

Total Rebuild - 6 - After the Funeral

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The service had been nice, Gruff reflected without really caring. He had never been to a funeral, not even his brother's who had once been his best friend. Master had not seen the point of them so he had not been allowed to go, much to the disappointment of his family. They had never forgiven him for that and, in turn, he had never forgiven Master. There was a lot he had never forgiven Master for. If he ever could then he would not be able to do it to his face now he was dead.

He had never wished anything good for the man after what he had done to him and his boys but he had never gone as far as to wish him dead—had he? He had felt something when he had been told the man who had ruled and ruined his life for many years had been hit by a drunk driver but maybe that was just an error in his programming now he knew there would be no more orders. He had relayed the news to the gym members in a group meeting and they had clearly been equally as confused and lost in their responses. They continued as they had done before, working out and eating healthy, but here was no longer any sex or humiliation in their lives other than what was routine. No new torments issued to them.

For the first time ever Gruff had gone to bed with Sam rather than servicing Master first then crawling in beside his sleeping friend. The two had fallen asleep together, not doing any more than cuddling as if they were too afraid to without Master's permission, even from beyond the grave.

Gruff needed Sam to help him sleep these days; he was being kept awake by fear of the buyers. He had met many of the men who had bought his brothers and knew them to be sadistic men who had power, riches, and influence. He thought he could sense them circling the gym and his boys now their owner had gone and they were vulnerable. He even thought he saw some of them at the funeral, lurking in the distance like something out of a film. There was so much uncertainty in their lives and every brother had come to him at least twice as if for leadership and reassurance. He shook their hands firmly and lied to their faces telling them it was going to be alright. He was just as clueless as they were; he was a slave too, after all.

The only certainty he had was the lawyer. Very soon after news of Master's death had circulated Gruff was called and told to meet with him after the funeral for the will, as he was the only person it applied to. Gruff had no idea what to expect, why would his Master see fit to leave him anything, so he arrived at the office straight from the funeral, still wearing his suit—a special one Master had made for him that was night and tight, like everything he had worn under his rule. He was sure one wrong move would tear the stitching. It was expensive, the Master made sure so he would think twice before letting anything happen to it.

The lawyer was nothing special, a top notch one of course who must cost a fortune and came with all the discretion wealth expected. Gruff wondered if the slimy git knew what his client

did for a living. He stared him in the eye and made himself as big and intimidating as possible to scare him and was rewarded with a nervous shuffle. Up until then he had been looking at Gruff in a way he was all too familiar with. Yeah, the guy knew, and was maybe wanting a slice of him for himself. Well tough shit, Master wasn't there to order him to and there was zero chance of him doing so otherwise.

"Before the reading of the will Mr—" Gruff's mind did the familiar stutter over the name of his Master like it was forbidden. "—There was one request. That you watch this in private." The lawyer produced a DVD in a simple clear plastic sleeve and handed it to Gruff who took it with confusion. The man left him alone, quickly as if to get away from him and his death glare, in the room as there was a TV on the wall and a player. Gruff put it in and scraped the chair around to watch, not having a clue what to expect.

When the image came to life Gruff was greeted by the image of his Master, looking just as young as he had on the day he had enslaved him. Gruff felt a jolt of loss and longing that he could not explain and shuddered. The funeral hadn't been enough to bring home what had happened. Master had been such a crucial part of his life he wasn't sure how to go on without him, however much he had hated him.

"Hello Gruff. If you're watching this, then I'm dead." Such a cheesy way to begin. "That means you're now sitting in the lawyers office, about to be read my will. Be sure to give him a blowjob for all the legal trouble he's saved both of us over the years." Fuck, there went that hope. "Well let me spare you any suspense. You will be getting everything. And I mean EVERYTHING. You get Total Rebuild. You get ownership of the men inside it. You get all the money I made from the men inside it. And, most of all, you get your freedom."

Gruff was sure his heart had stopped. Master's last act was to set him free? And the men he had looked to as brothers were free too? It was a dream come true and he leaned forward in anticipation, afraid there would be a laugh and the revelation that it was all just a sick joke.

"Seeing as I'm about to lose control over you I have one last instruction for you, one last time to humiliate you from beyond the grave." Of course it was too good to be true! Gruff braced himself for whatever it was. "Cum."

As always he was powerless in the face of his Master. Even dead he was still making him obey him. Gruff stifled a cry of pleasure and surprise as he came in his jockstrap under his suit. As always he was caged and he felt the all too familiar strain of his cock against its confines as it tried to get hard and the cage was filled with his own juices like a marinating piece of meat. He jerked in his char and hoped a wet patch wasn't forming on his crotch.

"You can do better than that," his dead Master leered. "Cum."

The first had barely finished and he was cumming again. His head fell back as he bit his lip to keep the sounds of a fantastic orgasm quiet.

"One last time, really empty those balls. Cum."

A keening sound escaped him as he was hit by a third orgasm. It felt like his semen was being pulled out of his cock like a ribbon.

“And one more for good measure. Cum.”

And now it felt like his balls were trying to turn themselves inside out. He cried out in pain and pleasure and almost slipped out of his chair. He grabbed onto the armrests and held on for dear life as the last waves passed. He braced himself for another, not trusting Master not to make him cum again even though he was definitely empty. His jock was full of cum and there was a mark on his trousers, seeping down his leg.

Gruff was supposed to be free of the man, he just wanted his life back. Was that too much to ask for?

“That’s a good boy,” said the Master. “You have served me well, not that you had a choice, but I have had a pleasurable life and now I pass it on. Listen closely.”

Gruff found his mind focusing on his Master’s voice and realised that although he couldn’t quite understand what was being said he knew it was the trigger phrases Master had implanted a long time ago but never used. These were the ones which ended all control he had. The programming of years was being unwritten and Gruff was now a completely free man.

At the same time he felt new information in his head, information that had always been there but was only now accessible. He knew the finer details of the lives of every man under his care at Total Rebuild and what programming they had. He knew all Master’s accounts and personal details he would need to take control of his little empire. And, possibly most important, he knew all about the buyers, their contact details, who they had bought in the past, and enough dirt to keep them at bay like Master had.

It all came into his head so quickly he felt dizzy and he clutched at his head.

“I know you love those boys,” Master was saying now he had finished the deprogramming commands, “And you’ll do what you feel is right. I doubt you’ll sell them, you love them too much. But do something interesting will you? Keep their lives interesting.”

Gruff panted as the screen went black. He could hear the lawyer approaching and looked down at himself. He was a mess, stinking of cum and sweat and panting like he’d had sex. Master’s final fuck you was to leave him like this. He jumped up and went to the window, throwing it open to let the stink out and make it look like he was just having some fresh air.

When he turned, casually, to see the lawyer man he knew it hadn’t worked but he was well paid and pretended not to notice. He and Gruff retook their seats and went through the boring legal matters concerning the handing over of deeds. Gruff now knew enough to know it was all above board which was good as he couldn’t stop thinking about all the things he was going to do now he was free. He signed the correct documents and hurried to leave but was stopped when the lawyer held out a small envelope.

“I was told you would probably be in a rush to leave but I had to give you this.” As Gruff went to take it the lawyer retracted his hand, keeping it away from him. “I was told that you would have something special for me?” he asked, with a sickening leer.

Gruff froze. His Master—former Master!—had ordered him to suck off the man before he had been deprogrammed but now he was free. He could feel it in his mind, the freedom to

choose and the freedom to, if he so chose, to beat the living shit out of a man who had been complicit in his use. He stared at the man whose smile faltered.

Gruff knew two things: he was straight and he was free. But he wondered how much the lawyer knew and what he might do. Better to keep him satisfied.

Making it look like he was the one allowing this and that he was in control Gruff stood at his full height and puffed himself out to be as big as could be. It was a fear inspiring image as he strode over to the seated man, towering over him, but he knew the fear it installed was broken when he sank down between the knees of the man who then grinned fully showing all his teeth.

This was his first voluntary blowjob. Gruff was, of course, well practised and knew he could make the man scream in pleasure but this was something different, he had to use the skill of his own choice to do so.

He made it as quick as he could without disappointing him. Soon enough, almost embarrassingly soon even with Gruff making it last, the cock was shooting off in his mouth and he swallowed reluctantly but expertly. Out of habit he tucked the man's cock away and zipped him up. While he was panting in his chair Gruff snatched the envelope out of his hands and tore it open.

Inside was a small key. His heart leapt.

He made his goodbyes to the lawyer, who barely noticed or cared, and left as quickly as he could. Not caring about anything else he stayed on the same floor of the posh building and went straight for the toilets and into a stall. Once in he pulled open his trousers, revealing the cumstained jockstrap. He peeled it off to reveal the steel chastity cage he had been locked in almost constantly, only being released when his Master wanted him to cum. There were drops of semen leaking from it but Gruff only had eyes for the lock. He inserted the key and turned it. There was a click and it sprang open.

Gruff let out an involuntary sob which would have embarrassed any other muscle stud but he didn't give a shit because he was free! He carefully slid the tubing off of his cock and released his balls from the ring keeping it in place. He stroked his cock, almost afraid to touch it without permission. But he no longer needed permission, he reminded himself. He took hold of his manhood, firmly. He had just emptied his balls but he found he was hard again now he wanted himself to be and stroked himself, not wanting to cum but just because he could.

He was so happy he could cry and he let himself. He already looked a mess. Against all odds he came again, weakly and pathetically. His first free orgasm of his own free will in years. It was small and not very intense but it was so glorious to him. He smiled, laughed and cried all at once. What must he sound like to anyone outside the cubicle?

Once he had gotten it all out of his system he wiped off his hands and cleaned out his jockstrap and trousers as best he could. And left the toilet, making sure he looked good enough to show in public—not that he cared.

He was free and he had big plans. Things were going to change at Total Rebuild.