answer an early morning phone call. Perhaps now he will come down to the basement and release me. We had spent hours the night before in a really rough session and, when he had tired of the sport, he simply left me hanging by my wrists, spreadeagled with my toes barely touching the floor. That is how I spent the night. There wasn't much sleep to be had.

He left his jockstrap in my mouth as a gag "so you won't disturb me," he said as he split. "Here, this will keep your ass nice and warm for me." He held a large dildo in front of my face, then forced it up my ass and locked it in place with a strap that runs from my cock and balls up the crack to a belt around my waist.

"And if you get bored just hanging around all night, you can practice swinging my hiking boots that I'm going to tie by their laces to your balls."

I did manage to doze off a couple of times during the night, but the constant ache through my shoulders to my balls and ass- not to mention the various pains from the session precluded any thought of getting much rest.

Finally morning came and now he was standing in front of me. "And how are we this morning? Have we learned anything about remembering to call our Dad 'Sir' or about thanking our Dad for the attention he gives us?"

With my gag all I could do was nod my head and give him an earnest look with my tear-stained (and bloodshot eyes).

"That's a good boy. Now let's get you down so you can fix my breakfast." He unfastened my wrists and let me crash onto the floor with my legs still fastened spreadeagle. It was such a relief to get the weight off my balls, was my first thought. I could feel the circulation coming back into my arms and, by the time my feet were freed, I could move them somewhat. When he yanked the dildo from my ass, I thought my guts were going to come with it. I signaled that I had to go to the john.

"Ha! You drank a lot of Dad's piss last night, didn't you, boy? And you enjoyed it? That's good. Okay, you can go. Here, give me that damned gag. Put your boots back on and get my breakfast. And be quick about it too, cocksucker, or I'll hang you up for the whole day."

I hobbled over to the toilet and just made it prior to pissing on the floor. I have never pissed so much in my life! I squatted there thinking about how long it had been since I had stood and pissed like a man. It had been six or seven months ago that he pierced my foreskin and installed this lock. He takes it off regularly to let me clean under the fold, but never to piss. I guess not being able to stand and do it like other men is all part of the training. I tried doing it standing up once, but I sprayed all over the place and it ran down my shaved slave legs.

I had served my dad his breakfast and was in the kitchen having mine (standing, rather than squatting on the floor, for a change), when he called to me. I came running.

"Come in here and bring your dish!" I went back for my plate. I squatted at his feet, placing the plate on the floor. He was in his robe and barefoot. As I expected, he put his bare foot in my scrambled eggs. I could smell his coffee. If I was lucky, I would

get it second-hand to wash down my eggs and untoasted bread. He ran a hand over my ass to check the welts there.

"That call this morning was from a friend across the bay. He's having a party tonight to celebrate his new playroom. Karl's going to be there with his lover that does tattooing. He is bringing all his equipment and is giving some of the guys tattoos. And Bobby - you remember Bobby? The big guy from New York?"

"Yes, Sir. Isn't he the one that Lenny used to belong to?"

"That's him, boy. He's coming out from the East for a few weeks and he has his new boy with him. He's also bringing another real wild 'm' with him. Anyway, this friend is giving a party and asked if I wanted to come and bring you."

It was not a question and the decision was his, of course. I was busy licking the egg off his foot and from between his toes. It seemed the subject was closed. I finished and started to get up to clear his dishes along with my plate. He caught my head half-way up and pushed me toward his crotch. I had his coffee and drank every drop. I licked the end of the big faucet and then looked up to thank him. He snapped his fingers and I cleared the dishes and then climbed into the bathtub. My tight muscles and strained joints relaxed almost immediately. I had almost fallen asleep when he poured cold water over me and made me stand up in the tub and drip dry.

After doing my chores I was allowed to take a nap on my pallet in the basement and it was after five when I felt my dad shaking my shoulder.

"Up and at 'em! It's suppertime, you lazy asshole!" Then quietly, "Feeling better, boy?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you for letting me sleep, Sir."

"Okay, russle up something good for supper, then we'll drive into the city to the party." He went up the stairs and I heard him in his den, watching television while I prepared our meal. I wasn't sure whether I was to set two places or just his and finally decided it would be better to only set the one and wait and see. If he wanted me to eat with him, he'd call me in. He didn't. I ate in the kitchen from my dog dish, while standing at the stove.

After I served him his dessert and coffee, I went outside to the cold water shower he had hooked up for me. Sometimes he liked to hose me down but he wasn't in the mood tonight. He came out shortly and tossed me the key to my cocklock. "Clean it real good. Use the fingernail brush on the head. I want it to shine. Get your feet good and clean, too."

I don't always get to take off my boots. Sometimes I have to keep them on for a week at a time. Like last night when he removed them to beat the soles of my feet. He stood there and watched while I showered. When I finished, he relocked my cocklock, took the key and left me standing to drip dry. During the time this takes, he went back in to clean up and dress himself. I waited until he finished showering, then went in to dry him.

"What do you want me to wear tonight, sir?" I asked. He kept my clothes locked up at all times.

"You can wear your boots. You won't need anything else."

"Yes, sir." So he was making me drive to San Francisco and across town in the nude. I was always afraid that I would have an accident or that the toll collector at the bridge would call a cop. So far, I'd been lucky. The last tolltaker had tried to pick me

up. I hoped he be the one there tonight.

I gave my boots a final polish and lick and he gave my ass a sharp backhand, then a pat. "Come on, boy," he said, and I dutifully followed, turning out the light as we left.

He drove the jeep and, when that happens, I sit on the floor between the mats. His dog sits on the passenger's seat but, dog or no dog, I sit on the floor.

We pulled into his friend's drive around nine. There were a lot of cars already there, and about an equal number of bikes. My dad was in studded black leather gear from head to foot. He really didn't like it any more than I did, although he looked sexy as all hell in it. But, like he said, "If you're invited to a diplomatic ball, you wear white tie and tails. At a leather party you wear leather, dammit."

I was wearing my boots, cocklock, nipple rings (with connecting chain) and a dog collar. Completely nude otherwise, except for the hair on my head. My master had removed the rest long ago. The pubic hair was permanently gone as the result of his newfound talents with electrolysis equipment. He'd been threatening to use it elsewhere like my underarms or, someday, my head. This he kept so short anyway it really wouldn't have been much of a change.

He attached a leash to his key ring and the other end to my collar, then we walked up to the house and rang the bell. We identified ourselves to the voice on the intercom; the door buzzed and we went in.

The first thing I saw gave a pretty good clue as to how the evening was going to be. In the middle of the entryway there was a short, slim guy someone had really bound up. They had bent his arms at the elbows and, using leather straps on each, had bound his legs the same way, ankles to upper thighs, so that he was now walking around on his elbows and kneecaps.

"Hi, Chuck," my dad called out as we passed. "Having a good time?"

"Sure am. Sir, maybe we can make it together later?" he asked.

My dad didn't answer. He continued leading me down the hall toward a door at the end. "That's Chuck that I was telling you about. He lives and breathes bondage. Nothing more, really, just bondage. The tighter and more uncomfortable, the better. You'll be seeing him later, when someone really ties him up."

We had now reached the door, which proved to be a double panel with soundproofing in between. What a sight this guy's blackroom was! It looked as big as our entire house. About thirty people were there: some nude, some partially nude, some fully dressed in black leather or jeans. There was an 'm' hanging in the middle of the room, almost exactly the way I had spent the previous night. He had a full hood strapped over his head and his cock and balls were packaged in an overfilled black leather bag. He had a magnificent body which, like my own, had been completely denuded of hair. Also like me, his nipples had been pierced, except that the holes through his were much larger and now supported a pair of padlocks instead of just rings. In addition he had a large ring through his navel, which I don't- but I am proud to say his big cock wasn't fastened like mine with the padlock that mine has.

There were two burly men, dressed alike in leather pants and half-hoods, using small whips on him, one in front, one in back. They must have been at it for some time as he was already covered with welts from neck to feet. When he passed closer, I could see that a few had actually broken the skin, causing a drop of blood to appear

here and there. The only sounds coming from this beautiful piece of bound slavery was an occasional groan, either from pain or ecstasy.

A small crowd watched the scene. Suddenly one of the spectators noticed my master and rushed over to greet him. Naturally no one acknowledged my presence. I stood, as I have been trained, with my hands behind my back, chest out, head down, looking at my useless locked prick and my boots.

"Glad to see you could make it. You're about the last to arrive, but I think you know everyone here. Robert's there, behind the centerpiece."

"I recognized him working on the guy's ass. That number belong to him?"

"No, that's the 'm' I told you about. His number is over in the corner." He motioned to one corner of the room where another group were watching the action.

"The beer's over there and you'll also find plenty of grass if you want it. Make yourself at home," he added as he backed off and headed toward one of the others in the crowd watching the whipping scene.

"That's his lover he's talking to," noted my dad. "He usually doesn't attend these parties. He's completely leather but, I don't know, unless he likes one-on-one rather than these group affairs."

Robert and his associate had stopped working on the hanging muscleman now. Some of the others were taking him down to get ready for further activities. I was surprised to see his cock sprint to full erection as soon as the genital bag was removed. He obviously liked it rough!

"Hey, Buck, how's it going? You look great, as always!" It was Robert, shaking my dad's hand firmly.

"How come you didn't call me? The only way I know you're in town is from somebody else."

I didn't know until last night. I called you, but there wasn't any answer. When Joe said you'd be here tonight, I figured I'd surprise you. I guess Joe told you I was coming, though. Is this your boy?"

"He's been with me almost a year now."

"A year! You finally settling down?" I held my breath.

"Maybe. I understand you've got a new boy." Was he changing the subject on purpose?

"Come on and look him over."

We headed for the group in the corner. There, strapped to a waist-high narrow bench, was a handsome kid of college age. His knees were pulled up under his armpits and a big black man was fucking him, hot and heavy.

"Tim," Robert said. "Say hello to my good friend Buck here."

"How do you do, Sir. Bob's told me a lot about you." As he spoke, he seemed oblivious to what was going on at his other end. He was being used hard from the look of the big buck working on him, and knew how to use his ass.

"Tim likes to get fucked, if you hadn't guessed," Robert laughed.

"I knew that as soon as I heard he was with you. How many can he take?" my dad asked.

"Saw him take 27, plus two fists and a bottle the night I met him. I knew right there I had to get to know him better."

I had been told that Robert was an ass man at heart. He did most of the other

things any good 'S' should, but somehow always wound up stuffing his number's asshole full of anything available.

"You going to be alright for a while?" Bobby asked Tim. "Buck and I have a lot of catching up to do."

"Yes sir, but not too long. Remember, you said I could get a tattoo tonight, Sir."

"Okay, another half to three quarters of an hour. Tighten up that ass."

"Yes sir... Oh, wow! What the hell was that?" Tim asked, showing for the first time that he was paying any attention to the way his backside was being used. The man had shaken up a bottle of beer, then shoved it up Tim's ass. As soon as it squirted out its contents, the man entered again and commenced his attack.

The party was getting into full swing. Fucking and sucking in twos, threes and in groups. "You ready to put on a little show for the guys, boy?"

"Yes sir, whenever- whatever you want, sir."

My dad borrowed a hood from our host's collection and, after making sure I was totally blinded and binding my arms tightly behind my back, he turned me loose. I didn't see any more of the party for quite a while, but I heard it: a few screams and howls, lots of moans and groans, some of pleasure, some otherwise- all accompanied by the swishing and cracking of supple leather caressing skin, and the clanking of chains. I felt someone push me down to my knees and I sucked my way around the room, drank beer and piss, got my ass whipped and fucked a couple of times. Also, along with at least one other, I was made to run a gauntlet made up of most of the guests, each using his favorite weapon: studded belts, whips of all types, paddles and even something that felt like a baseball bat.

Following this, my dad caught me in his arms. "You need a rest, boy." I suddenly knew he had been standing by all the time to make sure no one got carried away.

He unbound me and removed the hood. We retired to a corner that had a good view of the room. He was stripped to the waist now, showing off the beautifully muscled, hairy chest I loved so much. He had his cock and balls hanging out, too. As we sat drinking beer, a nude guy knelt between his legs, and slowly sucked on his magnificent prick.

The primary 'm' was hanging from the rafters again, only this time you could tell he was in real pain. They had stuck at least three pins through the very tip of each of his nipples. I could see that numerous others had been inserted under the skin of his lower chest and belly. The guy working on him had just finished putting at least a dozen in his low-hanging sac. Now they were being slipped under the skin of his cock. The 'm' let out a gasp as each entered his body, and again as it reappeared through the skin about a half-inch away from the point of penetration. He must have been enjoying it all, however, for he still had a roaring hard on. He squirmed and shook as the guy worked his way down the shaft. Finally, as the guy pushed one right into the head, coming out through the asshole, the prisoner came. He came and came and came, screaming all the while. As the last drops ran out of his impaled cock, he let go a bloodcurdling howl and blacked out. Dozens of hands worked to cut him down and to get the pins out. He was awake, drinking beer and licking their hands by the time they finished.

I hadn't noticed Chuck over in a corner. Someone had left his arms and legs

bound, only now they were also tightly tied against his body. He was wrapped up in belts and chains from head to foot. Even his cock and balls were completely wrapped in rawhide. He looked like a round ball of chains and straps, with a head sticking out one end and leather-woven genitals out the other.

"How long can he stay like that?" I asked my dad, pointing at Chuck.

"For hours at a time. I am not sure, really. Maybe for days."

Robert came over to show us the eagles that Karl had just finished tattooing over each nipple for him.

"Say, listen, Tim's upstairs having a joint to get ready for his tattoo. Could you and your boy give me a hand holding him down while Karl's working on him? I picked out something special for him as a surprise, but Karl said the area was too sensitive for a first tattoo. He figures he can do it if I can get some help holding him still."

"Sure, be glad to help. Here he comes now. Come on, boy."

We went over to meet him, then all went upstairs to the room where Karl had set up his equipment. It wasn't nearly well lighted enough downstairs to work.

"Get yourself a shave tonight?" my dad asked, noting Tim's pubic hair was completely missing.

"A gift from my master. Looks good, don't you think?"

My dad just smiled and pointed to my denuded body.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot," Tim laughed. "How often do you have to shave?" He directed the question to me as he felt where my pubic hair should have been.

"Never, sir. My dad used an electrolysis needle there and on my ass, sir."

"Wow!" he said, feeling me more closely. "Hey, Bob, maybe he could do me sometime?"

"Sure," Robert replied. "Sure thing, I'd like that. Save me a lot of shaving time on you."

All of this discussion had taken place as we made our way up the stairs and along the hall to the rear bedroom. As soon as we were inside the room, they all turned and grabbed, not Tim, but me! For a second or two I didn't get it, then it hit. The surprise was for me! That area too sensitive to tattoo for the first time was mine! I started to fight back, but instinct told me to give in. My dad had always been careful not to exceed what I could take. Even in the very beginning, over a year ago when I could take very little, he never went too far. I put my trust in him long ago and had stopped resisting.

He leaned close to me and whispered, "You remember our original deal when I took you in? I said that if I ever decided to keep you..."

"Yes, sir," I thought aloud. "You said you'd put your initials on me so everyone would know I was yours!" It was time to make that commitment. This was the point I had been working so hard to reach, the time when my lord and master accepted me as his permanent slave. To own me for the rest of my life! Our eyes met and locked. The effect of the pot and beer was long gone. The look on our faces was all that needed to be said. There was no necessity for further conversation.

He knelt down and carefully removed the chastity lock from my foreskin. Then, for the first time in our entire relationship, he took my cock in his mouth, sucking it on down into the top of his throat. He held it there as he tongued along the

bottom of my shaft. I could feel it sliding further and further down his throat as I became fully erect. Slowly, tonguing all the way, he pulled his head free from my now erect cock.

"Ready?" he asked, looking up from his kneeling position.

"Ready, Sir!"

He got up and, with his brawny arms around my shoulders, guided me over to Karl near the wooden rack in the far corner of the room. There I saw Karl's tools and inks all laid out beside a special piece of equipment- a cock clamp. He had nailed seven hose clamps together on a piece of wood. They ran about eight inches down the board. (Hose clamps, in case you've never seen them, are steel bands about 3/8" wide, full of slots. The bands have a screw device affixed to one end that the other end slips through, making a circle that fits around a piece of hose. You turn the screw to reduce the diameter of the circle, tightening the clamp onto the hose.)

Karl wrapped my hard cock tightly with a piece of leather, starting from just behind the head, being careful to push my foreskin under the wrapping and out of the way, continuing down the full length to where my balls connected at the base. He fastened it in place with electrician's tape.

"This is so the band clamps won't pinch," he explained to my dad. "Push your cock all the way through these," directing me toward the row of circular openings.

My dad helped him pull the head out beyond the farthest clamp, and held it as Karl tightened the clamp with a screwdriver. He switched from that clamp, which was now too tight for the head of my cock to pull out, but not uncomfortably tight.

"By tightening from the base of his cock up towards the head, I can force extra blood into it, giving me his absolute maximum swelling to work on."

"To work on!" He was going to tattoo the head of my dick! God, no! My dad had put me through hell on many occasions during my training, but this- to run an electric needle over my cockhead- that was the worst yet. I started to draw back, but they held me in place. It was completely out of my hands. I said nothing as Karl started to tighten the first band around the base of my cock, tighter and tighter until it had painfully reduced the circumference of my shaft to almost half. I remembered that I had reiterated over and over that my cock belonged to my dad, along with my ass and the rest of my worthless carcass. But the pain would be all mine.

Each band he tightened took longer and hurt more as the blood was forced farther (or is it further?) down toward the cockhead. I was in agony by the time he finished all the clamps, including retightening the one behind the head to match the others. I wasn't even aware of the guys holding me or every one watching my humiliation. My cock no longer resembled itself. It was a mass of swollen flesh, bigger than I had ever seen it, protruding up between crushing steel bands. Karl was right, though. The head, now a deep purple, was huge! My dad ran his fingertip over it.

"Feel it. It's as hard as a rock," he said to Bob and Tim.

I asked to feel it too. It wasn't only hard but, due to all the blood forced into it or due to the lack of circulation, I found it had lost much of its sensitivity. I was sure they knew it would become numb.

Karl set some bottles of ink close by and plugged in his electric needle. "Ready?" he asked my dad. My dad put his arm around my shoulders and positioned

himself to be able to see the proceedings. Tim grabbed me around the waist and Bob took a firm hold on the board.

The first jab of the needle felt like a spike. I jerked back; my cock didn't even move! My dad tightened his hold on my shoulders by pulling me closer to him.

Karl drew a line across the head, then down one side toward the asshole, across close to the hole, then back to the first line to form a shield like those containing a family coat of arms.

He wiped off the blood, changed needles and started on the lettering of my master's initials. The feeling was just about gone from my throbbing prick now and I began to enjoy watching his needle permanently trace out each beautiful letter.

When he finished, I was indelibly marked. My dad took me in both arms and kissed me deeply. He held me as Karl loosened the clamps and, as soon as I was free, he bent over and picked me up.

"Time to go home," he called back as he carried me out. "Could you bring my jacket and stuff out to the ranch tomorrow, Bob?" He didn't wait for an answer.

"I'm okay, sir. I can..." I started to say, over the throbbing of my newly decorated dick.

"I want to," he replied. He carried me out to the car and it seemed like only minutes later we got home. When we were in his bedroom finally, he took my bleeding cock into his mouth and began to suck. Earlier it had been to get me ready for the branding, but this time was for my pleasure. I had, of course, seen him suck others before, but never me, his boy.

I came quickly, due both to my excited state and his considerable talent. I spent the rest of the night in my dad's room, in my dad's bed, in my dad's arms. I had a Father, a master that was going to own me for the rest of my life. A dad I could belong to and give in turn a life of absolute servitude.

Would you like to see my dick to prove all of this is true?