

Cum Control 1

Author

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Contents

1	Cum Control 1	2
2	Cum Control 2	7
3	Cum Control 3	11

1 Cum Control 1

By TopLegal

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John Doe

How he got here and who I am is of little importance.

Really.

The fact is that John was here and in quite a position. Strapped to a cold surgical table with his arms and legs stretched out to the four corners and quite firmly restrained. A separate strap about his midsection kept him pinioned down.

I watched from the observation room as he came too. They all acted the same on coming to. First disorientation you could watch their minds come to and start questioning where they were. Next came recognition that they were restrained. And finally fear and shouting.

John took a bit longer than most to start shouting but then it was the usual: "Where Am I... Let me go! ... I'm very important ... when the police get you..."

Whatever. I have a policy of letting them wear themselves out of the shouting. I remember once that a guy managed to keep shouting for half a day, but that is a different story.

John, beautiful John quieted down after just a few minutes.

I watched his taugth muscular body strain against the restraints a bit more before giving up the ghost and surrendering to the situation.

Implements

I took my cue to enter. I put on my mask, what with my respectable job and all it is important that the celebrities who visit me not know who I am. I suppose in that sense I am a bit like the masked magician who gives away the secrets of magic for Fox.

Fox, Fox Mulder, aka John Doe was lying there waiting for me. His ample cock awaited my attention. I entered the room quietly and pushed the well-oiled surgi-cart up by the table before John noticed me.

“What are you going to do to me,” he asked.

I leaned close to his face. He was beautiful—and not to mention well hung. I whispered softly near his ear my intents and he began to struggle hopelessly against the restraints. But something else happened as well, the fear caused his gargantuan cock to begin to stiffen noticeably.

I picked up a feather from the surgi-cart and began to brush it, gently against his hardening cock. His struggles against the bonds was tiring his handsome body out and yet his cock remained quite firm. I was making sure of that.

“Let me go,” he began to beg as his physical struggle subsided and his breathing became heavy from exhaustion.

I let out an audible laugh and picked up the pace with the feather.

His massive cock was now rock solid and a good eight inches plus sticking straight into the air. I took this opportunity to violate his cockshaft with my hand. Dropping the feather carefully back onto the cart, I took his massive trunk of a dick in my hand and stroked it gently.

John moaned in audible pleasure. Yes, he was relaxing, but he did not fully appreciate what was to come, or perhaps more accurately not cum.

Hour 1

When I do this I always pay special attention to the first hour. If a man loses it in the first hour then the whole game is lost. My record at keeping a man from cumming is eighteen hours: John Doe XIII. My worst handling though was that little boy thing, oh John Doe IV, he exploded when he woke up strapped to the table the poor thing. I just had him sent back home.

I suspected John would be somewhere in the middle. This is the fun part for me. Seeing how long I can draw it out and yet keep them right on the brink. It is a delicate game. Too little arousal for their pretty cocks and they go flaccid, too much and a volcano of cum erupts together with some of the most interesting grunts and other primal noises. Yes, a man whose orgasm has been drawn out makes the most primal sounds. And then when you stimulate them the second, third, and so on times without any breaks. Oh it is wonderful.

My target is always to get at least two-four hours of pleasure this way and I could see John was going to oblige.

I spent the first hour working with just the feather on his humongous cock shaft. Actually, it would be more accurate to say I spent it working on the rim of the crown and tip of his cock. I worked the feather around ever so gently.

After just a few short minutes I could see that each touch of the feather was having its desired effect on John’s body. He kept up the brave face, but the slight moans and gasps—and not to mention his raging hard on, belied a different story.

The ten minute mark was the turning point for John's first visit to me. He stopped talking and tried to focus on cumming. Thinking that he might leave sooner, I smiled beneath the mask.

I slowed my work with the feather and switched to a shoelace. Wrapped once in a circle around the head of his thick shaft just below the mushroom-like cap I could move his raging hard on around without much physical contact.

Holding the shoelace by the outer ends I pulled his cock shaft around in different directions. Pulling it all the way down to make contact with the cold surgi-table John lost his focus. I smiled and loosened my hold on the shoelace to let his cock return to a more natural erect position straight up and a bit towards his head.

Then I began to pull the shoelace left-and-right causing the circle of cotton fabric to rub around the sensitive top of his shaft near the tip of his cock.

In repeating motions I would pull to the left so my right hand nearly touched his cock head and then pull with my right hand till my left hand was just as close. The motion was clearly arousing and John was getting into it but also frustrated that the sensations were not quite intense enough to allow him to release. Further I would periodically pull his cock tip to touch the frigid surgi-table surface as I did this to prevent him from becoming too aroused.

Hours Two To Four

After the first hour, I prefer to attach a computerized electrical device for the next few hours. This allows me to fully enjoy the beauty of my captured victim and the nature of his situation. I generally take pictures at this time—noisily and to their annoyance and reduced arousal. Also I tend to admire what I like to call my spunk collection.

Just behind John's head, well out of sight given his restrained position there are small jars, each with a white printed label: "John Doe I", "John Doe XIII", the jars fill three shallow book shelves. But there was clearly room for more jars. On the surgi-cart, one labeled "John Doe L" sits waiting.

My computerized device is of my own invention and measures temperature, blood pressure, and a number of other factors while administering mild, and not so mild, electrical currents to the cock shaft and tip that are quite arousing, or quite painful. I have used it several dozen times now and it has never failed me, e.g. allowed a guest to cum before I wanted them to, etc.

Now had anyone examined the jars closely they would have noticed that they were designed for collecting milk—cow milk—from a milking machine. I fitted the empty, labeled jar to the collection output of the modified milking machine I kept in the laboratory.

Then I headed back to the observation room to watch John's plight. Once there I unbuttoned my 501s and whipped out my own massive cock and began to stroke it. I could watch John and his humongous cock struggle against my cum control machine. Blood pressure too high—wham, an intense painful electrical shock would slam into his cock causing him to lose that

erection. Then subtle electrical stimuli would work it up again.

Hour Five

My own stroking was designed to keep my cock stiff, but also to restrain myself from cumming. I hated to blow my wad too early in the evening. As I watched my stimulator bring John so close to the brink of orgasm and then snatch it away, I almost lost myself stroking.

But I stopped myself right on that crucial juncture and stood up leaving my still stiff cock hanging out loose in front of my 501s.

I returned to the surgi-room where John was recovering from a massive electric shock that had shattered what would have undoubtedly been a quite massive orgasm after nearly five hours of constant cum denial.

“Stop it,” he begged softly, his voice fairly hoarse from crying out. I picked up a water bottle and squirted some ice cold water on his face and into his mouth. He swallowed it eagerly and I delivered some more.

His cock started to stiffen again and I shut down my electro stimulator machine and removed the electrodes from his cock shaft. Even the slight touch of my hands and fingers as I removed the electrodes was noticed by his sensitive cockshaft.

I bent over the table and allowed myself a single lick: my tongue went around the mushroom cap of his cockshaft with the lightest touch and then from the base to the piss slit and I let my tongue linger for a second and then flicked up and off his cock.

John let out a beautiful moan. I could taste the faintest amounts of pre cum, he was ready.

I slid the see-thru suction end of the milking machine onto his hardened cockshaft and pushed it down to the base. With a touch of my foot on a floor switch the milking machine roared to life.

Give me your Cum

Whereas up until now the game had been about preventing the well-hung, stud from cumming, the game now was different. Every drop of cum in his ball sacs, every last drop would be mine. He was primed and I would have all of his cum in a specimen jar.

The first orgasm came quite quickly as you might imagine. It usually does after extended orgasm denial. A boy having been denied for hours is sensitive and the intense suction of the milking machine is more than adequate to cause any man, no matter how strong, to release a gush of cum.

I watched the first load flow through the clear suction tube and land in the collection jar. You could see the milker just draw it out of his cock effortlessly, with John’s ejaculating body and the milker cooperating.

But now the fun starts. I applied some additional lube to my now stiffer cock shaft and began to stroke it again as I watched the milker continue to pull cum out even as John's body began to subside from the orgasm. Now the pain of the milker began.

Despite John's attempts to fight it the milker extracted several extra strands of milky gism from his cockshaft. Then it continued its relentless stimulation and sucking.

More so than earlier I could see John strain against the restraints. Every muscle in his body tensed and he struggled to free himself. He tried shaking himself to fling the milking cup from his cock without much success (he was quite thoroughly strapped to the table). He grunted, moaned, pleaded, cried, begged, and then found how sensitive his cock was from the now relentless stimulation and started even laughing and crying at the same time.

The sight of his taught muscles pulling against the restraints despite the futility of it all aroused me tremendously and I began to stroke my cock harder. I studied his flat chest as he heaved trying to wiggle just a little bit of freedom from the relentless sucking. The primordial animal sounds that began to emanate from him as the milker pulled a second orgasm out of him were fantastic.

I found myself spilling a load of my own cum onto the floor of the surgery as John's cum again was drawn forth like a string from his sensitive cockhead and into the collection jar.

I continued to stroke my own cock gently allowing it a slight reprieve, but the milker offered the bound boy no such luxury and despite barely having released a second load of cum the milker was sucking firmly on John's cock demanding a third load.

My second orgasm was gentle and this time I made a point to catch it with one hand and then force it into John's mouth. I used my fingers to force it onto his tongue as he laughed, cried, and called out in intense pain from the continued attention to his now quite sore cockshaft.

Then I left the room. The milker was self-sufficient and I had what I wanted.

John would be returned to his house and despite some serious sore muscles the next morning would probably write off the experience. But I had a trophy for my collection.

Write the Author

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

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2 Cum Control 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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Tom Smith

Tom had followed me home from the bars. Always a dangerous proposition. I looked like a normal thirty-something guy. Most guys always thought they recognized me from something. The usual line from the twinks in west hollywood went something like, “aren’t you the guy from that show [insert TV show here]”.

I would generally smile and avoid the question with one of my own, “What are you looking for?”

A handsome barely legal twink was my most recent prey. Unlike some of my tricks who I would kidnap off the street, the blond haired, blue-eyed aryan looking boy had followed me home quite willingly.

The predicament he found himself in though was quite a bit different than what he had bargained for.

Torture Wall

From my side of the wall, a large circumcised cock, and balls, protruded from a hole and nothing else. The otherwise smooth wall surface gave no evidence of the odd restraining bench on the other side.

To my right a video screens revealed different shots of the young aryan boy’s restrained body on the other side of the wall. One camera captured Tom’s face, another his back side, still others were capable of being panned and zoomed.

Tom was still unconscious and I decided to use the time to prepare.

Cum Dungeon

I have a quite elaborate three room cum dungeon in my house. Tom was in a small room which primarily consisted of a restraining bench designed to hold a man in position so that his entire body was trapped against a padded partition while his cock was in a completely different room. Exposed for my torture pleasure.

Tom's cock and balls were in my torture room as I like to call it. The room includes my table along with several unique pieces of cum torture equipment which I frequently inflict on strangers I find in the bars and streets. A small bookcase contains a large cum collection extracted from dozens of John Does.

The third room was an observation area which connects the two rooms and looks out on both through one-way mirrors.

On the video screen, I noticed Tom beginning to stir.

Trapped

The first few moments were always my favorite, especially when a man awoke to realize he was trapped and that his cock and balls were out of his control.

Tom started struggling but the restraints kept Tom's muscular smooth, twink body firmly against the padded wall. His head tried to turn, but the head harness kept his face firmly forward and close to the wall.

Time to make sure my "guest" understood where his cock and balls were. I picked a feather up off a surgical tray to my right and touched the feather's tip to the slit of the boy's cockhead.

Like a bolt of electricity Tom tried to jump from the padded wall without success. He was awake now and quite aware that his cock and balls were at someones-my-disposal.

I worked the feather around Tom's cockhead and despite his panicked, and futile, attempts to escape from my dungeon—all of which were being captured on video from multiple angles and shown to me—he quickly became soundly erect.

I checked my watch and it was almost five o'clock in the morning. I had already established that Tom, like all of the man-boys I borrow for my torture sessions, had nobody expecting him. I decided to save my full enjoyment of him till later and slid two condoms on his erect cockshaft and then walked away from the wall.

I headed to the observation room and watched him struggle both through the mirror and on the extra video monitors in the observation room. I decided to get some sleep and turned on some nature music into the padded room where Tom was trapped and decided to let him struggle until he passed out.

Mid-day

By noon, I rolled out of bed. I looked out the windows of my Beverly Hills home and took in the view. Gorgeous. I headed back to my dungeon Tom was asleep but the condoms had filled with some piss over night.

I removed the condom gently and then started in with the feather again. In no time he was wide awake like a bolt and struggling again, but less intensely, undoubtedly tired out from his vain struggles.

I picked a largish vibrating buttplug from the surgical cart and headed into the padded room. I inserted the buttplug into Tom's ass and turned it on.

Back into the torture chamber his cock had become erect. I picked up an electroshock wand and applied a liberal dose of electrical shock to the precum trickling from his piss slit. The disembodied scream over the video was terrific.

I allowed the relentless vibrations of the buttplug to work the beautiful aryan man's cock into a rigid frenzy and then applied violent electrical shock after shock to prevent orgasm. By six o'clock, I decided to keep Tom another few nights.

Sleep

In the padded room, I removed the vibrating butt plug and with Tom still restrained, I offered some Gatorade via a plastic tube. At first he refused and then I shoved the tube into his mouth and released some of the liquid. Thirsty from a day of intense cum denial torture, he relented and drank.

I released his head then and forced a cloth sack over his head. Each hand was then freed individually from the wall and then into a handcuff.

Restrainted, he wobbled on his legs from exhaustion and I carried him into the main torture room. I strapped Tom to the table and admired his nubile, smooth aryan body. I slid an enema tube into his ass and filled his hole with a mixture of mild soap and warm water.

I then left the tube—and water—in his ass for about thirty minutes before allowing Tom to expel it into a waiting tub. Still hooded and restrained, he begged for me to let him go promising, "I won't call the police."

I laughed.

I left the room leaving a condom on his dick to collect any overnight urine.

Monday Morning

I checked my stocks Monday morning and called my agent. She promised me that I would get work soon. Whatever.

Downstairs, Tom was asleep. The condom was empty and his body was covered with a thin layer of perspiration. I was torn, should I put him back in the padded room, enjoy torturing him here like my John Doe collection with automated denial and then a milker, or something else?

I decided to rape him.

Forced Sex

As I lifted the stirrups of the surgical table, my pretty aryan victim began to wake. "Please he begged, let me go."

I slid a condom on and without applying any lube rammed my hard cock into the stud's hot fuckhole. Through the cloth hood he cried out in pain.

"Stop."

"Please."

"STOP"

I rammed my cock harder forcing myself onto him with no regard for his needs. I savored the moment as my orgasm reached a crescendo over his screams for mercy.

Forced Cum Extraction

I quickly withdrew my cock and transferred my cum from the condom into a collection jar marked "John Doe LI". I attached the collection jar to my milking machine and slid the milking machine's irresistable mouth.

I slid the nozzle over Tom's cock and flicked the machine on with the floor switch and left Tom alone for the next four or five hours as the machine did its work.

Returned

I dropped Tom off at his house Wednesday morning. Showered and still quite drugged he would be unlikely to remember anything except some soreness in his fuckhole and cockhead from the forced rape and cum extraction.

Write the Author

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3 Cum Control 3

By TopLegal

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Michael Lopez

Like about fifty boys before him, Michael Lopez had made the mistake of following me home from a bar. All of my prey met strictly defined criterion: alone at the bar, nobody expecting them at home, nobody to ask too many questions. Michael Lopez was no exception.

He was unusual in one respect, he was the first hispanic man I had captured for my cum collection. He was also older than most, twenty eight. Close to my own age. But as I have maintained my own details are quite irrelevant.

Inside my Beverly Hills home, Michael was clearly dazzled by the surroundings.

“Drink,” I asked while holding a drugged scotch in my hand.

“Yes, please,” Michael responded while taking the drink from my hand. I poured myself another drink and by the time I turned around, Michael was unconscious on the floor.

There were many choices for Michael’s torture but I decided to keep it simple with some orgasm denial followed up with an intense bout of milking.

I carried the hispanic man to my cum torture dungeon and restrained him to the examination table. His legs were spread far apart and above his waist level in stirrups. His fuckhole and, more importantly, cock were completely exposed.

I took an empty specimen jar from the shelf and labeled it carefully “John Doe LVI.”

Sleep

I prefer to be well rested when I torture a boy and so I locked the door to the dungeon and headed up to my bedroom. It was almost sunrise already and I closed the drapes tight against the onslaught of the sun.

I heard a buzzer ring. Door. I groaned and rolled over. The digital clock read “1:47 PM”. Buzz.

“Fuck,” I said aloud as I crawled out of bed and went to the door. Through the peephole I made out the face of a delivery man. I opened the door. “Hey,” I said. The young, gay delivery agent clearly was enjoying the site of my mostly naked body.

“Flowers,” the delivery agent said as he strolled in uninvited.

“Bob,” I said reading his name tag, “you have more deliveries?”

“Nope,” you were my last.

I smiled. The thought of tormenting two at once caused my cock to go erect in my boxers.

Bob noticed, “hey easy does it, I’m just delivering flowers.”

“Suit yourself,” I said handing Bob a hundred dollar bill as a *tip*.

Bob got onto his knees, I shook my head and lifted the young delivery twink up and kissed him. “Come back on your next day off and it will be worth another \$100 to you,” I explained.

He stood and said he would consider it and walked out.

I did not care, I had my prey in the dungeon, a cute hispanic lad of twenty eight. I walked down to the dungeon.

Observation Room

Through the one way mirror, I could see Mr. Lopez. He was awake, but completely calm. He seemed to sense he was being observed and nodded his head slightly at the one-way mirror. I could not discern and sweat on the young man’s muscular body. He had not struggled against the restraints.

Curiosity got the better of me and I walked into the room with him, still quite undressed. Michael looked up at me and smiled. “I was wondering how long it would be before you checked on me,” he said calmly.

I was off balance. John Does numbers one through fifty five had been terrorized by the restraints. The struggle and the fight was part of the eroticism of my dominance over them and here Michael was completely calm and accepting of his predicament.

“Can I have some water please sir,” Michael said evenly.

I nodded and let Michael sip some water from a KamalBak next to the surgitable. After a few sips Michael turned his mouth away slightly and said, “Thank you sir.” His voice was completely even keeled and betrayed not even a hint of fear.

“May I ask your plans for me sir,” Michael asked completely unafraid. I stared at his body and drunk in his dark olive complexion. He was quite handsome.

Plans

“Originally,” I started, “I was going to play with your cock for a day, maybe two. Keep you on the edge of orgasm and then finally milk your cum out of you violently and against your will.” Michael’s face remained emotionless.

“Now, though,” I continued and then trailed off. I ran my hands along his body. His muscles were well defined and his cock uncircumcised.

“I used to work as a landscaper until 1999,” Michael explained.

Michael was disrupting my plans and a part of me wanted to drug him and leave him at a bus depot. But his calmness in the face of his predicament intoxicated me.

“Then I had a job working on the house of a young movie star who invited me in,” Michael continued, “the star got me to do lots of things and including quitting my job and ultimately sending me for ‘training’ in Amsterdam for six months. I went willingly not realizing what I was in for. I quickly learned how to live as a slave and was surprised to find that I really liked it. However, when I returned a few months ago, the star had moved on and all I had was a couple thousand in hush money.”

“So you were just hoping to meet a mean slavemaster in a trendy yuppie bar,” I asked.

“No,” he said, “I was hoping to meet another star and be his sex slave.”

“I’m not a star,” I responded.

Michael continued, “But you are a hot master, who took me without even asking permission, drugged me, restrained me, and planned to use me solely for your own sexual pleasures.”

“True,” I said smiling.

“Is that still in the cards,” he asked.

“Possibly,” I said smirking, “but you might like what I have in store too much.”

Michael said, “Try me.”

I decided to have some fun with my hispanic guest. I turned around and found a stainless steel collar I had purchased from Mr. S. in San Francisco (MRSWEB¹). The fit was tight but would not restrict blood flow and so I fastened the collar around Michael’s neck, sealing it closed with the key.

I attached a metal lead to the O-ring in front of the collar and then locked stainless steel restraints to his wrists and ankles.

I turned my attention to his gorgeous uncut cock and took out a chastity device called the CB-2000 (CB2000²) configured it for his cock and attached it together with the “Points of Intrigue” to ensure that he would be unable to pull out.

¹<http://www.mr-s-leather-fetters.com/>

²<http://www.cb-2000.com/>

I took out a syringe and selected a mild sedative to apply to Michael.

“I’ll cooperate,” he said looking at the needle.

“So,” I said as I plunged the syringe into the boy and injected him with the sedative. I waited till I was certain the desired effect had been had and then unfastened Michael from the surgical table and guided the groggy landscaper to a “guest” room in my house. I locked the end of his lead to an eyelet in the bed and shut the door and locked it from the outside.

I sat down in my living room and turned on the camera in the guest room. Michael was still groggy and quiet from the sedative. Did I want to keep him though? It would be fun to keep him chained up for several days if nothing else.

The doorbell rang.

Delivery Guy

I looked through the peephole, Bob, the flower delivery guy. I opened the door, “more flowers?”

“Nah,” he said and looked down at the ground bashfully, “but I could really use some extra money for the holidays.”

I grinned, “I kind of got the sense you might have sucked my cock for free...” He blushed bright red. “Come in already,” I said taking him by the shoulder and guiding him into the house. “Flowers are nice,” I said pointing to them on the table. I had not even looked at the card.

Bob started to kneel in front of me and I made a “tsk” noise and shook my head. “No young man, I plan to get my money’s worth,” as I took out nine more hundred dollar bills.

One thing I love about control is that there are many ways to take control. You can use violence. Drugs. Emotions. And, money.

I folded the bills back into my pocket and walked towards the dungeon. There was after all an empty specimen bottle attached to the milking machine. Bob followed me into the room meekly and I could tell he was struggling between wanting to bolt for the door and his desire for the money.

Without talking, I helped him up onto the table and fastened his arms to the table and then did the same for his legs. I unbuttoned his jeans and pulled his cock out of his boxers.

“What are you going to do to me,” he asked.

I slid one of the hundreds into his pocket, but did not answer him. I put on a latex glove and stroked his semi-erect cock to a full erection.

“Look can we forget the whole thing,” he asked. Negotiation. I slid another hundred into his pocket and shook my head.

I slid the business end of the milking machine onto his engorged cockhead and triggered

the switch with my foot. He shook visibly and screamed when the whirring sounds of the machine started up. But the best screams were saved for sometime after the third orgasm. Then again, I get ahead of myself.

The milking machine is phenomenal in that it can practically suck a guys testicles out of his cock through the cum slit. Or more to the point it can suck the cum right out of those balls in long, extended, forced orgasm after orgasm.

I slid the remaining hundreds into Bob's pocket and left the room to watch through the mirrors.

The first orgasm through the milker is always my favorite. It is usually a guys most intense orgasm ever and it is somewhat willing in that the sensations are mostly pleasurable. Bob was no exception about five minutes into the experience he relaxed slightly and seemed to work with the machine to try and bring himself to orgasm quicker.

Bob yelled out pleurably during the first orgasm and I love the sight of a man's cum being sucked out at the tip. The real panic for Bob set in, as expected, when the machine did not shut off and I did not come in after the first orgasm. Instead it kept sucking and milking for more gism from his balls.

Bob screamed as the machine forced his cock to stay erect and began pulling for more cum. I reached down to my cock and stroked it gently, careful not to waste my load and watched for the next few hours and Bob was forced to undergo several more orgasms, several completely dry. When I was satisfied that I had thoroughly milked Bob's ball sacs, I reentered the room and switched off the machine.

Bob could barely be heard, his voice shot from screaming. I kissed him on the forehead and said, "That was quite good for me." Then I shoved a wad of hundreds, about another \$1000, into his open mouth, gagging him with the money.

I undid the restraints and helped him get up. He was stiff, and sore, from the ordeal. He transferred the extra \$1,000 to his pocket and asked if he could leave. I nodded and guided him out of the house.

Michael II

By the time I checked in on Michael, the drugs had worn off slightly. I brought in a meal replacement milkshake to the boy and said, "Drink." Starving from a day without food, he drank it down almost instantly.

"Bathroom," I asked in a fit of politeness.

"SIR, yes SIR," he answered.

I unlocked him from the bed and guided him to the attached bathroom. I attached the lead to the railing of the shower with a one meter extension and told him, "Take care of yourself, I'll be back in an hour."

Flowers

In the kitchen, I switched the TV to the closed circuit cameras in the guest room, and more particularly the guest bathroom. Michael was taking a crap on the toilet, but the lead forced him to keep his head and neck leaning forward awkwardly. I smiled.

I looked at the unopened card on the flowers and decided to open it.

Dear Jason:

I miss you.

Love Jim

Jim had left me. That was back when I used to allow men choices. It was also four years ago. I had fifty-plus specimen jars to show for those four years and a hot slave chained to my shower.

On the TV, I could see Michael showering. His body was stunning covered with soap. I noticed him reaching for his cock and encountering the plastic cage of the CB-2000. I smiled broadly and felt my cock stiffen. Michael would do quite nicely.

But, Jim's card had affected me. I noticed the time and returned to the guest room and confiscated Michael's towel saying, "time's up." The slave was still quite wet, but he did not object to my actions. I unlocked him from the shower railing, guided the dripping wet boy back to the bedroom and locked him to the bed. I kissed him on the forehead, moved the water bottles within lead range and headed out, careful to lock the door on my way out.

In my own bedroom I looked at the picture of Jim and I that I still had out on my dresser. Then I got into bed, alone, and went to sleep.

Doorbell

I looked at the clock "9:02 AM". Who the fuck would ring the door at nine on a Sunday. Still naked, I staggered to the door and looked out the peephole, it was Bob, with more flowers.

"One minute," I said and headed back to my bedroom for a robe. When I answered the door he was clearly attempting to avert his eyes from meeting my gaze.

"Sunday deliveries," I asked. He shrugged and let himself in to place them on my kitchen counter. I handed him a hundred dollar bill and he left without saying a word.

Whatever I thought. I decided to bring Michael his breakfast, another meal replacement milkshake. I brought the shake in along with another bottle of Evian. Michael was asleep and I tickled the soles of his feet till he roused.

"Breakfast," I said handing him the shake. "I'll be back in five to unchain you to use the bathroom." I left the room and in the kitchen allowed my curiosity to get the better of me.

Dear Jason:

I will do *anything* to have another chance with you.

Love Jim

Again, no number or other contact information. I put the new flowers next to the others and went back to Michael. He had finished his breakfast and gulped down quite a bit of water. I unchained him from the bed and led him to the bathroom. There, I attached him to the railing and told him, "twenty minutes."

I left him alone and went to my study. I turned on my computer and logged in. As I was about to check my email, the doorbell rang.

I went to the door and found Bob with yet another batch of flowers. I opened the door and let him in. "I need you to go check the orderbook back at the store to find out where these are coming from if you want a tip," I explained.

He kept his eyes from meeting my gaze. "Still sore from yesterday," I asked. He nodded. "Not what you expected though?" He shook his head and left without a tip.

I opened the third card:

Dear Jason:

I am closer than you think.

Love Jim

I could not decide if Jim was bordering on stalking me or just trying to let me know he was back in the greater Los Angeles region. I checked my watch twenty minutes were up. I came back to Michael and he was standing, hands clasped behind his back, done. I unlocked him from the shower and he calmly walked back to the bedroom to be chained to the bed again. I gave him another kiss on the forehead and told him I would be in later to fuck him.

The doorbell rang yet again. Through the peephole I could make out Bob, but no flowers. I opened the door, silently he handed me a sheet of paper with the order information. His hand remained outstretched and I handed him a hundred dollar bill. "Good boy," I said as he turned and left.

The orders it seemed had all been taken in person on Thursday at the florist in West Hollywood. Payment had been in cash. There was supposed to be a bouquet of flowers a day every day for the next ten days. The florist had messed up slightly delivering two today then it seemed, but I knew that seven others awaited me.

My cock was raging a hardon and I decided that Michael needed to be fucked. I unlocked the bedroom and he was waiting for me. He had laid down on his stomach with a pillow under his midsection to raise his beautiful, smooth, bubble butt into the air for me. I threw off my robe and got onto the bed behind him.

Without lubing up, I parted his buttocks and rammed my cock into his tight fuckhole. Michael stayed absolutely calm as I forced myself onto him and despite his inability to become erect due to the chastity cage, seemed to genuinely enjoy the fact that I was using his body.

After I orgasmed, I pulled out and ordered him to roll back over. I lay on top of the pretty slave and kissed him on the mouth and explained his new life to him: "You will be naked except for the restraints 24-7. I will provide you two liquid meals a day and four liters of water. You are required to consume all of that on a daily basis. If you have been good during a day you will be permitted to eat dinner with me. Otherwise you will go without dinner. Any questions?"

"SIR, no SIR," he responded.

"Good," I said unlocking him from the bed, but leaving the chain attached. I walked out of the room then, locking it behind me.

Write the Author

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