



PETER ARCHON



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TRANSFORMING  
TOMMY

AWAKENING THE SLAVEHEART

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This novel is a work of fiction. All characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

1<sup>st</sup> Edition

**Transforming Tommy**  
Awakening the Slaveheart

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**Warning:** This book contains graphic language and sexually explicit content. Intended for adult audiences only. Not intended for anyone under the age of 18.

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Dichotomous symbolism embodies the essence of a master and his slave. When they are separate they are incomplete. One without the other exists with an ache of incompleteness, which continues until they are united in a balanced symbiosis.

—Prologue, Slave Training Manual

# CHAPTER 1

## ATTRACTION

A couple social levels above Tommy Boyton's usual, the high-end cocktail lounge was part of the swanky French restaurant called *Licorne*. It was nestled at street level in the corner of the downtown Four Seasons Hotel. The lounge was dominated by an ornately carved mahogany bar topped with imported Italian Carrara marble that looked like it was from the *Château de Versailles*. Tommy's friends wanted somewhere special to start the celebration of his twenty-sixth birthday and the lavishly decorated lounge attached to the exclusive *Licorne* fit the bill.

To afford the overpriced drinks, the seven friends started the party at happy hour. Instead of his standard attire of blue jeans, pullover and sneakers, Tommy dressed up in khakis, leather loafers and a festive purple oxford. He rolled up the sleeves to his forearms, as most off-the-rack shirts were a bit big for his lithe frame.

Even though Tommy was the reason for the gathering he had trouble feigning interest in the conversation when it inevitably devolved into ribald gossip. He found himself more focused on one of the patrons sitting alone in the adjacent restaurant finishing his meal. Tommy felt the man was exactly his type and started lusting after him the moment he saw him.

His friends' chatter became background noise as he kept glancing at the distinguished man in a dark suit, crisp white shirt, and solid green silk tie. The man's impeccable posture created a sense of grace and self-assurance as he read a digital tablet. The tablet was propped up on the table so he could efficiently scroll with a finger while using the other hand to eat and drink. The soft luminescent glow of the tablet highlighted his chiseled, clean-shaven face in the dim restaurant lighting.

Tommy stared at the man dreamily as he wondered if the dignified bit of gray hair at the temples was real. It was just too sexy. While Tommy was lost in thought studying him, the man looked up from his tablet and made eye contact. Caught staring, a thrill went up Tommy's spine and his heart started to race. Instead of giving the man the inviting smile he had been planning on giving, Tommy panicked. He quickly looked down at his drink and turned back to face his friends.

Tommy couldn't figure out why he had looked away. He wasn't usually shy or bashful and he didn't play at being coy. Tommy tried to return his attention to his friends' conversations, but he kept picturing the man staring at him. He imagined he felt the man's penetrating gaze creating a hot spot on his neck. Tommy was startled when the bartender interrupted his thoughts to give him a new drink.

"I didn't order this," Tommy said, perplexed.

The bow-tied bartender pointed over Tommy's shoulder. "The gentleman at the table did."

Tommy turned to see the bartender indicating the man with the green tie in the restaurant booth. As the man saw Tommy looking his way he gave a slow dignified nod with a suggestive smile to Tommy.

Tommy returned a strained smile and raised the glass to the man in gratitude. *Get up off the stool and go over and thank him*, Tommy thought to himself. *He gave you the opening. Take it, you chicken. The man is sexy but that's no reason to be shy. Why are you so nervous?*

Tommy took a gulp of his new drink and nudged his roommate John sitting next to him in order to get his attention away from the story he was telling.

"Ellen DeGeneres was interviewing Jim Parsons, from the TV show, you know the one—*The Big Bang Theory*. She asked about his husband and then of course you know Ellen. She loves pets. So she starts asking about their pets. And he says he would love to have a cat to sit on things and look down on the dogs. He thought it would be hysterical to have a judgmental pussy in the house. And of course, Ellen gave him one of those looks as she squirmed in her chair and eventually said she would leave that one alone. I laughed so hard it hurt."

When John was nudged he turned to look at Tommy. "Did you hear that Tommy? A judgmental pussy. You should have seen Ellen's face. It was hilarious."

Tommy nodded and in a conspiratorial tone he said, "Yah I heard. Very funny but look over there. See the guy in the suit at the table in the restaurant, the one reading the tablet? He bought me this drink."

John took half a second to appraise the man and said to Tommy, "You sure do have a thing for the daddies."

John turned back to the rest of the party and thumbed over his shoulder. "Hey everyone. Check out the daddy-man at the table ogling our Tommy." Like a crowd watching a tennis ball lobbing back and forth during a tennis match all six heads turned as one to look over at the man.

"Don't everyone look at once," Tommy said through gritted teeth.

"Why are you still sitting here?" John asked. "That's not our usual lusty birthday boy. Go show him the goods."

The other five friends started to pile on, pushing Tommy to go greet the man. With his friends pressuring him, Tommy locked up his uncharacteristic reticence and forced himself to get up off the barstool. He strolled over into the restaurant to his friends' playful parting jibes about the daddy-man being his birthday present and for Tommy to take his time unwrapping him.

As Tommy reached the man's table he got a better look at him and Tommy found his attraction grow. The elegantly handsome man had thick, slightly wavy dark brown hair with a streak of sensual gray resembling gray wings or horns flowing from the temples up over his ears. Tommy wanted to run his fingers through it.

He had an air of confidence and an intense focus that made Tommy's heart flutter. Up close it was evident that the dark gray pinstriped suit was tailor-made and fit his broad-shouldered frame perfectly. His hands were masculine, with nails that looked professionally kept. There was no jewelry or adornments, except a small metal pin of a rearing centaur on the lapel.

Tommy stood there a bit too long taking in all these details. To cover the awkward hesitation, he raised his glass to the debonair gentleman. His voiced cracked as he said, "Thanks." He cleared his throat and repeated, "Thanks for the drink. I'm Tommy."

There was a slight pause as the man appeared to study Tommy in return. Tommy pushed an errant lock of wayward sandy brown hair back into place. He pushed up the sleeves on his arms as they fell down to his wrists after finger-combing his hair and then held out his free hand for a handshake.

While he had been told many times he was cute, he never really saw himself that way. He always felt the compliments were simply others being polite. Compliments, sincere or not, were just part of the social dance after all. The man's intense scrutiny started to enhance Tommy's feeling self-consciousness. He felt like a schoolboy standing before the principal trying to explain why he had been sent to the office for discipline.

When Tommy held out his hand for a handshake the man did not stand up or take Tommy's proffered hand. Instead he smiled and pointed to a chair with an open palm. "You're welcome. The name is Tommy? Have a seat and let's find out."

Tommy didn't understand why his name was a question. He looked over his shoulder at his friends. All of them were watching him. He looked back to the man. "Um. I just wanted to thank you for the drink. I'm with my friends. They're throwing me a birthday party and—"

The man's gentle smile hardened and the dim lighting seemed to dim further. The man interrupted in a quiet but noticeably deeper husky voice, "Sit." His tone suggested it was a command and that he was used to people doing what he said. Tommy pulled out a chair and sat down. The man's smile softened and the dimness vanished.

"Good boy. Happy biologic birthday. I noticed you watching me instead of focusing on the friends. The interest is here with me, evidently. It would seem wise to get to know each other a little. Don't you agree?"

Tommy felt his face flush at being reminded he had been caught staring. As he felt the warmth rise in his face he hoped the poor lighting hid the blush. "Yah. I agree."

"Good boy. I agree. You agree. A good beginning. You agree?"

Tommy was simultaneously put off and intrigued by being called boy. Despite the gray temples the man had a youthful face and Tommy estimated him to be in his forties. To Tommy, that meant he was in his prime, dynamic, potent, and had enough life experience to make him interesting. It also increased the possibility that the man had the domineering personality and authority Tommy yearned for. He chuckled at the silliness of the question. "Sure. I agree."

The man's smile broadened. He put the tablet down flat on the table between them and leaned forward. A quick glance down at the tablet showed it displaying text from a book. The tablet screen lit up the man's rectangular face like someone holding a flashlight under the chin while telling ghost stories. The light accentuated his chiseled jawline and square chin. With his long nose, powerful brow and high cheekbones his eyes were shrouded in shadow.

The man's voice lowered to a near whisper. "Let me see the eyes."

In order to hear him over the background noise from the bar and restaurant Tommy leaned forward. Leaning forward brought the man's piercing light bluish-green eyes with a thin ring of gold around the iris into the tablet's light. He grinned a bit

nervously as he looked the man in his eyes as instructed. The man started talking in a slow, deep, whispery voice as if he was starting a conversation, but he spoke with an odd singsong cadence.

“Most people can think of seven things at once, plus or minus two. For instance, you think of five things at once . . . the sound of my voice . . . the steadiness of breathing . . . the weight of the arms on the table . . . the sound of people talking . . . the feel of the tongue against the teeth. That is five things at once. Now think of those five things, and at the same time think of the feeling of the feet on the floor and the temperature in the room. That is seven. All at once. Now let’s see how powerful the mind is. Think of those seven things at once: my voice . . . breathing . . . weight of the arms . . . people talking . . . tongue on teeth . . . feet on floor . . . temperature in the room. Remembering all seven things, and add the eighth, think of the smells in the room. Now see if you are powerful enough to remember nine things at once, seven plus two. Remember all eight things at once and then look in my eyes and think of the ninth thing. Voice, breathing, arms, talking, tongue, feet, temperature, smells, and finally think of the color inside my eyes. Look closely and see the color inside my eyes. Deep down inside my eyes.”

Tommy played along with the man’s little mental game and tried to remember the things he had mentioned all at the same time as Tommy tried to look inside the blue-green eyes. He remained motionless leaning over the table about a foot from the man’s face. Tommy imagined his friends would think he was having an intimate conversation with the man. Then Tommy blinked and sat back in his chair. His eyes felt dry and he blinked several times more.

The man was no longer leaning forward. He was sitting back against the booth and the tablet was off. When did the guy move? When did he turn the tablet off? And where did all the dinnerware go? Tommy felt disoriented for a second. He didn’t have any time to think more about what just happened as the man stood up and came around the table.

As Tommy stood up, he discovered the man was about four inches taller than his own wiry five-foot, eight-inch frame. The man wrapped his muscular arms around Tommy in a powerful bear hug. One strong hand firmly grasped the back of Tommy’s neck to push Tommy’s head against his shoulder, while the other hand went around the waist to pull Tommy in tight for complete body-to-body contact. The muscular arms practically engulfed Tommy’s swimmers’ physique and squeezed so hard it was difficult to take a deep breath. Tommy was immediately aroused from the prolonged contact with the muscular body he could feel through the suit.

Tommy’s olfactory senses were hit by the man’s powerful masculine scent. He wanted to bury his nose against the man’s shoulder and savor each aspect of the clean, spicy, animalistic aroma, which reminded Tommy of a combination of a dry sandalwood fragrance in a warm sunny spring meadow. It wasn’t like any cologne he had ever smelled.

He pulled Tommy’s head away from his shoulder, leaned his head down to whisper in Tommy’s ear, “Okay, boy. Time to rejoin the friends. I look forward to meeting you again as agreed.” Tommy felt the hair on his arms stand up as the man’s warm breath brushed his ear.

Tommy was relieved when the man broke contact before Tommy lost control and embarrassed himself by starting to sniff the man like an overeager dog.



“Agreed. Yes, sir,” Tommy stammered.

“Good boy,” the man said.

Tommy smiled as a pleasant tingle ran down his spine as he turned to rejoin his friends. They immediately started questioning him about his long conversation with the mysterious, good-looking stranger. It was odd. He remembered having a conversation with the man, but he could not recall any specifics about what was said. When they pointed out that Tommy was tenting his khakis they teased him about whether he needed to go hook up with him.

As Tommy quickly adjusted himself in his pants he suddenly realized he didn't have the guy's phone number or even know his name. He turned back to the table only to find the man was gone. He ran to the cavernous hotel lobby and scanned the area. The man was nowhere to be seen. He asked the restaurant waiter, hotel concierge, and front desk staff but none of them knew where the distinguished man in the dark gray suit had gone.

\* \* \*

The next morning Tommy found a piece of paper folded inside his wallet with bold black handwriting on it. “Come to the address below when you are ready to become who you truly are. Master Maximus.”

How could Tommy have forgotten that he had the man's name and address? But where was the phone number? Was his first name Master, or was that some sort of title? Tommy wondered what the guy meant by becoming who he truly was.

He wished he could remember more about the conversation. He vividly remembered the incredibly strong physical attraction, which was intensified by Maximus's domineering presence and air of confidence. All on top of that magnificent scent. But the specifics of what was said eluded him. Tommy shook his head in frustration, thinking he must have been more drunk than he had realized.

The purpose in life is to achieve happiness and everyone has a unique pathway to happiness. Each pathway is valid as long as it does not interfere with someone else's pathway. The trick is finding and then remaining on your pathway to happiness.

—Precept of the House of Chiron

## CHAPTER 2

### ABNORMALITY

**H**is whole life Tommy had known he was not normal. At least not normal in the way his parents, friends and teachers defined it. At an early age he quickly learned he needed to hide his defect in order to fit in. He would consciously cover up his deformity. And as he grew older he did it so often that concealing his abnormality became second nature.

As a child, Tommy absorbed the message that males are supposed to want to take charge of situations and to be decision makers. This pervasive message was usually subtle but it was constant and unrelenting. It was ubiquitous and came from his parents, teachers, friends, TV shows, songs, books and so on. The message was that if you were male you should want to lead.

Tommy's malformation was that he didn't feel that way. In any situation, whether literal or figurative, he felt more at ease and happy when he followed the lead of others. He did not care to be the one making decisions. He found small decisions to be tedious at best and large decisions to be anxiety producing at worst.

His parents and teachers showed disappointment when he would relinquish an unwanted leadership role to friends. Tommy wanted to please them, so he tried to behave in a manner they would approve. He learned how to silently accept the unwanted and burdensome roles of leader and decision-maker when necessary in order to make them happy.

Sometimes he found ways around the pressure to behave in ways that were unnatural for him. He would gravitate to friends who did not provide him with a choice to lead or follow. These friends automatically decided on what games to play and what to do without asking Tommy's input, and he was happy to oblige. He also spent a lot of time with adults instead of kids his own age. He found that adults were good at deciding what to do and they never pressured him to lead them or make decisions for them.

Tommy didn't do much dating when he was in school. When his religious parents found out that he was attracted to boys they threatened to send him to a special camp to fix him. They referred to his sexual orientation as an abnormal condition, a perverse sickness, or in their kinder moments, a phase he would grow out of. This only reinforced the idea that he was not normal.

In order to live as his parents expected, Tommy focused his energies on his studies and tried to avoid social scenes. He wanted to keep from outraging them and risk being sent away to conversion camp to be cured. Avoiding parties and social situations where temptation existed, heightened his sense of isolation and made him feel even more like an outcast.

As Tommy got older he discovered he had artistic talent and he spent an increasing amount of time drawing and sketching. He could immerse himself in a drawing without feeling like he was being judged or that he didn't belong. When drawing he created his own world in the artwork where he could just be himself.

As he went through the tumultuous period of physical and emotional changes associated with puberty he found drawing to be therapeutic. When his eighth grade art teacher gave him a giant sketchpad to encourage his budding talent he started to spend even more time drawing. As he restricted his social life in order to avoid upsetting his parents, this sketchpad became a secret source of strength to help him deal with feelings of loneliness and isolation.

It wasn't until he moved out of his parents' house and went to college to study graphic design that he finally started dating. The typical date involved meeting someone around his age for dinner or drinks and some inane conversation, which ultimately culminated in sex. This scenario repeated over and over, as these relationships never lasted. Tommy found that once the novelty of the relationship wore off it all became monotonous and the relationship would wither. There was always something missing. But he didn't know what.

Sophomore year in college he daydreamed about his prematurely white haired art history professor. His professor's maturity and confidence was so sexy. Tommy spent classes fantasizing about meeting him in a bar and going home for sex. This spurred him to seek out more mature men. He discovered the more authoritative and domineering the man, the more excited Tommy became. He wondered if perhaps that was what was missing from the relationships with men his own age. But he found the relationships with older men were short-lived too. The dominant men Tommy met seemed interested in Tommy as a young sex toy more than as someone worthy of a long-term relationship.

As Tommy's experience grew he knew these physical relationships were missing the deeper connection he desired. But he didn't know how to find it. He concluded that there must be something wrong with him and this was yet another manifestation of his abnormality. He eventually reconciled himself to be content with the familiar routine of brief physical relationships. At least they brought fleeting moments of pleasure into his otherwise mundane life.

When Tommy saw Maximus in the restaurant he experienced an instant attraction and hoped Maximus would be his next sexual conquest. But for some reason he had gotten flustered. He'd been totally off-balance and his well-practiced flirting routine had fallen apart. He was concerned he didn't make a very good impression and he mentally kicked himself for not being on his game. At least the note from Maximus suggested Tommy hadn't failed completely.

Tommy recreated how that first interaction should have gone in his mind. He envisioned himself confidently walking over to Maximus and being bold enough to sit down without asking. He would have used his favorite pickup line paraphrasing Liam Neeson's character in the movie *Taken*.

"Thanks for the drink. I don't know who you are. I don't know what you want. If you are looking for conversation, I can tell you I don't want that. What I do want is to tell you I have a very particular set of skills, skills I have acquired over the years. Skills that make me a delight for people like you. If you hate my icebreaker, that's the end of it. I

will not look for you, I will not pursue you. But if you do, I will ask you for your number.”

Then Tommy would give a sly impish grin. Maximus would recognize the pop culture reference and laugh. Tommy would follow-up by complimenting Maximus’s striking blue-green eyes, or perhaps commenting on the attractive aura of authority that radiated from him. There would be some witty conversation and Maximus would be so impressed he would have insisted on taking Tommy home for a private birthday celebration.

\* \* \*

Tommy could not get Maximus out of his mind. As he went about his daily routine he frequently fantasized about Maximus. He imagined Maximus forcefully grabbing Tommy’s head and giving him a deep passionate kiss. He would tear Tommy’s clothes off before physically picking Tommy up and throwing him onto a huge bed. Maximus would rip his own clothes off and launch himself on top of Tommy and they would have sex in all sorts of positions with Tommy always on the bottom.

The note from Maximus was taped to the side of Tommy’s laptop screen as it sat on the small desk in his bedroom. Each day he thought more and more about Maximus. He started drawing little sketches of Maximus on Post-it notes. He plastered them on his computer monitor at the marketing firm where he worked as a graphic designer and at home, where he kept the more graphic and explicit ones displayed. In his current sketchpad at his apartment he did more serious drawings of Maximus’s face and physique including some nudes using the impression he had gotten of Maximus’s muscular body during the strong body-to-body hug at the restaurant.

With each passing day his desire to meet this sexy mysterious man grew. Tommy tried to find out more about Maximus. He extensively searched online but with only the name and address he could not find anything about a man named Master Maximus. He did find satellite images of the property from the address. From high overhead it showed a house in the suburbs mostly hidden by trees on a sizable property abutting a large nature preserve. It looked very private.

Tommy didn’t want to let anyone know how much he was thinking about Maximus. He worried others might start to think he was obsessed. But eventually he broke down and confided in his roommate John. As nonchalantly as he could, he told John that he had tried to find out more about the man he had met at his birthday celebration. He admitted he couldn’t find much online and wanted to know if John might have any ideas.

John immediately said of course and promptly marched into Tommy’s room and plunked himself down in front of Tommy’s computer. He stopped as he started studying the Post-it notes stuck around the edges of the large computer monitor like a Post-it note wreath.

“Holy teenage girls, Tommy. What are all these?” John asked with a chuckle.

Tommy blushed and tried to downplay them. “Nothing. Just some doodlings.” He snatched away a couple of the more embarrassing X-rated ones before John had a chance to see them.

“I see you have it bad for the new daddy.” John laughed as he opened the browser on the computer and started typing. “Okay, let’s see if I can help you scratch that itch. Or

should I say stroke it?" John laughed again. "This won't be that hard. We have a name, which of course won't pan out on any of the directories. I doubt that is a full name."

"What do you think 'Gate code OBEY' means after the address 90 Helots Way?" Tommy asked.

"I don't know. Code for a gate maybe? Doesn't matter. I just need the address."

"All I could find were satellite images of the property," Tommy admitted.

John chuckled and said condescendingly as he typed, "Tommy, don't be a noob. Everybody knows property records are public domain. All I have to do is look up the property in the county tax assessor's office and voila. Easy peasy. I do this all the time underwriting mortgages."

John input the address into a window he opened on the computer and up came an official looking document with all sorts of text on it.

"Here we go." John leaned forward to look at the screen closer. "Well that's a pisser. It says the owner of that property is HOC, LLC."

"His name is Hawkellocoy?"

"No doofus. Look here." John pointed to the area amongst all the text on the screen. "HOC is a company name. Probably an acronym. LLC means Limited Liability Company. If someone doesn't want their name in the public records they can create an LLC to purchase the property. Evidently your Maxi likes to be mysterious. But that should not be a problem either. Okay, Mr. Maximus smarty-pants. I will just look up the officers of HOC, LLC."

John started entering more screens and opening other sites. With a look of consternation he got uncharacteristically silent as he opened window after window without success.

John finally admitted defeat. "Your Max daddy is pretty good at keeping it private. The only officer I can find for HOC, LLC is a law firm. And I can't penetrate the LLC further without a legal reason to force them to open the records."

"So he is an attorney?" Tommy figured the suit certainly fit with his idea of how an attorney should dress.

"Not necessarily. In our state anyone can use a law firm as an officer of an LLC with the other partners or partners being silent. In other words not in the public records."

John swiveled around in the desk chair to face Tommy. "Look, you obviously have the hots for this guy. Why don't you just go see him? He gave you a freakin' invitation."

"If I just had his phone number I could call him. Why didn't he write down his phone number? It seems presumptuous to just drive out there and knock on his door. What if he isn't free to meet? What if he has company? Or isn't home?" Tommy grumbled.

"Looks like that's the way he wants it. So if you want to meet him, then you play by his rules. Let's say you drive out there only to turn around because he is busy or isn't home. So what? No biggie. But what if you drive out there and end up having super wild mind-blowing animalistic primal sex. Think about that. Seems like an easy decision to me."

The heart is often used in metaphors when talking of core characteristics. When someone has heart they have determination, a heart of gold they have compassion, a heart of a lion they are courageous or speak from the heart they have sincerity and honesty. Someone with a heart of a slave or a slaveheart is someone with an innate need to submit their entire being to another in order to find maximal happiness in life.

—Slaveheart Definition; House of Chiron

## CHAPTER 3

### SLAVEHEART

Saturday came and Tommy couldn't wait any longer. He had to meet Maximus. Tommy got his seldom-used Volkswagen Rabbit from the parking garage and made the forty-five minute drive from his downtown apartment to the house in the suburbs. The secluded houses along Helots Way were spaced far apart and only partially visible through the dense forest lining the road. He got the feeling he was more rural than suburban.

He found the entrance to the property at the end of the street on a cul-de-sac. The dense, bright-green spring foliage made it impossible to see the house from the top of the long driveway. There was a large iron gate across the entrance to the drive with a small box on a sturdy metal post beside the gate with a numerical keypad on it. Now that he was there he got nervous about just driving up to the house unannounced. He stopped the car along the side of the street and debated for a moment.

He argued with himself that it would be a waste to turn around after driving all this way. He finally mustered his courage and drove up to the numerical keypad. There was no call button or doorbell to ask Maximus to open the gate. Just numbers like on a phone. Then he remembered the message about the gate code. He entered the numerical equivalent of OBEY on the keypad and the gate opened. Grinning at solving a little mystery, he felt like an adventurer in a role-playing game where he had just solved a puzzle in order to advance to the treasure at the end of the quest.

He drove through the gate and down the long drive. The tree canopy was dense and grew over the drive to create a natural tunnel. White blooms of dogwood trees lined the drive and coated the foliage tunnel like white icing on green cupcakes. After a serpentine curve through the untamed forest the drive opened up to an expansive cobblestone area in front of the house. After parking he surveyed the sprawling brown and cream-colored Tudor-style house. He admired the colorful landscaping, with the pink, purple and red azaleas in bloom and the clematis vines growing over the copper roofed entranceway.

Tommy went to the imposing wooden front door with black wrought iron accents and hesitated. Before he could ring the bell a blond man about Tommy's age and height opened the two-inch thick door.

This barefoot young man was wearing a long bright canary yellow apron, which covered him from chest to knees. The apron had a large drawing of a goofy goggle-wearing minion eagerly asking, *Banana?* Visible just above the top of the apron was an

odd necklace made of several interwoven chains around his neck held together in front with a medium-sized padlock.

The aproned man brandished a broad smile. “Goodness, you must be Tommy. Welcome. Master is expecting you. Please come in.”

“Yah, I’m Tommy, but Master? You mean Maximus? He was expecting me? How could he know I was coming?”

When Tommy hesitated the young man reached out and grabbed Tommy’s arm, encouraging Tommy to enter the spacious, high-ceiled foyer. When Tommy stepped onto the white marble flooring he attention was drawn up to large medieval tapestries hanging high up on both walls.

The young man closed the heavy door and continued talking, bringing Tommy’s attention back down to him. The man proclaimed with a big grin. “Of course I mean Master Maximus. He didn’t know exactly when you were coming. Just that you would be arriving soon. Let me tell you, he is looking forward to seeing you. Goodness, I haven’t introduced myself. I’m Andy. I apologize for chatting so much. I tend to do that when I get excited. Please let me show you inside.”

Andy locked arms with Tommy as he escorted him side by side deeper into the house. Despite Tommy’s uncertainty about being met by someone other than Maximus and being led through an unfamiliar house, he couldn’t help but smile at Andy’s good-natured exuberance.

Rambling happily he led Tommy through a series of maze-like hallways and rooms. “Master is tending his orchids at the moment. I don’t know how long we have before he will be ready to greet you, but I can try to make you comfortable in the reading room while you wait. You must be excited. I know I am.” Andy squeezed Tommy’s arm as if he couldn’t contain himself. “Goodness, you are cute.”

Andy escorted Tommy to a room with walls painted a deep, rich red where he finally unlocked arms. “This is the reading room. If you would please wait here I will let Master know you have arrived.” He pointed around the room. “Meanwhile there is a bathroom through that door and a fridge with refreshments over there. And if the wait gets long the TV remote is on the table.”

Then Andy smiled broadly and said, “Well, I have to get back to the kitchen.” He hooked a finger around the front of the yellow apron as if to explain he had been cooking. “It has taken two days to prepare the poblanos for the chile en nogada. They are just about ready for the minced meat and walnut sauce.” Andy leaned in as if he were telling Tommy a secret. “As a little twist I am adding dried cranberries and crushed almonds. Well, gotta go tell Master before checking on the peppers, see you soon.” With that he turned around and left, humming a tune.

As soon as Andy turned, Tommy saw him from the back for the first time. Apparently, the apron was the only article of clothing he was wearing. Otherwise he was completely nude. Andy’s bare buttocks was the last things Tommy saw before he disappeared out the door.

Tommy stood there dumbfounded for a moment, wondering what the hell he had gotten himself into. Was Andy some sort of nudist who cooked for Maximus?

He shrugged the question away and decided to look around the room. Centered in the room was a large chocolate brown leather reading chair with two side tables and reading lamps on either side. Several large burgundy cushions were on the floor by the

chair. A stone fireplace was bracketed by built-in cherry floor-to-ceiling bookshelves full of books. A flat-screen TV was on one wall facing the chair and along the other wall was a wet bar with a half-fridge below.

Tommy was drawn to the several beautiful paintings on the wall. The most prominent painting was displayed over the fireplace. It depicted a prodigious white minotaur from Greek mythology lounging on an ivy-covered stone throne in a lush green forest setting. There were three smaller satyrs around the muscular minotaur.

Tommy's background in art and graphic design caused him to automatically analyze the painting. He noted the balance and harmony with an obvious central focus commensurate with the High Renaissance style. He nodded in admiration at the clever direction of the paint strokes always leading the eye back to the central figure. Once he got past his assessment of painting techniques and color choices he started paying attention to the content.

With very cheerful expressions on their animalistic faces each satyr was doing something different. One was offering a flask of wine and a plate of colorful fruit to the minotaur. Another looked to be polishing the minotaur's large gray hooves. And the third was in front of the minotaur, bowed down with his fluffy tail in the air, giving the impression he was mooning the beast sitting on the throne. All four figures had enormous erections. Once Tommy stopped being analytical about style and form he found the content very erotic to the point where he had to adjust his expanding anatomy in his jeans.

"I see you are admiring my painting."

Tommy spun around at the deep voice coming from behind him to find Maximus standing a couple feet away admiring the painting as well. Maximus was dressed in a floor-length forest green robe with hundreds of strips of cloth, making the robe look like it was made of leaves, which fluttered when Maximus moved.

Maximus strode forward with slow grace. "My favorite painting. It depicts the triada, or sacred trinity, worshipping the master taurkyrios. What most in our culture call a minotaur."

Apparently, they were past customary greetings. Tommy asked, "Sacred trinity? Like the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

Maximus got a sour expression before he smiled down at Tommy. "The triada predates that religion by over a thousand years." He pointed at the painting. "See here. This is a katsikios or what you may recognize as a satyr. You will note the forms are more animalistic than in classical depictions. The one on the left is offering food and wine. He is Andreas and represents vitality, health and integrity. He provides sustenance for body and mind. The katsikios polishing the master's right hoof is Bilnamas and he represents service, dedication and honor. And the third katsikios, presenting himself to the master, is Codisius."

Maximus turned his head to look down at Tommy and with slow deliberation and a suggestive smile said, "Codisius represents virtue, happiness and pleasure." Maximus emphasized the word pleasure suggestively with his attention on Tommy, which caused Tommy to blush.

Maximus turned back to the painting. "The three aspects make up the triada. This dates back to the early subcultures of Sparta, Corinth and Eretria where the taurkyrios



was revered as a symbol of dominance and the katsikios the complimentary symbol of submission.”

His tone became derisive and he waved a hand in the air as if fanning away a bad odor. “Much different and more civilized than the bastardized version from the Minoan subculture which is the derivation of the term minotaur or tauros of King Minos.”

He continued in a professorial manner. “It was believed that if men, pure of heart, freely gave complete submission to another man of extraordinary dominance and strength of character they would transform into the symbols of submission and dominance. Three katsikios slaves tied together symbiotically with the taurkyrios master. This is the embodiment of the triada.”

Maximus sighed contentedly as he studied the painting. “Beautiful isn’t it?”

Tommy tried to think of a clever response to showcase his intelligence. He wanted to impress this handsome man. He intended to tell Maximus that the painting, while clearly High Renaissance in style, showed a more complex understanding of anatomy reminiscent of the renowned English artist Sir Edward Landseer and his animal paintings from the 1800s.

But while Maximus was talking, Tommy had been inhaling that intoxicating, masculine, spicy-dry scent that created a wonderful tang in his sinuses. The same smell he first encountered when he hugged Maximus at the hotel restaurant. The aroma was so distracting he was more focused on savoring the complex fragrance than the story. And instead of an intellectual assessment of the painting he blurted out, “Yah. Definitely.”

Tommy mentally chastised himself for his less than brilliant response. *What is wrong with me? Get your act together. He probably thinks I’m mentally deficient.*

But before Tommy could say something more intelligent, Maximus took a seat in the large leather chair and said, “There is a pitcher of juice in the fridge. Pour me a glass.”

Tommy was eager to improve Maximus’s opinion of him. “Yes, sir,” he said reflexively. He moved quickly to the fridge, found a pitcher of orange juice, and poured a glass. He was about to pour himself a glass but somehow that didn’t feel right so he took the lone glass of juice to Maximus.

Maximus took a sip. “Good boy. Sit down.”

Tommy smiled, feeling redeemed as a pleasant tingle ran down his spine. He looked around for another chair to sit on. There wasn’t one. He was about to ask where to sit when he saw Maximus studying him and then it dawned on him. Maximus wrote “Master Maximus” on the instructions and Andy had used the word “master.” Maximus must be role-playing already and he was probably trying to see how Tommy would react. How exciting.

Tommy grinned and sat down on the thick red oriental rug and watched to see if he had guessed right. Maximus smiled. “Good boy. In the future you may use the cushions to sit unless instructed otherwise.”

A tingle ran down Tommy’s spine again, which made him smile. His grin got wider once he understood that the cushions were on the floor for a reason and not a sign of sloppy housekeeping. His confidence grew. He figured he would enjoy playing this game.

Maximus continued. “I learned from our first conversation that you are good at hiding the true self. Even so, I could see the true you struggling to come out when you

were at the bar with the friends. Society has taught you to feel shame and embarrassment for being what you are. You keep the truth of who you are a secret for fear of rejection. This is very common for someone like you.”

Tommy was perplexed. “Um, my friends know I am gay.” He paused. “And a bottom,” he added with a sly suggestive smile. He watched Maximus to see if he was on the right track.

Maximus frowned and shook his head. “I am not talking about sexual orientation or a preferred sexual position. Society constantly bombards you with the idea that dominance and submission are bad somehow. That a man with personality characteristics deviating too far from the median is somehow broken and needs to be fixed. You are not broken. This false paradigm does harm to men like you and me. Men who live at the far ends of the dominant and submissive spectrum.”

Maximus took another sip of his orange juice before continuing. “Externally you behave in a manner you have learned is expected of you in order to fit it. But this is incongruous with the slaveheart sleeping within you. Even though the slaveheart slumbers you experience that deep yearning need to submit yourself completely to another. This need is something mainstream society cannot comprehend and it is the slaveheart that I am talking about. That is what you keep hidden away from family, friends and even yourself to a large degree. The fact that you harbor a slaveheart is what you revealed to me in our first conversation.”

Tommy’s brow wrinkled in confusion. He didn’t remember saying anything like that. In fact, he had never spoken about how deep his submissive fantasies were to anyone. He could feel himself blushing but couldn’t immediately think of what to say.

Since he discovered his attraction to mature domineering men he had done numerous searches online. He found he was drawn to videos and stories online that involved dominant and submissive themes. Some even playfully used the terms master and slave. He often jerked off to these videos or envisioned them in his head. But they were just for fun. Thrilling to fantasize about, but just a fantasy. Could this be his chance to role-play a master-and-slave sex scene in real life? His heart started pounding with anticipation and excitement.

Tommy smiled up shyly at Maximus with his face flushed. He swallowed hard as his mouth was suddenly dry and he took a chance. “Yes . . . Master?”

Maximus chuckled, which made Tommy nervous. Was Maximus ridiculing Tommy for using the title? “I am not the master.” He paused. “Yet,” he added with a smirk. He took a sip of his drink. “Until you are wearing my collar you may address me as sir. Only then do you have the privilege of addressing me as Master. Understand, boy?”

Tommy grinned with relief, thinking he had read Maximus correctly. Evidently, he was expected to do something to earn the right to call him Master. Hopefully something fun. He was going to enjoy this master-and-slave role-playing. With renewed confidence and enthusiasm, he said, “Yes, sir.”

Maximus smiled and nodded as he put his empty glass down on the side table. He pulled a smartphone out a large pocket in the robe and tapped on the screen. Maximus got up from the chair. The strips of green fabric fluttered like leaves as he moved. Maximus placed a hand on Tommy’s head, keeping him seated on the floor. “I look forward to

training and transforming you. My alpha and beta will attend to you now. Do as they instruct.”

Just then Andy walked in completely naked except for the chain necklace. Maximus walked over to the door and put a hand on Andy’s shoulder. He said, “Time to prepare the gamma.”

“Yes, Master,” Andy responded. Then without another word Maximus walked out the door.

Tommy stood up and was confused. “What? Where are you going? Wait—” But Maximus had already disappeared down the hallway.

Andy walked over to him quickly. “Well hello again, sexy. Goodness, it is so exciting when a new arrival joins the House. Well, come on. We need to get you ready. Next stop is the training room.”

“Aristotle said, ‘The worst form of inequality is to try to make unequal things equal.’ A couple thousand years later the French statesman, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote, ‘Equality is an expression of envy. It means no one shall be better off than I am.’ While equality may seem like a good concept, these two great thinkers understood that when equality is imposed it tends to pull the strong down instead of push the weak up. Seeing through mainstream society’s ubiquitous indoctrination of equality is not easy. It is truly rare when someone has both a slaveheart and the strength of character to overcome society’s propaganda and accept that the inequalities he inherently seeks are his pathway to happiness.”

—Master Maximus, Chiron Symposium

## CHAPTER 4

### BERGERS

Tommy felt awkward with Andy’s nakedness and the whole situation in general. He thought he was going to have one-on-one fun with Maximus. Not a threesome. While Andy was certainly good looking with his toned muscles and slim runner’s build, he didn’t have Maximus’s the domineering demeanor and air of authority.

“I don’t know. I am not sure I am ready for a group thing.” Tommy was trying not to look down at Andy’s genitals. “I think I should tell Maximus I can come back another day when he is free.”

Andy’s smile turned to a playful pout. “Having second thoughts? Perfectly natural to be nervous. Goodness, I am betting this is all new to you, right? I was so nervous in the beginning. And well now, I wouldn’t go back if I could. Trust me, in the end you will be very happy with the transformation. You’ll see. So let’s go to the training room and get started.” Andy was back to smiling and took Tommy by the arm to lead him out of the room.

Still protesting, Tommy reluctantly let Andy pull him out into the hallway. “I still don’t know about this whole master-and-slave role-playing thing. I didn’t really know I was getting into this when I came.”

As they rounded a corner they came face-to-face with another naked young man with a chain necklace and lock just like Andy was wearing. He had black hair, dark complexion, was a couple inches taller than Tommy and with a very chiseled, muscular build. Andy reached out and touched the man on the muscular shoulder and the man did the same to Andy.

Andy cheerily said to the new man, “Well, there you are. Master is ready for us to prepare the new addition. We are off to the training room. Oh yah. Introductions.”

He turned to Tommy. “This is Billy. He’s the beta.”

Then Andy turned back to Billy. “And Billy, this is the gamma.”

Billy gave a slight smile and nod in greeting. “Good to be meeting you,” he said with a mild country accent. He took Tommy by his other arm so that Tommy was being escorted by Billy on one side and Andy on the other.

Tommy was really freaking out now. *How many people are in this house?* This was out of control. He stopped and yanked his arms free. He tried to smile graciously but it was more of an embarrassed grimace.

“Sorry. Sorry. But I can’t do this. I’m done. I am sure you guys are real nice.” He looked them both up and down. “It’s not that you guys aren’t super hot. But I just can’t do this. Tell Maximus I’m sorry but I have to go.” He looked around and realized he wasn’t sure where the front door was. Before Andy or Billy reacted, Tommy darted down the hallway.

He quickly opened the only door at the end of the hallway. He paused for a second to seek an exit and quickly ran through the only other visible door. He slid to a stop. He was in a spacious bathroom with no window or other exit. He turned around to backtrack and there stood Billy and Andy blocking the door.

Billy was expressionless and Andy was grinning widely. “You want to play,” Andy said. “Goodness, this’ll be fun.”

Tommy replied. “I’m not playing. I want out of here. I’m serious. Let me out.”

Andy and Billy looked at each other. Billy nodded and winked. Andy nodded back to Billy and then they both stepped aside.

As Tommy walked nervously between them, Billy grabbed Tommy’s arm and kicked his ankles out from under him, lowering Tommy to the floor facedown. Billy quickly spun around onto Tommy’s back, pulling his arms behind him. He moved in one fluid motion and so fast that Tommy didn’t have time to react until he was face down on the floor with his arms trapped behind him. While the muscular Billy held Tommy in place, Andy retrieved duct tape from a drawer in the bathroom vanity and secured Tommy’s wrists together.

Tommy screamed as he recovered from the shock of the sudden assault. “Get off me!” He tried to free up his arms but Billy had him pinned in a way that he couldn’t move without wrenching his shoulders out of their sockets. Andy hummed pleasantly as he duct-taped Tommy’s ankles together.

Andy leaned down by Tommy’s head and with a chuckle said, “Billy grew up wrestling pigs and cows. And then he was a Marine drill sergeant before he was transformed into Master’s beta.”

Billy sighed audibly and responded to Andy, “You do that deliberately to test the ego. I am not offended.”

Andy chuckled and smiled at Billy sitting on Tommy’s back.

Tommy could not see Billy but he felt Billy’s body shift and his voice was closer to Tommy’s ear, suggesting he was talking to Tommy. “The proper title is drill instructor not drill sergeant. Drill sergeant is an army title and calling a Marine drill instructor a drill sergeant is considered an insult.” His voice was then farther away, indicating he was addressing Andy. “That dog won’t hunt no more. That is from a prior life and no longer has any effect on me.”

Billy got off of Tommy’s back. He rolled Tommy over with his arms pinned behind him.

Tommy was red-faced. “What is wrong with you guys?” He tried to pull his hands and ankles apart but the duct tape was too tough.

Andy reached into the open drawer and pulled out two straight razors and handed one to Billy. This was the type of razor that Tommy had only seen in barbershops in old-fashioned movies. They both leaned down, brandishing the wickedly sharp blades.

Billy said to Andy, "These will do nicely. If you start at the top I will start at the bottom and we can make this faster than a knife fight in a phone booth."

Andy chuckled as he unfolded the blade. "Well, Master does love efficiency."

Tommy screeched. "Oh shit. Don't. Don't do it. Please!" He closed his eyes and braced himself to be cut. He felt his shirt collar and pants pulled and then the sound of ripping fabric. He opened his eyes as Andy and Billy sliced and ripped his clothes off. He was so relieved that he wasn't going to be cut or killed he didn't even struggle or complain about them ruining his clothing.

Andy rested a hand on Tommy's bare shoulder and said kindly, "It is understandable to be nervous and we are going to help. Okay? The sooner you get over the fear, the sooner you can accept the slaveheart and the training can begin. Then you will start enjoying life like never before and truly be happy. Goodness, doesn't that sound great?"

*Is this master-and-slave role-playing?* Tommy had never imagined how incredibly intense it could be. Viewing master-and-slave scenes from the safe position of observer watching porn videos or reading online stories did not prepare him for the heart-pumping adrenaline-surging reality.

Tommy figured Andy was trying to reassure him without breaking character and ruining the role-playing scene. Tommy thought to himself, *Okay. I just need to calm down and I will start having fun. Just calm down. It is just role-playing.*

He closed his eyes and took a couple calming breaths. "Okay, okay, I get it. I get it. I will be a good slave now. I will do anything you want."

Andy chuckled. "Goodness, it isn't what we want. It's what Master wants. And you will eventually. Meanwhile Billy will help with the motivation."

Billy returned from the other room with a device in his hand. He ran a hand along Andy's shoulder as he passed Andy and Andy touched him back. Billy bent down and started messing with Tommy's genitals. Cold metal was wrapped around his scrotum. He lifted his head up to watch as Billy used a small hex wrench to fasten a thick black ring around his scrotum above his balls.

"What's that? A cock ring?"

Billy spoke in a clipped academic manner as if he were lecturing, which seemed odd with his country accent. "Not really. It is a training ring. A useful device to take the orneriness out of you. It is a segmented metal ring coated with an insulating black polyurethane outer coating. Once in place, outside of cutting the nuts off, it can't be removed without this special hex wrench." He held up a small piece of metal shaped like the number seven.

Billy continued explaining in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he believed Tommy really cared how it worked. "It has metal electrodes on the inner surface touching the skin. There is a battery and receiver built into the ring which communicates with this here remote control." He held up a black box slightly smaller than a deck of cards. "And when the button is pushed it gives off a bipolar current of electricity. Perfectly harmless."

Billy touched the button and Tommy felt a warm, buzzing tingling in his balls, which wasn't unpleasant but certainly got his attention.

“There are six settings and if the intensity is turned up to six it can be paralyzingly painful, much like a stun gun,” Billy explained.

Andy chuckled and said, “As Billy can personally attest. He put a hand on Billy’s shoulder and Billy briefly touched Andy’s fingers.

Billy snorted. “Ignorance can make one stubborn. And I may have had a few more challenges than some at getting rid of the freeman persona.” He continued his instructions for Tommy. “That was setting one. Sort of a warning setting. This is setting three.” He hit the button again.

Tommy gasped. It felt like his balls were being crushed. He quickly screamed. “Off! Turn it off!” The pain went away immediately. Tommy panted. “Holy shit. Don’t do that again. It felt like I was being kicked in the nuts.”

Billy continued as if nothing had happened. “If you remember what level three felt like, I am sure there will be no need for you to experience the higher settings. There’s no education in the second kick of a mule, you know. Let me add that there is a proximity sensor. Meaning if you go outside of the range of Master’s Wi-Fi the training ring will turn on at level six and remain on until you are back within signal range. And the signal does not extend very far from the exterior of the house. Understand?”

...And that is all the publisher will permit me to show for free. You can find out what happens next by purchasing the book from Amazon.com at [Transforming Tommy](#).