

“THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT”
“A Short Seasonal Story”

This is a story of erotic fiction meant for adult readers over the age of eighteen years.

Written by Jean-Christophe (Chris) December 2010

“The characters and ideas are the writer’s and shouldn’t be used without my permission”

I love Christmas time. It truly is the season of peace and goodwill to all men.

There is something about it that engenders the best in me; temporarily it fills me with good cheer and I see only the good in people. Briefly I overlook their shortcomings and the entire myriad of other things about them that annoy me for the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. I become generous of spirit and I lavish presents on my family and friends – perhaps to excess - and this year is to be no exception.

Together with my parents, I have been invited to spend Christmas Day with my older brother, Talbot who lives with his son Max attended to by his two white slaves. Max has recently celebrated his eighteenth birthday and I am at a loss as to what is a suitable Christmas gift for him. My brother isn’t a problem and I have already purchased his present. But Max presents me with a quandary – what do I give an eighteen year old?

I live alone – well, strictly speaking that’s not quite right; I do have my own slave Timmy – but he doesn’t really count as a person so yes- I suppose I do live alone. Timmy is my long term slave who I have owned for the past ten years and he is as much a part of my home as my 3D LED flat screen television or my computer. I can’t contemplate life without Timmy – he is always there at my beck and call and he lives to serve me. Would that all slaves are as loyal, devoted and loving to their Masters as Timmy is to me.

Timmy is white – but then all slaves are. After all, we do live in the new era of Black Supremacy where the Superior Black man reigns supreme and the inferior white man serves him as a slave. Of course it wasn’t always this way. Centuries ago we were the slaves and the white man ruled over us with fists of iron. But what goes around comes around and the white race now reaps what it had sown all those years ago.

It has taken many, many long years since our emancipation from slavery to “turn the tables” on the white man but through the strength of our overwhelming convictions, an unshakeable belief in our Black Supremacy and the sheer weight of time, we have triumphed. The white man now lives in subjugation to the Black man and we now rule him with our own rods of iron.

History tells us of the white race’s arrogance and its erroneous belief that Black people were biblically pre-ordained to serve as drawers of water and hewers of wood. Now it is the white man who draws the water and chops our wood. He carries on his shoulders the heavy burden of Black expectations and exists only to serve our needs.

I remain unmarried – Timmy is well equipped to satisfy all my sexual needs – and I have no family of my own. Thus I have no idea of the wants of a teenage boy or what to buy as a present for Max. I had thought about this for some time and being left without an answer, I was almost at the point of despair when – last night at dinner- I saw the answer standing before me.

Timmy stood at the side of my dining table serving me and in a flash of genius I saw the perfect gift for Max. I will buy him his very own slave. After all, as a young Black man of eighteen it is surely time for him to have his own white, slave boy.

I was quickly caught up in the excitement of my decision and I wondered – how does one go about choosing and buying a slave boy these days. It has been ten years since I bought Timmy and I am “out of touch”.

Vaguely I’m aware that there are weekly municipal slave auctions held every Saturday but I’ve never been to any of these. Over the years I have overheard work colleagues speak of attending these auctions and from what I recall the slaves to be auctioned are publicly displayed between the hours of 9.00 AM and noon every Saturday and then they mount the auction block between the hours of 2.00 PM and 5.00 PM.

Today is Wednesday and I wonder – should I attend next Saturday’s municipal auction? It is only a little over two weeks to Christmas and time isn’t on my side. I really do need to move quickly or risk missing out on a suitable slave for Max.

Then I wonder about the “quality” of the slaves on offer from the municipality. It occurs to be that they could be “low grade” stock- veritable beasts-of burden – suitable only for heavy duty work and quite unsuitable as house slaves.

After all I want only the best for my nephew. The slave I require needs to be docile and possess a pleasant disposition to serve his young master. And he needs to be pleasing to the eye – this is most important. I certainly won’t buy any “old rubbish” for my nephew.

But where do I find such slaves. Surely there must be “upmarket” slave boutiques that offer a superior quality slave to the discerning buyer. Perhaps a quick search of the internet will help.

For the next hour or so I sit with my laptop on my knees as Timmy continues to serve me coffee. As is my requirement, Timmy stands in the modified display position with his feet apart and his hands clasped behind his back. His gaze is firmly focused on me and my needs. After many long periods of painful training, he knows instinctively what I require and when I require it. I have no need to instruct him. Indeed if I did have to prompt him, he’d pay a high price for his dereliction of duty. I would order him into an “all fours” position upon the coffee table standing before me and I’d cane his lazy, white ass until it glowed bright scarlet-red and to such a degree that he’d find it painful to sit for at least the next week. Not that that this would matter too much. Timmy is forbidden to sit -ever - except on the floor at my feet when I require him to do so.

My background is a humble one and in our society my parents would be considered 'lower middle class'. They owned their own business – a hardware store out in the suburbs – and they had always provided well for their two sons. I appreciate the efforts they'd made in educating my elder brother, Talbot and I and I know of their struggle to find our college fees. Because of this I'd applied myself diligently to my studies and I was determined to make them proud of me and to eventually reward them for their sacrifices on my behalf.

I've had exposure to slaves for most of my life. Initially, my father had two whitey 'boys' to assist him in the business. I remember how as a child I'd considered it incongruous to hear my father address them as 'boy'. To my childish way of thinking they were old – probably in their thirties at the time – and way past their boyhoods. I didn't realise this was the normal terminology for a male slave but over time I too started to disparagingly call them "boy". Thinking back on this, I wonder how they felt having me – a pubescent Black youth - referring to them in such a demeaning way. Always subservient, they'd respectfully referred to my brother and me as the "young Masters".

As the business prospered, my father bought a third slave – a twenty-something "house-boy" ostensibly to assist my mother in the house. At the time my older brother – Max's father - was away at college and my sexuality was burgeoning. I later learned that my father, recognising this fact, had bought the young slave to assist me in my sexual awakening. He was meant to sleep on the floor alongside my bed but in truth he slept alongside me in my bed and it has to be said the slave was well used by me. My mother still has him as her "house-boy" and whenever I visit he is still pleased to see me – and I him.

After graduating from college, I went to work for a firm of stockbrokers in the City. At first it was difficult in that I came from such humble origins and I lacked the 'ivy league' background of my work colleagues. Essentially, I lacked their poise and easy self-assurance and even though they were always pleasant to me, they never fully extended the hand of friendship and this created a feeling of inadequacy on my part. Consequently, I never considered myself in their class and resigned myself to never rising to the same great heights within the firm's hierarchy that appeared to be their pre-ordained destinies.

Then fortuitously for me the firm appointed a new vice-president, who for some reason took an interest in me. I am indebted to him for so many things and I owe him so much. He worked me hard and at first I was resentful of this – that is until I sensibly realised he was doing this for my own good. As my maturity developed, I understood that he was nurturing me and showing me my true potential. I learned so much from him and he introduced me to so many new and wonderful things. He took me with him on overseas, business trips and opened my eyes to so much. In every sense of the word he became my mentor and my friend and I have made a solemn promise to myself to NEVER disappoint him or to let him down. I live by that promise daily.

Under his guidance, my confidence grew and my true potential shone forth. This surprised my colleagues and delighted the firm's principals who increasingly recognised my talents and used them constructively. Today I am the firm's 'brightest light' and I contribute significantly to its profits. My efforts are recognised and are amply rewarded. I have just

The sharp intake of my breath is audible as I appraise the slave's body. The slave is white – this is in accord with the laws of our Black Society which states that only whites can serve as slaves to their Black masters – and he holds himself proudly erect under my scrutiny. He stands with his magnificent body drawn tautly erect, his fingers entwined behind his head and his feet apart. This has the effect of throwing his musculature into perfect relief and thrusts his banded genitals forward in an enticing invitation to examine them.

The slave is handsome; he is as good looking as a whitey can be. I have always found it never pays to make too much of a comparison between a white slave and his Black master. I accept that ethnically we belong to two different worlds - as different as chalk and cheese and I know many of my friends regard their white slaves as being ugly. I don't and I have always been attracted to Timmy.

There is something very appealing about this slave. Whenever he smiles -and I notice he does so a lot -his brown eyes sparkle and his even white teeth flash between his full red lips. This tells me he is a happy slave. He is sheer perfection and if he's meant to be an advertisement of what is contained in the emporium's holding pens then it works for me. I feel the first stirrings of my burgeoning erection.

The slave stands at about six feet tall and I guess his weight at somewhere between eleven and twelve stones. Apart from his cropped brown hair, his body is hairless and his skin is a flawless, milky white and has a luminous sheen reminiscent of the finest porcelain. His powerful chest is adorned with two large, rose-red nipples and his deeply indented navel rests in the centre of his hard, flat belly.

But it is his prodigious genitalia that attract my attention the most. The slave is well endowed; his cinched balls hang heavy between his muscular thighs and his thick, meaty cock is rampantly erect. He is irresistible and I step forward to take his throbbing cock into my hand. Eagerly the slave thrusts his hips forward in an effort to make my inspection easier. I am impressed by the slave's willing co-operation.

As I said, I'm unaware that we are being watched on the CCTV but the slave knows and understands what is expected of him.

The slave is circumcised – as I said earlier, this is mandatory for all white slaves – and I run my index finger around the still red marks of the foreskin's removal. This tells me this is a new slave possibly no more than a few weeks into his servitude. To confirm this, I order the slave to “turn around” and examine the comparatively fresh brand on the left flank. Lovingly I caress the delightfully rounded cheeks of the slave's ass and I'm instantly smitten by their silky smoothness.

I'd come to the emporium today to buy a slave for my nephew; now I have found the slave I want and really I don't need to continue with my search. I WANT this slave.

“What's your name, boy?”

“Sir? I’m a slave sir. I don’t have a name. That is for my master to bestow on me should he decide I’m to be given a name.”

“Well then, what were you called before you became a slave?”

“Benjamin, sir. I was called Benjamin.”

“Well then Benjamin. Are you for sale?”

“I don’t know sir. You’d have to ask that of my owner.”

The slave’s manners are flawless and I am impressed.

“Who owns you? What is your owner’s name?”

“Why sir! I belong to the emporium. Mr Darnell Junior is my owner.”

Well then boy, where do I find Mr Darnell Junior?”

“Right here, I’m Richard Darnell,” I turn to see who is speaking, “and you are?”

I’d been so engrossed in questioning the slave and I hadn’t noticed Richard Darnell’s entry. Richard, on the other hand had been monitoring my interest in the slave on the CCTV - and sensing a possible sale - he’d decided he should intervene.

“My name’s Luther Thomas. I take it you are Mr Darnell Junior?”

“Indeed I am Mr Thomas. Can I be of assistance?”

“I hope so. I’ve come to buy a slave and I’ve taken quite a fancy to this boy. ”

“He’s exquisite isn’t he? Quite beautiful. Only recently enslaved and I have to say one of the sweetest tempered slaves I’ve ever come across. I can well understand your interest in him.”

“How old is he? Why was he enslaved?”

“I’m not sure! How old are you boy?”

“Twenty-six, Master.”

“Why were you enslaved?”

“Master, I got into debt and couldn’t repay my creditors.”

“It’s as I thought. The slave isn’t violent. As I said he’s very good- natured.”

“Is he for sale?”

“All our slaves are for sale, Mr Thomas. It’s just that some are ready for sale sooner than others. However this boy isn’t for sale – just yet! I hope to hold onto this boy for a while longer. We’ve trained him to welcome our customers to the premises. I think you’d agree – he does this well. I wouldn’t like to lose him quite yet.”

“I’d like to buy him if that’s possible. He’s exactly what I had in mind when I came through your door.”

“As I said Mr Thomas, this slave isn’t for sale. But please, allow me to show you some of our other stock. I’m sure you won’t be disappointed. We have just received a new shipment of young whiteys – all prime stock and there are some real ‘lookers’ among them. It’s worth your while to at least look at them. You never know – you might see a good-looking, white boy that appeals to you more so than this slave.”

Even though I have no real interest in inspecting his stock, diplomacy dictates that I should humour Richard Darnell. He has said he is reluctant to sell the slave, Benjamin (I think this name is far too pretentious for a slave and should I be allowed to buy him for Max, it’ll be abbreviated to “Ben” or Benji”) and so I suppose I must at least show some enthusiasm.

The deep plush carpets deaden our footsteps as we pass through the main building out across a rear courtyard and into the slave-holding pens. These are drab, utilitarian buildings made of grey, unpainted, concrete blocks and stand in sharp contrast to the luxuriously appointed showrooms and inspection booths we have just left.

This difference is necessary of course. The shopfront needs to have visual appeal to the emporium’s clients while the pens must be functional and easy to manage. As we enter through into the pens, I’m impressed by their cleanliness. It is obvious Richard Darnell runs a hygienic establishment and at first glance, I see that the pens are spotless and the slaves have fresh, clean straw to lie on. Yet despite his best efforts, there is that faint, animal smell you always associate with white slaves permeating the building. I conclude this is unavoidable and a natural consequence of having so many slaves incarcerated in such a confined space.

The slaves are all whiteys- in our society there are no coloured slaves only white ones - and I am impressed. All are spotlessly clean, appear to be well-fed and in good health and they seem to be happy. As we enter, they rouse themselves from their lethargy and move to the front of their pens and stand hopefully holding the bars ready for my inspection. I am impressed and I have to agree with Richard Darnell’s earlier description of them as young, prime stock. He is correct; many of them are real ‘lookers’ and I find that I am indeed interested in subjecting them to closer scrutiny.

“Can I ask you, Mr Thomas? What exactly are you looking for? What is your purpose for buying a new slave?”

“Yes, Mr Darnell! I’m looking to buy a slave as a Christmas present for my nephew.”

“What a lucky young man to have such a generous uncle. Can I ask your nephew’s age, Mr Thomas?”

“Yes, he recently turned eighteen. I feel the time is right for him to have his very own slave.”

“Indeed it is! And do you have any special requirements of the slave you wish to buy for him?”

“Essentially, I’m looking for a good looking, all-purpose boy – one capable of maintaining his master’s home and looking to his needs, Mr Darnell. Does such a slave exist?”

“That depends, Mr Thomas. I always say there’s a slave to suit every requirement. But tell me – what are your nephew’s needs? What specifically do you think your nephew will expect from the slave?”

“Well for a start, loyalty and devotion to his master and a willingness to serve and please him, I guess. That’s my first requirement.”

“Is there anything else, Mr Thomas?” He asks suggestively.

I detect the innuendo in Richard Darnell’s question. It is possible that Max will want to use his new slave to pleasure him in bed. In fact, it’s highly probable. I know Max is a hot blooded, young man and I would think he is full of raging hormones. I imagine Max will have a lot of sexual energy to expend and consequently, he’ll need a slave with considerable endurance and “staying power”.

However, I’m not willing to discuss Max’s sex life with Richard Darnell.

“No! As I said I’m looking for slave who’ll give his complete loyalty and devotion to my nephew and of course he’ll need to possess an unerring willingness to make Max’s life easy and pleasurable.”

“Then you’ve come to the right place, Mr Thomas. But given your nephew’s tender age, I would recommend an older, more experienced slave rather than a young, unbroken one. It would make it easier for him to control his new slave.”

“That’s a good point, Mr Darnell. And yes, it’s one I’ll consider as I make my choice. But I’d prefer that he isn’t too much older – or experienced. That would deprive my nephew of the chance to experiment with his new slave. Do you have such a slave, Mr Darnell?”

“Of course we do! Lots of our slaves will meet your requirements and as you know white boys do make ideal slaves.”

“Why is that, do you think, Mr Darnell? Why do whites make such good slaves?”

“I don’t really know, Mr Thomas. I just know they are happiest at being slaves. I suppose it could be part of their genetic make-up. When the white nations controlled the world they

were by and large unhappy. They were competitive and aggressive in all their dealings with others and they believed they had a right to the major share of the world's riches to the exclusion of all inferior races. Their communities were unsavoury places; riven with violence. If you consider their unhappy history they were the cause of most of the world's ills. Now that they have been stripped of their authority and reduced to lives of service to their superiors the world is a much happier place. No more wars and the planet has become more civilised without their disruptive behaviour."

"I suppose you're right. As you say the world is now so much safer. But I do wonder at white 'acceptance' of the new world order. They appear so peaceable and it's almost as though they welcome their new status."

"I believe they do welcome it, Mr Thomas. It's hard for us to fathom the mind of a whitey but I believe they have accepted the inevitability of their fate and see Blacks as their Superiors. I like to think they have come to accept that their true destiny is that of a subservient people and in that they find true peace and contentment. There's no doubt in my mind that the whites like to be controlled and directed by their Black Masters. Certainly in my experience I believe they are happiest when they serve us as our slaves."

"Yours is an interesting theory, Mr Darnell. And you argue it with a strong conviction."

I turn my attention to the holding pens. The long building is divided by a central passageway running down its entire length. There are twenty pens on either side of this passage with each comfortably holding twenty-five slaves. Richard Darnell tells me this is the optimum number for each pen although he adds that whenever there is a "glut" in numbers each pen can hold thirty. But humanely he does his best to avoid this overcrowding to lessen the stress on the pens' occupants.

Today only about a third of the pens are occupied and subsequently the slaves, each hoping to be sold quickly, eagerly wait for my inspection.

The front of each pen is enclosed by strong iron bars which give me an unrestricted view of the imprisoned slaves who now stand expectantly with their naked bodies pressed hard against those bars. I am impressed with the slaves' willingness to display themselves for me. And I'm charmed at the sight of so many cocks raised in manly salute to me.

This is my first visit to the slave pens and despite my initial reluctance to accept Richard Darnell's invitation to inspect his stock, I now find the experience is an enjoyable one. Without exception, all the slaves are prime examples of young, slave flesh and this prompts me to ask.

"Tell me Mr Darnell. Where do these slaves come from?"

"Why, from all over Mr Thomas. Currently, the majority are local boys; however we have a few imports from other parts of the world. What we try to do here at Darnell's is to present our clients with as wide a choice as possible. My late father was a strong believer in diversity

and giving the buyers a chance to purchase the unusual and he started importing slaves from other regions many years ago. I've continued with the practice."

"So which are the imports? Are they mixed through the pens with the locals?"

"No we keep the exotics segregated from the locals; they're in the last pens further down. While all our boys are peaceable we find it works better if they are separated from one another."

"Tell me about the imports? Where are they from?"

"We received thirty-five from the European zone, and I think – I'm really racking my brains here -seventeen from the Southern Americas. Oh! Yes we even have four from the Australasian zone. Now they are rare and quite exotic."

"Why? What makes them so special?"

"It's the distance, Mr Thomas. It's very expensive to bring them all the way from "down under" as you'd appreciate. The only other slaves more so are the Afrikaners' – but they tend to be exported to the adjacent Black, African countries. Like the Australasian, they are extremely rare and horrendously expensive over here. Also you have to add the additional costs to their prices – the import duty on these slaves is high and then there are charges for keeping them in quarantine for two months. But from time to time, Darnell's do manage to import a few Australasian and Afrikaner slaves– too few unfortunately. For every one we sell there are at least ten buyers."

"Can I see them, please?"

"Of course you can! They're in the far pen at the end. But I have to warn you - they are very expensive."

As I walk down the passage way, I'm besieged by the earnest pleas of the imprisoned slaves to.

"Please sir, look at me" or "Sir, I'm a good slave. Please buy me sir."

I'm surprised at their efforts to sell themselves and I do my best to ignore them. But I can't ignore the rampantly erect cocks being thrust out through the bars at me and the enthusiastic invitations to.

"Sir, feel me sir. Feel how hard I am, sir."

There is only so much that flesh and blood can withstand and I do pause to examine the odd cock that takes my fancy. I'm touched by the responsiveness of their owners. They smile beguilingly through the bars at me and begin to suggestively thrust their hips forward in the hope that I'll like what I'm seeing and touching and buy them. But they are doomed to

disappointment for I have made my choice. I would like to buy the slave Benjamin if I can convince Richard Darnell to sell him to me.

And looking at these boys, I do agree with Richard Darnell; the natural condition for a whitey is that of a slave. They are living proof of this truth and, having lost all vestiges of white pride, they now seem overly eager to serve a Black Master or Mistress.

When we finally reach the final pen holding the Australasian slaves, I'm halted in my tracks. The pen holds four slaves of impeccable beauty. But there is one in particular who attracts my attention. He stands shyly with his body pressed close to the bars and I see he is trembling. I wonder- is he trembling from fear or emotion? I sense vulnerability in this slave and for some unknown reason I find myself drawn to him.

He is young – I guess his age at somewhere in his late teens and his body is a thing of beauty. He is of a similar height, weight and muscular development as the other slave Benjamin. However the similarity between the two slaves ends there. This slave has long, unruly, blond hair and a couple of bangs hang down over his forehead making him appear younger than he is. The medium-gold colour of his hair contrasts beautifully with the light bronze tan of his naked body. However, for me there is one jarring feature in the slave's perfection. It is the smooth whiteness of his midriff made more glaringly so by the tan of his legs and upper body. Obviously the slave had worked semi-clothed in his previous life.

His face is boyishly handsome with an aquiline nose, full red lips and strong white teeth. His eyes are intensely blue – I've not seen eyes as blue as these - and as I look into them I see an incredible sadness. Strangely his sadness affects me. He stands in sharp contrast to the slave, Benjamin who wears his happiness so openly. What is causing this slave's unhappiness? Hadn't Richard Darnell and I just concluded that white boys make happy slaves? This slave gives the lie to that perception.

I look into his eyes and see tears forming as he lowers his gaze; does he lower them out of respect for me as a Superior or is he embarrassed because I have glimpsed some deep, inner hurt. Perhaps it's the trauma of being enslaved and transported so far from his home environment to this alien country and city that has made him sad. I suppose the loss of family and all that is familiar to him is devastating. I feel for his melancholy and this disturbs me. Really, I shouldn't feel pity for a slave; it's unbecoming for a Black Master to feel sympathy for a white slave. I try to rid my mind of this unwelcome intrusion and gruffly, I instruct him to raise his eyes and to look at me. It is then I see his pain reflected in them. This boy has suffered much and I want to know why?

He has about him a boyishness that is disarming and quite out of character with his strong masculinity. Inexplicably the description 'man-child' flits through my mind and with startling clarity I see he is indeed a man-child.

"What's your name boy?"

Startled by my question, he looks to Richard Darnell for direction.

“Answer the question boy. Be quick about it and show respect.”

“Sir, my name is Kurt.”

I like this slave’s name. It’s a good name for a slave in that it’s short and direct. I believe a slave’s name should be simple and without embellishments much like you’d give to a family pet. Indeed, those owners who do name their slaves prefer names of one syllable. But usually a slave remains unnamed and is referred to simply as “slave’ or more frequently as “boy. However, in my case, I called my slave –“Tim”. Although I do at times affectionately refer to him as Timmy.

“Where are you from and how old are you?”

“I’m from Australasia, sir and I turned eighteen last year.”

I am perplexed by the slave’s zone of origin. If I’d been asked to hazard a guess I would have said he came from the European zone and that he is of German extraction. Certainly his features are Germanic as is his colouring. Still, I suppose before Black Ascension there had been white migration and interaction between Australasia and Europe much as there had been here.

“Why were you enslaved?”

“My parents handed me over to the courts with a request that I be enslaved, sir.”

“Why did they do that? On what grounds did they have you enslaved?”

He fights back his tears and struggles to answer. Richard Darnell is annoyed by his slowness to respond and is about to chide him but for some reason I indicate to Richard to let the slave answer in his own time. Finally, he regains his composure and through his tears he blurts out.

“They did so because I am gay, sir. They told the court I was depraved and unfit to live as a free man in our community. My parents were so ashamed of me that they publicly disowned me and said if I wanted to engage in homosexual ‘slave-sex’ then I should become a true slave.”

I wait as his sobs subside and my heart goes out to him. The pain I see in his eyes is for the loss of family love and the cruel rejection by those whom he’d loved. I am surprised at my feelings for this slave -and annoyed with myself - that I, a Black man can feel sympathy for a whitey. Nevertheless, I do feel a need to reach out to this slave.

“This slave interests me, Mr Darnell. Is it possible for me to inspect him?”

“Of course you can Mr Thomas. I’ll have one of my assistants take him to a private viewing suite. The slave will be ready for you in about fifteen minutes. In the meantime, let’s adjourn to my office and wait as he is prepared.”

“Well, Mr Thomas. First of all, let me compliment you on your good taste. This slave is exquisite - one for the connoisseur isn't he? And he's ready for your hands on inspection. Does seeing him standing before you make your choice any easier?”

“Yes indeed! Mr Darnell. Looking at the boy makes my decision almost too easy. He'll make the perfect Christmas present for my nephew. ”

“Can I make an observation, Mr Thomas? And perhaps even a suggestion?”

“Please do! Anything you say will be appreciated.”

“I think you do need to keep in mind that his boy is an imported exotic and a very expensive one too. Bear in mind that there are transportation costs, importation taxes and quarantine service fees to be added to price of this Australasian slave. Are you prepared to pay them? Think carefully on that Mr Thomas.”

“I take your point, Mr Darnell. And thank you for your candour.”

“And my suggestion is that you should inspect the boy very carefully before committing to buying him. Buying an expensive slave such as this one is very much a case of '*caveat emptor*', I'm afraid. We pride ourselves on the quality of our product and as you have just seen from your inspection of our livestock we deal only in the primest specimens. Once you have made your choice there'll be no going back. We don't offer a refund or exchange on a slave once he is sold. So think carefully before you make your final decision.”

“Thank you, Mr Darnell. I'll bear that in mind.”

“Then in that case I think it's better if I leave you alone to carry out your inspection of the slave without any undue pressure from me.”

“Thank you for your consideration, Mr Thomas. I appreciate your courtesy. But look..... I've got to ask.....how far I can go in my inspection of the slave. I'll be frank with you.....it's been ten years since I last examined a slave.”

“Then in that case, you're in for quite a treat. There's nothing quite as satisfying as examining a slave who interests you. In the trade we call this fingering the slave. I'll leave that one to your imagination however. With regards to how far can you go in your fingering? There's only one restriction we apply. We ask that you don't sexually penetrate the slave. Otherwise he is fair game.”

“So apart from that one restriction – which by the way hadn't occurred to me- I am at liberty to fully explore him?”

“Indeed you are. Mr Thomas. Let me just clarify the restriction we speak of. You're perfectly welcome to digitally explore him and you'll find he has been lubricated for your convenience. Of course you'll want to test him for soundness and tightness. I wouldn't want

you to buy an untested slave - so please feel free to poke around as much as you want and examine him intimately. He mightn't like it and he'll squirm a lot but that doesn't matter. Although from what he said earlier about his sexual preferences he might enjoy the feel of your finger."

"Thank you, Mr Darnell. There are no other restrictions?"

"No! Feel free to milk him or if you're not up to doing that you can have him masturbate for you. That's always interesting to watch. Now, as to discipline, I don't think the boy will give you any trouble. As you can see he is chained to the podium but if he does prove unco-operative or displeases you in anyway then simple press this buzzer," Richard points to an alarm sitting on top of the coffee table, "and an overseer will be with you within seconds. I'll have one wait just outside the door with a strap in case you need him. Do you have any questions, Mr Thomas?"

"No, none at all, thank you, Mr Darnell. You've thought of everything."

I glance at the young slave as he waits apprehensively for me to begin. I wonder what thoughts are racing through his mind. As far as I can tell this is to be his first examination by an interested buyer and, if this is so, then he is a novice to inspections. As he sees me looking at him, he shyly lower his eyes to the floor and his body is suffused with the crimson red flush of his embarrassment. Or is it shame? Perhaps even humiliation?

Before leaving the room, Richard Darnell issues the slave with final instructions on how he is to behave in my presence.

"Now boy, listen carefully! Behave yourself and do everything Master Thomas tells you - quickly and without question. If you don't then you'll be punished. There's an overseer waiting just outside the door and if you misbehave in any way he'll put his strap to you. HARD! When he's done with you you'll have very sore ass. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master." The slave replies in a soft, subdued tone.

"I DIDN'T HEAR YOU! LOUDER! Do you understand me? LOUDER!"

"YES MASTER!" The slave shouts.

"Good boy! That's better. He's all yours, Mr Thomas. I'll now leave you alone so that you can examine him at your leisure. Take your time and should you need me I'll be in my office. And remember the overseer's just outside the door. Good Luck!"

Finally, I'm alone with the slave and my heart beats faster within my chest.

I pace slowly around the podium and assess the slave from every angle. Kurt is superb. He quivers in his nervousness –or is it anticipation of what is yet to come. I understand his nervousness for I share it also. I am trembling and as yet I haven't placed a hand on him.

This is my first inspection of a slave I wish to buy since Tim and in my inexperience I ask myself - what do I look for in him? What qualities should he possess?

I stand behind him and survey his rear. The slave is broad shouldered with a strong, muscular, V shaped back that tapers down to a trim, narrow waist. His pert, shapely ass is truly delightful and gingerly I reach out to test its firmness by taking an ass cheek in either hand. At the touch of my hands, the boy tenses and as his young body tightens allowing me to better appreciate the solid, rounded mounds of his buttocks. I'm delighted at the smooth, silky feel of his ass; it truly is a sensual sensation. I find my hands lingering for longer than they should as I gaze lustfully at the deep dividing cleft of his ass cheeks and I wonder what hidden delights are buried within its dark recess.

I can feel the boy's nervous trembling and perhaps it's my imagination but I sense Kurt is readily responding to my touch. I remember that the Australasian slave had declared his gayness to us and perhaps Richard Darnell is right in suggesting this slave does enjoy the touch of another man's hand. Certainly, his movements, while subtle, are indicative of his readiness to oblige.

Intuition tells me Kurt will prove a ready source of pleasure to his new master. And equally, I'm sure Max will find Kurt very easy to handle.

I think back to when I had bought Tim and his initial training. I'd found I needed to persist in my efforts to break him and he'd suffered many canings and one or two whippings before he yielded to me - his master - what was rightly mine. But that was long ago and now Tim is both eager and at times very demanding of my favours; sometimes his expectations of me border on the sluttish. But good master that I am, I do try to keep him satisfied. I find this adds to his happy disposition.

Fondly, I recall the fun I'd had with Tim as I broke him in and I want Max to experience this too.

On my way into the showrooms, I'd noticed an annexe wherein the new buyer can purchase all the accoutrements of slavery. It is my intention to call in and buy a shiny new collar for Max's present. I'll even have his slave's name engraved on it in fancy, cursive script. And while I do this, I'll also purchase a selection of restraints and canes to assist Max in the training of his new slave. Why, I'll even throw in a whip for good measure.

Still..... my hands linger on those two delightful ass cheeks and I'm reluctant to let go. In my mind's eye, I see Kurt lying across Max's knees with his ass upturned and waiting to be spanked.

Up until this moment, my cock has been rumbling like some dormant volcano but the thought of Kurt's milky white ass being reddened by Max's hard spanking brings it roaring into life. I'll need to tread carefully if I'm to avoid a Vesuvius strength eruption.

Still the collar and cinch are his top of the range models and quite expensive. Made of stainless steel with a tasteful, matt finish, they are quite beautiful in their eloquent simplicity and so unlike the gaudier, over ornamented, faux silver and gold ones so much in favour these days. They are similar to the ones that Timmy wears – I'd always eschewed ostentation – and I fondly remember the day I had fitted them on him. That was ten years ago and they have never been removed from him in all that time.

Richard then tells me he'll even arrange to have the neck collar engraved with the name "kurt" and the slave's new registration number 964-172-390.

Then as one final gesture of his goodwill, he kindly offers to keep Kurt here at the emporium until Christmas so there'll be no chance of Max seeing his present before I'm ready to give it to him. I am relieved at his generous offer; it had been at the back of my mind as to where I'd hide Kurt until Christmas.

And in true Christmas spirit, he'll arrange for Kurt be shaved and groomed, fitted with his newly engraved collar and cinch before he is gift wrapped in a box and delivered to my brother, Talbot's home early on Christmas Day for placement under the Christmas tree.

Generously Richard Darnell waives all extra charges and Kurt will be gift-wrapped, packaged and delivered for free.

Once I have expressed my very genuine gratitude to Richard Darnell, I take my leave of him to return home. I walk away from Darnell's Slave Emporium a very happy and well satisfied client.

I'm gripped by a sense of elation. It is ten years since I last bought a slave and during that time I had forgotten the thrill of the purchase. Today, I have re-experienced that pleasure; my interest has been rekindled and I'm determined to become a regular visitor to the city's slave holding pens and auction houses.

Richard Darnell – in a clever marketing ploy – has invited me to call into the Emporium whenever I feel like it to peruse his livestock and to conduct a hands-on, no obligation to buy inspection of any slaves who catch my eye. I'll certainly take up his kind offer in the not too distant future.

I feel so empowered by all this. But then I remind myself that I am a Black Superior and it is my birthright to inspect and buy a white, slave boy.

And looking to the future, I have even asked Richard Darnell to inform me when he is ready to sell Ben. Graciously, he has given me the right of first refusal on that slave.

The End.

