

Abused for Money

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2003

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1 Part 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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[Ed: Sorry for the long hiatus, real life can get in the way of writing. Thanks to all my fans for the continued support and encouragement.]

Or My New Profession

“Scott,” my dad shouted from the other room, “what is for dinner?”

“Lasagna.”

“Again?”

“Dad we haven’t had lasagna for two weeks.”

Silence.

I fumed. I was eighteen; I did not need to put up with my good for nothing father any more. He spent most of his days drunk off his ass. For years I had excused it all because he was traumatized by mom’s death, but the reality was it had been ten years.

We got a decent settlement from the insurance company, but most of that was in a trust account for me when I reached eighteen. My dad’s decent into self-medication with booze had been slow but accelerating. I was grateful that there was some money set aside for me, but clearly not enough for me to move out on my own in San Francisco and go to college.

I very much wanted to stay in San Francisco though. I had realized I was gay a few years earlier and had even started dating one of my classmates, Brian.

Brian’s dad caught us fooling around one Sunday and his dad told my dad and for the past two years my relationship with my own father has only deteriorated. Some times I wished my dad would just haul off and beat the crap out of me. Instead, it was a stony, frigid, detached silence, punctuated by brief “conversations” about what I was cooking. Making things worse Brian had been transferred to some reform school in Nebraska the day after his dad caught us and I never saw him again.

I brought the lasagna to my dad in the living room and took my own plate up to my bedroom and logged onto the Internet.

Despite the issues at home, I was an honor roll student on my way to valedictorian at Mission High School in San Francisco. Grades for the fall part of my senior year were due any day. Somewhere in all of that, I got the *crazy* idea to be a houseboy and raise some extra cash.

Posting

I logged onto my computer and pulled together some nice photos I had taken a few weeks earlier to form a profile on one of the boards that had a lot of San Francisco participants. They showed off my young, smooth, naked body. One site I found, houseboi.com, had over a thousand profiles. I also found a few others. After about two hours I had posted my profile across the net and now just had to wait.

My profile highlights:

- Live in, full time position sought
- Sex involved, yes - most likely
- Required duties - Cleaning, cooking, shopping, etc.
- Height - 5' 4"
- Weight - 120 lbs
- Hair - Blonde
- Eye color - blue
- Hair style - spiked/teased
- Sexual Role - Gay
- No body art/tattoos
- Ethnic/Cultural identity - White
- Cooking - I like prepare large meals, cook for myself, etc.
- Hobbies - Computers, Programming
- Personality/Physique - 18 yro finishing high school, seeking live in position. Sexually a virgin, willing to learn to be able to stay in the Bay Area during college, need rent money.

By the time I had finished my AP Calculus homework, I already had my first response to my ads. I had also placed some of my ads on escort boards as well figuring that any way I raised money was a good way.

The first response was from a "MovieStar Lover":

Saw your escort ad post, I am filming in San Francisco this month and would like to meet you.

I am staying at the Four Seasons downtown, I am only twenty-five and love a guy close to my own age.

Respond to this e-mail if you are free Friday night to get together.

I decided what the hell and responded:

I'm game MovieStar Lover, what time and what do you want me to wear?

Seconds later, I got a response:

I'm in room ####, be at my room at 7:15.

Wear loose fitting shorts with no underwear and a loose fitting T-shirt.

Just come straight to the room.

I turned off my computer and went to sleep.

MovieStar Lover

I took the Muni Metro down Market Street and was back on the street at 7:05 on Friday night. I was nervous, Nobody stopped me as I entered the hotel and it took a few minutes to find his room. I checked my watch and I was one minute early. I stood outside the door shaking nervously.

Finally, I watched the "4" on my digital watch switch to a "5" and I went to rap on the door lightly. I noticed then it was open. I opened the door with hesitation and the room was dimly lit.

"Come in Scott," a voice said from within. Still nervous I stepped in. "Shut the door Scott."

I came inside the door and let it shut.

"There is \$500 on the table there, pick it up, put it away and then come over here."

My eyes were adjusting to the dark. I stepped into the room and lifted the hundred dollar bills off the table, folded them and slid them into my shorts. I could make out a young guy sitting in a chair with just a robe towards the far end of the room.

"Take your time Scott, put the money in your wallet."

I felt weird, I still did not know his name, I wanted to run out of the room screaming. I was a virgin and this man had just paid me \$500 to do god only knew what to me.

I pulled the money and my wallet out as instructed and slid the money into my wallet and then put my wallet into my shorts. I walked over to the star slowly. The way he had set up the lighting it was very difficult for me to see his face since the light was behind him.

“First time doing this,” the star said calmly, “relax. I like young, legal, men. Strip naked for me.”

I was about an arm’s length from him and found myself complying without hesitation. It took me only a minute to get undressed and then my moderately sized dick was hanging out there.

“Exactly as promised,” the star remarked, “smooth everywhere. You barely have any hair under your arm pits or in your pubic area.”

“Genetic thing,” I commented.

“Nice, here is how the night is going to go. I am going to turn off the light and then come over and start touching you. I will be fondling your naked body for a while and then will drop my robe. I expect you to then mirror what I did for you. After a few minutes of that I will guide you into the bed. We will then kiss extensively and passionately for a while.”

“Anything else?”

“No,” he said firmly, “just no orgasming on me, so after we roll around in bed for a bit, I will excuse you to leave.”

I had no opportunity to object, or comment further, as he turned off the light stood up and began to touch me. His touch was electrifying. I still had not been able to identify him. He was groping me naked body everywhere. His hands ran over my ass cheeks and his finger probed into my crack. Another hand played with my nipple. My now erect dick was ignored as he fondled me for twenty minutes.

Then he disrobed and allowed me only a brief amount of time to probe him. He was a good six inches taller than me and when I leaned in to lick his nipples with my tongue, I was firmly pushed back and told, “hands only.”

Two minutes later he had guided us to the bed and we were rolling against each other kissing passionately, his tongue ramming into my mouth and his hard dick pressing against my chest.

We rolled in bed for close to an hour before he abruptly asked me to get up without turning on any lights and leave.

I quickly complied, and in the hallway of the hotel, I was standing with my erect dick visible inside my pants and precum drizzling out.

Even though he had not fucked me or had me give him oral sex, I felt strangely used. On the muni back to my house, I contemplated the cash in my wallet and felt dirty.

It was around midnight when I got home and went to sleep without even looking at the computer. In the morning there was another e-mail from MovieStar Lover:

Really enjoyed last night Scott, another visit tonight, same time, same clothing,

2x rewards?

I had not showered and I could smell his man musk on me, but decided another \$1,000 was well worth any loss of dignity. I then scanned through some of the e-mails from my houseboy ads. Two in particular were local to the area where I lived so I decided I would follow one or two of them up.

Night 2

I was on time again and the door was slightly cracked. I entered with less hesitation.

“Glad you decided to come back Scott, take your money and then come here and strip naked.”

I complied.

“Did you jack off last night after you left?”

I shook my head, “I had to take the Muni home and then collapsed.”

“Well after you left I had three mindblowing orgasms thinking about your hot body.”

I stood there mute.

“You ready to lose some of your virginity tonight?”

I stammered nervously.

“Never gotten a blow job?”

“Just horsed around a bit with clothing with one of my friends nothing more.”

“Well tonight will be just like yesterday, but after we get into bed and kiss for a bit, I will give you a blow job. All you need to do is relax and enjoy it.”

I nodded as he turned the light off.

I was less nervous as he felt me up and reciprocated with more willingness. The kissing was hotter than the previous night and then he gave me a blow job. It was mindblowing for me. I managed to restrain myself from orgasm for about twenty minutes. That pleased my partner who commented, “excellent self-control Scott.”

I started to get up to leave, he restrained me, “no Scott, you need to stay tonight.” He then collapsed on my chest and fell asleep trapping me underneath him.

I fell asleep myself easily.

In the morning he sent me out without letting any light in. I would never be 100% certain who my movie star was.

First Interview

My dad was oblivious to my sexual rendezvous. I managed to open my own bank account and deposit my first \$1,500 in sex trade money.

I told my dad I was going to be home late on Wednesday night to go to a play. I got a whatever.

Our grades were distributed at school that day—and mailed home—and quickly found that I had gotten straight A's. Actually because I was in some AP and Honors classes my GPA was over 4.0. My position as valedictorian was probably assured.

After school, I meandered to Different Light bookstore for a quick look. I ended up buying a couple of porno magazines and stuffed them in my bag and then wandered up Castro street to my first interviewer's home.

I rang the doorbell and a forty-something balding man answered the door. "Scott," he said. "Yes, Mr. Campbell?"

"Come in," he said smiling broadly.

He was probably my dad's age and was dressed in khakis and a dress shirt.

"Let's go up to the living room and sit down and talk about what you are seeking."

I followed him up the stairs.

When we reached the living room he said firmly, "let's start by having you strip naked since if that will be an issue you might as well leave now."

I nodded, swallowed nervously, and took my school clothes off.

"Excellent," he said as I stripped, "now please go get some drinks for us from the kitchen, I would like a whisky on the rocks, you can help yourself to anything non-alcoholic."

I followed the instruction, feeling awkwardly naked, but decided to just do it. A bottle of whisky was on the counter along with a glass. I got the ice and poured the whiskey over it. I decided on water for myself and brought the two glasses into the living room on a tray.

I offered Mr. Campbell his whiskey and then placed my glass on a coaster on the table.

"Excellent Scott," Mr. Campbell said, "I have had a lot of men apply to be houseboys that do not make it as far as you have already made it today."

"Thank you," I responded, "I really need to find a better living arrangement for me to be able to go to college."

"Let me lay out my expectations. You are eighteen, as sexy and attractive as you are, I simply am not interested in 'normal' sex, I expect you to be naked 100% of the time in this house. A small pair of extremely skimpy, barely legal speedos will be kept in the front hall for you to use in answering the door."

I gulped.

He smiled wickedly.

“That is how I get my sexual pleasure by controlling you. Having you serve me naked, keeping you naked, and so on. You can bring people over, but you still have to be naked.”

“So you won’t want me in bed with you?”

“No, I may do some other things with you as you will see tonight in a few minutes and will expect you to respect my other interests.”

“What other things?”

“Stand up and come here and stand by my side,” he said.

He reached out and put his hands on my cock and began to stroke it while also playing with my balls. “Do not move your hands or do anything to stop me, I am going to give you three orgasms right now and drain you down before my other guest arrives so you can understand my sexual preferences better.”

I moaned in pleasure.

He was quite skilled and his hands worked me over expertly. I had my first orgasm in minutes, but the next two were slower and a bit more painful.

“Excellent,” he said as he cleaned up the last of my spunk with a towel. “I am very into various types of S&M, in particular spanking which I find to be my favorite type of sex. I get off spanking guys. Depending on our relationship after you have been here a while we may incorporate spanking into the relationship if we both agree.”

I wanted to run, but his hands were still holding me in place by my limp, sensitive dick.

“Tonight, one of my regular guests will be here, this will be a test of whether you can answer the door, bring the ‘boy’ to the dungeon, restrain him and stand there and watch me discipline him.”

I nodded.

He smiled, let me show you the dungeon and the restraining bench that will be used tonight. We kept a hand on my dick as we went downstairs and then through a locked door where a fairly large room with several pieces of equipment arranged throughout.

He showed me the bench, “we will use this one tonight for the boy.” He then demonstrated how the restraints worked. The doorbell rang. “I need to get changed. You get the boy.”

He disappeared. I went to the door area and realized there was no speedo for me. I looked through the peephole and saw one of my classmates. I nearly pissed on the spot, but decided to open the door and invite him in.

If I was nervous, he was more so, his face went ghost white when he saw me. “Come in Ryan,” I said beckoning him in and shutting the door behind him.

He was in a panic. “Ryan, I’m just as embarrassed as you, I won’t say a word if you don’t.”

That seemed to calm him down and he led the way to the downstairs punishment room. He

hesitated to strip naked and I commented that Mr. Campbell would not like it if he was not properly restrained when he arrived.

He nodded meekly and handed me his report card and then stripped naked.

I guided my classmate onto the spanking bench and restrained his legs at the ankles, then his wrists and finally his chest across the back. He was not going anywhere.

“I will let Mr. Campbell know you are ready and provide your report card,” I said.

Upstairs I found Mr. Campbell had changed into leather chaps and a muscle-T. I had to admit, I found it a bit of a turn on. “Do you know Ryan from school?”

I nodded meekly.

“Ryan has been coming here to do better in school since he was fourteen. His mom’s idea at first, but he accepts me as his dad.”

“How are his grades?”

“I didn’t look.”

“Give me the report card.”

I handed the report card to him.

“Ok, Scott, I want you to come down with me and watch Ryan get his punishment.”

We arrived downstairs and Ryan’s naked body was taughly restrained with his ass cheeks exposed for spanking. I must confess I found the sight arousing. But having been drained of cum by Mr. Campbell, I was thankfully not showing a boner.

“Ryan, your grades are appalling,” Mr. Campbell said as he proceeded to collect different corporal punishment instruments from the wall.

“I bet your friend Scott here gets straight A’s.”

“I am trying so hard Dad,” Ryan said, “I got B’s for the first time in a couple subjects.”

“You have been getting tutoring in math and chemistry though and still got C-minuses.”

“I’m sorry Dad, I even gave up everything but basketball outside class.”

“Let’s address your B’s, three strokes of the cane for each. A B is good, but I know you can do better, you have steadily brought your grades up since you have been seeing me and I expect that to continue.”

Mr. Campbell swished the cane in the air and I nearly jumped back. I was standing to the side and had a view of Ryan’s whole body as the cane landed and he cringed in pain. Three B’s was nine strokes and Mr. Campbell took a firm hand with the cane. I found the scene arousing and strangely (to me) did not seem to mind watching my classmate getting caned.

After the nine strokes Ryan was sobbing and Mr. Campbell picked up the paddle. “You got two C-minuses. I believe we agreed last semester that each C was ten with the razor strap. So a C-minus has to be worse, correct?”

Ryan started bawling, “please daddy, I know what we agreed, but twenty with the strap is too much, please daddy. I’ve been so good, mom didn’t even list any bad behavior this week.”

The strap landed. There was to be no discussion.

Twenty blows later, Ryan’s ass was fiery red and he was crying even more.

“Now, let’s finish this with a paddle, five for each minus.”

The blows were immediate and Ryan was screaming and begging at the top of his lungs for Mr. Campbell to stop. But the punishment continued until it was done.

“Scott that will be all for tonight, Ryan needs his quiet time and you need to think about whether you want to take the position.”

I nodded and left the room. I found my clothing again and headed out. As I left I heard Ryan sobbing and talking to Mr. Campbell and thanking him for the punishment and promising to work even harder this final semester.

Home Again

At home, I felt weirded out. I managed to finish my homework, but felt distracted. After I finished it was midnight and I went to sleep. I slept dreaming of Ryan and his spanking and woke up with a raging hardon. I jerked off before going to school.

In school, suddenly I noticed that Ryan’s locker was in the same hall as mine. He looked down when I passed him in the hall, ashamed, perhaps that I knew such an intimate secret.

He and I had never shared a class and at 6’2”, he dwarfed over me and was one of the basketball team stars whereas I was a geek and more likely to be found in chess club—not that we had one.

That night I wrote Mr. Campbell saying I had appreciated the interview, felt positively about the opportunity, but wanted to do more interviews.

My next interview was with a gay couple living in Diamond Heights on a Friday night. Meanwhile I got an e-mail from MovieStar Lover saying he was going to be back in San Francisco next Saturday and he wanted to hook up again at the Saturday rate, same as last Saturday.

I agreed.

I was surprised to get an e-mail over the student system from Ryan with just an AOL screen name and a sentence “msg me.”

I logged onto iChat and put in his screen name as a buddy.

Me: hey Ryan, you ok?

Ryan: yeah, just wondered if you are fag

Me: y, u?

Ryan: cool, yeah

Me: nice

Ryan: meet me after school tomorrow?

Me: Ok, where?

Ryan: different light bookstore

Me: Ok, see you after school.

Thursday

I had mixed feelings about meeting Ryan after school, but decided to do it anyhow. I made my way from Mission High to Different Light bookstore pretty quickly. When I got there I did not see him at first, but then found him all the way in the back.

“Hey, Scott,” he said on seeing me, “let’s go over to Pete’s and chat.”

“Ok,” I said.

We walked over to Pete’s and then we ordered some lattes. We found a corner to sit in and began chatting a bit more.

“My mom got so frustrated with my grades and how awful I was treating her that when I started high school she brought me to meet Mr. Campbell.”

“You don’t need to explain it to me.”

“It is nice to be able to say it to someone.”

“Ok, well don’t your team mates notice?”

“Nah, I change quickly so they don’t see my ass.”

“You get whipped every week?”

“Just about. Less and less over time but dad has really high expectations. So whereas I might get away with something a few years ago, now if my mom lists it on the report he is more likely to spank me anyhow.”

I nodded.

“What about you?”

“Well,” I paused, I realized he probably did not know my mom was dead, “my mom died years ago and my dad is pretty worthless. So we are short of money for me to go to college and live. That is if I do not want to live at home with my dad anymore.”

“Sorry about your mom.”

I nodded absently.

“Can I ask a different question, do you find me attractive?”

“Fuck, yes, you are such a jock, you could have any girl—or guy,” I said.

He laughed. “So if I want you, then the answer is yes.”

I laughed, “I walked into that, and yes.”

“Cool, you got weekend plans.”

“Yeah, Friday and Saturday, want to get together Sunday during the day?”

“Yeah, let’s go see a movie, come to my house and then we can head out, say 2pm?”

“Ok,” I said.

He kissed me, stood up and left.

I was touched.

Friday

I showed up as requested for Bob and Brian. A young black man answer the door naked except for an apron. “Hi, you must be Scott, I’m the current houseboy, but I am moving out next month to move to Washington to work for Microsoft.”

I shook his hand, “nice to meet you.”

The houseboy lead me into a beautiful house. Two yuppie guys were sitting on the couch. “Hi, Scott,” they said in unison and then introduced themselves and Jared, the houseboy.

“Jared probably told you he is moving next month and we have been so happy to have him here taking care of the house we decided to start looking.”

“That’s cool,” I said.

“Anyhow, as you can see we enjoy having Jared naked at all times, we expect sex on demand. Jared usually gets fucked at least twice a day and if one of us is traveling then he sleeps with us, etc. We use condoms all the time, but there is no ‘no’. If we ask for sex we expect to get it. Jared had never had sex with a guy when he moved in with us.”

Bob then took over, “of course you cannot date while you live with us since we expect you to be with us and no sex with other men either to protect against diseases.”

Brian came back in, “ever been fucked Scott?”

“No,” I said, “but I am gay.”

They laughed, Brian continued, “how about give a blowjob?”

“No.”

“What have you ever done sexually in your life?”

“I hooked up with a stranger who paid me to let him give me a blowjob and have gone on these interviews. Never been with a woman, never been with a man.”

“That’s fine, we are going to interview some additional candidates, if you want to think about this since we will expect you to let us fuck you before we make the final decision.”

I nodded and stood up, dismissed.

Saturday

He had left me a different room number at the four seasons and instructions to be there at the same time, same outfit. I was on time and the door was slightly open. I came in and instinctively picked up the money.

I noticed it was a bigger pile, \$2,000.

I put it away, stripped and walked over to my mysterious partner.

“You *are* going to fuck me today,” he said firmly and then turned out the light and the pattern began as before.

After we were in bed he pulled out a condom and pushed it onto my hard dick after he sucked it a bit. He had me stay on my back and straddled my sides to ride my cock.

It felt amazingly good and I had to fight hard not to blast an orgasm just entering him. After like ten minutes of him riding my cock up and down, I let loose a massive orgasm. He followed suit, covering my smooth chest with his gism.

He collapsed on top of me and thanked me, “that was so nice Scott, I have been thinking about you so much since we met.”

I asked if he wanted me to stay or leave.

“Stay please,” he said nibbling my ear and licking.

“Ok,” I responded.

I woke up he was standing at the window looking out.

I started to move towards him and he stopped me, “that will be all Scott.”

I felt a bit disgusted and got dressed and left. I stopped at a supermarket branch of my bank and deposited the cash.

Ryan Johnson

Ryan’s mom answered the door and greeted me by name. “Nice to meet you Ms. Johnson,” I responded.

“Call me Shirley please,” she said as she swept me into the house. “Ryan’s room is at the front of the house up the stairs,” she said propeling me slightly.

It was ten o’clock and I found Ryan sitting in shorts only at his desk. He was working on some math homework. “Hey Scott,” he said getting off his chair he walked over and kissed me on the cheek.

“I’ve been looking forward to this. But I promised my mom I would show her all of my homework was done before we could leave,” he said.

“No problem.”

“I’ve got like 10 more math questions to finish and then I need to show her and then we can go.”

I sat down on his bed and watched him finish. He got up after about thirty minutes and took the paper he had been writing on and a bunch of other stuff down to his mom. It took another five or ten minutes before he returned.

“I’m free to go,” he said, “the one cool think about getting spanked is I’m never grounded, most of the team has been grounded for one reason or another most of this year.”

I nodded, even I had heard about the parties with alcohol and other school rules infractions.

“Let’s go get the J to downtown and see a movie at the Metreon.”

“Ok, what’s playing?”

He showed me the list from the paper.

“Can we see *Cat in the Hat*?”

He frowned, “yeah if that is what you want to see.”

“What would you like?”

“Actually it is fine if we both go,” he kissed me again and then stripped his shorts off. He turned to face the dresser and I could see how red his ass was. “I only got five strokes with the strap this week for sassing my mom last week,” he said as he put on boxers and then jeans and a t-shirt.

“I take it that is mild.”

“Quite,” he said.

I will admit, I was turned on by his reddened ass.

We headed out and promised to come straight home from the movies for dinner—to which I was invited. The movie was entertaining, but it was exhilarating to be out on a date with someone my own age.

We got back at five thirty and his mom served us a nice dinner. It was the first time in a long time that I had not had to cook my own meal. The topic turned to colleges and I explained I was hoping to get into UC Berkeley, but money would be tight. Ryan was hoping he would

get into San Francisco State.

Ryan's mom had raised him alone, his father was out of the picture completely. I guess Shirley did not know I knew about Mr. Campbell.

It was late and I had to leave when Ryan asked if it was ok if I slept over. My house was close enough to school that if we left early and all that we could get to school in time with no problem. Shirley agreed if I called my dad and got permission.

My dad did not answer the phone—probably drunk on the couch. So, Shirley agreed.

“Boys,” she said, “remember though tomorrow is a school day so do *not* stay up all night and there are condoms in the bathroom if you are going to fool around.”

I blushed completely and Ryan laughed. “Really, Scott,” she said, “I know Ryan is gay and I'm not stupid, I'm not asking you to stay in another room or something.”

I nodded and we headed upstairs.

Ryan pit stopped in the bathroom and grabbed some condoms and lube. He lit a few candles and shut the door before stripping naked and getting on his knees. It surprised me, but the basketball jock was about to suck my dick.

He was good at it, better than the movie star and I was fucking him before long. Then we cuddled for a bit before we had another go. We were both laying quietly for a bit after the second round when he asked, “You ever been fucked Scott?”

“No.”

“Any interest in it?”

“Sort of, I worry it would hurt.”

He smiled, “yeah I've practiced with a dildo for a long time, I really enjoy getting fucked now.”

“You ever fuck?”

“No,” he said, “no interest. I do like getting blown though.”

I began working down from his face, tongued and bit his nipples before reaching his cock. I then proceeded to give my first blow job.

Monday

The next morning Shirley woke us up and we crawled out of bed slowly. She made us a nice breakfast and then sent us on our way to school. Ryan let me go to my house for my bag on my own and we did not really see each other till the end of the day when he asked if he could come by my house for help on chemistry.

I agreed. At home, my dad grumbled about me not being home and then passed out drunk on the couch. I cooked dinner and gave Ryan extra tutoring on Chemistry.

It was like eight before he left. He called around nine and put his mother on to get confirmation that he was at my place till eight. I confirmed and she thanked me. I felt bad knowing Ryan probably had earned a few strokes for hanging with me.

I e-mailed him later and suggested that we could probably more easily hang out at his place. He replied back thanks but also that it was his own fault since he knew he was supposed to check in with his mom.

Mr. Campbell e-mailed me about the houseboy position and I said I was still considering it and he was definitely my first-only-choice. I also responded to an escort request from "LuverBoy" promising me \$100 if I would show up and let him give me a blowjob. Figuring that could not be all bad, I agreed to do it on Wednesday night.

In school on Tuesday and Wednesday, I barely saw Ryan. He caught up with me at the end of the day on Wednesday and asked me to leave Friday and Saturday nights open. I agreed to come over after school on Friday.

Wednesday before I went to my escort job, I picked up frozen meals for my dad, did the laundry and cleaned the house from top to bottom. By the time I was in the Sunset finally it was ten at night.

I rang the bell and a youngish guy answered the door. "Scott?"

"Yeah, LuverBoy?"

"Yeah, come in," he said. "Look, I don't want to freak you out, and I still want to give you that blowjob, but I do want to tell you a few more details."

I caught myself and prevent an eye roll.

"It's your dime," I said casually.

"I'm straight," he said, "and married to a woman; my wife caught me cheating a month and a half ago and is threatening to leave me."

I nodded, he on the other hand was shaking nervously.

"So you want her to watch?"

He nodded, his face pale white.

"Hundred extra," I said firmly.

He took his wallet out and his hands were shaking visibly and counted out two hundred dollars in twenties.

I took them from his hand and asked him where he wanted to do it.

"Bedroom," he stammered.

We went into the bedroom and his wife was sitting in a lounge chair reading a book, "Charlie, is this the gay guy you are going to blow?"

He nodded.

She smiled wickedly.

I took my shorts and T off revealing my dick. I was not super-hard, but I figured Charlie would not mind all that much. “Charlie, I think you should be naked while you give the boy a blow job.”

He started to protest and she said, “Charlie you agreed that if you wanted to stay married you had to submit to me.”

He stripped naked, a large device that I found out was a chastity belt was soon revealed. His cock was locked up tight. I resisted the impulse to laugh at his predicament.

“Boy, Charlie’s cock has been locked up for twenty days now, I told him that he cannot even think about getting out until he gives a blow job to a gay guy and gets fucked by one. Did he hire you or pick you up on the streets?”

“Paid, \$200.”

“All the more humiliating for him,” she said smiling, “don’t feel the need to be gentle as you fuck his face, make him choke on your dick so he learns a lesson.”

Charlie was naked, kneeling in front of me and looking at the floor.

I grabbed his head and lifted his face up and pushed my now harder dick into his mouth.

I let him get accustomed to my 7” cock in his mouth before starting to face fuck him.

His wife provided encouragement, “fuck him harder, make him take your dick.”

He hated it but managed not to gag or fight back too bad.

When I shot my load into his mouth his wife ordered him to swallow. Then she announced that I should come back the same time next week as she would have him tied to the bed and ready to be fucked.

“\$500,” I called out as I walked out of the bedroom. He was on the floor sobbing and begging to his wife not to make him get fucked and that he would never cheat again.

Later that night

I had an e-mail from Ryan describing his punishment in some detail, ten strokes with the strap for not checking in on Monday and six with the cane for a fight he had apparently had with his mom the previous Friday.

I e-mailed back asking how long he would see Mr. Campbell—his dad.

I was surprised by the response, he had agreed to see Mr. Campbell once a week until he was twenty-five. That had been a condition when he was fourteen of Mr. Campbell agreeing to help him. Ryan’s e-mail explained the situation:

My first visit was completely involuntary. I was two weeks from entering ninth

grade when I had a huge fight with my mom and demanded she buy me clothing.

I had in fact actually hit her since I was bigger than her and angry.

The next day, she took me to meet Mr. Campbell and stood and watched him brutalize my ass. I quite literally could not sit for a week after that visit.

The following Wednesday, I had to go back voluntarily to thank Mr. Campbell for spanking me. That was unbelievably humiliating. He talked to me for like two hours and we agreed and I signed up for getting spanked every week based on my behavior and my class work.

It has helped, I used to be a D student and now I often get B's. My SAT score also went up with some encouragement and some punishment to get my ass in gear.

He has never touched me sexually and never would, he really is like a dad to me.

Each year I recommit to him that I will keep coming at least until I am 25.

I thanked him for the explanation and decided to tell him about my sex-for-money exploits. He was amused but worried I could get myself hurt. I promised to tell him anything I was going to do.

He then asked me to—aside from my exploits discussed with him—to go steady. I agreed.

Moving Forward

Friday night Ryan showed me his dildo collection. He explained his mom let him buy them and how he used them to practice getting fucked so he was used to it and really enjoyed it a lot.

He gifted me an unopened dildo he had and showed me how to relax and take a dildo and focus to find being fucked pleasurable. We lay on his narrow twin bed, each dildos in our ass and focused on letting the sensation of the dildo moving in and out arouse us to orgasm.

He beat me to the punch by a mile and then started blowing me to bring me over the edge.

Around midnight, his mom knocked and told us to go to sleep even though we probably wanted to keep fucking like bunnies. I had to admit she was pretty cool.

Saturday Ryan convinced me to go to Mr. S and showed me some of the sex toys they sell. I ended up buying a latex T-shirt and pants figuring those could be cool for escorting.

Ryan suggested the idea, he showed me the site abusedformoney.com, and then suggested we see if someone in San Francisco would record a porno with me in it for money.

[Ed: Likely to continue with a part 2...]

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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2 Part 2

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Finishing Charlie

But first Charlie—the straight guy—left me an e-mail begging for me to fuck him. I figured for \$500, I could tolerate fucking him in front of his wife.

I showed up at their house again on another Wednesday. Ryan was, of course, at Mr. Campbell's getting his weekly spanking so I was completely free.

Charlie answered the door completely naked except for the chastity belt. He had tears on his face from crying. "Come in," he stammered.

I shut the door behind me.

"Here's a donation of \$500 for your time," he said handing me a huge wad of twenties. His hand was shaking violently as he reached out.

I took it, counted it slowly, and then put it inside my shorts and pushed him towards the bedroom.

His wife was sitting in the corner again. She nodded an acknowledgment to me.

"Lay down on your back on the bed, I'm going to fuck your missionary style so you can see my face as I fuck you."

I pulled off my shorts and shirt and slid a condom on. I had brought lube and liberally applied it to his fuckhole.

"Please," he pleaded for me to stop.

"Fuck him," his wife ordered.

I plunged in firmly with a single thrust, aroused by the poor man's situation. I hovered on top of him and fucked him hard. I forced my mouth to his and tongued him. He was not enjoying it, but his wife was.

By the time I finally orgasmed, he was crying profusely.

I stood up to go, and his wife asked me to wait a few minutes.

“So Charlie,” she said, “have you learned your lesson?”

“Yes ma’am,” he said, tears still streaming down his cheeks.

“Ok then Boy, you can go, but if he steps out of line even slightly, I’ll have him back in the belt and getting fucked again twice before it will come off.”

I nodded, finished dressing and left.

Porn Video

The idea of finding someone to make a video had apparently occupied Ryan’s thoughts. When I finally got to spend more time with him on Friday he told me he had talked to Mr. Campbell about my predicament and our relationship.

The result was a lead who did gay porn videos. I was a bit shocked that Mr. Campbell had put both of us into the arms of a pornographer, but the contact was genuine and very polite when we met on Saturday.

The contact really wanted us both as a couple, but really liked the fact that I was primarily a top but was willing to bottom. After all, a naturally hairless, 18 year old teen boy with blonde hair and blue eyes who is muscular, trim and fit is a hot find.

“Ok, how about two videos he suggested, one of the two of you together as lovers and the other with just Scott?”

Ryan piped in, “\$500 each of us for each role plus 20%.”

The owner picked up a cigar, “10%.”

Ryan went back, “twenty or we walk.”

The owner agreed, “Mr. Campbell called and said you would be coming, I should have figured he would tell you what you were worth.”

We returned on Sunday to film our video together. I was wearing my black latex outfit to highlight my firm body. We did about four hours of sex, fondling, touching, kissing, and more with each other. The owner promised to cut it down to about 90 minutes and have it for sale within two weeks. One thousand in cash was then given to us and Ryan insisted that I take his money.

We made passionate love that night with me thanking him with two massive fuck sessions bringing him to orgasm to thank him for helping me get extra money.

Mr. Campbell - Revisited

An e-mail during school from Mr. Campbell asked if he could see me to discuss Ryan and a revised offer.

I showed up at his place Monday night at 7pm and there was a note on the door, "Scott: Please let yourself in, strip and come to the dungeon."

I entered, stripped, and went through into the dungeon. A hot, muscular black man was restrained to the ceiling and Mr. Campbell was whipping the man violently. The man did not emit any sound as the whip struck.

Mr. Campbell nodded an acknowledgment to me silently and I sat down facing the man so I could watch his face. I found my dick very aroused by the scene. It was about an hour before the whipping ceased and the man still had not let out a sound.

Mr. Campbell released the man's hands and the two hugged warmly and then Mr. Campbell left with a motion for me to follow.

As we reached the top of the stairs Mr. Campbell complemented me again on my sense of obedience.

"I saw your video, odd seeing one's own son having sex," he commented.

I must have looked puzzled.

"Ryan is my real son Scott, that's why our relationship is 100% devoid of sex. Knowing you are dating him makes things awkward, n'est-ce pas?"

"I suppose."

"Though I can see your appeal," he continued, "Ryan's mom divorced me before Ryan was born, but I've always cared for Ryan."

I nodded waiting for Mr. Campbell to continue.

"So I think it is better if I treat you as a son," he paused, "in every sense of the word: that includes punishments." He then continued, "The deal I have made with Miss. Johnson is that you can move in here and live like my son. The two of you can stay at either of our houses."

"Say I say ok," I asked.

"Then you can do pornos if you guys want, but no escorting for you."

"So you are cool with me and your son?"

"Yes, one other thing, I think he probably knows I'm his dad, but we would rather not bring that up directly."

I nodded.

We hugged and he ordered me to get dressed and never be naked in his house except when I was bent over getting disciplined.

I put my clothes on and came back to the living room. "Much better," he said, "I will of course have to resume looking for a house boy, whoever it is I will want you to interview them in every sense of the word."

I nodded and smiled wickedly.

“I expect you to move in next week and Wednesday night will be your spanking night too.”

I nodded and hugged him.

Moving Out

Ryan was excited about me moving in with his dad. He also helped me out with moving what little stuff I had out of my real dad’s home. It took me a few weeks to get fully used to calling Mr. Campbell dad and Mrs. Johnson mom, but it became natural relatively quickly.

I was surprised that my departure from home did not even provoke an argument. My dad simply hugged me and wished me well at the new apartment. I passed my address change to the attorney administering the rest of the money coming from my mom’s death and that was that.

New Life

Mr. Campbell had me move into one of two ground floor rooms that had to use the common bathroom. The bed was a twin and the room featured a single desk, a computer chair, a bookcase, a dresser, and a closet.

As Ryan helped me unload my stuff, Mr. Campbell commented that Mrs. Johnson was going to take me shopping on Saturday for some things to help spruce up the room. I nodded agreeably.

Mr. Campbell showed me how to set my iBook up to use the Wireless network and then left Ryan and me alone. We ended up making out until dinner time.

Mr. Campbell had made a nice dinner for us and commented to Ryan, “Scott seems to be acing school, but you need to be studying instead of fucking.”

Ryan nearly choked on the chunk of potato he was eating.

“Dad,” I said, “we’ll keep at it, but it’s just excitement from me moving.”

Mr. Campbell scowled slightly at Ryan and then the conversation switched to lighter topics.

After dinner Ryan buckled down on homework and I was reading Mercedes Lackey novel. I had lost track of the time and when dad came to call lights out, Ryan was just finishing his homework.

Dad ominously added, “I do *not* want to hear you two making a racket after lights out.”

We both went and brushed our teeth and then crawled against each other in the narrow bed, Ryan’s taller body spooning me and holding me tight.

Having moved in on a Thursday I had delayed my first spanking, but I knew it lurked around

the corner. On Friday we stayed at mom's house and she had no shame rousing Ryan and me from our slumber at eight am sharp to go shopping at the outlets.

Ryan asked to stay and do homework and mom agreed. So it was just mom and me.

It was really cool to have a mom for once and to have someone interested in buying me things to make my room nice and being concerned that I had clothing that fit and so on. The day was a good bonding experience for us.

When we got home, I spent an hour ignoring Ryan as a mini-punishment for not coming and to make sure I finished my homework.

We then had dinner and decided to stay in and fuck like bunnies rather than go clubbing or to a movie.

First Spanking

Wednesday night was awful for me, I had a hard time eating dinner and Mr. Campbell, dad, was not about to ease my anxiety by just spanking me before Ryan came over.

I went to my room and focused on preparing for the AP calculus test until Ryan arrived. When the doorbell rang I practically jumped out of my skin. Mr. Campbell-dad-called out for me to answer the door and get naked in the dungeon myself.

I tied Ryan to the spanking bench and stood idle, unsure where to position myself. Dad walked downstairs after a few minutes and commented that Ryan's behavior had been improving since he and I got together and that aside from a small fight he had had with his mom (which I had not witnessed) things were looking up. Ryan agreed to five strokes with the paddle and Mr. Campbell administered it quickly and violently.

Ryan was sobbing softly when the punishment finished.

Mr. Campbell then sat down on a chair and beckoned me over. Your turn Scott.

He guided me firmly over his lap and caressed my ass cheeks with his hands. "I must confess," he said, "the main reason to spank you today is solely to help you understand who is in charge here." He paused briefly and then began smacking my bottom firmly.

The sensation did not immediately hurt, rather it stung slightly and then as it continued unabated it began to really sting. I definitely wanted it to stop and I started wiggling a bit to try to get away.

"Stay still," Mr. Campbell grunted at me slapping my butt harder.

I tried to comply, but it was definitely getting more and more painful. "It's ok to cry Scott," he said as he paused briefly. Then I felt a more intense, concentrated pain. "Hairbrush," he commented as he began wailing on my ass more and more violently.

I fought back the tears for five minutes of the assault and then just started to bawl like a baby. Only then did he relent and pick me up, "go release Ryan and then both of you can

sit on my knee.”

I sniffled and stood. I wanted to rub my ass but thought the better of it. I freed Ryan and then both of us naked, young men with our sore red butts sat on our daddy’s lap sobbing softly into his strong chest. His arms embraced us and we promised to behave and thanked him repeatedly for disciplining us.

We were then sent to my room and told we had five minutes until lights out. Ryan told me I had been much braver than he was at his first spanking and we kissed tenderly till lights out.

Aunt Jamieson

If you add up my earnings carefully you will see I am a bit short of what I needed for even one year of college. I had made the following in my escorting/porn career so far:

- \$500 (movie star visit 1)
- \$1,000 (movie star visit 2)
- \$2,000 (movie star visit 3)
- \$200 (straight guy, blow job)
- \$500 (straight guy, fuck)
- \$1,000 (porno, Ryan’s share included)

Or a grand total of \$5,200. Now, I would get 20% of the sales of the porno video, but even that was unlikely to amount to the \$12,000 price tag for the current academic year at Berekeley.

I did some quick math, I needed about another \$7,000 for just my first year, the DVD was selling for \$49.95 and the porno guy expected about 200-300 in sales, or only another two-to-three thousand dollars coming my way.

A second porno video would probably clinch the first year’s tuition.

Two letters arrived in the mail on Friday. The first had a prestigious law firm’s name on the envelope and the second was from Berkeley.

I opened the one from Berekeley first and proudly announced my admission to my dad who congratulated me heartily. The second letter was from a Mathilda Jamieson inviting me to meet with her to discuss my mother’s remaining estate.

I made an appointment with Mathilda’s secretary for the following Monday. I arrived at her office in my school clothes along with Ryan and we were escorted up to one of the upper floors in Embarcadero Center and left in a conference room looking out at the Bay Bridge.

“Scott,” a woman said on entering, “you look the same as you looked when you were ten.”

I vaguely remembered the woman’s face.

“Not to worry,” she said, “I’m your aunt, your father never liked me much and I tried not to be in conflict with him for your sake.”

I nodded.

“Your friend might want to wait outside?”

“Nah,” I said, “he can stay.”

She nodded.

“Well you may not have noticed since you moved out, but your father up and left. He has sold the house and disappeared. I am not sure where he is to tell you the truth.”

I shook my head in disbelief.

“I know, I’m as surprised as you are, but he left a sealed note with me for you.” She handed me the sealed envelope. “I wish I had better news about what was left for you, but there was never that much to begin with, I’ve got maybe thirty-k for you for college.” She frowned, disappointed with herself.

I sighed. “That’s ok.”

“I would try to do more, but I have four kids that I need to provide for.”

I nodded and stood to leave.

“Would you mind if I stayed in touch with you?”

“No, my email is scott at ##### dot net.”

“Thanks Scott,” she said as she stood and left us alone in the conference room.

Ryan and I left without speaking. In the MUNI, he held me close and I was glad to live in San Francisco. We arrived at mom’s place sooner than I would have expected and mom had dinner on the table.

We ate and then I took the letter from my father to Ryan’s room to read it in private:

Scott:

I know I’ve failed in many ways as a father. Losing your mother devastated me and I never recovered. I am leaving for your own good.

Stay safe,

William Jamieson

I would have cried but for the fact that the letter was typical of my absentee father. I folded the letter into my bag and started in on my homework. I was grateful that Ryan did not

ask about the letter when he came into the room a few minutes later and instead focused on his algebra problems as I finished the last assignment for AP Calculus.

Around nine, mom came and checked our homework. Ryan got scolded for not finishing his English assignment. He got permission to stay up late and work on it if he promised not to wake me when he came to bed finally.

I fell asleep alone.

Dr. Franklin Templeton

Now I had already agreed to do the second porno a few weeks back and saw no reason not to go ahead. The director/owner gave me around \$1500 in cash along with a receipt showing just over 100 sales of the first video.

“The \$500 is for this video, same deal.”

“Sure, what’s the plan?”

“Franklin Templeton is a respected ob/gyn but gets into kinky sex. When he saw your first video he begged to do a rough-and-kinky video with you.”

Ryan tightened his grasp of my hand nervously.

A strikingly handsome man entered the studio area, mid-thirties, brown hair, brown eyes. “This Scott,” he asked rhetorically in an intoxicating voice.

The owner nodded. Franklin outstretched his hand, “Dr. Franklin Templeton at your service.”

I shook back, “Scott Jamieson.”

“Shall we talk for a few minutes before we start shooting?”

I nodded, “Ryan its going to be fine.” I kissed Ryan and walked with Franklin to the stage. The stage was set like a cheap motel room.

“Call me Michael during the video, I won’t leave any permanent damage, just go with the flow and you’ll be fine,” he said calmly.

“I’ve never been fucked by a guy.”

He smiled broadly, “we’ll change that today, hope your cute boyfriend enjoys the show.”

The owner called out, ”let’s get filming.

Franklin’s last comment to me was, “just act like an escort arriving for a John.”

I nodded and headed off set.

Porno 2

I knocked on the hotel door and a voice called out, "It's open come in."

As I stepped through the door, Franklin called out, "shut the door and come in."

"My donation is \$100 an hour irrespective of what we do."

Franklin laughed softly and tossed some twenties on the floor in front of me. "Pick them up then strip naked so I can see what I am getting."

I picked up the twenties and counted them, put them away and then stripped my T and shorts off leaving me naked. I waited.

Franklin barked, "I said naked, do you not speak English?"

I stammered, "sorry sir." Then I took my shoes and socks off.

"Excellent," he commented, "stand up and show off your body to me, flex your muscles, and so forth boy."

I presented my lean, small frame to him from a few feet away. I flexed my puny arm muscles.

He smiled, "turn to the right."

I turned and looked at him. Before I could blink he was in my face just inches away chastizing me, "I did *not* ask you to look at me boy, I asked you to turn." He slapped me across the face with a pair of leather gloves. It stung and I started to shake a bit.

"Nervous boy," he asked still in my face.

I nodded.

"Good," he responded, "my name is Michael, but that's just sir to you."

Turn right again and show off your fuckhole to me.

I turned right again and reached back to grab my butt cheeks. I opened them with my hands so he could see my puckered hole.

"Nice hairless body boy," he commented, "just as promised. You can stand up again and face me."

I complied.

"Do you have another job after this?"

"Yes, sir," I said trembling.

His hand grabbed my balls and yanked painfully and I winced in pain. "Do not lie to me boy."

"No sir," I said moaning in agony as he held my balls in a vice lock.

"One hundred an hour?"

“Yes sir,” I managed, clenching my teeth to avoid crying out in pain.

“Here’s another three hundred,” he said as he let go of my balls and sat down again. Twenties appeared on the floor and I picked them up and put them away.

“Get a condom.” I pulled one from my bag. “Put it on this dildo,” he said pulling out a large butt plug. I slid the condom over the item and forced it up my ass.

My dick was now firmly erect.

He then grabbed me by the ear and led me to the bathroom to “clean me up.”

He was naked in the shower with me and washed me roughly. It was almost too pleasing. But then he suddenly pinned me to the wall, grabbed my short cropped blonde hair and shoved the bar of soap into my mouth to clean it out.

I was crying as he soaped my mouth out three times to make sure I was clean inside.

A painfully cold and overfull enema followed.

I was crying like a baby as he took me from the bathroom and forced me to my knees to give him a long blowjob. The blowjob itself lasted forty-five minutes in real time. It was peppered with a tremendous amount of verbal abuse and some gagging as I had to deep throat his massive cock.

Only after I had serviced him on my knees like that did he take me in the ass. I was so caught up in the porno that I did not even notice Ryan jacking himself to enjoy watching me being degraded on film.

Fucked for the first time by a person, it was somewhat painful since Franklin was being particularly rough. I was not permitted to touch my cock as he fucked me and after he shot a load inside me into the condom he tied me to the bed.

“Not done with you yet pretty boy and I have forty-minutes more paid for.”

He lit some candles and began to pour the burning hot wax onto my body. I screamed in pain. The wax scalded my nipples and then he dripped it down the center of my chest to my sensitive cock. He paused the stream to let the pain set in. I was embarrassed that I was still erect.

The fact was not lost on my tormenter who began to pour the hot candle wax onto my sensitive ball sac and the underside of my erect cock. The pain caused me to erupt in a massive orgasm as I thrashed against my bonds and shot a massive load of man spunk across my chest.

He undid one of the restraints and left me with the key.

“Be out of here by morning boy,” he said and left the hotel room.

I undid my restraints and let myself up.

“THAT’S A WRAP.”

My mind was blown. Ryan approached, his swollen member visible and helped me off the

bed. I felt totally used, but found I also had strangely enjoyed the experience.

The owner commented, “this one could easily sell a thousand copies, your reactions were so genuine.”

I nodded blankly.

Franklin approached, “no hard feelings?”

I shook my head and reached up to kiss the taller man.

“I’m usually at the Eagle most Saturday nights, would love to get with you and your hot boyfriend here again some time.”

We kissed tenderly and he left the studio.

Ryan helped me home. My body was exhausted from the ordeal and we slept in at dad’s house through Sunday morning.

The next morning I fucked Ryan and he reacted so wildly with the most massive orgasm I had ever seen. His comment, “it was so cool to watch.”

Decision Point

Technically speaking I had enough money now for at least my first year, but I also realized I had a boyfriend who got off on watching. I also realized I enjoyed being abused a bit sexually to make some money. I resolved to keep filling my wallet and my sex life.

The next week was filled with my AP tests, including AP Calculus and AP Computer Science, as well as the potentially more risky AP Spanish exam.

I felt good about all of them and good behavior on my part spared me any spankings, though Ryan got a quick set of five swats with the paddle for mouthing off to mom. He seemed to have a knack for doing that when I was not around to help him temper his responses.

With three of my five courses finished, the rest of the school year would be a cake walk for me.

With Saturday approaching, I convinced Ryan that we should meet Dr. Templeton–Franklin–again at the Eagle on Saturday.

Franklin Take 2

We had some fake id’s that got us into the Eagle with some difficulty. Ryan was not questioned, but my babyface got me the third degree. Luckily Dr. Templeton happened to notice us and came over and smoothed things over with the bouncer assuring him that as my doctor, I had a medical condition and all that.

Dr. Templeton’s coolness did not extend to letting us drink and so we sat with him at the

bar for a bit and took in the sights. He was dressed simply in jeans, a white T, and a black leather jacket. Many in the bar were in elaborate leather gear. Ryan was fairly similarly attired to Franklin, while I was wearing my latex outfit.

About seven different guys tried to pick me up either directly or by talking to either Ryan or Franklin thinking they were my “top.” Both were good natured and Ryan more directly commented that the reverse was true.

After an hour or so, Franklin invited us back to his house. I took a moment to call dad and let him know that we would not be home and got an ok.

Franklin got us both naked and then tied Ryan up so that he was naked, had one free hand to jerk off with and could watch the two of us.

“Today Scott, I want you to fuck me and then whip my back.”

“Ok,” I agreed easily enough I muscled Franklin onto the bed in front of Ryan who was hard and stroking himself. I slowly stripped Franklin naked and then lifted his legs in the air and rammed my condom sheathed cock into his ass firmly. He gasped slightly, unused to being fucked, he tried to relax and enjoy it.

I slapped his hands away from stroking his cock while I fucked him hard.

When I orgasmed, I pulled his shirt off and flipped him on his back. I found the whip inside his closet and began to work his back over firmly.

His screams filled the room and after I had left some serious markings that would last a few days, I stopped and cleaned his back off before untying him to fuck Ryan’s brains out.

Ryan loved it and the three of us all snuggled together in bed for the night.

Movie Star Plus Dad = Caning

On Monday night, my movie star client wrote that he was at the Four Seasons and wanted a visit for another \$2,000. I decided that I wanted to do it. I wanted to be degraded and used by him for money.

I told dad what I planned to do and he told me it was my choice, but I would be punished.

I decided to do it.

I met him in a hotel room and it was as usual. A pile of money was by the door. “I saw your video, I want you to fuck me like you fuck your boyfriend.”

I obliged. Forcing him onto the bed and fucked him legs in the air. He asked me to leave once I brought him to orgasm. Sitting on MUNI back to my house, I savored the slutty for sale feeling that made me feel so dirty and yet aroused at the same time.

Dad watched me came in and commented, “Wednesday night we will deal with this.”

I nodded.

Wednesday

Ryan knew what I had done and he had been pretty good. He was slow to tie me to the spanking bench. “Strap him down,” Mr. Campbell ordered.

Ryan complied and stepped aside. Mr. Campbell commented, “you’ve been quite good this week.”

“Thanks dad, I’ve really been trying and Scott has really helped.”

“I know son, but he also knew that if he went out as an escort there would be consequences.”

Silence.

“Ryan fetch me the cane.”

A pause and then, “here you go dad.”

“Twelve,” dad announced firmly.

I did not feel the first stroke of the cane until the second stroke hit. The sting penetrated my whole being and I was crying out in extreme pain. The next ten were unbearable and I was screaming, shouting and crying all at once. It took me about ten minutes after the caning stopped to realize it was over and then Ryan was freeing me from the bench to sit and cry in dad’s lap.

Cry I did, for over an hour. Dad just let me cry in his strong arms sitting there and reassuring me that he loved me.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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3 Part 3

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Dr. Franklin

My admission to Berkeley left me the requirement to get certain physicals and vaccinations I had long avoided. Even though Franklin was an ob-gyn, I figured he would not mind the cane marks on my buttocks and would probably just give me my vaccinations and let me go.

I called him at home to get the go ahead, he agreed reluctantly and only if I found my former doctor to get my files. The second task was non-trivial since I could hardly remember the name of the last doctor I had seen around hitting puberty.

I found him finally after a few dead ends at the Kaiser Permanente facility in San Francisco. I sent in the paperwork to get my file and meanwhile called Franklin's office to get an appointment. The appointment nurse commented, "oh, the Doctor's nephew for vaccinations." I agreed to be the last appointment of the day.

I showed up at his office and he escorted a woman out from the back and said hi to me commenting, "my nephew."

"Cheryl," he said addressing his receptionist, "I can handle things from here, why not call it a day."

She picked up her bag and walked out commenting that she could see the family resemblance. Franklin snickered as she left and he locked the door behind her.

"Head back to exam room 1, and strip down."

I went back, stripped and sat on the exam table.

"I got your medical files last night Scott," Franklin said walking in and snapping a leather glove on. "Now, let's start by checking your prostate function."

He smiled broadly and inserted his gloved finger into my puckered fuckhole and used his other hand to position my legs in the stirrups.

It took a few moments but his massage of my prostate had the desired effect and I let out a small sound as he forced the cum from my body, my cock still mostly soft.

“Now that was fun,” he commented as he then pulled out and removed the glove. “Let’s do the usual stuff.” He vaccinated me with about a half dozen or more shots, ouch! Weighed me, checked my blood pressure, and ordered some tests for me that I insisted I would not bother to get.

“Ok, all seriousness Scott, let’s talk in my office,” he said walking out. When I went to follow naked, he added, “dressed.”

“Scott,” he said, “you and I have a good relationship, so this is hard for me to talk about, I guess it is not a complete mystery since you are unusual in appearance for a man your age.”

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat.

“Did your dad ever talk to you about your last visit to your pediatrician at age 13?”

“No, he just said they were witch doctors and then no doctors visits after.”

Franklin frowned, “ok, well aside from your *high* IQ and scholastic aptitude the other symptoms fit and this test confirms it, you have what is sometimes called Klinefelter’s Syndrome”

“What?”

“I know it is a bit shocking, but it is a chromosomal anomaly where you have two X-chromosomes and one Y.”

“We read about that in school,” I commented.

“So that is why you have no body hair, you are lucky that you are so small so your lack of musculature from lack of testosterone is not as apparent.”

“Could this be changed?”

Frankling nodded, “but it would have been better to start the treatments when you were 13.”

I nodded and frowned, “if I do nothing now?”

“You’ll keep your 14-year-old naive boy looks until your thirties probably and as long as you watch your weight you won’t likely develop oversized breasts.”

I rested my face in my hands in resignation.

“I know Ryan will still love you and I will still enjoy seeing you.”

I managed a smile inside my hands.

Franklin came around and kissed me on the head tenderly.

Home

At dinner I explained the diagnosis to dad and Ryan at the dinner table. They were supportive and suggested I do some research myself and see a specialist before making any changes.

That night I was allowed up past curfew to keep researching Klinefelters. Some of the symptoms matched my history, but just as many seemed off, I had always been exceptionally bright and I was relatively shorter than my mom and dad. Go figure.

When I finally crawled into bed around one, Ryan was asleep. I spooned against him tenderly and fell asleep quickly. In the morning we went to our last day of high school.

I had no tests remaining so I just checked out of my locker and headed to Mom's house.

I talked with mom a bit about my condition and she assured me that she loved me the way I am.

I felt good. Ryan wasn't home till close to five and Mom agreed to let us go out for dinner, just the two of us. She gave me fifty for food and we headed to restaurant I had read a good review of: Betelnut.

There over dinner, Ryan surprised me with a ring, sized to fit me. "Be mine forever," he said on one knee. I took the ring and slid it effortlessly onto my right ring finger.

Ryan smiled broadly, "I hope we continue to have a good *open* relationship since I enjoy watching you so much." I smiled back and kissed him with tongue from across the table.

The ring was a simple gold band that fit my finger perfectly. "I didn't get you anything?"

Ryan smiled at me and winked, then handed me a closed box under the table. I opened the box and found an identical band for him, I passed it back across the table and he slid it onto his finger.

Special K

We avoided any hassle at the Eagle the next week since the doorman remembered Franklin's intervention. The 'jailbait' comments did flow my way, but a few guys recognized Ryan and I from the first video we had done and nodded at me with admiration.

Franklin was at the bar nursing his scotch on the rocks. We feasted on the eye candy for a bit before heading back to his place.

I stripped naked as Franklin restrained Ryan to the ceiling, leaving him tied up fully. This time Ryan would not be able to directly stroke himself. Instead, Franklin had to attach a ball parachute to his waiting balls and weight it down with a one pound weight.

Ryan's dick went erect and he could gyrate his hips to generate some self stimulation.

Franklin held up a small pill. "This is quite dangerous," he remarked holding it up to the light, "Special K."

I stuck my tongue out waiting for the pill on my tongue, trusting Dr. Franklin Templeton completely.

Franklin smiled, "I've always wanted to fuck someone who was paralyzed." He stuck the pill on my tongue. I swallowed it obediently, Ryan's cock swelled in size.

Franklin helped me to the bed and tied my arms down. By the time he was done I found myself feeling like I was floating out of my body. He wasted no time forcing my legs into the air and fucking me. It was disconcerting, like I was watching a movie from outside my body.

I could not feel him and yet I knew that he was just using my body and I was helpless to resist.

Franklin was taking me violently, fucking me and twisting my nipples and slapping my chest and balls, I felt nothing. Just violated.

An hour of intense fucking left three loads of cum inside my mouth and me still disoriented. Franklin then proceeded, while I was still helpless, to untie my boyfriend push his face onto my cock and have him deliver a blowjob to me while Franklin fucked him.

As I orgasmed, my mind seemed to snap back into my body and I was all there and shooting a massive load into my boyfriend's waiting mouth.

Franklin untied me and then the three of us cuddled in bed.

Morning

I woke up feeling nauseous and Franklin comforted me as I worshiped the porcelain goddess. He noticed the ring, "you and Ryan serious?"

I nodded still vomiting.

"That was such a dream come true for me last night, thank you for letting me treat you so horribly." I came up from the toilet and he kissed me on the forehead, "you are such a sweet boy."

I brushed my teeth and then we kissed.

We left the bathroom and I pushed him onto the bed and fucked him from the rear. Ryan watched and masturbated to it all.

Grades

My AP scores and grades arrived—perfect all around. Ryan's were good, solid-B's. By avoiding escorting I had basically avoided any more ass whippings.

Ryan's well-deserved discipline was served up. I restrained Ryan to the spanking bench and fetched the paddle for dad. Dad carried out five intense cracks of the paddle for each B, or twenty-five total. Dad had my lover howling in pain after the first five and his bruised ass was bright red when it was over. Dad held Ryan in his lap tenderly for an hour and complemented him on how hard he knew Ryan was working.

Dangerous Porn

With my second video—the one with Franklin—on sale, I got a proposition from the porn director to do a third. The pre-orders on the second video had exceeded expectations. Apparently Franklin had talked to the owner and the owner mentioned doing a date rape scene. I logged onto AOL IM and found the owner:

Me: Date rape?

Brent: Yes, I've got a muscle builder who I would like to have rape you on film.

Me: Rape?

Brent: Yeah, force you to have sex unwillingly.

Me: !?!

Brent: Drug you and all.

Me: 50% of profits.

Brent: Fuck off.

Me: No dice.

Me: [logs off]

An e-mail arrived an hour later:

50%

I talked it over with Ryan and Franklin by e-mail. Both encouraged me to do the video, Franklin promised to be on hand for any medical emergencies.

I agreed.

The 'script' would have me agree to an escort job, get forced to drink something and then basically end up forcibly fucked, crying and all that. The closing shot would be me alone in a hotel room unable to do anything with a used condom still sticking in my ass.

They showed me receiving a call on a cell phone on the streets of downtown. I agreed to the meet up in a hotel.

I entered and met my rapist for the first time on the sound stage. "Hey fag boy," the beefy body builder said as I entered.

"\$100 an hour," I said.

"Sure, here have a drink."

"I don't drink on the job."

"Drink it," he ordered pushing the drink into my hand.

"Pay me and I'll drink it."

He handed me the money. I drank up.

I had barely finished the drink when I dropped the shot glass and collapsed to the floor.

I was fully conscious as the stranger forced himself on me as my lover watched the porno get filmed.

He ejaculated into me in a condom and then left me with the condom still inside.

Changes

Franklin helped me off the set as my lover was rock hard and took us to his place and let me recover. Both of them held me tight through the night tenderly.

In the morning after I vomitted, I was able to make love to Ryan with incredibly hot sex and then we headed home to mom's house to enjoy a lazy summer day.

Mom let us loll around in bed for the better part of the day before rousing us for dinner. Then she suggested that we play a game together as a family. She had picked up a copy of the game *Settlers of Catan* which I managed to win at.

Later, in bed, Ryan claimed to have thrown the game to me, I fucked him hard for being such a sweetie to me. In the morning mom announced she was going to take a three week vacation and that we should stay at dad's for the weeks.

However, at dad's he was packing to go away too. I suggested that Dr. Templeton might mind us for a few weeks and dad agreed. He called Franklin over to the house and talked to him about keeping us in line.

Right.

As Franklin led us out of the house dad shouted down to me, "and Ryan, no *escorting*."

I nodded and headed out.

At Franklin's, he made quick work of fucking me in front of Ryan while Ryan was tied up and then having me fuck him back. Only once Ryan was suitably frustrated from being unable to shoot a load, restrained and watching us fuck did we let Ryan loose and force Ryan to suck Franklin's dick while I fucked him.

While Franklin was at work the next day, Ryan and I hit up a few places in golden gate park and even had some sex in the bushes. When we got back to Franklin's there was an e-mail from my movie star lover indicating that a close friend of his was in town and he wanted me to give his friend the works.

I asked Franklin for permission and he said I could do it, but he would tell my dad. I tried acting cross, but he said that my dad had been particularly firm on that point. Ryan was totally in favor of me doing it.

So I agreed.

Movie Star's Friend

The friend was at the Hotel Nikko and I found the door open much like the movie star. I was wearing a tight muscle-T and tight shorts and had a few condoms in my pocket.

"Nice, Joshua was right about you," the guy said as I walked in. I quickly noticed he was sitting naked, already stroking his dick. "You are definitely worth all the money."

I picked a cool two-thousand off the coffee table and walked in front of him.

"What you looking for?"

"Josh told me what the usual with you is, but I generally fuck him in the ass too. I figure you won't mind that."

"Not at all. You want a bee-jay first?"

He shook his head, "no, I want to fuck your smooth boy-body until you are begging me to stop."

I pulled out a condom and tossed it to him as I stripped naked. My more modest dick, aroused and erect at the prospect of being fucked for money by a complete stranger.

The stranger slid the condom onto his hard shaft like a pro and then stood and pushed me over the table where the money had been. "The best part about fucking a whore like you, is there is no need to be gentle."

With that, he just shoved in violently. His massive man meat seemed to rip me open and I had to focus to avoid crying out in pain. I was grateful that I had followed some advice and pre-lubed my fuckhole a bit, but it was still painful.

"Don't worry, Joshua usually begs me to stop as I enter, you're a good little fag, you can take it, but you'll still be begging me to stop soon."

His cock was massive, easily a foot long and quite thick, he was right of course, a few minutes of my ass being pounded and I would be begging him.

"Of course, that is the other really hot part of hiring a fucking faggot whore, I paid you for an hour and I have *every* intention of using *every* minute of it."

He was thrusting in and out of me like a jack hammer and I was uncomfortably pushed onto the glass covered table like a slab of beef. Just there to be a fuck hole.

I managed to avoid crying out or pleading for it to end for fifteen minutes, but the intensity of the fucking was so hard that I had to plea.

He laughed at me. "I told you. I love when they beg"

"Please," I pleaded, my ass feeling like a metal rod was ripping my ring apart.

He grabbed me by the hair and pulled me upright, "not on your life fag. Josh is a fancy movie star, he can say stop, you are a whore, now take it!"

I was crying by the end, but my dick stayed hard through it. Exactly one hour after he

started fucking me he stopped.

The guy did not cum and I was excused without comment.

On MUNI back to Franklin's I felt dirtier than I had in all of the encounters prior. Used. Thoroughly and completely. The worst part, I loved the feeling.

I found Franklin had tied Ryan up and was waiting, himself restrained face down and wanting a good fucking and thrashing with a flogger. I readily obliged, happy to exorcise my pent up sexual needs on his willing body.

Then he reciprocated by fucking Ryan for me since I was totally spent.

The next morning Franklin commented on our rings and asked if he could get one too since he felt like our threesome was pretty cool. I left it to Ryan who agreed that he could get a matching ring.

I also found an e-mail from the movie star in my inbox:

I hope my friend wasn't too rough on you and you will still consider seeing me again.

He is brutal with me too.

Love,

Josh

I considered it for a few minutes:

Josh:

I would be happy to see you again, but let's keep your friend out of it.

Much love,

Scott

A few minutes later I got a response:

Thanks, I was very afraid you would never fuck me again.

Sorry for inflicting Jason on you.

Josh

Birched

Dad came home in due course and when Franklin brought us around, my escorting came out quickly and I was brought to the ground floor for an immediate caning.

It was embarrassing to have it happen in front of Franklin, but dad had no such qualms. He personally tied me to the bench and selected a birch from a waiting jar where they soaked.

The pain was unbearable after just the first blow to my bared backside. I hollered in pain to no avail. The blows continued one after the other, each more painful than the last. I was screaming from the intensity of the pain and the severity of the thrashing.

When it finally finished I had lost count—Ryan later told me it was thirty blows. Sobbing and red assed, I was still restrained to the bench and dad sent Ryan and Franklin out of the room.

Dad then rubbed on Ben-Gay and the pain only got worse. Still sobbing like a five year old baby, he released the restraints and pulled me off the horse and onto his lap to cry into his chest.

The Ben-Gay was exacerbating the pain from the birching and it took me forever to stop crying and just relax in my dad's embrace. "I love you daddy," I said.

"I know Scott, but I don't know why you do it, you don't need the money and it is so risky."

"What do you mean I don't need the money?"

Dad lifted my face by the chin firmly so his eyes locked with mine, "Ryan must have told you I was going to pay your tuition as well?"

"No."

Dad took me into his arms, "I understand a bit better, don't say anything to Ryan, I will deal with it Wednesday night."

"I won't, promise."

"Ok, so now that you know you will have money?"

"I kinda like the disgusting feelings I have about myself after I let a man use me for money and Ryan is turned on by me doing it among other things."

Dad frowned, "go to your room."

I went up to my room, Franklin and Ryan were waiting for me, sitting on the bed. Ryan inspected my brutalized butt as did Franklin, both cuddled me in the narrow twin bed and dad let us all stay the night without any interruptions.

Sunday Special

In the morning, Franklin headed back to his house and Ryan went back to mom's leaving dad and I alone. Dad started, "ok say I let you whore around, how do I know you will be safe?"

I sat down on the hard wooden kitchen chair, my thin white underwear offering no comfort. I winced. "You won't."

Dad frowned.

"Bagel and lox?"

I nodded eagerly, my ass was throbbing and I was fighting to keep from crying.

He toasted the bagel and placed a plate of lox and cream chese on the table. I took the toasted bagel and stacked it with the offered food and ate heartily.

It was terrific and almost made me forget my sore ass.

"I'm very unhappy about this Scott, though I can't say I could blame you. Ok, some ground rules so I can live with this."

I started into the second half of the bagel.

"First, you need to let someone know whenever you are going on an escort and the exact location and contact information. You will also carry a cellphone that you pay for with your own money on any escort calls."

"That's very fair."

"Second, if your grades drop below a 3.5 GPA you have to stop."

I finished the bagel.

"That's it," dad finished.

"I accept."

We shook.

"There is one more thing, we still need to address Ryan's lies."

"I leave that to you."

Ryan's Punishment

Wednesday arrived slowly enough and I had said very little to Ryan over the week and I doubt he even suspected what dad had in store for him.

When he arrived, Franklin was already there with me and we were both in the dungeon area. Dad brought Ryan in and had him get undressed. I tied Ryan to the bench.

“Franklin and Scott, could you please excuse us.”

We left on cue, we stood outside the door and heard dad scolding Ryan for not telling me about the college money. Then the punishment began quickly, it was a bullwhip.

Franklin cringed against me knowing how painful it could be. The trashing continued unabated for the better part of an hour. When we were readmitted to the dungeon, Ryan’s back, thighs, feet, and buttocks were covered in deep welts, though the skin had not been broken anywhere.

He was crying tremendously and dad asked Franklin and I to leave to allow Ryan some private lap time.

[Ed: To be continued.]

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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