

Dorm Twins

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1 Part 1

By TopLegal

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

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Ribadeo to Universidad

As I sat on the plane to the United States. I sat gently in my seat, my butt sore from a whipping my papa had delivered just a day or two earlier when I had made the mistake of arguing about going to the United States for University.

The train ride from the Northwest coast of Spain to Madrid had seemed twice as long as necessary. I tried to distract myself by reviewing the “orientation” material the University had sent me.

The last page caught my attention, it was from the housing office. The tardiness of international mail delivery had left me with my last choice for housing: a triple. The worst part of it, the room was a former “senior” double. Meaning that they had taken what used to be a nice two person suite with two bedrooms off a common living room and stuck a third bed in the “den”.

I shoved the paperwork back into my bag as the train pulled into Chamartin. I disembarked and switched to the Metro to reach Barajas Airport.

At the airport, I presented my United States passport—my mother was an American and I was born in the states when my father worked as a diplomat in Washington—and ticket. Then, after checking my suitcases and found that I still had an hour till my flight departed.

I sat in the departure lounge and finished reading the housing forms and I noticed something that caught my eye, both of my roommates shared the same last name: Thompson. Certain sexy fantasies came to mind and I felt my cock stir in my pants then I heard my flight being called for boarding.

Arrival

At the airport, I realized that I hadn’t converted any pesetas. I opened my wallet for the first time since leaving home, my dad had slipped ten one-hundred dollar bills into my wallet. Feeling suddenly wealthy, I decided to take a taxi to the University.

It was already around 1800 by the time the taxi arrived at the dorm and most of the “welcome” activities seemed to have wound down. At the dorm a perky female “RA” named Britany introduced herself and then handed me a key and pointed me down the hall to a staircase. “Up two floors to the top and down at the end of the hall,” she said turning away from me.

A handsome, but short, young man intercepted me at the base of the staircase. Well, actually we nearly collided, me looking down to try to hold my suitcases and him running down. “Sorry,” he muttered, “Gerhard.”

“Rafael Paz,” I responded and stuck out my hand to shake.

“Necessita ayuda,” Gerhard inquired.

“Por favor,” I responded.

With that, the young German exchange student picked up one of my suitcases.

“Drei hundert ein,” I said, switching to German briefly to give out my room number, 301.

As we climbed the stairs of the dorm we traded snippets about one another switching liberally between Spanish, English and German, but mostly German. Gerhard was a first year student, like me, but from Munich. He was training to be a physicist and had wanted to work with one of the famous professors here who had receive a Nobel prize. Me, I wanted to be an “artista” or artist.

At the top floor he mentioned that I was probably going to be stuck with the middle room arriving so late in the day. It turned out that he was at the complete other end of the floor: 324. Gerhard guided me down the passage carrying my heavier suitcase like it was nothing.

I took the opportunity to walk behind him and check out his taught, muscular frame at 172 cm (5'8”) and probably only 60 kg (130-140 lbs), with quite the hot ass.

Before we knocked on my new room, Gerhard quipped in German, “Bis spater” (until later), but something about how he said it caught my attention and then I saw him checking me out as he walked away. I’m about 185 cm (6’) and about 80 kg (175 lbs) with black hair and blue eyes. “Hasta mas adelante,” I quipped back somewhat flirtatiously.

I considered knocking and then decided to just use the key to open the door to my new home for the next nine months.

Thompson Twins

The center room was mostly empty, but the doors to the two side bedrooms were open and a stereo was playing in the center room, where I was clearly going to be staying.

To my left I saw two gorgeous, identical young men staring back at me. They looked up and approached me. Each was wearing a tight athletic tank top with school colors and tight shorts. The package was quite appealing and I struggled to keep my cock inside my pants.

“Kyle,” said the twin on the left and then “Lane” said the one on the right.

I stared for a minute trying to find something different about one or the other to latch onto.

They started to laugh. “Don’t worry,” Kyle finally chimed in after about two minutes of awkward silence, “after a few months you’ll get the hang of it. You must be Rafael, right?”

“Si,” I said lost in Spanish, “I mean yes.” They were simply gorgeous.

“Want to get some food, we were going to join the rest of the football team,” Lane offered.

“Maybe another night,” I said, “I’m not really hungry right now and I want to unpack.”

“Hope you don’t mind the middle room,” Kyle said as the two left—leaving the stereo on.

I muttered to myself about no privacy and then thought about how hunky and muscular the two twins were. I figured somewhere it might balance itself out.

I turned their stereo off and opened my suitcase to find some sheets to make the bed with. A small wardrobe in the main room was my only really private space so I put my clothes away there and took out my dictionaries and art books and placed them on my desk.

Against all better judgment, I decided to check out the twins’ rooms to see what they had. Each had a fancy PowerBook G4 Titanium laptop from Apple and lots of athletic equipment and clothing. By nine o’clock, I realized I was exhausted and decided to take a shower.

My floor it turned out was coed and the bathrooms were coed as well. A shame if you asked me. In the bathroom, I met several scantily clad female first year students. They seemed to swoon over my Spanish accent. I showered and shaved and when I returned to my room—still in my towel, I found my twin roommates with four other members of the football team sitting in “my” room.

One of the twins, quickly offered, “Oh just change in our room.” I grabbed some clothing and headed to one of their rooms, Kyle’s, I think.

When I emerged ten minutes later, the crowd had dispersed, but Lane (?) was laying on my bed still—quite sexy sight—and Kyle (?) was at my desk.

We talked a bit about courses, they were on athletic scholarships and had to maintain a B or better average, but got a waiver first semester to take only four courses. They were (of course) planning to take everything together. I decided despite my ass tanning to still take two arts courses (drawing and photography) along with the mandatory “exchange student”/ESL version of the English Writing Requirement and Advanced Calculus for my quant requirement which left one open course. Listening to them, I resolved to share a course with the handsome twins and take “Philosophy”, it was supposed to be a “cakewalk” course. I also—not very reluctantly—agreed to help them with Introduction to Calculus.

Tired from my flight, I asked Lane—actually Kyle—to get up and then ended up helping him get righted by sticking out my hand and pulling him up. With both of us being 6’, Kyle’s eyes locked with mine briefly and then he headed into his room.

Sleep

With two hot twins on either side of me—with the doors closed but ready to spring open at a moments notice, I could hardly jerk off. Which was frustrating since I very badly wanted to. Sleep overcame my frustration and I passed out soundly not waking up at all to anything from the twins.

I woke up around 4AM, my body jet lagged and confused. I decided that it was unlikely that either twin would get up at this hour and took the opportunity to whip out my 20 cm (7 3/4") cock and began to stroke it. After just a few seconds it was rock hard and I found myself imagining several naughty scenarios involving my twin roommates. Them sucking my cock simultaneously. Me fucking one while the other fucked me. Me dominating them.

ooooOOOOH

I shot my load after about 10 minutes.

Day 1

I figured my new German buddy might be awake and so I got dressed and headed down the hall with my backpack filled with a sketch pad, some art pencils, my trusty Nikon 2000 SLR camera, and a regular pad. I did not have to even knock on Gerhard's door as he was sitting in the central lounge area reading a French book, "Les Etoiles froides" by Michel del Castillo. He seemed distinctly pleased to see me and when I suggested breakfast he eagerly agreed and put his novel away.

On the way to the nearest dining hall, we chatted in a mixture of English, Spanish and German and then settled on Spanish by the time we made our way through the dining hall lines. Gerhard had been fascinated by languages as a child and his parents encouraged him to learn most of the continental (European) languages.

It turned out that he and I would be sharing two courses, Advanced Calculus and the ESL Freshman Writing Course. We lingered over breakfast talking about our childhoods and our backgrounds. My father would have probably beaten me to a pulp for speaking so much Spanish.

Gerhard explained that he had not lived with his parents for several years and that for about five years—since he was thirteen—he had lived with a "friend" named Kurt. We lingered till around eight o'clock when the bookstore was to open and I noticed my hunky roommates sitting down with the rest of the football team as we were leaving. Gerhard must have noticed too as he remarked, "Atractivo, no?"

"Si," I responded giggling. I guess I was "out" as Americans like to call it. But Gerhard followed up in German saying he was gay too and Kurt was his lover. I started to speak but Gerhard said, "Later," quite firmly and we walked to the bookstore.

At the bookstore we both spent a small fortune buying the required textbooks and materials for our respective courses. I suggested stopping back at the dorm to drop off the heavy

materials before our ten o'clock Writing class. We walked up the West staircase and I dropped my purchases on my bed then we went down to the East end and found Gerhard's roommates were gone and we had thirty minutes. We shut the door.

Gerhard was on his knees whipping my 20 cm shaft out of my pants before I could say a word. Clearly a well versed eighteen year old cock sucker, I let the young German suck me off working my cock in and out of his mouth a bit as well. I also purposely took my time holding back for about twenty minutes before unleashing a torrent of cum into his waiting mouth.

Gerhard quickly put my cock back in my pants and zipped up. He stood up and we kissed warmly. I could taste my cum. We quickly headed for our English class managing to arrive just as the class was getting underway.

I found it hard to concentrate in English class, but managed to say my name and home city without blurting out that I had just had a blowjob in the dorms from my buddy Gerhard. After class, Gerhard and I walked over to one of the science buildings for Advanced Calculus. He explained on the way that Kurt and he had been together for five years and there were rules: (1) no heavy kissing/etc.; (2) give blow jobs only; (3) no falling in love. I smiled and said that did not present a problem for me and I would take a blow job from him any time he wanted.

Calculus was uneventful and the first lecture covered materials that I was basically familiar with and seemed mostly like a quick review. The Professor surprised me by calling on students, including myself, to answer certain questions. No skipping class or sleeping through it.

Lunch followed and my philosophy seminar would not be until the evening as a single three hour session each Monday starting at seven. Tuesdays and Thursdays would be my art courses so I basically had the rest of the day until dinner free. I decided I would take some photos at the football practice at three and Gerhard had his Physics classes to go to.

I headed back to the dorm after a quick lunch and found Kyle lounging on my bed, Lane was nowhere in sight, but I figured the darling twin brother was probably in the bathroom. Kyle had moved my books to the floor and was listening to the stereo.

"Hey, I need to take some sports photos for class," I said. From my desk chair I noticed I had quite the view of Kyle's ample basket through the skimpy shorts. I tried hard not to stare. At that moment Lane walked in clad only in a skimpy towel.

Kyle responded, "hey come take some photos of the football game."

Lane chimed in, "Maybe you could take a team photo for the team?"

"Sure," I responded packing some black and white as well as color film with my camera, a some lenses, and the book we were to read by Wednesday morning for English. The twins appeared to have a preference for skimpy clothing and both tended to wander around constantly in t-shirts or tank tops and shorts. God bless them.

Practice

Lane and Kyle “dragged” me to the practice and I followed them to the locker room where they encouraged me to come through. I noticed several of the team members from the previous night and got introductions to most of the rest.

I desperately wanted to take some photos there in the locker room, but resisted the temptation and headed out to the field to find a good vantage to photograph from.

At this point since the twins thought my attendance was their idea, I could probably get away with more photos of them too. As the team streamed out, I saw Kyle, or maybe Lane, approach the coach and then gesture at me. I, helpfully, held up my camera. The coach waved me over and I came down with my camera and quickly posed the team together for a photo.

Then I quickly headed back to the sidelines and decided to focus on capturing my roommates in action. I joined the team in the lockers after practice and for dinner. I had quickly become the adopted foreigner/photographer for the team.

By seven o’clock, I found myself in a small class with the twins and tried my hardest not to stare at them. As promised, the class was mostly content free and a few class members seemed to dominate the discussion in an apparent attempt to show themselves as “better” than the rest of us.

Fast Forward - Game Day

Saturday was a huge home game at the stadium and I had been given great seats to photograph the game from. My team picture had gone over big with the team—and in photography class, the black and white stills of the athletes exerting themselves were a hit.

During the last minutes of the fourth quarter, Kyle fumbled a pass from brother Lane and control switched to the away team. Their bad luck was that the opposing team managed to score in the last moments of the game.

The mood in the locker room was somewhat grim, but nobody seemed to really blame the brothers since they had scored the team’s only five touchdowns that game. The coach gave everyone a pep talk and I took some photos of the sweaty athletes. Lane and Kyle though seemed quite afraid. They showered and headed out so quickly I lost sight of them. Plus, I got sidetracked talking to Mark, a hot defensive linebacker who had modeled in my art class, naked, Thursday.

The team was heading out for some drinks, but I begged off and headed back for the dorm. At my room, I was surprised to hear loud “nature” music coming from the stereo, and the door locked.

I used my key and soon discovered that my dad was not the only dad left that believed, firmly, in corporal punishment.

Watching Roommates Get Punished

Once inside the door, I could see the two boys' butts facing out, bent over Kyle's bed. I considered backing out, but was aroused and besides Jim Thompson saw me and motioned me in. "You must be their roommate, come in."

I did, shutting and locking the door behind me. I was certain the twins were curling up in shame at being caught by me like this.

"I can leave," I said over the stereo.

"No, come in here," Jim said. I walked into the extremely crowded bedroom and stood next to my roommates and their father. I noticed a tawse in Jim's hand and did not see any marks on their buttocks, yet.

"Lane," Jim said, "come here," while pointing to the chair. Lane quickly stood up and blushed when he actually faced me momentarily and then bent over the back of the chair, exposing his buttocks for punishment.

"Rafael, right?"

"Yes, SIR," I responded.

"I have high expectations for my boys and they understand that there are consequences for failure," Jim explained as he landed the first blow on Lane's bare ass. *THWACK*

Lane gripped the side rails of the chair firmly as his dad administered a violent thrashing with the tawse. After about forty vicious blows, Lane's butt was sore but he had stayed in place and not started crying.

"Stand up," Jim ordered to Lane who turned and faced me, and his father. "Get back on the bed. Kyle, up!"

Kyle quickly stood and bent over the chair like Lane before him and received an equal number of blows. Kyle however let out a yelp after the thirty-eighth through fortieth blows. And without prompting quickly went back over the bed, kneeling his sore red ass exposed to the room, his body directly next to his twin brother.

"Rafael, I won't be able to be at the away game next week, can I rely on you to discipline my boys?"

Lane started to mouth a protest and found his ass being assaulted by the tawse fifteen extra times. Kyle wisely kept his mouth shut.

"Yes, SIR," I responded—certain my cock was sticking up like a flag pole.

"Good let's take a walk, the boys will be staying put for a while," Jim said taking me by the shoulder and guiding me out of the room and shutting the door to Lane's small room.

We took a longish walk around campus and Jim made me talk about the way my dad punished me and he explained the things he was concerned about with his boys.

He also made me agree to stay all of the school vacations at the Thompson house since, as

he got me to admit, I was hardly going all the way to Ribadeo.

Comfort

Dad and I walked back into the room and found Lane and Kyle where they were left. Jim lifted the boys up one at a time and gave them each a hug. I was instructed to rub some vaseline on their butts before bed and then Jim headed out.

I half expected the twins to just beat the shit out of me and threaten me with death. Instead, Kyle took firm hold of me and then kissed me full on. I felt Lane behind me and then my pants falling to the floor. Next thing I knew and Lane was sliding his cock into my ass.

“Definitely a faggot,” Lane remarked as he began to work his tool in my ass. Kyle grabbed my cock and began stroking it.

“No question about it,” Kyle responded as his cock poked against my body.

Lane pulled out and the twins turned me around so I was facing Lane. Lane grabbed my cock and began kissing me while pushing his cock against my thigh. Kyle meanwhile took the opportunity to ram his cock into my ass.

Lane spoke up, “you want me or Kyle to suck you?”

“Both”

Both boys laughed and then Kyle started fucking me harder and Lane kneeled down to suck me off.

After I blew my wad in Lane’s mouth I felt Kyle pull out and his strong hands on my shoulder pushing me down. Lane stood back up and I found two twin dicks staring at my face. I opened wide and the two assaulted my mouth with their cocks. They climaxed simultaneously shooting huge wads into my mouth. I swallowed happily.

Kyle lifted me up and tossed me onto his bed and the two twins climbed on top of me pinning me down onto the narrow school bed. It was like a small pyramid and the two took turns working my mouth with their tongues.

Lane spoke up and explained that they were gay and had known for a while, but were quite closeted because of their athletic background. I promised never to tell *anyone* about any of this and they explained that they liked being with each other so much that it was hard for them to date separately and they had always hoped to find other gay twins, but as long as I was comfortable being in a relationship with both of them, it would be cool.

I agreed readily.

Lane explained that they generally slept together after a spanking and they expected me to share the bed with them tonight so that night the three of us would sleep in the crowded bed, with two handsome twins “crushing” me.

But that came later. Lane stood up and carried me like a sack of potatoes into his bedroom

where he stretched out on his bed and propped his ass in the air. “Rim me,” he said firmly. I obliged and worked my tongue in his ass for about ten minutes before he said, “Fuck me.” Which I did ramming my tool into his ass firmly and I began fucking him. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Kyle in the doorway stroking his tool.

As I came close to orgasm I suddenly found myself being lifted off Lane—by Kyle—and taken back to his room where I repeated the rimming and fucking, this time with Lane watching. Again, before I could orgasm I was pulled away from the hunk.

Matter of factly, Lane announced, “Time to get some homework done.” Then he grabbed my neck with his strong hands and suddenly I felt a cold sensation around my cock. He had dunked my shaft into a cold soda from the fridge. “Focus,” Kyle said laughing who stood up and kissed me while Lane kept me in place and my cock dunked in the fizzy Coke.

Kyle explained, “Ok you already had your last orgasm until Saturday at the hotel on the away game. Tomorrow, Tuesday and Thursday you will be working on learning how to pleasure me.”

“And Monday, Wednesday, and Friday you will be learning how to pleasure me,” Lane continued seamlessly.

“Now drink up,” Kyle said as Lane removed the Coke from my now shriveled cock shaft.

I did.

“Oh, and your fag friend Gerhard,” Lane said, “he can keep blowing you but no orgasms except with us. And make sure nobody finds out you, or we, are gay.”

Lane wandered back to his room to work on homework and Kyle sat down in front of his PowerBook to do the same. I went back to the center room and tried to get some homework done.

A knock at the door and it was Gerhard. The twins had gotten dressed again already—athletic tank top/shorts—and I quickly grabbed a towel and answered the door.

In German, Gerhard asked why I hadn’t stopped by to study. I explained, in English—realizing Kyle and Lane would probably flip out if I was talking German—and pointing at the twins that their father had insisted on taking us out for dinner. Gerhard decided not to push the point and invited himself in. I slid some shorts on under my towel and left myself topless as we reviewed the Advanced Calculus assignment. Kyle wandered out midway through with some questions for the Basic Calculus course. Followed minutes later by Lane with the same question.

By ten o’clock, Gerhard suggested heading out to a campus welcome party. The twins begged off citing early morning practice. I decided to decline as well.

By eleven, I was tackled under my football-playing, twin roommates in bed.

To be continued...

Dorm Picture

For those who want a better sense of our dorm layout here are some “Nethack” inspired views. As you can see, we are at the West end of the hall of the third floor. I have also marked our bedroom’s. Gerhard’s room is indicated as well. As you can see Kyle’s room is on an exterior wall so that was generally the room Jim—and I—used when punishing the twins.

```
| bath |          |          | |G  +          +  |
| room |          | stairs | |  |          |  |
-----+----- ...-- --...-----+-----
|<+          +          +          +>|
-----+----- ...-- --...-----+-----
|CC |CC  S | CC| |          |          | bath |
|Kyle+          +Lane| | kitchen |          | room |
|B  | Rafael | B| | lounge |
|B D |  DBB  | D B| |          |
--WW-----WWW-----WW--  ---WWWWW---
```

Legend:

W = window

B = bed

D = desk

S = Stereo

C = closet/wardrobe

+ = door

< = down staircase

G = Gerhard’s room

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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2 Part 2

By TopLegal

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

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Sunday

I woke up tackled by my twin roommates. My body was exhausted from the previous night's exertions. Unable to move, I drank in their physiques. Stunning muscled, but not overly so, bodies and reasonably nice personalities.

Lane was the first to stir and on seeing me awake thrust his tongue into my mouth and kissed me aggressively. Kyle roused by this followed suit as Lane pulled away. Our three cocks quickly began growing again.

Lane stood up first and told me he would give me a short list of things I needed to buy before the night and Kyle stayed in bed cuddling me for a few minutes before getting up and sitting down at his PowerBook naked.

At 0900, the phone rang and Lane picked it up. "For you," he said holding the phone out. So I got out of bed and wandered to the middle room where the phone was located.

"Rafael," the voice said, "my boys give you any trouble last night?"

"No sir," I responded politely after realizing it was the twin's dad, Jim.

Jim continued, "Good, good, look I am going to stop at the Apple Store and bring something over for you this afternoon, can you please be there around four thirty?"

I started to protest, but was told that if I said one more word I would find myself bent over the chair in Kyle's dorm room. I apologized and thanked Jim in advance for the computer.

When I hung up Lane smirked at me and handed me a small post it with two items listed on it:

- Small Jockstrap x 3
- Hard Cup (Insert)

Then he headed out with Kyle to go meet the football team for breakfast.

I pocketed the post it and grabbed some cash and headed out to the dining hall myself. On my way down the stairs, Gerhard caught me, “Gutenmorgen.”

“Buenas dias,” I responded, “desayuno?”

“Si,” Gerhard responded and on our way to breakfast launched into a monologue about our reading assignment for Monday’s ESL Freshman Writing class. Something about how insulting it was that we were being asked to read “The Grapes of Wrath” which he had on good authority was really a high school reading book. I agreed blithely and allowed him to do most of the talking.

He tried to tag along with me to the store but I dissuaded him, assuring him that watching me pick out some school clothing was hardly the most scintillating Sunday activity. I went to one of the large “big box” sports marts and found the jockstraps easily enough but embarrassingly had to try one to check the fit, tight. But having already committed to buying this one and having tried it on I was hesitant to further embarrass myself and the other size seemed too large being for a 33-38” waist.

I had to ask for the hard inserts and found it quite embarrassing, but the 14 year old clerk did not seem to notice. I ended up with a steel “kickboxing” cup that could either be worn alone or inserted into the jocks.

I then returned to the dorm to find Lane—I was starting to get better at telling them apart—laying on my bed.

He smiled broadly at me and took my bag from me without asking and pawed through it. Then, realizing that some might consider it rude, said “Sorry, Kyle and I share everything.” My butt tingled slightly remembering their cocks inside it from the night before and I smiled and nodded. “Looks good,” he continued, “I really like this metal cup you found you could probably just wear that when we are training you.”

“Ok, I gotta develop some of the photos from yesterday’s game and earlier in the week to show for class Tuesday,” I responded.

As I walked out the door, Lane reminded me, “Four thirty.”

I headed over to the Fine Arts building with several new rolls of film to develop and knowing I wanted to make prints from rolls I had developed Thursday.

I divided the three color rolls from the four black and white and managed to multi-task the development and after around an hour had the film hanging to dry.

I went to the dark room to develop several team and individual athlete prints—especially Lane and Kyle. I made extra prints of the two hunks to bring back for their dad and for our room. One nice picture I had gotten was them in their uniforms “struggling” with each other face to face. It looked all innocent at one level but horribly perverse and incestuous at the same time.

By four, most of my prints were done and I headed out and reached the dorm by four thirty. I arrived at the room only one minute late and Jim looked at me and his watch and said, “Late?”

I stuck out the pictures of his sons and the team and said, “Sorry I wanted you to see these.”

“No excuses,” he said taking the pictures from my hand, thanking me and then turning on the stereo and bringing me into Kyle’s room. Both boys followed into the room and I took my clothes off and kneeled over the bed.

Jim commented on the pictures to Lane and Kyle, “he does quite good work but he need to pay attention to time.”

“Get over the chair.”

I quickly stood up and bent over the chair as I had seen Lane and Kyle do just yesterday afternoon and quickly felt Jim administering twenty odd firm blows to my exposed buttocks. Compared to typical punishments from my dad it felt mild, but it also felt weird to be punished for such a minor thing as being a minute late.

After he stood me up, hugged me and made me kneel on the bed for a while to contemplate my behaviour before having me get dressed and showing me his gift.

Gift

He had bought me the PowerMac G4 with dual 800 MHz processors *and* the 22“ LCD Apple Studio display. I nearly fell over. Also he had bought a digital camera and a digital video camera as well as a slew of other ”art” type stuff. The package had to have run over \$12,000.

I thanked Jim profusely and hugged him and he held me back tightly.

He had me play with the camera and take some pictures and then suggested we go out for a nice dinner.

Dinner

At dinner, I learned that the twins similarities extended to ordering for each other. More precisely, one would order and the other would say, “Same.”

Over dinner, Jim shared with me that he was a former Apple exec and was still a big booster for their computers. These days he was semi-retired. He had given up his dreams of football stardom at a young age when his father insisted on him getting a business education. Jim was determined no son of his would be denied their dreams.

I could see admiration in Kyle’s and Lane’s eyes as their father shared this. The conversation veered slightly to mention that Jim felt it was important that I pursue my interests as an artist and see where it lead.

Visiting Dad

A couple of weeks later into the semester, a short two day vacation came up. Gerhard tried to talk me into flying to New York. I declined, Jim had already made it abundantly clear that I was expected to stay with him—and the boys/my lovers—over the Fall Break.

Jim came by the dorm room on Saturday morning to pick us up. Thank god he doesn't have a key since I was still doing nightly one-on-ones with my hot twin roommates. Each night was focused on a different part of their body and Friday night was Lane and we had spent two hours with me in a jock strap with a butt plug lodged firmly in my ass so that I could focus on Lane's nipples. Then we went to sleep in each other's arms. Jim's knock on the dorm room door roused us from sleep.

Lane scrambled me out of bed and I quickly got out of the jock and threw on boxer shorts. I checked the clock: 9 am. Jim certainly believed in wholesome living and most particularly rising early. Seeing me still in boxers and his boys still "asleep"—their doors were closed. Ticked him off and upon shutting the door, I received a firm swat on my ass.

"Pack up," Jim announced handing me a new Tumi bag of the flight attendant variety. Kyle opened his door first and gave his dad a hug. Standing in a loose tank top and a athletic shorts, his cock seemed to just bulge out of his pants. I started to pack quickly and made a point of packing my jockstrap and hard, metal cup.

I packed my digital camera and I noticed that dad, Jim, had already gone into my computer and was reviewing my files and bookmarks. A disapproving "tsk" was directed my way—probably my hetero porn bookmark. I watched Jim spent a lot of time reviewing some of the pictures I had taken using the digital camera he had bought me.

I had used iDVD to make a DVD of some of the plays of the boy's football games and he kissed me on the forehead approvingly for the digital work.

The boys handed their laptops to their father one at a time for them to be inspected. Lane's PowerBook was first and dad scanned it and commented, "I thought we discussed that I don't want you wasting time visiting porn sites?"

Lane looked at his dad sheepishly. He had emerged from the bedroom dressed identically to Kyle. He did not comment on his dad's remark, but simply took the laptop back and slid it into his luggage along with some text books.

Kyle's laptop followed and dad showed Lane and I several pictures that Kyle had downloaded from the Internet—women. They were deleted and Kyle took his laptop back and packed it.

I was the last to finish packing and then showed dad—I frequently found myself referring to him that way and certainly always referred to him that way after this weekend on—some regular black and whites I had done of the boys as well as the team as a whole. Dad particularly liked the singles I had done of each of the team members without shirts, but with their football gear on. I should mention that the photos were a big hit in class and Gerhard had even persuaded me to make a small copy of the one with star quarterback.

Dad gave me a proud hug over the photos and took some home to hang. I finished packing

and then dad handed me the brand new PowerBook G4 saying, “Well, I want you to have a computer when you are a home too” and kissing me on the forehead. He had set it up already for me and I grabbed some data CD’s I had made to take with me and work on the laptop with over the holiday break.

Home

This was the first time I had seen the boys’ home. It was about half an hour from University and up in the hills. The mileage actually was not that far, but the narrow winding road into the hills took a long time even in Jim’s powerful Lexus SUV.

The house was set back from the winding road and was hardly visible through the trees. Somewhat isolated, there was a steep cliff off the road in front of the house and no neighbors for several hundred feet.

The house itself was clearly newly built. Jim explained proudly that his ex-wife had designed it specially for the lot years ago and that they had bought the property together when the boys were younger.

It had turned out, that like me, the boys had lost their mother when they were younger. But, unlike my father, their dad had continued living. Jim treated me to a tour of the 12,000 square foot home. Built in the style of a french chateau of the 17th century variety but with 21st century amenities: fiber optic ports in every room, wired and wireless ethernet, several satellite dishes, massive wall of LCD monitors in the entertainment room for watching TV and videos. Expensive decor. Energy and environmentally savvy styrofoam construction.

Jim explained, “Susan oversaw the construction and she picked all of the furniture it was the crowning joy of her career as an architect to build a beautiful home.”

“At the risk of being rude, how did Susan pass away?”

“The boys didn’t tell you,” Jim said surprised.

“No.” I then realized Lane and Kyle had disappeared—to their shared bedroom no doubt to unpack things.

“She was killed by a drunk driver in 1994,” Jim said without becoming overly sad. “I still miss her,” he continued, “but as I tell the boys: you have to keep living.”

Jim hugged me and we proceeded up a grand staircase where he showed me a luscious master bedroom suite and then lead me down the north wing where we found a large open suite the boys shared. Easily 50 by 20. At one end, the room had a large bathroom with a single walk in closet. The bathroom featured a huge stall shower with four brass showerheads and room for two—or even three. At the other a corner office had views out the cliff face through the trees.

“Would you rather share a room with the boys or use one of the guest rooms?”

“I guess if they don’t mind,” I said modestly—and knowing the likely answer, “I’d rather

share a room with them.”

Before Lane or Kyle could come up with a response, Jim chipped in, “Actually you are their older brother anyhow by six months, we’ll bring in another bed and there is plenty of room in the office anyhow for them to share.” Lane had started speaking and his dad probably assumed an objection rather than a “whatever” was coming but Jim then scolded Lane. “I don’t want to hear complaints about sharing from you boys.” Then he walked out.

Food

Around one o’clock Jim came back into the bedroom and suggested that we come down for lunch. I was surprised to find a young looking asian male.

“Rafael,” Jim said, “this is Fung, he and his wife Maria, tend to the house. They are responsible for keeping the house clean and cooking all of the meals. They live here and their living quarters back past the kitchen is off limits to you and the boys.”

Jim continued, this time addressing Fung, “This is my ‘adopted’ son, Rafael. Treat him as you treat my boys.”

Four artfully decorated plates with Chinese food were already out on the table. Dad took the head place and Kyle and Lane sat next to each other along one side, Lane closer to dad than Kyle. I sat across from the twins and smiled broadly.

The boys were surprisingly careful about their table manners and I tried to follow suit. Lunch was mostly quiet and uneventful, but dad did explain that he was going to be promoted to a divisional CEO-type position for one of the most profitable groups within the company.

Kyle and Lane gave dad a round of applause and I followed suit.

As we finished lunch, Fung came and took the plates. I must confess that my father, back in Spain, never liked dining out. He always preferred my mom’s American cooking. As a result I am quite used to American cuisine, but not as used to Chinese and other similar ethnic foods. “Nice lunch,” dad said addressing Fung, “how about some traditional Spanish cuisine for dinner to give Rafael a taste of home?”

Fung nodded assent and left without really saying anything.

“Lane, Kyle, go get changed,” dad said firmly.

“You too,” he said turning to me.

Punishment

Lane and Kyle trotted up the stairs quickly and I tried to keep up with their pace. In their bedroom they were already stripping naked and into their jockstraps. I followed suit and then knelt over the bed right next to Kyle.

Dad walked in and told us to follow him downstairs. If the boys were embarrassed they hid it well. I followed the boys and dad down the main stairs and then out and back the house of the house.

We went out the french doors and walked across the lawn to a cabana by a large pool that dominated the immediate back yard of the house. Inside the cabana I noticed a wooden saw horse that was undoubtedly going to be the site of our punishment.

“Boys,” dad started and corrected himself, “Lane and Kyle. I know that your older brother has already addressed some of your performance issues on the field, but I have only one question for you.” He paused for dramatic effect. “Did you do the absolute best you could do out there on the field?”

Kyle shook his head and bowed it slightly.

“Lane?”

Lane paused, always slightly more the leader-agitator, but finally shook his head and bowed it slightly as well.

Dad paused and asked the twins whether there was anything he or I could do to help them perform better.

The twins shook their heads no in unison.

Kyle, honorably, just walked over to the saw horse and bent over it. Dad picked up a razor strap and laid thirty firm blows onto my lover’s butt. Kyle stood up after the punishment and remained standing with his head bowed. Lane hesitated about thirty seconds too long and dad took him by the ear and forced him into the same position Kyle had just occupied. Sixty strokes of the razor strap later, Lane was crying out apologies for not trying his hardest and disappointing dad.

Dad relented and helped Lane up. Both twins got hugs and kisses and were sent back to their room to stay in bed until dinner.

“I need you to respect me as a father figure,” Jim said turning his attention to me.

“Sir,” I started.

“Young man,” Jim said clearly indicating that my speech was not called for.

“I already consider you my boy,” Jim explained, “and I know that in time the twins will consider you their older brother. Right now you need to understand fully and clearly that I want only to see you reach your full potential and I do not accept anything other than your best. Further, when you don’t push yourself, I will put you in your place.”

With that my new dad put me over the sawhorse where my lovers—and new brothers—and just been positioned. Some rope was used to fasten my hands and ankles in place and then I heard the swoosh of a cane.

“OWWW,” I cried out in pain as the first stroke landed. My body shook against the frame of the saw horse vainly trying to escape dad’s cane. Eighty brutal strokes later I could feel

that there were deep welts and I was crying loudly.

Dad untied me and helped me stand up. Dad pulled me close and embraced me. One hand traced the outlines on my sore butt. "I love you dad," I said.

"I love you too," he responded holding me tighter and squeezing my sore ass cheeks.

"Thank you for punishing me properly," I said.

He guided me back to the house and I found myself walking in to Maria—naked save for a jock and with my butt welted from a caning. Dad kept me from falling flat with embarrassment and guided me up the stairs and into his bedroom.

"The twins usually like to lay next to each other after a spanking so why don't you stay with me for a few hours."

I held him tighter and nodded.

In the bedroom he lay down on the bed and pulled me in to lay on top of him, my head resting on his chest. The similarity of features between him and his younger sons was striking and a part of me wanted to kiss him passionately on the lips.

Dad held me in a tight embrace and kissed me softly on the head telling me how proud he was of my artwork and that he wanted to see me succeed as a professional photographer.

I sobbed in his arms and asked what to do about my "papa" which was what I started calling my paternal father over time.

"Your dad will learn to be proud of you as you put your best effort into doing what you love the most and he will love you," Jim insisted.

I stopped sobbing and let Jim embrace and caress me.

For a while we lay there silently, then after I had quieted down and relaxed, Jim announced, "Rafael I know you are gay and I think that is fine."

Knowing what Lane had made me promise I initially started to backpedal and evade, but dad started squeezing my ass cheeks and said, "Don't make me take you back out there this weekend for lying to me."

"Yes, I'm gay," I answered sheepishly.

"See, that wasn't so bad," dad said proudly and embracing me firmly still. "I still love you and I have no problem with you, or Lane and Kyle being gay for that matter," he said matter of factly.

Had that been a statement of fact? A question? Or just an open ended remark. My head spun and my heart started pounding, was he going to ask me about his beautiful twin boys, my lovers.

"I've known they were gay for a while," Jim continued.

I started to open my mouth and dad squeezed my welted ass cheeks violently and I quickly stopped talking. He was right about that, above all else, I definitely did not want another

visit to the pool house this weekend.

“Are you their lover?”

A question.

I tried to hide my head and dad grabbed my hair and pulled me up so I had to look in his eyes.

“Yes they both are my lovers dad,” I responded. Jim pulled me closer and kissed me on the cheek.

“Good,” Jim said. “I’ve really taken a liking to you and I do want it to be clear that no matter what I expect the three of you to get on as brothers whether or not you stay lovers.”

He kissed me again on the cheek and then let go of my hair and I found my lips fell against his. I kissed him and said, “yes sir.”

Dad helped me up and took me to the bathroom where he put some vaseline on my welted butt cheeks and then asked me to do the same for the boys and promised not to bother us till seven o’clock when we were expected downstairs in nice clothing for dinner.

We kissed again on the lips and I headed out of the bedroom with just my jock.

Maria was in the hall and I bit my lip to avoid turning bright red from embarrassment. Completely ignoring my virtual nudity she introduced herself in Spanish and explained she was from Mexico City. I introduced myself in Spanish and she commented that “Senor Thompson” was quite “strict” with his boys and she thought that was good. I nodded and headed to my room.

The boys were laying in bed quietly, butts mildly red compared to my welt, their arms around each other. I quietly approached and then offered the vaseline balm. They agreed and I spread it on Kyle’s butt and then Lane’s. I then lay down next to them and they parted to let me lay–face down–between them.

Orgasm

Kyle and Lane had remained quite firm about only having orgasms one day a week so today was the day for an orgasm.

The boys ran their hands over my welted ass cheeks. Lane whispered in my ear, “Dad has never whipped us like that.” Kyle licked my ear.

Despite the soreness of my buttocks I rolled over and Kyle quickly made work of my cock. Lane kissed me and tongued me. Both of my twin lovers were trying to make me feel better and it was definitely working. They were kind to my ass and both abstained from fucking me. Instead Lane moved down and while Kyle continued to suck me off, he began to fuck his twin brother.

After about ten minutes, I was managing to hold back an orgasm against Kyle’s firm sucking

efforts, but Lane shot a load into his brother's ass, so they switched places and Lane began sucking my cock as Kyle fucked his ass.

Lane worked my cock harder and began biting the head and quickly brought me to orgasm. As I let out gasps of pleasure Kyle pulled out, pulled his brother off me and then moved up to unload a rich load of cum into my mouth.

We all embraced and lay there for several hours.

Around six, I remembered to mention that dad expected us downstairs at seven dressed nicely. The boys smiled and nodded. "Dinner is always at seven, and dad always expects us to be dressed nicely. At a minimum that means long slacks—not jeans—and a polo style shirt."

Dinner

The three of us went down nicely dressed, but all with sore butts, me most of all. We sat at lunch and there was already a nice spinach salad on the table. At my chair, I noticed a small doughnut style cushion had been placed. I smiled at dad when I saw it and he nodded to me.

The salad was nice and after about fifteen minutes, Fung entered with a seafood paella. The paella was outstanding and I commented on the same to dad. I asked him some questions about his job that interested me and he seemed to be really excited at my interest in what he did. He asked me a lot of questions about my childhood in Ribadeo, Spain and those two topics predominated the dinner discussion.

After Fung cleared the main entree, he wished us all a good night and headed out of the room. The twins made no effort to get up and so I tried to copy their moves.

"Lane, Kyle," Jim started, "I would like to talk to you boys about something we haven't discussed in the past."

The twins nodded, but I could already read Lane's look of concern. Jim stood up and came behind the twins and placed his hands on their shoulders.

"I want to know, do you love Rafael?"

Lane tried to stand up, but dad's firm grip on the shoulder kept him firmly seated.

"I am proud of your boys whether or not you are gay, I love you both very much and my only concern is your happiness. So I need to know, for Rafael's sake and my own, do you love Rafael?"

Lane again tried to stand up and dad pushed him back into the chair forcibly.

"Do that one more time and your butt will look like Rafael's," Jim said.

Kyle answered, "Yes we do dad." Lane nodded.

"Good, I would have been angry with you boys if you lied to me there are two things I won't

abide: lying and not doing your best. There is however one thing that I want to emphasize to the three of you boys. Whether you still love each other as lovers in five years, I expect you to continue loving Rafael as a brother. From this day forward he is your older brother and you are his younger brothers. Are we clear on that boys?”

“Yes sir,” Kyle and Lane answered in unison.

I followed on with a nod.

“There is one last thing I want to know,” dad continued.

Kyle interrupted, “we just didn’t want to disappoint you sir, we weren’t sure that you weren’t going to be mad with us if we were gay.”

Jim kissed Kyle on the forehead and said, “I will love you boys no matter what till the end of time.”

“Did the three of you want some time alone or do you want to watch some movies together before going to bed?”

I was surprised how cool dad was being and I think Lane and Kyle were as well.

Movies

With four men in the house and four nights till we had to go back to University, we each picked a favorite movie out of dad’s extensive DVD collection.

Kyle picked the DVDs for both himself and Lane, both of the “Die Hard” genre. Dad picked a Japanese anime series. I was surprised by the breadth of the collection and ended up picking out a Spanish film: “All About My Mother”.

“Let’s watch Rafael’s first since he is the oldest of the three of you,” dad suggested.

Lane took the DVD from the counter and put it into the system. I was amazed by the size of the picture and the intensity of the audio from the theater system.

The twins laid down next to each other on the floor and I ended up on the couch with dad. The twins looked stunning in their dressy clothing stretched out. I think the boys were pleasantly surprised by the film and I know Jim seemed to really enjoy it as well.

Jim invited us to his office study and offered the twins a brandy, which they accepted, and so when he offered me one I accepted as well. We sat in the study till late into the night discussing the movie, politics, the war in Afghanistan, and other weighty topics. The twins really surprised me since I still had a slight stereotype of them as a dumb jocks.

After one glass of brandy the twins begged off. They kissed me passionately on the lips while leaving in front of their dad which made both of us quite happy. Dad offered me another glass of brandy which I accepted and I began telling him about when my mother who had—similarly to the twins’ mother—died when I was around eleven. Jim told me more about the twins’ mother and explained that he did not want to remarry till all of us were

older. We talked a lot about my father and how differently my dad and he had handled their respective wives' deaths.

Jim moved on to a third and fourth glass of brandy and I did the same. My father had always given me alcohol and most nights we had wine with dinner. Jim seemed to be showing signs of impairment after the fourth glass and I ended up having to help him upstairs in the end.

He kissed me on the lips again and as he passed out said, "I'm so glad you make Lane and Kyle so happy."

More Sex

I was surprised to find the twins still awake when I came into the room and they got me to strip naked and head for the pool after promising—no swearing—that we would not get whipped for using the pool.

Naked, we ran back out the back, all of our fannies quite red and dived into the pool. The twins "assaulted" me in the pool and though we stayed fairly quiet they tackled me and wrestled with me under the water. Then Kyle surprised me by jacking me off under the pool. I decided it was ok to follow suit and using both hands got the twins off while they kissed me passionately. They came simultaneously and it felt wonderful.

We stayed out under the brisk autumn air for a while letting our bodies dry under the moon.

The boys ended up carrying me into the house over their shoulders, taking turns. We collapsed in a pile on the bed.

Dad woke us up at 0800 and did not seem remotely bothered by the sight of the three of us piled into Kyle's bed.

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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3 Part 3

By TopLegal

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

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Mid-Year Break

Things had been going quite well all semester overall. My new father, Jim Thompson, had only minimal occasion to discipline me seriously as I had excelled in my art, and other, courses. My twin lovers, and younger brothers, had performed well throughout most of the season.

Two days before the four week long break started, Jim arrived unannounced and handed me a thick envelope. “My secretary called the Terra-Mar agency in Ribadeo and arranged a trip for you and the boys to go visit your dad. If you have any questions or need to make any changes call ‘Antonio’ there and he can help you out.”

Jim kissed me on the head and headed out without waiting for the twins to show up. I remembered Antonio, he had a malformed hand and thought about home.

I figured that my dad just thought Kyle and Lane would be friends whose dad wanted them to see Europe so we would probably have an opportunity to travel quite a bit within Spain and possibly even Europe as a whole.

I opened the envelope and found the twins’ passports, three first class airline tickets on Iberia airlines with layovers in Chicago, IL en route to Barajas. The dollar number on the tickets shocked me, around \$8000 a ticket. Also there was a shocking amount of Spanish currency in the envelope, about \$10,000! Finally a note from dad: “Enjoy!”

When the twins showed up, I only showed them the tickets and they were a bit surprised but were excited that they would see my home. I reminded them that my real dad was nowhere near as cool as their dad and didn’t know I was gay or anything about the three of us as a couple. Given that we had still managed to stay completely closeted as a couple at school Kyle and Lane assured me there would be no problems.

Flight

Jim sent Fung to drive us to the airport. I had both my Spanish and US passports with me. At the check in counter, my Spanish moved the three of us along relatively quickly through the new security measures. I intentionally had packed my carry on extremely light: just my digital camera, digital video recorder, my PowerBook G4 and not much else.

On the plane, I let the twins sit together and that left me across the aisle from them with a handsome young executive from Germany for the longest leg from Chicago to Madrid. Turned out he worked for an investment banking firm and he was flying back to his wife. He chewed my ear off for several hours before my need to sleep succeeded in beating back his chatter.

In the morning, I woke before the plane was about to land and as soon as my eyes popped open he started in again. I looked across to Lane and Kyle, they were still out cold and Kyle's head had fallen against Lane's shoulder. Innocent looking to everyone else: two adult twins asleep in first class. To me, it said so much more.

With two hours more to go in the flight I decided to have some fun with the young executive and after making sure that the flight crew was nowhere in sight, slid my hand across the arm rest to his pants and rested my hand on his crotch.

Helmut—that was the young executive's name—looked at me in alarm at first and then calmed when he realized everyone in the first class cabin was asleep. I whispered to him in German asking if he liked it?

He nodded and reciprocated with a hand across the arm rest onto my cock.

My cock responded immediately having been teased for several days, but with today being Saturday and the day I usually had orgasms with the boys I was particularly horny and ready to cum.

“Badezimmer,” I queried in German.

He stood up and wandered back to the bathroom. I followed a few moments later noticing that everyone was still sound asleep. I shut the bathroom door behind me and locked the small stall. Helmut quickly started to unfasten my belt and pull down my pants. I pulled a condom from my pocket and he slid it over my cockshaft. Despite the relatively cramped quarters the young banker got down on his knees and began to suck my condom covered cock. I used my hands to force him to suck me harder. Some “heterosexual.”

After a few minutes he stood up and turned around dropping his pants and exposing his tight puckered fuckhole for my condom sheathed cock. I pushed into him forcefully and struggled to keep myself from cumming as I rammed his tight fuckhole.

I stopped before cumming and he turned around and faced me as I pushed his head against the bulkhead and kissed him. His uncircumcized cock shot a huge load onto the floor. I pulled up my pants and took his tie. Then I kissed him again and opened the door before he had a chance to get clothed. In the first class cabin, nobody had woken from our slightly rowdy affair. He quickly locked the bathroom door behind me and I returned to my seat

and fastened his tie to my neck loosely.

When he returned to the seat about ten minutes later he was blushing slightly and when he saw his tie on my neck he turned completely red. I smiled at him and motioned for him to relax and enjoy the rest of the flight.

Barajas

At the airport I decided to use my Spanish/Eurozone passport to go through the shorter line for entry; however, since I was waiting for the twins with their United States passports the time savings was really nonexistent.

Lane was surprisingly cranky by the time we reached for a taxi. When he noticed the tie around my neck we ended up in a brief argument—in English—while waiting for a taxi. I assured both of the them that I had just taunted the German, had not cum and that I loved them. Twelve or so hour flights seem to have a way of bringing out the worst in people.

In the cab, I gave directions to Chamartin in Spanish and realized for the first time in months I did have a large advantage over the boys and their secret “twin” talk. They did not speak a word of Spanish.

After double checking that the taxi driver did not speak English I explained my encounter with Helmut to the twins who seemed to appreciate the fact that I had corrupted the “heterosexual” investment banker and taken his tie as a trophy.

At Chamartin we had a long wait for the train to Ribadeo and we ended up talking about my childhood. Somewhere in the middle the conversation switched to their childhood and their mother and it was one of the most intimate conversations the three of us had to that date.

The train ride itself was uneventful and my biological father met us at the train station in Ribadeo and drove us just outside town to my childhood home. Unlike the boy’s home it was a modest house on a small farm with a barn and stables a short drive from the town.

My father surprised me by delving into a protracted conversation with me in German about our two guests. I mention it was surprising since he generally insisted on English only and especially since my mother’s death. Then I realized his aim: exclusion of the twins. For a moment, I felt slightly smug about the situation. All too often the twins descended into what I called twin-talk where they would talk to each other without even saying much. But I also realized it was probably less than helpful to put them on edge around my dad.

Dinner

By dinner, my dad had returned to his normal “English” only rules and turned his attention towards finding out more about the twins. The boys and I had studiously avoided the subject of my schooling and my dad latched onto what their dad did.

“So exactly what is your dad’s position at MegaCorp?”

Lane—of course—answered, “He’s the CEO of sorts for one of their most profitable divisions.”

“That must keep him quite busy,” my dad said in a somewhat superior tone.

“Actually it does,” Lane responded evenly and without taking the bait. Kyle seemed to read the invisible twin-signal not to chirp in a supportive word for Jim and the topic moved on without incident.

After we finished eating my dad turned to me and said, “Rafael take your clothes off at once and *then* go to the barn and wait for me.”

I hesitated.

“NOW,” my dad barked and I stood up and started towards the door to go out to the barn.

“Where are you going?”, he bellowed.

I stammered, “the barn...”

“Take your clothing all off right *here*,” my dad said.

I took it all off. First my shoes, then socks, then my trousers, then underwear. An erection became visible and I tried to ignore it as I removed my trophy tie and then shirt. I was suddenly quite naked and I felt like my erect cock stood out like a sore thumb.

“*Now* go wait for me in the barn,” my dad said.

Unlike my new dad, my biological dad was vicious and angry with punishments and always looked to maximize the pain and humiliation. Jim would punish me and the boys for our best interests but my dad punished me to hurt me and cause me intense pain when he felt like it.

Casually my dad suggested to me, “oh, and have one of your roommates help tie you up out there for a proper whipping.”

I visibly reddened. My dad’s idea of a proper whipping was something that could leave me out of school for several days for the swelling and pain to go down. I had been whipped by him with a bullwhip only twice before and both times had been harrowing, brutal experiences.

Lane and Kyle seemed to signal with one another in twin speak and Kyle came over and helped me out the door. As the door shut I noticed Lane standing up as well.

As I walked barefoot to the barn, Kyle tried to comfort me and remind me that both of them love me very much and that Jim loved me very much but also that my dad was my dad and I had to respect and obey him no matter what.

In the barn, I showed Kyle the ropes that my dad uses for tying me up during punishments and then inserted my hands. Kyle pulled the ropes on the pulley and I was then on my tiptoes. Kyle stretched up and kissed me on the lips and headed out of the barn.

Waiting

As soon as Kyle left I lost my bladder or at least a good part of it onto the dirt floor of the barn. My cock was still fairly rigid in embarrassment, fear, and arousal. I tried to focus on something positive rather than the impending lashing.

Time passed extremely slowly.

The barn was dark and I tried to turn to face the door so I could see the house through the opening to the barn. Nothing.

After my arms started to hurt from being stretched out I tried counting backwards from 100. Then 1000.

My leg began to cramp and I had to dance around on one set of toes trying to wiggle my other foot around to uncramp my right leg. Finally, I managed to uncramp my right leg only to have my left leg seize up.

I began losing track of time and was leaning against the ropes as best I could to try and relax my body, but Kyle had been rather efficient about tying me up and there was little slack to push out against.

Finally, I saw the front door to the house open but it was one of the boys. From the distance in the darkness I could not tell which one. Finally one of the twins neared—Lane. He kissed me on the lips and then let me down.

“Your dad went into his bedroom and shut the door we decided after two hours that we should come let you down,” he explained.

“Porque... Warum... I mean, Why?”, I said finally finding my English again.

“We showed him your artwork including the watercolors you did from that picture of your mother. He took the portfolio you made for him and just wandered into his room crying.”

I was too exhausted from standing waiting for a whipping to think clearly and Lane realized that and carried me in all the while reminding me that both he and Kyle loved me very much.

Lane tucked me into my childhood bed and kissed me on the forehead. “Remember lover we will be fucking like bunnies next door,” he said smiling as he walked out.

I cursed under my breath. I would have to wait another week for an orgasm assuming we managed to get away from home in Ribadeo to tour the rest of Europe on this vacation. Those two however would be fucking and sucking dicks with each other tonight in a twin-orgy.

I had been with the boys long enough to realize that they liked it better when I was there. It was weird to me still. On one hand they were each the expert in what the other wanted quite exactly but on the other hand they wanted me and the difference I brought to them to be happier and enjoy the sex more.

But damn them anyhow for having orgasms when I was not going to. I also realized that Lane had tweaked me slightly because he had been wearing the tie I had taken from the

German on the plane when he had come to take me in from the barn.

Morning

I slept lightly, half expecting my dad to storm in and whip me with a buggy whip right there in my bed. I woke up around eight and wandered out. The twins were still asleep and the door to my father's room was still shut. I decided to risk seeing the twins and just opened the door without knocking.

Lane still had the German's tie on but was otherwise naked. Kyle was nuzzled against his side. Lane's eyes opened awake when I shut the door and he blew a kiss my direction.

With a finger he beckoned me over and I came over to the edge of the bed without getting in. I leaned close to his face and he smiled at me and I leaned in closer to kiss him on the lips.

"I love you boys," I said.

"We love you," he responded back.

Kyle woke up and his eyes flashed at me and my heart swooned.

"You guys manage to enjoy yourselves without me last night?"

Kyle answered, "We missed you Rafael, this is the first night we haven't been able to sleep with you since we started dating..."

Lane though finished, "...however we did manage to suffer through enjoying ourselves. Kyle fucked my brain out while holding me bent over using the German's tie like a dog leash it was tremendous fun."

I kissed my twin lovers and told them that I was saving myself till next Saturday they nodded approvingly.

The conversation took a more serious turn, none of us had heard my dad in the night. Lane volunteered to look in on him if he did not wake up soon and I shook my head: "I am the oldest."

The twins dressed somewhat and we hung out in the guest room until around ten o'clock chatting—well actually mostly they chatted with Kyle giving me a blow-by-blow of how he fucked Lane the previous night and Lane nodding approvingly.

At ten, I wandered to my father's door and listened for noise. None. I knocked. Nothing. I decided to go in. He was not in his bed though I saw my portfolio binder open on the bed.

I walked to the bathroom door and saw him on the floor curled up in a fetal position. I had never seen my father so helpless it was an odd, awkward moment. A man who inspired frequent terror in my bawled up crying. He did not seem to register my presence in the doorway and I decided to slip out unnoticed.

I told the boys and we decided to leave a note that we were going to the beach. From where

we now lived in the states, the weather in Ribadeo at this time of the year was *relatively* warm so we headed out.

The beach we went to was quiet and we ended up just walking side by side along it for most of the morning before heading into town for some food. I suggested the convent Santa Clara where we could get empanadas—Galician meat pies—and then we walked along the banks of the Eo river for a while before heading back to the house.

At four o'clock it was already getting a touch dark and I was surprised that no lights were on. As eldest brother I went to check on my dad. No sound in the room I found him sobbing on the bed this time starring at the watercolor of my mother. This time he looked up at me and acknowledged my existence.

“She is beautiful,” he said.

“Si,” I said risking Spanish.

“Le ame siempre,” he responded.

“Ella era mi madre tambien,” I answered back.

We hugged for the first time in a number of years and he admitted to liking my artwork and suggested that the boys and I travel on through Europe rather than stay with him for the week as originally planned. Of course he did keep the watercolors.

Europe

I called Jim to explain the situation and he approved of us moving on and traveling and suggested I visit Antonio in the morning to have him re-arrange our itinerary. Jim also cautioned me to remind the boys that when we got back home the matter of our grades would be discussed.

In the morning, I visited Antonio at the travel agency and he planned an itinerary that took us through France with a trip through to Paris and then onto Bonn, out to London and then back to Madrid in time to catch our flight back.

Back at my childhood home, my father was still locked in his room. I said goodbye to him through the door and with my twin lovers headed out for our European adventure.

On the walk down to Ribadeo and to the train station, Kyle made me promise to fuck at least one other person and “borrow” that person’s tie permanently before we got back to the states. I agreed to take up the challenge also relieved that my escapade had not upset them as it had initially seemed.

Paris

In Paris we were somewhat more linguistically leveled since my French is not nearly as strong as either my English or my German. We spent about four days and did touristy things: Eiffel

Tower, Louvre, Arc de Triumph, etc. However given Jim's generous spending allowance, around USD\$10,000, we did it in style.

For example I managed at the last minute with the help of MegaCorp's concierge service to get us into several top rated restaurants including Faugeron and L'Arpege. At night we toured some gay clubs—something the twins never are willing to do back in the States for fear of being recognized.

I did however have one slight tweak in mind for them in Bonn which was that we would be meeting Gerhard's master and watching Gerhard at "home" so to speak one night.

Bonn

Our visit in Bonn was predominated by our residence if you will allow the term. I had not explained to the boys what I had in mind, but just that I had a friend "Kurt" in Bonn who had a nice house.

Never having visited Bonn as an adult, or post-unification and I was unfamiliar with the city. The taxi bill was expensive but the house we were standing outside of was stunning. I rang the doorbell assertively.

A handsome middle aged man greeted me, "Willkommen." Clad in tight leather he was gorgeous to behold and I could definitely see what Gerhard would see in him.

"Kurt?" I inquired.

"Aber selbstverstandlich dummer Junge," he responded insulting me in a friendly fashion.

"Sie sprechen nicht Deutsch," I said trying to open a window of conversation for the boys.

"Silly boy," Kurt repeated, this time in English, while patting me on the head affectionately, "you should have told me your friends didn't speak German."

"Will you be inviting us in?"

"Of course, how rude of me," Kurt continued, "come in, come in."

The inside of the house was, well, interesting. The place was quite dark and the first impression one got was of a vampire's abode. All of the windows were drawn with thick dark curtains and there was only minimal lighting in the rooms.

Kurt lead us to a library and I could sense the twins' discomfort with our host and our potential sleeping arrangements. Kurt seemed aware as well and suggested we might want to relax upstairs in the guest room. The boys agreed and Kurt led us up a narrow staircase to a modest guestroom with a bed that was close in size to a US double. The curtains were completely drawn and only a single spotlight illuminated the room, poorly.

"Relax for a while," Kurt said, "we can all get dinner later, no?"

I nodded as he left. As soon as he left Lane opened the curtains letting light stream into the small room.

“What’s going on,” he asked.

“Kurt is Gerhard’s master and he invited us to stay with them for a few days,” I explained.

Lane grabbed me and nearly threw me against the wall before Kyle checked his twin brother.

“He won’t even know,” I explained referring to Gerhard. “He’s a slave boy and Kurt keeps him hooded and we aren’t going to be in direct contact, I thought you would find it fun to see how Gerhard lives.”

Lane pulled his punch but slammed me in the gut nonetheless. Clearly angry and unable to verbalize his anger he had lashed out. But upon hitting me and seeing me double over slightly he immediately turned and collapsed on the bed frustrated.

“Look, I’m really sorry, I thought you would think it was cool to see Gerhard like this and Kurt promised me that Gerhard will not have a clue you guys are here or even that I am here.”

I lay down on the bed next to Lane and told him I was not angry that he had hit me and that I would not tell dad about it or punish him for it. It took both Kyle and I about ten minutes to reassure Lane that neither of us was going to stop loving him even though he had hit me but we also both made him promise not to hit me again.

Gerhard

We had all ended up laying on the bed when a knock came at the door and then without so much as a pause the door opened revealing Kurt.

“Good you boys have settled down,” he said directing the remark at us generally. “Gerhard has been quite neglectful of his body care,” Kurt said his English slightly broken as he motioned for us to come to a back bedroom.

Tied to a cross our young college friend was hooded and thoroughly restrained. Three other young men around our own age (~18-19) were present in the room. Unlike the twins and myself they were naked and completely shaved head to toe. Not so much as an eyebrow was present on the three of them. They all also had thick leather and metal collars fastened around their necks and their hands were shackled behind their backs.

“Allow me to introduce Albert, Wilmar, and Reinhard,” Kurt said and as each boy’s name was said the young man bowed his head slightly. “Albert is oldest at 28, Wilmar is 25, Reinhard 22, and oh, Gerhard is tied to the rack, he is 18.”

Lane suddenly found his tongue again, “how long?”

“Since each was legal,” Kurt answered.

“They are your slaves,” Kyle asked.

“Yes, they serve *my* sexual needs only,” Kurt explained.

“So why let that one go to college,” I asked pointing to the restrained slave boy who was at

college with us.

“It amuses me,” Kurt answered unconvincingly.

“Seriously?”

“Because he had wanted to go and his father had told him that because he was a fag he was good for nothing and would never amount to anything his one wish was to go to college so he could show his dad his degree,” Kurt explained.

Looking more closely at the three unshackled boys I noticed something else quite shocking, each had been castrated.

Perhaps sensing what my eyes had taken in, Kurt explained, “Gerhard is currently on chemical castration drugs until he is 21. After which point if he wishes to stay with me, he will have to have the surgery.”

Photo Shoot - Castratos

Ok so although Albert, Wilmar and Reinhard were not genuine castratos in the traditional sense of having been castrated before puberty their physiques were striking and I resolved to get permission to take some serious photography.

Kurt consented for the three slaves and ignoring my lovers and Gerhard’s plight I wandered off to find a better lit room with the three slaves for a photo session with my digital camera.

I ultimately use the pictures from that shoot in my second semester project on the human form and in particular I ended up sending an award winning print of Albert back to Kurt to hang up.

Kyle and Lane filled me in on watching Gerhard’s torment later that evening. Apparently Kurt does not believe in hitting the boys so instead they are put into sensory deprivation of various sorts when they misbehave. In his words, “the psychological impact is much more devastating.”

Gerhard had an IV line into him and had been hooded, plugged and catheterized in an upright position for nearly 72 hours by the time we had entered the room. Urination was only possible when Kurt opened the valve on the catheter. Defecation was into a bucket after enemas were administered. Food was withheld and the only source of hydration and electrolytes was the IV. Gerhard had a four day total sentence coming to him and Kurt made some adjustments to the IV flow and administered an enema in front of Lane and Kyle and also showed them in detail how sensitive the boy’s body had become.

Lane was encourage to twist Gerhard’s nipples and watch the bound german boy writhe in agony from the intensity of the sensation. Kyle then was encourage to run a feather on the soles of the boy’s foot. Gerhard struggled vainly against the bonds and every touch was like an intense electrical jolt.

Kurt interrupted my photoshoot along with the twins and suggested that the three of us

enjoy some of Bonn's restaurants.

Release and Return

Gerhard was due to be released around nine o'clock the next day and Kurt wandered in midday waking the three of us up from an all night orgy after dining out.

"I was not sure if you would stay for Gerhard's unveiling," Kurt asked.

The twins looked at each other and seemed to talk without exchanging a word. Then Lane said, "No, but he will undoubtedly figure some of this out when he sees Rafael's art pictures."

Kurt looked at me slightly disappointed and I shrugged.

Kyle suggested, "we wouldn't mind heading back a day early."

"Ok," I said.

Without bothering to get dressed I hopped out of bed and wandered down to Kurt's office where there was a phone and called the airlines directly to move our flights around. Thankfully when one has a full price first-class ticket they are extremely accommodating.

The flight was in about four hours and so we got dressed and Kurt had called a cab for us.

At the airport the check-in girl found herself cooing all over the twins and not appreciating that I spoke German, after all I handed her a Spanish passport, had said a few rather entertaining things in German to the young lady one stand over.

One thing I constantly find traveling with the twins is that heterosexual women seem to fall all over them and the boys are quite accommodating of the attention. Feigning a reasonably high level of interest and always willing to chat.

After we got through security we were invited at the gate to enjoy the first class lounge. On board the plane we found ourselves in a similar seating arrangement to our flight out with the twins in one pair of seats and me with a young, but different, German business executive.

The twins grinned broadly at me from across the aisle and I nodded back that I would do my best to claim the tie from my new "friend" in the seat next to me.

This one was named Albert and it turned out he worked for the same company as Helmut—not that I told him I knew Helmut. The irony. When Albert discovered that I spoke German relatively fluently he showered me with affection.

He was unmarried and quite attractive. We had a brief layover in Amsterdam and after we took back off heading for Detroit I allowed my arm to wander a bit far past the armrest onto his lap. He made no effort to move my hand and seemed to smile at me.

After a few minutes of my arm resting against his leg he maneuvered my hand towards his crotch. *bingo*

His hand then followed across the armrest towards my crotch and he grabbed it firmly and

smiled at my broadly.

In a hushed voice he whispered: “my boyfriend is meeting me in Detroit.”

“My boyfriend is sitting right there,” I whispered pointing with my free hand towards Kyle.

“BOTH?”

I decided that the lie was easier, “No, the one on the far side is straight, but cool. Bathroom?”

“Ja,” he said standing and walking back.

I would swear Kyle winked at me from the corner of his eye and I headed for the bathroom discretely.

The bathroom was cramped and I locked the door behind me fairly certain the stewardesses had not noticed me joining my German companion.

I took out a condom and motioned for Albert to stick it on my cock. Albert obliged and stooped down in the tight quarters of the airplane bathroom to start sucking my cock. He clearly enjoyed it and I grabbed his tie and used it like a dog leash to turn him around and force my cock into his waiting fuckhole. I used the tie like a dog lead forcing him to rock back and forth on my erect tool.

As I ejaculated into the condom I let go of Albert and turned him around and forced my tongue into his mouth while I used a hand to remove his tie. He tried to protest, complaining the tie was a gift from his boyfriend. I took it anyhow, slid my cock back into my pants and left the restroom.

Nobody was waiting and I noticed the door lock behind me. I returned to my seat and handed the tie to Lane who quickly fastened it around his neck. When Albert finally returned to the seat about thirty minutes later he looked quite relaxed and asked for his tie back. I pointed over to Lane and said I had given my boyfriend the tie as a token. Albert turned red and begged me in German to return it.

I shook my head apologetically and offered to let him fuck me in the bathroom later if he wanted. Albert shook his head and thanked me for a great fuck.

In Detroit we boarded a plane for college where dad, met us.

Grades

Dad gave us all huge warm hugs when we landed and at that moment I realized that my father back in Spain was just to be my father in blood and name only.

In the car, dad handed us our report cards still in their sealed mailers Jim could be intrusive at times, for example scanning our computers for pornography, but generally was quite respectful of our privacy.

Lane went first opening his envelope and reading his grades aloud:

Lane Thompson Fall 2001-2002 Semester Grades

Freshman English Section 2	3.3
Calculus I	3.0
Philosophy I	3.7
Business: Micro Economics	3.0

Kyle followed quickly repeating the routine:

Kyle Thompson Fall 2001-2002 Semester Grades

Freshman English Section 2	3.3
Calculus I	3.3
Philosophy I	3.7
Business: Micro Economics	3.0

I followed suit somewhat surprised by my difficulty in the jock-cakewalk class of “Philosophy”:

Rafael Paz Fall 2001-2002 Semester Grades

Freshman English Section 25	3.0
Calculus II	4.0
Philosophy I	3.0
Photography I	3.7
Fine Arts: Painting	3.7

(For those unfamiliar with the common grading systems used at American Universities a 4.0 is an A and a 3.0 is a B making 3.7 A- and 3.3 B+. There generally is no A+.)

I was also a bit surprised by the different grades for the boys in Calculus since I had worked hard on tutoring them in that course and they had handled their introductory Business course, general micro economics which aplomb.

Instead of going back to school—besides there were another few weeks left of winter vacation—we headed to the Thompson home. Jim asked the boys, and me, to meet him out at the pool house in an hour to discuss our report cards and our schedules for next semester.

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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4 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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Grades

As you may recall we left off with us being instructed to meet in the pool house to discuss our first semester college grades.

I had been pretty pleased with my showing overall and perhaps because this was my first time doing grades with my new dad he decided to start on the twins. The three of us were buck naked in the pool house.

Again our grades:

Class	Lane	Kyle	Rafael
English	3.3	3.3	3.0
Calculus	3.0	3.3	4.0 (II)
Philosophy	3.7	3.7	3.0
Business	3.0	3.0	---
Photography	---	---	3.7
Fine Arts	---	---	3.7

Dad started with Lane and looked over the grades and in particular the difference between the twins in Calculus.

Then came the question I would learn to hate more than anything else in life: “Did you try your best in each class?”

Lane tried looking down and dad’s hand quickly lifted the young man’s chin up so their eyes had to meet. Lane’s eyes tried to avoid his father’s, but Jim was persistent and moved within inches of his young son’s face. With no escape from his father’s eyes Lane stammered and then spilled the beans, “No sir.”

“Calculus?”

“Rafael tried to tutor me but I didn’t do some of the practice problems he gave us the night before the test and Kyle did,” Lane said explaining.

“What about English and Business?”

“Rafael did worse,” Lane said trying to weasel out of responsibility.

“Rafael is Spanish and speaks three languages and he will have to answer for himself. What is your excuse?”

“I guess I just focused too much on football,” Lane said looking to Kyle for support.

Kyle was avoiding his twin brother’s gaze and looked to me as if I would somehow intervene.

Jim gave his son a hug and kissed Lane on the forehead, “I am very proud of your performance on the field this semester, but next semester you need to take five classes and I expect you boys to give it your all in everything.”

Lane’s disappointment with himself for letting his dad down was apparent. “I promise to try harder in everything next semester. What courses should I take this Spring?”

“Well you need to take English and in order to complete your quant-requirement you should take the second Calculus and this time follow Rafael’s tutoring?”

“Sounds good, a lot of the team members are going to take Chemistry for Poets, do you think I could take that?”

“Sounds reasonable, I assume Kyle wants to take that too?”

Kyle nodded.

“That leaves two open courses to fill, maybe you should learn Spanish in case you want to visit Spain with Rafael again?”

Lane tried an unsuccessful dodge with “Rafael’s dad doesn’t like him to speak Spanish” and got a firm swat on the butt.

Kyle smiled, he had confided to me that he would like to learn either Spanish or German after our trip so that we could have more fun next time we visited Europe.

“And you should both take Business II which is Managing a Small Business so you can major in Business Administration.”

Lane nodded.

Dad turned to Kyle with the killer effort question, “Did you try your hardest?”

Kyle was more honest than his brother and quickly shared his own disappointment over his performance with his dad and admitted that he thought with my help that they could have done better in Calculus.

“Perhaps you three should spend less time fucking each other and more time studying?”

We all blushed, most especially Kyle who sobbed softly and begged his dad to spank him. Jim kissed Kyle on the forehead and turned his attention to me.

“Good showing,” Jim said putting his arm around my shoulder, “but did you put your best effort into all of your courses?”

I found myself looking down, I knew I could have tried harder in English and also my arts courses. My philosophy grade though remained incomprehensible to me.

I found myself confessing my failing, embarrassed that I had disappointed Jim and knowing that mostly I had disappointed myself. I should have 4.0'ed my arts courses...

I found myself following Jim's gentle lead over a saw horse. Naked, my buttocks were exposed for punishment in front of my twin lovers and brothers.

Jim pronounced the punishment: "12 strokes of the best for each A- in your arts courses where you could have gotten A's."

The strokes followed quickly and violently with him taking a firm step before each blow from the cane. I screamed out in pain after the twentieth blow and struggled to stay in place without restraints for the last four blows.

"As for English," Jim continued, "that should have been a B+ minimum, 6 strokes." Jim did not even allow me to catch my breath before following on the first twenty-four blows with the six for English.

Jim helped me up and kissed my forehead and told me to stand still and watch the boys get punished. Lane was first and received twelve strokes of the cane over his Calculus failing and then received the strap for his remaining grades about 20 for each of his other courses. Kyle only got the strap, but in equal amount with his twin brother.

Jim suddenly remembered that we had not discussed my courses for next semester and we came up with a schedule:

Lane-Kyle	Rafael
English	English
Calculus II	Intro. Comp. Sci
Spanish I	Photography II
Business II	Printmaking: Silkscreening
Chemistry-Poets	Sculpture

Then we headed into the house, our bodies naked and butts blazing, especially mine. As had become common after the three of us had been punished, dad encouraged the twins to be with each other and took me into his bedroom.

Sex?

I found myself in my dad's strong embrace laying naked on top of him in bed. At that moment something that Kyle had said half-jokingly clicked in me. I kissed dad with some tongue and he grabbed my head and kissed me back hard.

Then he pushed me off him saying, "no."

"I love you dad," I said.

“I know,” dad replied back to me, “but you are my boys, not mine.”

Dad hugged me tight and let my head rest on his chest. I maneuvered to kiss him again and found myself rolled onto my back with my dad pinning me down.

“You won’t get any special treatment from me if we do this and you have to ask the boys permission first.”

He kissed me deep in the mouth and collapsed on top me and held me and told me how much he loved me.

Around 6:30, I was sent to the bedroom to get dressed up for dinner and get the boys moving. I found them sixty-nining one another, their sore asses facing out to the sides.

“Dinner time brothers,” I said innocently.

Kyle grabbed me and pulled me into the bed and my twin lovers alternated holding me and fucking me until five minutes before dinner when we threw on nicer clothing and headed down.

Not the most auspicious start towards dad’s request that we have less sex and focus on our studies more...

Dinner

We arrived just on time and found dad already at the table. I had not received permission to have sex with dad from my twin brother-lovers, but I had faith that they would not be disturbed by the request.

I noticed they were wearing the ties from the Germans I fucked on the plane with their dinner outfits. I winked at them.

We covered the terrain of our European vacation in great detail, although the three of us all managed to elide the details of my casual sex on the plane and everything having to do with Kurt-and-Gerhard in Bonn.

After dinner we headed to the study as usual and dad offered us all brandy. Dad broached the subject of the two of us having sex casually as the twins tired—as they tended to do after a single glass of brandy. They shrugged it off casually and told us to enjoy ourselves as they headed upstairs to get some sleep.

Dad poured us both another brandy and asked me what we really saw in Europe. Suddenly he reached with one hand for my cock through my pants and I found myself spilling the beans: the German business men on the plane, Gerhard and the castratos in Bonn, everything...

Sex

We helped each other up the stairs after the third glass of brandy. I told him I wanted to give my lovers a quick kiss before coming to bed with him.

I found the twins wrapped in one another's embrace sound asleep. I took my clothes off and threw on a pair of bikini swimwear from the boys wardrobe.

Dad was still dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed in the master bedroom when I walked in. He looked up and in that moment I saw very clearly that I was staring back at a more mature and equally handsome rendition of my twin lovers—his sons.

Dad smiled at me and pulled me into the bed. "I haven't in over ten years," he said as he kissed me on the lips tenderly.

"Please," I said softly.

Dad slid my bikini swimwear off my thighs leaving me naked, his body pressing against mine. I felt his cock, equally as big as that of his twin sons stiffen against my already stiffened cock.

I decided to focus on some of the areas that I knew the twins enjoyed on the assumption that the apples had not fallen far from the tree.

I stretched my neck so that I could lick the tips of Dad's ears with the tip of my tongue. He reacted immediately, his cock stiffening further and calling out in pleasure.

I kept licking his ear driving him into a frenzy just like I did regularly with Kyle—and Lane. Then I whispered, "fuck me."

Dad grabbed my hair and forced my mouth onto his nipples. Dad's body was still quite muscular at forty and his nipples were firm and he reacted like a lightning bolt hit when I ran my tongue in circles around his nipples and then nibbled on them gently. I felt a finger probing my fuckhole and I worked dad's nipples harder as he fingered my ass using his fingers.

Dad then began pumping his erect tool up and down along my abdomen as he held my mouth firmly against his nipples and worked his finger in my fuckhole. This was not exactly by the boys' playbook but it was quite enjoyable.

I loved the feeling my dad's stiff tool rubbing along my chest. Dad pulled my mouth of his nipples and forced his tongue deep in my mouth. I felt his body tremble slightly and then his cock erupted like a volcano onto my chest spilling his man gism in torrents over my smooth chest.

Then he kept fingering my fuckhole and kept his tongue thrust deeply into my mouth until I found my cock erupting in a much smaller load which splattered onto my dad's chest and then back onto my own chest mixing with my dad's gism.

Dad relented allowing me a chance to catch my breath, but kept his finger lodged in my fuckhole firmly. Dad let go of the back of my head allowing my head to fall onto the pillow

and then used the freed hand to work the mixture of his copious gism into my hairy chest. Only after about thirty minutes of additional stimulation did he finally remove his finger from my fuckhole and collapse on top of me so we could both fall asleep.

Long Talk

Early the next morning I noticed something about dad's bedroom: the huge skylight over the bed about five meters on each edge (~15 feet).

The light streamed into the room at around 0700 and I tried to maneuver out from underneath my dad to keep the sun out of my eyes. My movement awakened my dad who kissed me and said, "I was afraid it might have been a dream."

"No sir," I responded politely.

"Can we talk about last night," he asked as the sunlight coming through the skylight blinded me.

"What's to discuss?"

Dad rotated me on my side and spooned me, his semi-erect cock pushing against my ass crack as he kissed me on the back of my neck.

"Whether we are ever going to do this again? Whether I will adopt you? Whether this will affect your relationship with my sons..."

My head began to spin.

"I need to know you will always respect me as your dad first and love me as a father," he continued.

"Absolutely," I said.

"And my sons, they come first and as brothers not lovers."

I nodded agreement.

"Do you love them, I mean really love them as in forever, death till you part and all that?"

"Yes," I said emphatically.

I had become so engrossed in the conversation with dad I did not hear the twins enter or notice them in matching, but different colored, Versace outfits. Dad did not appear to notice either and we kept talking.

"Do you ever feel left out by them," he asked. I did not answer immediately and he continued, "or afraid that they love each other more than you?"

"At first maybe," I said softly, "but I have gotten to know them better."

He finished my sentence, "but they still seem to be able to talk without talking?"

“That doesn’t bother me anymore,” I said, “at first it did, but I find it fascinating and sexy now. And they do genuinely love me.”

“I know,” dad answered. “So where do *we* go from here?”

“You are a good father to me,” I said.

“Do you want me to adopt you,” he asked as his cock became stiffer against my crack.

“Will that change anything?”

“Just some legal formalities, and your name potentially,” he said as he began to kiss the back of my neck.

“Let’s do it,” I said.

“And the sex between us?”

“Only if it is ok with the boys and maybe we can all go out together and find you someone of your own,” responded.

“My wife,” he said.

“Is dead and has been and none of us will think any the less of you if you want to move on,” I said.

The boys suddenly chimed in and caught us both by surprise, “dad we want you to be happy.”

Lane came over to my side of the bed in red pajamas and Kyle onto the side with his dad. Lane kissed me and asked whether I enjoyed myself.

I must have blushed and before I could answer Kyle said, “don’t answer that question.”

“Do you need to go into the office today dad,” Lane asked.

“Actually, I have to leave for Japan for work tonight,” dad explained, “but I would love it if we could play a little football in the yard this afternoon for old times sake.”

Week Alone

The boys managed to rope me into playing football with them and dad that afternoon. No score was kept and we took turns with the twins on our sides: Lane + Me with Kyle + Dad and then swapping the twins so that each had a chance to play with their father.

I actually found myself enjoying the game although I was clearly the “Weakest Link.” After the first hour, I went for my camera to take some “family” shots for use in my upcoming photography course.

A limo arrived around two and dad ran upstairs to grab some last minute items before heading off. We all got fond goodbye kisses on the forehead.

The left us alone in the Thompson mansion for a week before heading back to school. Kyle

had the brilliant idea that I should take some driving lessons from the twins and so I did that in the middle of a snowy winter.

Lane convinced Fung that we could borrow the SUV and we decided to head to ski at a local ski resort in a nearby town. Of course, I also needed to learn how to ski as well.

We had the extra money from the European vacation to spend freely. Kyle and Lane lent me appropriate ski clothing and took their equipment on the rack of the SUV. We stopped at a local ski store and bought me some skis and then hit the modest slopes.

As promised by the resort I got my free introductory ski lesson.

We drove back to the house at night in time for a late dinner. Even without dad home we dressed up as expected and sat leaving the empty space for dad.

After dinner the twins let me pick the movie; however, I ended up succumbing to Kyle's gentle nudges that "Shrek" was what I wanted to watch. We ended up enjoying it and falling asleep tangled amongst each other on the living room floor.

In the morning Lane suggested driving back to the local ski resort for another day of skiing. I agreed after admitting that I had actually had fun and would not mind giving it another try.

I managed to do one of the expert diamond slopes with the boys but luckily the mountain was small enough that even though they went off into the harder trails most of the day we all had lots of fun.

Back at the house Fung had a late dinner ready for us again. The boys asked me about what it was like having sex with their dad finally and I told them it was actually fun.

They picked the movie and my attempts to make my movie their pick did not work and we ended up watching "Rush Hour" with Jackie Chan. Which I found to be quite entertaining.

Triathlon Suit

The boys concocted an elaborate scheme for their father's return from Japan. I was the centerpiece of the plan together with a triathlon one piece body suit. As I have previously mentioned, I am relatively similar in size to the twins, we are both around 185 cm although they are quite a bit more muscular and heavy than I am, I can usually fit into their clothing.

This was no exception. I voided my body in the bathroom around 2100. I put on a jockstrap and inserted a hard cup. Kyle encouraged me to take my time arranging my equipment and then I stepped into the body suit. The material was cool but intense against my bare skin. The boys waited a few minutes before zipping the suit up. Kyle went into the office and came back with a small, red plastic tag. Kyle held it up for my inspection and I noticed small white numbers emblazoned on the tag. Kyle kissed me and handed the tag to Lane who was standing behind me.

Lane fastened the tag to the zipper and a loop on the suit: trapping me in. Kyle explained

that the boys had competed in a triathlon about two years ago with team in training and so they both had the wetsuits.

“And the plastic lock,” I inquired.

Lane laughed, “We bought some of them from an internet site which sells bondage equipment.”

“What else did you buy at the site?”

Kyle smiled broadly and took my hand and guided me towards dad’s room. “Dad is due back from Japan around ten o’clock,” he explained. Lane chimed in, “his flight is already on the ground.”

The boys laid me on my back on dad’s bed in the tight body suit. My cock strained against the hard cup in the jock strap, but could not stiffen outward fully. Kyle lovingly attached velcro and fabric restraints to my wrists and ankles. Lane followed up by using rope through the D-rings of the restraints to leave me bound face up, spread eagle.

Only 2145, the boys kissed me, told me the time and left the room.

The time passed slowly and I could not see a clock, only the moon overhead through the skylight. I strained my ears for any sounds, but the large Thompson mansion was quiet. Not even a mouse could be heard stirring. The feel of the tight body suit and the hopelessness of my situation had me aroused within my cup, but unable to feel release. I also realized that worse still dad would have release when he got in, but I was stuck in the body suit till Lane or Kyle unlocked me in the morning.

Finally, I heard the door handle turn. Dad.

“Now *this* is a pleasant surprise,” he said looking at my taught body restrained to his bed. I nodded a welcome and smiled. He approached slowly, closing the door behind him. Dad reached down towards me allowing his hand to brush my face tenderly. “The boys certainly did everything but put a bow on you,” he remarked. I nodded and strained against the restraints to move closer to my dad.

Dad took his time stripping to reveal his taught body, still muscular at age forty-five. My cock desired release, but it was firmly trapped in the hard cup of the jock and with the suit trapped on me, it would not be feeling release. Dad climbed into the bed, naked and kissed me on the cheek. “You are a beautiful boy Rafael,” he said as he rolled on top of me, his fully erect cock resting against my chest, his mouth matched with mine.

I was completely at his mercy. Dad tongued me ferociously, probing my mouth deeply while holding my head violently so that I could not escape his deep kisses. At times I thought I was going to faint from lack of breath he was kissing me so intensely. But, I was kissing back too. He pumped his cock up and down on my chest. “Let me suck your cock,” I begged. Dad kissed me harder and then slid up leaving me helpless as his massive cock was thrust into my mouth.

I gagged momentarily and he paused to allow me to catch my breath and then began to fuck my mouth forcibly. I could feel the tip of his cock in the back of my throat as he worked his

cock in and out of my mouth. I tried to suck it hard and run my tongue around the cap as it moved it and out, but mostly I just took my dad's man cock.

It had been a while since our last encounter and dad's balls were quite full with cum all of which he unloaded into my mouth in a hot eruption of man gism. He collapsed onto my restrained body, his now flaccid cock still lodged in my mouth. I swallowed his cum with his cock still in my mouth and only after a bit did he move to remove his cock from my mouth.

Dad untied me finally, but left the wrist and ankle restraints in place. I stretched slightly and then curled up against him. His body spooning mine, I fell asleep trapped in the body suit with my dad pressed against me.

The sunlight woke us both early in the morning and I felt dad's cock become erect against my body suit-covered butt crack. Dad moved his hands near the zipper and emitted an "ah" upon understanding my predicament.

"Well if you want to rouse the boys to let you out," he said.

I rolled over to face him, kissed him, and said, "I can hold it."

"Good," my dad said smiling at me and then kissing me back. "I have some exciting news for you," he said.

"Oh?"

"Yes, while I was in Japan, my attorneys drew up all of the necessary paperwork for me to adopt you," he explained.

"Really," I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and your dad as already signed the consent forms. Further, we have a hearing tomorrow so we need to get you a nice suit today."

Suit Shopping

Around 0700 dad got out of bed and got dressed for work. I wandered back into the bedroom I shared with the twins and found them still soundly asleep. I dived into the bed between the embracing twins and without quite waking they pulled me between them and kissed me simultaneously.

Around 1000 they woke up and Lane inspected the lock before letting me out of the suit to go to the bathroom. By noon we were on the road to Nordstroms for a suit for the hearing. The twins were excited about the news of my impending adoption.

At Nordstrom's Lane charged an expensive designer suit for me and convinced the tailor to do the work on the spot for some extra money. The suit would be ready at 1800 before the store closed so we wandered the mall for the next few hours. At the food court we bumped into a few of the guys from the football team who had returned early from winter break. The guys all complemented me on my photographs mentioning that they would love to get extra copies for their parents. I begged off from the group commenting that I needed to pick

some things up and left the twins at the food court.

I wandered the mall for the next few hours eyeing various merchandise and ultimately buying some new everyday clothing at Macy's. Around 1500, I wandered back past the food court and found the boys still camped out with their teammates. The Lane handed me the car keys to drop my purchase off at the car and suggested that I drive home myself. Not that I had a license yet or was quite competent enough to drive home by myself. Kyle tapped Lane, whispered something and then suggested I get the suit and then meet them over at the movie theatres at the other end of the mall.

The tailor at Nordstroms had finished the suit early and I tried it on along with the other items we had picked out. It looked stunning. I took it and my other purchases back to the car. Then I headed over to the movies. We watched some action flick and then had dinner at a steakhouse with the football team members.

After dinner we headed home. Dad had me try on the suit and then suggested the three of us have a good night's sleep before the hearing tomorrow.

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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5 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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Hearing

We all got dressed up for court the next morning. Dad had taken the day off and all four of us: Dad, Lane, Kyle, and myself, were dressed to the nines in nice suits. The courthouse was in the main street in the small town we lived outside of. Dad's attorneys had an office that looked out on the courthouse

The sign on the door read "Peters, Peters & Peters, Attorneys at Law".

A perky, middle-aged receptionist greeted us: "Thompson?"

Dad responded, "yes."

She responded, "Jorg will be with you shortly."

We sat down in the waiting room. My heart was racing as I found myself quite nervous and afraid I was perhaps not doing the right thing with this adoption. A handsome twenty-something gentleman at least 200 cm tall with stunning blonde hair stepped out of an office and approached our small group.

"Jorg Peters," he said introducing himself, "my father was called away just a half-hour ago on urgent business. However, he briefed me fully on this matter." Turning his radiant blue eyes my direction, he continued, "You must be Rafael."

All I could think is, "How may I suck your cock?" Instead, I managed a nod and a smile.

"Nervous," Jorg asked, I nodded slightly and he assured me that there was nothing to be concerned about. We headed back into the younger Mr. Peters' office and reviewed several documents as well as a facsimile communique from the Spanish embassy regarding the impact this adoption would have on my dual citizenship: none as far as they were concerned.

At 0955, we walked downstairs and across the street to the courthouse. Judge Michael Penfield was presiding. A handsome forty-something black man, Judge Penfield immediately recognized my father and warmly greeted him. "Jim, what brings you to my courtroom?"

Dad spoke up, "Just some family business."

“As long as it is good things,” the Judge responded.

The court crier started the session and at Jorg’s request the courtroom was closed for the adoption hearing. Jorg presented the motion papers required under our state law and Judge Penfield questioned me, Jim, and the boys, each separately in chambers. The process took about an hour and a half. Finally, after speaking with Kyle, the Judge came back into the court.

“I am ready to make a ruling, let’s go back on the record,” the Judge said. “Mr. Paz, you are a lucky man indeed. I have reviewed Mr. Thompson’s request and spoken with his twin natural children and all of them are excited to have you as part of the family and clearly love you very much. In light of the voluntary surrender of parental rights by your natural father and the approval of those documents by the appropriate Spanish authorities, I see every reason to approve this adoption. Will you be changing your name?”

“Yes, your honor, thank you,” I managed.

“It is ordered that Mr. Jim Thompson is your legal father and that your name is changed to Rafael Paz Thompson,” the Judge intoned firmly and then signed some paperwork that Jorg had prepared. “Court is adjourned.”

We stood to leave and the Judge beckoned to Jim, “can I see you privately for a moment Jim?” Jorg told dad that the three of us would be in his office and so we walked back across the street. In Jorg’s office he had prepared most of the requests for formal documents, e.g. passports, etc. with my adopted name. A phone call came in and Jorg handed the phone to Lane, it was dad, he and the judge were getting an early lunch together. We were to meet up in the law offices at 1300. I thanked Jorg for his and his father’s help and headed out to lunch with the boys.

Spanked and Fucked by my New Daddy

At home again, dad ordered me to strip for my first spanking as his legal son.

I quickly took my clothing off and walked out in the cold winter to the pool house alone. Dad followed me, but the boys folded my clothing and placed it on the banister and then showed up in the pool house a few minutes later, still dressed.

Dad guided me over the sawhorse and restrained me to the horse. Upside down, I saw my twin brothers, and lovers, staring at my exposed bubble butt. “Lane, hand me the strap,” dad said. Lane quickly moved to get the strap from the wall and hand it to dad.

Dad quickly raised the strap into the air and brought it down my ass violently. The sensation was electrifying and had I not been restrained to the sawhorse, I would have jumped to the ceiling. Dad delivered dozens of violent and ferocious blows to my exposed buttocks. After about thirty, I was crying softly and calling out to dad to beg him to stop. Dad had other plans though, “Kyle hand me the cane.” Kyle knew better than to question this order and handed his dad a thick cane. The thick intense blows from the strap were quickly replaced with violent lines of pain from the cane. Forty strokes of the cane later, dad stopped and

ran his hands along my red and welted ass cheeks. "That will do," he said as he asked the boys to help me get back inside and into his bedroom.

Dad walked out as Lane and Kyle began to untie me from the sawhorse. I was still crying and Kyle gave me a big kiss and said I was brave for taking such a big punishment without crying out more. Lane carried me inside and up the stairs in his arms and delivered me onto dad's bed. Dad was in the shower and Lane positioned me on my stomach, leaving my sore butt quite exposed. About ten minutes after the boys left, dad came out of the bathroom, his cock already erect. I stayed put as he put a condom on and lubricated my fuckhole.

"You have been wanting this for a while, haven't you boy," he asked.

"Please fuck me dad," I begged through my tears.

He did. I felt him climb on top of me and then push his thick shaft into me. The sensations were intense as his cock forced its way into my tight fuckhole. I let out a gasp and then realized he was all the way inside me. His cock was immense and my ass was sore. He allowed his cock to burrow into me and fell onto me allowing his midsection to press against my sore ass cheeks. From behind he grabbed my hair and craned my head up and around forcing me to kiss him deeply as he began to fuck me more intensely.

Dad continued to fuck me for over a half hour. Frequent pauses were the order of the day with him stopping quite frequently to ensure that he did not shoot his load prematurely. The experience was the most intense fuck I had ever had. His cock was like a massive thick rod slamming into me and ripping my ass open. The feel of his body resting on my sore ass was intense and the way he held my head up and around violently so I had to kiss him was divine. Finally, while kissing me, I felt his cock explode inside me. He let go of my head finally and let me collapse into the bed, but did not pull out his cock. He rested on my sore ass cheeks for quite a while before finally pulling all the way out.

"Stay," he said firmly while getting up and going to the bathroom. He came back a few minutes later and lay back down on top of me. His cock was already slightly hard again and he asked me, "Do you want me to fuck you again boy?"

"Yes, please sir," I begged.

"Good," he said as he got up on his knees and forced me to roll over onto my sore ass. "Legs in the air," he said barely allowing me a second to start tucking my legs in and bringing them over my head before he gripped my cheeks firmly and shook my head back and forth. "I said, legs in the air," he repeated as I scurried to get my legs in the air.

"You have a gorgeous bubble butt," he said as I got my legs over my head and grabbed my ankles with my hands. "And it is quite red," he said, grinning. Dad slid more lube into my fuckhole with his fingers and then slid another condom onto his now fully erect cock. Dad pushed in, but I was already much looser and he could enter me with ease this time. He quickly leaned his weight onto the backs of my legs and forced his face towards mine, kissing me as he pumped his cock in and out rhythmically.

This time though, Dad quickly orgasmed inside me and pulled out and allowed me to stretch my legs out again. Dad thanked me and asked me if I wanted an orgasm. I shook my head

and explained, “Only Saturdays.” Dad smiled and said that was ok for now and then offered to rub Vaseline on my sore bottom. I accepted and he made a point of fingering my fuckhole with his fingers as he rubbed the Vaseline in.

Finally, he helped me up and walked me into the bedroom with the boys.

Kyle met me at the door and kissed his dad as he helped me into the bed. My ass was on fire and the twins piled in next to me in the bed. “You have fun with dad,” Lane asked.

“Yes,” I admitted.

“Good,” Kyle said as he kissed me and maneuvered to suck my cock.

Surprise Orgasm

I was a bit surprised that Kyle started working my cock, but I was more surprised that Lane started licking my nipples and neither of them stopped as I became more and more intensely aroused. Lane was working my nipples hard with his mouth as Kyle sucked my cock intensely. They kept at it until I shot into Kyle’s mouth and then he moved up and dribbled my cum back into my mouth and into Lane’s as the three of us kissed. “It’s not Saturday,” I said meekly after the three-way cum filled kiss ended. Lane smiled and said, “its even better, you are our brother by law now.”

We snuggled for over an hour in silence. Finally I broke the silence: “It is going to be hard to go back to school this coming Saturday.” The reality that winter break was coming to a close was upon us. The twins nodded in agreement and promised that we would always be close. Around 1800 dad, interrupted our snuggle and explained that Judge Penfield wanted us to come over. The boys groaned slightly, Judge Penfield had five lovely daughters ranging in age from 5-20. The oldest was a junior at Yale and had always had a crush on the twins. She was, of course, home from school.

We drove over to the Penfield’s house on the other side of town. More modest than the Thompson mansion, it was by no means inadequate. As we pulled up two of the older girls: Mary and Amy, came out to greet us. Mary was the oldest and she clearly dawdled on the twins. Amy, at 17, latched on to me and escorted me into the house as dad and the twins followed with Mary.

The judge greeted me warmly and introduced me to his wife and the other three girls. Over dinner we discussed current events and when my photography work involving the football team came up, the judge insisted on seeing a copy of my portfolio. Luckily, I had brought the DVD of my previous semester’s work with me and a portfolio. That had been dad’s idea and I was grateful.

Mary ended up following me out to the car and bumming an extra print of the boys off me. If I had made a scene it might have drawn attention to my affections with them, so I gave her an extra print I had in the portfolio, but not a sketch of Kyle naked.

Inside again, Mary disappeared upside to hide her picture and I popped the DVD in to show

off the Fall 2001 football team from State for the assembled audience. Around 2000, the younger girls were sent to bed and we had long finished reviewing my portfolio. We ended up in a boys-vs-girls game of Pictionary. Dad, the judge, myself and the twins went against Mary, Amy, the judge's wife, and Sally, the middle child. Despite the slight imbalance of numbers the girls cleaned our clocks thoroughly. That said, the twins were amazing at Pictionary. Their twinspeak was in full force and they managed to score tons of points off each other with minimal effort.

Afterwards, Mary and Amy talked Lane and Kyle into a walk, I begged off and found myself sitting with the adults being offered Scotch on the rocks and a cigar. Dad nodded that it was ok and I tried a cigar for the first time. The judge's wife was a stay at home mom and the judge and my dad had grown up together here and gone to state together playing on the football team.

Around 2300, the boys came back giddy from the cold and we headed out. The boys later confided that they were quite relieved that we had bearded the Penfield girls on our sexuality.

Return to School

I convinced Lane to drive me to the airport to meet Gerhard's flight on Friday. We stopped at the dorm and dropped Kyle off to get things settled back in. On the drive over, Lane became surprisingly melancholy. "We are thinking of rushing a fraternity," he shared.

I fought back an intense wall of emotions to keep myself from breaking into a ball of tears.

"I know," he said, it would make it hard for the three of us to keep living together.

I leaned against the window and turned my head away.

"Kyle and I could have them rush you too," Lane explained.

I started to cry.

"Fuck," I said, "the thing I am upset about is neither of you talked to me about this. If the three of us are a couple you at least had to talk to me."

Lane did not respond to me and we drove the rest of the way to the airport in silence. As we parked in the short term international lot he managed an, "I'm sorry." I nodded and collected myself as best I could for meeting Gerhard.

We waited outside customs for about an hour before Gerhard made it through. His skin seemed paler and I could not help but remember our visit to Bonn a few weeks earlier. Gerhard seemed to smile at me as if he knew and said to Lane, "Thanks for helping me out."

"No problem," Lane chipped in without really engaging. We walked back to the car and I loaded Gerhard's belongings into the trunk. Gerhard got in the backseat and I got back in front. We drove back to school and Lane dropped us at the dorm.

"I'll be back later tonight," Lane said as he pulled away.

Upstairs, I gave Gerhard a parting hug and resolved to corner Kyle—alone—on the issue of fraternities. Kyle was alone and had unpacked most of the twins' belongings and some of mine. I thanked him and asked him if we could talk about rushing. He shrugged. "Kyle, I am really upset," I said.

I walked over and sat down next to Kyle on the bed, "please talk to me."

Kyle turned, "I think Lane was hoping you would just go along, nothing has been decided." I turned Kyle's face towards mine and kissed him.

"That's all I ask for, a chance to participate if we are a couple." Kyle nodded and hugged me back.

"I'm sure Lane will apologize," he said, "I feel bad."

"Apology accepted." We lay there snuggled in bed for a while.

Around 1600, Dad brought Lane in and the door was quickly closed and the stereo turned on. Lane looked at me and mouthed, "I fucked up." Lane took his pants off and leaned over Kyle's bed. Dad talked to me for a few minutes and then to Kyle. Dad explained that Lane had asked to be punished and felt terrible about the fraternity misunderstanding. I nodded and asked dad to let me administer the discipline. Dad agreed, gave Kyle and I kisses and left us on campus for our second semester.

I shut the door leaving Kyle in the center room that was nominally mine. I sat down next to Lane on the bed and told him that I would rush the fraternity if he apologized to me and promised to involve me in decisions that affected the three of us. He agreed and started to get up.

"No," I said firmly, "over the chair."

He looked at me shocked.

"I promised dad I would handle this," I said as I picked up a belt and administered forty firm blows to Lane's exposed ass. I helped him stand up after the punishment was over and we kissed.

"We don't even have to join the fraternity," he said.

"I would have been happy to do it if you had just asked," I explained.

We hugged for a while and then let Kyle in.

We ended up discussing not just rush, but also their potential to be recruited in the 2002 season direct to the NFL. The recruiter for our state's professional NFL team had attended a large number of the boys' games and spoken several times with Dad. Dad was in favor of them joining the majors if they could do it, especially on the same team. The rush discussion thus dovetailed nicely into what would happen if they joined the NFL while I was still in college. Lane and Kyle both emphasized this was one of the reasons they had convinced their dad to adopt me: I was now tied to them and them to me, 100% legally. (Of course, now every time we had sex with each other it was incest.)

Around 1800, I suggested that we all get dinner with some of the football team members who were going to rush X X X this year. Over dinner several of the guys mentioned that they heard that there was still a lot of weird hazing shit that went on at rush. Tom mentioned that he had heard the pledges all got beaten with wooden paddles. Jack said that the pledges had their pubes shaved last year. The stories really turned me on and I made a point to keep my eyes down at my food to avoid grinning from ear to ear. If just 10% of what was being said at the dinner table was true, I could see the appeal of rushing.

Gerhard II

Later that night I knocked on Gerhard's door. His roommate let me in and Gerhard was on his bed sitting quietly reading a German novel.

"Hola," I said.

"Que pasa," he responded.

We laughed. "Can we be friends again," I asked.

"Did we ever stop," Gerhard asked me.

"No," I said.

Gerhard smiled, and explained why he looked a bit down, "injections."

"You know," I asked.

"I figured it out from something the other boys said about photography by a hot young Spaniard," Gerhard explained.

"Will you really have your balls cut off when you turn 21?"

"Yes," Gerhard said firmly.

"And the injections keep you from getting erections," I asked.

Gerhard nodded. I put my arm around his shoulders and we sat in silence for until bedtime.

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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6 Part 6

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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Rush

We had decided to rush the fraternity that most of the other football team members were part of or were rushing: X X X. I was perhaps the most nervous about the whole experience, but the boys reminded me that I was the darling of everyone on the football team and that I would get in without a problem.

One of the things we learned during orientation is that due to structural unsoundness, the X X X house was going to be torn down starting in May 2002 and it would take about a year to rebuild. Meanwhile, for the 2002-2003 school year the brothers would all be on their own for housing. Problem solved for one year at least. With that news, I threw myself into the rush process.

As Lane had promised, I was the darling of the football team and nobody really had given my sexuality any thought. I was the foreigner who took photographs. In addition to getting a formal invitation to come back to rush, I received over a dozen extra orders for the Fall 2001 State Football Team DVD. The kids' parents had loved the DVDs.

All three of us had invitations in hand when we returned for the first night of pledge week.

Pledge Week: Night 1

It was 2130 and about 15 first year students, the bulk of them on the football team, were all standing in the party room at the X X X frat house. Each of us was assigned to a senior member of the fraternity at random as follows. One hat was filled small papers, each paper had the name of one pledge. A second hat had small papers, each listing the name of one of the brothers. Seth, the head of the fraternity and a star member of the football team was drawing the slips of papers out of the hats one at a time. First a "maggot pledge" and then "that maggot's pledgemaster."

Lane and Kyle managed to draw two non-football brothers as pledgemasters and I got (un)lucky enough to draw Seth as my pledgemaster

We were each separated up by our pledgemasters and brought back to the pledgemaster's room for individual 'discussions'. I followed Seth up the stairs to his bedroom.

Once inside, Seth fed me a bunch of mumbo jumbo about being an X X X brother and about how being rushed was a big honor. Then matter of factly he reminded me that during pledge week, the pledgemasters' instructions had to be followed.

"Now strip," he said matter of factly.

I must have looked at him like he had become an alien.

"Do you need it repeated in Spanish?"

"No, sir," I responded and started by taking my shirt off over my head. I then removed my shoes and pants. I was then standing there in my boxers and socks in front of one of the stars of the football team. I tried really hard to focus on *not* getting an erection.

Seth walked over and grabbed my boxers and pulled them down to my ankles, "I said to strip."

In response, I stepped out of the boxers and took my socks off as well.

"Good," he said eyeing me carefully. He then placed his arm on my shoulder and made me walk back downstairs with him. I found that I was the second pledge to return to the main room. I felt slightly better seeing that Bob, the other naked pledge, was having a slight erection and was trying to cover his crotch. Bob's pledgemaster was having none of that and was shouting at Bob to stand at attention.

After about ten minutes all of the pledges, including my twin lovers, returned to the room naked. Fifteen gorgeous, young freshmen all standing naked in front of other young, handsome, more senior students. I nearly creamed myself from the situation.

Seth called me forward and had me reach my arms over my head and I was ordered to keep reaching for the ceiling. I felt something cool applied to my armpits and realized it was mentholated shaving cream. Moments later Seth had removed my armpit hair. My pubic hair was the next target and the sensation of the shaving cream on my sensitive crotch dripping on to my ball sacs caused me to get an erection which Seth just ignored. I could however detect some snickers from one or two of the pledges, but I figured they would get their due.

I was right. After my shave was completed, I was given a small towel to clean off with and told to return to line. All fifteen of us were shaved. Everyone got erections. By the time it was the twins turn, there was no snickering.

Then Seth called me over to a sofa and pushed me over the back of it.

WHACK

I nearly jumped off the sofa as Seth had just landed a wallop of a blow with a heavy wooden paddle on my ass. Each of the forty odd other brothers followed suit, but the other swats were with less force. This hazing was repeated with the other pledges.

We were then escorted to the bathroom one at a time and told to do our business for the evening. I found this request ominous but carried out the instructions.

We were then instructed to go to the basement and await further instructions. The basement of the frat house was finished but not well heated. It was winter and the weather was frigid and the basement could not have been much more than about 15 degrees centigrade. Plus, we were all still naked.

The floor was a thin layer of carpeting, but as everyone noticed there was absolutely no furniture, or for that matter anything else, in the basement. Just an empty room with fifteen naked guys. All of us looked a touch out of sorts, our butts were red, our crotches bare of pubic hair...

I casually approached Lane and Kyle to talk with them. They were in relatively good spirits but clearly not thrilled by the hazing. The prospect of us freezing in the basement for the night which is what Lane figured was the plan for us pledges did not particularly appeal to me. Also, because the three of us were all ostensibly straight, we could not hug or kiss to commiserate.

After an hour or so by my estimation, I convinced two football guys I had been friendlier with that the five of us should at least huddle for warmth. One pledge who I did not know upon seeing the five of us huddling for warmth came over to pick a fight with me since I was organizing the huddle. "Are you some kind of faggot," he asked loudly as he pushed me onto the ground.

Lane immediately turned and knocked the homophobic pledge into the ground with a solid punch to the stomach. Kyle, Bruce and Mike had to hold Lane from completely pounding the shit out of the asshole. Bruce and Mike told the homophobe to shut up and that they had played football with Kyle and Lane and knew me and none of the five of us were faggots. The threat of the entire football team assaulting the guy shut him up and he went over to a corner and spent the night, awake and shivering. The remaining pledges started forming similar small groups for warmth leaving one loner.

After about an hour, I suggested staying together on the ground for sleep and warmth. For erection safety, I had Bruce and Mike lay on their backs and then I laid on top of them, my back against and between their chests. Kyle and Lane then lay on top of me, their cocks against my legs. This arrangement meant that (i) I was able to snuggle my twin lovers, (ii) any of the three of us could get erect safely, and (iii) I might learn something else about Bruce and Mike.

Despite our huddle it was a long, cold, mostly sleepless night. Bruce passed out like a log, but Mike threw a huge boner against my ass cheek and I acted like I did not notice it. Kyle and Lane also got quite erect against me. The feel of their bodies against me was slightly different with no pubic hair. By morning, I was relieved to see the pledgemasters walk in. They did manage to surprise us and catch all of us huddled. We all had to stand up and Seth used face paints to draw the word faggot on each of our chests in red paint with his fingers. On our foreheads the frat's letters: X X X, were drawn.

The homophobe though was ejected from rush having failed the first test of brotherhood.

We were then permitted to use the bathroom again and given some hot chocolate to warm up and then told to be back by eight o'clock for more 'activities'. I had to go to Seth's room for my clothes and while I was there, he came in and approached from behind. His hand swatted my butt gently.

"You did good down there from what I saw on the webcams," he said. "I already told Kyle and Lane to head back to the dorm since I needed to talk with you."

"May I get dressed," I said, and then remembering pledge week rules added, "sir?"

"No you may not," Seth said as I felt his finger along my ass crack. "Get on your knees," he said.

I must have hesitated too long because I received a series of quick, but hard, hand spansks from Seth.

Seth came around so I had to look up at him and said, "I know everything."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know that you are a fag for real," Seth explained. "I also know that Lane and Kyle have no clue since they would never live with a faggot."

I had to contain myself from falling over in laughter and tried to act surprised. "No," I said.

"Fine, you're not a faggot then, but you are about to be a cocksucker," he said as he unzipped his pants.

I turned my head away and his hand connected with my face to deliver a firm slap.

"We can do this the easy way were you participate or the hard way where I beat the crap out of you and get what I want anyhow. If you complain, I'll explain you made a pass at me and nobody will question that," Seth said.

I opened my mouth, "easy way."

As Seth forced his cock into my mouth he said, "see you are a cocksucker,"

I somehow managed to keep my dick in check as he fucked my mouth violently. He finished with an orgasm in my mouth and told me that this would be our little secret if I wanted to be a part of X X X.

I nodded, got dressed, and left with him watching me.

As I walked out the door he shouted, "same time tomorrow morning."

Back at the dorm, I found Lane and Kyle passed out under the blankets in Kyle's room. I jumped into the bed and their body heat together with the blankets really warmed me up. We slept in and missed some classes. When I awoke Lane asked me what happened and got really angry when I told him what Seth did. I said it was ok and I thought there would really only be like 5-7 more blowjobs during pledge week and then we would be in and Seth was graduating in May. Kyle and I persuaded Lane not to go beat the crap out of Seth, for now, and that overall it was a good thing that the three of us had come across as straight.

I noticed that we all still had the word faggot painted on our chests.

Phone Call

I answered the phone around one, “Rafael, glad I got you, can you meet me at the corner of Main and 2nd tonight at five?” It took me a few minutes to realize it was dad calling and then another few to mentally check the pledge schedule in my head.

“Yeah, I can meet you, but I have to be back on campus by eight for rush.”

“I’ll drive you back, love you son,” dad said as he hung up the phone. There was little to nothing at the corner of second and main except some railroad tracks and the Mississippi river so I could not fathom what dad in store.

Still quite chilled from the previous night despite snuggling with the twins and an extremely long, extremely hot shower. I found myself in the -10 degree centigrade weather at the corner of 2nd and Main at 1700.

Dad showed up about a minute late with Jorg Peters at his side. I realized at that moment that Jorg was starkly similar in appearance to Craig Kilborn, the late night talk show host. Yummy.

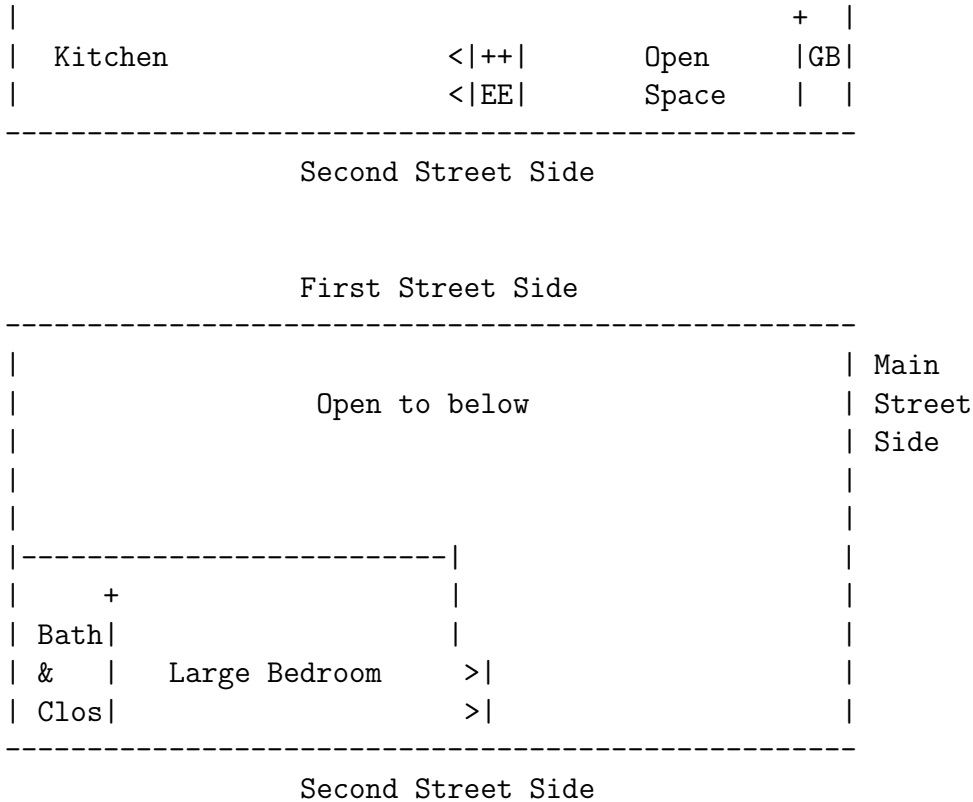
Dad gave me a hug and explained that he had located a great new piece of real estate he wanted me to see. We walked about 100 feet down 2nd avenue to the west and he unlocked the door to a large warehouse type building. The lobby was quite small and he used another key to open a freight elevator. After pulling the wooden slats down, dad pressed the topmost button and we moved steadily up to the fifth floor. At the top, Jorg lifted the wooden safety gate and we stepped out into a small lobby.

Jorg use a key to open the double doors and we were in a huge open loft floor that was easily 30 by 15 meters with 10 meter high ceilings. On all four sides there were huge factory-style windows running from just above the floor board to just below the ceilings. The Second Street side had a loft area about half a flight up that was open to below and included the sleeping areas and a large closed off bathroom and closet.

Mississippi River View (~2 blocks away)

First Street Side





Legend

- + = Door
- EE = Freight elevator
- < = Up staircase to bedroom loft area
- > = Down fire staircase to street
- DR = Dark room
- GB = Guest bathroom

Dad had already decorated the loft with nice furniture, stereo equipment, big screen TV, kitchen appliances, etc. The bedroom area was the only unfurnished area. He was particularly proud of the darkroom area. He had spoken with my photography professor to find out what equipment to buy and showed it to me with pride.

An expensive remote control system had been installed to allow control over the lighting, climate control, opening/closing windows and blinds, etc. Touch screen displays on both floors also allowed control over the system. Dad guided me to an exquisite glass table in the dining area and explained that Jorg needed me to sign some papers relating to the loft. Dad would pick me up again around 1945.

I noticed it was only 1733 as Jorg was sitting down next to me and opening his briefcase. The elevator headed down and Jorg said, "Jim picked a great place for you guys for next

year.”

“Yeah,” I said, “I can’t quite believe it.”

“Look, he wants to put the building in a company under your name and actually the other four floors are going to get rented back to the University to use for faculty housing. I have some contractors coming in to reconfigure the elevator and doors with a key card and there will be about four to six units on each of the other floors for a total of twenty unit and your own unit.”

“I just can’t believe how big this is its like 450 square meters,” I said.

“Good guess, but each floor is actually 5000 square feet,” Jorg responded as he handed me a small stack of documents. “If you could please sign these.” That was like 550 square meters, our loft was huge and the views were spectacular.

I scanned the documents quickly, “Articles of Incorporation for RPT Real Estate Holding Company, LLP”, “Articles of Incorporation for RPT Property Management, LLP”, “Title to 1 West Second Street”, “University-RPT Property Management Agreement”, and more. The Jorg explained each document and its purpose to me briefly as I signed them. Of course, I got to sign the documents *Rafael~Paz~Thompson* and initial *RPT* in tons of places. Signing my adoptive name felt so good.

I finished the last document, “Lease of Apt 500 to Rafael Paz Thompson”. Apparently I would have to pay my RPT Property Management company rent which in turn would pay my Real Estate Holding Company which in turn would pay me. The thought made me dizzy. Jorg reassured me that he would handle all of the payments and with the University leasing all of the other units I would be making about \$100,000-plus a year in rental income from faculty.

“Rafael, may I ask you a personal question,” Jorg asked as he began putting away the documents.

“Shoot.”

“Are you gay?”

I winked at him, “No, of course not.” I winked again.

Jorg smiled broadly at me. “Can I be so forward to ask if you find me attractive?”

Fuck he was attractive, but also 10 years old than me and I was involved with both my two, twin brothers and my father. “You are quite handsome, but I am involved in a relationship,” I said.

Jorg looked at me like a wounded dear, “I just wondered what you thought of me, I’m not gay myself.”

“Whatever”, I thought.

My eyes must have rolled and Jorg said, “I’ve got a lovely wife and a fourteen month old baby. I couldn’t be happier.”

“So why are you concerned how you look to me?”

“I was just wondering I guess,” he responded sheepishly.

I noticed the time out of the corner of my eye, an hour had passed but dad still would not be back for a bit. “Can I borrow your tie,” I said innocently enough. If only Jorg knew what the boys would think if I had his tie.

“Why,” he asked.

“I was supposed to wear one tonight and I won’t have time when dad drops me off to get one,” I said.

“Sure, but I need it back,” Jorg said.

“No problem,” I said as I took the tie from him and then asked, “so do you usually make *house* calls?”

“Your dad gets whatever he wants from our firm,” Jorg said.

“*Anything?*”

Jorg tried to busy himself with tidying his paperwork.

I stood up and pulled Jorg from his chair without much resistance. The handsome attorney quickly found himself on his back on the glass table with my condom-sheathed cock ramming his ass. I took my time fucking him and with my cock lodged firmly inside him as he moaned and called out in pleasure, I stroked his cock to orgasm with my hands. Then I pulled out. After all, it was not Saturday.

I had timed my pull out to coincide with my dad’s punctuality and Jorg was just getting himself off the table as dad rode up the elevator. Jorg was clearly feeling embarrassed and when dad saw the tie on my neck he ribbed Jorg nicely.

We left the loft and dad drove me back to campus for pledge week: Night 2.

Pledge Week: Night 2

We were greeted at the door and forced to put dirty, smelly underwear provided by our pledgemasters on our heads. Seth handed me a particularly foul piece of underwear that had brown shit encrusted on it and he placed it over my head so the band blocked my eyes a bit.

We were **not** to move the underwear and if it fell off we would be paddled by all the brothers.

A drinking ‘game’ was started: drink till you puke. We were all left quite shitfaced. I did however manage to outlast the group getting down ten shots of vodka before stopping ill. Five of the pledges were sick vomiting and Kyle and Lane looked to me to be close to vomiting.

We were then fed all manner of disgusting food and even I found myself vomiting. Then we had to clean the mess up ourselves while still quite drunk.

In the morning, Seth pulled me aside again for another private ‘discussion’.

In his bedroom, he pushed me onto the floor violently and rammed his dick into my throat while verbally abusing me as well.

“Cocksucker... you like it... you’re straight, who cares cocksucker... suck my cock bitch... I’ll beat the crap out of you if you talk cunt...”

After he orgasmed he told me to leave.

Lane was even more furious when I came back to the room and Kyle was pinning him to the bed to keep him from going back to the frat house to beat the crap out of Seth. I explained how Seth had just raped me and that I really wanted to stop pledging the frat.

Lane and I agreed to put Seth in his place, but to keep Kyle out of it so he did not get punished when we told dad. And we would tell dad because we knew what we were doing was wrong and dad had raised us, well mostly Lane, better than to do what we were about to do.

We stayed in the dorm all day without going to classes to recover and only around dinner time did the subject of my newly acquired tie come up. The boys loved hearing how I had fucked Jorg on the dining room table and took turns having me fuck them in our narrow dorm bed to demonstrate. They also could not wait to see our new loft.

Seth

I placed a call to Seth’s number early in the day to ask him to come over since the twins were gone and I was starting to actually like sucking cock. The only lie there was that the twins were gone.

Surprisingly, he readily agreed to come over.

“Hey,” I said as he walked in. I locked the door and turned up the stereo. He checked the twins rooms to see that they were not there.

“Ready to suck my huge dick cocksucker,” Seth said.

I kicked him. My foot connected with his face before he realized what hit him and he was on the ground in a daze. I used the surprise to drag him to Kyle’s room and tie him to the corners of the bed, face down.

I had to basically wrestle him into bed but my kick had knocked him out of it. Tied down spread-eagled on his stomach with mouth gagged, I did manage to make out something about killing me when he got loose. I explained that I had decided to see if he was a good cock sucker and came around to the head of the bed. I lifted his head with his hair, removed the gag, and rammed in my cock forcefully.

I forcibly fucked his face and when I finished I started sliding a condom on and taking out some lube.

I had not re-gagged him and he started pleading with me not to fuck him and not to tell anyone about him being gay. That was a surprising admission, the star football player was gay.

“But you have a girlfriend,” I said.

“She’s a lesbian,” he said sobbing. “Please, I’m sorry for what I did to you, I was just afraid you would know I was gay and out me.”

“You think I’m gay,” I asked.

“Flaming,” he responded.

I slapped his ass and said, “not a good idea when you are tied down to push your luck with me.”

“You really aren’t gay,” he asked.

“No, what would make you think that,” I said emphatically.

He stammered, “...but the way you dress.”

“I’m European stupid, of course I dress different and fancier than a lot of Americans to your mind.”

“Can we just forget the whole thing,” he pleaded.

“Fuck no,” I shouted knowing the stereo would drown it out, “you raped me. After I rape your fuckhole we’ll be even you dumb faggot.”

“Look please, do anything, but just don’t tell anyone, they would kick me out of the frat if they knew I was gay.” He was sobbing now.

He begged, pleaded and cajoled me not to fuck him and of course at that moment Lane walked in. I stuck the gag back in his mouth pulled my pants out and walked out of the room shutting the door to Kyle’s bedroom. I knew that when I high-fived Lane in the center room he would go back and beat the crap out of Seth.

Pledge Week: Night 3

Seth explained that he had fallen down the stairs and was a bit sore when pledge night started. He avoided looking at any of myself and the twins. About twenty minutes into the events he pulled me aside and gave me an X X X pin indicating that I had been voted in.

He told me that he would also give the twins their pins and excuse them from the rest of pledge week if we all promised not to tell anyone he was gay. He also apologized again for raping me.

Worked out ok as I saw it.

Gerhard Interlude

I bumped into Gerhard walking back from the X X X house and he was still in disbelief that I was pledging. I told him about the construction that had to be done to the frat house next year anyhow and that we would be living off campus.

Gerhard asked if I could inspect him for Kurt and write a report. I reluctantly agreed. Back at the dorm, I stopped at the room, dropped off my pin and left a note for the twins as to my whereabouts.

In Gerhard's room, I found he had set up a straight razor, an enema bag, a syringe, and some other items. Gerhard unfolded a carefully printed piece of A4 paper headed in German that loosely translated read "Requirements for Slaves".

The first requirement was for a deep cleansing enema. This would be tricky since he would have to make it from his room to the bathroom without leaking. I lubed up the nozzle of the enema bag ever so lightly and administered a 3 liter water and peppermint enema. He had to hold the enema for an hour so I inserted a buttplug to assist him in the process.

I inspected his still flaccid penis and tiny ball sacs. They were clean, including his foreskin, and hairless. His pubic hair region was almost perfectly hairless except there was the slightest stubble which I reprimanded him for and then shaved off. Kurt required his boys to shave at least once a day to maintain their hairless state.

I filled the syringe according to Kurt's instructions and administered the chemical castration compounds to Gerhard. He then kissed me and thanked me for inspecting him and asked permission to suck my cock until it was time for the enema to come out.

I laid down on his bed and made him kneel between my legs on the bed and suck my cock.

Gerhard's chemical castration prevented him from achieving even slight erections except in limited circumstances so he was totally focused on pleasuring me. Further, Kurt had his slaves regularly give blowjobs, get fucked, etc., so that they were experts.

Gerhard by now knew that I did not orgasm with him and so he did a fantastic job of working the head and shaft of my cock for about an hour keeping me perfectly between the edge of orgasm and loosing the moment. It was a delicate balancing act and required his total concentration on my sexual needs.

At the end of the hour, I stopped him so he could relieve himself, but stayed laying on his bed. Gerhard returned about fifteen minutes later and thanked me by sucking my dick a bit more until I was ready to leave.

Twincest

Back at the room, Kyle was doing Lane doggie style and they barely acknowledged my entry into the room. Only after Kyle came off Lane did they say hi to me and then Lane immediately pushed Kyle into the reciprocal position and fucked Kyle doggie style as well.

When that was over we talked about having made the fraternity and about what we had done to Seth.

Loft

The on Saturday, I convinced the boys that we should take a visit to the loft that dad had bought for us. I was surprised to find Jim already there talking to Jorg when we got there.

“Hey boys,” Jim said to us, “give me a minute.”

I showed the boys around the place and they were very impressed.

Jorg waved at me sheepishly while leaving and Dad came up to the bedroom area.

“The new keycards for the elevator will be in place tomorrow,” Dad explained, “and do you want a single king size bed delivered?”

We looked at each other and Lane answered, “that will do.”

“Great,” Dad said, “I knew you boys would love this place.”

Lane and Kyle hugged their Dad and I followed suit.

“Guys,” I said addressing the twins, “can I have a private moment with dad?”

Kyle said sure and took Lane downstairs to watch TV.

I kissed dad with tongue and quickly found my clothing being flung over the opening into the great room where Kyle and Lane could not help but know that I was having sex with our dad.

We did it on the hardwood floors. Dad had a condom in his wallet which he made me open and put on his hard cock. The lube on the condom was all the lubricant I got as my dad fucked me doggie style on the floor.

He was gentle in fucking me that morning but there was an intensity to it from the setting. I was on my knees on a hardwood floor taking it up the ass from my dad and he was in charge. He would tongue my ear as he rammed in and out and when he finally shot a load he stayed in my ass. He held me in place with a hand on my shoulder blades until his dick fell out. I pulled the condom off and put it, with the gism still inside it, between my teeth like a rose at dad’s instruction. Then I walked downstairs naked to where my twin lovers were watching TV.

I stood naked in front of them with the condom in my mouth like a rose for a few minutes before dad joined us and gave me permission to sit down. I drank the gism out of the condom and threw the condom away before snuggling on the couch with my twin lovers.

After about an hour, dad asked about rush and Lane and I told dad about everything but emphasized Kyle’s non-involvement.

I was told that after brunch we would come back here and I would bend over the couch for

30 strokes with the cane and Lane would get 30 as well. The cane would be followed by the strap on the back of our legs.

The elevator came back up and it was Jorg announcing that the contractors were here to install the elevator and other key card systems as well as the front door buzzers.

Dad invited Jorg to brunch with us.

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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7 Part 7

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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Brunch

I found it quite difficult to focus on brunch with the prospect of a serious punishment to follow immediately after. Kyle was the only one of the three of us to have much of an appetite.

During brunch, dad was kind enough not to discuss corporal punishment generally or our upcoming punishments. By the time we returned the elevator contractors were done and handed Jorg several card keys which then went to us.

Jorg excused himself and Lane and I immediately took off our clothing and bent over the arms of the couch. If I looked up I could see him bent over and vice versa.

Dad lectured the two of us briefly saying that he understood why we did what we did, but it was **not** acceptable. He came behind me and flicked the cane in the air and said, "this is the first time I've punished two of my boys at once and it wasn't both of the twins."

Cane

I felt the impact before the pain of the cane. I let out a loud scream. Dad was swinging the cane by taking a running step and it felt like the rod had burrowed itself into my skin.

After the fifth blow when I tried to stand up, Kyle was asked to hold me down. That was my sole comfort as dad landed twenty five painful additional blows at full force with the cane on my exposed bubble butt. I was crying very loudly when he finished and then he picked up a razor strap and I found the back of my legs being violently assaulted.

"Stand up," dad ordered. I struggled to get off the couch arm due to the intense pain along my buttocks down along the back of my legs to my heels.

"SIR, thank you SIR, I'm sorry SIR, I was wrong to rape that boy SIR," I said while crying.

"Get back over that sofa," dad ordered and I quickly got back over the sofa and prayed that he did not want to punish me further.

Dad turned his attention to my lover and brother Lane. Dad was no gentler with the cane on Lane even though it was Lane's first time ever receiving the cane for misbehavior. Kyle had to hold Lane down as well and dad took his time administering violent stroke of the cane after violent stroke. Lane was crying even louder than I had cried by the time dad was done with the cane and the strap on the back of his legs left him hollering in pain.

"Get up now Lane," dad ordered and Kyle helped his twin brother up.

"SIR, thank you SIR," Lane said, "I swear to god nothing like this will ever happen again SIR."

"Get back over that sofa," dad ordered. "Kyle," dad barked, "so your brothers were the only ones responsible for raping and beating up this Seth?"

"SIR yes SIR," Kyle responded.

"Do you think they understand their lesson," dad asked.

"SIR yes SIR," Kyle responded again.

"Help Lane upstairs and lay down with him for a while, I'll take Rafael," dad said as he picked me up to carry me up to the loft where we had fucked a few hours earlier.

Dad lay down with his back on the hardwood floor and rested me on top of him so my sore butt and legs were not pressed into the floor. He held me kissing me and hugging me for about an hour as Kyle did the same with Lane.

Back to Campus

Dad made us walk the kilometer back to campus which given how sore Lane and I were was another mini-punishment of sorts. At the dorm, Gerhard asked to borrow me again for a bit and I promised the twins that we would hang for the whole evening together.

I give Gerhard another enema since Kurt was angry about the stubble. This enema was to be four liters and included some soap which would make Gerhard cramp up.

I decided that Gerhard would have to lick my sore backside and legs during the two hours of enema punishment and in the process admitted only that Jim Thompson had taken a fatherly interest in me and was quite strict.

Gerhard loved the feel of my welted ass flesh and red hot leg flesh. He admitted that he wished sometimes that Kurt would discipline his slaves with a whip or the like. Several times when Gerhard stopped licking because of cramps from the enema, I had to scold him verbally to get him to keep licking.

Around 1700, Gerhard and I finished and I went back to my room and the twins so we could have sex with each other to orgasm. I found Lane laying on his stomach on Kyle's bed with Kyle at his desk on the computer.

"Sex?"

Lane looked up at me, "I'm in way too much pain from the caning."

I lay down next to him and kissed him, "I know."

We went for dinner although Lane and I found it hard to sit. We agreed over dinner to postpone any orgasms another week. "Fuck", I thought, the agony of waiting another week. Then I thought about Gerhard who would never have another.

Jorg 2

We were visiting the loft regularly since I also had a property management card that allowed me to check on how the other units were being built. The next Friday afternoon, I was horny as all fuck since I had not orgasmed for nearly two full weeks.

I was checking out the fourth floor apartments when Jorg came into the one I was looking at and kissed me out of the blue.

We headed upstairs to my loft and found the king size bed had arrived. We threw each other into the bed and I found condoms in the nightstand. Jorg ended up fucking me, but I was careful to keep myself from orgasm. We kissed quite passionately and by the end he was talking about leaving his wife.

I was fucked him with my cock still rock solid and oozing precum. At the last moment, I almost kept riding his tight fuckhole rather than pulling out to save my orgasm for the twins the next morning.

I called over to the twins and said I was going to spend the night at the loft. Jorg stayed, crying and admitting he had married for all the wrong reasons, etc., etc. In the morning, when the twins showed up, Jorg was just leaving. I had already taken a second tie from him.

I gave the twins the full scoop and then we decided to get the orgasms out of the way before brunch.

O-R-G-A-S-M

Prior to meeting the twins I had never really managed to go a day, or even an afternoon, without jerking off. Since falling in love with them, I was limited to one a week. But last week had seen Lane and I rightfully, but savagely, punished for our misdeeds leaving us in no mood for intense sex. That meant all three of us had huge ball sacs filled with two weeks worth of cum that needed out.

Before we got up into the bed, I heard the door opening. My first thought was that Jorg was coming back in for something. But it was our dad walking in.

"Boys," he shouted up.

"Up here dad," Kyle called out from the bed.

Dad walked up the stairs and came into our bedroom area. "I saw Jorg leaving," dad mentioned.

I volunteered, "He and I were fucking last night."

"Ok, well remember he has a young child so don't wreck his marriage," dad said.

"I convinced him to stay with his wife," I offered.

"Ok; you guys must be horny as hell," dad said switching subjects.

Lane almost whined and I could almost read his mind, but dad had different plans: "Let's get brunch."

I would have sworn that my cum was dripping out of my cock like a loose nozzle, but we all headed out down Main Street for a local pancake shop.

Over breakfast, dad announced his early retirement from his company. He was getting a multi-million dollar golden parachute in cash as well as additional stock options.

After brunch we went back to the loft and dad insisted upon staying to watch us have sex.

Kyle felt uncomfortable but Lane just ripped my clothes off and started sixty-nining me and then Kyle lost his inhibitions and joined in by fucking his twin brother. From the corner of my eye I could see dad taking out his cock and stroking it.

The boys and I took our time getting our delayed orgasms. After about twenty minutes of intense 69 action with Lane, dad encouraged us to put on a show in front of him.

Dad got us to stand up and have Lane and Kyle 'bookend' me so I was bent over in the middle between the two of them. Kyle's cock was plowing my ass while Lane fucked my face. Dad got into our bed and stroked his cock. If found the experience of having my twin lovers fuck both my holes while my dad watched unbelievably arousing.

After a few minutes dad called out, "Rafael turn around."

Kyle and Lane pulled out and I turned around so Lane was spearing me in the ass as Kyle fucked my face. Then dad got into the action and started milking my cockshaft gently.

I could feel the precum oozing out and was ready to explode, then dad put his lips around my cock and I erupted like a volcano. At that exact instant I was rammed through with the boys' simultaneous orgasms in my mouth and ass.

My cock just kept erupting like an out of control volcano and so did the boys' cocks. It was an unbelievable sensation. I thought my cock head was on fire as it kept shooting my spunk in to my father's mouth. My twin lovers were equally on fire and Kyle's cum was filling my mouth to the point where I felt like I was choking on his gism. Lane's cum was still filling me through and through as well.

Dad kept on sucking even after my intense orgasm was finished and it quickly became painful; however, I was lodged between my lovers cocks and could not escape his mouth. I began to shake slightly from the sensory overload and dad kept at it.

Kyle finally pulled his now soft cock out of my mouth but held me in place so I was still trembling as dad continued to force his attentions on my cock. I swallowed the remainder of Kyle's delicious orgasm and then Lane pulled out of me and I could feel his cum dribbling out of my ass.

I felt Lane run his fingers up my crack to collect the cum and then reach around to feed it to me. I drank his delicious cum with pleasure.

The boys kept holding me in place as dad continued to suck on my supersensitive cock. I suddenly found myself becoming erect again. as dad continued sucking me deeply. Dad was determined to drain my balls completely of all cum and there was nothing I could do about it.

At dad's instruction the boys and I went to the bed and the boys lay down at my sides and pinned my arms down. They kissed me as dad continued sucking me off. After about thirty minutes of nonstop assault from my dad's mouth, my body surrendered to an intense second orgasm.

The boys were both tonguing me intensely as I my body arched and gave up the orgasm to my loving adoptive father. Dad swallowed my cum and he immediately launched into a third assault on my cock which was a livewire.

I tried to scream and get free but my twin lovers had me pinioned down and kept kissing me deeply as our dad worked his tongue on my cock for a third time. The third one took longer and it was easily an hour before my dad was able to draw out my third orgasm.

Finally satisfied that I was pretty drained, dad manipulated my balls with his hands and stopped sucking me off. As he moved up to lay directly on top of me with his two twin biological sons pinioning me down on either side he explained, "I guess there will be a lot more time for this sort of rendezvous now."

His tongue was probing my mouth as Lane said, "that sounds terrific dad."

"Glad to hear you say that son, its really my turn to be relieved, no?"

"Absolutely," said Lane as he reached his hand down to his father's cock shaft and began stroking it. Kyle joined in with one hand as well and our dad was practically swallowing my throat with his tongue as the boys brought their father to orgasm with their hands.

"Well done boys," their dad said after he recovered from his deep orgasm.

We all lay there in bed together for quite some while without anyone talking. I had never felt such intense love as since I met my roommates and their dad—now my dad as well.

Dinner

It was around 1900 before any of us wanted to move again. I felt totally exhausted from dad's intense tongue work and three hard orgasms. Dad suggested we order pizza in and Kyle ordered it from a local pizzeria. We all sat—naked—at the dining room table discussing

our situation.

Dad had spoken with the NFL scouts and it was looking *extremely* likely that the twins would be picked up by the NFL team about 100 miles away, but dad wanted *me* to finish school.

If they were drafted for the 2002 season then I had to promise to stay in school here and live in this loft apartment. The boys in turn had to visit when on home games, I could go to away games as long as my grades stayed up. And, dad would take care of my sexual needs in the boys' absence.

We all agreed to the proposal. We had just started discussing summer activities when the doorbell rang. I was nominated to answer the front door naked. The pizza guy was stunning and seemed to ignore my nudity in the face of the \$50, I handed him for two \$12-pies. The twins dove into the pizzas with abandon. I only had like two slices and dad had about the same with the twins polishing off the rest.

Homework

After dinner we were lectured on spending more time on our homework and dad administered about 20 firm swats with his hand to each of our buttocks. Lane and I who had been severely caned the previous week still had extremely visible welts on our butts.

The twins and I stayed naked as we spent till midnight working on our homework. Then the three of us went up to the bedroom to sleep together while dad stayed downstairs on the guest bed we had put near the second bathroom.

Sunday

Dad came into our loft area bedroom at 0800 and got us moving. We had fallen asleep in what I like to call a twin-sandwich. Kyle or Lane cupping me on one side and then me cupping the remaining twin on the other side.

Dad insisted that we discuss our summer plans even though they were still months away.

We took a group run together along the river and discussed the summer. Dad would be enjoying his early retirement. The boys were going to go to a football camp for a few weeks and I would do what? I asked if I could travel the country doing a photo journal across the country. Dad agreed to pay for the trip and said he we could arrange things.

When we reached the south end of town we turned around and headed down main street to get some food. During brunch dad planned out a cross-country tour with me that would let me spend a lot of time with the twins but also see a lot of the country. I would get to Alaska, Hawaii, California, New York, Florida (while the boys were down there), and more. Dad was very keen though to also have me in Alaska on the summer solstice to experience a full day of light.

Dad said he would get an itinerary back to me by email in a few days to review and also some additional camera gear if I wanted. In my private dark room back at the loft, I finally developed the one roll of black and white film I had shot in Bonn over winter break a few weeks earlier.

Alone in Loft

The twins decided to walk back to campus to go to a beer bust or some such at the frat house and dad headed back to the mansion, leaving me all alone in the loft. For a while.

I finished the prints of the castrated slave boys. Their pale skin and mutilated bodies looked phenomenal. I resolved to redo the prints in a mixture of different Sepia tones for my private review binder at mid semester.

I was surprised to hear a knock on the darkroom door followed by the entry of Jorg through the revolving light-tight entrance.

“Sorry to barge in,” he said. Though I did not sense any sincerity in his words.

I shrugged, “not a problem.”

“My wife was really upset about me not coming home Friday night,” Jorg explained as he began looking at my prints under the darkroom light.

I nodded sympathetically, “I imagine you just wanted a bit of a break.”

“I tried to explain I was working late and did not feel safe driving home so I stayed in one of the unfinished apartments,” Jorg explained.

“She didn’t buy that,” I prompted.

“She bought it, but was pissed off that I hadn’t called,” Jorg explained. “Can we get dinner together?”

“I really have to do some homework,” I explained, “I’ve been missing too much class this semester as it is, but if you want to hang out for a bit we can order pizza later. But you have to go home to your wife.”

“Ok,” he said seeming to relax at the knowledge I was not going to just kick him out. “Anything I can do to help?”

“Give me some quiet, I have some color seascapes taken from of my hometown of Ribadeo this past holiday that I want to develop so I will need to turn off the darkroom light.”

“Ok,” he said, “maybe I can just watch TV for a bit?”

“Sure,” I said dismissing him. When he left, I got my negatives from Ribadeo arranged and then changed out the developer fluids for color processing. Dad had really gone all out on the darkroom so there was plenty of space and well designed developing areas and chemical storage.

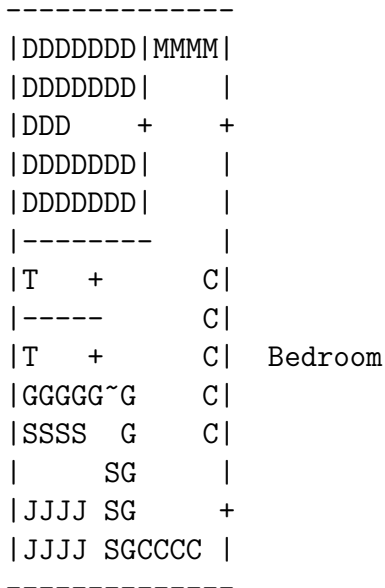
I decided that I wanted to create a panoramic shot composed of several dozen small prints (6 cm x 6 cm) tiled onto a matte. I knew that would make my photography teacher proud since we were responsible for doing at least one piece involving composition of photographs and I could not imagine anything more beautiful than the views of the sea from my hometown.

I spent till about 1800 working on the prints without interruption and developed about 50 prints that I planned to work from to create the finished piece.

The darkroom was well ventilated and I cleaned my hands with some special photographic cleansing soap that dad had purchased, but I still felt like I reeked of the darkroom.

I convinced Jorg that I needed a shower and to join me. He was eager for the attention. As I think I mentioned, Jorg looks quite a bit like the talk show host Craig Kilborn. In the loft area, we stripped and then went to the bathroom.

The shower was simply decadent. The sketch below should give you a sense: the shower/tub area is enclosed by lightly frosted windows on the sides of the building and full height glass walls on the other two sides, and is about 4 x 4 meters:



- S = Shower Heads
- J = Bath/Jacuzzi area raised up about one meter
- G = Glass wall
- ~ = Hanging curtain
- C = Counters and sinks (4 sinks total)
- D = Dressing area and closet
- T = Toilet
- M = Mirror (full length)

The design of the bathroom itself was immense to comprehend and there were a number of floor to ceiling mirrors and skylights raining light into the room. The shower and jacuzzi area had a lower, but translucent, ceiling to keep the area warmer.

I turned on two of the shower heads and luxuriated in the hot water as I made the hot, blond attorney lather me down and clean my body. I returned the favor and then we moved to the hot tub.

The tub was humongous in scale for an indoor tub and Jorg mentioned that the code had required special metal struts to support the tub.

Jorg and I cuddled in the hot tub for over an hour before we decided to get out and order pizza. Being that our University was in a relatively small town and there was a good chance I might get the same hot young pizza guy so I decided to answer the door naked again. I lucked out and gave him \$20 for a single pie. I was certain he was making eyes at my dick, but I sent him on his way.

It was about 2000 by the time we finished dinner and I was fucking Jorg on the glass dining room table for the second time. This time his head was resting on the pizza box as I slammed my condom sheathed cock in an out of his ass at a furious pace.

After I made him orgasm I took his tie and sent him on his way. I decided to make a small collection of ties on the wall of our bedroom and I put the newest tie from Jorg aside for the collection.

Midsemester Evaluation and Break

My Photography II professor is a radical dyke and I knew from some of the work I had seen in her collection that she would get a kick out of the materials I had from Bonn.

I had been splitting my time between the loft and the dorm though the twins had been sleeping at the dorm more nights. I could not deny that I liked the comforts of wealth that my adoptive father bought me. Jim also hired a maid to clean the loft for me and my collection of Jorg's ties was becoming somewhat unweildy as the handsome, young attorney had taken to visiting me at the loft most Friday nights from about 1800 to 2100. The twins had taken it in stride since they enjoyed hearing about my exploits.

February and March had come and gone in a blur of rush, baseball games, photography, sex, and more. But, it was time for my midsemester review.

The first review was in sculpture. I felt confident about my performance there and the professor, a young trim man, was a from France and seemed to enjoy the fact that I was not a local, etc. Professor Lenfant examined my bust of the naked woman and the face of a man that had been our primary focus in sculpture class. He was extremely pleased with my work and gave me a 4.0 on both pieces.

Elated, I waited an hour before my silk screening review. That professor was a crusty old "dead" white guy who seemed continuously irritated. He was always disappointed in everyone

and I was no exception. Though I had tried my absolute hardest, crusty was holding my absence from class one day against me and said so: 3.3.

My last review was photography and I was counting on my dyke of a professor to fall in love with my work. She did. She loved the way I showed off Kurt's slave boys and what it said about masculinity and sexuality. "Was I gay?"

"Queer," I responded.

"Rafael, you have a real talent for photography," she said confidently.

I blushed.

"Look there is no question you are getting a 4.0 in my class, but I would love to work more with you on developing your art perhaps in summer studies?"

"Really?"

"Really, in fact your father called me again asking for suggestions for an itinerary covering the country. I convinced him to help me get a grant and that I would take you along," she explained.

I was ecstatic and slightly terrified at the same time.

"It will be fun, we can do some Ansel Adams nature photography and then find some more images like these slaves in Bonn to photograph all over America," she said.

"Great, I can't wait," I responded.

There were only two things left to do before a week of spring break: take a computer science midterm the next morning and turn in a paper on the novel *The Grapes of Wrath* for English. The books we had to read were boring for my level of English skill and I think my bad attitude was showing through because I felt like I was in danger of another 3.0 or worse. Computer Science on the other hand had been a cakewalk so far and I felt confident that a 4.0 was in my future.

I ended up staying up in our dorm room till 0100 working on my English paper while also tutoring the twins for their Calculus II midterms. We collapsed together in exhaustion. Our exams were at the same time and we got breakfast together at the frathouse before heading off to the science building.

The exam was a cakewalk for me and I headed back to the dorm. The twins arrived later and started studying for their Chemistry and Spanish exams. I helped with the Spanish exam, since throughout the semester I had been working with them by speaking Spanish to them in everyday conversations.

They took the Spanish exam that afternoon and Chemistry would be the next day, Friday, and then we would be over at the loft. I suggested that I let them study and I would go work on some photography at the loft. We kissed and they said they would be over around noon on Friday.

I was feeling naughty and stopped by Gerhard's room and convinced him to 'take a walk

with me'. He had no idea about the loft or what I had in store.

Shave and Enema

Gerhard could not believe the loft since it was one of the largest single places he had ever seen and I could not say I blamed him since I still had difficulty comprehending the loft's enormity.

I led Gerhard to the bathroom where I quickly had him naked. I made him clean me in the shower before I allowed him to clean himself. I then inspected his body for stubble. His butt crack clearly had *not* been shaved in several days and I quickly bent him over the edge of the jacuzzi and filled a large 4 liter enema bag I had purchased. I also knew, from having administered all of Gerhard's castration chemicals this semester, that he was due for another shot in just a day or two which meant that I had a good chance of yanking an orgasm out of him.

I started slow with a 1 liter enema. Followed it by another and another until I was certain that I had cleansed Kurt's slave fully. I had also corresponded with Kurt for permission to try to get an orgasm out of Gerhard close to the time for the next injection.

I then inserted the nozzle again and filled Gerhard with just shy of four liters of water and salt and then inserted a butt plug to help hold it in. I then stood Gerhard up, I knew he would be quite sensitive sexually and decided to play with his cock. Gerhard was quite compliant as I stroked his cock gently. He was surprised that he threw a boner and just instants later had a tremendous, shuddering orgasm.

I let Gerhard lay down with the water still inside him for a while to recover from the intensity of what had been his first orgasm in several years. He kissed me and thanked me for sharing that experience with him and then asked permission to void his colon of the water. I granted permission and he cleaned himself up.

When he came back I had him shave himself properly and explained that Kurt had approved this liason and that Gerhard was to call Kurt later tonight, early Bonn time, to talk to his master about whether he was ready to come home over break to be castrated. This orgasm had been the last physical one with cum that Gerhard would ever have if we was going to stay with Kurt.

By 1500, Gerhard had left and the twins still had not made it over from taking their exam. I called over to the dorm and the frathouse, but they were not at either place. I knew Jorg was likely to show up but I did not think they wanted him to know about them, nor did he want them to know about him, though they did.

I got a call around 1600 from the twins, they had really aced the Spanish exam and gone out to celebrate and would I come meet them and some of the brothers at the bar down towards campus on Main Street. Sure.

Seth was in attendance and eyed me guardedly. We had never talked again since I had raped him back and Lane had beat the crap out of him. The brothers had really taken a strong

liking to me since I was the toughest drinker in the crowd and tonight was no exception. We were all, of course, over 21 to be able to drink. Or at least that's what the fake id I had said.

The three of us reached the loft pretty shiftfaced drunk. Jorg greeted us and said something pretextual about paperwork on the table and headed out, clearly a little peeved at me.

The twins and I all fell into bed with our clothing on for the start of **SPRING BREAK**.

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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8 Part 8

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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Spring Break 2002

In the morning, by the time the three of us woke up, there was a white envelope on the nightstand by our bed with my name neatly printed on it *Rafael*.

Lane started trying to open the envelope and Kyle cuffed him lightly and handed the envelope to me. I opened it. Several airline tickets fell out. We were going to Palm Beach, Florida for Spring Break courtesy of our loving father.

The flight left later that day so the boys and I headed to the massive bathroom to shower and fuck around. Lane apologized for grabbing the envelope by giving me a thorough blow job on his knees as hot water sprayed over us. We took turns lathering each other up and cleaning off and then ended up in the hot tub for a good hour, the three of us snuggled together.

As we packed up for break, Kyle double-dared me to fuck whoever I was sitting next to—male of course—on the plane and if possible take a tie or other clothing item from him. I accepted the challenge promising each twin \$100.

As always, dad had been generous with us, we were flying first class, a limo would pick us up at the loft, and there was spending money aplenty and an American Express card in my name: Rafael Paz *Thompson*. Life was good. The hotel was a top notch location directly on the beach.

We packed up for the trip, but because I wanted to bring my camera equipment and TiBook though, we had to pack a suitcase. The limo called up from the entry to our building precisely on time and we headed out the door, letting the computer system lock up behind us.

At the airport, we were immediately ushered to the first class lounge after checking in and passing security. In the lounge I eyed a hot young executive type. He had classic white-bread good looks and a toned body. His hair was black and his eyes blue. I winked to Kyle and then moved over to sit down next to the executive. I took out my TiBook and started editing some pictures of the loft I had taken from an architectural perspective. From the corner of my eye I could see that my neighbor was eyeing my screen.

I turned and chatted him up. "Name's Rafael," I said introducing myself. "I'm a photographer from Spain."

"Michael," he said sticking out his hand. I noticed a wedding band. "All the better," I thought to myself.

"I'm from the Bay Area," he continued, "I was flying through here for a meeting with executives of BigCo." BigCo being where my adoptive dad, Mr. Thompson, used to work before his early retirement.

"How did it go?"

Michael looked deflated, "not so good, they need 100,000 units of my product before June first and there is no way we can get them more than 50,000."

I nodded politely and put my arm around his shoulder gently. He did not pull away. "How long till your flight leaves?"

"Forty minutes," he said dejectedly.

"Ours is about the same," I said, "want to have a little fun?"

He looked at me quizzically.

I picked up my TiBook and closed it and headed for the bathroom in the lounge. The lounge was fairly quiet and as I entered the bathroom I saw him get up to follow me. The bathroom was one of those private handicapped style bathroom and included a shower.

I pushed Michael to his knees and whipped out my cock. He ate it up like a pig on shit. He was hungry for dick and my Spanish sausage was just right for his hungry mouth. I used my hands to force Michael to suck me more deeply to the point that he was deep throating my cock in the bathroom of the first class lounge.

I pushed him off for a second and used his tie as a leash to guide him over to the sink where I bent him over and pulled down his pants. I slid on a condom and rammed his hot little whitebread ass full force. I used his gorgeous, silk Armani tie like a dog lead to buck him onto my cock harder and harder with each thrust. He was moaning softly. I reached around and used my free hand to jack Michael off. He shot a deep load of cum all over the floor of the bathroom. I pulled out without cumming and took his tie as my trophy.

I left him, pants down, on his knees in the bathroom as I walked out with his tie and my TiBook. The boys grinned broadly at me as I sat down. But Kyle whispered, "That doesn't count, it has to be

on the plane." I pecked Kyle on the cheek lightly and smiled back. After about ten minutes, Michael came out of the bathroom and winked at me and then left the lounge area.

We boarded our flight with the other first class passengers. Kyle and Lane sat together and I found myself next to an elderly lady. Kyle grinned across the aisle to me and I wanted to get up and slap him. The first class cabin on this flight was extremely small only two rows of four seats. Two executives who at first appeared to be traveling together were sitting right behind me. It turned out though that they worked for competing firms. Both had planned

to do work on the plane. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder, “Sir, would it be possible to switch seats with me,” the older of the two executives asked.

We asked the flight attendant’s permission and then swapped seats. That left me with the younger, handsome executive from a pharmaceutical company. I opened up my TiBook and continued editing the shots of our loft when the executive asked whether I did photography professionally. I answered, “Somewhat, I’m still a student, why?”

“I was wondering if I could buy some of those prints. I love to collect architectural and interior design prints. The inside of that loft is simply fantastic.”

I smiled, “That’s my home.”

He looked surprised, “really?”

“Yes,” I answered, “I actually own the whole building and get rental income from the properties.”

“But the interior design touches are so exquisite—and expensive,” he said.

I smiled back and offered my hand, “Rafael”

“Chris,” he shot back. No rings.

As the plane took off, Chris imbibed quite a bit of alcohol and I decided to make a pass for him after about the fifth drink. I slid my hand onto Chris’ lap and when he did not move my hand after a few minutes, grabbed his crotch. He looked at me with surprise and I nodded my head towards the bathroom. I headed in first and he followed locking the door behind him.

I pushed him against the bulkhead wall and forced my tongue into his mouth while grabbing his tie and twisting it around my hand. We kissed for a few minutes before I tugged at his tie and forced his mouth down towards my cock.

He was a more reluctant cocksucker than his friend Michael, but with the aide of his tie as leash and my cock forced down his mouth he sufficed. I pushed him over the sink and started putting on a condom to fuck him when he asked me, softly, not to.

I slid the condom on.

“Why not,” I whispered back.

“I’ve never been fucked,” he whimpered.

I slid my cock in and he let out a relatively loud gasp. He jumped up and my cock fell out. He turned red and I turned him around using his tie, kissed him and said, “No problem.” I also removed his necktie to keep for my collection.

I pushed the empty condom into the trash and walked out of the restroom. He followed me out moments later. Nobody was the wiser.

Palm Beach

A limo driver was waiting outside baggage claim with a sign reading “Thompson”. We were driven from the airport to a luxury rental condominium complex on a golf course. The limo driver refused all tips insisting that “everything had been taken care of.”

At the check-in area for the hotel, they asked for my credit card to sign for the condo and then gave us three hotel keys. A handsome young Cuban who barely spoke English was pleased that I was fluent in Spanish and we chatted as he took our luggage about half a kilometer to the entrance of a walkup.

The condo was gorgeous. A wall of windows opened onto the 18th hole of the course. There were two bedrooms, I had the Cuban put my bags in the downstairs master bedroom and the twins’ bags upstairs—for now.

I gave a generous tip and the porter disappeared.

The windows were slightly silvered on the outside to reduce the fishbowl effect and we were probably 15 meters from the greens.

The twins suddenly grabbed me from behind and I soon found myself being stripped naked and then tied to the four corners of the bedposts face-up. The restraints were neckties I had taken from various sexual encounters: the executive from Spain, Jorg, the ones from today’s trip, etc.

The boys were quite thorough with the restraints and I could not move. They kissed me simultaneously, one on each cheek and then left the room. They returned a few minutes later and inserted a fairly large butt plug into my ass with only minimal lubrication. My cock was now at full mast.

Lane then fastened one of the neckties as a blindfold over my eyes and announced, “We have to go get some groceries, we’ll be back in an hour or two.” Then they were gone. I heard the sliding glass door from the bedroom to the golf course open, but not shut. Anyone on the course looking could probably see my naked body and erect cock. The embarrassment was simultaneously arousing as all hell and frightening. What if a stranger had his, or her, way with me?

My cock was quite erect and over time, I became hypersensitive to the breeze blowing through the window and rustling my cock ever so slightly. Time seemed to stand still and suddenly I heard a bang as the sliding glass door shut. The noise caused me to try to, unsuccessfully, jump out of the bed.

If it was the twins, they did not say anything. Instead I heard footsteps shuffling past me into the other parts of the condo. I smelled fast food—more particularly french fries. If I strained my ears I could hear indistinct whispers.

Suddenly, I felt a warm sensation on my nipples. It was like a warm substance was falling on my nipple and covering me like a goo. The substance cooled on my nipple quickly and hardened.

Chocolate?

My right nipple was next and the sensation and the sense of unknown was causing my cock to rage. I felt a frigid sensation on my cock as my right nipple was bathed in a warm, fragrant goo. Definitely chocolate. The cold on my cock head kept me from erupting.

I felt something sticky being wrapped around my erect cock like a sticky plastic bag, or perhaps saran wrap. Then the warm burning sensation of chocolate being poured around my cock. I could barely control myself and I felt my body shudder as I unleashed a massive orgasm into the still wet chocolate. The chocolate finally hardened around my cockhead.

Next I heard a wooshing sound, like whipped cream being placed on parts of my body. Then a pause. And finally, I felt the tie around my eyes being removed.

“Tada,” Lane announced as Kyle propped up my head with a pillow. I had been decorated in chocolate, whipped cream, and cherries on my nipples and cock. Additionally, some whipped cream and blueberries were filling my naval.

Kyle picked up my digital camera and clicked away a few pictures.

Lane and Kyle then proceeded to eat the food and chocolate from my body. They worked the nipples simultaneously and just watching them work caused me to orgasm a second time. Then Kyle bit off the chocolate cap over my cock head and poured the loose gism onto the blueberries on my naval, like a sauce. As Kyle ate the cum soaked chocolate cap, Lane ate the remaining chocolate off my shaft like it was a hot dog.

Finally the two took turns eating out my naval of blueberries and whipped cream with cum sauce. I still had smears of chocolate in various locations and Kyle took some additional pictures.

My cock was still surprisingly erect and Lane straddled my body and positioned his fuckhole over my cock and began to ride me. His cock was rock hard. Kyle positioned a shot glass in front of his twin brother’s cock head and when Lane finally shot, the cum filled the glass about a 1/4 of the way up. Lane quickly dismounted and Kyle handed his brother the glass. Kyle then mounted my cock head similarly and Lane held the shot glass.

Like his twin brother, Kyle quickly achieved a roaring orgasm and filled the shot glass about another 1/4 to 1/3 of the way up. As Kyle dismounted my cock, Lane balanced the shot glass on my navel and Kyle took more pictures.

The twins then lay down next to my still restrained body and Lane began talking as Kyle held the shot glass of cum close to my lips, but just out of range of my tongue.

“Kyle and I have made some decisions,” Lane said. I started to open my mouth to protest and Kyle quickly inserted two fingers for me to suck on. “Listen,” Lane continued, “we are not going to make another mistake like we did with the frat.”

I nodded and stopped trying to talk and instead sucked hard on Kyle’s powerful fingers.

Lane continued, “We have taken all of the legal steps we can to show you how committed we are to you, but we haven’t ever clearly said it, so we wanted to say it now.”

Kyle picked up, “We pledge our total commitment and love to you *exclusively* forever and ever.” Kyle’s fingers were quickly replaced with a slow trickle of the twins’ cum mixed together from the shot glass being drizzled into my open mouth and landing on the back of my throat and on my tongue.

“We are yours forever and you are ours,” Lane said. “We could never have hoped for someone as wonderful as you in our life and are quite certain you feel the same.”

My mouth was still filling with cum and all I could do was nod slightly in agreement. Finally the shot glass was empty and I savored their commingled cum in my mouth. The saltiness. The slightly different flavors touching different parts of my tongue. It was divine. Finally, after running their cum around my mouth for a few minutes, I swallowed the delicious nectar reluctantly.

Lane kissed me with tongue followed by Kyle.

Lane asked if I was hungry, I answered yes and Kyle got up to bring me some—now cold—fast food. Kyle and Lane took turns feeding me my favorite McDonald’s dish: Chicken McNuggets dipped in sweet and sour sauce. Of course lots of the sauce dripped on my neck and chin as they moved the nuggets from the box, on my chest, to my mouth. The twin not feeding a given nugget would lick up the sauce and kiss me with sauce laden tongue.

After feeding me all twenty nuggets, the Lane brought over a warm towel and wiped my chest and cock down. Kyle removed the butt plug. But they left me tied down. Kyle took some additional photos.

Lane returned with an envelope and rested it on my chest. They had remembered my birthday. I nearly shot another load of cum just from the excitement. The boys teased me saying, “open the card.” I strained slightly against the restraints as they giggled.

Lane and Kyle were standing at the foot of the bed looking down at me and then they started kissing with deep tongue. Kyle then bent over his ass facing out to the golf course. His eyes looking deeply into mine as his twin brother fucked him from behind.

After a few minutes, the boys swapped positions and Kyle fucked Lane.

I was still restrained and Kyle picked up my card idly and said to Lane, “guess he doesn’t want his present, maybe we should return it.” I cursed at them and begged to be untied. Then Lane said, “maybe we should just open it for him and keep it for ourselves.”

I begged, pleaded and cajoled for the better part of an hour as Kyle and Lane kept passing the card back and forth between one another above my restrained body. Finally Lane relented and opened the card. The card had clearly been handmade and the front was a picture of the three of us that I had taken using a tripod and timer last semester.

The photo was printed on a piece of US Letter sized photo paper folded into quarters and when Lane opened the card a smaller, folded piece of paper fell out. Kyle read the card aloud, “Dear Rafael: Happy Birthday to the most wonderful and outstanding lover in the entire world, Love Lane and Kyle.”

The small slip of paper was resting between my belly button and the base of my shaft.

Lane picked it up, opened it and read it aloud “Good for a lifetime commitment as lovers. Presented by: Kyle and Lane Thompson. Presented to: Rafael Paz Thompson. Cash value: Priceless.”

I wanted to kiss them madly and drink the cum from their cocks like a firehouse but I was still helplessly tied to the bed. My nineteenth birthday present was a commitment from the loves of my life to a lifetime together.

Kyle asked, “so what do you think of our gift?”

I answered, “I accept!”

The twins smiled and finally untied me.

We fell asleep cuddled together.

Beach

The next morning we walked down to the beach and lay in the sun next to each other for most of the day. My slightly more olive complexion kept me from baking in the sun. Their paler skin required massive amounts of sun screen.

Around 2 pm, some girls came by and the three of us agree to play girls-boys volleyball together. Kyle and Lane kicked ass and I mostly tried not to screw things up for our team. Afterwards the girls insisted that the winners had to buy the losers dinner and we went to a restaurant together. The three of us had fun bearding the girls about our sexuality since the twins still were not comfortable being openly gay.

Around midweek, I had the brilliant idea to look up our midsemester grades:

Class	Lane	Kyle	Rafael
English	3.7	3.7	2.7
Calculus II	3.3	3.3	---
Spanish I	3.7	3.7	---
Business II	3.0	3.0	---
Chemistry	3.0	3.0	---
Intro Comp Sci	---	---	4.0
Photography II	---	---	4.0
Printmaking	---	---	3.3
Sculpture	---	---	4.0

In a sense, I was a lot worse off then the twins since they were athletes and their core focus was to get picked up by the NFL. Me on the other hand, I was an artist and dad had much higher expectations of my college grades further the 2.7 in English was simply going to be unacceptable.

The rest of the vacation was a mad romp of sex in our room and days on the beach. I was so worried about my impending punishment for my grades in English and Printmaking that I did not even bother with any of the men on the plane or in the airport.

Birthday Present

Back at the loft, dad greeted us and explained there were a number of things to get done:

- Review our mid-semester grades
- Select our sophomore year classes
- Elect our majors
- Celebrate my birthday (19 April)
- Discuss some things dad was planning
- Relax before school started again Monday

Dad asked *me*, “What would you like to do first?”

“Can we get the matter of our mid-semester grades out of the way first?”

“Fair enough,” dad answered.

I got undressed and the twins quickly followed suit.

I explained my grades to dad. He was of course pleased with my 4.0’s and we talked about my performance in English and Printmaking. Since the grades were not final and I had a chance to improve them yet, I received a relatively mild punishment: fifty blows with the razor strap followed by an intensive dollop of ben gay rubbed on my sore buttocks. The Ben Gay was definitely the worst part of the punishment and I had to stay bent over the back of the couch until well after both twins got spanked as well.

Each twin got thirty strokes since overall their grades were as good or better than last semester. They also got the ben gay treatment.

The ben gay stung like all fuck and when I was finally allowed to stand up, I made the mistake of rubbing my ass which only made the punishment worse as it stung unbelievably worse.

Dad hugged us and suggested we lay down for a while as we usually did. The twins took the loft bed and Dad and I lay down together on the guest bed. Dad explained he had gotten the idea for using the Ben Gay from an Internet site on corporal punishment. I admitted

that it was quite intense and unpleasant. He held me tenderly and reminded me that he loved me very much and I thanked him for the punishment.

After a bit, I asked if we could celebrate my birthday next. Dad agreed and had us all get dressed and go down to the garage of the building. Only one car was in the entire garage: a Mercedes CLK55 AMG Cabriolet convertible sports car.

Dad handed me the keys and said, “shall we take it for a test spin?”

“Please,” I said completely forgetting that my ass still stung from the earlier spanking.

The twins crammed into the back seat and dad sat up front with me. I pulled the car out and drove it out of the parking garage onto the streets of our small University town. Dad suggested we cross the Mississippi and get dinner down the Interstate at a restaurant about 20 miles away.

The car pulled onto the freeway effortlessly and I could tell the twins were slightly jealous since their dad had intentionally not bought them cars when they had turned driving age.

The restaurant was surprisingly casual and modestly priced, but the food was terrific. Over dinner we planned out our courses for next year:

Lane-Kyle	Rafael
Microecon.	Microecon.
Accounting	Accounting
Spanish II	Digital Art
Business 250	Photography 300: Fine Arts I
	Printmaking: Adv. Techniques

Thus for the Fall semester of 2002-2003, the twins and I would be in two courses together. Also they only had to take four classes to my five because of football. For majors we quickly agreed that I was going to do Fine Arts with a specialty in Photography. The twins were going for business with a minor in economics.

Thus the only two remaining agenda items were dad’s surprise announcement and relaxation.

Lane begged to drive us home and I relented. Dad had been prepared though since there were three sets of master keys and one valet key. Dad gave me the two extra keys and with a peck on the cheek outside the restaurant, I gave each of the twins one of the sets of keys to the kick ass Mercedes.

Lane made the tires squeal as we pulled out of the parking lot and headed back to the loft.

All four of us stripped and headed to the massive jacuzzi/hot tub in the bathroom. Sitting in the hot tub, dad explained that he was planning a six month tour around the world that would start in a few weeks. We all congratulated dad and hung out in the hot tub a while longer before stepping out and drying off.

We went downstairs and dad poured some brandy for us and we sat around talking about politics and current events. Finally the twins headed up and dad poured me a second glass.

Dad kissed me good night and said he wanted to wait till he came back from his trip before he and I had more sex. I ended up sandwiched between my twin lovers for a long night of sleep and dad slept on the guest bed.

Gerhard's Ordeal

In the morning, I found a long email from Kurt's account in German that was typed by Gerhard. It had been prepared during the night before Gerhard was allowed to return from Bonn for the rest of his second semester of University. I translated and forwarded the letter to the twins and my dad:

Dear Rafael,

Thank you for a beautiful parting experience it was the last orgasm I will ever have and I am most grateful to my master and you for helping me to experience it one last time.

Master Kurt performed the castration himself the other morning. I was not given any anesthesia so I was awake through the experience. At 0600, the other slaves woke me up and helped me walk to the surgery. I was crying and they comforted me reminding me how much I love my master and how they had each given their balls to master.

Albert securely bound me to the operating table and my head was propped up by Wilmar to ensure that I would see the entire surgery.

Reinhard cleaned my scrotum and then the three of them left the surgery.

Master Kurt had me wait until 1100 to arrive. If I strained my head I could see a clock on the wall behind me. The room was a sterile surgical green and was quite bare of anything other than sharp medical implements. In particular a row of knives and scissors was on a table close to where my balls were positioned.

Master asked me whether I wanted to stay or leave. I said I wanted to be his forever. Master cleaned my scrotum again to prevent infection and then administered an extremely mild topical numbing ointment.

I tried hard for Master not to scream when he made the incision but I could not help myself. Master had my ball sacs opened in a few minutes and I saw him pull out my balls from the protective scrotum. I nearly passed out from the sight of my balls being removed. Master used a scissor to cut the attachments from my balls to my penis and then tied the tubes off.

He then pushed the tubes back in and stitched me up. The entire procedure was painful since there was no anaesthesia.

Master Kurt put my testicles in a small jar and put the jar in my restrained hand. I was told to hold my balls until I was able to stand up and give them to Master on my hands and knees.

Master applies some additional ointments to prevent infection of the incision and then left the surgery.

It was well over an hour before Albert came to release me from the surgical table. Albert was extremely kind to help me up saying there was nobody to help him up when the operation was performed.

I tried very hard not to cry Rafael and Albert helped me waddle into Master's office and kneel on the floor so I could give him my testicles. Master made me crawl on my own across the floor about 4 meters to reach him. Then I had to push myself up and beg Master to take my balls from me.

Master thanked me and placed my balls in a safe with the other slave balls he keeps.

I am now useless sexually except as a slave and I belong to him forever.

Master ordered me to be taken upstairs and allowed a regular bed for one night to recover from the surgery before I had to fly home. Master will send some post-surgical instructions to you if you could be so kind as to help him.

Love,

Gerhard

Strangely, I found Gerhard's story simultaneously revolting and erotic. The next email in my inbox was from Kurt and contained some instructions for handling Gerhard.

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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9 Part 9

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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Training Jorg

My humiliation of Jorg Peters was one of my few long term projects. I had solely made greater and greater demands on him. In order to get sex he had to be prompt. If he was not at the front door by five-sharp on a Friday, he might as well not come.

Each week I would ratchet up the expectations ever so slightly.

He had to bring his own condom and have the package in his mouth by five-sharp.

The following week I required him to buy the condoms immediately before he arrived at the drugstore on nearby Main Street. I rummaged his wallet for the receipt. No receipt. I sent him packing.

Twice he had gone without success, he was learning that disobedience had consequences.

Each time he performed satisfactorily, he was rewarded by the chance to suck my cock and get fucked by me.

Nudity by five-sharp came next.

He was ready.

The following week the core of his training began. I brought him in naked using his tie and led him upstairs. Restrained him to the bed and brought out my twin lovers. A look of surprise crossed his face as they kissed me. I instructed them to unload his cum completely and they eagerly sucked him off. That finished, they untied him and forced him onto his knees. He was made to suck me off with his cock completely drained and then the boys held him down while I fucked him.

Jorg loved the humiliation. The next elements would be introducing corporal punishment and enforced chastity.

Jorg's Wife

I met Jorg's wife at the local coffee shop just down the street from the loft. She was pregnant and clearly frustrated with Jorg's lack of attention to *her* needs.

I spilled the beans on my relationship with him and my thoughts for how to better train Jorg to serve his wife's needs. She was reluctant at first but, after some persuading by me agreed to my plan.

It was a gradual plan and one that could easily be disrupted by my need to travel during the summer.

My summer plans changed radically when my professor had a heart attack and was confined to bed rest. That meant that aside from me visiting and helping her work on older photographs from my dark room I would be alone at the loft all summer.

Loose Ends

I suppose describing Gerhard himself as a loose end is unfair, but he never returned to the States after Spring Break and his castration.

I did receive some paperwork from his master, Kurt, with instructions to give the school and for disposition–destruction of Gerhard's belongings.

If the twins weren't such wonderful lovers and friends to me, I think the loss of Gerhard as a friend at school would have been devastating. As it was, I definitely missed him, but the twins were more than lovers to me. We had over seven-plus months become friends and brothers as well.

I delivered the note from Gerhard withdrawing from the school to the Dean in person and got permission to pick up his belongings. I took the belongings back to my loft and boxed them up for Goodwill.

Gerhard would have no use for them and destroying them seemed so petty. I got permission from our dad to visit Germany during the summer and for now that was that.

Dad helped me book several travel weekends to visit the twins at Football camp as well as a week in Germany, alone. He himself planned a Panama Canal cruise and convinced me to join him. With that schedule set I returned to Jorg's wife to set in motion the rest of my plan.

As I mentioned, I had steadily been degrading Jorg a bit more each week.

Training Jorg 2

The next phase for Jorg was submission to corporal punishment. When he arrived that Friday, I greeted him at the door, he was naked–as required–and holding a condom in his

mouth.

I took the condom from him and led him by his tie over a specially designed spanking bench. He resisted and I quickly pushed him down roughly and fastened him to it. He knew better than to protest, but clearly was disturbed that I was cuffing his hands and legs to the bench with his bare ass exposed for discipline.

“Jorg,” I said in a patronizing tone, “I am certain that you want to be spanked, and the reason I know that is that if you do not beg me to whip your ass, you will be sent out unkissed, unfucked, unloved and never return.”

I paused patiently to let my words sink in. He turned his head towards me to see if I was perhaps “joking” but my stern expression and the wooden paddle in my hand suggested otherwise.

He whimpered softly at first, “yes.”

I rested the paddle on the small of his back. “I didn’t hear that.”

“Please sir,” he said his voice trembling.

“Louder and like you want it boy,” I said.

“Whip my ass sir, I want you to whip my ass,” he blurted out loudly, but quickly.

I kissed him on the forehead, “that’s more like it.”

I administered five firm licks, the point here was not to beat him brutally but to bring him under submission. I then let the twins carry him upstairs to our bed to be sucked dry.

Only once he was completely relieved of his cum by my twin lovers was he brought back over the spanking bench.

“What do you want BOY?”

“To be fucked, SIR,” he said.

I slid the condom on my hard cock and rammed it into his restrained body. Then I sent him home to his loving wife.

Finals

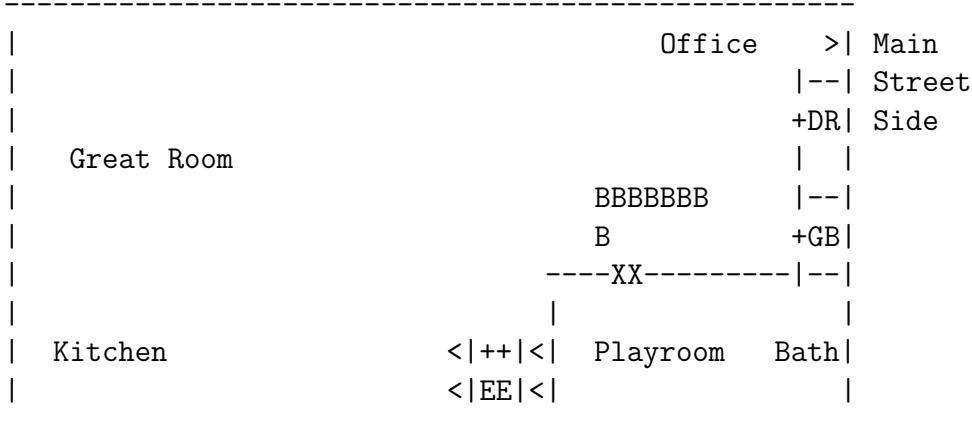
During finals my huge warehouse loft began to be overtaken by faculty who, while paying rent, meant my abode was now shared. Sure I had a 450 square meter (about 4000 sq. ft) top floor to myself, but it felt different.

The apartments would bring me money, but I felt a bit like my personal domain had been invaded.

At my dad’s suggestion I commissioned a redesign of the loft to create a second bedroom with a sex play area below. The map below shows the renovation. Including the enlargement of my darkroom and the addition of a nice salon style bar.

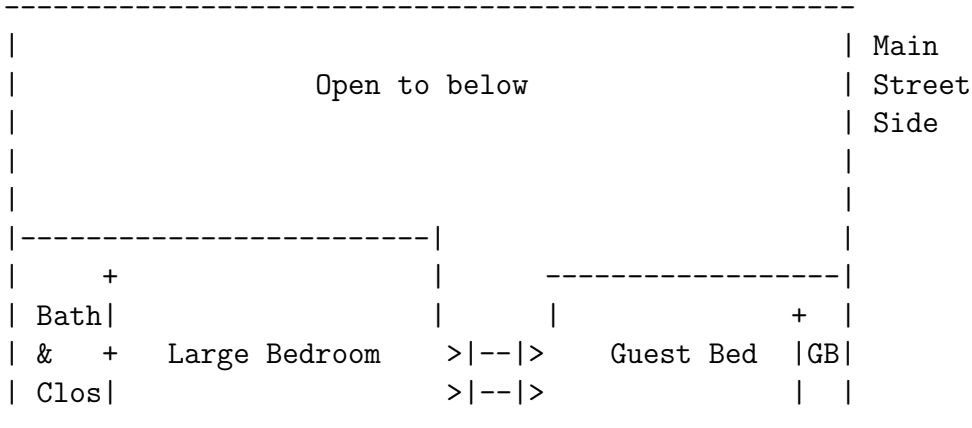
Mississippi River View (~2 blocks away)

First Street Side



Second Street Side

First Street Side



Second Street Side

Legend

- + = Door
- EE = Freight elevator
- BB = Bar
- < = Up staircase to bedroom loft area
- > = Down fire staircase to street
- DR = Dark room
- XX = Concealed entrance to playroom
- GB = Guest bathroom

Final grades were not far behind exams and the twins had already headed for football camp when the envelopes came:

Class	Lane	Kyle	Rafael
English	3.7	3.7	3.0
Calculus II	3.3	3.3	---
Spanish I	3.7	3.7	---
Business II	3.0	3.0	---
Chemistry	3.0	3.0	---
Intro Comp Sci	---	---	4.0
Photography II	---	---	4.0
Printmaking	---	---	4.0
Sculpture	---	---	4.0

While I had managed to improve my English grade slightly, I was most pleasantly surprised to 4.0 Printmaking. The twins performance had been unchanged from their midterms. With the twins gone, Jorg was about to start on the next phase of his humiliation, but not before I got my ass whipped good for my performance in school.

I had called Dad on the golf course when my grades came and he told me to be waiting for him. I knew he would arrive around 1800 so, I was already naked by 1730 and at 1750, I climbed onto the spanking bench and fastened my legs and one arm into place.

With tenants in the building, I heard the elevator several times before my dad entered the room. I loved Mr. Thompson so much and greatly appreciated his firm hand with discipline.

He fastened my free hand into the restraints and then talked about my grades with me. He was very pleased that I had brought my printmaking grade up, but still sorely disappointed about English.

“Rafael,” he said, “your English is as good as the twins and you cannot use the excuse that you are half Spanish to escape that fact.”

I nodded, “I really did try dad, but I know I need some punishment.”

Dad patted me on the back and agreed.

He settled on a foot long oak paddle with holes in it and began to blister my buttocks and upper thighs. After seventy blows I lost count and by the time he stopped my ass was surely blistered to all fuck and I was sobbing like a little boy.

He rubbed Ben Gay onto my sore ass cheeks and thighs and then also inserted some on his finger into my fuckhole.

I had to stay on the spanking bench for two hours until he untied me and took me to bed with him. He held me tenderly and reminded me how much he loved me and I thanked him for punishing me.

I really do love my dad and I appreciate his firm disciplinary hand. After a while we discussed how the twins would be punished—by me—when I visited them at camp in a few weeks.

Then we took my sports car, dad always let me drive unlike the twins, to a nice restaurant. I managed to forget about my sore butt and enjoy the dinner. Over dinner dad gave me \$100,000 to use towards the renovation with an admonition that ~at least~ ten thousand had to go towards the playroom.

Training Jorg 3

With the twins gone it was time to introduce Jorg to the joys of enforced chastity. I had selected the CB-2000 to start with, but his wife and I had agreed that after the initial period Jorg was getting a Tollyboy.

After whipping his ass sore on the spanking bench, I handcuffed his arms behind him as I took him off. That was when Jorg realized the twins were not around to drain him of cum.

“Jorg,” I said as I pushed him onto his knees, “I want to introduce you to a new friend, the CB-2000.”

He stared at the plastic cage confused, I smiled and explained, “it is a hi-tech chastity device. I will attach it to your cock and it will not be coming off for quite some time.”

His confusion turned to fear. I put a hand on his shoulder to keep him kneeling as I began to get his testicles through the first ring.

I attached the CB-2000 and the rings of intrigue and then affixed the plastic, serial coded tabs to keep it in place. I felt that would be crueler than metal locks and more sadistic.

After I was satisfied that the cage was in place I pushed him over a chair and fucked him roughly. It felt good to have my hard dick plunged into his ass knowing that his cock was straining against the hard plastic cage. I orgasmed in less than a minute and then pulled out, uncuffed him and handed him a sealed envelope.

“Take this envelope to your wife, she is expecting it, do not open it before you give it to her or there will be severe consequences,” I said handing Jorg and envelope and dismissing him from my presence.

The letter that Jorg’s wife would find had explicit instructions and a sheet for her to sign and return confirming that Jorg had been good:

Make Jorg lick your pussy each night this week and sign and return this card to me indicating that he complied.

-R.P.

Training Jorg 4

I was sorely tempted to check in on Jorg during the week, but decided against it. He returned the following week with a condom and a return envelope in his mouth.

I took the condom and the envelope and he went over to the spanking bench without having to be asked. I restrained him to the bench and read his wife's note.

"It seems you gave your wife difficulty the first night," I said matter of factly.

He nodded meekly.

"Let me go find a heavy cane," I said and walked away from him for a few minutes.

Jorg was sweating and straining against the bonds of the bench when I returned.

"Bad boys need to be punished," I said as I put a hand on his back and then lifted the cane into the air.

Twenty strokes later Jorg was promising to try hard to please his wife. I was satisfied that he had been punished enough and stopped the punishment. I let him off the bench and fucked him with the chastity belt on and then handed him a new envelope.

He started to talk and I picked up the cane, he realized he had been punished, used and dismissed. I am also fairly certain that he now understood that there would be no release unless he satisfied my instructions to the T.

The note to his wife this week had more meat to it:

Make sure Jorg knows I leave next week for ten days in Florida and so he will have to go two weeks if he steps out of line.

Keep him licking your pussy daily and this week both nipples as well.

Start making him your sex slave.

You control his ability to receive pleasure now.

Training Jorg 5

Jorg apparently had gotten the message. The next week after I strapped him to the spanking bench, I opened his wife's letter to find glowing compliments on Jorg's pussylicking capabilities.

I fucked Jorg on the spanking bench directly without administering punishment.

He begged me for release and I brought him up to my bedroom and tied him to the bed. I removed the chastity belt from his swollen cock and began to stroke his cock extremely slowly. I was careful to monitor his body for signs of orgasm and stop at any hint that his body might erupt before I was ready.

I started talking to him, “I trust your wife is much happier these days.”

He nodded and moaned.

“You realize that this is only the beginning of your submission to her.”

His face turned pouty and I stopped stroking his cock. “Please continue,” he begged, “I need to shoot a load.”

“Your needs are not very important to me, but your wife’s are.”

“I know I’ve been a lousy husband.”

“And?”

“I’m ready to do better.”

I nodded approvingly and finished jacking him off and then despite his pleas, reattached the chastity belt for what at a minimum would be two weeks.

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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10 Part 10

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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Florida

I left for Florida the next day with his thick punishment belt holding up my pants. Dad and I had agreed that it was the corporal punishment implement least likely to arouse attention at security.

He had found me first class tickets direct to the camp and as always I could use the first class lounge. I was feeling a bit down traveling without the twins and ignored two sexy married guys who were sitting next to me in the lounge.

The plane flight itself was uneventful and I picked up the rental car and drove to the football training camp. I had brought my high end digital photography gear and my PowerBook so I was set to take pictures too.

The twins greeted me like a brother so hugs were ok and I was welcomed into the group. Since I arrived on a Friday I was able to use a note dad had given me to sign the twins out of the training camp for the weekend.

We drove down to Disney World and checked into the Grand Floridian a little before midnight.

I turned on the water in the bathroom and the TV so nobody would hear them getting their punishments. I explained the punishments dad felt was appropriate to them and they both agreed that they were fair.

I had them lay down on the bed one at a time to receive the belt.

When I finished we were all glad to have that unpleasantness out of the way.

We fell asleep in each others arms and in the morning at breakfast with the characters, their sore asses kept them sitting lightly. I caught them up on Jorg's training and they were impressed with the quick progress.

We took the monorail around to the Magic Kingdom and entered. The twins butts were sore enough that the previous night's punishment was making it hard for them to walk around. We ended up at the Haunted Mansion first which was Kyle's favorite ride. Lane on the other

hand preferred Space Mountain more. I was just happy to be with my twin lovers.

It is hard for me to describe the emptiness I felt without them around for three weeks, in the nine months since I had started school with them we had become inseparable and I had become a part of their twin bond.

We agreed to take turns on who would sit with me and since this was Kyle's favorite ride, he and I were together first. Midway through the ride he pulled me close and tongued me deeply. It was refreshing to feel his lips against mine again. Last night had not been very tender because I had to administer punishments.

At space mountain, Lane was against me and licking my ears.

We had a blast.

We covered every inch of the park despite the sweltering June heat.

When we returned to our hotel, a largish Fedex package was at the front desk. The twins smiled broadly and carried it up to our room. Turned out the mischievous duo had gone bonkers at Mr. S' web site and pre-ordered some bondage gear for delivery to the hotel.

Gagged and Bound

As always with them, I submitted willingly. The first in was a dildo gag that filled my mouth. They had my clothing off like clockwork and then tied me to the corners of the bed with Velcro restraints and rope. Once I was secured huge buttplugs came out along with a big tube of lube. Kyle and Lane nuzzled their faces against mine and licked my ears as they manipulated the huge plugs into my ass and stroked my cock.

The feelings were intense and then they slid a hood over my head. The tight fitting latex hood was intensely dark, but I was not even slightly afraid, I trusted the twins with my very life.

The sensations stopped after a bit and I could feel a huge buttplug was still deeply lodged within me. I suspected the twins had wandered off for a drink at a bar or some such. The air in the room was up extremely high and it was making my nipples quite aroused.

I tried to stay awake but fatigue took over and I fell asleep with a huge dildo gag in my mouth and my head hooded and my ass plugged. Not to mention that I was stretched out spread eagled and restrained.

The twins woke me gently in the morning, one on my cock shaft the other on my nipples. As I roused they took the hood off slowly and then removed the gag. I was still restrained and my ass was still plugged.

Kyle started kissing me deeply while Lane brought my cock to orgasm with an outstand blow job. After I unleashed my load into Lane's mouth he transferred half of my cum to Kyle and then they untied me and let me clean up so we could get to Epcot for the day.

I had neglected to take many pictures in the Magic Kingdom on Saturday and today, Sunday,

was our last day. We checked out of the hotel and the twins had thoughtfully brought along a piece of luggage for me to check on my way home.

We enjoyed Epcot together, but there was a sadness throughout the day because we were going to be apart again soon.

After dinner at the Living Seas restaurant, we headed back to football camp in time for them to make curfew. They convinced the dorm monitor to let me spend the night since I was their brother and I left in the morning anyhow.

I managed to get some gorgeous shots of all of their fellow football players the next morning before heading off.

We hugged goodbye as brothers and I took the car back to the airport and got back on a plane home. I did fuck the brains out of a 40-something guy wearing a wedding ring in the first class lounge. I took his tie and stuck it in a Fedex package to the twins before my plane took off.

Jorg Training 6

Back home, I had to devote myself again to Jorg's training. There was a voicemail on my home message machine from Jorg begging me to let him visit in the middle of the week.

I called up his wife at home while Jorg was at work and reported his mistake. She said Jorg was behaving himself but had tried to get the chastity belt off once. I promised severe punishment on Friday as well as measurements for a Tollyboy.

By the time Friday came, Jorg had left a voicemail a day. I greeted him outside the loft with a flogger in hand and dragged him into the loft and had him tied to the bench in under a minute.

I reviewed his wife's note, he was doing well in terms of pleasing her sexually. "Jorg," I said softly, "what gave you the idea you could call here?"

"Please," he whimpered.

I began flogging Jorg's bare back with the flogger. The effect was immediate as Jorg hollered out in pain instantly after the first stroke. Twenty strokes later his back had turned bright red and in a few places welts were starting to come up. I switched to a finer whip and began to break open the skin slightly.

His cries for mercy were quite exquisite.

When I finished, I fucked him, rubbed alcohol onto his wounds, stood him up and measured him for a Tollyboy and then kicked him out on to my doorstep with a new note and without even a tender kiss.

The next day I drove up to dad's mansion to have sex with him. We made love on the grass of the back lawn as well as on the dinner table. The sex was not nearly as exciting as with my twin lovers but I loved my dad very much too.

He was excited to hear about my plans with Jorg but also wanted to travel with me to San Francisco to measure and pick out some special toys for the playroom. We left Sunday afternoon and returned on the redeye Monday.

I would share what we bought but that would spoil the fun of getting to describe the playroom in greater detail in a later diary entry.

Access Denied called me about the Tollyboy order and that they thought they could have it ready before June 28. Which was perfect. I had two more visits with Jorg before June 28 and the week after I was going with my dad on the Panama Canal cruise.

Jorg Training 7

During the week, Jorg was supposed to let his wife fuck him with a strap on every day and walk around the house naked at all times.

When he arrived Friday his back was still welted from the previous week. He went over the spanking bench willingly and I took the note from him and opened it before tying him down.

It seemed like he had performed well during the week and was getting used to being fucked nightly by his wife with the strap on as well as having to lick her pussy and nipples. Jorg's wife was reporting significant attitude and behavioral improvement in Jorg.

I let him stand up without administering punishment and instead took him to my bed and lay with him with the CB-2000 removed and all but his right hand restrained. He was going to have to make himself ejaculate this time. I did however lay next to him and kissed him and told him he was learning to be a good husband to his wife and that I was proud of his progress.

I was feeling generous and let him have two orgasms before reattaching the CB-2000.

I then untied him and made him suck me off for an hour before sending him home to let his wife fuck him. There was no new note this week since I wanted him to continue through the end of June as we had been doing.

The following week was equally uneventful and he was understanding the rhythm of his new life. During the week if he served his wife faithfully and pleased her every sexual need then he would be permitted a private release. If he fell down slightly, he had to surrender himself to a brutal punishment and no release.

The Tollyboy was waiting for him on the 28th of June, 2002.

He saw it when he entered the room and tried to leave but I grabbed his arm, tackled him to the floor and cuffed his hands behind his back.

I debated flogging him for disobedience, but decided against it. Besides, I was leaving for a 15 day Panama Canal cruise on the 29th and would not be back till late in July. The real consequence of his disobedience was that there would be no release today.

The dire nature of that sunk in when I said to him, "By the way, I am not sure if I mentioned

this but I will be out of town until July 17th?"

I could feel his heart sinking, as I stood him up and removed the CB-2000.

I was efficient about attaching the Tollyboy and careful not to stimulate him. I had given his wife explicit instructions on using the Tollyboy and keeping him clean while I was gone. I also had told her where she could get the key—Mr. Thompson's household servants had the spare.

I have seen grown men cry before, for example I have cried more than once during a severe whipping, but watching Jorg Peters cry as I fitted the Tollyboy closed on him on June 28th was one of the single most erotic experiences of my life. I knew at that moment that I alone controlled his sexual functions. He really no longer was a man and he knew it too.

After allowing him an hour restrained to my bed to be sure that I had fitted the belt right I walked him around the outside of the building four times as well. All quite humiliating and only then did I send him home with a new note.

Write the Author

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

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11 Part 11

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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Cruise

We flew to San Francisco to board the cruise ship that would lead us through the Panama canal and over to San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Dad had booked one of the higher end rooms for himself and a slightly lesser one for me. He felt it was important that we could each have some privacy. I appreciated that.

The ship itself was quite stunning, but the part I was really looking forward to was going through the canal.

Dad ended up hanging out in the cigar club on the ship while I had dinner by the pool the first night. That turned out to be auspicious for both of us. I ended up next to a youngish gay couple on their honeymoon and chatted the night away. It really made me want to move to a bigger city than where the twins and I lived, but I knew that was their home.

Before long it was midnight and somewhere five or six drinks down the road I was invited back to their cabin. To quote Austin Powers, "I shagged them rotten." Then headed back to my cabin and went to sleep. In the morning I knocked on dad's door early but did not get an answer. That surprised me since he was such a stickler for being an early riser.

I went to breakfast by myself and then sat outside by the pool. He finally joined me close to lunchtime and looked, if I can say this, giddier than a schoolgirl. He had it seemed hooked up with someone.

I could not get any details out of him and so settled for lunch with him. After lunch he disappeared and I headed back to the pool. The gay honeymooners were back and spent the rest of the day soaking in the sun beside me.

I ended up at dinner with them and no sign of my dad. It turned out that both of the guys in the couple were pretty bottom-ish and they appreciated my willingness to fuck their brains out. So I did it again that second night.

When I got back to my room I listened at my dad's door and good hear him and someone else having sex. It made me feel good to know he was happy and I went to sleep myself.

In the morning he woke me up—which was more normal. I let him into my room and he crawled into bed with me and told me he was having a blast and wanted me to meet his new friend: Marcy [pseudonym].

I agreed to have dinner with them and after breakfast with dad spent the day at poolside with him. The gay couple thought my dad was my lover and after a few good laughs we spent the bulk of the day at the pool.

Marcy

We had a nice dinner with each other and dad confided in me that he was starting to think about working again given the stock market lows. I pointed out that his real estate investments were doing well and that he was enjoying traveling.

He mentioned that he had received an extremely lucrative offer in London managing an international consulting company. I congratulated him and we shared a toast. He also confided in me that he had it on good record that the nearby NFL franchise was going to pick the twins.

We left the restaurant around 2200 for my dad's room and I was surprised to find his guest already there. The handsome Puerto Rican was someone well known and I quickly stripped naked and started sucking dick. Dad left me with his friend for a few hours so that we could "become better acquainted."

Marcy fucked my brains out six ways from Sunday. I was shagged rotten.

He then took me to the bathroom for a piss festival of epic proportions. I drank it all up and what I could not get down quickly enough I let my face and hair get drenched in. Marcy was a sex animal and he was young too.

Dad found us on the floor of the shower, me drenched in Marcy's piss. "I take it you have no complaints Rafael?"

"No, papa," I said.

Marcy smiled at me and whispered in Spanish that I was a good boy. I kissed him and enjoyed the taste of his urine dripping into my mouth.

Dad hosed us down with the shower and we both piled into bed with him.

Dad woke at the crack of dawn and left Marcy and I laying in bed. Marcy pulled me tight and asked me if I thought Jim—dad—was interested in a relationship. I rolled over and tongued Marcy and said, "absolutely."

Marcy smiled back at me and asked if Jim ever had sex with his biological kids, I said "no."

He nodded, "but do you think the twins would have sex with me?"

"Si, soy positivo."

"Bueno, bueno. Mas orina?"

“Si,” I said as I got up and headed to the bathroom to drink down Marcy’s morning piss.

The odor was more acrid and the piss tasted more acidic. Marcy then got on his knees and asked for my piss. I commented that he would probably love having both the twins and I piss on him and he opened his mouth wide to laugh and I shot my morning piss into his mouth.

He swallowed it eagerly and we showered together. As we showered Marcy commented “Jim no tiene gusto de orina, sino que el es un amante maravilloso.”

“Si,” I said. Jim is wonderful, a wonderful father and lover.

I went to breakfast with Marcy and was surprised that despite his fame that a simple baseball cap kept him from being noticed.

Daylong Orgy

It was also nice to be talking in Spanish again, since Gerhard had left, my sole source of non-English conversation had gone. We chattered through breakfast about Marcy’s childhood in Puerto Rico and his upcoming tours.

After breakfast, we laid out by the pool. Later, he and I ended up doing laps against Jim. Jim beat us both handily, but the workout was wonderful. Plus we all went back to the room together and had a wonderful three way.

I was the center of the “sandwich” at first. Jim stood on one side with a condom on his cock to fuck my ass as I sucked Marcy’s cock. After about twenty minutes, I turned around and Marcy put on a condom and fucked me. Marcy was next in the middle and then finally my dad. It was exquisitely sexual since none of us orgasmed during the whole experience and there were six condoms laying on the floor as signs of our depravity.

But the depravity continued. We headed for the bed and Marcy asked Jim to tie him down. I was made to lay down first though, face up and Jim tied me to the bed spread eagle face up. Marcy then went on top of me, face down. Our cocks were in each other’s mouths and then dad tied Marcy down.

Jim used a luggage strap to bind our waists together tightly and then got up and started fucking Marcy in in the ass. The sensations for me were intense since every thrust by my dad into his Puerto Rican lover resulted in his lover’s cock being plunged deeper into my mouth. I sucked it eagerly and was unsurprised when Marcy shot a load of cum deep into the back of my throat.

Dad kept fucking though. Marcy was working my cock and groaning like an animal. My mouth was getting tired from working Marcy’s cock but there was nowhere I could go. Dad’s powerful thrusts finally unleashed a second orgasm from Marcy’s cock which filled up my mouth and throat again. The taste was so good that I unloaded my own cum into Marcy’s waiting mouth.

Dad then left us there and headed off to take a shower.

Dad took a long shower and did not untie us right away when he came out but instead took his time putting on formal wear for dinner. Only after he was fully dressed did he release Marcy and I. We had to shower quickly and dash back to our cabins to get ready for the dinner in less than twenty minutes.

At dinner, Marcy joined us and again was not noticed—even without a baseball cap this time. I was just shocked at how easily a celebrity could just mingle if he just acted normal and nonchalant.

After dinner we went back to dad's cabin and all climbed into bed together exhausted.

Marcy and Jim though were snuggling with each other with me just laying on a side of the bed and I overheard them whispering to each other. It was romantic and I caught myself masturbating and thinking about my twin lovers.

The next day we reached the Panama Canal and I busied myself off the ship while the two of them fucked like rabbits in the cabin.

The cruise ended but not before I had been fucked, quite literally, six ways from Sunday. Marcy left us in Puerto Rico and promised to come visit. Dad and I flew back home.

I knew that Jorg would be quite eager to see me.

Jorg Training 8

I resisted my temptation to call Jorg—or his wife—early, and waited patiently after my return till 1700 on Friday. Jorg was waiting patiently in the Tollyboy outside my door.

I led him in, condom and letter in mouth to the spanking bench. I restrained Jorg to the bench before opening the letter.

I read the letter aloud: “Jorg performed well in all respects and submits readily to being fucked by me with the strap on. He does however seem to fixate on trying to get out of the belt and I caught him trying to get his fingers behind the shield twice.”

I tsked at Jorg audibly and asked him how he was feeling.

He started crying and begged me to take the belt off. I administered a firm crack of a prison strap to his butt and he howled louder.

“Jorg, you know that your wife and I are only trying to help you be a better husband.”

Through his sobs I could hear him agreeing.

“Your penis is no longer something you can use as you see fit,” I explained matter of factly as I landed three more violent blows with the wide prison strap on his exposed buttocks.

I then let him up and held him sobbing in my arms. He promised me that he was going to be a better husband to his wife and a better father to his kids. I held him close until he stopped crying and then tied him to the bed except for one free hand and let him jack off a single time.

When he finished I quickly pinned his arm and restrained it and then replaced the chastity belt.

With him still bound to the bed I explained that he would be visiting me only once a month going forward. He nodded submissively to me as I revealed that news, not that he had any choices in the matter.

I sent him home with a kiss and reminder that I would be seeing him next on the last week in August.

Overall I was quite pleased with the results of his training.

I left the next morning to visit the twins again in Florida.

Write the Author

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12 Part 12

By TopLegal

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Florida

The fun part of this Florida trip was that the twins were finishing football camp the following Saturday. I got special permission to stay in the dorms again and spent the week photographing dozens of gorgeous young, college-aged, football hunks.

At the end of the week, the three of us headed to Walt Disney World to relax for a few days before heading back home. We were staying at the Grand Floridian again and I was less than shocked to find a large FedEx package from San Francisco waiting for me at check-in.

In our room we made passionate love and then they took out some new toys, well more like one. In fact the box was filled with a large leather item: a straight jacket-sleep sack combo from Mr. S.

The twins had me naked and inside the sack in about fifteen minutes. The sensations were quite unusual and as they laced the suit tightly around me. I was thoroughly immobilized. They hoisted me onto one of the queen sized beds and left me there to sleep as they fucked like rabbits on the other queen sized bed.

After finishing fucking each other they turned their attentions back to me. I had been in the sack about half an hour and my sweat was building up a bit and I my body was starting to feel a bit weird from the tight confines.

Kyle released my cock and set to sucking it with a hungry passion. I was completely unprepared for the intensity of the sensations. I shot a load as his lips closed around my cock but he kept sucking anyhow and I was helpless to stop him. When he had drawn a second orgasm out of me he wiped my cock off with his underwear and then put my cock back into the suit.

Lane then rolled me over onto my stomach and unzipped the butt fly. His cock was pounding my ass thoroughly a moment or two later. The sensations were intense and I felt like I was a complete bag of sweat. Lane unleashed a load of his cum inside me before zipping up my butt.

Kyle helped roll me back over and then Lane lay down on top of me so I could kiss him as

Kyle fucked him. The sleep sack's restraints made the whole evening more intense than sex with my twin brothers and lovers normally is.

Lane helped me out of the sleep sack and into the shower and the three of us showered together.

I was more fatigued than I would have anticipated for not moving but I realized that the intensity of the bondage of the sleep sack contributed to my fatigue.

We ordered room service for dinner and then collapsed amongst each other in a huge tangle on one of the beds.

The next morning we hit the Magic Kingdom and I got to focus on my photography.

By the end of the day I was satisfied that I had the footage I wanted. As I finished, I saw Lane and Kyle sweet-talking an older female cast member. They walked away with a prize: behind the scenes tour passes. When the cast member was gone they kissed me and said they did it for me.

I kissed them back gently and we headed for dinner at "Victoria & Albert's" back at the hotel. All of us donned jackets and enjoyed the five-star prix fixe menu. Kyle dared me to make a pass at our waiter. I double-dared him back and he accepted.

As the waiter, Patrick, came to clear the table for dessert Kyle leaned towards him and whispered, "when do you get off work?"

I contained my impulse to laugh but was also surprised by the waiter's response: "Midnight."

"We are in 205," Kyle said, "come on by."

The waiter nodded and disappeared to get our dessert.

Kyle was absolutely insufferable when we got back to the room and we found ourselves sitting on the edge of the bed watching Headline News until midnight.

When fifteen minutes passed, Lane began mocking Kyle only to be interrupted by a knock at the door.

Patrick came in and asked, "so are all three of you gay?"

We nodded.

Patrick grinned.

We ravaged his body. The three of us kept his cock, ass and mouth busy for several hours. By two we all climbed into one of the beds together and passed out.

Recruited

We spent several more fun-and sex-filled days in Walt Disney World before returning North for the start of the school year. Our, well my I suppose, loft building had filled up with paying faculty tenants in preparation for the school year. Dad was in the loft waiting for us

and gave all three of us huge hugs.

After hugs all around he broke the great news: “Kyle-Lane, great news, just this morning the recruiter called from the NFL, you guys are on the team.”

We all were ecstatic with joy. They would be giving up college for the NFL. I was going to be heading back for my degree. I would attend all home games—and discipline the twins as appropriate afterwards—and some away games. Dad and his new lover Marcy would be traveling through Europe.

The end (for now.)

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