

Master Banks

The Adventures of Ralphie

by Master Banks

Mornings, FUCK I hate them; especially the mid-summer mornings like today where the sun comes up way too early and upsets my otherwise deep slumber. Normally, I'm going to bed at this hour, as night is MY playground; but today I have to meet up with another slave. It would undoubtedly be the highlight of its poor insignificant life, but to me it's just another day on the job. Don't get me wrong, I love being a Master, but slaves are so trying sometimes.

I grudgingly opened my eyes to the sight of my dog Dozer, definitely not the face I expected to see in the morning. The bed was empty aside from him, the bitch I picked up in the club last night was missing; though the sounds of running water in the background seemed to answer the question about her whereabouts. She had been amazing, the ways she twisted her body on the dance floor, the look she gave me when I walked towards her, the feel of her as we grinded together to the beat of the bass. Visions of last night came streaming back into my mind and I decided that this would probably be an excellent time to take a shower as well. It was well worth it, definitely one of the best showers in a long time, however a bit longer and considerably louder than normal. After a long and steamy shower we got out, searched for her scattered clothing, got her dressed and out the door she went... just like every other chick I take home for one of my usual one night stands. As I walked to the kitchen to think about what to do for breakfast, I realized she had slipped something into my pocket.



A calling card, I made sure to deposit it in the trash can as I walked by. I wasn't being an asshole. I just had no intention of ever calling her back. Sure she was amazing in bed, but bitches are a dime a dozen and when you look as good as I do there's never a short supply.

I felt great this morning, like the stress of my life had melted away, part of that I'm sure was thanks to the great shower I had but I just had this amazing feeling that today was going to be a good day, law of attraction. I fought an urge to make pancakes and fried up some breakfast steaks and some egg whites so I would stay within my calorie intake for the day. Finishing up my meal and throwing everything in the dishwasher, I glanced at the clock. I was supposed to meet the slave at noon, it was now 1pm, but I didn't give a shit; if he wasn't used to my "show up late" style of doing things, then fuck him. I grabbed my keys and headed out to the truck. As I came up the side of it I looked at myself in the

mirror, I looked damn good; I was wearing my favorite muscle shirt with my personal motto “Drink, Fight, Fuck” and my customized MB hat which PhatAss calls my “signature look”. All in all, the perfect slave beating attire.

I hopped in the truck and started up the engine, it roared to life and I headed down the road towards the Tim Horton’s for my daily green tea, and then exited onto the highway to go down to PhatAss’ house.

Luckily PhatAss’ house is close to most of the luxury hotels in Niagara Falls, so it would be a quick drive to the hotel where the slave was staying. It was almost 1:30 by the time I pulled into PhatAss’ driveway and sure enough he was there sitting in his Cadillac looking peeved; he has never gotten used to my “show up late” style. So we load the gear into the truck, and we set off towards the Fallsview Casino Resort. I’ve got to hand it to slaves; they have impeccable taste and know just how to treat their Master. The slave I was meeting today had booked a Parlor Suite, a 650 sq/ft room; with Jacuzzi tub, big screen TV, and one of the best views of Niagara Falls in the building. And with 24 hour room service, I wasn’t leaving till morning.

We pulled up front, and PhatAss unloaded the equipment and luggage as I threatened the Valet about not fucking up my truck. Because you see: I love my truck, ever since slvgrl bought it for me; it has been a treasured possession. My truck and I have a connection; it’s a man thing that faggots probably wouldn’t understand. Both my truck and I are rugged, reliable, sexy, powerful, and we both can easily accommodate 4 girls at once.

After I gave the valet one of my signature, “little talks”; we headed towards the lobby. Once inside I called the Slave on his cell phone to tell the stupid fag we were here, and that he better be ready or else. Ralphie answered after a couple rings and said “Yea, what?”... Wrong thing to say, my reply was heard by everyone in the lobby as I shouted into the cell phone **“IS THAT THE PROPER GREETING FOR YOUR GOD!”** this echoed throughout the room and everyone momentarily looked my way, saw me a fuckin’ 6’ 2” muscled behemoth, and PhatAss who’s 6’ 7” 400lbs, and quickly looked away. Now at this point, I’m pissed so I’m going to have to teach my slave a lesson. I pushed my anger inside me and very calmly asked him to come down and escort us to his room. He very shakily replied that he was coming down, and that he was *“Sorry, Master”*. That stupid slave doesn’t even know the meaning of sorry; but he will when I release the full power of my wrath upon him.

Ralphie came down and met us both at the lobby, he was a quivering mass of fear and trepidation at what would come of his time with Master. I ordered PhatAss to drop the gear and told Ralphie that it was the slaves’ duty to carry his Master’s bags. I grabbed the hotel keycard while Ralphie struggled under the weights of the lights and camera, and PhatAss fluttered around like an overprotective mom watching the equipment with a scared face. It was fucking hilarious. We grabbed an elevator and took it up to the 10th floor and out into our room, it was worth the wait. The view was spectacular, when you live in Niagara Falls you really stop thinking about it as an attraction, it’s something you drive by on your way to work, or something you walk by when out for a walk in the morning, it’s just a thing to us. But when you’re up high in a building and your view looks out over the

cascade of water rushing off the falls it is a truly breathtaking experience. Ralphie decided that this would be a good time to come up and stand close beside me and enjoy the experience as well; apparently he wasn't watching me closely enough though because when I cuffed him upside the head he dropped to the ground with a cry. *"What the fuck do you think you're doing slave? A slave's place is on the ground at his Masters' feet. Right now the most beautiful thing here isn't those falls over there, it's me. So get on your knees bitch!"*

I closed the blinds on the windows and PhatAss turned on the lights. He had already unpacked my entire slave beating setup. My whips, gags, restraints and all those "special" things that a modern Master on the go requires, he had also unpacked the camera, setup the tripod and gave me a thumbs up that we were good to go. This room was mint, and there was even a nice sitting room with a chair and sofa that adjoined the bedroom. I sat in the leather reclining chair and beckoned my stupid slave over to me. *"You invite me to your room, and you don't have any beer for me to drink? There's no food for PhatAss? What the fuck are you thinking, crawl over there and bring me the room service menu you stupid faggot!"* The slave eventually crawled back and handed me the room service menu. This was indeed a world class hotel and they had my favorite beer: Heineken in stock, and an excellent array of edibles which PhatAss would enjoy. I looked around me but there was no phone in sight, it's so hard to find a good slave nowadays. *"Hey PhatAss, what do you think of my new invisible phone? It's the latest in technology. Hello, Room Service? Banks here."* Ralphie crawled back to get the phone and I stood up and kicked him in the ass for some added encouragement.

In my years of experience as an **ALPHA MUSCLE MALE**, I've found that slaves just don't seem to understand commands unless they're backed by some form of bodily harm; whether that is a kick in the ass, a whip across their back, or a punch in the stomach. It has the added effect of clearing their minds of everything but the task at hand. My stupid excuse for a slave crawled back to my feet and held up the phone like an offering to a god, I was pleased with this and snatched it out of his hand and got down to doing what this Master does best: taking what is mine one dollar at a time.

After the food and more importantly the alcohol had arrived I sat down, enjoyed my beer and waited expectantly for my slave... *"What the fuck are you doing faggot? Why the fuck, are my shoes still on?"* this was like the opening of the flood gates, this stupid slave let out an excited squeal of joy and set to removing my shoes. He carefully cradled my shoe in his lap and slowly undid the laces, and slid them off my foot. He then looked up at me and asked, *"Master, may I remove your sock?"* I reached down and cuffed him upside the head for good measure and told him that my feet are my greatest asset, and that he better treat them like they're solid fucking gold. He smiled, and nodded his head in assent, true to his word he held my foot like it was the only thing in his world, he slipped his finger in under the sock and slowly and gently pulled the sock from my foot.

I could hear a slight intake of breath as he first gazed at my godlike feet. He then ran his fingers assuredly over the surface of them, caressing each muscle and vein individually like he was putting each one into permanent memory; that is until the back of my hand hit the side of his head. *"What the fuck slave? What fucking part of **STRAIGHT** muscle Master did you fail to fucking understand?"* I took the foot he so carefully cradled and kicked him to the floor with it. *"Do I look one legged to you faggot? What*

about my other fucking foot? Look! my shoe is still on. You fuckers just never learn. Stop crying or I'll give you something to fucking cry about, now get my fucking shoe off!" that stupid piece of shit dragged himself off the floor and repeated his actions with my other foot, and again lost in his own feet filled world he started caressing my other foot. A kick to the head with my other foot put a stop to that though.

I pulled a pack of smokes out of my pocket and lit one up. The slave seeing this started blabbing about some no smoking in the rooms rule, he handed me something about it. I glanced at it, then lit it on fire with my lighter and threw it in the trash. "Who is more important to you right now? Your Master? or Hotel Management? That's right faggot, you chose correctly, but if you're so fucking worried about it. PhatAss!! Go disconnect the smoke alarms!" with the smoke alarms disabled, I figured this was a perfect time for a smoke; but with the no smoking rule there were no ash trays in the room, only a momentary problem "Slave! Lie on the floor at my feet, your name is now 'Ash Tray' when Master says 'Ash Tray' you open your mouth; so I can deposit my ashes in it." Beer in one hand, smoke in the other, slave at my feet; this is the life.



This is an odd predicament for me, unlike a lot of Master's, I'm straight, and this makes punishing stupid faggots a little difficult, I don't really want to see their tiny excuses for cocks. But on the other hand whipping a slave wearing those gay little tighty whities they always seem to wear doesn't really appeal to me either, this is why duct tape was invented. It has the wonderful ability to stick to everything known to man. There are many different ways of using duct tape but my trademarked way is to have the stupid faggot go to the bathroom, strip and then wrap his balls in the duct tape, and then tie it off around his neck. This makes sure that the faggots cock stays tight to his stomach and thus hidden when lying on the bed.

So this is what I sent Ralpie to do while I finished my beer and while PhatAss got his lights setup. When I finally entered the bedroom he had already assumed the position. Some masters prefer hog tying their slaves, personally though when you're properly geared up, I find the 4-point method the best. By tying each extremity off to a different corner of the bed, it can't fight back at all; when hog tied it can use its muscle to attempt to break their bonds, and tape is designed to have some give to it. My slaves don't deserve that little give, so I rope them down. "*Oh that hurts does it? Good*"

Recently I met a leather master named Ryan, he's an interesting guy. He comes and hangs out in my nightly video chat, and since meeting him I've found that there is a wide variety of interesting accessories for the modern Master. But let's face it, I'm a traditionalist. Give me a solid long leather belt and some wax candles and I can punish a stupid slave all night.

Some Masters plan their sessions with their slaves, they know what they want to do, they know for how long, and when to stop. When I do these I'm usually drunk as fuck, and so I improvise the whole thing. But tonight, I held back. Between the "*yea, what?*" and everything else that happened since I got

here I figured it was time to let out the true Master within, and he's one angry sonofabitch. But one negative about hotels is there is usually neighbors, especially during the busy tourist season, so a ball gag tightly attached to his face, and duct tape around that makes sure his cries of anguish don't upset people. And for the cherry on top, we use a mask and ear plugs for a technique called "Sensory Deprivation", what that gives us is a slave who can't see or hear his punishments coming.

The fun thing about sensory deprivation is that you can watch the slaves' body for when he's tensing for the hit, and then the second he relaxes, **THE STRIKE!** Some of these play Masters on the internet couldn't put together enough strength or would be too afraid to hit a slave properly; I don't suffer from this problem. Each and every swing of the whip is with all the power I have and the welts on the slaves' skin are proof enough of that. And with each and every swing the cry of pain that my stupid faggot squeals, drives me to hit him harder for newer sounds never heard before.

Whipping isn't everything in a Masters repertoire though, and the pleasure of hearing the whimpering cries of my stupid faggot had just about hit its maximum. He was getting used to the pain of my whip and the smack of my hand on his ass; so it was time to up my game a bit. Molten wax is one of my favorite things to work with as a Master; generally speaking there are many different types of wax that can be used for wax play depending on what your slave can handle. But when it comes to faggots I don't baby them. If I'm playing around with some dumb bitch, paraffin wax is your friend; it melts at a lower temperature and can add a light bit of danger to your sex play. But stupid faggots need to be punished, and when it comes to punishment with wax, we need a wax that melts at a higher temperature; we need Bees Wax.

Wax can be done in many ways; my preferred way is to use a wax crock pot, because it keeps the wax in a molten state. The problem with candles is you have to continually wait for new wax to melt, and during that waiting time, the stupid faggot gets a rest from the pain. If you have a constant and never-ending supply of molten wax at your disposal, wax play can easily turn into wax torture. The next consideration you have to take is where on the body to drop the wax, during wax play anywhere on the back or ass is popular, but for punishment you have to find a place on the body where there are a lot of nerve endings. Nerve endings allow the body to feel enhanced pleasure; alternatively if you were to drop hot wax on nerve endings you would feel enhanced pain. Luckily there is one such point on the body; I like to punish fags for being fags, and the best way I know how to do that is pour wax on and around the anus. You would be amazed at how many nerve endings there are packed into that small area.

So with Ralphie securely tied to the bed, and a boiling pot of bees wax at the ready I got down to some serious fun. Of course Ralphie doesn't know what's coming next; he's still in sensory deprivation. He's in his relaxed "*I'm ready for the next whipping Master, bring it*" state of mind. Stupid slave, he'll regret his laid back attitude now, as I dip a ladle into the pot and come out with a good amount of the hot golden liquid, careful to make sure there are no drips that will give away my plan, I position the ladle over his ass crack, and pour the molten wax; like the beautiful falls outside the hot wax pours down covering every single one of those highly sensitive nerve endings and making Ralphie emit a scream I

could hear even through the gag and duct tape. This is what every Master lives for: **FEEL THE BURN RALPHIE!**

The wax hardens in a matter of seconds and one quick whack of my hand against his ass knocks all that wax free, ready for the next application. But you've got to be random with these slaves, you have to change it up or they get themselves mentally prepared for the next onslaught of pain, and you just can't have that. The wax isn't going anywhere, so you can simply switch back over to a whip, he won't be expecting that one, and you'll get some new screams of pain. After you've been a master for awhile you become able to differentiate between the sounds of pain, and the sounds of pleasure. Stupid faggots don't come to see me because they want to be pleased, as much as they want me, they will never have me. So they have to live off the pain that I give to them. So if during the beating your stupid faggot is receiving, if he makes noises that sound like he's being pleased by what you're doing, then your slave has outsmarted you. It's up to you to change what you're doing to make it painful again.

And this is what I did with Ralphie, when it sounded like he was getting used to the current method of punishment, I would mix it up; the objective is to keep the pain up enough without the slave passing out; which he eventually did.

This required a change in tactics, because he wasn't strong enough a fag to put up with Master's physical torture I was forced to think up alternatives. Recently while down in Michigan at my bottom bitches house I experimented with forcing slaves to drink my piss. Unfortunately while she did manage to drink it there was a little too much, coughed up afterwards. So in preparation for tonight I made a stop off at Home Depot and built myself a PDS or in laymen's terms "Piss Distribution System". Yes, in essence it is just a funnel and some tubing but acronyms always sound better. Now that I had the PDS out and ready, I had to make a decision do I shove the tube up his ass and make him hold my piss inside himself, or do I stick the tube down his throat and make him drink it. The decision was plain and simple, the wax had done a number on his ass, and sticking anything up it at the moment would probably be very difficult with the layers of wax covering it. Unfortunately this would mean removing the ball gag, so I had PhatAss help me cut away the tape, and removed the ball gag. He managed a weak "*Did I do well, Master?*" which I had to admit he had, he took more than slvgrl normally gets; looks like the bottom bitch title is on the line.

Before he could utter more stupidity I shoved the tube in his mouth, only going in about an inch or so, any further and he wouldn't be able to taste the liquid gold he was about to drink, everyone should have the honor of tasting my piss once in their life. To stop him from spitting it out, PhatAss duct taped the tube to his mouth and sealed it as best as he could. I poured some beer down the pipe so he would think this is just how I'm going to let the stupid slave drink, and he swallowed that and relaxed a bit. Stupid slave, when will he ever learn there's always calm before the storm. PhatAss had setup a chair so I could piss from up high without alerting Ralphie to my intended plan, and letting gravity do half the work. Sissy another one of my slaves once compared me pissing to the falling of Niagara Falls and considering how much I had drank up until this point that tube was full to the brim; and sure enough Ralphie had no choice but to drink down every single drop. "*Tell Master how good that tasted, what? I can't hear you, you're mumbling. Oh you must mean that you want more? more? Ok if I must!*" I

could've probably poured anything down there and he would've gagged, he was so tensed up and ready for something bad tasting, I poured some coke down the tube that PhatAss got with his pizza, and then when he relaxed... I pissed down it again; stupid fucking slave never learns.

I yanked the tape off his mouth, getting me a yelp of pain in answer. And removed his restraints and left him to take a small break. You may think that sounds like a weak thing for a Master to do, but I just wanted to make sure he was in one piece after the beating he received. I don't give my male slaves a safe word, and even though my female slaves have one, I have yet to hear it once. I had thought of giving Ralphie one for what I had planned, but I reminded myself that stupid faggots don't deserve safe words.

Ralphie interrupted my thoughts with a request to get something to drink. After everything I just put him through I thought this was an acceptable request, *"Ok slave, on your knees. Now crawl to the bathroom. That's a good slave; now stick your head in the toilet. Wait let's get you some fresh water it looks pretty stale in there, flush the toilet slave, that's good; now drink up."* It looked as though he was drinking the water, but better safe than sorry they always say, so I used my foot to shove his stupid faggot head into the water, that water still looked pretty stale I thought I better flush the toilet again just in case. Apparently the stupid faggot was drowning cause he kept flailing his little faggot arms around so I let go of him and shoved him into the tub. What a miserable little piece of trash he is, sitting in the tub panting like a little bitch. I decided that it was time for some toughening up. *"Stop you're fuckin whining you little bitch and shut the fuck up, its time I showed a faggot how to be a man. Put your hands up and grab the fucking shower curtain, good slave."* Hands tightly secured to the shower curtain rod with duct tape he looked small and weak, he needed some toughening up; and I'm the perfect person to do that.

I turned to leave the room and then swiveled back on my foot to deliver a jab to his midsection. He let out a cry and a cough and I realized I hadn't put his ball gag back on, with the help of PhatAss we got that back on secured and duct taped back into position. *"Now the fun begins, this punch is for 'Yea, what?' on the cell phone earlier today"* I gave him a cross to the midsection followed by a jab then a right then another jab. You could tell he was hanging by his arms at this point, if he wasn't taped to the rail he'd be on the ground curled up in a little tiny ball whimpering. I had just about had enough of this stupid slave for the night so I finished it off with an uppercut to his jaw. They talk about people having glass jaws; his must've been made out of paper-mâché.

PhatAss helped me take his limp body down from the curtain rod, PhatAss got scared and thought that I killed him, a quick check of the neck revealed a pulse so PhatAss was on board again, and I thought of the next thing I could do with him. As it was about 3am, I decided to sleep on the decision; we removed the mattress from the bed, laid Ralphie down on the box spring his head sticking out of the bottom of the bed and put the mattress back on it. Now this was truly a king size bed fit for a god. When he finally came to hours later, he made a big ruckus, but I fixed that with a strip of duct tape, and the rest of the night went by nice and quietly. In the morning we packed up our equipment. Called room service to call for my truck, and asked for the cleaning service to come. I'm sure those ladies got a big

surprise when they found that stupid faggot stuck under his mattress. Footage and cash from his wallet in hand, we headed home.