

The CALLING

BY Denverbarry1

First I want to thank you for all of your feedback, it really meant a lot to me. I am still not sure about how the whole story submission thing works or the formats that they need to be saved on. Please continue your feedback and any help you can give me on formats would be great.

As I said before, the story you are about to read is fiction. It is just a fantasy that I have had for as long as I can remember. I hope you enjoy it. I am working on the real story of my childhood and it should be out soon.

"I have decided to train you to serve me." I just looked at him and had no idea what to say. So he did the talking for me. He said, "Now you have to make a choice. You can choose to stay and start your training or you can go and we will never talk again. The thing you that you must understand is that if you are going to stay, you are going to do everything and anything I tell you to do or you will be punished and I will still make you do it, it is up to you."

I must have looked like a deer caught in the headlights, and like a deer my brain was telling me to get out of there and run home. However, my brain never communicated that to my body and certainly not my mouth because before I could stop I told Fred that I wanted to stay and would be good. He just smiled and said he knows I will be good and do what I am told.

AND NOW CHAPTER 2

Ok then we will start your training now. He reached up on a shelf and grabbed one of about 5 boxes and put it on the floor. He said, "This is your box. When you are here you are not allowed to bring anything into this house from the outside. You will put everything into this box and put it back on the shelf." I put my back pack and my jacket in the box and started to put it back on the shelf when he stopped me and said "I said everything." Still not understanding what he was saying to me I just looked at him and waited for him to tell me what I was supposed to do. He looked me right in the eye and said "Are you just stupid? Put all of your clothes in the box." Being only 11 and not really knowing anything about sex yet I asked him why. He said, "It is simple, you are a slave and slaves do not wear clothes when you are in your Masters house. it is disrespectful. NOW STRIP." Again my brain yelled RUN, but my hands started taking off my clothes. I was just in my underwear with all my clothes in the box. I looked up at Fred and wondered what he was

going to do to me. Many things were running through my mind and the fear was getting worse. I didn't know what to do, what if he hurt me? No one knew where I was. Then he yelled again, "STRIP NOW, do not make me tell you again." He pointed to my underwear and snapped his fingers. I took off my underwear and put them in the box. I put the box back on the shelf and turned to look at Fred. He pointed to the ground and snapped his fingers. I got back on my knees and waited for what would happen next. He told me to stand and put my hands behind my head for inspection, and I did as I was told. He ran his hand down my back and rubbed my butt. I could not believe how good this felt. Then he stopped and pinched my butt. I told him that it hurt, and he told me to shut up. He then started to rub around my neck and then down my chest. He told me to stay still and he pinched my left nipple hard. I cried out and started to back away he grabbed me by the back of the neck and turned my head to look at him and said, "You never back away from your Master. You need to know that what I do to you if for your own good, so it is important that you trust that what I do to you or what other Black Masters or Mistress do to you will be to help you learn your place, now stay still." He put his right hand on my back and with his left hand he pinched my left nipple hard. I started crying but I didn't try to pull away. Sometimes your training will hurt and sometimes it will feel great, but you must understand now that it is not about your pleasure, it is about your Master or Mistress pleasure. At this point I am going to give you one more chance to back out of this before your training starts. If you stay, there is no going back." I looked at the box with all my clothes, then to the door, and then back to my Master and said still in tears, "If it is ok with you sir I would like to stay."

Fred just smiled and said, "Ok let me start with some basic rules that you will follow or be punished for. First, now that you know what you are, you will always show respect to any Black person you come into contact with. Always remember you are nothing compared to a Black person. So when you come up on a Black person always look at the floor. You are never to look a Black person in the eye unless they tell you to. You will always address them as Sir or Mam no matter how old they are. I am 13 and I own you, but there may be a 5 year old or a 90 year old that addresses you and you will still use the proper respect. Are we clear on this?" I looked at Fred and said, "Yes Sir."

He said, "That response brings us to the Second rule. This rule is about when you are in service like you are now. You will always address all Black people with the proper respect and always address them as Master or Mistress. When you come here, you will strip, put your clothes in your box, drop to your knees, flip that light switch over there, and wait for someone

to come get you. You will always be naked here as a sign of respect to my house. However, I am your Master so no matter where we are, if I point somewhere and say SERVICE, you will go to where I point and strip. There will never be any talk about it, you will just do it. We have made a commitment to each other. You have committed to do what you know you need to do which is serve your Black Master. I have made a commitment to you to train you to give yourself over to fully to the Black race as it should be.

I have to admit, I was really scared at this point but at the same time I felt this sense of calm, I just felt that I was where I should be. He opened the door to the house and told me to follow him 3 steps behind. I did as I was told and we entered, I entered the house just behind the boy that I felt I would do anything for. Just after we got in the door I noticed a white man of about 25 on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor. He was naked and although I have not seen too many naked people I did notice that he had no hair on his body except for his head and that was cut short. As soon as he saw Fred he stopped what he was doing, turned to Fred, bowed and said, "Welcome home Master." Fred looked at him and told him to go back to work. The man turned and started scrubbing the floor again. We went further into the house and into the kitchen. There was a white woman of about 20 or so also naked and cooking. As soon as she saw Fred she dropped what she was doing and went right to her knees. She put her head down and said, "Welcome home Master." Fred just told her to make him something to eat and get something for his new pet. In just a few minutes the lady had put a plate with a sandwich on it in front of Fred at the kitchen table I found myself on knees beside his chair. Then the naked white lady came back with a bowl in her hand and put the bowl of cut up bologna in front of me on the floor. From where I was sitting I was able to get my first look and a woman's pussy. I thought it looked kinda gross. She looked at me, smiled and walked back into the kitchen. I looked at the food in the bowl in front of me and started to reach for it, the next thing I knew I am getting smacked across the back of my head. Fred looked at me and told me not to use my hands. I was told to use my lips and tongue to eat. He said, "I know that this is all new to you, but the sooner you learn your place the easier it will be for you to be the slave that you know you are." I did as I was told. As I was eating I looked at the woman in the kitchen. She was beautiful no matter how ugly her pussy was. I also noticed that like the man she didn't have any body hair either, not that I knew women even had body hair at that time. I did notice that the woman had metal rings hanging from her boobs and I wondered why. Just then Fred told me to heal.

We headed down the hall, me of course crawling 3 paces behind him. We got to his room and he sat down on his desk chair. He told me to take off his shoes and socks. I undid the laces on his sneakers and removed the left shoe. I did the same with the right and then removed his socks. He said, "OK now start kissing my left foot first." I just looked at him and could not believe what he just told me to do. He told me again and I knew that I had no choice so I started kissing his left foot. I guess he didn't like how I was doing it because he started to get mad. He said, "So what are you thinking, do you think you are too good to kiss your Masters feet?" I said, "No Master, but it is gross kissing someone's feet." This didn't go over well with him and he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me back out into the living room where the white man was now polishing the wood floors. I was crying by this point mostly from fear. He snapped his fingers and the white man sat up on his knees, put his hands behind his head and looked at the floor.

Fred looked at me and said, "Let me introduce you to Ken, he is my dad's slave. He was 5 years old when my dad got him for his 8th birthday. His dad belonged to my Grandpa and since his dad was my Grandpas slave his son also belonged to my Grandpa. So for his 8th birthday my grandpa gave my dad Ken as his very own slave. He has been with my dad ever since and now serves our family as well as my dad." He looked and told me to watch, then turned to Ken and told him to kiss his feet. I watched as Ken dropped to his belly and started kissing and licking Fred's feet. I could not believe that he was doing this. He started licking as kissing the tops and even licked between Fred's toes. After about 5 minutes Fred told him to stop and told me to stay there and he disappeared down the hall. I looked at Ken and asked him, "How can you lick someone's feet like that, isn't that gross?" He looked at me in what I guess I would call shock. He asked me, "Why are you here?"

I told him Fred asked me to come here and then he told me he wanted me to be his slave and a weird as it sounds I thought it would be cool.

Ok, let me tell you a few things. First never call him Fred again; he is either Master or Sir. Second, you are here for the same reason that I am, because you know this is where you belong. Master may have brought you here, but he didn't make you come in. He also must have seen your need for a Master. Black people can spot a slave in a crowd and the opportunity to be allowed to give yourself over to a Black person is the biggest honor a white person can be given. You will be told to do all

kinds of things that at the time you may not like, but you must remember the choice you have made is to give yourself over to your Masters needs and pleasures, they are always more important than any need you may have. If you can't do that then you need to get out now or there will be a lot a pain from punishments in your future.

I am so confused. I mean that my brain keeps telling me to get out and run, but for some reason I can't.

I know how you feel, I once ran away from my Master. I was on the street for about 4 days when I came back to him. I had such a feeling of emptiness inside me when I was gone; I just knew that I had to be here. I was punished for a whole week for running away, but it was worth it to be allowed back. All I can tell you is to just do what he says when he says it and remember, you are here because you want to please him.

Just then Fred came back into the room and told me to get back into his room. I did as I was told and he followed me. He sat back in his chair and pointed to his feet and snapped his fingers. I still didn't want to do it, but knew that Ken was right, I needed to do this. So I laid flat on my belly and did what I saw Ken doing. I licked and kissed every part of both feet. After the first few minutes what I was doing started to feel right somehow. When I looked up at the boy that owned me now, I knew that this was right.

I am not sure how long I was licking his feet for, but I did know that my tongue was starting to hurt. Then without warning Fred told me to stop and get back on my knees. I did as I was told. He asked me how old I was and I said, "I am 11 until next week Master, then I will be 12" He said, "That is what I thought, it's a shame that you have started you training so late." He stood and said, "OK now take off my pants." I was not sure that I should do this, but I knew that I wanted to. So I reached up and undid his belt, unbuttoned his jeans, and pulled down his zipper. I could not believe that I was doing this and just then realized that I was hard. Again I knew nothing about sex so I didn't really understand anything that was really happening. I lowered his jeans to the floor and he stepped out of them. I looked up at him as he put his hand behind my head, stepped forward and pushed his underwear covered dick into my face. I started to put my hands up to push myself away when I remembered what Ken told me. He told me that I may not like what I was told to do, but my job was to please my Master. I was bound and determined to do just that. I sat there with my hands at my side while Fred rubbed his covered dick all over my face.

He asked me if I liked it and I told him I did. He said, "Good you are a quick learner, now take off my underwear." I reached up and pulled his underwear down over his dick and could not believe my eyes, he was huge! He looked at me and asked what I was thinking. I told him that I could not believe how big his dick was. He got mad at my statement and said, "Black men don't have dicks, we have COCKS. Whites have dicks what little there is of them." I asked him if I will ever be as big as him (he was like 5 - 5.5 inches and compared to my little 3 incher he was huge) he said, "No, you are just a white boy you will never be as big as me." I felt a little sad about that, but knew that it must be one of the reasons Blacks are better than whites.

He looked at me and said, "Now it is time for you to show me how much you want to serve me. I want you to kiss my balls just like you kissed my feet. Don't stop until I tell you to." I said, "Yes Master." He grabbed his cock and pulled it to his belly leaving his balls clear for me to do what I needed to do. I moved it and started kissing them one at a time and then licked them all over. I thought his was going to be grosser than the feet thing, but I really liked this. The smell and the taste just made me get hot all over and I couldn't stop. What was strange was that my dick was so hard it kind of hurt. I reached down and tried to adjust it and next thing I knew I was laying on the ground holding my head. Fred was standing over me looking really mad. He said, "I thought things were going so well and then you disrespect me like this." I was crying and told him that I didn't understand what I did wrong. He said, "When you are servicing a Black person you never touch yourself. Your needs are not important only mine. If you were really committed to my pleasure you would not have even felt the need to touch that little thing you call a dick. Now we will try this again." He sat in his chair, butt to the front edge and spread his legs wide. I crawled between his legs and started licking his balls again. He told me to carefully take each one in my mouth and lick all around them. I did as I was told and sucked the left nut into my mouth. As I was sucking his balls I noticed how hard his Cock was and wondered if I was going to have to lick that too.

As if he was reading my mind he told me to stop licking his balls. I backed up and he said, "It is now time to take the next step and start kissing your new best friend. You will kiss my Cock all over and then lick it good and clean. After I decide you have done a good job, I will start to put it in your mouth. You will open wide and make sure that your teeth are not scrapping or biting my Cock. If you want to find out what punishment is like, let that happen." I leaned forward and took his Cock in my hands. I was so big and warm and I laughed

inside when I told myself that it was also beautiful. I started kissing it up one side and down the other. I did this until he told me to start licking. I started licking and loved the taste. I could not believe how cool this was. I stopped licking when I noticed that the tip had a drop on it. I looked up at Fred and he told me that it was precum and that I needed to lick it off and get used to the taste. He told he would be giving me his seed when he felt that I had earned it. I had no idea what he was talking about, but when I tasted his precum I knew that if his seed tasted anywhere as good as the precum I was going to love it.

I opened my mouth and took the head of his Cock inside being very careful not to let my teeth touch it. He told me to use my tongue and lick all around the head especially the slit. I did as I was told and could not believe how much I liked the feel and the taste of a Cock in my mouth. He told me I was doing a god job, but it was time to take more Cock in my mouth. As he pushed in I started to gag and I put my hands on his legs to push him back. He slapped my hands away and said, "Before you leave here today you will have taken every bit of my cock in your mouth. I know you feel like it will choke you, but it won't. Just breathe through your nose and accept your friend into your throat. I started to breathe through my nose as my Master pushed more of his Cock into my mouth. I started to gag again and he stopped pushing but left his Cock where it was. I finally got used to it and stopped gagging. Once I stopped gagging he pushed his Cock in a little further until I started gagging again. Again he stopped and waited for me to stop gagging. He told me to relax and breathe through my nose. It was hard, but I again gained control. He told me I was doing very well and that he was almost all the way in. He braced the back of my head and pushed the rest of the way. I didn't gag this time but it was hard to breath. He held it in my throat for a few seconds and then pulled it out until just the head was in my mouth. He told me to breath and then we will go again. Just then I heard a woman's voice behind me and she asked Fred how it was going. He said, "Not bad mom, he's real easy to train and he really wants to learn." She asked him if I was learning to such Cock well. He told her to watch and he pushed his Cock all the way in, in one hard thrust. I started to gag again and he just held it in my throat. I heard her say good job son keep it up, and she left. Fred looked at me and smiled. He said, "It is almost time for your first seeding. Most of it will go straight down your throat. After I dump most of it in your throat I will pull back and put the rest in your mouth. You will not swallow it; you will just keep it in your mouth until I tell you to swallow, do you understand?" I nodded my head and he added,

"Just one more thing. If you spit it out or let any fall from your mouth you will be punished for disrespect. Got it?" I looked up at him and nodded my head again.

He started to move his Cock in and out of my throat. My throat was starting to hurt, but I knew that I needed to please my Master no matter what. After a few minutes he told me he was getting ready to cum and to remember what he told me. I braced myself for whatever would happen next. He pushed his Cock down my throat again and I felt it get bigger and then start to pulse and he started moaning. I felt something going down my throat, but I could not taste anything. Then he told me to remember what he said about swallowing because he was going to put the rest in my mouth. He pulled his Cock out of my throat and stopped when the head was in my mouth. I felt his Cock pulse again and fill my mouth with his seed. He pulsed two more times and then started to relax. He told me to wrap my lips tightly around his Cock because he was now going to take it out of my mouth and I had better not let any cum fall out when he did so. He withdrew his Cock slowly and I wrapped my lips tight and sucked in so none would fall out. He squeezed his Cock to get all of his seed into me and then left my mouth. He patted me on the head and told me that I did very well. He then told me to open my mouth and show him what I have but not to let any fall out. I tilted my head back and opened my mouth to show him that I did as I was told. He looked in and said, "That is very good, that is the seed of a Black man and you should feel honored that I allowed to you receive it. Now close your mouth and don't swallow yet." I closed my mouth and he told me to swirl the seed around so that it coats your whole mouth. I did it and he told me to savor the flavor of a real man, then after a few more seconds he told me to swallow. I did. He asked me if I liked it and I told him that I did. He started walking toward the door and told me to follow him.

We went into the bathroom and he stood in front of the toilet. He told me to take his Cock in my hand and aim it for him. He warned me not to let any spill out. I held his awesome Cock in my hand as he started to pee. As the stream slowed and stopped he told me to open my mouth and clean him off. I opened my mouth and he put his Cock in and told me to close my mouth. I closed my mouth around his Cock and he put his hand on the back of my head and I could not believe what he did next. I was licking the slit and he instructed and next thing I know I felt a blast of piss spray into my mouth. I wanted to gag and spit it out when I heard him say swallow. I felt my stomach start to turn, but I did it and swallowed. I could not believe that I just swallowed someone's pee. He told me to relax that it was only a little squirt this time to help you get used to it. I was

in shock; did he mean that I was going to have to drink piss? I was not sure that this was something I could deal with. He turned and walked out of the bathroom and I followed him back into the bedroom. He told me that it was now time to dress him, so I got his underwear and held it out so that he could step into them. I started to pull them up and he told me to stop just under his balls. He said, "I know you are sad to me covering your best friend up so that you can't see him. Since you have been such a good boy today, I will give you five minutes to say goodbye." I looked at his Cock and as upset as I was that he peed in my mouth, I really did like what I was looking at. I dove right in and started licking his balls all over after a few minutes I moved to his awesome Cock and started licking him all over. He started getting hard and I was hoping he would let me have more of his seed. I took him in my mouth and Fred put his hand behind my head and pushed his Cock into my throat again. I gagged for a second but didn't care. I got control of myself. All I could think about was that I was going to get more of his awesome seed. Then all of a sudden he pulled out of my mouth and told me to finish dressing him. I must have looked really sad because he smiled at me and said, "I know you wanted more of your Masters seed, but you have to earn that. On Saturday I will allow you to come here for the day and do more training." I sadly covered my new best friend by pulling up my Masters underwear. Next he stepped into his jeans and I pulled them up and buttoned them and then zipped them. I reached for his sox and Fred said, "Why don't you go ahead and kiss my feet." I did as I was told and started kissing and licking his feet. I never thought that I would ever enjoy kissing someone's feet, by I really did like my Masters feet. After a few minutes of that he told me to finish dressing him. I did and once he was dressed, he turned and walked out of the bedroom and I followed him. He walked to the patio door and opened it. I followed him out and he gave me permission to get my box. I got it down off the shelf and he said, "You did a good job today boy. Once I go back inside you my dress and leave. I want you to think hard about today and what I made you do. This was only the beginning of your training and there is a lot more to follow. You and I both know that you need this and now it is up to you to decide if you want to continue. You will call me tonight before you go to bed and tell me how much you love serving me. You will tell me what you did here today and how much you liked it. Then if you decide you need to continue your training, you will be here at 10 am Saturday morning and plan to spend the day, any questions?" I told him no and he turned and went back into the house.

Well, that's it for this chapter guys. What did you think, should I continue? I told you at the beginning of my story that this never happened to me, but you should know that I do accept the premise of this story. I do believe that there is something about the Black people that makes many whites want to be dominated by them, I am one of them. This is just my opinion of course, what's yours.
Let me know what you think at denverbarry1@yahoo.com