

# Pt 1 - The Handover

By alan3806

Published on Lush Stories on 24 May 2012



**This work is not for reproduction without the express consent of the author: alan3806**

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/pt-1-the-handover-1.aspx>

As he follows his Mistress in to the house, the slave is anxious about what she may have in mind, he hasn't been told anything about what they will be doing this weekend. As she leads him down the stairs to the basement below, the slave first glimpses the naked body suspended from the ceiling then the leather clad Master grasping the bound boy's cock. The slave stops dead and feels his crotch twinge unexpectedly. Quickly catching up with his Mistress, the slave wonders how she could have realised his deep, secret yearning to be manhandled by a strong, dominant Master. "Strip and then stand here," the Mistress commands and the slave promptly obeys, pulling off his street clothes and assuming an open leg stance at her side whilst watching the Master stride over. "So this is the boy you were telling me about?" the Master asks. "Yes, he took to blowing my other boy like a proper little whore so I thought you might be able to bring out the cocksucker inside," she replies. Stepping in front of the slave, the Master grabs the boys cock and balls, weighing them up in his hand and sliding a finger back between open legs, seeking out the puckered arsehole behind. Only just managing to hold still the slave goes weak at the knees. Feeling the cock in his hand stiffen rapidly, the Master smiles, knowing he will own this boy, and slowly runs his hand up the slaves belly over hard nipples before pushing down on the boy's shoulder. "You know you belong on your knees, don't you, boi?" "Yes, sir." The easiest words to ever leave the slave's lips. Glancing down at the slave the Master says to the Mistress, "Take him into the bathroom, there's some hair-removal cream in the cupboard. I don't tolerate pubic hair on my bois. If you really want to please me, make sure he is smooth all over." The Mistress guides the slave into the other room and asks, "So, what's it to be then? Cock and balls or all over?" The slave replies nervously, "All over please, Mistress." Smiling deviously, the Mistress responds, "I thought as much; you really are a slut, aren't you? Now get into the tub and spread your legs, I'll get the can." As the Mistress covers his body in the hair removal cream, the slave savours the feeling of being prepared for use by the Master. Having rinsed and dried his now smooth and hairless body the slave follows his mistress out of the bathroom and once again kneels beside his Mistress, facing his prospective Master. Feeling his cock harden at the sight, the slave watches the Master having his cock sucked deeply by the slave boy and wishes it was him. The Master pushes the other boy's head back and walks over to where the slave is kneeling, his semi hard cock glistening with saliva. "Very good," the Master tells the Mistress, "I do like a nice smooth

plaything, although he does appear to be overly distracted by this," he adds before grabbing his cock and then tucking it back into his leather trousers. Stroking his hand over the slave's face and slipping a thumb into the wet and eager mouth, the Master takes stock of the boy and his young, supple body. Tilting the slave's head up to look in his face, the Master continues to rub his thumb over the boy's full lips and gazes deep into the searching eyes below. "Do you know what you are submitting to boy?" the Master asks. "Yes, sir," the slave replies, "I want to be your slave, sir. Your toy." Smiling, the Master says, "I'm sure you do, but you need to understand that I require total subservience. Your body will be mine to do with as I please and only if you earn it will you be rewarded with my cock. Do you understand? Do you still wish to be mine?" Having to catch his breath and calm his pounding heart the slave replies with an honesty that surprises himself. "Oh, yes please, sir. Please make me yours!" Fastening a leather collar around the slave's neck, the Master turns to the Mistress, saying, "Thank you for my new toy; I shall enjoy breaking him in. You can take those rags with you, he won't be needing them now." The slave sighs with trepidation and excitement as he watches his old Mistress collect up the discarded clothes and walk out of the room, glancing back with a knowing smirk on her gorgeous face. Lifting his head for the Master to attach a leash, the slave cannot believe the turn of events which has taken him deep into his darkest fantasy. Leading the slave into a spare cage at the side of the dungeon, the Master says, "You wait here whilst I finish up with this one; I want to give you my full attention this weekend. I think you are going to be worth the effort" .