

A muscular man is shown from the back, his torso and arms bound with thick, light-colored rope. The rope is knotted at his shoulders, around his chest, and between his buttocks. He is holding his hands behind his head. In the background, a large, ornate, golden castle with many spires and towers rises against a hazy, orange-tinted sky. The overall color palette is warm, dominated by browns, oranges, and golds.

DADDY
Ben

A Fairy Story

*Would Cinderella have fared
as well with a butt-plug?*

CAIN BERLINGER

loveyoudivine His and His Kisses

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**A Fairy Story
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A FAIRY STORY

BY

CAIN BERLINGER

*Would Cinderella have fared as well with
a butt-plug?*

A FAIRY STORY

Long ago and far away...

The Heiser Schloss is located in the lush green countryside, just outside the beautiful Bavarian city of Munich, Germany. The castle stood unmolested throughout several wars, local, regional, and international. Its high towers and many luxurious rooms entertained and protected German aristocracy and foreign heads of state alike for centuries. The Heiser family fortune remained stable throughout the many governmental fluctuations of German history, and the schloss thrived without ever having to open to the public, unlike so many other German castles.

When Baron Ludwig Heiser gave birth to a strong son, he had no idea that his son would grow into muscled man of uncompromising strength and unyielding beauty. Nor did the Baron

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know that his son would possess a strong leaning toward SM sex and leather desires.

Duty bound to continue his family line, the Baron's son, Siegfried, married a sweet mannered woman who gave the young baron a son. Together they named him Dieter. Dieter had every inch of his mother's soft character and fragile beauty.

When Dieter's mother died, Baron Siegfried sought comfort and solace in the arms of a particularly clever, strong and powerful Duke from a neighboring county. The Duke, also previously widowed, had two unattractive sons only barely trained in the subtle techniques of SM play.

Wolfgang and Heidrich were a few years older than Dieter. Whenever the Baron and Duke were away for personal holidays, they took every advantage of Dieter. Once they tied him to a St. Andrew's cross for several days without benefit of food and water. Their inexperienced treatment of his nipples left him sore and scabbed for weeks.

Dieter's good nature and love for his step-brothers prevented him from ever complaining to his father about the wretched treatment he suffered at their hands. However, the Duke came upon him one day in the showers and noticed the bruises and marks that covered his step son's

body. He slammed the bathroom door shut and yanked Dieter from the shower.

The Duke narrowly examined the bruises and touched the tender marks on Dieter's young body.

"Boys will be boys," the Duke told Dieter, "Wolfgang and Heidrich are a little unskilled and need time to grow into their craft. I hope you won't do something silly like telling your father. If you do, I'll have to show you, myself, just exactly how such marks can be avoided, while maintaining the pain." The evil Duke hissed his barely veiled threat through perfectly capped teeth before throwing Dieter back under the shower.

As the years passed, Dieter grew more and more handsome and obedient to his brothers' dominant wills. When his father took ill, the young man stayed by his father's bedside nursing him until the end. Although the Baron's estate passed directly to Dieter, the young man was loath to evict his step-relatives; instead he generously allowed them to stay on in the comfort they were used to.

In return for his generosity, they stripped him of all his belongings and made him sleep by the fireplace in the kitchen. He gradually grew disheveled and dirty, but he remained good natured and kept in high spirits, finding good in

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all things. Among his chores was the constant daily maintenance of his brothers' leathers and various ill-used toys.

They forced him to suffer a goodly sized butt plug wedged tightly up his hairline buttock, while his cock and balls were kept in a tight vise most of the day. He was forbidden to relieve himself unless one of his brothers inserted a catheter into the long lean shaft of his prick. The removal of the butt plug usually unleashed piles of accumulated shit, which the brothers would smear over him before shoving their fists roughly into his shit-filled asshole.

One day the postman delivered an unusually thick pile of letters and magazines. Dieter's bare feet padded across the castle floor while he carefully sorted the mail. One of the letters was addressed to Baron Heiser. Dieter tore open the letter and extracted a red and gold invitation. The Duke came upon him and snatched the invitation from his hands.

"You little scud! How dare you open mail in this house?"

"But it is addressed to me, sir. I am the Baron Heiser."

"The baron is dead, you're just a little scullery slave. He was my lover."

“He was my father.”

“Such insolence will be dealt with soon. Here: You want to read it so badly, go ahead, be my guest.” The Duke thrust the invitation back into Dieter’s hand and ordered him to read it aloud.

“It is an invitation to Daddy Ben’s leather and sex party next Friday,” Dieter read the details and looked hopelessly at his guardian.

“You see,” the Duke told the frightened boy, “Ben’s parties are the best. He is a well-to-do American who comes to Munich once a year to host these really hot parties. Only the best of the leather and SM community are invited. Look at you: You’re dirty and unkempt...and decidedly unskilled. You don’t even have leather to wear to the party.”

“Me and my sons, Wolfgang and Heidrich, will attend the party,” continued the Duke. “You will stay here and tend to the household chores. I’ll take this invitation to my sons’ quarters. Baron indeed! You’re just a cinder slave!”

The Duke gathered the rest of the mail and marched up the stairs to inform his ugly, untalented sons of the party.

Dieter’s work load increased with the preparations for his-step family to attend the big

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leather party. He gave the castle an extra scrubbing in case Ben could be persuaded to come to the castle after the party. The Heiser dungeon was locally famous and the Duke was sure that Ben would want to see it. Maybe he could even persuade the wealthy American to have his next party in their castle.

Dieter buffed and polished his brothers' harnesses and boots. He adjusted the belts and straps as perfectly to their bodies as he could. Wolfgang had the body of a middle-aged fat farmer while Heidrich's body was all skinny knobs and bones. Totally absorbed in his work, Dieter almost missed the subtle scratching at the kitchen door.

When he opened the door he recognized Stephen, the young neighbor's boy. Stephen was barely out of his teens, but was very pretty and very much in awe of Dieter, who spanked him when he was naughty.

"Are you getting ready for the party Dieter? Everyone is talking about it!" He jumped up on the table and swung his long legs back and forth, ready to run if the evil Duke should find him there.

"No, Stephen. I'm afraid I'm just not butch enough to go to Ben's party. I hear only the finest men in Germany will be there. I have to clean and

polish my brothers' things so they will look good," Dieter sadly explained.

"Bullshit! No amount of good leather is going to make those ugly cows look good! We've got to get you some leather and stuff and get you to that party. Guess what? I'm going to be parking cars tonight at this party. I can get you a lift there, but first we've gotta you some leathers!"

Stephen leaped from the table and grabbed Dieter's hand, dragging him from the kitchen. Dieter followed Stephen quickly up the back stairs and up the winding steps toward the tower. Once inside, they closed the door and fell exhausted onto the dusty floor.

"Where are we?" Dieter asked, once he had his breath back.

"Your father and I were secret lovers during his last years. He used to sneak me up here when the Duke was away. Follow me, I've got something to show you."

Stephen searched the tower room, moving boxes and shoving aside odds and ends. In the corner of the room Dieter saw the huge black trunk. He'd never noticed it before, yet here it was nearly as big as a man. Stephen sat cross legged beside it.

"Go ahead," Stephen told him, "Open it."

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Dieter opened the trunk. Inside were many kinds of chrome toys and accessories. Folded neatly on the bottom were leather pants, chaps, shirts and jackets, all neatly preserved in plastic. There was a beautiful harness in an intricate design of bolts and straps and chrome. Dieter pulled out an elaborate, studded hood and pulled it over his face, looking cheerfully through the tiny eye slits.

"Why this is incredible! My dad and I were the same size!" Dieter exclaimed excitedly.

"Not really, but I can make a few minor adjustments. Here try these on."

Stephen reached into the trunk and pulled out the most intricately designed pair of gauntlets that Dieter had ever seen. They shone in the hazy light of the attic. The studs gleamed with polished silver and various sized stones glistened with color.

"Better try these on. I can make the adjustments, but we'll have to hurry!" Stephen reached into the trunk and pulled out a bag of studs and threads and other leather tools.

"Your father was quite the craftsman and made much of his leather. He left these things to you. How is it you never found them?" Stephen asked, helping Dieter into the shiny leather trousers.

"I was never allowed in here. The Duke never gives me time to myself!" Dieter explained while slipping his arms into the leather vest. Stephen took out the tape and tools from the box and began measuring and pinning and tucking until the leather outfit looked perfect on Dieter.

"Looks good. Now get out of these things so I can do some work. Go back to the kitchen and finish trying to make your ugly step-brothers presentable. By the time they've gone, I should be finished." Stephen helped Dieter out of the leather outfit and pushed him to the door.

"I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you!" Dieter whispered as he kissed his friend on the mouth.

"I'll think of something," Stephen blushed and closed the door behind Dieter.

When Dieter entered the kitchen his brothers and guardian were waiting for him.

"You lazy boy! Where have you been? It's getting late and you're not even done." The Duke cried as he swung his foot at Dieter who managed to side step the ill intentioned blow.

"Little brother: Tonight at midnight there is an old Bette Davis movie on that I want to see. As you know I never learned to program that stupid VCR

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so you must tape it yourself. Be sure that you don't tape the commercial breaks as I want to see it entirely uninterrupted!" Wolfgang looked at his unfinished boots and spit on the heel, rubbing it into the leather.

"But...But...I want to go to the party. Midnight is too early!" Dieter protested. Wolfgang angrily threw the boot to the floor.

"Dad! Dieter thinks he's going to the party!" Wolfgang pouted, then laughed as the Duke grabbed a handful of Dieter's hair.

"You? Go to the party? Where did you ever get that idea? You have nothing to wear and you're dirty and unkempt. You have chores here to keep you busy. There will be no party for you! You'll stay here and do as you're told!" The Duke shoved Dieter to the floor and stomped from the kitchen. His two stupid sons giggled with each other as they followed their father.

As the time of the party drew near, the Heiser castle was a flurry of activity while the three men scrubbed and redid their hair several ways. Dieter pulled the leather chaps over his brother's big behind. His brow beaded with sweat as he attempted to zip the fat thighs into chaps that were way too small for Wolfgang's fat body.

Heidrich squeezed every pimple he could find while trying to camouflage his bald spot with a coloring hair spray.

The evil Duke, of course, looked hot and sassy in simple leather trousers and jacket. He hoped that Ben would take an interest in any of them, especially his still unmarried sons.

As they piled into the waiting cab, Dieter waved goodbye at the castle door, while his brothers shouted last minute orders and derisive comments at him. When he closed the door he turned around to face Stephen.

"I've gotta get to the party and do some parking. You get dressed. Everything's waiting for you in the tower!" Stephen grabbed Dieter, hugged him, and rushed out the back door.

Dieter climbed the stairs to the tower and couldn't believe his eyes. He pulled the leather garments on one by one. The high shiny boots gleamed in the semidarkness. He snapped the perfect gauntlets around his wrists and studied his image in the mirror. He looked sensational, and could not believe that it was him. He looked the spitting image of his father!

He ran back downstairs in time to see Stephen at the door.

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“Don’t forget the hood! You don’t want anyone to recognize you!” He yelled. Dieter pulled the hood over his head and followed Stephen out into the front of the castle. There, waiting for him, was parked the longest limousine he’d ever seen.

“It belongs to one of the guests already arrived. Hurry or we’ll be late!” Dieter climbed into the limo and toasted himself with champagne that had been left open in the back seat.

Ben had rented out the entire floor of the Grand Hotel. Guests from all over Europe were piling out of limousines and taxis wearing the most dazzling and creative of leather styles. He saw his step-brothers standing in a corner near one of the many slings set up around the hotel suite. He avoided them.

“I don’t think we’ve met.”

The voice was strong and fatherly. Dieter turned to see a big giant of a man. His beard was neatly trimmed and his body rippled with muscle, covered with hair. He dressed casually in black boots and chaps over black Spandex. His bare chest was muscled and furry, with thick inch-long nipples. His huge uncut cock hung dangerously against thickened thighs.

Dieter adjusted his hood and almost fainted in the presence of Ben's sheer sexual power. He nodded toward Ben and turned to leave, before Ben grabbed hold of his arm.

"Beautiful clothes, but they don't make the boy! Come with me. Tonight you play for the first time with your real Daddy!"

Dieter started to protest but Ben had already hoisted him over his massive shoulders and carried him to the well equipped playroom.

Ben kissed and spanked Dieter's trim little butt until he could no longer stand it. The boy couldn't believe anyone could be so brutal and gentle at the same time as Ben manipulated his erect nipples between his amazingly deft fingers.

When Ben removed Dieter's trousers he laughed at the sight of the butt plug.

"I love a man that comes prepared!" Ben laughed, removing the butt plug. He wiped the explosion of shit away from Dieter who blushed embarrassingly under the leather hood. He'd been holding that load a long time.

"Scat sex? Cool, but not now. I want to experience this butt hole first hand!" Ben said as he inserted his thick fingers into the tight, resisting hole. Dieter squirmed, unused to having

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his ass so expertly played with. Ben's cock grew hard and stiff. He lifted Dieter from the floor and lowered the well built, yet delicately boned, young man onto his lap. His huge cock slipped easily inside, as though made for Dieter's fuck-hole.

Suddenly the bells from the church across the street chimed loudly.

"Ohmygod! It's midnight! I've gotta go or my ass will be in big trouble!" Dieter jumped off of Ben's lap. The huge cock slipped from inside him with an audible pop. He dressed quickly and ran from the hotel leaving a surprised Ben standing in the doorway with the clean butt plug.

"Stephen quick! You gotta get me home or I'm dead meat!" Dieter shouted to his friend, as Stephen was about to park the car of one of the guests. Together they jumped into the red Porsche belonging to another guest, and drove away. They'd have to drive fast and get it back before the owner missed it.

Dieter undressed as he climbed the stairs to his brother's room and switched on the VCR. The program had started late and the credits were just beginning. Dieter went into the tower and folded his father's leathers neatly back into the trunk.

The next day all his brothers could talk about was the mysterious bottom in the black leather hood who had stolen the heart of the visiting American, Ben.

"They say he arrived in a black limo and left in a red Porsche. He must be from loaded aristocracy! I hear he was great sex. I heard that Ben is looking all over Munich to find him. I think he wants to take him back with him to America." Wolfgang gushed as he gulped down several syrupy pancakes.

"Well I heard that he left a butt plug behind and Ben is going to try it in every butthole in the city! Most likely he'll marry the guy that it fits. How romantic!" Sighed Heidrich.

Several days passed, and Dieter could only think of the big hairy American man who had excited him so much. He and Stephen watched the newspapers, hoping that Ben would at least place an ad in the Gay classifieds. They tossed the paper aside when they saw a big black American car driving up to the castle door. Ben stepped out carrying a leather satchel.

"Why, Ben, I thought you'd never get here. Certainly one of my boys is the one you're looking for. Heidrich! Wolfgang! Ben is here!" The

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Duke smiled graciously as Ben unpacked the butt plug from the satchel. He grimaced in horror when he saw the two men come down the stairs.

“Since I’ve already made the journey I’ll give them a try.” Ben conceded as he greased up the plug and prepared to open the holes of the ugly brothers. Stephen and Dieter watched from a crack in the kitchen door.

Naturally, Wolfgang’s ass opened easily as Ben shoved in the butt plug. It quickly slipped in and disappeared, base and all, into the bottomless hole of Wolfgang who blushed as Ben thrust in his arm to retrieve the lost plug.

“Heh, Heh, sorry Ben. Of course it has to be Heidrich.” The Duke nodded toward the homely, skinny man. Ben greased up the plug and pushed. It refused to get as far as the tip as Heidrich groaned and screamed, trying to admit the plug into his skinny unused butt. Ben sweated and strained, even adding more grease. Finally he gave up, grateful that the man in the hood was not this ugly little beginner.

“Are these all the men you have here?” Ben sadly asked, he had tried almost everyone. He saw Dieter peeping behind the door.

“You there. The handsome one, come here and try this on for size!” Ben shouted, happy to see a pretty boy in this house of horrors. The Duke immediately stepped in front of Dieter.

“Don’t waste your time. That’s my vanilla step son! He wasn’t even at the party!” Ben looked disgusted as he side stepped the angry Duke and took Dieter by the shoulders, laying him across the table. He greased up the plug and inserted it cautiously into Dieter. The plug eased gently inside and locked around the ridge, stopping at the base. The plug fit perfectly.

Stephen swung through the kitchen doors carrying the leather that Dieter had worn several nights before in his arms. Dieter put on the leather in front of his amazed family. Ben smiled from ear to ear as he gradually recognized the beautifully muscled young man who had so captivated him.

When he slipped the hood over his head, they all gasped in recognition. Ben rushed to him and hugged him tightly.

“I think you’ll be better off if you come to live with me in America. I’ve got a much better looking family, and you’ll have real brothers who will care for you. Will you come with me?” Ben asked as he

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removed Dieter's mask and kissed the boy's tear-streaked face.

His stepbrothers were livid with jealousy as Ben hoisted Dieter over his shoulder, and carried him up to the boy's room where he helped Dieter pack for the long journey home.

In the kitchen, Stephen laughed and stuck out his tongue at the mean trio, before skipping out the door, leaving them to henceforth clean their own leathers!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cain Berlinger has published innumerable short stories in various gay publications throughout Europe and America. His self published books include essays on Black America, a book on meditation, a series of fitness books (under RD Cain) and several illustrated, as he describes them as “pure JO fiction”

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