

Farm Boy

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Contents

1	Farm Boy	2
2	Part 2	13

1 Farm Boy

By TopLegal

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

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[Ed: 95%+ chance this is only 1 part.]

Attitude Adjustment

Jason—my brother—was sitting sternly in the chair looking at his twin fifteen-year-old sons Michael and Matthew. Born on December 30th, 1987, the twins had decided to take their mom’s car for a spin and crashed it into a ditch.

“James,” Jason said to me, “can you fetch me the hairbrush.” Matthew and Michael both flinched visibly. Carol—the boys mom and Jason’s wife—was somewhere in the air working as a flight attendant. The younger twins—David and Daniel, both nine, were sitting silently on the couch. With March 1st birthdays, the younger twins were just days from turning ten.

I walked over to the kitchen and pulled the “Attitude Adjuster” from the wall and brought it to my older brother. Both Jason and I shared birthdates a year apart, likenesses and a home. I lived under his roof including the consequence that at thirty-something, I still got spanked like dad used to spank us. Only by my older brother.

I sat down next to David and Daniel on the couch after handing the hairbrush to Jason. That same hairbrush had blistered my ass hundreds of times over the years. Now, I would watch my “nephews” get theirs.

“Come,” Jason ordered. Knowing he was always first when the twins got spanked Matthew stepped forward and allowed Jason to pull his pants down to his ankles. I knew just how humiliating that could be. Jason seemed to manufacture reasons to spank me from time to time and still stripped me in front of the family just like when I was fourteen and our dad had passed away.

Jason forcibly pulled Matthew over his lap and began administering a blistering thrashing with the hairbrush. Like our dad, Jason’s spankings were intensely painful and left your ass bright red and blistered. Moving your hands to block the spanking only increased the ferocity of the discipline. Matthew of course struggled and twice tried to block the assault.

Jason pinioned his child’s arms and increased the violence of the punishment till Matthew was sobbing uncontrollably. Daniel, David and myself all knew that it could just as easily

be any one of us in exactly that position. Our dad had never been quite so intense with the hairbrush as Jason was. I learned that just two days after my dad's death when I sassed my mom and Jason brutalized my ass.

I remember that spanking distinctly.

I was unable to sit for four days after it and I had never looked at my brother quite the same after that.

With Matthew in tears, he was made to stand next to his as yet unspanked twin brother. Michael was up next. Jason pulled his pants down unceremoniously and administered an even more ferocious spanking to him since he had been driving the car and suggested the lunacy.

Once Michael was sobbing uncontrollably, Jason ordered me to get the strap. I took the hairbrush as Jason kept his young son pinioned over his lap and fetched the razor strap.

I brought the razor strap to Jason and then resumed my position on the couch. Jason savaged Michael's ass with the razor strap leaving the young boy in unbearable agony. I had received exactly such a punishment once before from Jason and knew exactly how brutal it was.

The babbling and crying Michael was escorted with his twin to the bedroom they shared with the younger twins. Each was positioned on their bed face down. Arms laced behind their heads and legs crossed.

Jason used to hate that position. It was one our dad used to control us after a punishment. If we moved the entire punishment would be repeated. Jason had moved once and learned his lesson. Typically the position was held for an hour after the punishment, but sometimes longer depending on how sadistic dad felt.

Jason tended to limit it to fifteen or twenty minutes. This time though there most definitely would be no movement since the first punishment had been so severe for both of them.

History

It was past bedtime for the younger twins and I took them to the room with Matthew and Michael. It was odd thinking about how I had reached this point.

Jason and I were born one year apart, 1970 and 1971 respectively on July 3rd. Our parents had raised the two of us on a farm about fifty miles from Fargo, North Dakota. So identical in appearance, we had frequently been mistaken for twins and in a small school we had always been schooled together.

When our dad passed away in early 1984, Jason's dominance as older brother manifested itself. With my mother's blessing he quickly filled the void and took on a parental role with me. Mom's death in late 1985 further cemented our positions. Jason moved into our parent's bedroom while I stayed in our childhood room.

He met Carol in 1986. Married her in 1987. Michael and Matthew were born later that year. That was the public story.

The private reality was more complicated.

The bedroom that “James” slept in shared a large bathroom with the room Carol and “Jason” slept in. The bathroom had a beautiful indoor hot tub. I was in the hot tub now and my brother joined me there from the room “James” slept in.

Even the twins had never noticed that their dad did not sleep with their mom. They also never knew I was their biological father.

Carol had perhaps first made excuses for Jason’s lack of sexual interest in her due to the responsibilities after the death of our parents for raising me.

But pretty soon she had turned to me for sex.

We both thought it was a secret. But after Matthew and Michael were born Jason made it clear he knew. When he built the new house on our family farm he had set things up.

The new house was completed just after the twins birth and we moved in. Since the two of us looked so identical it was easy for him to set things up to take “my” bedroom and for me to sleep with Carol.

Our secret was “out” to him.

The price of that secret was my permanent “captivity” in the household. Spankings as an adult were de rigueur as was keeping Jason’s wife happy.

Other requirements were maintaining the secret, giving Jason at least one more child, and one more thing.

It was two months after the birth of the twins that the other condition became known. Carol had returned to work one day a week, Friday night into Saturday morning, two flights total.

I had fed the babies some of the breast milk Carol had pumped and then found Jason waiting for me in the living room. He guided me to his bedroom and pushed me onto my knees.

He unzipped his pants and pushed his erect semi-erect cock into my face.

“Brother,” he whispered, “I may not be able to be out but I do not plan to go without sex for the rest of my life.”

He grabbed my cropped hair which I kept identically styled to his and forced my mouth to open and accepted his cock.

Thus a second sexual ritual was born. Incestuous adult sex with my older brother whenever his wife, and my lover, Carol was away.

In fairness he was relatively tender with me at first. It was not until two weeks later that he made me have anal sex.

The one time I balked at sex with him he spanked me the next day in front of Carol. I never

argued with him again.

About fourteen years have passed and I've given my brother not just one set of twins, but a second set of twins, kept the secret, kept his sham of marriage intact, and subjected myself to sex at his whim.

Flash Forward

With Carol away, I was laying alone in bed awaiting, no dreading a bit, Jason's arrival. I knew that he had left Matthew and Michael in the position longer than usual and I assumed he was whispering into Matthew's and Michael's ears now. That was another thing dad had never done, but Jason had started. He did it with me.

I suppose if I had thought really hard on the matter I would have realized that I could not remember for the life of me what he said when he came over after a spanking. But then there were a lot of odd things about Jason if you thought too hard. For example, why did the older twins find it hard to tell Jason and me apart? At nearly fifteen and as twins themselves one would think they would have picked up some subtle cues.

For example, Jason actually tends to beard more heavily than I do. So it is much easier for him to grow a beard and he has a much stronger five o'clock shadow. Simple enough. There were other things too, our voices were slightly differently pitched.

Thinking about how bizarre my family was left me missing Carol. I genuinely loved her.

My thoughts were interrupted as Jason entered the bedroom directly without bothering to maintain the pretense of going through the other bedroom. He quickly stripped and threw himself into bed with me. His cock was rock hard against my chest as he began to kiss me. I reciprocated because it was my duty to.

"Hey sexy," Jason commented as he continued to tongue me deeper and embrace my body fully. I knew just how passionate, deeply sexual and real his love for me was. Unfortunately, despite fourteen odd years of trying to reciprocate, I could rarely even muster an erection. I had long since gotten past minding having to kiss him, suck him off and get fucked. I just did not necessarily enjoy it as much as he did. Make that at all.

For me it was more robotic and work like. Kneel, open mouth, suck like this, then that, etc., he shoots, we kiss, done. For Jason it was passionate, he would spend hours talking to me some nights about how much he loved me and how attractive I was. His cock would always be erect against me and he loved to passionately run his hands over my body or have me do the same for him.

As he slid a finger into my ass to loosen me up, he casually commented, "Carol mentioned to me before she left that she would like another child." He jammed fingers from his other hand into my mouth as I opened it to respond and so I found myself sucking his fingers.

He continued, "I told her that would make me very happy."

That was the end of the discussion. If I said anything at this point, I would find myself over

Jason's knees getting a vicious spanking.

Jason lifted my legs and fucked me while continuing to kiss me. When he finished we slept with him on top of me.

Curiosity

The next morning I was up bright and early to cook breakfast for everyone. After the boys headed out to school, Jason went to his home office in the standalone building just off the kitchen.

I stripped naked and did the rest of my chores. Having me do chores naked was actually Jason's idea. When Carol was away he used it as yet another way of reinforcing my submissiveness.

Instinctively I seemed to know better than to bother Jason in his office. But after finishing my chores quickly, something possessed me to go take a look. I walked naked from the kitchen to the office and peeked through the blinds. Seeing he was not there, I decided to go in.

The room was fairly barren: desk, chair, and computer. There was no paper, or files, to be seen. Not even a phone. I was about to exit and when I turned around Jason was standing in the doorway.

"Cleaning in here were you?"

I stammered, "yes."

He grinned, "bend over the desk James, you know the office is off limits."

I bent over submissively and left my exposed naked ass sticking out for my older brother. I watched him pull a paddle with holes drilled in it from the desk drawer. He came around behind me.

The first crack of the paddle caused me to jump off the desk. Jason roughly slammed me back onto the desk and then pinioned me as he continued the violent assault. It only took fifteen or so blows for me to start screaming in abject pain. Around thirty I was a sobbing baby.

Jason led me, sobbing, by the ear into the house and into the bedroom I shared with Carol. He got me onto the bed and since I was sobbing so hard he helped lace my hands behind my head and even crossed my legs at the ankles for me.

"I think you know better than to move now," he commented as he left. That little paddle had packed such a vicious wallop and Jason had laid it on full force. My ass was in searing pain and I was still crying.

Jason made me wait what seemed like two hours before coming in and sitting right next to me on the bed. I had stopped crying by then and he began whispering into my ear. I cannot remember exactly what he was saying.

Afterwards though I remember feeling like I had gotten a well-deserved punishment and that he was quite right to have punished me.

“Had he hypnotized me,” I found myself wondering? But the thought passed as I focused on preparing dinner.

Just before four o’clock, I got dressed so the kids would not see me naked. Just as the older twins streamed in the door, Jason approached and said that he would be showing my ass off after dinner to remind the kids that their uncle still gets spanked.

Around six, I served dinner and then cleaned up as everyone hung out in the living room. Jason was reading a book, the kids were doing their homework.

When I finished and came out, Jason stopped everything and had the kids sit on the couch. He called me over and had me stand in front of him.

“James, can you explain to the boys what you did wrong today?”

“I went into the office which is off limits.”

“And?”

“You caught me and immediately disciplined me for my misbehavior.”

“Come here,” Jason said in a firm voice. I approached and he opened my pants and pulled them and my underwear down. It was humiliating. My red, swollen, blistered ass was now visible to my four children.

He pulled me over his lap.

“Michael,” Jason said, “bring me the strap.”

Michael jumped to attention and ran to the kitchen. The kids knew better than to hesitate when asked to bring an Attitude Adjuster.

“Five of the best in front of the kids,” Jason announced as he took the strap, “I think it will be helpful to remind them of the severe consequences for going out of bounds.”

Jason pinioned my arms in the small of my back with one hand as he administered five brutal blows of the strap to my already blistered ass. I yelled in pain after each one.

The kids never smiled or took pleasure in another’s punishment. The look was one of sympathy, understanding, but also acceptance. Each of the five of us knew that Jason was the boss and that misbehaviors had consequences.

“Stand up,” Jason ordered, “you already had your quiet time so you can stay if you keep your sore butt exposed as a reminder to the kids.”

I nodded meekly as I stood up and stepped out of my pants. I was now naked except for a flannel shirt.

Hypnotized

Carol came home around nine and the younger twins were already in bed. She saw my spanked ass and seemed to nod approvingly. She gave Jason a huge kiss then tenderly kissed the twins and disappeared into our bedroom.

I followed going into James' bedroom and then into the bathroom and joining her in the hot tub.

We kissed passionately and I focused on pleasuring her. "I guess we need to start focusing on your cycle so we can have another kid."

Carol smiled broadly, "I knew you would be excited."

We got out of the tub and went to the shower. I soaped her down and then after the soap came off licked her from toes to head. She loved that and cooed appreciatively. Jason had entered silently and was watching the two of us.

"If you two are done," he said, "my calculation is that Carol is ready to be impregnated tonight. Now if you both could lace your hands behind your head and follow me into your bedroom."

We both did as we were told. We stood at the foot of our bed in the awkward position. Jason started whispering into Carol's ear and then mine. I cannot remember anything else very clearly but I remember wild sex with Carol.

I woke up with my dick still inside Carol and still surprisingly erect for having shot six or seven loads into her.

My ball sacs felt drained completely and I vaguely remembered Jason suggesting that I would be so aroused by Carol that I would shoot load after load into her until my balls were empty.

"Mmm," Carol mumbled, "I love you so much James, that was better than when we did it for either the M's or the D's."

I started to remember things then. It had been *just* like this with each of them. Jason had talked to me before those crucial nights too. Similarly, Carol and I had woken up with my dick still rock hard inside her.

It was at that moment that I understood why our children could not tell Jason and me apart. He had hypnotized them not to be able to.

"Honey," Carol said, "can you pull out."

I pulled out and rolled over to allow Carol to go to the bathroom. Jason came into the room, "you've been becoming aware of my hypnotism lately haven't you James?"

I nodded.

"I trust you won't discuss it with the rest of our family."

I shook my head.

Three days later it apparent that Carol was pregnant again. Later still we would learn it was another set of male twins.

Caught Smoking

Carol's schedule frequently meant we could end up having sex in the afternoons. As she became more visibly pregnant, I found her more sexually arousing.

One afternoon in particular we were having sex when the doorbell rang. Jason answered it pretending to be me and then the fun really started.

"JASON," he called out to me, "the boys' principal is here."

I threw on sweat pants leaving my muscular chest bare and stepped out into the living room. "Thanks James," I commented and then shook the principal's hand.

"Mr. Richardson," the principal started, "Daniel and David here were caught smoking in the bathroom. I have already paddled them fifteen times each in accordance with school policy; however, I find this sort of matter serious enough that I always like to bring it directly to a parent's attention."

"Thank you," I commented, "they will be punished here as well. James can you bring the strap in." I put Daniel and David in the center of the living room and invited the principal to sit down on the couch. Carol had come out of the bedroom and took a seat next to the principal. Jason handed me the strap and took a seat.

"Anything to say for yourselves boys?" They shook their heads abjectly and tried to look down to avoid my stern gaze. "LOOK AT ME when I am talking."

They met my gaze. "Did Matthew or Michael give you the cigarettes?"

No response.

"James, can you search the boys' room?" Jason playing me still headed to the room the four boys shared to search it. He returned a few minutes later with a carton of cigarettes.

"This was under Matthew's bed," Jason explained.

"Boys," I said, "your older brother is already going to get punished. But the real question is how many days of night after night of spankings will it take you boys to admit where you obtained the cigarettes from?"

David broke first and started crying and admitted, "It was Daniel's idea he saw them under Matthew's bed so we took a pack and brought them to school."

The principal nodded at me approvingly.

"Daniel is that true?"

The now ten-year old boy nodded sheepishly.

"Daniel come here," I ordered.

My young son came to me willingly. I was playing my older brother Jason so this was actually the first time I had ever spanked my own biological children.

I pulled Daniel's pants down and could immediately sense his embarrassment. I pulled him across my lap and saw the already reddened cheeks from the principal's paddling.

The strap melded itself nicely with my hand and I began rhythmically strapping my young son. I was a natural. Three decades of punishments had taught me how to land the strap precisely on target. My son reacted viscerally to each violent blow. As I became more confident in my aim, I gradually increased the ferocity of the punishment.

After thirty blows I had Daniel's arms pinioned into the small of his back. He was howling in pain and I continued the assault. After all, no punishment in the Richardson household was complete unless the bad boy was reduced to tears.

I took my time administering the punishment and after a bit more had Daniel sobbing uncontrollably in my lap. His small body was shaking and his ass was a bright red. Blisters were coming up in some places as well.

I then commented aloud, "ten extra for instigating." Daniel let out a howl before I brought the strap down even more violently onto his ass ten more times.

I helped my young son stand and made him stand with his arms at his side as I turned to his twin brother.

The repeat performance on David went well and after fifty straps he was crying abjectly. I found I really enjoyed administering punishments and was hoping that Jason would let me do it more often. Once both boys had been thoroughly punished, I took them to their room and positioned them to stay.

I thanked the principal and promised that Matthew would be severely punished. The principal commented, "Mr. Richardson you are a real credit to this community, some of the parents these days simply do not understand the value of a thorough spanking."

Jason took over again and excused Carol to the bedroom and took me to his office. "Well done James," he said as he kissed me passionately and I reciprocated. "I would like you to handle Matthew as well and watch how I use each spanking as an opportunity for providing instructions to a boy hypnotically."

I nodded.

"There is one thing James. I've been hypnotizing you for nearly sixteen years and fucking you for many of those years but I still cannot get you to be erect when being sexual with me."

Jason paused for emphasis.

"So here's the trade," he commented, "I will let you in on the hypnotism and the triggers for everyone in this house except for yourself *if* you teach yourself to become erect when you are sexual with me."

Jason kissed me with tongue and walked out of the office. I stood there for a while contem-

plating the trade.

Inside the house, I found Jason in the boys' bedroom whispering into Daniel's ear and then David's. After he did that, each hugged him and thanked him profusely for spanking them.

He exited the room and pulled me back to the living room. "Well?"

"I will try," I responded.

"Good James," he said, "your inability to be erect when being sexual with me has been the one disappointment I have had in this household and years of hypnosis have not dragged it out of you because you were resisting."

"Now do you think hypnosis will work?"

"If you are truly interested, yes."

"Cool," I responded as the M's walked in. I stopped them at the door and pulled Matthew aside.

James and Michael took the couch. I showed Matthew the carton of cigarettes and he let out a gasp.

Whipped

Michael tried to jump to Matthew's rescue, "they aren't his." Matthew looked bewildered by his twin brother's defense.

"Whose then?"

Matthew looked down at the floor.

"LOOK AT ME young man. Whose cigarettes are these?"

"Tim Walker's," Michael blurted out, "he has them for Tim. Tim is a smoking fiend and his dad whipped him when he found Tim with cigarettes so Tim asked Matt to keep them for him."

Matthew was looking down from me and could not meet my gaze.

"Is this true Matthew?"

He managed to mumble, "yes."

I grabbed the boy by his ear and with the carton of cigarettes in the other hand took him out to Jason's truck and put him in the passenger seat. "Jason," Jason called to me, "here are the keys."

I caught the keys and got into the truck. We drove two miles to the Walker farm and I led Matthew to the front door and made him hold the carton of cigarettes.

I rang the bell. Mr. Walker answered, "hey Jason."

“Hi John,” I responded, “your son asked my son to keep these.” I pointed to the carton of cigarettes Matthew was holding.

John’s face turned red with anger.

“My boy gets it too,” I commented as he took the carton and stormed into the house. I led Michael by the ear. He was trembling.

I heard John shouting at his son and then carrying the kicking and screaming teen out to the barn. I followed with Matthew.

John tied his son’s hands to a rafter and picked up a bullwhip.

Each lash caused the teen to scream in pain and beg forgiveness. I noticed Matthew pee his pants in terror. Thirty lashes later the punishment ended and Tim’s back was criss-crossed with deep whip marks.

John took my son without asking permission and stripped him naked. Matthew was tied to the rafters next to Tim and John administered twenty vicious lashes. He untied Matthew after and gave him back to me.

I drove Matthew back in the truck naked and then parked him on the bed for cooling off. Face down. Arms laced. Ankles crossed. Immediately subdued for hypnotism.

As I watched Matthew immediately fall into trance, I could only admire my older brother’s audacity.

Write the Author

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

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

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2 Part 2

By TopLegal

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

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[Ed: Fan mail swayed the day, part duex...]

Programming Guides

It was about two weeks after I had impregnated Carol with our third set of male twins, that I found myself sitting naked in front of the computer in Jason's office. I was there by invitation.

At boot, I realized a password was required, but almost instinctively I entered "jasonr" and my password "controlled."

At the Windows desktop, I entered "My Documents" and found a folder marked "Mind Control Notes." Inside I found three folders: "General Techniques," "Richardson Family," and "Townfolk."

I decided to read about us first and opened the folder to find a folder for each of us: Carol, Matthew, Michael, Daniel, David, and me. I started with my own folder but found it empty. Fair enough.

I browsed through the other folders and found them very similarly structured. I decided to focus on the triggers and global comments for each family member.

Carol's trigger was "sweet tomatoes are erotic." The boys had a shared trigger "a spanking a day keeps a bad boy on his toes." Added to the verbal triggers were the post-punishment position triggers.

Repurposing Carol

My newfound ability to get erections during gay sex with my older brother and Carol's pregnancy opened new avenues. Jason instructed me to hypnotize Carol and train her to be fascinated to watch two men have sex.

I started in gently by inducing her with her keyword and gradually working her to express an interest into watching her lover-me-have sex with a man. I explained to her that she

would find it more gratifying to watch two men have sex than to be penetrated. Jason's programming guide on this subject was helpful and I stuck to the script fairly closely.

Later that night, Carol introduced the subject with hesitation to me: "James, I've been thinking it would be really cool if you could satisfy some of Jason's needs."

"Oh?"

"Yes, I think that would be quite nice, can you go get him and tell him that I would like to watch him fuck you."

"Carol," I pleaded.

"Now James!" She paused and added, "or you will end up with a sore bottom for disobeying me."

I fetched my older brother and let him fuck me in front of his wife, my lover. Carol got her rocks off on it and that night marked the end of heterosexual sex between Carol and myself.

The closer it got to the birth of the newest twins, the less and less amorous Carol was towards me. The daily hypnosis scripts I worked her through ensured that.

During the summer, I noticed that Jason seemed to have a guest in the outside building that had the office, but I never saw the guest. A few times when I was at the computer in the office studying the hypnosis instructions, I would hear a man screaming in pain, but I knew better than to ask Jason about the guest.

Vienna

It was only two weeks before the newest twins—already named Zack and Zeke were due when Jason decided I needed to travel to Vienna for him. The instructions were crystal clear and included a requirement that I visit a particular gay sauna every night of my visit and have regular gay sex. A bag was already packed for me and I simply picked it off the floor and walked from the office right out to the truck where Jason was sitting in the driver's seat already.

"Ready to go little brother?"

"Yes sir," I responded meekly.

"Tsk, tsk, I think you will enjoy Vienna and it will be quite profitable for you."

I shrugged.

"Your bag includes copious quantities of condoms and lube for your nights at Kaiserbrundl¹."

"So why are you going to Vienna?"

"Tourism."

¹<http://www.gaysauna.at/>

“Anything to declare?”

“No.”

“Good,” Jason said as he backed the car out of the driveway. Millions of dollars worth of diamonds were attached to the necklace I would wear into the country around my neck as costume jewelry. “Put the necklace on.”

I affixed the costume-style necklace to my neck. Each of the “glass” stones ringing the necklaces was in actuality a ten-plus carat diamond making the entire necklace worth over five-million dollars.

Jason dropped me off at the airport without having said anything else and I headed into the domestic terminal for a flight to Washington, D.C. that would eventually take me onwards to Vienna.

Despite what should have been a natural anxiety about being a mule for Jason’s diamond smuggling, I was completely calm and my necklace received only the most cursory comment from the TSA security screeners.

In Washington, I had a forty minute lay over before boarding business class for the much longer flight to Vienna. Despite Carol’s position in the airline industry, my servitude in Jason’s household meant I had not traveled much and I was enjoying the flight even if I was dreading the business and “pleasure” awaiting me in Vienna.

The flight was a redeye of sorts and we landed at the airport outside Vienna about nine in the morning. I cleared immigration and customs without incident. I changed some money for Euros and took a cab to the downtown Marriott.

I felt fortunate that my room was ready and went up to it and slept till about one before heading out into the brisk winter air to sell the diamonds.

The doorman hailed a cab and I suddenly spoke fluent German to provide instructions for my meeting. The cab dropped me off at the Prater fairgrounds where I instinctively made my way towards the giant Ferris Wheel and stood watching the giant wheel turn for a while. A stunning blonde woman approached me and said, “Mr. Richardson, glad you got in safely, shall we take a ride?”

She offered her arm and I led her to the Ferris Wheel which we boarded. Once in the car which we were alone in. She leaned in and began to kiss me intimately as she removed the necklace. Finished, she handed me a slip of paper and then we continued to kiss until exiting the ride.

“Good day Mr. Richardson,” the blonde said as we parted. I opened the slip of paper: it had a series of numbers that made no sense. I decided to walk back to the hotel. It took quite a bit to walk back to the hotel and by the time I was back it was around six o’clock in the evening.

I called Jason to report on the results. He praised me highly and took down the numbers and reminded me I was required to go to the sauna and let men fuck my brains out.

I changed into the slutty clothing Jason had packed for me and left the hotel for the sauna. It was right up the street a few blocks. On the way, I stopped at what turned out to be a fantastic Asian cuisine restaurant, “East-West.”

Afterwards, I made my way another block up the street to the sauna.

Kaiserbrundl

I entered the sauna through the large green door on the street level and headed back a long corridor anxiously. The corridor dead-ended at a door with no obvious buzzer. At first I tried knocking and was about to leave, but noticed a buzzer.

Upon pushing, I was buzzed in. A topless cashier with a nipple ring handed me a wristband with a key as well as a towel and invited me to enjoy. I walked past bar tables filled with men wearing only towels. I headed past them and up to the lockers. I stripped naked and wrapped the towel around my waist. I took the wristband and the small bag filled with condoms and lube with me.

I followed a similarly clad man down the stairs again and to the basement. Barefoot, I followed the man back towards the sauna area and allowed myself to steam naked along with three other guys. The room was oppressively hot and I was quickly sweating profusely. I stayed it out in the sauna for fifteen minutes before heading out and showering.

Condom bag in hand, I headed to the bar and ordered vodka straight up. Showing my locker number, to the similarly topless bartender to charge it to my lock-69.

After downing the vodka, I got a lay of the land. There were a few large common rooms where guys seemed to mostly hang out that led off to a variety of smaller individual booths, some with video monitors showing porn as well as to some larger video rooms and some larger dark group sex rooms.

Knowing I had to report six fucks back to Jason in great detail, I decided to get underway in an area where there were fairly dark group sex areas stacked on down a half flight of stairs and other up half a flight.

The upper room was empty, but an orgy of bareback anal sex was going on in the lower room. I threw myself into the fray by starting to suck one guy’s cock.

He quickly rolled me over and I handed him a condom to use as he fucked me. He was gracious about sliding it on and then fucked me like I was a machine to be used. As soon as he was spent he pulled out and left me there, alone and empty.

Hard, I debated jacking off and decided to save it till after I had gotten my remaining five fucks in. Repulsed with myself for having gay sex, I headed back to the bar for another vodka before my next fuck.

The next guy was in one of the private booths jacking to a video with the door open. I looked in on him and gestured with a condom in my hands. He invited me in and I shut the door. This fuck was even less satisfying for me as I was simply bent over the padded riser

and fucked immediately. The guy was rough and took quite a while to shoot a load into the condom. Used again, he wandered off leaving me alone, bent over the riser. I picked myself up and felt revolted with myself.

I went back to the sauna and baked myself for another fifteen minutes to clean myself.

Out of the shower, I noticed a guy stretched out sleeping on a bench across the water pond and decided to approach him to let me ride his cock.

I approached and he opened his eyes. I kneeled next to his cock and he smiled. I licked my tongue around my mouth to indicate I wanted to give a blowjob and the young man opened the towel. I leaned in and sucked his dick until he was quite stiff. Then I applied a condom and began riding his cock. This was much more pleasurable for me and I started jacking myself as I rode the young man's shaft.

It took a few minutes for me to orgasm and another few for the young man to shoot into me. I stood up slowly and removed the condom and he thanked me in German as I wandered off to shower.

Three down, three to go.

My next two fucks were unremarkable and left me feeling more and more disgusted with myself for submitting to gay sex to please my brother.

My last fuck though changed the equation. He was shy and quiet and something about him attracted me to him. I approached him in one of the common rooms and offered to buy him a drink. His English was even better than most of the people I had met. He said he was shy and wondered if we could fuck at his house.

I decided it beat hanging out in a gay sauna if he fucked me. So I followed him up to the lockers, got dressed and we walked a half dozen blocks to his house. One the way, I learned his name was Theo Posselt and that he lived with his mother who was dieing from a rare type of cancer.

Posselt Residence

His home was impeccably decorated, so I was shocked by his barren bedroom consisting only of a small wardrobe and a mattress on the floor. A razor strap hanging from a peg just inside the door was also hard to miss.

“Dad whip you?”

“Mom,” he said.

I nodded. At twenty-one Theo was a bit old to be living at home, getting spanked, and not working. Of course, the same could be said of me at age thirty. But, I had an excuse, Jason kept me as a hypnotized sex slave. What was Theo's excuse?

He fucked me passionately and I found myself orgasming again. Then after we had embraced for a while he excused himself to check on his mother. He took the strap with him as he left

me. A few minutes later I heard him crying out in pain. When he returned almost an hour later he was still sobbing softly.

He crawled into his bed and cuddled against me.

In the morning, Theo turned to me and asked, "Can I ask a huge favor of you?"

"Ask away," I said and kissed him without thinking about it.

"Can you please go have sex with my mother?"

I must have turned a color because he quickly back peddled, "It's ok, I'll go take a spanking again."

"Wait Theo," I said and pulled him against me. "You have sex with your mother?"

"All the time," he said looking away from me embarrassed. "Since my dad died, she has forced me to have sex with her every day and beats me if I disobey her."

I kissed him again. "I'm actually straight and my life is surprisingly less different than yours. I'll go fuck her."

Theo thanked me and let me head in. His mother was stunning and she seemed please, "Ah, a real man."

I slid a condom on and passionately fucked Theo's mother till she orgasmed four separate times.

As I left, she thanked me profusely. Theo was in the hall just outside her bedroom and he thanked me as well and asked if I could stay here a few days to make his life less miserable.

I agreed if I could check out of the hotel. The hotel did not mind me checking out and so I found myself with six days to go in Vienna locked into Mrs. Posselt's odd little incestuous relationship with her young son Theo.

I called Jason and explained the situation and he simply laughed, "not to worry James, I have been talking to Theo online for months now. I only checked you into the hotel in case he chickened out."

Theo had me fuck his mom, day and night to pleasure her constantly. A week had passed with me having non-stop heterosexual sex with the gorgeous woman. Four days passed and Theo convinced me to take a break and go visit the Albertina museum. When I returned there was an ambulance outside and Theo was crying. His mother had passed away.

I consoled the crying boy in his room against my chest. I called Jason and got permission to extend my stay, he commented that Theo would be coming home with me.

When we left the Posselt home, Theo packed very little except for his razor strap and some clothing and we flew back to the states. Theo greeted Jason warmly and back home Carol was about to explode and have the babies at any second.

The kids accepted that Theo was a cousin visiting from Vienna without question.

The twins' birth went without a hitch and the extra pair of hands Theo offered was great.

Gradually, Jason moved Theo into the bedroom with him and Carol and me out to the guest room.

Freedom?

Three weeks after the twins' birth, Jason visited me in the night.

"I've got Theo successfully integrated and Carol happy. I've bought a gorgeous new home for you in San Francisco and I am going to give you your freedom."

"Thank you," I responded.

"Gradually, the kids will find their way to you since I plan to send all of the kids to University of San Francisco."

I nodded, "what about Carol?"

"She loves watching Theo and I have sex."

"That's it?"

"Yep, Theo is waiting at the car to take you to the airport."

Jason handed me a small bag and kissed me goodbye.

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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