

Advantage System

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1 Advantage System: 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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Y.J. Levy an Unusual Man

I am quite unusual in many respects. To start with due to some odd mistakes surrounding my birth I have no legal first name, just initials and no recorded birthdate. The state of California has been kind enough to turn my birth certificate's "1972" into January 1, 1972. Though I suspect I'm a Sagitarius rather than a Capricorn. As for first names, I use whatever suits me, my diplomas simply say YJ as does my driver's license.

For those interested in my physical appearance, I stand 6' tall (182 cm) and weigh 160 lbs (72 kg). I am caucasian, I have six pack abs, and work out daily to stay in shape. My eyes are blue and my hair is black. I think that should give you a decent sense of what I look like.

I will leave out most of the details of my past right now and bring you forward to 2003. I was finishing up my psychiatric fellowship working a shift at a Los Angeles county jail. This was at the Pitchess Detention Center in Castaic—about 50 miles north of central LA.

My luck a riot broke out while I was working there. Worse luck still I was with a hot-headed guard who wanted to prove himself. For now, let me spare you the details and just say that I ended up with a bullet stuck in my head and a huge lump sum disability payment from the state.

Ever since then, I've been a touch "off-kilter". The location of the bullet interferes with some—much of my ability to feel pain and also to feel remorse. Translation, I'm now the ultimate sadist and masochist rolled into one. Add to that my uncanny handle for what people are thinking and you have an interesting combination.

That aside, after four years, there is minimal permanent brain damage and I am a fully trained and licensed psychiatrist. I just do not practice in any traditional sense. Certainly not in any sense that the Medical Board of California would approve of.

Moving forward to 2007, I am living in West Hollywood—part of Los Angeles. I moved into an impressive home here after the County settled with me in late 2004.

Patient Care

I have been working with what I like to call “special needs” patients since shortly after I moved to West Hollywood. At this point one hundred percent of my practice is from referrals.

Basically, if I treat you, you get two serialized jet-black business cards with a phone number to use to reach me. Since the nature of my treatments requires a level of privacy, I trust my patients to be discreet in who receives the cards.

If you have one of the cards, you can call the number on the card and you will get a recorded message:

Thank you for calling. Please leave a message with your code number, your full name, and a number where I can reach you. Calls are returned within one business day.

When someone leaves a message, I check the prospective client out with internet searches, credit report headers, and the like. Then, I return their call.

A typical dialogue goes something like this: “Is this X? This is Jacob returning your call are you in a place where you can talk?”

Assuming the patient can talk, we continue, “Ok, a couple of ground rules, I do not provide medical or psychiatric treatments. I understand that my clients expect extreme discretion and expect my clients to act likewise. To start with I need a sense of what you are looking for.”

Clients then share the sexual fantasy they want fulfilled, for example let’s consider Peter a movie star who sought me out by way of another client. After some hemming and hawing we got down to, “Truth is.” Pause. “I’ve had this fascination with diapers.” Long pause.

I interrupt, “I can help with that, let’s set a first appointment. I need to mail you a consent that I need returned to me before we begin. Once I have the paperwork back I will call you to set up the appointment.”

The call ends at that point with me getting his address in Malibu. A mildly thick set of documents weighing 2 oz in a plain white security envelope goes out. The documents include:

- a stamped, self-addressed return envelope
- a request for a credit report with spaces to copy a driver’s license and major credit card
- consent agreement
- release of liability

- nondisclosure agreement
- wire transfer instructions for \$25,000 fixed fee consulting cost of one screening session, one experience session, and one post experience follow up

Sticking with Peter's case for a moment, the packet went out on a Tuesday and was back to me on Friday. Once I found the documents in order, I called and arranged a screening session on Thursday.

"Peter, this is Jacob again, can we arrange the screening session?"

"Um, yeah," he responded.

"Great, just so your expectations are clear, I like to use some hypnosis to relax my clients in the screening session. This makes sure that they are uninhibited in describing their needs to me."

Hesitation and hemming and hawing followed. I continued, "Anyhow, again this is just to set your expectations. Some clients come in ready to get their rocks off at the first session and are disappointed. My most important goal is to make you happy. No, ecstatic and the screening session is how we make sure that happens. When we finally get to putting a diaper on you, the experience will be everything you've always wanted it to be."

I felt the fight go out of him with that last line. "Great he responded."

We settled on Wednesday at 5pm.

My house is set up with a gate in front. The gate secures a circular drive with room for easily five or six cars. To the side is a carriage house style garage that was designed for four cars. Two of the bays have been turned into my office and work room. Extensive sound proofing of these bays provides for additional privacy.

Peter's car pulled up to the gate at five sharp on Wednesday and I buzzed him through. He proceeded to the side entrance to the carriage house and stepped in. I was sitting in a professional chair and beckoned him to sit down across from me in a zero-gravity recliner.

Screening Session

"Ok, let's get started Peter," I said firmly, "we're going to have you relax, I will induce a hypnotic state to help you relax so we can be sure I understand your fantasy fully and can make your experience shine."

Peter nodded meekly and I began to induce the hypnotic state. I had Peter count up to 100 by sevens and down as I positioned myself on a stool behind him and began to apply pressure to specific points on his head and neck. As he began protesting, "49... this isn't doing anything," he went under.

"Peter," I said, "I need you to focus on my voice, you are going to stay calm, aware of my every word, and responsive while remaining completely relaxed." I paused for a minute to

allow him to completely relax. His pulse had slowed significantly, “Peter, first and foremost it is important that you find it feels good to do what I say.”

“Let’s test this, Peter raise your right hand six inches in the air.” Peter complied without hesitation. “Excellent, and tell me, how does it feel to have done what I asked?”

“Really good,” Peter responded calmly.

“Excellent, put your arm down. Does it feel good to have done that?”

Peter murmured agreement.

“Wonderful, it is very important to me that you continue to find it pleasurable to do what I say. Let’s start discussing your interests in diapering.”

It took three hours, but he spilled his guts on being fascinated with diapering due to seeing his best friend diapered at around age 9 as punishment for bed wetting. I had a complete explanation of what turned him on and what he was explicitly willing to admit and what he was not fully consciously aware of.

Only then did I turn to planting some general post-hypnotic triggers. I re-applied some pressure to key points and helped make pulse even slower. This further relaxed him and turned down whatever remaining conscious defenses he had left.

“Peter, I am going to bring you out of this state shortly, when I do, I need you to keep three things in mind for me. Do you think you can do that for me?”

“Sounds wonderful,” he managed to mumble. I noticed his cock was hard, pleasing me felt good to him.

“First and foremost Peter, you will want to please me and will find doing what I say desirable because you will have an innate sense that it will help you feel more sexually satisfied.”

“Please you,” he mumbled.

“Second, you will generally feel very uninhibited and relaxed around me, trusting me will help you feel more sexually satisfied.”

“Trust you,” he echoed, his cock bulging in his denim jeans.

“Third, you will not be able to remember the details of this session or consciously remember these rules, instead you will just innately follow them to help you feel more sexually satisfied.”

He said nothing, but his cock bulging in his pants suggested an imminent explosion.

“Count backwards with me from 100 down to 1 by sevens Peter, when you reach 1 you will open your eyes, fully aware, refreshed, and excited.”

Peter began to count and I returned back to my original seat. His cock bulged and pulsated in his pants, “100, 93, 86, 79, 72, 65, 58, 51...16, 9, 2, 1” He opened his eyes and looked at me trustingly. His eyes darted down to his hard cock, but he showed no embarrassment.

“How are you feeling Peter?”

“Fantastic,” he responded, “how long did we talk, twenty minutes?”

“Actually we talked for about three hours,” I said casually.

“No way!”

“Yes, this was very helpful for me to understand how we can make your experience as sexually fulfilling as possible.”

Peter stared blankly at me for a moment and said, “that’s good, I feel amazingly rested and relaxed. It was good to be able to talk about everything with you. You are such a good listener. When do you think I can come back for my experience?”

“Do me a favor Peter,” I said casually, “you are clearly very aroused right now, unbutton your fly and get yourself off then we can figure out details.”

Now with any client this is always a key juncture. It tests multiple aspects of the conditioning and ensures that we can both have a safe play experience. Peter went to it without missing a beat.

He unbuckled his fly enthusiastically and pulled his cock free from the boxers he was wearing. He put one hand to his mouth, gave it a lick to lube up with saliva and then went at it. Stroking away in front of me without any embarrassment until about ten minutes later he shot a decent load.

I handed him a damp towel and waited for him to clean up. “Okay, how about Monday afternoon say from 2pm to whenever? I would recommend not having any plans on Tuesday so you need not feel time pressured.”

He nodded and said, “Sounds like you will really be able to help me experience this just the way I need to. See you at two on Monday.”

I reached out a hand to help him get out of the recliner and he took it and I helped him up.

Meeting Levy

The next day I decided it was time to finally get a decent big screen TV and I ended up at a nearby big box store. I had very little direction, a young looking man with a boyish face and red hair came up to me in the aisle. His name badge said “Levy”.

“Anything I can do to help you,” he said with what seemed like a wink.

“Um,” and then I decided to go blond, “can you help me out here, I was hoping to get a big TV but just have no clue.”

Levy smiled a broad grin and said, “normally I should pass you off to a TV guy, but let me help you out.” He touched my elbow gently and guided me towards the rear of the store. “Do you have a sense of what you want?”

“No clue,” I answered frankly, “just something big for the living room.”

He smiled and asked, “Ok, well since you are leaving it so wide open this is the top of the line LCD right now that we carry: 71” LCD from LG which is just shy of fifteen-K.”

Deciding that I wanted to flirt with this younger guy, I decided, “Look to be honest the money isn’t a problem, but I’m not sure if it would be too big, you know.” And I trailed off.

Levy seemed to grin a bit and leaned in, “Here’s my card, write down your address and I will stop by personally after closing and give you a consult. However, this will be ‘off the clock’ if you understand what I mean?”

“Absolutely,” I said smiling and I took the card and wrote down my address and cell phone.

He put his arm on my elbow again as he took the card, “See you around 11:30.” He then walked away. From the edge of the area, I would have sworn he turned back and winked at me.

I decided I needed to finish shopping for Peter’s experience and headed towards a sex toy shop that was not that far away. One hundred fifty dollars later I had what I needed and was headed home.

I chilled out for a few hours reading a book—Kite Runner—until just after 11pm, the gate buzzer rang. On the video, I could see Levy inside a modest Honda Civic hatchback. I buzzed him in and headed to the front entrance.

Advantage System Basics

I let Levy in the door and he stepped in and then kissed me passionately on the lips. I reciprocated.

“Should I bother measuring for the TV,” he asked.

I nodded.

He smiled broadly and I led the way to the living room. “Nice place and this is a huge room, where do you want the TV?” I pointed at the large wall.

I stepped over to it, he whipped out a tape measure from his pocket and confirmed it would fit on the wall and then measured back to my couch before plopping down.

“Come on over and sit next to me,” he said grinning slightly. I sat down and he kissed me on the lips again and wrapped his arm around my shoulder. “No problem on the seventy-one incher, it will be great in here.”

I nodded and he kissed me again.

“We should discuss what I’m looking for in a relationship,” he said matter of factly. I nodded slightly and he continued, “I’m only twenty-five, but I know what I want and I’m not here to just have sex or to end up in a bad relationship.”

“Fair enough,” I said, “though you do have me horny as hell since this afternoon.”

He smiled, “excellent, no sex tonight just to set the expectations.” He then kissed me again probing with his tongue and I probed back. When we separated, he continued, “I was in a five year relationship from ages sixteen to twenty-one with a guy I loved passionately, but who ultimately could not make me happy sexually.”

I had to fight a reflexive response along the lines of, how-did-that-make-you-feel. Levy continued, “My thing is that I’m extremely versatile sexually in what I need and want and a relationship that is plain vanilla with one person mostly the top and the other the bottom just isn’t going to work for me.”

“So your ex was all bottom,” I offered.

Levy nodded, “Brian.”

“So when you started out with Brian is was fine, but then when you wanted to experience being fucked it fell apart?”

Levy was ready to move on, “So I settled on a system, I call it the ‘Advantage’ system to ensure that the person I’m with will be compatible with me.”

“May I interject?”

“Sure.”

“Have you actually had a relationship yet using this system?”

“No, I’ve dated a few times but nothing beyond the first date or so because most guys just aren’t versatile enough.”

“Sounds like a challenge,” I teased back and leaned in and kissed him and then thrust my tongue into his mouth and back into his throat. We kissed for a bit before he pushed me back and continued explaining his system:

- No masturbation or sex outside the relationship/framework. Both parties can mutually agree to some acts outside the framework, but as a whole it’s off limits.
- During any one sexual interaction, one person will get the T(op) role and will be guaranteed sexual satisfaction, the other person will get the B(ottom) role. B may or may not get an orgasm, but his job is to ensure that T is completely sexually satisfied in that encounter.
- T & B roles must change around because the two people in the relationship can never be more than 1 “point” ahead of the other. (Sort of like Deuce in Tennis, so if Tom and Bob are the people in the relationship and Tom is the T to Bob in encounter one, then it is Advantage Bob. Here’s the “catch”, Tom cannot be T to Bob again until either it is Advantage Tom or “love”.)

“Kinky,” I responded back when he finished his explanation.

“How does it sound to you?”

“My dick is rock hard and I’m now very aware that I’m not getting it off until we meet at some future point.”

“Nice,” he exclaimed smiling and then he kissed me which was followed by him thrusting his tongue down my throat.

“Couple of corner issues,” he said, “to avoid ‘holding out’, we should reset to love at the start of each week, say Monday.”

“So no, ‘I’m mad at you and not giving you sex.’”

“Right, similarly, there is no ‘No’.” Sensing my confusion Levy continued, “Well we are in a relationship so you need to trust me and vice versa. I can ask you to do something outrageous if it is at love or my advantage and you **must** comply. The **catch** for me is that you can leave me after the encounter.”

I chimed in, “so even if it is my go at being the ‘top’, I shouldn’t push you to do something you don’t want because either you will leave or turn the tables on me.”

“Exactly!”

“Sign me up,” I said, “when do we get to actually have sex with each other?”

Levy smiled and stood up, “you need to buy the TV from me tomorrow and we can work out when our first real date is.” He headed for the door.

“What time do you work tomorrow,” I called out.

“Two to ten,” he said as he headed out the door.

Purchases

I went to bed that night horny as all hell and with Levy’s gorgeous face and body on my mind. I woke up with a massive hardon that I had to fight not to stroke off.

I headed to the store around two and got there just after. I had to ask someone for Levy claiming, “he had been helpful yesterday and I don’t remember which TV I was looking at.”

He kept me waiting, thirty minutes. I was certain my cock was going to burst inside my pants. When he came out, “Right, Jacob?” Like he did not know me. “Was it that seventy-one incher,” he asked.

“Right,” I said.

“Ok, let’s go to the register over here and I will ring it up.”

At the register he took my credit card and rang up \$15,000 plus an extended warranty, plus ‘gold’ installation, and sales tax. As if he did not know me, he asked for the street address and phone number. Delivery would be on Monday morning between nine and noon. For a

moment I was afraid he was going to just end without arranging our next date, but then he whispered quietly as he handed back my card, “tonight at Akbar’s after I get off.” He then turned and headed elsewhere in the store.

I was amazingly horny, so I headed home and took a cool swim in my pool to try to relax. But my cock was rock hard in my speedo. By 9 when I was showering to get ready for the bar I almost jerked myself off but then realized that would blow the relationship.

I showed up right after ten and found Levy was already at the bar and had an empty shot glass in front of him. He smiled when I sat down next to him and groped my hard cock through my jeans. I reciprocated and felt he was hard too. “Holding out ok?”

“Hornier than hell,” I said and kissed him.

“Excellent, let’s spend the rest of this week getting to know each other and then we can start to have sex next Sunday.” He moved his hand off my cock and I felt my hormones go crazy, my nuts felt like they were going to burst.

“Aside from Tuesday when I have to work, what are we doing? Getting dinner every night and talking?”

Levy smiled, “Absolutely, I’m on days and off by five this week so dinner every night and learn about each other.”

“Do you think I could get permission to masturbate this week?”

He shook his head and kissed me, “not a chance. Let’s find somewhere quiet to talk in here.” He then took me by the elbow to find a quiet corner where we talked for an hour or two, kissing and groping occasionally.

The next morning my TV arrived and still later, Levy showed up around six to head out for a fancy dinner. By then I was convinced my horniness was so intense I was just going to pop a nut thinking about Levy. We had a great dinner and the conversation was fantastic. Towards the end we started discussing how horny both of us were, but Levy was resolute that there would be no masturbation, or sex before Sunday.

Tuesday was my client session and I feel I owe it to you to describe that more so here goes.

Peter’s Experience

Horny though I was by Tuesday, I had a client showing up at 2pm. I put on some lacrosse hard cup¹ compression shorts to control my raging hard on. Peter was undoubtedly going to “suffer” a bit extra due to my pent up sexual desires.

Peter buzzed me at the gate at 2pm sharp and when I answered, I instructed him to pull his car into the open space in the carriage house. He complied and came inside the office area.

“Hope you had a good few days where you’ve been looking forward to this experience,” I

¹<http://www.internationaljock.com/v2/prd.xlg?partno=3585&view=wide&width=507>

said more as a statement than a question.

Peter smiled, “I’ve been hard thinking about it since last week. Twice, I almost called you to beg for an earlier appointment.”

“Strip,” I said, “so we can get started.”

There was no hesitation, the post hypnotic suggestions were still firmly in place. I watched as the hunky TV star removed his clothes in front of me and revealed a raging hard on. “Ok, let’s go into the other room,” I said and grabbed Peter by the arm like a little boy.

In the area of the garage behind the office area, I have a more warehouse-like area that is unfinished and can have various dungeon play items set up for different client scenes as well as a nice bathroom area that would get used today. Central in the room today was a low table not quite three feet off the floor covered with a baby blanket for use as a diaper changing table.

“On your back on the table Peter,” I said firmly, “time to put you in your diaper.” I guided him firmly onto the table, even though there was no hesitation, I knew that being forced into the diaper “a bit” was a big turn on for him. On his back, I made him lift his legs and cleaned his butt and hard cock with baby oil. Then I powdered him with baby powder and finally diapered him.

Next up was a pair of latex shorts². I had these around and wanted to trap him in the diaper. When this went on and I locked it with padlocks he freaked out slightly but my firm voice brought him back under control, “Peter this is what you need, diapers are for naughty boys who wet their bed and themselves.”

He started sobbing and I got him up and made him stand in the corner for a bit to think about why a grown boy like him needed to wear a diaper. When I positioned his nose firmly against the corner, I could feel his body shaking slightly. I knew exactly where he was mentally, on one hand this was his fantasy—and on the other, this was his fantasy.

I allowed him to sob and cry in the corner for a solid half hour before I retrieved him to do some tasks for me. “Peter, let’s go over your homework,” I said pulling him from the corner and over to a bare desk and wooden chair. I sat him down and there was a math test with a red “F” written on it.

I went over the simple algebra problems he had gotten wrong and made him drink a small glass of sports drink for each wrong question we reviewed. The test had fifty questions and “he” had gotten twenty-five wrong, so this was about three quarts of sports drink total. Needless to say, by the time we were done his boyish sobbing about being diapered had faded, replaced with a new more immediate problem, he needed to pee like a firehose and he was diapered and locked up.

I stood him up, “Peter we’ve discussed your need to control your pee repeatedly, if you wet this diaper I will whip your ass.” I guided him over to another part of the garage where I had a spanking bench set up and several paddles, hair brushes and straps hanging from a

²<http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/CB52Rc.jpg>

rack nearby.

He started to cry harder while also dancing that ‘need to pee’ dance little boys normally do. “Peter, correct me if I’m wrong, but isn’t your birthday in 1965? Shouldn’t you be able to control your need to pee?”

“Tell me honestly Peter,” I asked for the first time this evening, “did you wet your bed last night?”

He broke down sobbing on the floor at this. I smiled broadly and spoke like a parent scolding a small child, “That’s why you are wearing a diaper boy. To learn control.”

At that I brought him back to the corner and continued to lecture him like a little boy. It was fun to watch a man I had seen on TV and in movies repeatedly dance from foot to foot trying to fight the impossible need to unleash a massively full bladder into the diaper and suffer humiliation, a spanking, and more.

“How many nights since you saw me last did you wet your sheets?”

“Every night,” he sobbed, “and once during the day.” From the corner, he pleaded, “This hasn’t happened in years.”

“Please just let me pee,” he begged.

“You will learn control,” I responded firmly, “now stop dancing around or I will start smacking your thighs with a riding crop.”

This was the straw that broke the camel’s back, or the bladder rather. He was bawling now, “please don’t strap me daddy, please daddy.”

I yanked him out of the corner firmly, “let’s get you out of the diaper and onto the spanking bench.” I guided him onto the table on his back. I unlocked the shorts, removed the soaking wet diaper and then cleaned him off like a baby before making him stand.

He was crying nonstop now and snot was coming out of his nose. He was back in his childhood memory, getting the spanking he had watched his friend receive and living it for the first time. The fact that he had wet himself the past few nights had surprised me, but perhaps discussing the idea of being diapered had subconsciously brought out a bit of bed wetting to get himself into the role of being punished. That did not matter though, it was time to punish him like his friend was punished.

“Go to the rack and pick a strap to be used on you Peter,” I said firmly, “you are old enough to get thirty with the strap.”

He screamed out in protest but quickly walked to get a strap lest the punishment be increased. He picked one of the five straps that was hanging on the rack and brought it to me and kissed it before holding it out to me to be used on him.

I brought him to the bench and tied him down. While this was not strictly part of the fantasy, it was for his safety during the session. Had I worked longer initially, I probably could have hypnotized him to stay still during the whipping, but he was still a large man rather a small boy who was being punished and the restraints were a good safety measure.

Once I had the crying “boy” man restrained, I raised the strap. “What do we say Peter before daddy begins a punishment?”

“Please daddy, I need to be punished because I’m a horrible bed wetting little boy who cannot control his wee-wee.”

As soon as the sentence finished I began to brutally assault Peter’s back and buttocks with the strap. My goal was to exactly simulate the punishment he used to watch happen to his friend. It took thirty brutal strokes to redden his entire back and buttocks. He was crying out in so much pain it was impossible to make out what he was saying exactly, but I removed him from the bench and brought him back to the diapering table.

There I cleaned him, powdered him, diapered him, and locked him in the shorts again. Then it was back to the corner to wait.

It was only a brief twenty minutes before he wet the second diaper and we had to repeat the whipping.

All in all, we repeated the scene fifteen times before eight the next morning. When we finished his back and buttocks were black-and-blue and blistered. I sent him home in a diaper and he was thanking me for everything I had done with him and begging for another visit.

We scheduled his post-session consultation for the following Tuesday before I sent him on his way.

Then I went to sleep until I was going to meet Levy for dinner that night.

First Sex

Turning back to my budding relationship with Levy, I had taken to basically wearing the lacrosse hard cup³ 24x7 to help contain my raging hard on for the rest of that week. We definitely hit it off and discussed a lot of things beyond sex that suggested we would have a good relationship.

Saturday, he slept over the night, and we shared a bed. He teased me about the compression shorts, but admitted that he was used to controlling his urges a bit better than me. While we did not have sex Saturday, we spent the whole night pressed against each other.

When we awoke Sunday he was already awake and holding a condom. “Time to fuck you and take the advantage,” he said grinning as he yanked my pants down and lifted my legs. I felt lube going into my ass and then he pushed in firmly and started kissing me while he fucked me.

“Don’t you dare touch your cock while I’m fucking you this time,” he said, “I want to enjoy this fully without you having an orgasm.”

I kissed him passionately and he fucked me deeply for over an hour. He was taking his time

³<http://www.internationaljock.com/v2/prd.xlg?partno=3585&view=wide&width=507>

to enjoy himself thoroughly. He even verbally teased me about it, “horny Jay?”

“Bet you wish, you had taken the first advantage,” he said thrusting again into me. “I intend to stretch this out since I’ve wanted to rape your ass since I saw you on the security camera wandering into the store.”

I moaned and kissed him and grunted in pleasure and frustration. “Please fuck me,” I begged, “I love you Levy.”

“Love you too Jay,” he said, “you’ll have your turn in a bit, but this is about *my* pleasure. Let’s have you turn on your side so I can fuck you deeper. No more kissing, you need to be fucked.”

I complied and he thrust in deeper and harder, still taking his time.

“Jay, this is one fucking hot ass, so amazingly tight, you hardly ever get fucked.”

I moaned and bucked as he savaged me, but I was also rock hard and enjoying bottoming to my lover. It took a total of three hours before he shot a load into the condom while still fucking me and collapsed on me and kissed me.

“Advantage Jacob,” he said as he collapsed and kissed me. I thought about declaring I was going to take him twice, but decided to take a bathroom trip and eat breakfast before taking my turn.

In the kitchen I told him to find some kneepads in the laundry room since I wanted to be sucked off while I ate breakfast—and he best not either stop sucking or allow me to orgasm until after I was done. He gulped and said, “fucker!” Then he went to get the kneepads.

“Now this is quite civilized,” I said as I sat down in my chair with him under the table kneeling in front of me to start sucking. As I sat down he started sucking. “Be glad I allowed you kneepads,” I said and began to moan gently while he started sucking and I ate.

When I finished, I said, “Ok time to fuck you on the kitchen counter.” I lifted him onto the counter, and tied him with some rope in the drawers to bind his arms and legs up so he could be more easily fucked. I left him there for a minute while I went to get more condoms and lube.

I covered up and then lubed his ass up before starting to fuck him. I lacked his restraint, but I took my time as best I could to unload a massive load of cum into the condom. I only lasted like fifteen minutes though. Then I untied him, announcing, “Love.”

I was hog-tied in less than thirty seconds and had Levy’s throbbing cock in my mouth. He then stepped away and ate breakfast just outside the corner of my peripheral vision. He came back and thrust his cock back into my mouth and shot a load in less than a minute and untied me. “Advantage Jacob,” he said.

“This is fun,” I said as I stood up and kissed him.

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.

Check out my other stories at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>.

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2 Advantage System: 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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Advantage System Basics

Quick reminder for those joining the story of how Levy's advantage system works. This applies to the relationship between Levy and Y.J. in the story.

- No masturbation or sex outside the relationship/framework. Both parties can mutually agree to some acts outside the framework, but as a whole it's off limits.
- During any one sexual interaction, one person will get the T(op) role and will be guaranteed sexual satisfaction, the other person will get the B(ottom) role. B may or may not get an orgasm, but his job is to ensure that T is completely sexually satisfied in that encounter.
- T & B roles must change around because the two people in the relationship can never be more than 1 "point" ahead of the other. (Sort of like Deuce in Tennis, so if Tom and Bob are the people in the relationship and Tom is the T to Bob in encounter one, then it is Advantage Bob. Here's the "catch", Tom cannot be T to Bob again until either it is Advantage Tom or "love".)

Get Into Gear

I woke up Monday morning with Levy's cock poking against me. His eyes were already open. "Love, we are at love," he said, "get into the bathroom and bend over the vanity."

I kissed him. As I got out of bed, he added, "Oh, make sure to pre-lube your ass for my cock." My own cock was hard in anticipation of Levy's hard cock slamming my ass. I went into the bathroom, took a pee, and then lubed my ass up for his cock.

He took a few minutes before coming in himself, peeing. He did not fuck me right away then. Rather he slapped my ass playfully and said, "God you are so hot bent over like that ready to be fucked J, let me just shave first, you don't mind staying bent over do you?"

I shook my head.

He took his sweet time shaving, probably ten minutes. Then he groped my body like a piece of meat. He fondled my hard cock and exposed balls for a while too before finally ramming his hard cock into my lubed, waiting hole. He rode me hard, but also slowly.

Under the advantage system we live with each other under, I had one job, and one job only now, helping him achieve sexual pleasure. I focused to try to make my asshole both accommodating to his thrusts, but also tight enough to provide him a pleasurable, tight fuck.

About ten minutes into the fucking, he paused and pulled out. “Don’t want to cum too soon,” he said and sat down on a stool in the bathroom. He removed the condom that was on his cock and started to gently stroke himself. I could watch this in the mirror. My own cock was still hard and I remained bent over the vanity. My hands went nowhere near my own cock—for now.

“Talk to me about your fetishes,” he said as he stroked himself.

“I like it all!”

“I’ve noticed you get quite kinky,” he responded, “we had bondage already and the ‘office’ next door is filled with more toys and gear than most sex stores.”

“Well I don’t know that we’ve exactly discussed my work.”

He laughed. “No I suppose we haven’t?”

“Clients pay me to satisfy their deepest, most secret sexual fantasies. Lots of times this involves buying gear of all sorts. I never have sex with clients, or get off myself while working with them.”

“Ok, now I’m hornier than before,” he said. He slid a new condom on, came over to me again and rammed in violently and pounded me like a slab of meat until he came. I stood up and kissed him.

“Thanks for fucking my brains out love.”

“Advantage J,” he responded.

“When do you have to be at work today?”

“I’m working two pm to close.”

“Excellent. Let’s get you into some gear to walk around in for the morning. That will make me horny and right around lunch I will fuck your brains out.”

He jumped in, “Got anything tight in latex?”

“Absolutely, how about a nice latex wrestling suit⁴”, I answered, “with an open crotch for your dick and ass to be accessed?”

⁴http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/r310_a.jpg

“Fuck that sounds hot,” he responded.

Both of us naked, we headed to my office that was as he said, chock full of more sex toys and gears than many stores. I quickly found the wrestling suit⁵ and helped him into it.

“Very hot,” I said as I kissed him, “let’s go get breakfast.”

I waited until well after breakfast to fuck Levy’s hot ass. Actually, I waited until about 1pm so I could fuck him hard for say thirty minutes or so and leave him just barely enough time to shower and get to work.

It clearly ticked him off a bit, mostly because he was horny to be back at love so he could fuck me. But, it was fun for me to tease him in the suit. Throughout the morning, I groped his ass and cock like it was my property.

Around ten, I got a call from a client, Jamie, referred by Peter. I stepped away from Levy briefly to explain the basics and get an address to send forms to. Assuming the wire transfer came through, he would be in on Friday.

At 12:45pm, I took Levy back to the gear room, and got him into a sling, swing that I have for better fucking access. On his back, in the tight latex wrestling suit⁶, he was a hot sight.

I lubed his ass, sheathed my cock in a condom and began thrusting into him as his whole body swayed in the swing. Hot as it was, I took my sweet time fucking his hot, tight ass. I shot my load after a half-hour of slowly, but steadily ramming my cock into his well lubed ass.

I helped him up and out of the latex gear. “Love,” I said, “and just enough shower time for you to get to work.” I laughed slightly. We kissed.

This was all part of the advantage system.

Peter’s Followup

I had Peter’s follow up session at four. After Levy was off to work, I showered myself and got into a hard cup pair of underwear that would keep any erections I might have at bay.

Peter was on time and after I buzzed him through the gate, he entered the office smiling. “Strip,” I said firmly, “then stand facing me with your arms laced behind your head.”

He complied. It was wonderful to see how effective a mild post-hypnotic suggestion could be. Obeying me felt good to him. His cock was at full mast by the time he was naked and standing in front of me.

I quickly walked to his back and saw that his back and buttocks, while still sore were all healing nicely.

“Okay, lay down in the chair and we can talk,” I ordered.

⁵http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/r310_a.jpg

⁶http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/r310_a.jpg

He got into the zero gravity recliner and I had him count to 100 by sevens while applying mild pressure to his skull. He was under at twenty-eight.

“Peter,” I said, “you are quite relaxed now, we are going to talk about your experience how you are feeling now and any needs you still have.”

Peter murmured agreement.

“I want to remind you that first and foremost, doing what I saw pleases you. Second, you feel uninhibited and relaxed around me, trusting me will help you feel good.”

Peter responded, “Yeah, I trust you and want to please you.”

“Good. Have you had any bed wetting since your whipping?”

“No sir,” Peter responded like a private called up by his drill sergeant, “I think I’ve licked my bed wetting problem.”

“Wonderful, and how many times have you masturbated since last Tuesday? And when you’ve masturbated, what have you thought of?”

“Three times a day, each time thinking about how hot it was to finally be diapered, then whipped.”

“And your backside being sore?”

“Huge turn on.”

“Good, I noticed you referred a friend already.”

“Yeah, Jamie’s having trouble with his marriage, figured you might be able to help him.”

“Interesting; and you, any remaining fantasies left unsatisfied?”

“No, I’m really satisfied, though it will be a bummer in another day or three when my backside is completely healed.”

“No sign of the whipping to remind you of how hot it was to be diapered and whipped?”

“Exactly.”

“Do you want to pay for and schedule another session in a few months? I am willing to generally do up to three sessions with a client at escalating pay.”

“That would be nice, how much?”

“Fifty thousand,” I said. I use escalating prices to prevent most clients from becoming weeklies and treating me like a prostitute.

“Sounds fair, how about I wire it to you now and we schedule it for three months out?”

“Ok,” I said. With that, I brought him out of the relaxed, hypnotic state. I reminded him of the two rules and that he would not consciously remember them. When he came out, I handed him a new consent form to sign, gave him wire transfer instructions and we scheduled another diaper-whipping session for him a few months out.

Advantage Levy

Having ridden my advantage early in the day, I was not surprised that Levy seized his upon his return from work. "Let's get you naked and tied up for fucking," he said as he came in the door.

I stripped in the entry hall and followed him to the kitchen. My arms were tied behind my back and my body roped up nicely. Levy was careful to tie up my cock so it was forced up and out. He guided me to the living room and pushed me onto the floor.

"Suck my cock Jay," he said. "I want to watch the Daily Show while you suck me off." With that, he turned on the 71" TV and plopped down on the couch a bit away from me. I had to struggle over to him with my hands and arms tied up behind my back and then position myself to suck my boyfriend's cock.

After about five minutes he added, "By the way, I'm planning to shoot in your mouth and then fuck you also."

I paused my oral ministrations for a moment and mumbled, his cock still in my mouth, "that's two."

He agreed and I went back to sucking.

After a few more minutes he began to grab my hair and the back of my head to force me deeper and deeper onto his cockshaft and prevent me from pulling back. "That's right Jay," he said, "deep throat me."

It took about five more minutes of intense deep throating of his cock before he shot a massive load into me. The Daily Show was still on and he pushed me off him and onto the floor. "After the show finishes I'm fucking you," he said.

It was pretty hot being tied up on the floor with my lover's cum trickling down my throat and my cock jutting out hard as a rock. I watched the second half of the Daily Show on the floor. When it finished, Levy turned off the TV and returned his focus to me, "well, we are love, time to fuck your brains out."

He came off the couch and rolled me off onto my knees roughly. I was in no position to do anything to stop him with my arms still bound behind me. I felt him insert his fingers into my ass and then his condom sheathed cock quickly followed. I was impressed that he was able to be hard that soon after shooting a load, but it just meant that he was able to ride my fuckhole for longer.

Though I was rock hard, I was not in the most comfortable position, but it also did not matter at all. My job was to provide Levy pleasure right now. I focused as best I could on tightening my hole to provide him pleasure. It took what seemed like forever before he orgasmed inside me and pulled out.

"Ok, advantage Jacob," he said as he untied me just enough to make me work to get out of the restraints. He did not bother to unbind my cock so I had to work at that too.

"Let's get some sleep. I'll take my turn in the morning," I said when I was finally completely

unbound. So we headed off for bed.

“One favor,” Levy chimed up as we laid down in bed together. “I’ve been wanting to sell my Civic and my old bike for a Ducati 1098 for a while, but I am quite a bit short on cash.”

“And you were wondering if I could chip in?”

“I am hoping to get the limited edition one so it lists around twenty-five.”

“Not a problem,” I said, “but we probably need to sort out more than our sex lives before I put twenty-five thousand dollars up for a new motorcycle.”

“Fair enough,” he responded.

We fell asleep in each other’s arms.

In the morning, I decided against fucking Levy or having sex. That left things at Advantage Jacob and him horny as hell heading off to work. As he headed out, I commented, “I have a client this afternoon, but when you come home we should sort out our relationship a bit more and figure out the bike.”

Jamie

Jamie’s wire transfer had already cleared my bank and he showed up early in a high-end Mercedes. I buzzed him in and led him into the office.

He was visibly nervous. He looked different in real life than when I had seen him on TV. Somehow, in real life, he seemed shorter and slightly fatter. “Jamie,” I said, “you are more nervous than a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs.”

That broke the ice and he laughed. “Nice to meet you,” he said, “what should I call you?”

“Jay, Jacob, Yitzhak, YJ, whatever floats your boat.”

“Mind if I call you Yitzhak,” he said, “my wife shortens my name to Jay sometimes.”

“Not a problem at all. Why not sit down, take a load off your feet and tell me your situation a bit more?” I gestured to the chair.

I had to fight the impulse to torture, the hot star right then and there. That was a problem still brought on by the bullet in my head. No sense of remorse and no real ability to feel pain. Sometimes crazy ideas get into my head. I pushed them aside and decided to focus on hypnotizing Jamie. If I did not put him under he was unlikely to tell me much. As it was, he looked ready to jump out of the zero-gravity recliner I had just gotten him into.

“Ok Jamie,” I said firmly, “I need you to take ten deep breaths in and out, very slowly and very deeply.” I decided to use a metronome to help with the induction. I stood up to the shelf that held it and started it at the slowest speed. The pendulum was set to swing at the slowest possible speed.

“Time your breaths to the pendulum, breathe in at the left, and out at the right.”

“Focus on the small dot on the pendulum.”

“Relax your breathing,” I said firmly.

With his eyes fixating on the pendulum, I came around behind him, and sat on a stool. I then began applying pressure to his head in strategic locations to help him go under. It took nearly fifteen minutes to get him into a deep enough trance state that I felt safe to start giving real commands or digging into the reasons for his visit.

“Jamie, you are completely relaxed,” I started, “you will be focused on my voice, aware of my every word and remain calm and responsive to me. It is very important that you remember, if feels good to do what I say and to talk to me. Now, lift your legs an inch off the recliner and hold it.”

He complied.

“Put them down. Did that feel good Jamie?”

“Yes,” he answered back.

Slowly, over the course of three hours, I elicited the story of his failing marriage. I suggested a multi-visit treatment consisting of enforced chastity, forced sexual pleasuring of his wife, and punishments and rewards for compliance. He would visit me weekly to receive punishments or rewards based on his conduct. It was clear he wanted to save the marriage and my plan would help do that. We agreed on eight weeks of sessions for one hundred thousand dollars total, seventy-five thousand more.

Before I brought him out of the hypnosis, I planted a few cues. They were my standard bearers: (1) it feels good to please and obey me; (2) you feel relaxed and uninhibited around me, and trust me; (3) you will not remember the details of the hypnosis or the rules consciously.

He came to staring at the metronome and when I stopped it, he looked like he was just waking up.

“Jamie, so you are going to wire transfer the rest of the funds—seventy-five thousand dollars—to me tonight right?”

“Absolutely,” he responded.

“Let’s get started, I need you undressed and then we’ll go into the back.”

He stood up and unflinchingly stripped. Three hours ago he had been anxious, cocksure, and headstrong. Now he was putty in my sadistic hands.

“Sit down on the chair,” I said pointing to a simple, bare wooden chair in the middle of the room. “You will sit there and not move an inch until I come back.”

He did not make a sound or move and I headed for the house to find a chastity belt that I believed would fit him. I returned and he was still sitting, but his hands had moved from his lap to his sides.

“You moved,” I said.

“Um,” he stammered, “sorry.”

“We’ll deal with that in a minute. Let’s get this on,” I said. With no resistance, I had him into the CB6000 in under a minute. I locked it with both a numbered tag and a padlock.

“Now,” I said, “let’s deal with your disobedience. Stand up!”

He stood and I sat down on the chair. “Over my lap like a naughty little boy.”

The thirty-four year old, straight actor—an Aries, I might add—came over my lap without hesitating. “What happens to naughty boys,” I asked?

“They get punished,” he responded.

“How?”

“Spanked on their bare butt.”

“Right,” I said, “so I need you to specifically ask me to punish you for your specific misbehavior earlier.”

“Yitzhak,” he said, stammering slightly in fear, “please spank my butt for disobeying you and moving when you said not to.”

“Of course Jamie,” I said. My cock was throbbing in my pants and I was glad a hard cup was keeping my bulge away from my client. I began to slap his ass gently, nothing too severe this time. I only gave him enough of a spanking to provide a first lesson on punishments.

“Stand up,” I said. “What do you say?”

“Thank you for spanking me.”

“Exactly, now sit down and let’s review what you will be doing with your wife for the next week until we meet next time.” We reviewed my expectations for how much he would provide sexual gratification to his wife and the consequences for failure. We also discussed the possibility of an orgasm if he did *everything* he was supposed to do.

With that I sent him off.

Ducati

My session with Jamie had taken longer than I had expected. I was normally quite strict with clients about not getting underway in the first session. After he left I really wanted to masturbate, but realized that would be against the rules of the advantage system pact I had with my lover.

Levy was doing a double shift so I took the time to sit down at my computer and work out a contract for Levy and I:

Whereas Levy Cohen (“Cohen”) and Y.J. Levy (“Levy”) have met and fallen in love.

Whereas Cohen and Levy wish to document the terms of their relationship and cohabitation.

It is resolved that:

First, the parties shall live together. Each shall maintain their finances separately for the time being. To the extent one party purchases something for the other, it will be treated as an irrevocable gift to the other. For example, if Cohen provides cash to Levy to pay for house repairs, Cohen shall acquire no ownership in the house. Similarly, if Levy provides Cohen cash for a motorcycle, the motorcycle shall be Cohen's sole property.

Second, the parties have agreed to organize their sexual relationship with each other by using the advantage system. Each party agrees to follow the system and respect the other party in following the system. Also, each party agrees that the other may leave as a result of the actions of a party in practicing the advantage system.

Third, in lieu of any other property distribution or support payments, the parties agree as follows. If the parties separate within the first year from the effective date of this agreement, Levy shall pay Cohen a one time payment of twelve thousand dollars (\$12,000). After the first year, Levy shall pay Cohen support in the amount of three thousand dollars per month (\$3,000/month) for one year more than the number of whole or fractional years together. For example, if the parties stay together for two years and two days, payments would last four years, three whole or fractional years together plus one.

I added signature and date blanks below the agreement. Then I printed and signed two copies.

When Levy came home, I told him that I was ok about buying him the Ducati if we signed a simple agreement with each other. I showed him the agreement I had drawn up.

"Seems fair enough," he said after reading it. "Should I sign?"

"You want the Ducati 1098 S Tricolore?"

He laughed, signed both copies and said, "guess I should get the rest of my stuff moved in."

"That would be a good idea."

"Let me file this away and then as I recall, the advantage is mine and I plan to seize it."

"Sounds good."

I put the agreement away in the computer room, grabbed a blank check for thirty-thousand dollars and then went to the gear room to find a nice sleepsack. I have a rubber sleepsack⁷ that I had been wanting to have used on me for a a long while. This would of course be

⁷http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/SSR20_f.jpg

exploiting a corner of the advantage system. There is no need for the Top to fuck the Bottom, it is simply that the Bottom must work to sexually satisfy the Top. I also grabbed a French martinet for use on Levy should he fail to deliver on the sleepsack experience.

“Here’s a check for the motorcycle,” I said. “We can go shopping together tomorrow if you want. You aren’t working right?”

“Nope,” he responded.

“Great, that also means we can stay up for a few hours. I want to be put in this sleep sack and sucked and kept on edge for at least two hours. I orgasm early and I’m whipping your backside with this martinet.”

Levy’s eyes focused on the fierce whip in my one hand and the sack slung over my shoulder. “Hot!”

Levy got me into the sack quickly and zipped me up. It was tight and hot very quickly. “One second,” he said once I was in the sack and zipped in. With that he disappeared for a few minutes as I began to get nice and sweaty in the tight fitting sack. It was at least five minutes before he returned with a nice full blindfold⁸.

“Two hours starts when I put the blindfold on. If I fail to keep you sufficiently on the edge of orgasm or if you cum, you get to whip me.” With that, he put the blindfold on and announced the time, “12:13am.”

I had already been plunged into darkness and my body and mind were disassociating. The intensity of the tight confines of the rubber sleep sack, the heat, it was overwhelming. Then I felt my cock being sucked. I was seeing stars under the blindfold.

Levy allowed me to moan endlessly, scream for mercy and for him to stop, but he did not stop. For an eternity, my cock was kept on edge. Then I shot a load. “Shit,” I heard Levy say, “sorry Jay, it’s only been an hour.”

He kissed me passionately and took the blindfold off. It took a while for my eyes to adjust and during that time Levy unzipped me from the sack. “That was hot,” I said, “but we do need to punish you for letting me cum too early.”

I took about ten minutes to loosen up from being in the sack and then had Levy spread out on the bed on his stomach. I took the martinet and flogged him ten times with it, hard. This left nice red marks on his buttocks and back.

“I think that will do tonight,” I said, “but I notice it got you hard?”

“Yeah, I get turned on being spanked,” he said, “I went to a boarding school for a few years and they used to smack us a bit. I would get turned on by it.”

“Nice,” I said.

“You’re fucking hard again already?”

I looked down at my cock, I was.

⁸<http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/HT040.1.jpg>

“Well by my count we are back at love,” Levy announced, “so on your stomach then so I can beat your ass and see how little pain you feel?”

I turned over and my cock was jutting into the bed. The martinet began to wail into my buttocks furiously and, no surprise, I found it pleasurable. Although he was hitting me violently with the martinet, my body’s response was to become further and further aroused. “Levy, I’m going to orgasm from this,” I announced. He kept hitting me harder.

After I shot a load he jerked off and unloaded cum onto my red hot butt and announced, “Hard to decide here but I think technically we are at advantage me.”

“Let’s just assume that and get some sleep. We have to buy a motorcycle tomorrow right?”

We snuggled up. He collapsed onto my red hot, sore ass, we both fell asleep quickly.

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.

Check out my other stories at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>.

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3 Advantage System: Part 3

By TopLegal

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Ducati

The next morning, we headed over to Beverly Hills to check out the Ducati motorcycle that Levy had his eye on. I think Levy was especially suspicious of my decision not to fuck him in the morning. I was saving my advantage though.

We took my SLK55 AMG Mercedes convertible the few miles from my house over to the dealer. No doubt, the SLK would make a better impression than Levy's aging Civic hatchback. Levy brought along his riding gear and helmet for test drive purposes.

At the dealer, I let the valet take the SLK and we headed inside to check out the showroom. A young salesman buttonholed us quickly. Bob was quite eager to show us the 1098 S

Tricolore⁹ limited edition. In fact in the less than thirty seconds it must have taken to walk us over to the bike in the showroom, he said at least twice, “This is very hard to find and we’ve got the last one in LA.”

Levy examined the bike with an intense, lusting glimmer in his eyes. Bob explained the bike’s features and suggested Levy take a test drive of one of the regular 1098 S models to get a feel for the bike’s power. Levy got suited up and headed out. I had no interest in taking a drive myself and Bob had suggested a nice drive that would take a half hour. So I found myself sitting in the dealership for quite a bit before Levy returned with a huge shit-eating grin.

Thirty-five thousand dollars and another hour later, we left the dealer.

By the time we both got home and Levy parked his new Ducati in the garage with my SLK, we were both horny as all hell. “Jacob,” he asked, “you gonna retake the advantage?”

I smiled, “actually no, I was thinking of holding out for a bit to make this interesting.”

“Please,” Levy whispered. He approached me and started rubbing against me in his motorcycle leathers. His hard cock pressed against my side. “I need to be fucked.”

“No,” I said firmly. I then kissed him and stepped away and walked to the house.

He followed me, his hair sweaty and matted slightly from the recently removed helmet. “Please,” he begged, “I have the motorcycle of my dreams, the boyfriend—no make that lover of my dreams, and I need to be fucked.”

“Not now,” I said, “a little waiting will do you some good. Plus, I need to head to a bar and find a guy to use with one of my clients.”

“Can we at least cuddle for a bit?”

“Sure, but we both have to put a hard cup jocks on so neither of us is getting off.”

We headed upstairs, put on hard cup cocks and then got into bed and cuddled and kissed for several hours. Levy kept trying to go for more, but I stopped him each time. “I will fuck you later, a bit of waiting right now will make it even hotter when I finally fuck you right before you go to work tomorrow morning.”

It was just after five, but the time our cuddle session finished, I switched into tight fitting, ripped jeans and a white wife beater. I decided to walk to the bars to save myself any hassle of parking the SLK on the street a mere mile or so from my house.

Stud

Leaving Levy horny was not easy, I wanted to fuck my gorgeous boyfriend. Nonetheless, there was work to be done. Peter had paid me an additional fifty thousand dollars for a

⁹<http://www.ducati.com/en/bikes/my2007/ModelPage.jhtml?family=Superbike&model=SBK1098STRICOLORE-07>

second experience and it was coming up soon. Even before the advantage system, I had a strict no-sex rule with clients. Now, there was a second reason not to have sex with a client.

My typical practice was to pick up a young guy from a bar for stud use with clients that needed a sexual experience. LA is wonderful in that respect. Often the best finds are “straight” boys who are down on their luck. Just before treating Peter, I had treated an actor David who wanted to fuck a young boy. Nearing fifty and as a public figure, David was not going to be cruising for boys. I had found David a handsome twenty-one year old named Kyle in a straight club. Kyle was from Ohio. Come to become a star, yadda-yadda, broke.

It was not hard to get Kyle back to my place, or to induce a hypnotic state. Anyhow, David got to fuck Kyle bareback and Kyle got a thousand dollars. Not bad for a days work.

Peter’s needs would be more intense. I needed to find someone I could “borrow” for more like sixteen hours. He would need to be able to relax while being hooded. Also, he would need to be willing to take some prescription drugs to help stay rock hard for the entire session and fifteen or so fucks.

I honed in on a young guy with a lean, fit body quickly. “Yitzhak,” I said, switching to a foreign accent, and stuck out my hand to him.

He returned his hand and said, “Todd. Where are you from?”

“I actually live here now,” I said continuing the accent.” This usually hooked guys in this situation. Not one hundred percent sure why. Perhaps it was the sense that I was vulnerable, or just that I was exotic?

Todd turned his body to me, “can I get you something to drink?”

“Vodka,” I responded, “straight up.”

Todd smiled and ordered the vodka for me and took the same for himself. I let him drink. I did not. Though you would have had to watch me quite closely to realize I had emptied my glass on the floor rather than drinking.

“What do you do Todd?”

A shot on what was obviously an empty stomach had mildly imbalanced him, he wobbled unbalanced slightly before responding, “I’m trying to get my start as an actor.”

“New then?”

“Moved here a month ago from Georgia.”

“No luck?”

“None,” he said, “hey can I get you to buy a round?”

I smiled, “how about two on me?”

“Sure,” he said, enthusiastically. I paid for two rounds for both of us and again he slammed them down while I tossed my drinks.

More than just mildly drunk now, I asked, “look I have an interesting scene I’m putting together and could use some help with.”

“Movie scene?”

I responded honestly, “Not exactly, anyhow there is a thousand dollars in it for you if you are up to a long evening of work?”

“I’m not a prostitute,” he said, his words starting to slur slightly.

“I’m not a john and we are not going to have sex.”

“So what do I need to do?”

“Let’s go somewhere where we can discuss it further.”

I took him back to my place. Induced hypnosis quickly, trained him in what would be needed and gave him a prescription for a common erectile dysfunction drug. I also gave him two hundred dollars. He would be back an hour before Peter on the appointed day.

My work done, I headed into the house. Levy was naked in the bed and sporting a raging hard on. “Please fuck me,” he begged.

“No,” I reached over, turned him to the side and slapped his backside firmly, yet also playfully. Put the hard jock cup back on and we can kiss and cuddle for the night.

Fucking Levy

I waited until after we had both showered, eaten breakfast and it was within thirty minutes of time for Levy to head to work to announce my intent to fuck him and set the score back to love.

He was already dressed for work and I made him strip and put knee pads on to kneel in front of me, fully clothed. I had him take my cock out of my jeans with only his mouth and suck it. Then helped him up onto the kitchen counter, put a condom on, lubed up and began to fuck his ass.

Because of the advantage system, he was not allowed to touch his still rock hard cock. He moaned and bucked trying to take as much of my cock as possible to get me off quickly. Mostly he wanted that to have time to turn the tables on me before heading to work.

But, I took my time. Beg as he might for me to “fuck [him] hard.” I was slow, deliberate, and intense with my thrusts. I kept an eye on the clock and when twenty-eight minutes had passed, I pushed in harder than I had before and unleashed my cum while still inside him.

“Love,” I said as I pulled out, “and time for you to get your clothes on and get out to work so you aren’t late my love.” I pulled him off the counter, kissed him and walked out of the room.

“I’ll fuck you tonight,” he shouted as he was running out the door. A few minutes later, I heard the Ducati’s engine rev and then the sounds of it leaving the driveway.

Jamie's First Serious Punishment

Jamie's visit was scheduled for today and changed my clothes and headed to the garage. My treatment plan was simple. Cuckold him. By the time our eight visits were done he would not be able to touch his own cock again and his only means of sexual satisfaction would be pleasuring his wife and her periodically allowing him sexual release for a job well done.

Today he would have to be punished. Severely punished. He came in and stripped without hesitation. The CB6000 was still firmly locked around his cock.

"How'd that work out for you," I asked, pointing at the CB6000?

"It hurts," he said, "I'm constantly hard and it hurts."

"But you like wearing it for me, right?" It was fun to watch his response. On one hand, part of him resented the CB6000 and having his cock trapped, on the other hand my instructions that he would enjoy complying with my orders meant he also liked having it on. "Answer me when I ask you a question boy," I said firmly.

"Yes, sir." He looked to the ground, embarrassed, his face flushed red.

"Look at me when you answer me boy," I barked and slapped him across the face. His hands remained at his side and he did not resist, "how do you like wearing a chastity belt for me?"

"I like wearing it sir," he responded, managing to keep his eyes on me this time.

"And did you do everything I asked you to do with your wife?" He looked down away from me. I slapped his other cheek before he could speak. "Look at me boy."

"Please sir," he begged.

I slapped his face again. "Answer my question boy."

"No sir," he said and began to cry.

"Let's review exactly which things you did and did not do to determine how severely you should be punished." He was sobbing now like a little boy. "Where you fully clothed in your wife's presence at all times?"

"Yes sir," he managed through the tears, his face blushing further red.

"Is she at all aware you are locked in a chastity belt?"

"No sir," he said, he went to move his hands to wipe tears from his face, but I slapped his hand.

"Hands at your side boy! How many times did you provide sexual pleasure to your wife using only your mouth each day?"

"Once a day, every day except yesterday sir," he said. He began to sob hysterically, "please don't punish me sir, I tried."

"Trying is not adequate," I said firmly, "saving your marriage requires your full concentration, not just feeble tries. Why did you fail to please her yesterday boy?"

“I was tired and my cock was hurting from a week of wearing this belt,” he wailed and went to wipe his face of tears again. I slapped his hand again before it reached his face.

“Move your hands from your side again and they will be restrained behind your back boy.”

“Sorry sir,” he managed.

“Last question on your conduct, did you remove the chastity belt, play with yourself sexual organs, and/or attempt to experience—or actually experience—sexual pleasure since being confined last week?”

“NO!” He was wailing like a small child. “How could I, I’m locked in this fucking belt?”

I slapped him across the face hard, “do not curse at me boy.”

I grabbed him by the ear and took him to the bathroom in the garage. “Let’s start by cleaning your mouth out with soap.” I handcuffed his hands behind his back and grabbed a bar of soap.

“Open boy,” I said grabbing his hair and pulling his head back violently. He caught sight of himself in the mirror. Cheeks red from slap, tears running down his face and the fight went out of him.

His mouth opened and I inserted the soap and held it in for fifteen seconds before allowing him to spit it out.

I let him gag for quite some time before asking him, “now what were you saying about the belt?”

He hesitated and then managed, “not able orgasm belt helping me be honest.”

“Right,” I said. I let him gag a bit longer before bringing him to the center of the room.

“We need to punish you for failing to carry out your instructions. I would say a fair punishment would be fifty to a hundred lashes with a whip?”

His eyes bulged.

“I trust you are not thinking about disagreeing with me,” I said in a firm, threatening tone.

He bowed his head, then shook it.

I tied him spread eagle to a cross and then selected a cat-o-nine tail. “This will do nicely to train you boy.”

He whimpered as I ran the whip over his back.

“With each lash you will thank me for punishing you and promise to follow my instructions this coming week since you know it is proper to do as I say.”

“Sir,” he managed.

I lashed him with the cat. He screamed. “Thank you for punishing me sir, I will follow your instructions next week, I know what you say is right.”

We repeated that a hundred times. It took quite a while since after just a handful he was in such agony it took him a while to properly thank me.

However, my view is that any punishment worth giving is worth giving right and this would likely be the last time he disobeyed me. That mean next week we could turn to training him to vomit and get nauseous if he attempted to touch his own cock.

His back thoroughly bloodied, I untied him and treated his back with alcohol to prevent infections. That was followed by sterile bandages.

With new instructions for the coming week, I sent him home close to midnight.

Sleep

Working with patients like Jamie is exhausting. I knew full well that since we were at love, Levy was entitled to my complete assistance in helping him obtain sexual gratification. I felt mildly relieved to find Levy passed out on the living room sofa with the huge TV on.

I stripped down to my hard cup compression gear, and wedged myself onto the couch next to him. I was asleep in minutes.

I woke up to Levy kissing me, “time to fuck your brains out you dog.” In a smooth motion he pulled my cup off and I was naked. Rope was used to tie my left ankle. Looped behind my neck and then my right ankle. I was now folded over, legs in the air, ass exposed. My hard cock was pointing back at me.

Levy lubed my ass up and began fingering me. First one finger, than two, then three was inserted. “Ever been fisted?”

“No,” I responded.

“Good, well since you feel no pain, I want to see what it’s like to have my fist inside you.”

“As long as it makes you happy,” I responded.

Levy applied more lube and put a latex glove on his hand. Back in the fingers went. Four fingers were inside me all the way up to the knuckle. I think I have mentioned to you, due to a bullet still lodged in my brain, I barely am able to sense pain and lack a sense of remorse. It makes me both a great sadist and a great masochist. Here Levy was playing with the masochist side. His fist was now entering me and most people would likely have found the sensations intense, I just found it well, pleasurable.

“Fist me,” I pleaded, it feels good to have you pushing into me.

“I am,” he said, “we are past the knuckles and your sphincter is now clamping around my wrist.” He began to stroke his cock with his free hand as he worked his fist inside me, pushing further, and twisting.

I moaned and took it.

“Sucks not to be able to stroke your cock while I do this,” he asked.

“That’s our bargain,” I said, “this is your chance to enjoy yourself, not mine.”

“Right,” he said, his eyes glimmered mischievously. He pushed his hand further inside me. “Do you ever scream in pain anymore?”

I shook my head.

He smiled and pushed in without any more lube until entire forearm was inside me. “Feel good still?”

“Yes, no pain, only a very full sensation which feels, well nice, I’m hard as can be.”

Levy continued to stroke himself with his free hand. When he was close to shooting, he said, “Open your mouth to take this load.”

I opened my mouth and he repositioned his hard cock near my mouth. He shot into it and I swallowed his creamy load. He waited a few seconds more before pulling out of my ass and leaving me feeling quite empty. “I’m going to clean my arm up before untying you,” he announced. He walked away, leaving me hard, empty and hornier than hell.

When he came back about five minutes later to untie me, he asked, “let’s see you hold out on fucking me back with your advantage.”

I stood up having been tied folded over for the better part of an hour and said, “Ok, how about we wait until Sunday at ten o’clock in the evening for me to fuck you back?”

“You wouldn’t,” he begged.

“I would, could, and will.” With that, I walked out and upstairs to the shower. Levy loved the advantage system because it meant sex on demand. His Sunday at midnight reset was what set my time to fuck him.

After a nice hot shower, I stepped out to find Levy still naked. He was wearing kneepads and on the floor of the bathroom. “Please don’t make me wait until Sunday night to be fucked.”

“Up,” I said firmly. He stood up, I pushed my naked body against his and kissed him. My cock stiffened. Our tongues probed each other’s mouths. “Sunday,” I said firmly and pulled away and walked out of the bathroom, still wet.

Peter Gets Fucked

Todd showed up at the gate at the appointed time. I invited him into the carriage house. “You have your prescription?”

“Sir, yes sir,” he said in a deep southern accent.

“Strip,” I said, “we need to get you ready for your part.”

He complied and put his clothing in a cupboard.

“Ok, take your pills.”

He took five erectile dysfunction pills. He was about to be rock hard for the foreseeable future.

I led him into the playroom part of the carriage house. I put an ear bud into his ears and then hooded him. I had selected a puffy hood¹⁰ from Mr. S in San Francisco for Todd. Although I would have preferred the closed mouth variety, I felt for someone who had never been hooded, the open mouth one would avoid any hyperventilation.

Once I had him hooded, I collared him and chained him by the collar to stand in the center of the room. I put leather wristbands with D-rings on his wrists and then clipped his wrists together behind his back. Todd was quite a sight to behold now. Naked, hooded, erect, and unable to sit down, walk or basically do anything other than turn in place.

I put a radio mike on and talked to Todd, "How's it feel in there?"

"Good," he responded.

"Excellent," I said, "now for this shot to work, I need you to stay absolutely silent unless spoken too, not move at all, and basically just relax and enjoy being rock hard."

"Ok," he responded.

"I'm going to leave you now."

No response. I left the play area and shut the door. Peter was due any minute.

Peter was on time. He came into the carriage house and stripped naked without prompting. He was gorgeous and his backside showed no signs of his previous thrashing at my hands.

"Peter, I have a special treat for you tonight," I explained, "but let's first cover the basics. Any bed wetting since your visit?"

"No, but lots of masturbation and fantasy about being diapered and whipped," he said. "My time with you was the single best sexual experience of my life."

"Good," I said, "one thing we did not do last time was to finish the experience though."

He looked at me slightly puzzled.

"Think carefully Peter. After your friend was beaten by his dad, what happened next?"

Peter looked down at the floor and hesitated. He began to shuffle his feet, trying to idly stand in place but avoid my gaze.

"Peter," I said firmly, "answer me."

"Daddy fucked his boy's red ass."

"Exactly, and tonight after each whipping you are going to have your red ass fucked."

He gulped, then smiled and said, "thank you, I can see tonight will now become the single best sexual experience of my life."

¹⁰http://www.mr-s-leather.com/images/items/HT082_22.jpg

I led him back and got him on the diapering table. He was diapered and in latex shorts in under three minutes. Then he had to drink three liters of sports drink.

Only then did I introduce him to Todd.

“Peter, this young gentleman from Georgia will be playing your daddy tonight. After each whipping, I will unchain him, put a condom on his cock and let him rape your ass.”

“Thank you,” Peter responded. It was only been about three minutes after Peter downed the sports drink when he started doing the have-to-pee dance. “Sir, may I please use the toilet?”

“No, you need to learn to control yourself Peter and stop wetting your bed.”

At the five-minute mark, he lost control of his bladder and wet the diaper. I made him wait it out in the wet diaper for another five contemplating the strapping.

“No spanking bench this week,” I announced, “we are going to do this *exactly* like you saw it as a child.” “Now go select a strap from daddy’s closet,” I ordered.

Peter walked over to a rack of punishment implements, belts, and straps and selected an old-fashioned razor strap. He brought it back to me and I took it from him. I removed the latex shorts, the diaper, and dried him. He came over my lap when I sat down on the chair without having to be prompted and said, “Please daddy, I need to be punished because I’m a horrible bed wetting little boy who cannot control his wee-wee.”

It was easy to reduce him to tears with fifty of the best with the strap. When I finished I had him bend over the back of the chair exposing his red ass. “What happens now,” I asked the crying movie star, who although forty-something in age was crying like he was a small child.

Peter managed through tears to say, “Daddy fucks his boy’s red ass to learn him good.”

I cued Todd, and unchained him and condom sheathed his cock. I released his wrists so he could get a good grip on Peter. Todd was boned up from the erectile dysfunction drugs and fucked Peter like a madman.

Peter just sobbed and promised he would not wet his bed anymore. After about ten minutes of fucking, I pulled Todd off. Chained him back in position and then turned back to diapering Peter up again.

Once Peter was back in the diaper, I asked, “now did we do it exactly right tonight?”

“Yes,” he managed. He was in severe pain and had barely stopped crying from the strapping.

I made Peter sit on my lap like a little boy and he cried into my chest. He thanked me profusely and hugged me. Of course it was not long before he was begging to use the bathroom. I just held him on my lap tight until he wet the second diaper.

Then the punishment and fucking was repeated. All told, we went through fifteen diapers, four hundred strokes of the strap, and fifteen fucks by Todd.

I sent him home in a diaper along with an appointment card for a final follow up.

Todd still had not orgasmed. I unchained Todd. Still hooded. I used the mic to talk to him, “did you enjoy your scenes tonight?”

“Yes,” he said.

“You will be blue-balled and rock hard for a bit longer. I am going to send you home though. Your shooting fee is in your wallet, and I wish you good luck with your movie career.”

“Thanks,” he responded.

I took the hood off him and he was sweaty and disoriented. I fed him an energy bar and some sports drink and allowed him to sit down for a bit to recover before having him dress and sending him off.

Sunday

Despite Levy’s attempts to tempt me, I held us at advantage Jacob until Sunday night. Then at ten sharp, I had him strip naked. I took him into the bathroom and then shaved his pits and groin. I took my time doing and occasionally teased his hard cock.

“You planning to fuck me before midnight? We reset then technically.”

I smiled, “yeah, right before midnight.”

I rubbed my hands all over his now smooth body. I took out an enema bag and filled it with hot water.

“No way,” he exclaimed.

“It’s my advantage,” I said, “my choice of how to enjoy myself with your help.”

He nodded, submissively.

I inserted the enema tube into his ass and began letting his butt fill. I made him hold it in for thirty minutes. It was then quarter-of midnight when he finished voiding himself.

“Let’s fuck now,” I said, pulling off the toilet and pushing him onto the counter. I slid my condom-sheathed cock into his ass and fucked him hard. My orgasm came quickly and I pulled out and announced, “love.”

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.

Check out my other stories at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>.

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4 Advantage System: Part 4

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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Advantage System Basics

Quick reminder for those joining the story of how Levy's advantage system works. This applies to the relationship between Levy and Y.J. in the story.

- No masturbation or sex outside the relationship/framework. Both parties can mutually agree to some acts outside the framework, but as a whole it's off limits.
- During any one sexual interaction, one person will get the T(op) role and will be guaranteed sexual satisfaction, the other person will get the B(ottom) role. B may or may not get an orgasm, but his job is to ensure that T is completely sexually satisfied in that encounter.
- T & B roles must change around because the two people in the relationship can never be more than 1 "point" ahead of the other. (Sort of like Deuce in Tennis, so if Tom and Bob are the people in the relationship and Tom is the T to Bob in encounter one, then it is Advantage Bob. Here's the "catch", Tom cannot be T to Bob again until either it is Advantage Tom or "love".)

Accountant

"Levy," I shouted out the door to my motorcycle-gear clad lover, "my accountant Chris and his boyfriend Marcus are going to be visiting LA next weekend."

Levy turned back to the house to face me, "And?"

"Chris was hoping they could stay with us to save hotel bills."

"And?"

"Well, we haven't really had company together since we moved in together and I wanted to check if you minded?"

“Sounds nice.” With that, Levy dashed to the carriage house garage, and pulled out his bike and was minutes later zooming out of the driveway.

I dialed Chris at his office, “Levy’s cool with it.”

“Nice,” he said. “We need to review your 2006 taxes again. One thing, Marcus has been struggling with maintaining his weight under 140 lbs for modeling.”

Knowing what I did of Chris and Marcus’ relationship, this would mean that Marcus was being thrashed severely. The two of them has been together since Marcus’ nineteenth birthday—three years now. Chris was my age, around thirty-five and their relationship involved a lot of S&M. Particularly, Chris administering severe punishments to Chris for a wide variety of transgressions.

The latest transgression to make the list was a weight restriction. Marcus had landed a lucrative modeling contract in 2006 that specified that he weigh in every Monday no heavier than 145 lbs. Marcus in turn had agreed privately with Chris to receive foot whippings if he crossed over 140.

“Not a problem,” I said without much of a pause. “Quick question, you done with the whole San Diego thing yet? I miss having you living in LA.”

Chris chuckled, “settled up the estate issues last month, so Marcus and I plan to house hunt this trip.”

“Neighbors?”

“Beverly Hills looks affordable given the inheritance.”

“Not enough gays,” I quipped.

“We’ll see Jacob,” he responded and our call ended quickly

Jamie’s Cuckolding

Jamie’s arrival for his next appointment brought with it the chance to continue his self-paid-for-cuckolding. When he arrived, he stripped naked for me without having to be prompted.

“Sir,” he said, with his arms clasped behind his back, his chest pushed out. “I did every single thing you asked me to do,” he continued. “My wife was sexually pleased by me, fully clothed, twice a day every day since we last me.”

“Well done,” I responded. “You ready for a release?”

“Please sir,” he pleaded, “this chastity belt is painful.”

“Let’s have you lay down in the recliner and get you ready for the rest of your life.”

“Sir,” he responded and quickly laid down in the zero-gravity recliner.

“Jamie in order for your relationship with your wife to work, we need to make sure that you are ready to go back to life without a chastity belt. Today, I am going to train you in your

new relationship with your cock. Next visit if you are in compliance, we will get your wife involved.”

“Sir, that sounds good, will I still get my reward tonight for following instructions?”

“Of course,” I smiled. Then I induced a hypnotic state in him.

Today’s hypnosis would involve training him to get nauseous at the thought of touching his own cock sexually. Further, he would vomit if he actual touched his own cock. Lastly, he would henceforth only be able to experience orgasm in one and only one way: flat on his back, arms laced behind his head, cock slowly stroked by another person.

It took me two hours to lay down the suggestions and reinforce them repeatedly. Then came the practical section. His CB-6000 was removed and I asked him to think about masturbating.

Within seconds he was nauseous. I led him to the bathroom of the play area and ordered him to try and stroke his cock. He vomited into the toilet. Twice.

Success.

“I think you have a gist Jamie, but I think writing some lines before you get your reward would be a good idea, what do you think?”

Still face against the bowl of the toilet, I could watch his mind struggle. He was hypnotically cued to enjoy obeying me. On the other hand, he wanted sexual release after two weeks without orgasm. It took him about a minute to speak up, “sir, I think I would enjoy doing what you want me to do.”

“Good boy,” I said. I led him over to a desk and wooden chair. A ball point pen lay adjacent to three sheets of paper. The first had neatly typed at the top: “Thinking about touching my cock sexually makes me nauseous.” Below were twenty-five numbered lines to copy the sentence down.

The second sheet read: “I vomit when I touch my cock and become violently ill.” As with the first sheet, twenty-five numbered lines followed.

The third, and final sheet read: “I can only achieve orgasm from another person stroking my cock slowly because touching my own cock makes me nauseous and violently ill.” In addition to the twenty-five numbered lines, three more blank sheets with lines twenty-six to one hundred followed.

“Get writing,” I said and turned to leave him alone with the lines.

It took him over an hour to finish the lines. When I finally took him over to the table to lay down for his reward he was sobbing softly.

I had him lace his hands behind his head. His cock was rock hard and poking out. “Jamie, before I reward you, I need to know one very important thing.” I paused and waited for him to ask me back.

“What sir?”

“Do you understand how everything I am doing with you is to help you save your marriage?”

He did not pause, “Sir, yes, sir, thank you sir.”

I began to stroke his cock extremely slowly. I made sure it took an hour before he was able to achieve an orgasm. It was a slow, agonizing hour of ever so gentle stroking of his cock followed by stopping before he could climax. When I was satisfied that he had been kept on edge for long enough, I continued stroking him to climax.

I quickly cleaned up his cum covered groin with a hot towel and then helped him stand up. His muscles were sore from the intensive strain of being held on edge.

“Sir, thank you sir for rewarding me sir,” he managed and then hugged me.

“You are welcome boy.” I hugged him back.

“So I can go home without the chastity belt?”

“Right, pleasure your wife twice a day and hands off your cock or your butt and backside will regret it.”

“Sir, yes sir,” he said as I led him out and let him get dressed.

Feet Whipped

When I made it back inside the house finally, Levy was home with his motorcycle gear still on. His hard cock was bulging in his crotch.

“Nice night with your client?”

“Quite, we made great progress on saving his marriage.”

“Let’s work on maintaining ours,” Levy said grinning, “my advantage right?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely,” I responded enthusiastically.

“So how about for my turn as top you act out Marcus’ bottom role to me playing Chris?”

“Ok,” I said, “Marcus is kept naked inside the house at all times. He is working as a model regularly now so Chris confines himself to whipping Marcus’ feet.”

“For any particular reason?”

“Marcus is a total pain bottom,” I responded, “he loves being in agony. Unlike me though, it genuinely hurts him.”

“So Chris just whips him for the heck of it?”

“Most nights Chris gets a ‘gentle’ whipping. There are also punishment whippings.”

“And the difference?”

“When Chris is punishing Marcus the intensity of the strokes is harder and blood sometimes gets drawn.”

“Do they also fuck?”

“That’s the one thing Chris misses right now, he loves fucking his bottom boy’s red-hot, spanked ass. Sore feet aren’t quite the same.”

“Oral?”

“Absolutely.”

“And will Marcus service you?”

“Yes.”

“And do you let Chris spank you?”

“I have some times.”

“Let’s see how much pain I can inflict on your feet without you orgasming,” Levy said abruptly. “I trust since you don’t quite feel pain as such there is no need to tie you down?”

“No need to tie me down.”

Levy grabbed my belt and had me strip naked. I kneeled over a love seat leaving my feet dangling free for a whipping. “Don’t you dare cum Jay,” he said as he began striking my feet violently with the belt.

I stayed in place as he violently thrashed me. Of course due to the bullet in my head, my sense of pain was more or less gone. Almost all sensations map to pleasure for me and I found the intensity of the thrashing quite arousing.

Levy did too and after getting my feet nice and red began striping my ass with the belt. I had to fight the urge to orgasm and pleaded with Levy several times to give the strapping a break not due to pain, but due to the intense pleasure.

He did not relent. Only after I was certain was going to lose control, did the thrashing stop. I quickly felt him thrust into my reddened, hot ass and fuck me with his hard cock. When he orgasmed inside me, he announced, “love.”

I then begged him to get a cane and thrash my ass with it until I orgasmed. As I shot onto the leather love seat, I announced, “advantage Levy.” Then I collapsed into the chair.

He fucked me again right then and there, two more times. “Advantage Jacob,” he said before helping me up to the bedroom.

“I can see why Chris would miss being able to thrash Marcus’ ass. Fucking you with your ass sore and red is so hot.”

“I noticed you enjoyed it.”

We kissed and drifted off to sleep.

It was noon on Saturday before Chris and Marcus arrived. They were hardly inside the door before Marcus removed all of his clothing. We embraced and finally I introduced Levy.

Levy asked, “so how was the ride up?”

“Great,” volunteered Marcus, “we made great time.”

“Though you earned a foot whipping for not packing a suit,” Chris said.

Marcus bowed his head slightly. “Where do you want to punish me?”

“Let’s do it in front of Levy, he should see how a naughty boy is punished.”

Marcus nodded and walked into the living room. He went to the love seat where Levy and I had played last night and kneeled, his feet exposed for a whipping.

“Levy,” Chris began, “I need you to realize that Marcus will cry and scream in quite real and severe pain during his punishment. I hope that will not bother you?”

“Not at all,” Levy said grinning.

Chris took off his belt from around his jeans and began to thrash Marcus’ feet relentlessly. Marcus feet already were faintly red, but in seconds they were bright red. Blow after blow was violently landed as Marcus howled in pain.

Levy and I hugged each other and watched approvingly. Chris continued the assault on Marcus’ feet for a total of around one hundred blows. Marcus’ feet were bruised and crimson and he was sobbing uncontrollably. Though to his credit he had not attempted to stand up, move his feet away from the belt, or take any other action that could be construed by his owner as trying to avoid the punishment. That would only have resulted in Marcus being tied to a cross and flogged with a whip.

I had seen Chris whip Marcus early in their relationship for moving a hand to block a punishment spanking. The result was not pretty for Marcus. It was also, according to Chris, the last time that Marcus ever tried to interfere with a punishment.

“Stand up,” Chris ordered.

Marcus, still crying scrambled to stand on his very sore feet. You could see him wince as his feet touched the carpeted floor. Another wince followed as his body weight caused him to put pressure down.

“Over to the corner on the wood floor boy, some corner time standing on those sore feet will remind you to follow my orders better.”

Ok, I can admit it, I got hard watching Marcus’ slow walk to the corner. You could tell with each step he was trying to figure out how to avoid putting *any* weight on *any* part of his feet. He also was having no success. Every part of his foot had been thoroughly whipped. He reached the corner and clasped his hands behind his back and pushed his nose right up against the corner. He was crying non-stop still and you could see his body shaking slightly. He was bouncing if you will every so slightly to try not to put his weight on his sore feet.

“Stand still,” Chris barked.

Marcus froze and cried out in pain.

“Move and we repeat another hundred licks to your feet boy.”

Marcus wailed, his sobbing increased, but he stayed frozen on the spot like a statue.

“Levy,” Chris said turning his attention to my partner, “as you can see Marcus and I have a very clear relationship: he’s my slave and he gets severely punished for even mild disobedience.”

“Jay filled me in a bit.” Levy said. “I’m quite impressed you’re your control with the belt at that level of intensity.”

“Let’s just say Marcus’ new modeling job as given me plenty of opportunities to really practice control over a violent foot whipping.” Marcus whimpered loudly from the corner. He was still crying.

“How long will you make him stand in the corner?”

“Until he stops crying.”

That took nearly an hour. When Marcus had stopped crying for several minutes, Chris called him over to his lap. Marcus’ walk to Chris’ lap nearly caused him to start crying again, but he bit his lip to fight back more tears. He sat down on Chris’ lap like a little boy who had been punished by his dad. Chris used some tissues to dry Marcus’ face and let him blow his snotty nose. They embraced and Marcus thanked Chris for punishing him and apologized profusely for forgetting the suit.

It was almost hotter to watch the corner time and post spanking, thanks than the foot whipping.

Marcus’ Enema and Bedtime Ritual

At bedtime, Chris invited us to watch Marcus’ bedtime ritual. We decided to use the master bathroom for its larger space. A clean white towel was laid on the floor. Marcus was then brought over to stand on it. He was still walking quite tenderly on his feet which were now black-and-blue.

Chris then made him wait five minutes before starting to run the tap water warm. Taking out an old-style thermometer, he lubed it up and inserted it into Marcus’ waiting ass. Marcus whimpered and blushed.

“Living in San Diego has spoiled you,” Chris announced, “you used to get your bedtime ritual in front of company more often when we lived up here.”

Marcus’ face turned an even deeper shade of red.

I gave Marcus credit for not complaining about the public humiliation in front of Levy and me. Any complaint would have just resulted in a brutal punishment. So he took his ritual in public suffering the humiliation.

Chris filled a huge black enema bag with the warm tap water. “Three liter bag,” Chris said to us as he filled it. Once full, he hung it from our shower rod.

The thermometer came out and Chris took his time reading the temperature. “36.5 degrees Celsius,” he announced to Marcus, “quite normal.” Chris then took his time sterilizing the thermometer and putting it away in its case.

Marcus looked stoically forward trying to avoid awareness of his predicament.

“Levy, Jay, how about standing in front of Marcus while I administer the enema?”

Marcus’ blush returned.

We happily stood in front and hopped onto the vanity to watch. We periodically kissed each other as well. Why not enjoy the show after all?

The enema tube went in quickly and seconds later, Marcus’ gut was being filled with the warm tap water.

“He gets an enema nightly,” Chris explained. “He absolutely hates it. Loves pain, but hates an enema. We settled on this as his nightly ritual to ensure that he goes to bed every night knowing his place.”

It took almost five minutes for every drop of water to flow from the enema bag into Marcus’ bowels and colon. Chris made no efforts to speed the process, allowing gravity to do his work.

After the bag drained, Chris removed the nozzle carefully, making sure not to drip on the white towel.

“Explain to our hosts what happens now boy.”

Marcus was straining to hold the enema in his gut and slowly managed, “I have to hold it for fifteen minutes without even a drop leaking or I get another enema and another until I hold it.”

Chris said, “Right boy.” Then to us he continued, “Marcus actually devised this entire ritual.” Chris set a timer for fifteen minutes.

Chris stroked Marcus’ cock during the time causing the gorgeous bottom boy to moan and wince and groan. What torment. When the timer buzzed Marcus moved quicker than a bolt of lightening to the toilet to empty his gut. Chris inspected the white towel.

“Ok, we are done tonight boy,” he announced as he picked the towel of the ground. It took several minutes for Marcus to expel the entire enema from his bowels.

When the enema was fully expelled, Marcus stood up, embraced Chris and kissed him. “Thank you sir for the enema.”

Levy suggested, “mind if we all snuggle together in one bed?”

Chris said, “sure, Marcus enjoys being fucked and I don’t fuck him very often right now since I only really like fucking a boy with a red, sore ass.”

“I’m good with it.”

Levy seemed to be waiting for Marcus’ opinion. Chris sensed that and said, “Marcus doesn’t

get a vote.”

We headed out of the master bathroom, into the bedroom and piled into the king-sized bed.

House Hunting

The next morning after breakfast, Chris got Marcus dressed in what I was convinced was the skimpiest clothing I had ever seen. It was clearly “street legal,” but barely so. The top was a see through mesh muscle-shirt. Marcus’ smooth chest and body was on display. The bottoms seemed to be short-shorts. When they left to house hunt, Levy asked me to explain more about their relationship.

I described how when Marcus was eighteen he found Chris’ profile on Gear Fetish¹¹. The two had traded messages for weeks before talking by phone. At the time Marcus was going to Columbia University in New York City and also modeling periodically to help defray his school tuition. It was Marcus’ freshman year and he was struggling with his grades.

So began nightly calls. Bad grades meant Marcus had to punish himself and send photos with “Chris’ Slave” written on his chest in marker to Chris nightly. Other pictures of his red ass were required as well. Chris would then post the photos in his Gear Fetish¹² profile. Marcus’ grades improved. However, Marcus’ interest in school was waning.

Chris knew that he got off sexually from spanking guys. Marcus was discovering he liked being in pain. It was like peanut butter and chocolate.

Over the phone calls Marcus agreed to certain conditions that would apply if he went to live with Chris. Chris in turn agreed to care for Marcus financially. It is important to note that they still had never met in person.

By Marcus’ winter break of his freshman year there were over fifty days worth of “slave” pictures of him posted to the Internet. His nineteenth birthday was in February and he decided to drop out of school.

The morning of January 1, 2004 was when Marcus flew out to meet Chris for the first time. At the airport, Chris had to change out of jeans into skimpier clothes before the car ride back to Chris’ house. Marcus had to strip naked inside the door of Chris’ house. No spankings occurred for the first month.

Chris simply had Marcus become used to being a naked, submissive slave boy. Any offenses that would have resulted in punishment were noted and the discipline was a non-CP timeout and an explanation of what the CP would have been.

The enema ritual occurred for the first time that night and every night since. Marcus had mentioned in a chat to Chris that his mother used to punish him that way and it brought back memories of being a bad boy. Chris picked up on it and made Marcus write him a long email describing his childhood enema punishments in detail. Now Marcus suffers

¹¹<http://www.gearfetish.com>

¹²<http://www.gearfetish.com>

those punishments on a nightly basis. Every element, the white towel, the thermometer, the amount of the enema, the time to hold the enema, is an exact recreation of the way Marcus was punished as a child.

He hates it.

He also loves Chris tremendously and loves Chris for the courage to inflict it on him every night without fail.

I noticed at this point in telling the story that Levy was hard and stroking his cock. “Hey,” I said, “it’s my advantage boy!”

Levy stopped and blushed, “sorry.”

“I think just for that I should stop telling the story now unless you are willing to get hand-spanked to orgasm for my turn?”

Levy’s face contorted in frustration. Unlike me, he could feel pain. Also, unlike Marcus he was definitely not a “pain pig.” Further, even though I was offering to use only my hand, I had a heavy spanking hand.

“That’s unfair,” he said.

“Fuck unfair, that’s my offer. Or I can stop telling the story and I can just fuck your brains out taking my advantage.”

He came over my lap and I began spanking his smooth butt firmly with one hand. With the other, I began to stroke his cock.

I made sure to squeeze his balls several times to extend the spanking before finally letting him orgasm into my hand. “Eat your cum boy,” I ordered. Once he complied, I announced, “Love.”

“Ok, finish the story,” he said. “And you spank hard.”

I stuck my tongue out at him. We kissed. I continued explaining Marcus’ enslavement.

So again, for the first month or so there was no corporal punishment, or spanking whatsoever. There was also no sex, just a houseboy/slave relationship.

Marcus’ birthday is Valentine’s Day, February 14th. So as January closed, Chris had Marcus withdraw permanently from school. Non-punishment spankings, and sex then began on January 31, 2004.

Marcus loved them. He’s a total pain pig. The more pain you put him in, the closer he comes to orgasm. To a point. Chris quickly learned that point and that established the set point for punishment spankings.

From January 31, 2004 to February 14, 2004, Marcus and Chris had sex three or four times a day. Each time Chris would spank, whip, flog, etc., Marcus until his butt was red and then fuck him. Chris would frequently orgasm from the spanking. If not that, then Chris’ bareback fucking would bring on Marcus’ orgasm.

On Marcus' nineteenth birthday, Chris asked Marcus to "marry him." Chris is not allowed to "divorce" Marcus for any reason; however, Marcus is actually free to leave at any time with permanent palimony. So Marcus stays out of true love.

Marcus got the tattoo that day. It's on his inner thigh: "This cock and body are the property of Christopher L. Oxxxxx".

It took another day before the first punishment came. That was also the only time Marcus tried to stop a spanking. Marcus had spilled some coffee carelessly in Chris' home office. Chris did not hesitate to flip Marcus over his lap and began thrashing him with a hair brush.

At some point, Marcus moved his hand in the way. Big mistake.

Chris grabbed Marcus by the ear and dragged him to the garage. There he tied him to the rafters and began thrashing him with a bullwhip. Fifty lashes later and with Marcus' back bleeding, he stopped.

"If you ever try to prevent me from hitting your body at any time, we will repeat this but worse. Understood?"

Marcus nodded, broken.

Chris cleaned up Marcus' back and took him back to the office.

"What has to happen now Marcus?"

"I need to be punished for spilling the coffee."

"Right boy."

The hair brushing then occurred.

Levy interrupted. "How often does Chris punish Marcus?"

"Two, three times a week originally, now once a month or so."

"And this modeling gig?"

"2007 contract for Abercrombie and Fitch, he is making three-hundred thousand to be their 'guy' for 2007."

"How many shoots?"

"Anywhere, anytime, basically."

It was a few hours later when Chris and Marcus returned. Marcus stripped naked in the entry hall. "We bought a place in West Hollywood," Chris shouted.

"Nice, where?"

Marcus laughed. Chris swatted his behind playfully.

"It's the house right in your backyard, literally," Chris explained. I looked out the back window. "Yep, that one."

"Cool," Levy exclaimed. "We can knock down the fence."

Chris laughed, “that way Marcus can wander over naked for butt sex?”

We all laughed. Well, actually Marcus more blushed and hid his face than laughed.

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.

Check out my other stories at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>.

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5 Advantage System: Part 5

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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[Sorry fans, carpal tunnel keeps coming bck to bite me thus slowing story telling.]

Adam

“Adam nice to meet in person,” I said as I outstretched my hand to a well-known actor who walked into my studio for his first session. Adam’s nervousness was palpable. “Sit down and tell me how I can help you.”

Adam glanced nervously around the room. “Look, I know I’ve made a lot of butt sex jokes.” His eyes tried to avoid contact with my own as his voice trailed off.

I waited silently.

After ten minutes, he broke the silence. “I want it though.”

“Ok,” I responded, “I can help with that. It will help me if I understand your fantasy better.” I picked up a small pendant from a table by my side and began swinging it slowly. Lulling the nervous, but now somewhat relaxed Adam into a hypnotic trance was surprisingly easier than I expected.

I took my time over the next hour getting the information I wanted out of Adam under a trance. Then, I decided to make sure he enjoyed his visit and had him unzip and jack himself to orgasm slowly.

Very, very slowly.

Three hours of slow stroking efforts under hypnosis at my direction resulted in a very satisfying orgasm. I cleaned him up and had him zip up before waking him from the trance.

He came out of the trance looking relaxed and ready to pay me fifty thousand dollars for someone to come fuck him.

Denial

Back in the house, Levy—who had claimed the advantage—decided to tie me up and jack me slowly using a flashlight¹³. The bondage started with a straight jacket and was supplemented with ankle shackles. Finally the slow jacking began.

The session lasted about four hours and was agonizingly slow. Levy took his sweet time keeping the flashlight moving at all times. But never fast enough to let me orgasm until the very end. By an hour into the session I was bucking insanely and had to be strapped to the bed. Shortly past that point, I began to scream out for mercy and release. I was then gagged.

The remaining few hours are a blur of pleasure and pain that resulted in a huge orgasm into the flashlight.

Next up, he fucked my ass hard and shot a massive load.

Finished, he called out “Love.” And left me restrained to the bed to fall asleep.

In the morning, I was finally let go after he fucked me again and called out “advantage Jacob.”

Adam Returns

It was another few days until Adam was due back. I decided to split his self-requested “faggot butt sex” experience across two sessions. The first session would be used to acclimate him to having his ass penetrated, the second to have him fucked.

Also, this would buy me time to find someone to fuck him. Adam’s distinctive voice and Hollywood presence would make protecting his identity difficult. Additionally, in several of his films his characters had made anti-gay remarks. I settled on the use of a gag and ski-mask to hide his face and keep him quiet during the second session. Finding the right fucker was still going to be a challenge though.

Then a thought occurred to me, a friend Ricky had just broken up with his boyfriend and was regularly trawling Craigslist for bottoms to fuck. He would be game for a semi-anonymous fuck and would not mind wearing a ski mask himself.

Adam arrived early to his next visit and I had him undress immediately. His homophobia was palpable, but he resisted making a wisecrack. I led him into the play area and had him get up on an examination table with stirrups. I had hung a mirror over the top so he could watch himself get fucked by the dildos and buttplugs I was planning to use in the session.

The first step though was to restrain his hands to his sides and his legs into the stirrups. Silence though. No complaints, no complaining, just submission.

I put latex examination gloves on my hands and cleaned his ass crack with soap and water

¹³[http:// www.fleshjack.com/ice-jack/](http://www.fleshjack.com/ice-jack/)

followed by a mild alcohol wipe. Next, I lubed up his ass with a silicone lube and worked fingers into his waiting ass. Then the first complaints began to trickle forth.

“Let me up faggot!”

I slid my fingers out and inserted the first butt plug.

He gasped and called out again, “Gay-bo let me the fuck up, I want out.”

I began to twist the plug and shove it in and out, all the while ignoring his pleas. Then I took my other gloved and lubed hand and began to stroke his cock gingerly. His complaints and cursing increased, as did the small erection that had started before my stroking.

As I pulled out the first plug and switched to a small dildo he cursed louder, but his hard cock belied his pleas for the experience to end.

As the anal assault on his ass continued with ever larger dildos, I began to whisper to him quite softly. “Adam,” I would say stroking and pulling the dildo out, “when you come back next week for a real man to fuck you.” I would pause and push the dildo back in, “you need to be quiet and focus on enjoying butt sex.”

Over and over again, I would time the thrusts with my whispered lecture. All the while stroking him ever so gently, but not enough to permit and orgasm.

After two hundred thrusts with that cue, I switched to the largest dildo I was planning to use in the session and began whispering to him about fantasizing for the next week about how good it would feel to be fucked by another man.

Two hundred thrusts. Then it stopped abruptly without a release. “No orgasms,” I said in the barest whisper as I untied him. “See you next week.”

He left without release.

During the intervening week as Levy and I fucked like rabbits according to the rules of his advantage system, I convinced Ricky to participate in fucking my “movie star” client.

When Adam returned for his third visit, I quickly had him strip and restrained him to the same examination table. A gag went on and then a ski mask in quick succession. I lubed his virgin ass, stroked his cock a small touch and then went to get Ricky.

Ricky was wearing a ski mask already and was hard from watching a porno I had started him watching. He came in, checked out the restrained movie star and went to town.

Through the gag, I could hear Adam attempting complaints, but they were muffled beyond recognition. Ricky’s anal assault was intense and brutal. His cock was massive and he wasted no time in just ramming it in and out of Adam’s tight virgin ass. There was no care given to Adam’s sexual satisfaction, only Ricky’s own.

I finally backed Ricky off so that Adam’s first butt sex would last longer forcing him to pull out and stroke Adam’s cock for a while. Adam enjoyed that part the most, the hand jobs between the anal assaults.

At my direction, the sex encounter stretched out to an hour and culminated in Ricky shooting

a massive load into the condom while still inside Adam's ass.

He pulled out and headed out without looking back. I freed one of Adam's hands so he could jack himself to orgasm.

Only then did I untie him and remove the mask and gag.

The following week Adam returned for his final debrief. He thanked me profusely and indicated that he wanted another go. In keeping with my policies I raised the price—\$100,000—for another visit. He gladly accepted and insisted on paying \$200,000.

During the week leading up to the fourth visit, Levy got a promotion at work to district manager that involved a two-week trip to headquarters out of state. We negotiated that the advantage would not reset to love during his absence. Through a chain of events, that meant he left on a Sunday morning with me holding the advantage after a series of back and forth volleys including some intense bondage and sex in front of Chris and Marcus.

Adam's return the following week was nice. Before Ricky entered this time, I numbed his cock with a gel and gave him a Viagra. A potent combination that would ensure an extended fuck.

This time, Adam made no sounds through the gag and without me having to have Ricky pull back the fuck session lasted three hours. During that time, Ricky jacked Adam to orgasm twice and Ricky only orgasmed once.

After excusing Ricky, I untied Adam and removed the mask and gag.

"Thank you," he said standing and hugging me. That was the last I saw of him.

Cycling

With Levy gone, Chris talked me into going motorcycle riding with him. I used Levy's Ducati and gear and we had some fun rides just around the outskirts of the LA area.

Somewhere in those weeks, Marcus' modeling contract fell apart and Chris was back to beating Marcus on a regular basis. It was fun to watch Marcus come across the yards naked in the morning with a red butt, bruises on other parts of his body and cook naked to prepare Chris and me meals.

Also in that period, I took on a new client who would push me past the edge and provide most anyone—including the doctors who certified I was fit to return to practice—concrete proof that I had lost all sense of right and wrong.

Dean

[Dean is not the patient's real name nor the name of any characters he played. Dean was 20 at the time he first sought my help.

I printed the report on Dean off the database. According to the report, Dean was making a million dollars an episode in a leading role on a major television series. The show had just finished several successful seasons and Dean was eyeing various movie roles.

My hand reached for the phone, I pulled it towards my ear and dialed his number 310-xxx-xxxx.

“Hello?”

“Dean,” I responded. “Dr. Levy here returning your message from yesterday. Can you talk for a bit?”

“Um, sure. My friend Scott Xxxxx spoke highly of your ability to help people with thorny issues.”

“I consider myself quite expert at helping individuals such as yourself who find themselves in need of a personalized treatment plan.”

“Actually, Scott was quite vague about what you do. I had been bemoaning some sexual frustrations over a few drinks. He left me a black business card with your number and said to call you.”

“I have a tremendous number of quite satisfied clients. Can you give me some sense of what you want help with?”

The phone seemed to go dead, but I stayed with the silence until Dean broke it, “I’m interested in experiencing extended chastity.”

The pause was deafening; however, I did nothing and waited for Dean.

He continued, “I want to work up to eventually going probably six months without an orgasm. There are some other things I want to do, but that is the gist of it.”

“That sounds like something I can help you with Dean. Something like this will require a large number of sessions over the course of several months to make a success.”

“I know,” he blurted out, “Scott said you were pricey for just one visit.”

I laughed, “I consider my prices quite fair for what I do.”

“How much?”

“One million dollars for a session every week.”

More silence.

“How about we do the first session free, if I’m satisfied you can help me, I will pay in full, in advance?”

“Fair enough,” I said, “see you at my home office tomorrow morning at ten am sharp. Ready to write down the address?”

I heard fumbling in the background. “Ready.”

“1360 xxxxxx, it’s just off Sunset up into the Hollywood Hills slightly. At the gate just press

the button and I will buzz you in. Just bring your car to the carriage house garage by the side. You can park in the open bay if you want. Either way, come into my office from the garage and we'll get you started."

"Got it, is there a number other than your recording?"

"No. I'll have some paperwork for you to sign before we get started and then we can have your first session."

"Ok, see you tomorrow," he said before hanging up.

First Visit Free

It was a relatively brisk day for Los Angeles when Dean pulled up to the gate and buzzed me a minute early. I buzzed him in and had his paperwork ready.

- a request for a credit report with spaces to copy a driver's license and major credit card
- consent agreement
- release of liability
- nondisclosure agreement
- wire transfer instructions for \$1,000,000 fixed fee consulting cost of fifty-two sessions

I walked him through the agreements and indicated that anything past this visit would only occur upon completion of the wire transfer.

It took us less than ten minutes to work through the forms. I made him copies and then invited him to relax in the zero gravity recliner. The chair really was perfect for hypnotizing clients.

"Relax Dean," I said. "My goal today is to find out during this visit exactly what you want and then we work out a game plan of how to help you experience it."

"I've been reading all of these chastity stories online."

"Where?"

"Um, this site [altarboy](http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/)¹⁴."

"Ok, when did you start reading the stories there?"

"About a year ago, stumbled on it accidentally, and just got hooked."

¹⁴<http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>

“What attracts you to the stories?”

“The thought of losing control like that.”

“Like what Dean? I need you to be quite specific to make sure I can help you.”

Slowly, I pulled the information out of him. My use of hypnosis on Dean was quite mild. He was eager to share his desire for chastity with me. As he did most of the talking, I took the opportunity to liberally explore his hot, muscular body. Dean offered no resistance to my exploratory touch.

“Dean, let’s be really clear,” I intoned calmly. My mouth was right near his ear and I was speaking quite softly. My left hand had worked its way up his shirt. I was very gently caressing his left nipple as I whispered, “you are offering me a million dollars to force you into chastity and sodomize you with a dildo regularly?”

He paused before responding, “yes.”

“There is also the matter of the Berlin trip and making sure you are publicly used as a sex toy.”

“That too,” he said. His voice seemed to plea with me. “I’ve needed this for so long.”

“Here’s my proposal: go home. Wire the money to me. Then, starting tomorrow, we’ll do one week of chastity. Then one month. Then three months. And finally, six months. At the end of six months we will do the Berlin trip.”

“Can I please orgasm?”

“No,” I said as I pinched his nipple hard and twisted it. I elicited a gasp and a howl. “Let’s check your measurements, stand up for me.”

He complied and took off his clothes for me. “Quick note Dean, that was the last time you wear clothes around me here. In the future you strip naked the second you enter my office. Got it?”

“Sir,” he responded.

I put on some latex exam gloves and took out a tape measure. “No talking as we measure you Dean. Clasp your arms behind your head and stay absolutely silent while I jack you off.”

I applied some cold KY jelly to the glove as Dean lifted his arms up and clasped them behind his head silently. I began to gently stroke Dean’s cockshaft with my gloved hand. “Yes, let’s get you nice and flaccid for measurement. One word, one movement of your hands and I will flip you over my lap and spank you like a naughty boy.” Before I finished the hand job, I took a few erect measurements of Dean’s cockshaft.

Dean stayed stoically silent throughout the hand job I delivered. I made sure to take my time with it though. As he shot, I filled his cum into a smallish test tube like vial. I sealed the tube quickly.

“You’ll be seeing that tube and that cum again tomorrow,” I said cryptically. “Let’s finish measuring you.”

I removed my gloves and took out a tape measure and began measuring him. I was certain that one of three Tollyboy¹⁵ belts I owned would fit him quite securely. If nothing else I could call the company and get a replacement cock sheath delivered within a few days that would be more precisely tailored to Dean’s cockshaft.

Wire Transfer

I had sent Dean home around four o’clock. It would be tight timing for him to get the wire transfer to me in time to start the next day. That was somewhat by design.

Inside the house, I went up to my office. There, I found the most appropriate Tollyboy¹⁶ that I owned and a cock sheath that I felt would be satisfactory for a start. I also ordered a new belt for Dean.

I then found two matching pieces of leather to make paired necklaces. The first one involved transferring his cum from the test tube to small cylinder a one centimeter tall by a quarter of a centimeter in diameter. I then used a small blowtorch to seal the open end shut.

I took out a nice polished stone that had an opening in it for the vial to slide in. As designed the stone would keep the vial visible through a vertical slit about an eighth of a centimeter wide and nearly a full centimeter in height. Basically, this stone would put his cum-in-a-vial on display. I attached the stone to a leather lanyard that I would cut to length. For the next year, Dean would be wearing his cum on display on his neck.

I took another identical lanyard and attached the key to the chastity belt and fitted the lanyard to my neck. I then put the key around my neck where it would stay for the next year.

At nine o’clock, confirmation of the wire transfer rolled in. Dean had apparently decided he was ready to experience his fantasy.

Chastity

When Dean arrived, he stripped naked quickly. I led him to the play area where the Tollyboy¹⁷ was waiting for him.

“A new one is on order that will more precisely match your measurements, but this will do.” I quickly attached the cock sheath and then the belt. He was locked in. “A week starts now,” I said and then I sat down on a chair.

¹⁵<http://www.tollyboy.com/>

¹⁶<http://www.tollyboy.com/>

¹⁷<http://www.tollyboy.com/>

“Come here boy,” I said firmly. He approached, unsure. I grabbed him by the ear and pulled him over my lap. “Time to sodomize your ass.”

I put a glove on my hand, lubed his ass and began fucking him with a dildo. He moaned appreciatively at first and then as the dildo continued to penetrate him, realized his predicament. He was locked up with no room for his cock to even expend.

“Up,” I said unceremoniously. “Keep the dildo in your ass and walk over to the shelf and get me a riding crop.”

He stood and walked to the shelf where a riding crop hung from a single peg. He came back and handed it to me.

“Over my lap again boy,” I said.

“The purpose of this exercise is to demonstrate my dominion over you.”

With that, I began to strike Dean over and over with the riding crop as he howled in agony over my lap. To his credit, he did not attempt to get up, roll away, or block my punishment. For that, he got deep red welts that would last until his release a week ahead. When I finished, I forced him to sit on one knee like a little boy and cry against my shoulder.

Then I kissed him on the forehead and told him I would see him in a week and sent him packing.

Levy Returns

Levy returned a day or so after my session with Dean and horny as hell, I tied him up, whipped him with a riding crop sorer than I had whipped Dean and then fucked him twice in quick succession declaring advantage Dean on finishing.

He quickly turned the tables and whipped me with the crop until my entire backside from my calves to my shoulder blades were bright red and then fucked my brains out.

Ah, love.

Release1.0

Dean faithfully returned a week later. You could tell from his strained expression that a week of the chastity belt had taken its toll.

“Your new belt came in,” I said nonchalantly as I led him back to a table where I was about to restrain him, face-and cock-up. The red lines from the previous week’s riding crop session were still clearly visible as he climbed onto the table and lay down.

I quickly restrained him to the table at a number of points and then unfastened the chastity belt. “So Dean, here’s the thing today. You will get no relief until I get the truth.”

He looked at me confused.

“You did not just start reading chastity stories online,” I said firmly, “but rather I believe you have had these fantasies for quite some time. I want to know where they started.”

I put on a glove and then lubed Dean’s cock. My motions on his cock head were light and supplemented by a feather in the other hand. As he began to squirm, I continued. It took only ten hours of painful orgasm denial to get at the truth.

His fantasies had started with a story about a chastity slave he found in his dad’s Penthouse magazine. Though the story was about a female slave. He had fantasized about this story since he was nine years old. He still had a copy and I told him that he was to surrender it to me if he ever expected to have another orgasm after this one.

Then, unceremoniously, I brought him to a quick climax and quickly threw an ice-cold towel over his crotch to take away any pleasure from the climax.

The new chastity belt was affixed less than thirty-seconds after the climax and I untied him and forced him over my lap to be sodomized with the dildo again. He asked me to whip him again with the riding crop and I complied taking extreme pleasure to cause him to wince and scream and writhe, all the while never interfering with my blows.

As he sat on my knee crying afterwards he confessed his need to have his mouth and ass used to be happy and I explained I would help him get there.

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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