

Gym Boy Cum Control

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Contents

1	Gym Boy Cum	2
2	Gym Boy Cum: 2	9
3	Gym Boy Cum: 3	22
4	Gym Boy Cum: 4	30
5	Gym Boy Cum: 5	38
6	Gym Boy Cum: 6	48
7	Gym Boy Cum: 7	59
8	Gym Boy Cum: 8	64

1 Gym Boy Cum

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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Back Room

This is a small mid-western town. It is quite sleepy for the most part people know one another. I had purchased the small gym a few months back and was just getting around to sprucing it up.

I had moved here in part to get away from the heavy hustle and bustle of the city, but also to do something different. When I had arrived in town, the gym was up for sale and some mega-corp wanted to take it over. I bought it instead and the rest as they say is history.

The work-out crowd was filled with young, strapping men for the most part. I frequently made it my business to clean the men's locker room area when the younger crowd came back from the mines. They were, of course all "straight."

I hadn't found the back room at first. Only when I went cleaning jag did I stumble across a door that was blocked by some cleaning supplies. The door was in the back of the janitor's closet. At first I assumed it would lead to the back of the parking lot and did not bother to go in.

Then a week or two later when walking the trash around the back of the gym, I realized there were not any doors back there. My interest was piqued. I waited till closing time and then headed to the janitor's closet. In the back I found the door locked, but my master key opened the lock. There was a small alcove and then a staircase down and to the right.

I fumbled for a light switch, and on finding one, shut the door behind me. I followed the stairs down, slowly, not quite sure what I would find. At the bottom, another locked door. Again my master key opened the door and I found myself in a small room.

I found a light switch and the room lit up with an odd purple-tint. The only lighting was black-light-type purple lights. I could make out what looked like a gynecological exam table. But on closer inspection, there were restraints attached to the table, a "patient" of this "office" would not go any where the "doctor" didn't want her—or for my liking **him**—to go.

My Cum

I cannot deny being turned on by the room. In my crotch, I felt my own massive cock bulging outwards. I decided to lay down on the table myself. First, I took my clothing off, there was not much to go, my tank top came off my muscular chest quickly; next the athletic sweat pants came down. I could see my cock straining against the confines of my white cotton jock. I slowly slid the jock off and my massive, throbbing, eight inch tool sprang out at full salute.

I popped up on the table and lay down. I maneuvered my legs into the stirrups and it felt weird. My entire groin was exposed due to my legs being spread wide apart and high in the air. Someone could just come along and fuck my ass from this position. The thought was arousing, but more arousing was the thought of having one of the “straight” boys from the gym down here. I stroked my cock shaft. I groped around with one hand—I had forgotten to look for lube before laying down. My hand found a surgical tray. From my awkward position I could only see it out of the corner of my eye and the odd purple lighting made it difficult to see. First I felt a cold metal tool—a speculum no doubt. Then I found a box of latex gloves... and finally a cold plastic tube with a tip. I grabbed the tube assuming it to be lube and when I squirted it on my cock shaft, a cold lubricant shot out of the tube and landed on the tip of my raging hard on.

With the lubricant at hand, I began to stroke my cock harder. Then I began to work myself towards the verge of orgasm. This room would be fun I thought as my raging cock erupted like a volcano, shooting wads of my man cum into the air. My balls were quite full—not having had much sex in six months—and this orgasm did not disappoint. My body heaved against the firm table repeatedly as spurt after spurt of my man juice flowed out and onto the table and my chest.

I lay on the table after finishing and began to formulate a plan to get one of the cuter young muscle studs to pay a visit for a “special examination”.

Plan Execution

It was a Thursday night when I saw my target in the gym late. He was a beautiful, twenty-two year old who worked in the nearby mine. Most guys around town had plans on Thursday, but not him—Jason. Jason had dark hair, dark eyes, and a beautiful trim, but firm body. With nobody else in the gym, I locked the front door early and pulled the blinds in front so it would be hard to see in.

I went to the locker room and started cleaning. While Jason’s back was turned in the shower, I took his towel on the cart to the laundry area. I figured it would be five-ten minutes before he wandered out buck naked and sopping wet.

Jason did not disappoint. “Hey,” he shouted, “you took all the towels.”

“Sorry,” I said, trying not to smile broadly as I took in his youthful body. “Can I ask you a question,” I said—fully intending to ask irrespective of his answer.

“Towel,” he said demandingly.

“Oh, right,” I said as if I had forgotten he was naked and indicated for him to come with me. “The clean towels are downstairs in the storage area,” I said as I began leading the way to the exam room. “Anyhow,” I continued, “why is it that you are always here on Thursdays, most everyone else is out, but you are here?”

“Fucking girlfriend was cheating on me,” he said coarsely, “she was giving her snatch to my supervisor at the mines. Fuck that. Fuck her,” he continued stringing obscenities together.

My mouth watered slightly and my cock bulged, he had been here late every night for six weeks, Jason’s balls were probably quite full of cum. “Mmmm,” I said, non-committally.

Jason continued, “Fuck can’t tell my friends the bitch was cheating on me, they wouldn’t respect me, so I dumped her like a rock. This town is too fucking small, every piece of snatch around here is taken or fucking someone.” His epithets and derogatory comments obviously occupied his mind since he wandered with me through the janitor’s closet—still buck naked—down the stairs and into the dark room.

I handed him a towel without turning on the lights as he continued to his litany of criticisms of women, this town, and more. His obvious anger at his ex-girlfriend was completely clouding his judgment about being naked in front of me.

From the faint stairwell light I was prepared to take him, his naked body—now mostly dry—was quite beautiful. As he finished drying himself with the towel, I pushed him firmly onto the table and before he could react, had his hands pinned, and then restrained firmly. His legs were next, into the stirrups and then strapped down.

As he began to hurl obscenities at me, I turned on the lights. In the black-light his taut, muscular white body seemed to glow unnaturally. Small beads of water glistened beautifully. His cock was semi-erect, aroused from the fight-or-flight stimulus.

My cock was rigid under my sweat pants and I leaned over the table, grabbed his short cropped hair and pulled his head firmly to the table. Ignoring, the obscenities, I waited till he opened his mouth next and then force my tongue into his mouth landing a huge forced kiss. His struggle subsided slightly as he hurled a new epithet, “Faggot.”

Keeping his head firmly on the table by his cropped hair, I repeated kissing him forcibly for extended periods, with tongue, each time he opened his mouth to curse or complain. His body language quickly softened, his muscles which were at first tense against the restraints had relaxed. His breathing had calmed and his cock was quite beautifully erect and glistening in the light.

After the twentieth or so forced kiss, the expletives stopped and I could feel his tongue probing back at me.

Plan Explained

I let go of his hair and said, “Ok, here is what is going to happen...”

“Fuck you, faggot,” he interrupted.

I grabbed his hair again and forced it down to the table and resumed the forced kissing until he quieted again.

“No interruptions this time,” I said, starting again. “What is going to happen is that I will have my way with you tonight, you will not tell a soul about what happens here tonight. In return, next Thursday night you will visit here again and get to do what ever you want to me with me strapped in the same position as you are in now.”

While I explained, I could see his pupils widen with fear over certain words, but then I saw expressions that said, “I’ll kill you when you let me go” also.

“It’s quite fair,” I said, “if I ‘cross’ some sort of line, you can get me back next week.”

“Fucking faggot, let me go now,” he screamed.

The kissing continued.

It took at least forty minutes to get him past the expletives and to a verbal agreement that we had a “deal”.

Tickle Torture

Now having a pretty gym stud like Jason, restrained at your disposal is only fun if you can do one thing. Completely and utterly exhaust him. His hairy armpits were exposed—on account of his arms being restrained above his head. I picked up a feather from the surgical tray and held it in front of his face so he could see it’s unnatural glow in the purple light.

Then I began to work the feather in his armpits. At first he did not respond to the feather. So I switched to the soles of his exposed feet. Now, completely unable to see the tip of the feather and with me more out of view—its hard to see someone standing at your feet when strapped to your back on a gynecological exam table with your legs up in the air. The fidgeting, and then laughing, and then uncontrollable laughing began.

I was very gentle with the feather, letting it flick the soles of his feet and then stopping, but he got so ticklish from it that it seemed even my breathe near his feet would set him into uproarious laughter. The worse howls and pleads for a break came when I worked the feather between his toes on the tiny spaces. Sweat was breaking out along his body in several places as my feathery friend kept him howling in a bawl of laughter for quite some time.

After a quite some time, I began to lick his hairy, and now sweaty, armpits. His cock was still at attention as I intensely savored the aroma of his armpits. I maneuvered myself on top of his chest on the table and began to work his nipples with my tongue. Jason began to calm slightly from the tickling and was now enjoying my attentions. Some “straight” boy.

“Kiss me, please,” he said softly.

I moved my mouth towards his and he lifted his head off the table to make his lips touch mine first. Then he pushed his tongue into my mouth and we kissed.

Orgasm Denial

We kissed blissfully for a few minutes, I could feel Jason pushing his raging hard on against my ass. I kissed him fully on the mouth one more time and then stood up.

I took the cold metal speculum and touched it to the had of Jason's rock-hard cock shaft. "Hey, he exclaimed," after a few second delay and then his cock softened. I smiled and said, "All in good time."

I picked up the feather again and began to gently stroke Jason's hearty cock with the tip of the feather. Working the feather in single motions, I would bring the very tip of the feather from the very base of Jason's cock shaft to the very tip. Over and over, I did this lingering ever so slightly at the tip of the cock shaft where the mushroom cap head forms up to the tip. There at the most sensitive spot, I would linger repeatedly.

I was careful, I watched Jason's breathing carefully, a little too fast, and the cold metal speculum was touched to his shaft. I picked up a cardboard toilet paper roll from the table. I carefully slid the tube over Jason's semi-erect shaft, careful not to let his cock touch the coarse, sandpaper lined inside.

Then with his cock ensconced in a sandpaper torment device I began to slide the cardboard tube up and down very slowly. The grain on the sandpaper was fairly fine, but by carefully manipulating the tube I could either stimulate the head of his gorgeous cock *or* punish it to prevent his arousal from getting the better of him.

After an hour of concerted efforts on my part to prevent Jason from having an orgasm, I found myself intensely aroused and started to take off my clothing. First, my tight tank-top came off revealing my muscular chest. Jason took in a deep breath audibly. I noticed my nipples were quite erect and with one hand still working the tube around Jason's cock shaft, I forced my nipples into Jason's, now eager and willing mouth.

Next, I took my sweats off. This just left my rock solid cock straining against my jock. I used both hands to slowly slide my jock off. Next I applied a cooling sports cream to the very tip of his cock. Jason gasped audibly as it began to burn and tingle. I wanted there to be no chance for him to cum before I was good and ready for him to cum. I also switched the cardboard tube for one with a significantly coarser grade of sandpaper lining the inside.

Then I got on top of him and straddled his chest so my cock was in his face so to speak.

"Want to suck some cock stud boy," I asked casually.

"Yes, please," Jason responded eagerly and politely—as well as too my surprise.

I slowly rocked forward so my massive throbbing eight inch tool's tip was near his lips. Jason's tongue reached out to lick the tip and I saw it capture a small drop of pre cum. He pulled his tongue back into his mouth and opened wide to await my shaft.

I reached back with one hand and agitated the cardboard tube encasing his cock to prevent him from getting too arouse. Jason gasped when I rubbed the coarse sand paper against his cock head, but said nothing. Then I pushed my massive tool into Jason's waiting mouth.

I was very gentle with him, I allowed him to suck my cock at his own pace without grinding my pelvis into him or forcing him to gag to take deep throat. In return, Jason obliged me by working my cock head nicely until I shot a load of cum into his waiting mouth and swallowing it without prompting.

I kissed him and told him that I thought he should return tomorrow for his orgasm.

He agreed and promised not to touch his cock before tomorrow night and he also promised that he would come to the gym straight after work and stay until closing time.

I removed the cardboard tube, gave his cock a single suck and lollipop lick as a tease and then held the cold speculum against his cock till he completely lost his erection.

I undid Jason's restraints and he sat up, visibly physically exhausted. I helped the muscular stud from the table and then back to the locker room for his clothes. Jason was surprisingly quite as he got dressed. When I lead him out the back, he left saying only, "Tomorrow then, right?"

"Yes," I said and went back in to clean up the 'back room'.

Friday Night

Friday is an incredibly slow day at the gym and I close at six o'clock because few people bother to come in after five anyhow. At five forty-five, I still had not seen Jason. I was concerned that he had chickened out—or perhaps worse decided to tell the cops on me or something.

At five fifty-nine he barreled in the door past my one employee who was about to lock up. I motioned for the employee to finish and go home and that I had some things to do and that Jason could work out.

Once my employee left, I locked the back door and approached Jason openly while he was working out. Despite his hard, manual-labor job, he did a heavy work out almost every night. I watched his body strain to bench press 200 pounds. It was a gorgeous site. Especially since he had not yet showered from work.

"Hey, faggot," he said, casually.

I rested my hand on his crotch and began to rub gently, and ignored him.

"You aren't going to let me cum tonight are you," he asked.

"No," I said smiling, "maybe Monday morning—just before you go to work. Now head for the exam room."

Jason stood up and stripped naked in the gym and then walked towards the exam room.

Once there, he practically leapt onto the exam table and stretched himself out to be restrained. I obliged him and then leapt on and fed him my cock till he made me orgasm.

After that, I spent the next five hours working his cock shaft with a variety of devices.

Electrical wands, TENS, feathers, shoelaces, and more. Just before midnight, after he had struggled for the umpteenth time to orgasm, I suggested that we shower, get some food, and some sleep. He agreed reluctantly, insisting that with one more chance he could orgasm despite my knack for snatching defeat from the jaws of his orgasm. I unbound him and helped his exhausted body to the locker room where I soaped him down—meticulously avoiding any stimulation for his cock.

I made him go to the bathroom—crap and piss—while I watched and then I put a leather pouch over his cock and balls and tied a firm knot. “This stays closed,” I said, firmly.

He nodded. “Shall we get some food,” I asked.

“I could eat a horse,” he replied.

We drove my Ford Taurus to a truck stop and he filled up like a miner: big T-bone steak, eggs, potatoes, more. Me, I could not finish half of the steak they brought me and Jason obligingly took it off my hands and scarfed it down. During dinner we talked very casually. Jason had wanted to go to college and move away from the town, but his father insisted that he work in the mines—like his father and, yadda yadda. Also, Jason’s sister was severely disabled so Jason still lived at home to help pay for expensive treatments for his sister. I was starting to really like him as a decent guy.

After dinner we went back to my house which was several miles outside of the center of town and we lay together in bed naked—except for his cock pouch—till morning. In the morning I woke up and he was already awake but he was cuddling against me nonetheless. I made us both nice omelets for breakfast. (The gym was closed on weekends so I had nothing to do.) I asked him if there was anything he wanted to do, he shrugged.

Still naked, I pushed him face-down on the counter and grabbed a condom and lube from a drawer. Jason gasped as I fucked him for the first time in his young life. But not for the last time that weekend, but more about Jason and I is, I suppose a different story...

Write the Author

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

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2 Gym Boy Cum: 2

By TopLegal

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Fuck Fest Weekend

Jason strained against the restraints. We were back in the back room again. It was Sunday night. Just three short nights earlier his life had been different. A working stiff in the local mines, Jason was a foul mouthed, twenty-two year old strapping young man with black hair and dark eyes. Ostensibly “straight”, he had succumbed to my will in a small back room of the gym Thursday night...

Now though, he had gone at least 72-hours with intense fucking, sucking, tickling, and cock teasing, but not a chance of orgasm. He had proven himself quite a sweet man behind the gruff exterior. But now, he wanted release. He had begged me four hours ago after I finished fucking him for the seventh time that weekend to let him have release.

Four Long Hours

I said that he would have to earn release and suggested we return to the gym. Jason agreed eagerly. We entered through the back and after I made sure my one employee was not around, headed for the secret basement room.

Once there, Jason was out of his clothing and in position on the exam table before the eerie black-light illuminated room was fully visible to me. His eyes, however were more accustomed to the dark, I realized. Perhaps he had played me a bit the fool that first night, knowing full well where he was when I dragged him down here for a towel.

It hardly mattered though. I fastened the restraints pinioning Jason in a most exposed position on the gynecological exam table. Unable to resist the sight of his beautiful body, I dropped my pants, bagged my cock in a French-tickler, and slid my erect cock into his unprotected fuck hole with abandon.

Jason coo-ed with pleasure as my cock slammed in and out of his fuck hole. I pulled out before I reached climax and turned to the more important matter of ensuring that Jason did **not** cum until I decided he was ready to experience an orgasm.

I removed the leather pouch from his cock and balls. That pouch had kept a firm check on his erections all weekend. Personally, I've found that for a man to be able to stay focused on giving you pleasure he must be denied his own. And hey, it is quite exhilarating to torment a man on the verge of orgasm and let him get so close, but keep him so far.

The feather became the tormentor of Jason's cock again. I worked the edge of the feather along the pretty mushroom cap of his gorgeous cock head. Jason's cock quickly responded, three days of intense sexual activity had primed the pump.

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It hardly mattered though. I fastened the restraints pinioning Jason in a most exposed position on the gynecological exam table. Unable to resist the sight of his beautiful body, I dropped my pants, bagged my cock in a French-tickler, and slid my erect cock into his unprotected fuck hole with abandon. I turned to an old shoelace I had prepared for this occasion. Wrapping it once around the cock head, I then pulled the two ends to either side. From a comfortable distance of over a foot from the tip of his cock, I could pull his shaft any way I liked. Or, stimulate it quite nicely by pulling the shoelace across-and-back. I of course did a mixture of the two: working the shoelace back and forth to stimulate the cock and then, cruelly, without warning yanking his cock down to touch the cold surface of the exam table.

Jason seemed to enjoy the challenge. I know I did. I spent two hours playing with the shoelace alone. I was patient and took my time, I could afford to. He on the other hand was clearly rushed. He started bucking his hips slightly to try and get a little more sensation. I responded by sliding a sandpaper-lined cardboard toilet paper tube around his cock shaft. Now, bucking meant he got a quite coarse—and painful—sensation.

By the third hour he was quietly begging me to let him climax. "Please," he pleaded softly. However, I know that the best reward is one that is earned. So I continued my attentions without relenting. The shoelace, feather, my tongue, my lips, my breathe, a cold metal speculum, a cold exam table, and more were my allies. Jason on the other hand had only his own body—the most sensitive part of which was completely at my mercy to work with. It was not a very fair fight and Jason's fight against the restraints and the cruelty with which I would snatch what was about to be an intense orgasm were quite a sight.

In the unnatural purple tinge of the black-lights, our skin glowed an eerie white color. Little things like beads of perspiration on Jason's forehead stood out. The tension in his muscles seemed caught in freeze frame.

Release

Extended chastity can be quite a sight, and extended cum denial even more interesting, but at some point somewhere there is a release. I granted Jason his in a most beautiful way.

After snatching, yet another orgasm with an splash of ice water against his cock and groin, I went down on him, my mouth and tongue worked his cock head and shaft thoroughly.

The first drops of pre-cum I sucked out were delicious. They had a rugged texture to them, something that fit Jason's manly image. As I continued to suck his gorgeous cock, Jason began to leak pre-cum like a ship taking on water. The mixture of faint traces of urine and cum were palpable.

Then he erupted.

Into my mouth, the most beautiful and intense volume of cum I had ever experienced began to flow. Milky, warm, salty, meaty, minery, it was man, it was **Jason**. He was in me, filling my mouth with his juices.

His balls hugged close into his body pulling in and forcing an incredible eruption of loads of Jason's milky goodness into my mouth. I held it all without swallowing. I wanted him to see his eruption. I took several minutes till the last of the juices left his cock head. He was completely and utterly exhausted. More exhausted than from a week of work, or so he later told me.

I climbed on top of him with my mouth still filled with his warm man juices. I opened my mouth above his and began to let it flow towards his mouth which he opened blissfully. We kissed, sharing his cum back and forth several times. His milk mixing with his saliva and then finally, me swallowing it all.

What Now?

After the ordeal, Jason wanted a hearty meal and we again went to the greasy spoon truck stop on the edge of town.

It was, I suppose my turn to share. At 30—just eight years Jason's senior—I had grown up in New York City and gone to the best magnet schools in the public school system and then on to Columbia. Richly versed from the rigorous core curriculum, I set about to make my mark in the world at age 20 with a college diploma in hand and \$100,000 plus of debt.

I actually took an interesting—no, it wasn't really interesting I suppose. I took grueling job at a securities firm doing securities trading compliance and fraud detection. I started low and after seven years of eighteen-hour days, I was a group manager making a comfortable six-figure salary and large bonuses.

My big break came when I caught—before the SEC did anyhow—a huge insider trading scam where some of our floor traders were using a clever new technique to trade ahead of our customers.

Jason's eyes seemed to glaze over a bit as I described the details of the scam and so I stopped and explained that after nine years of it all, I was fed up and wanted a quiet life. I had picked a small town because I knew my money would go the furthest and I bought the gym because, well it seemed like a nice gesture to the town and with its limited hours 7 AM to 7 PM, Monday through Thursday, and shorter hours on Friday. It hardly felt like working, but it would keep me in shape.

We headed back to my house outside town and I asked him where he wanted to go from here.

"To bed," he responded quizzically.

"Yes, but I meant more generally."

He stared at me wild-eyed and unsure of himself.

"You could stay here, it's a big house and nobody here would think anything of it."

"Beats home," he said non-committally.

"You do not have to decide now, go home hang out with your friends. Swill some beer, whatever. I am in no rush. You know where to find me." And with that I grabbed him by his short, cropped black hair and pushed him onto his knees and shoved my crotch in his face.

Jason quickly pulled my pants and jock down and began sucking me off. I fucked him on the cold tile of the kitchen floor again before we went off to bed.

He woke me up at like 4 AM getting up—had to go to work and needed a ride back to town and his car. I stumbled from bed and dressed myself for work. I dropped him where he had left his car—a parking lot half-a-mile from the gym. And headed to work early.

Rainy Days and Mondays

I pulled my Taurus up to the back of the gym and then rain started coming down. "Fucking Monday," I exclaimed as I got drenched by a sudden shower on the twenty-foot walk from my car to the back door of the gym.

Rainy days were always slow business days at the gym. People do not like to get wet to work out. When I opened at seven, nobody was waiting. In fact, nobody came in till after nine. My sole employee showed up late at ten—he was, as a friend I met in San Francisco liked to say: 'severely under spanked'.

Mike—my employee—made some pathetic excuses about problems due to the rain, I shrugged and told him to just set about cleaning. Mike was quite handsome and was struggling to avoid working in the mines. In fact everyone in this town that worked could mostly be divided into two categories: those working in the mines and those who were hoping to never work in the mines. At seventeen, but without any interest in going to college, Mike was in the latter category.

He also was not bad to look at. Muscular, with blonde hair and blue eyes. I would do him in a New York Minute as they say, but that would be unprofessional. I laughed audibly and drew Mike's attention.

"Something funny," he shouted across the gym.

I replied, "No, just musing about how long I can keep this gym open at the rates the previous owners set." Ten dollars a month,

ten. Add to that that in a town with maybe 1,500 residents and another 500 in the surrounding areas, but near enough in to come regularly, we had maybe 200 members. At best that meant two-thousand a month was coming in for the gym. I mentally kicked myself for purchasing the gym and then a particularly yummy looking young man wandered in to purchase a membership. I handled it personally.

If He Returns...

There is a trite song about setting someone free and if they return it was meant to be. I do not believe in fate or chance. Nine years investigating insider fraud and scams had taught me that mostly "god" helped people who helped themselves and that if you gave people an inch they would take a mile.

I hoped that Jason would return, but I also had a plan if he did not. However, he showed up again just a minute before closing. Mike just let him in without asking me—I would definitely have to scold that boy and perhaps that... Anyhow back to Jason.

He set about working out as if nothing was going on. If I looked closely, I could see his beautiful cock straining slightly against his workout clothes. He was still dirty from the mines and I found that quite arousing.

When Mike finally kicked off around 7:30, Jason promptly stopped his work out and came over to me.

"I'm not a faggot," he said.

"Fine," I responded and pushed him firmly onto his knees and shoved my cock in his face. He sucked.

After I orgasmed, I asked him if he had thought about things. He shook his head. "Have you touched your cock?"

"No," he responded.

"Did you go and park all the way down the road again?"

He nodded sheepishly.

"Did you get dinner?"

"Please, I'm not a faggot," he said, almost like a question.

I forced his head back onto my cock shaft and kept one hand on it to force his mouth to stay firmly locked in place over my cock.

“I really am not interested,” I responded. He started to say something but I used my hand to force him deeper onto my cock.

“Now, I asked a simple question,” I explained as if lecturing a small child, “did you get dinner?” I pulled his mouth off my cock shaft forcible to allow him to answer.

“No,” he said softly and I quickly forced his mouth back on to my cock shaft—which he accepted eagerly.

“See, that wasn’t a hard question,” I continued in a patronizing tone. “What we are going to do here is that we are going to go back to the locker room, I am going to fuck you before you shower since I am quite turned on by your body right now, then we are going to shower with you keeping your fingers laced behind your head throughout the entire shower. Finally, we will go to dinner and then I will drop you back at your car.”

With that, I pushed him off my cock and took him by his ear to the locker room. I pushed him onto his back on a bench and raised his legs into the air. My thick, 8” shaft was soon penetrating Jason’s tight man-hole. I leaned forward and pressed my chest against his sweaty, smelly body. The aroma of his perspiration and the grime from the mine was wonderful. The sooty mine grime rubbed off on my body and our smooth muscular bodies pressed together on the mine bench must have been quite a site. His arm pits were quite ripe and intense to lick. It was wonderful to have my own little working fuck-toy.

After I finished fucking him, we walked over to the showers, without prompting, he laced his fingers behind his head and let me soap him down. I cleaned his entire body, including his cock and balls; however, I was quite rough with them to prevent him from becoming, how shall I put it, overly aroused.

Then I made him stand there as I cleaned myself and got dressed. Only then did I give him a towel to dry off. Even in the warm locker room, the coolness had made his nipples quite erect and before he could cover them with a shirt I began to play with them quite aggressively.

Dinner this time was—you guessed it—at the truck stop. His gastronomical feats continued to astound me. I supposed it made some sense though considering the double work out he was getting: mines plus my intense variety of sex.

He did not speak much throughout dinner and only when we were back in the car asked if he could spend the night again. I agreed.

We went to his car and then he followed me back to my house.

Marked

At my house I explained that anyone who lived with me for an extended period needed to be marked. He started to speak and I just grabbed his hair and pushed him onto his knees

so his mouth was at crotch level.

He immediately pulled down my pants and started sucking. I put one hand behind his head to ensure he stayed there.

“Perhaps I was not clear,” that was not a question, that was a statement. “You will be marked.”

Jason tried to speak and I pushed him so far down on my humongous 8” cock that he gagged. I let up on the pressure so he could compose himself and then pushed him down on the cock again.

“Do not mistake this for a discussion,” I said lecturing him like an angry parent. “Now, when I let go of your head, you will stand up and go to our bathroom. You will take off all of your clothes and fold them neatly and place them on the counter. Then you will draw yourself an extremely hot bath and soak in it for at least twenty minutes. Then you will come back down here, buck naked and let me mark you.”

I let go of his head. He hesitated, like a deer in the headlights. “Go,” I commanded firmly.

He stood up and headed up the staircase, slowly.

I prepared the temporary henna body tattoo while he was upstairs. He returned in about the right amount of time visibly trembling. It was quite a site, this strapping young man who probably would have terrorized some young gay kid in a bashing incident was trembling.

“Come here,” I ordered, he approached the sink where I had a small spider-shaped henna tattoo resting. I grabbed his hair and pulled his head back. I pressed the tattoo against the left side of his neck and held him firmly for the time required for the tattoo to do its magic.

When the ordeal was over, I kissed him and suggested we get some sleep.

One Rule

In bed, I explained that I had one simple rule: he did not touch his cock except as was absolutely necessary, for example to clean it or go to the bathroom. He nodded assent.

I told him that in a few weeks I was visiting New York City to wrap up some affairs and that we would go together and get the permanent version of the tattoo. At first he protested, but when I told him the alternative was a full leather collar with a padlock, he quickly agreed to the tattoo.

I explained to him that we did not need to sleep together each night if he did not want—in fact I gave him his own bedroom. I also explained he was free to screw around with women as much as he wanted subject to the one rule: no touching his cock which meant no fucking them and no blow jobs.

Punishments: Remembering Stephen

Stephen, my first lover in New York City had known this rule. He was a married man when we first met. His wife and I knew each other from work and he had come to me to confide that he was cheating on her. I set him “straight” so to speak. Ultimately, after six years together, my intense regime had “cured” him in the sense that he and his wife had such a good relationship because he was not allowed to experience sexual climax that he was spending more time with her.

Stephen still has my tattoo though and his wife still stays in close contact with me. Over six years, I had gradually trained Stephen to the point where he only got one orgasm a month—if the die came up with his numbers 1, 2, or 3. Unlike Jason, I had to start Stephen in a full-fledged chastity belt to get his attention.

Also, on several occasions after he was out of the the chastity belt, he had to be punished. For example, after the first six months of enforced chastity with weekly cum opportunity sections at my Manhattan Loft, I had given him his anniversary weekend free of the chastity belt. His wife’s report back to me that he failed to have sex with her resulted in a trip to the milking machine.

Sure, the orgasm in private was fun and even the first orgasm from the milking machine was fun. But the fourth? The fifth? Those were painful. Further after milking him dry at seven orgasms—all of them quite involuntary. I brought him out to his wife and made him give her cunnilingus with his hands cuffed behind his back and his shriveled cock and balls in the chastity belt.

On another occasion, a year into his training he had again earned off chastity belt privileged only to screw up again. That resulted in another involuntary milking session followed by a severe caning in front of his wife. After I finished the caning, he was back in the belt and forced to give his wife cunnilingus again.

By eighteen months, he was well trained. We had switched to the small leather pouch, the same one I had placed on Jason’s cock Friday evening. Stephen would spend Monday through Friday nights with me and Saturday and Sunday with his wife. Only if he had behaved the whole week and his wife gave him a good behavior report would I let him orgasm on the Monday as part of our daily cum denial sessions.

Anyhow, that is all a digression now. Jason quickly fell asleep in my arms and I fell asleep soon thereafter.

New York City

Stephen met us at the airport—three weeks had flown by so quickly. Jason was visibly surprised to see a matching tattoo to his own on Stephen’s neck. Despite having grilled me extensively about Stephen, the actual site of another person marked the same as he was shocked him.

Pam was still working for my old security firm and did not get home till close to midnight. That was ok with me since I made Jason watch Stephen's ordeal. Once inside their home, Stephen stripped naked down to a clean white cotton jock and knelt on the floor awaiting my cock.

I quickly obliged Stephen and told Jason that he was to watch standing at all times with his hands laced behind his head and not speak. Jason quickly laced his hands and stood. Stephen's mouth eagerly greeted my cock like a long lost buddy. Thoroughly, it worked my shaft like an expert knowing each nuance to how to intensify my sexual pleasure.

I stopped him before things got "out of hand" and asked him to fetch a wooden hairbrush so we could discuss his behavior over the past six months. He got off his knees and scrambled for the coffee table, there he found a hairbrush and a note from Pam, for me. He handed me the brush and the note and knelt down again. I read the note to myself and asked him if he disagreed with anything, he shook his head.

I pulled out a wooden kitchen chair and sat down. "Come here," I ordered. He did and laid himself across my lap. I quickly repositioned him so that his cock could not rub against me during the punishment, but instead would just stay in the pouch of the jock with nothing to rub against.

"Stephen," I began to lecture, "I am quite disappointed in you. I have only been gone a few months and you are starting to go back to your old ways. If you do not shape up during this trip Pam says you are to come live with Jason and me in Wyoming."

I caught Jason's eyes widen across the room. His cock was quite aroused and straining to burst from his jockstrap from the spectacle of this and I told Jason to get an ice cube and hold it to the tip of his cock head until he had a better check on his erection. Jason walked quickly to the kitchen and returned with several ice cubes in hand. He dropped the cubes into the pouch of his jock and apologized to me and then laced his fingers behind his head again and started shivering.

"Stephen, do you have anything to say," I asked as I began touching the hairbrush to his ass taking target. He mumbled something and then begged me not to hit him.

I then lowered the first swat. By twenty, he was bucking around on my lap. I had to ask Jason to pinion his feet and I pinned his arms and began to thoroughly beat Stephen's sorry ass. I do not like to punish my boys, but I do not give an inch even because they will take a mile. Stephen had been taking several inches. The hairbrush reddened every inch of Stephen's ass flesh **quite** thoroughly. When I finished he had several blisters and a bruise marks and was bawling like a small child. An hour and a half had also passed.

I tied cuffed his arms over his head and affixed them to a hook in the wall I had mounted a few year's back that would force Stephen to stand on his tippy toes for support.

Then I took out a chastity belt from my bag and quickly affixed it to his offending organs. There would be no frottage for Stephen against the wall tonight.

I looked at my watch it would be another few hours before Pam got home and nothing terrible would happen to Stephen in that time and some quiet time alone with his sore ass

would probably do him some good. I took Jason and we went to the guest bedroom and went to sleep.

In the morning, Pam was already up as was Stephen. His butt was still quite bruised and sore from the night before. “You really have a knack for getting through to Stephen,” Pam said as we entered the kitchen.

I smiled warmly, Stephen was standing rather than sitting and his bare, red ass stood out given that he was naked, save the chastity belt. Pam shared that last night Stephen had been quite attentive to her needs again, but that she felt it would be helpful if he could come stay with my in Wyoming for a few months. Stephen’s face turned white as a ghost at the suggestion. On the other hand seemed unphased. I suggested we wait and see after the visit how things were going.

“Jason,” I said, changing the subject, “Pam and I have some business to do in the Federal District Courthouse, I want you to go with Stephen and get your permanent tattoo.”

Jason, having seen the devastating effect of my work with the hairbrush on Stephen declined to even protest. He did however pout with his eyes and kissed him on the forehead and told him to be a brave manly man and suck it up and get the tattoo.

With that Pam and I headed out so I could conclude my testimony for the Government in a huge securities fraud sting.

Twin Markings

When we returned, Jason’s neck was quite red from the tattoo parlor. But I could see his visible pride for having made the effort and rewarded him with a public jerk off session in front of Stephen where—rather cruelly—I allowed him to orgasm for the first time in just under a week—and here is the cruel part—I made sure Jason’s cum landed all over Stephen’s pretty blonde-boy face.

Then, without giving Stephen time to wipe it off or do anything, I restrained him on the hook against the wall. Locked in a chastity belt with another of my boy’s cum all over his face. How deliciously cruel. Jason clearly felt relieved too and thanked me profusely and was quite attentive to my needs, despite his obvious discomfort of all of this occurring in front of Pam.

That night in bed, Jason asked me if I was ever going to spank him. I told him that as long as he followed *the rule*, I did not foresee a need to spank him. He kissed me and told me that he would behave.

I made him lay on his back without restraints and with his hands laced behind his head and told him not to try to stop me while I tickled him. I wanted to test his self control and restraint. Jason being a macho guy still gruffed and said he would not move. My fingers to the soles of his feet showed a very different story quickly, but despite writhing significantly, he did maintain the arms laced behind the head position. And I certainly did not make that easy for him, tickling his arm pits, his chest, his feet, and more.

Finally, I collapsed on top of him and embraced him. Jason was my miner stud-boy for certain and there was a rather obvious permanent tattoo to help him remember that day in and day out now—even outside my direct presence.

Return to Wyoming

By the end of the week, Stephen had received several dozen quite blistering spankings. Pam reported that his attitude seemed quite improved and I suggested she keep him locked in the belt except for cleaning. Stephen started begging me to take the belt off which resulted in a sharp slap across his face.

What that, I lifted Stephen over my shoulder in a fireman's pull and took him up to the bedroom. Jason—as he had done all week—dutifully followed and stood, hands laced behind his head like a recently arrested felon.

I restrained Stephen on his back to the bed and quickly removed the chastity belt, inserted a vibrating butt plug, and attached a vacuum pump to his cock head.

“Let's get it out of you,” I said, indicating that this would be a manual milking session. “Jason, would you please operate the pump,” I asked politely. Jason approached and I showed him how I wanted the pump used and warned that he should ignore any pleas from Stephen, lest Jason find himself in a similar predicament.

I attached some electrical leads at the base of Stephen's shaft and connected them to TENS system that I liked to use for these purposes. I made some adjustments to the settings on my custom control panel and then told Jason to only call me after Stephen's fifth orgasm and not a moment sooner.

With that, I walked out and stood talking softly with Pam just outside the doorway and Stephen first enjoyed an orgasm, but then realized—as they all do when being milked—that when the stimulation continues it becomes somewhat painful. Further when that second orgasm is extracted it hurts. The third hurts more. Stephen was struggling wildly against the restraints and screaming. Jason however, was quite good and did not even attempt to verbally comfort Stephen during his punishment.

By the fifth orgasm, Stephen was begging for Pam and promising he would behave. Jason called out to me matter of factly that the fifth orgasm had occurred. I walked in with Pam and examined Stephen's red-sore cock shaft and shrivled up testicles. I felt quite certain that there were several more loads to be had and said so to Pam.

Pam took her blouse off and offered her tit just above Stephen's mouth. Fatigued and exhausted he struggled to lift his head to comfort her. He reached it and licked it eagerly, suckling on it almost like a newborn baby. Then she pulled it away from him and told me to finish him and take him back to Wyoming. She kissed Stephen on the forehead and told him she would see him in a month.

I re-attached the manual vacuum pump and had Jason resume its operation telling him that I was dead certain there were two more orgasms in there and that if he did not extract

them from Stephen, I would extract four from him. Having seen Stephen's predicament, my muscular miner immediately began operating the manual pump with intense gusto.

Stephen was crying like a baby begging for mercy when Jason yanked the second orgasm out of his balls. I switched off the TENS, but left the vibrating butt plug in place. I took Jason to the downstairs couch and snuggled against him, very proud of him.

Flight

Pam made a point of avoiding Stephen in the morning. Wiped out from the forced milking, Stephen was groggy and sore as I helped him into some flight clothes—and a plastic CB-2000 chastity device—for the flight to Wyoming.

I had both of them wear turtlenecks to avoid drawing attention to their identical tattoos in our sleepy Wyoming home.

Back home, I re-applied a more typical metal and leather chastity device to Stephen and then administered a thorough hairbrushing. Jason had returned to the mines, he would come straight home at night without showering and I had started to make a point of having Mike close the gym at night so I could fuck my little stud boy while he was still grimey and sweaty from the mines.

I made a point of carrying on my sexual activity with Jason in front of Stephen. Jason whose cock was not locked up. Jason whose cock got attention each and every night, even if he did not get orgasms that often.

After a month of regular, no make that severe, daily discipline with the hairbrush on a nightly basis Stephen finally broke down and admitted that he had visited several female prostitutes after I left the city just so he could fuck someone. A trans-contintental phone call of apology to Pam resulted in some improvement to Stephen's situation since I stopped with the nightly spankings.

Jason on the other hand had adapted easily to my one rule and often now after coming home to be fucked after work and showering with me would go hang with his old friends. Two of his buddies wanted tattoos just like his—I laughed asking him if they had any idea what that meant. He just replied, "Fuck no."

Gradually, I began drawing out the periods between Jason's orgasms as well. From weekly, we went to eight days, then nine, then ten. This had nothing to do with the amount of time I would tickle and tease him, just how often I allowed his boy-balls to spew boy spunk.

Return to New York

After two months, I sent Stephen back to New York, but before I did that I had Jason cut some fresh birch strips from the woods. Then I took Stephen outside and tied his hands over his heads and stripped him naked.

Jason stood back ten or twenty feet and watched as I brutalized Stephen's body with the freshly cut birches. Twisting from his arms, Stephen attempted to dodge the swish of the birch, but only made it worse by moving untouched flesh into contact with the rapid falling edge of the birch.

After his body was quite marked up and Stephen was quite sore, I asked him if he understood what would happen if he screwed up again. He mumbled softly and tried to speak through his tears, "I'll have to leave Pam and live with you permanently."

"That's right," I responded landing half-dozen extra blows to his already sore body. "Jason, get some vasoline from the house and come here and rub it on Stephen—see to it you do **not** touch his cock."

Jason scampered back to the house and returned with some vasoline. Jason applied it with surprising tenderness for such a gruff miner. However, as instructed, Jason scrupulously avoided Stephen's cock and ball area. I affixed the CB-2000 with a plastic tag to avoid detection by airport security and then put clothing back on Stephen.

I left Stephen out at the trees for four hours till it was time to go to the airport. I cut him down and drove him to the airport without talking. He reached over and kissed me at the door and said, "Thanks." His entire body was no doubt going to be quite sore on the flights home and his face clearly showed he had been crying.

Back at the House

Back home Jason was waiting for me quite politely just inside the door in nothing but a white jock. We kissed and he asked if Stephen would visit again and I said probably unless Pam gets a grip on disciplining him.

Jason asked if he could orgasm tonight saying that the sight of me punishing Stephen had aroused him greatly. I kissed him and mentally checked my calendar, it had been a short five days since Jason's last orgasm. I shook my head and told him to roll a single six sided die from the Monopoly set. He did without asking directly why, and it turned up six.

I kissed him on the forehead and smiled enigmatically...

Write the Author

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3 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Six Long Days

It had been six long days, especially for Jason. It had been eleven days total since his last orgasm. I was testing his self-control and his obedience. Several times over the last few days he had pleaded in various ways for release. Verbals hints. Boyish and pouty looks, surprising for a such a gruff young miner boy and more were his arsenal. Mine was much more straightforward: absolute resolve to training Jason to redefine his sexuality around **me** and **my** needs rather than the pleasures of his own orgasm.

In calm moments, Jason would agree he rolled a six fair and square a few nights earlier, but he would please nonetheless for release. I continued to have him to suck me off, lick my nipples, and bend over and let me fuck him as he walked in the door, still grimy and dirty from the mines. He was **quite** attentive to my needs. Each lick he gave was focused on **me**. He sucks focused on my cock. His groans while bent over on the floor being fucked were for me.

I taunted him cruelly too: Teasing his cock working him into a frenzy of excitement and then snatching away orgasms at the last moment; forcing him to shove ice cubes in his pants if I noticed even the slightest bulge in his crotch when I did not want him aroused; and basically owning him like the marked boy that he was (while we were in New York City he had gotten a permanent spider tattoo on his neck.)

Also, each night after dinner I would play with him, tickling his body while he was firmly restrained. I worked feathers in the nether regions of his body, especially in between his toes. I noticed that my regular tickle sessions seemed to be making him more ticklish.

What I loved the most from those six days were the vaguely inhuman sounds he would make straining to orgasm as I would alternatively stimulated his cock shaft and then snatched away any shot of orgasm. The sounds were deliciously intense.

On the sixth day, he came home extra dirty, perhaps hoping that in a frenzy I would just let him have an orgasm right away.

Slow, Controlled Release

I pushed myself against his body. Some of the grimy oils on his skin rubbed off quickly onto my naked flesh. Lip locked in a mutual embrace, I could feel his cock raging into a stiff state. I grabbed his short, dark, cropped hair and pulled his head back and forced my tongue down his throat violently.

Then I reached down into his pants and violently grabbed his loosely hanging and cum filled balls sacs violently and twisted till Jason gasped in surprise and tried to pull from my embrace. With one hand tormenting his sensitive, but fully cum filled ball sacs, and the other holding his head firmly in place and at an awkward angle to force his availability to my kiss, I had his undeniable attention.

He moved his hands to what had become a familiar position, interlaced behind his head. His sweaty pits exposed, I kept one hand firmly punishing his balls with a vice-like grip and then began to lick his boyish manhood in by smelling and licking his pits. There was always a somewhat unpleasant, but erotic, metallic aftertaste if I got to Jason before he showered. I savored that taste and all of his sweaty, salty, grimy, oily, miner manhood.

With my vice-like death grip squeezing his balls, Jason was unable to maintain an erection despite his obvious enjoyment from the pleasure I was delivering with my tongue. I pushed Jason onto the floor, maintaining a grip on his ball sac that was growing increasingly painful for the muscular stud I now commanded. As my force on his balls increased he began to cry out in pain and I threw body on top of his sweaty, dirty body. The smells and aroma and the feel of his mine shaft dirt and sweat against my clean smooth white skin felt good.

I loved to look down at my body after even brief frottage sessions with Jason. Normally I was not so sadistic on his ball sac during the sessions, instead I would allow him an erection, but take other measures to ensure he would not climax. Tonight though I did not want Jason to even ooze the tiniest drop of precum until I decided he should be permitted.

I kept a quite painful grip on Jason's now tenderized ball sac as we showered. Jason carefully cleaned my body with the utmost of care and sensitivity. This was a development that I think anyone who had seen Jason before he had first met me would have been surprised by. A young, twenty-two year old miner boy, who had once aspired to college, but remained in a small Wyoming town working in a very heterosexual environment and drinking beer and cursing a lot, sensitivity was not a given.

Jason though had responded quite well to my training and tonight's attentiveness, which included an in-shower blow job when I agreed to release my death-grip on his testicles for a few minutes was no exception.

As I hoped, one of his miner buddies showed up, unexpectedly, and wanted to hang out. I had been encouraging his buddies to show up in the early evening and made a point of keeping plenty of, cheap, domestic, beer in the fridge and making myself pretty scarce when they visited. Also, my big screen TV was another draw.

I would swear Jason visibly cringed when the doorbell rang. He knew full well that his friends would hang out for two or three hours—and force him to sit and swill beer all the

while wearing a small leather pouch and wanting every so badly to shoot his milky boy load of cum.

Another Miner Boy

Tonight was slightly different though; I had planned this very meticulously. Only one of Jason's miner buddies was coming over. I had been watching this one closely. He was a year younger than Jason and had been coming to the gym regularly.

His name was Tom. A year younger than Jason he had dropped out of school and had been working in the mines longer than Jason. I greeted Tom warmly and encouraged him to come inside.

I handed Tom something a bit stiffer than he usually drank, a vodka—straight up. A bit lighter in weight than Jason, I figured that two drinks would soften Tom up, leave him a bit more suggestible and open to, how shall I put it—new possibilities.

Three vodkas later, Tom was still solid-sober, but I could see Jason becoming quite frustrated at his predicament. I was encouraging Tom to linger for much longer than usual and Jason was without any relief for his needs.

Kicked back from the table and kicking back some vodka myself, I watched Jason's hands, and more importantly his groin and cock, under the table. Forty minutes into the idle conversation I noticed him move his hand towards his crotch and I casually interrupted with, "Jason, I could really use some ice."

He took the hint and with a sheepish facial expression stood up. There was a feint bulge in his pants, but I paid very close attention to Tom's eyes. They tracked—Jason's crotch. My suspicions were confirmed.

Jason went to the freezer and keeping his back to Tom but showing me his hand with ice—and then empty after a maneuver into his pants. He returned with some more ice for my drink and sat down again. Tom's eyes followed Jason's crotch again. But, this time a faint wet spot was barely visible as if Jason had wet himself—of course the bulge was gone as well.

Before Jason could sit down, I asked him to help me get a case of beer from the garage. Inside the garage—and outside Tom's hearing, I asked Jason if he had noticed Tom's wandering eye. He had not. If you asked me, I would describe Jason as a heterosexual man, with slight tendencies towards bisexuality that he had encouraged and helped to make blossom.

Now, I wanted Jason to encourage the same in Tom. I explained that the *only* way that Jason was going to get relief tonight was if he got Tom to give him a blowjob. Even if Tom did not get Jason to cum, I explained I would finish the job later if necessary. Jason started to protest, but I pointed out that as long as Jason made Tom give the blowjob then Tom would be the "gay" one in his mind.

The Blowjob

I suggested that Jason head back into the house with his fly unzipped and wet jock showing. Jason did so while carrying a case of beer. Tom took definite notice and I wandered off to leave the two alone.

Jason then shoved his basket into Tom's face. The younger boy seemed startled at first, and not to mention embarrassed that I was on hand. But, then Jason grabbed Tom's brown tresses and pulled Tom in so that his nose was directly against the wet front of Jason's white cotton jock—and now semi-erect cock.

Tom responded and licked the front of Jason's jock. I stood by watching closely as Jason unbuckled his thick leather belt and dropped his pants to the ground. Tom was clearly aroused by the site of Jason's semi-naked, and butt bare on account of wearing a jock.

Tom got down on his knees right there in the kitchen and began to lick the front of Jason's jock. After a few minutes, Jason pulled his jock to the floor and began face-fucking his younger friend. I watched Jason intensely pump his cock in and out of Tom's mouth. Close to an erection, Jason became intent of forcing his cock further down Tom's throat and Tom began to try to pull back and avoid gagging.

Jason grabbed the younger man by the back of his head and forced harder and harder, face fucking the younger miner viciously until orgasm was reached and then pushing Tom onto the floor.

I sent Jason upstairs and helped Tom to his car as if nothing happened. I figured that anything that would "blossom" in Tom would take time and I did not want to jeopardize Jason's job—a lot of the miners would probably just kill him if they thought him gay. Tom acted like nothing happened as I helped him into the car and asked if he could visit alone again some night, I suggested in a week or two.

Upstairs, Jason was standing naked with his fingers laced behind his head and his legs standing apart. He proudly informed me he had not touched his cock yet and I knelt down and licked several remaining drops of cum off his now flaccid cock.

I kissed him on the cheek and told him that Tom wanted to visit again—alone. But that I did not think that was appropriate for at least a week. I handed him the Monopoly die and reminded him that the base was seven days from his roll. He tossed the die and it rolled up three—ten days till he could next have release.

I put his cock in a leather pouch to discourage any inadvertent touching. And then instructed Jason to spend the rest of the night pleasuring **me**.

Jason's tongue was unusually gifted tonight, having just tasted release, but also knowing that any future release was dependent on total service to my needs. Jason's tongue rimmed my fuckhole for the first time tonight, quite thoroughly. He confided after finishing that despite the pungent odor and taste, he found it quite pleasurable.

Disobedience

Four brief nights had passed from that stunning orgasm. Each night Jason seemed to double the intensity of his attention to my needs.

Then, on the fifth night, he came home and I could sense he was off his game. Ever so slightly imbalanced. Uncertain. Uneasy. Shifting slightly from foot-to-foot.

I had him strip completely naked, and I could see his discomfort grow. I examined his cock shaft and testicles closely without touching. I could sense his discomfort grow the longer I stared there.

His naivety and fear got the better of him and he blurted out that after work Tom and he had met and Tom had given him another blowjob—and that he had orgasmed.

I sent him up to his own room, without dinner or a shower and told him to be standing facing the wall with his fingers laced up behind his head waiting for when I got there.

I waited several hours before I went up. By the time I went into his room he was visibly trembling and I could see a urine stain on the carpet where he had lost control of his bladder.

“Jason,” I said in my lecture voice, “as I recall there is only a single rule you need to follow...” As he started to move slightly away from the wall and talk, I cut him off loudly exclaiming, “if you open your mouth or step away from that wall you will find yourself standing on the front porch naked and you will *never* be invited back into this house.”

His mouth closed and he steadied himself again. Then he voided his bladder onto the floor of his bedroom again. I came up behind him and placed my hand on his head and blocked his hands from moving and forced him onto the floor and pushed his face into his urine.

“Now,” I said continuing while keeping his face forced into his own urine, “there is only one rule and when you do not follow it you have to be punished.”

I instructed him to stay nostrils and face firmly planted in his own urine as I went to retrieve a chastity belt I had measured him for and ordered a few weeks back. At the time, three weeks into our relationship it had seemed like it might not be necessary with Jason. But, sadly Jason’s conduct had disproved that theory and now tangible constant restraint on his freedom of action would be necessary.

When I returned with the belt, I first further rotated Jason’s head forcing his short, cropped—and previously dry—hair into his own urine. Then I pulled him up and forced him to face me.

I took a damp rag that I soaked in ice water and coarsely cleaned his cock and balls before trapping them safely in the confines of the belt. I did the procedure without talking to him and Jason remained remarkably quiet. After I finished I announced that he would spend the next hour standing facing a full length mirror, naked. Then I moved him to the bathroom.

Jason was quite a sight to see right now. Grimy, oily, sweaty and generally filthy from the mines. His body was naked except for the leather and steel chastity belt encasing his cock and balls. I took the cold rag and scrubbed his neck to make sure his mark—the spider tattoo

I require on all of my boys—stood out. The odor of his own urine on his face and hair was quite palpable.

“Stand here,” I said, “this should help remind you of who is in charge and the rule.” Then I left and shut the door.

In the fairly small bathroom the odor of his urine would be filling his nostrils. The chastity belt would stand out in stark relief to his body. And his mark. He was under my control and learning that disobedience had consequences.

After an hour, I realized that my anger was still not quite in check and so I returned to Jason and told him that his corporal punishment would be administered first thing in the morning. I took him back to his bedroom and made him lay on the floor with his head, and face, in the urine stain he had left.

In the morning, I found Jason where I had left him more or less. I could tell he had not slept and was feeling quite uncomfortable in the chastity belt—among other things.

The smell coming off him was quite ripe. His normally military-like short hair was matted and disheveled. It also reeked of his own urine. On his face I could see fresh tears.

I had a wooden hairbrush in hand and sat down on a wooden chair in the bedroom. “Come here,” I said softly, but firmly.

Jason stood up slowly and came towards me. Clearly afraid of his very imminent fate, and yet also terrified of what would happen if he did not approach.

“Now,” I said slightly louder and angrier.

Jason then lay down across my lap. I man-handled him, positioning his belted private parts so that there would be nothing to press against during the punishment for even the slightest amount of sexual gratification.

“Jason,” I started lecturing him, “this is going to hurt a lot. You are to keep your hands behind your head with your fingers laced. If you move your hands, I will hit you harder. If you are foolish enough to try to stop me from hitting you by trying to get up or move a hand in the way of the brush. You will most definitely regret it. Any questions?”

Meekly, he responded, “No, sir.”

I began the barrage of pain. Using the stiff, unyielding wooden side of the brush first, I began landing forceful blow after blow in a torrent on Jason’s defenseless buttocks.

Jason’s reaction was delayed, it was not until the third or fourth blow had forcefully landed on his smooth, exposed buttocks that he began to howl in pain. I ignored Jason’s entreaties to stop and Jason had the good sense at first to stay with his fingers laced—helplessly—behind his head.

After just fifteen or twenty minutes, the severity of my repeated blows began to take a more noticeable toll on my miner-boy. Jason began to howl in agony with each blow and his body began to rock as he tried to wiggle his defenseless buttocks out of the way.

Smelly and dirty from a day of work and drenched in his own urine, my pretty 22-year-old gym-stud, miner boy was quite a sight to behold now. His ass was a fiery red and starting to welt and blister at spots. He was bawling like a little baby. And his cock and balls were quite securely locked up in a chastity belt.

I paused for a moment and used a belt to bind his kicking legs together and further reduce Jason's ability to escape my weltering blows with the hairbrush before I quickly resumed at a more severe pace and with greater force.

After over an hour, Jason's buttocks had severe blisters. Jason moved one hand off the back of his head and I grunted, "No." before flipping the brush over to the bristle side and landing several blows that resulted in the most satisfying cries of pain during the entire punishment session.

After just five jarring blows with the bristle side, Jason re-laced his fingers behind his head and I returned to the wooden side. However, the effects of the bristle side—some minor bleeding from tiny punctures to Jason's buttocks was in evidence.

When I was satisfied that Jason was going to have trouble sitting or standing for several days, I stopped hitting my boy and lifted him up towards me to hold him and comfort him.

"Do not touch your ass boy," I said as I held his urine soaked face and hair close to my nostrils. He was gorgeous despite his current state and I loved him all the more for taking my quite severe punishment.

I then brought him to my bathroom where several mirrors would ensure that his mostly naked body would be visible. It was a quite striking picture. A fairly tall, 5'10", 170 lbs, young man was standing there. Grimy and sweaty from a hard day of mining, his muscles were well defined and regular gym workouts kept a beautiful physique.

His normally handsome cropped hair was matted and soaked from his own urine. On his neck, the spider-tattoo, a symbol of my ownership and control of him stood out in relief. Around his groin, a leather-and-metal chastity apparatus obscured any possibility that his cock and balls could be accessed except at my direction.

His swollen, sore, red butt also stood out in relief. Exhausted and in severe pain, Jason stood in the normal position I demanded—hands laced behind head, arm pits exposed for tickling, etc.—just like a person being arrested.

I could tell Jason quite badly wanted to rub his sore bum, so I laid down the law. "One hour, you stand here one hour without touching your butt and I'll give you a nice hot showed and some Vaseline on your buttocks. Touch your butt and you will be over my knee faster than you can count to ten."

"Yes, sir," he responded, his voice trembling slightly, he continued, "and thank you **SIR.**"

I kissed my boy on his forehead and walked out of the bathroom leaving the door open. When I returned in an hour, Jason was standing there still and his eyes caught mine in the mirror, he was quite proud of himself.

I showered Jason with his hands cuffed high above his head to avoid any temptation to touch

himself or his buttocks. I even opened the chastity belt and roughly scrubbed his cock shaft and balls with an antiseptic soap and a coarse natural sponge. Then without allowing his cock a chance to stiffen, I quickly forced the cock head back into the plastic tube of the chastity belt and sealed it up.

I washed his hair lovingly, wringing the boy's own urine from the short cropped black hair and roughly kissing him while forcing my tongue deep into his throat.

After the shower, I uncuffed Jason's wrists and reminded him to keep his hands away from his still quite sore buttocks. Over to the bathroom vanity, I bent him over and without even asking permission, I slid my condom sheathed rock hard 8" + mantool into my boy's unlubricated fuckhole. Jason let out a large gasp of surprise as my huge man tool force itself into his tight puckered fuckhole.

More gasps for air and to find the right emotion followed as I jackhammered my cock in and out of Jason's tight fuckhole, all the while slamming my body against the boy's swollen and sore ass cheeks. This was the first time I had fucked Jason while the boy was in a chastity belt. Jason began to cure about wanting his cock free, I grabbed his hair and began to fuck the boy harder.

His cock would only have an erection in the future if I decided he could have one. And this was not one of those times. I allowed my desire for total pleasure to run its course. Fucking in and out of my tight, recently-cum gay boy's ass. Only after I shot a rich load of my man gism did I relent and pull my still hard man tool from the boy's fuck hole.

Then I applied some Vaseline to the blistered and bruised butt and pulled him up by his short hair and forced him to suck my still stiff and oozing cock. Jason tried to eagerly lap my cum from the tip of my cock, but I could detect a hesitation.

I grabbed the boy by his ears and deep throated him forcing him to gag slightly before he regained his composure. My cock now into his throat, I let loose a torrent of urine through my semi-erect shaft. Unable to prevent the forceful stream of urine from sliding down his throat and into his gullet, Jason began gagging harder. I however kept him firmly by his ears deep on my cock till I finished my piss.

Then I pulled him up to me, kissed him, and told him that I loved him with all my heart.

Write the Author

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

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4 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Day 27 and My Brother My Other Lover

After the first punishment things are never quite identical as they were before. The same was true of Jason. My quite thoroughly administered ass blistering had clearly affected him. The perfectly measured chastity belt that kept him from touching himself or experiencing even the mildest of erections was also having its desired effect.

I made Jason go to work the day after the punishment and he had to work in the chastity belt—he also had an encounter with his friend Tom. This time though, Jason avoided the rather indelicate issue of his punishment as well as the chastity I imposed by way of metal-and-leather belt by forcing Tom to give affection to other parts of Jason’s body. A practice, I thoroughly approved of.

However, by day twenty-seven. Yes, twenty-seven, of enforced chastity and only the most minimal of physical contact (only with antiseptic soap and a coarse natural sponge) between anything and his cock, Jason was starting to, at least figuratively, crawl the walls. He would beg me to even just strap him back down in the basement of the gym and tease him but not allow him to orgasm.

I however, enjoyed the enforced feminization the chastity belt brought. Jason was finding himself doing a lot more of the pleasuring in his secondary relationship with Tom having switched to become the cocksucker. And in our relationship, Jason was now 100% attentive to **my** sexual needs and desires.

His focus was absolute since each night I would either add or subtract days from his initial chastity period. A perfect evening, sensing my whims and a day would come off. But, lick a little too long where I had grown bored or tickle me instead of pleasuring me and one, two, three, or more days might get added to his initial term.

Twenty-one days, or three-weeks, had been the initial term. However, several minor “tantrums” over his enforced chastity in the first week had earned Jason closer to thirty days of confinement. With such few days remaining, Jason had become extra attentive. In fact, last night he had subtracted a day because he managed to get me to orgasm twice in quick succession just using his tongue—without his whole mouth.

Since day one, I had explained how on the first release Jason would be strapped the modified ob-gyn chair in the basement of the gym and be subjected to hours of cock play before even the slighted moisture from pre-cum would be allowed out.

During dinner on the twenty-seventh night, the doorbell rang unexpectedly. Jason was naked and massaging my feet when the bell rang and the surprise startled him greatly. “Stay,” I said firmly and stood up and walked upfront.

My Brother

Set back from the main road and with no street address as such, my home in rural Wyoming was hardly visited by anyone. At the door, I looked out and was surprised to see my older brother, Jeff. Three years my elder, Jeff was a military contractor doing computer “stuff”. It never got more specific than that and I respected Jeff’s privacy in that one small area.

I opened the door and greeted him warmly with a French kiss. Brothers and lovers. His spider tattoo was quite visible on his neck. I often wondered if that presented awkward moments in his consulting job, but it was something we never discussed.

I invited Jeff in loudly and brought him back to the kitchen where Jason was naked—save for the chastity belt—and on his knees on the floor. “Jason, stand up please to be introduced,” I said to the gym stud who I now controlled day-in, day-out.

Jason stood slowly and awkwardly, embarrassed by his nakedness and the state of his cock—or perhaps the lack of status for it trapped deep within plastic, leather and metal sheets of a quite effective chastity belt.

“Jason, this is my brother Jeff,” I said by way of introduction, and “Jeff this is my boy, Jason.” They shook hands, Jason somewhat awkwardly and oafishly. I realized that Jason could not avoid seeing the large tattoo on Jeff’s neck that matched the one on his own, but I quickly steered the conversation from any possible discussion of the subject.

“Jason, bring some food over for Jeff and then get back to rubbing my feet,” I said firmly foreclosing what had to be a whirlwind of questions fluttering through my pretty gym/miner-boy’s head.

“Did you drive up from the airport,” I asked turning my attention to my handsome older brother. Shorter than me, and quite lean and somewhat geeky looking, Jeff was only 5’8” and at a skinny 30” waist only weighed a bit over a 100 pounds.

“Yes, nice ride, sorry for not calling to let you know I was coming,” Jeff answered me.

Jason brought a nice steak dinner over for Jason and then got back on his knees and returned his attention, at least partially to massaging my feet again. “Good, one favor, this is not New York, be sure to wear a turtleneck at all times,” I said referring to the matching tattoo indirectly.

Jason and I had talked a lot in the past twenty-seven days. He had gone to calling himself a “John-asexual” in reference to the fact that he liked being fucked, sucking me, John. And

then on to admitting some serious bisexuality by the time his relationship with his fellow-miner, Tom, had taken a similar turn due to my enforced feminization of Jason's sexual needs.

Nonetheless, Jason was far from out and in a town as small as our own and I was not interested in directly confronting that issue. Jeff explained that his job at German military bases had wrapped up unexpectedly and he had caught a flight back and spent the better part of the day driving from Cheyenne up through Casper and Riverton.

As we finished dinner, I suggested he call mom and dad and we did while Jason listened in, confused. Mom and dad were even more in the dark than Jason though so it was a casual conversation with promises that we would both come visit them in Boca. Whatever.

I had Jason fetch Jeff's luggage from the rental car and bring it into one of the bedrooms. Meanwhile, Jeff was already naked and standing in the standard position in the bedroom waiting for my attention.

I waited until Jason walked in and saw Jeff standing naked, with arms laced behind his head and had a chance to take it in before I ordered Jeff to come over and suck my cock.

Jeff took my cock eagerly as he had, on and off, for the past fourteen odd years. Yes, we had been having sex since I was fourteen and Jeff was seventeen. I had forced my cock on him then and I still forced it on him now. The tattoo and other aspects of our relationship had come later.

Oh, and for those who turn queasy at "incest", for what's it worth, I know now, though I did not when our relationship started—and Jeff still does not know—that I was adopted. However, I still get a kick out of the fact that my "big brother" suck my cock and takes my cock up his ass, when and how and whenever I want. So I don't tell Jeff what I learned from the FBI files, and I like the fact that my brother and I have a doubly taboo relationship-gay and incestuous.

Jason didn't say anything at first but after a while he got an odd look, almost one of disgust. With one hand I forced Jeff's mouth deeper onto my cockshaft and talked softly, "yes, Jason, Jeff is my older brother. He's also one of my boy's." Jeff loved when I called him my "boy" and I noticed his cock stiffen noticeably. I reached my free hand down toward's my brother's cock and grabbed it roughly and twisted it violently. Then I took hold of Jeff's balls and squeezed till he gasped in pain.

"Come here," I said to Jason, instructing Jason to bring his mouth close to Jeff's rigid cockshaft. Jason approached, hesitantly. "You have until the count of three to have your mouth sucking my brother's cock or I will take you out in the woods and birch you," I said calmly, and directed at Jason.

Without any more hesitation, Jason threw his face and mouth onto my older brother's cock and began to suck him off. "Oh, and Jason," I added as an after thought, "see to it that Jeff does

not cum, even if you have to violently bite his pretty little cock head."

Relationship Explained

I suppose our relationship—the one between my brother Jeff and me—deserves a bit more explanation. Mind you this isn't really something Jason needs to know, and I don't intend to share it with him right now.

Basically, by the time I was 14, I was certain I was gay. Absolutely 100% certain. I had already fooled around a lot with different boys and even a few older guys—coaches, older boy scoots, etc.

Jeff was always much smaller than me despite being three years older. So when we fooled around, I usually had the upper hand. We would wrestle and sometimes I would hover on top of him for longer than necessary, maybe even forcibly tickle him.

It was all, I suppose for many people completely normal and non-erotic. For me, it was more than normal and most definitely erotic. The first time I slid my cock down Jeff's throat was the night before his junior prom. Jeff was so keyed up on getting some girl to go out with him—she said yes. But, I was ticked at him. A freshman to his junior year and aggravated about the fact that mom always seemed to favor him over me.

For example, he would be allowed to stay out late at the county fair, but I got my ass tanned for doing the same thing three years later. Anyhow, we shared a room and so, I hid some of the bits of his rental tuxedo and told Jeff he had to wrestle me to get them.

He threatened to call mom and I pushed him onto the floor and shoved my cock in his mouth to shut him up. As I say, I had been given blow jobs before, but Jeff's reaction to my cock was, to me, unexpected.

Rather than choking on it, or calling out to mom to get me what would have undoubtedly been a brutal whipping (from dad), Jeff locked his lips around my cockhead and began sucking on it eagerly.

I remember pulling back out slightly and Jeff putting his hands on my buttocks and pulling me closer to him. When mom called us for dinner, Jeff released me. I still remember his exact words on standing up: "Thanks little brother, after dinner, I expect you to fuck me ass."

That I did and we have had our own very private relationship ever since. Jeff's job working for the military frequently pulls him away from me, sometimes for years at an end. However, our bond as brothers makes our bond as lovers even stronger so I have never felt threatened by his extended absences.

Also, Jeff has never consummated a relationship with anyone else. Although a few girls—and other guys—have kissed him now and again, Jeff's other remarkable attribute has been his complete and total devotion to me.

When Stephen had come along—while Jeff was away on a two-year long posting to Australia—I had felt guilty at first. Always careful to disguise the gay aspect of our relationship from the military, we used brotherly affection terms to refer to each other and I described Stephen with a female pseudonym.

Jeff had not only accepted that I saw Stephen, but was glad for me. Jeff always understood that anyone else in my life was just that someone who might come and go, but Jeff was bonded to me forever.

Snapping back to the present. Jeff yelped when Jason clamped down on Jeff's tender, yet erect cock, to prevent an orgasm by delivering some searing pain. I pulled Jason's face to my mouth and kissed him as Jeff's oral affections on my cock caused me to release a massive load of cum into my older brother's mouth.

Confessional

Now with my release out of the way, attention had to turn to Jeff's behavior of the past year-plus. Away from me for an extended period there could easily have been many moments of temptation. None of that was an excuse of course and Jeff knew that.

Over the many years we had been together—even when apart—Jeff had always distinguished himself with unfaltering honesty, even when the consequence was clearly going to be quite painful to him.

This confession was no different.

"I was very good John," Jeff started out. "Until three months ago, I was doing perfectly. Though at the times of the worst temptation I sometimes used the leather pouch to help prevent me from giving into the worst side of my nature."

I tussled Jeff's loose hair and comforted him kissing him slightly on the cheeks in approval.

"Then this young PFC was assigned to guard the office I was working in."

I nodded sympathetically.

"He had barely turned 21 and he kept making eyes at me. One Friday he came over at the end of my workday and asked if I needed 'help'. Then he bent down and unzipped my pants and started sucking me off."

I held Jeff close, always brutally honest, I knew this confession was difficult on him.

"I stopped the PFC before I achieved orgasm and told him that I preferred to give. The PFC then fucked me over the console. But I made sure not to allow myself any contact with my penis and focused on making the young stud very happy."

Now this was the type of behavior I thoroughly approved of—giving oneself sexually to another. I kissed Jeff and prodded him to continue.

Jeff went on to explain that he had not orgasmed through all of this. I caught a look of surprise from Jason and just smiled broadly.

"Go on," I said encouraging Jeff to continue his confessional.

"Friday night I found myself so aroused that I would be home," Jeff continued haltingly and clearly ashamed. "I forget myself in the excitement and allowed my cock to stay quite erect

for longer than I had ever allowed it in over a year.”

I suspected I knew what came next—a hand, a brush of his cock against a firm object—a year and a half of what had to be one of the most perfect behavior ended so suddenly. But, I allowed him to tell his tale.

Jeff continued his voice trembling, “My cock was completely engorged and erect. I laid down on the bed... face up. I swear I did not touch my cock...”

I held Jeff close, as he finished but it just happened, the excitement at the prospect of seeing you... my cock erupted before I could do anything.”

Jeff began to cry and I held him close for well over an hour without commenting on the matter.

Jeff’s Punishment

It was now the next morning and I drove the three of us down to the gym. I had packed a few bags in the trunk. The gym was closed and I let us in the back with Jason being required to carry the bags.

We went through the back of the janitor’s closet to the small secret basement sex chamber I had discovered just a month or two earlier and first used on Jason.

At my direction, Jason unceremoniously removed Jeff’s clothing and restrained him on the modified-obstetric exam table. Fuckhole exposed, legs spread and restrained, arms above head and restrained, Jeff was quite a site.

Out of the bag I took a razor and some shaving cream. I quickly took my attention to Jeff’s pubic hair denuding him of any hair in his groin, crotch, buttock areas. I followed up by getting his armpits and the minimal hair on his chest. Properly looking the role of a boy, my older brother looked less like thirty-one and more like the teen I had first fallen in love with.

I lubricated his fuckhole and inserted an oversize butt plug with vibration functionality and immediately activated the vibrations. Next I took a ball press (two solid lexan plates joined by several long bolts suitable for easy tightening—and ball crushing) out and inserted Jeff’s soon to be sore and tenderized testicles in between the plates and quickly forced the plates closer together till Jeff yelped out in pain.

Then I forced them further together to make sure that it stayed quite painful.

Through this process, Jeff’s cock alternated from what was initially a slight erection to a limp state from the pain being induced by the ball press.

Next, snake bite cups were applied to Jeff’s tender nipples to apply some pain there as well.

With Jeff’s dick quite limp and his body in what would undoubtedly stay a quite painful state—despite the vibrating butt plug. I was confident that Jeff would not pose a danger so I took Jason upstairs so that he and I could talk.

When I came back down after an hour (Jason was still a bit disgusted about my relationship with Jeff but seemed to be able to live with it) and Jeff was crying out in pain for me to let his balls loose. His dick was semi-erect, but there was hardly any threat of an orgasm in sight and the punishment aspect of the treatment was clearly predominating.

I had Jason get up and straddle Jeff's chest, then I opened the front of the chastity belt and began to stimulate Jason's cock with a feather right in full view of Jeff and during Jeff's punishment.

Jason, quite properly, kept his hands laced behind his head. Uncertainty dominated Jason's emotions since my attention to his cockhead with the feather offered the opportunity of a release a day early. But the use of the feather also signaled that it would be non-trivial.

Slowly, as Jeff continued to cry out in pain I would stimulate Jason's cockhead and shaft ever so delicately with the feather and then abruptly stop for several minutes or apply a frigid ice cube to the very tip of Jason's sensitive cock.

After nearly thirty days in the total isolation of the chastity belt, Jason's cock was quite sensitive and even one or two ever so delicate strokes of the feather would bring the poor boy right onto the verge of an orgasm. Any reluctance or confusion over Jeff's predicament was out of Jason's mind as his face showed signs of the most intense pleasure at the attention I was permitting his cock.

Jeff on the other hand was becoming more and more upset over the continued pain applied to his body as well as the pleasure I was allowing Jason.

After five hours of constant teasing, I allowed Jason his relief. The sounds of Jason's pleasure as he moaned and groaned intensely as his balls shot forth a huge load of gism overshadowed Jeff's cries.

I quickly applied a hot towel to Jason's groin to dampen the sensations from the orgasm and calm him. I allowed Jason about thirty seconds—all without having had a chance to touch his cock—to just be. Then I quickly reapplied the chastity belt and said, sixty days to Jason.

He came down off the table kissed me and thanked me—both by saying thanks and then by giving me a blow job. While Jason sucked me off, I further tightened the screws on the ball press applied to Jeff's now quite tenderized testicles.

After I orgasmed from Jason's attentions, I turned my attention to Jeff. His cock was completely limp and he was clearly in intense pain. I loosened the ball press completely and fitted Jeff's chastity belt onto his groin. Then I put the strap on to hold the still vibrating butt-plug in place. Finally, before releasing Jeff from bondage so we could return home for the next phase of his punishment, I removed the snake bite suction cups from his enlarged and tender nipples.

Back at the house, I lead Jeff into the woods. Jason already knew what to do (from Stephen's visit) and was gathering freshly cut birch for use on Jeff's body.

I restrained Jeff to a tree and then sent Jason into the house. Only after most of Jeff's body was criss-crossed with bright red marks did I carry him back into the house and allow him

to service my cock in front of Jason.

The three of us all fell asleep together on the bed—Jeff in quite severe pain.

Write the Author

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

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5 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Countdown to Release

So, sixty days was the count till release. My beautiful miner-gym-boy stud was adapting to the agony of the intensely long period without release of his sexual needs.

At home Jason would stay naked—like my visiting brother Jeff, my other lover. Naked, his grimy (after work) and more muscular body was a stark contrast to Jeff's smaller frame. However, the matching black spider tattoos—my mark—was on both their necks. They were mine, Jason in particular.

I had been keeping Jeff inside the house—and buck naked save his chastity belt—for several days now. His welts and marks from his punishment days earlier were fading. I could tell Jeff appreciated what I saw in Jason's somewhat uneducated, but brawny nature.

Jason at first was calm but just five days into the longer chastity belt period of sixty days without release, he began to get quite frustrated at home. I knew that at some level he was thoroughly humiliated by his conversion from hetero-miner boy to sex-slave-boy-toy.

Of course, he had to keep his job. It wasn't a financial thing. It was for my enjoyment of him for what he was: a brawny, strong miner. And what I could make him do, how I could control him. How he was now a stark contrast. Around his other miner friends I had noticed him becoming more submissive. It was not surprising to me in the slightest.

Jason's ability to experience (traditional) male pleasures of orgasm and, now more recently, erections were totally at my control.

Daily, he came home from the mines dirty, grimy, exhausted, a bit sweaty. He knew I preferred that he not shower at work. Once home, he would strip quickly inside the door and wait for me to come to him. He would service me. Lick me. Let me enjoy his smelly, dirty body. But mostly, I knew he hoped I might just take out his cock for a second to just touch it. Maybe flick a feather at it.

But, as was more likely his cock, his sexual needs would go unfulfilled. Especially with an extensive cum denial torture session: hours of unsatisfying, almost painful stimulus of the boy's cock head but no chance of orgasm.

Our Childhood

Having Jeff around again was also a joy. Three years my brother's younger, we were unrelated by genetics, but brought together by adoption. Jeff, still, does not know I was adopted, and I prefer the he not know. Jeff was a scrawny 5'8" and a 30" waist to my 6'2" frame and 36" waist.

Over the days—and weeks—of Jeff's visit, details of our childhood did emerge to Jason. We had grown up on a fairly rural farm in Iowa. Our parents had basically seen the writing on the wall with respect to family farming and were very concerned with our education and that we "make something of ourselves".

[N.B. These diary entries include some details that for obvious reasons have not been shared with Jeff, or Jason. Jason would not know the Internet if he hit it with his miner's pick and Jeff does not browse so I feel safe sharing some details here.]

It was in retrospect unusual for rural Iowa, but so was the fact that I was adopted. Later, I've learned that actually our parents were "refugees" from city life and the sixties, but that comes later. By the same token our parents, actually dad, had a quite old fashioned ideas about punishment.

Jeff's scrawny size in farm country made him a frequent target of bullying as school. Me on the other hand, I was always a bit big for my age group (and was skipped ahead three grades over time as well) and tended to give more than I got. By the time I had been moved up to Jeff's grade in school, I had taken to protecting him from the bullies.

That was sixth grade. I was eight, he was eleven. He would cry at night a lot and since we shared a bedroom, I would go to him and hold him to comfort him.

Although our parents loved us both, dad definitely hit me harder and treated me rougher. The slightest infraction of dad's rules and I was naked, outside getting my ass beaten black and blue within seconds. Jeff on the other hand had to really cross a line and even then mom would try to intervene and talk about how frail he was. (He does not have any real disabilities, he's just a smaller guy with only the mildest asthma.)

One exception to the general trend of me getting the sharp end of a birch or a brutal thrashing with a razor strap was first quarter report card day in sixth grade. Dad especially expected us to achieve our best and neither of us was stupid. So best to him meant A's. Generally we got them, me more often than Jeff with pluses after. When we didn't we got punished.

By the end of fifth grade with me only eight, Dad thought a "fair" punishment for me having received a single-B against four A-pluses was thirty odd licks with a strap. His justification: I was so smart I had skipped three grades, I had damn well better perform. Further dad's idea of thirty licks with a strap was not like what you see in some movie from the sixties or seventies where dad vaguely hits the kid with the belt and then feels bad and relents.

No, dad believed in swinging hard, firmly and repeatedly until the boy's ass was tender and red. Oh, and not to mention the boy was howling, crying, and begging for it to stop.

Sixth grade, first report cards were different. Jeff had gotten a "C". He had forgotten to

study for a test in math (we were in the same classes with the same teachers at that point since the school was small). Addition and subtraction of fractions had really hosed him over. I had aced that test and had an A+ there, but our English teacher did not like my book report on “The Phantom Tollbooth” and had given me a B for the quarter. Worse yet, I had also got a B in Social Studies (loosely history for those of you reading this and not schooled in America). While my teachers were all impressed with my performance, I knew that my dad would feel otherwise.

The long (it really was five mile) walk home was not fun for either of us. We talked nervously, once we were far from any other kids Jeff started crying about his “C”, and I said not to worry. (Jeff had only gotten about 20 licks with the strap for two B’s in fifth grade.)

I on the other hand knew that I was looking at probably 50-100 and not being able to sit in school for a few days. But in an odd way, I think I also found getting punished a bit erotic.

Sixth Grade Strapping

At home, Dad was out in the fields still. To this day I am not 100% certain how my parents made money from the farm, though I do suspect at times that marijuana may have been the cash crop.

Mom took our report cards from us and by that point, Jeff was visibly shaking. She opened them up and looked at me and said something like, “Good effort, go wait outside for dad.” It was cold outside, but I knew better than to argue for fear of getting it worse than usual. Mom started to cry when she opened Jeff’s report card (I lingered on my way out). But unlike me, he got the favored treatment, “Stay here Jeff, I’ll talk with Dad, I know you are doing well.”

I was pretty certain that mom would cry and beg and get Jeff off Scott-free from the ordeal while I would be the only one suffering. Worst of all for me, when mom’s begging did work, and it did from time to time, the punishment was always worse than ever for me.

I took my clothes off before stepping out into the coldish Autumn day and waiting next to the wood shed. Standing there, I was scared, especially if Jeff did not have to come out for punishment too. I was, after all, only eight.

Even though I was facing the woodshed, I could sense dad coming in from the fields to the house. His disapproving glare seemed to bore through the back of my head and I almost started to cry.

I heard the door to the house close loudly. Then shouting.

Mom was trying to protect her “real” son. (Actually at that time, I just knew she favored and protected Jeff; however a few years later when I learned the truth it just made even more sense.)

But something that didn’t happen generally did. Dad came out with Jeff’s small body thrown over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Mom followed out the door screaming at

Dad not to hurt her “little boy”.

Dad ignored her and quickly reached the woodshed and grabbed me by my ear as he walked in with Jeff slung over. Jeff knew better than to kick or struggle, but he was already crying.

Dad pushed Jeff off his shoulders with ease and bent my older brother over the back of a chair. This was the standard position.

“Grip the chair Jeffrey,” Dad said. It was an order.

Jeff was bawling and Dad had not even swung a belt or birch yet. Through his tears he fumbled to grab a chair edge.

Dad barked at me, “help him David.” Naked, and nervous, I walked to the front of the chair and positioned Jeff’s hands around the front legs so he could grip it.

“Get his pants off,” Dad said as he stepped out. He was going to cut some fresh birches for the punishment. This was not good for either of us. While Dad was out, I tried to get Jeff to calm down saying he would hit Jeff less if he quieted down.

Jeff was not as naked as myself, when dad returned, but importantly for Dad’s purposes, my older brother’s buttocks, thighs, and even calves were fairly well exposed for punishment.

Dad glowered at me as he began to lecture Jeff. “A C is totally unacceptable... There is no excuse...”

Jeff had failed to gain composure while dad was out cutting the birch and the lecture caused him to let go of his grip on the chair legs.

“Hold his hands down,” Dad said firmly to me.

When I hesitated Dad raised his hand to slap me and I quickly took the ordered place and my stronger, larger body was easily able to hold Jeff’s arms where Dad wanted them.

The punishment was shockingly brutal for Mom’s favorite son. It lasted much longer than any punishment Dad had ever given me and was much more severe. Jeff was getting punished not just for his C, but also for Mom’s coddling.

Fifty strokes into the punishment there were lines of blood visible—dad had never drawn blood from me. At hundred Jeff’s ass looked like bruised red meat and there were dozens of lines on his thighs and calves.

Dad told me to stay put and carried Jeff back into the house naked—and up to his bed to stay.

I was already bent over the chair by the time he had come back. Just fifteen strokes in with the strap he relented and with some scolding sent me to my room with the admonishment not to leave it this weekend and to do better next quarter.

I kissed him and promised to do better.

In our shared bedroom, I could tell mom had visited. Jeff’s buttocks had iodine on them to prevent infection and a yellowish tinge was visible.

I laid down in the bed next to him, we were sleeping together most nights now. At this point it probably was not sexual as such, but to this day there is no man quite as sexy to me as Jeff.

I hugged him and told him that I knew dad loved him but that if he wanted to avoid anything like that again he would either need to get mom to stop protecting him or behave like an angel.

Jeff nodded and stopped crying, then he kissed me. This was our first non-brotherly kiss that I can remember. Then we just stayed embraced into the night.

In the morning, mom came in and wasn't surprised we were laying together. She was going to put some Vaseline on Jeff's now swollen buttocks but Jeff spoke up and said, "No, mom, it just makes dad angrier, if David can take his punishments than I can too."

Mom started to cry and ran out of the room. Dad came in and inspected Jeff's buttocks. "Put some Vaseline on Jeff's butt," he barked at me then he leaned down and kissed Jeff on the forehead.

That was the last time my mother directly tried to stop dad from punishing Jeff; however, that did not stop more subtle kinds of manipulation: minimizing Jeff's misbehaviors and maximizing mine. Or keeping things Jeff did from my Dad till I did something worse. As Jeff and I grew closer, as lovers, those things bothered me less.

Besides, I would always have sixth grade report cards.

First Fuck

Being older, Jeff reached puberty—and sexual maturity—earlier than me. At thirteen, with me just ten, he sometimes would have erections.

Mom and dad had taken to checking on us less frequently so it was easier for us to sleep together—it was expected after a punishment of either of us. Although, we made a point to mess up both beds and frequently bed hop before morning.

As he would more regularly have erections, Jeff's fascination turned to whether I could have one. He would play with my cock, kiss around it, even lick it to try to give me an erection.

One, at the time, unintended consequence of all of this was that he would *not* handle his own cock. So while he would have erections and I would sometimes play with it—resulting occasionally in boy spunk—he never really developed an intensely orgasm/cock focused sexual identity.

As we reached high school, I was finally becoming old enough to hit puberty myself. My first erection had been in Jeff's accommodating mouth. And my first orgasm into his mouth. He swallowed, we kissed, hugged, etc.

The second time I had an erection, I fucked him.

I had planned the event all day and just before curfew I had snuck into the bathroom and

taken the Vaseline and some hand towels.

After mom came in for lights out, I applied the Vaseline and stroked my cock to an erection. When I went over to Jeff's bed after about fifteen minutes, I put a hand on his mouth and then got between his legs and lifted them in the air.

I knew what I wanted.

I fingered around his fuckhole to lubricate it slightly and then forced my cock into him.

I pushed forward to I could kiss him as I worked my young shaft inside him.

He stayed fairly quiet as I fucked him, but he smiled and even developed a bit of an erection from the stimulation.

That last year or so at home—before college—was a nightly fuck fest. My favorite time to fuck him was right after an ass whipping from dad. His butt was always sore and as I would slam against him, he would make a little “ouch” sound. I loved it then, and I love it to this day with any boy.

We went to college together—both of us to Columbia without any financial aid/loans. (Further proof of my belief that marijuana was the origin of my parent's money.)

During the application process for Columbia, I had discovered the fact of my adoption. Mom had left the house for the day and while Dad was in the fields and I was doing a college application at home, I went into her dresser out of boredom.

At the bottom of the dresser, I found paperwork for my adoption (it took place in New York City) and a picture of a young woman, presumably my mother. I put the papers away and have never talked about them with my adoptive mother or sought my real mom.

Hey, as I see it I came out ahead for the bargain, after all if I had not been adopted I would never have met Jeff.

Snap Back to Present

At the thirty-day mark, Jeff was doing fine without any attention to his cock, but Jason was constantly angry and irritable. This resulted in several over the lap spankings for attitude adjustment with only minimal impact.

As horrible as the now extended chastity was making it to be around Jason I knew that if I gave in even by a day I would lose my credibility to control him.

By day forty, Jeff was offering to do Jason's remaining time twice over to improve morale. With twenty days remaining till Jason's next schedule release that would push Jeff's out forty on top of the twenty he had remaining for 100 days of chastity (and regular orgasm denial).

Tempting as the offer was, I rejected it and forced Jason to attend to my minutest sexual needs. Extended foot massages, foot licks, full body licks, full body massages, extended

regular blow jobs (with swallowing), having to clean me in the shower, licking my sweaty arm pits, standing in humiliating positions (e.g. standing in the ground floor window with the curtains open), and then some.

Our sex was wild and animal-like. Fucking him he would push and buck into my thrusts, hungry for my massive shaft. Home from work he made a point stay sweaty and grimy from work to rub against me, knowing I loved the salty, dirty taste of his skin and having his mine grime rub against my clean body.

But, I resisted all temptations.

College Years

Back to the past, in college, we had been assigned to a shared double dorm room, and being brothers our closeness was not questioned much.

Columbia's core curriculum resulted in my last strapping (from my dad). A rigorous study of classic works of literature, philosophy and music was not exactly a perfect fit for my more scientific bent. In my first year, I got a C in one of the core classes. At only 15, I was upset to get a C, but when my dad told me he was coming out to New York to visit, I knew I was "in for it".

My dad did not "disappoint".

In a large suite at the Ritz Carlton, Jeff and I went down to see our Dad in the "city". On the top floor, we went into the cavernous suite, and Dad asked for our transcripts.

Jeff handed his in 3.7's and one 3.3, not bad. Mine was 4.0's and one 2.3. Ouch, for me.

Dad's response was as expected and led both of us towards a back room within the suite. I dropped my pants without question and quickly felt the razor strap several dozen times, and quite violently.

The odd thing this time was I found myself getting erect and not crying. After my buttocks were quite bruised and I humored my dad with a yelp. Perhaps sensing my erection, Dad put a hand on my back and told me to stay put.

Jeff was soon next to me and bent over. As had been repeated several times over the years with me bearing the brunt, Jeff got off easy with just a dozen or so cracks of the strap.

Dad left us there for a few moments and then explained that he and mom were going to be taking an "extended" vacation to Argentina. Dad lifted me from the dresser and leaving Jeff, my older brother, bent over the dresser took me back to the living room to talk.

It was a frank talk. (Except about my adoption and my sexual relationship with my brother.) I was put in charge of about half-a-million dollars in foreign accounts and told to watch out for my brother. It ended with, "you've always looked after Jeff, we'll be back when things pass."

A peck on the cheek and Dad was on his way to the airport and I had a luxury suite at the

Ritz Carlton and my older brother naked (and already spanked) in the other room.

I did the only decent thing one can do in the situation. I fucked Jeff's brains out through the night and when we checked out in the morning we headed back to campus.

Two days later, the FBI came to campus and got both of us at once—no time to get stories straight.

Jeff fortunately had nothing useful to say. I was less than forthcoming. I acknowledged we had seen him, but said we were told he had to head back to Iowa.

Turned out there had been a terrible bomb blast at the farm. I guess with my past its ironic that I ended up doing corporate compliance, but perhaps that's what enabled me to do it so well.

Jeff and I moved off campus as soon as possible and lived quite a hedonistic lifestyle.

Fifty Nine Days

By the fifty ninth day, Jason was like a lunatic. Day after day of denial of orgasm had cut to his core.

Jeff on the other hand was quite calm about it all. In a sense “denying” Jeff orgasm was almost a joke since I had controlled his sexuality for so long he hardly cared whether or not his dick got erect or touched.

That's of course slightly an understatement since he had allowed himself some libation during his last job. But, it was basically true.

I called Jason in sick for work the next day—cold. And we then drove to the gym with Jason ducking down in the back of the car to avoid being seen. Once I established that my one employee had gone home, we entered the gym and made our way to the basement.

Still dirty and sweaty from a day's work, I strapped Jason to the exam table. Legs spread. Ass exposed. Arms restrained far from the cock.

I inserted a vibrating butt plug and with Jason's chastity belt still attached, strapped it so it would stay in place.

“Jeff give him water once an hour. If he needs to urinate you can put the funnel near the opening in the belt,” I instructed.

Jason would spend the last eighteen plus hours of his denied release with a vibrating butt plug stimulating him and his cock firmly ensconced against even mild erection. It would be an awful eighteen hours.

Jeff gave me a blow job before I left and then I locked the door to the room—from the outside, and headed off.

Working the gym the next day was rough on me. I found myself quite sexually aroused throughout the day. I also quite badly wanted to go down to the secret room and see my

pretty boys.

Later Jeff reported Jason's pleas, offers of bribes, and the like to escape the belt and have release. But how would Jeff have released Jason? Cutting it open? Hardly stealthy.

When six o'clock came around, I hustled the remaining stragglers from the gym with more gusto than usual.

Then I composed myself and headed downstairs.

Jason was sobbing softly and Jeff was caressing him gently reminding Jason how much "I loved him." When I entered, Jeff quickly got to his knees and sucked me off.

I opened Jeff's chastity belt quickly and told him to straddle Jason's chest and jack himself off immediately.

Jeff complied eagerly and was stroking his nice shaft in front of Jason's face—Jason was now hyper stimulated from the butt plug and in no small amount of pain.

After about fifteen minutes of steady stroking action, Jeff delivered my requested orgasm. I quickly used a cool towel on his groin to calm his cock head and told him that if he behaved he could be off chastity-belt again.

He got off Jason, thanked me for the privilege and promised that he would behave. Since as a whole he did it seemed fair, plus the psychological impact on Jason who was going to have to continue to wear a belt was worthy of consideration.

I undid the chastity belt and though exhausted and in some pain from struggling and over stimulation of his anus, Jason's cock came to attention.

But it was only six thirty or so in the evening, far too early for Jason to orgasm. Jeff was assigned the delicate job of applying ice cubes to the studly miner boy's cock head to prevent orgasm.

No person-to-person physical contact with Jason's cock occurred that evening. For six hours (and mind you Jason had not slept already that day) Jeff reliably and without hesitation applied ice cubes to prevent the now excruciatingly painful stimulus of the vibrating butt plug from leading to an orgasm.

Finally close to midnight, Jeff told me he was out of ice. I had been talking to Jason for the past hour or two, telling him how proud of him I was, how much I loved him, how good he had been about servicing me, and how I was proud of him for making it sixty days.

He was crying when he finally orgasmed and without prompting Jeff quickly applied a cool cloth to calm the area. I shook my head imperceptibly to Jeff signaling that there would be only one orgasm and as Jason sobbed like a little boy with our heads close together, Jeff reattached the chastity belt.

"Ninety days," Jason whispered to me. His tears were filled with mine grime and had rubbed onto my face. I nodded my head against his and kissed him on the lips. Jeff undid the restraints and I carried Jason back to the car. Completely fatigued from the experience, he was already asleep when we got home.

Write the Author

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

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6 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Reality Check

Before sharing some more of my edited diary entries with my fellow netizens, I wanted to take a moment and clarify a few matters that have been confusing some:

- These stories are real.
- Really.
- Yes, really. And in the “immortal” words spoken to Homer J. Simpson in his quest to redeem Apu, “Thank you come again.”

Ok, the above is not really a full and fair answer. I have changed some names, places, locations, and other minor details such as my own profession, age, and the like to protect the privacy of the real Jason and Jeff.

That said, my gruff miner boy just finished sucking my dick before I went into the study and got on the laptop to type up this diary entry into the computer. Jeff on the other hand may be asked to return to Germany to start a new project.

Extended Chastity

Extended chastity was becoming a regular part of Jason’s life. We had done 30 days, then 60. Ninety was going surprisingly smoothly. Jeff was occasionally cruel though in pointing out that he no longer had to wear the chastity belt.

On four different occasions during Jason’s first 90 day stretch, I took Jeff over my knee and beat him with a razor strap for teasing Jason needlessly. For example, during the first week when Jason came home and was delivering his blow job, Jeff came over and started wagging his cock in Jason’s face—without touching his own cock.

Without missing a beat, I had pushed Jason's mouth off my cock shaft and unlooped my belt from my pants. Jeff found himself over my lap in less than ten seconds. I was less than gentle with the belt and Jeff further apologized by rimming Jason's fuckhole.

Problem solved as they say.

Jason was significantly better about handling the extended chastity this time around than the previous 30 or 60 day periods. Overall he was being transformed psychologically. His sexual needs were becoming completely secondary to my own.

Business Trip

Another reason to travel on "business" arose for me. That meant I faced a tough challenge to bring the boys or not.

Jason had loved traveling to New York the first time—it had been his first trip out of Wyoming from what I could gather. But it would mean missed work and perhaps more serious questions about where he was getting his money, etc. I decided Jason was staying in Wyoming.

Besides, the chastity belt firmly locked to his body and encasing his cock shaft and head would keep him out of any serious trouble. Then we have to turn to my older brother, and other sex-toy: Jeff.

After pondering the matter for a bit, I struck upon a rather devilish arrangement to subject the two to in my absence. Jeff would be in charge, *but* Jason's word would be golden on any disputes.

To make matters quite explicit, I handed Jeff a wooden paddle and told him to discipline Jason, in front of me, for coming home five minutes late. Jeff was not used to punishing others and so this was a double test since I need Jason to know there would be consequences for his behavior over the next week or so while I was gone.

After some marked hesitation, Jeff grabbed Jason firmly and pushed him over a table and ordered the younger, but much stronger miner to stay put for punishment. Jeff then began to swing the paddle firmly landing fifteen or so firm, but not overly painful blows on my miner-slave-boy.

I remarked, "That's hardly got his attention Jeff. Jason misbehaved and needs to be *punished*." I put a tremendous amount of emphasis on the last word.

Jeff tried again, this time the paddle was swung with quite a bit more force and I could hear Jason gasp softly as if catching his breath. By the tenth stroke, Jason was squirming and tensing his ass cheeks. Jeff looked at me and smiled before administering thirty more blows in rapid succession.

"That's more like it," I exclaimed as Jeff stopped and Jason lay there in no small amount of pain. I kissed Jeff warmly, with tongue and then licked my miner boy's reddened ass cheeks.

The three of us slept together that night and in the morning I headed off for Los Angeles.

My Trip

My business took me to Amsterdam. Amsterdam is a wonderful city on so many levels. First there is the fact that many, no most people actually speak English. For me, as a typical American Imperialist, this is most helpful. Then there is the openness about sex and sexuality in the Netherlands that I just love.

Business first. I have a rather tidy sum of money invested outside the United States and much of it requires periodic direct management. This was an example of that. I am a 20% owner in an import-export business based out of Amsterdam and at least once a year I come here to review the books and assist in management of the company.

There are three other principals, each with a bit over 25% interest in the company. There had been five of us initially but the other three had bought out the other American leaving me behind with a smaller interest. Although they could make decisions without me, after I had detected some fraud by employees on two separate occasions, I had managed to redeem myself in their eyes. I guess it keeps coming back to taking one to know one...

One of my partners, Gustav, in particular always attracted me. He had never been as annoyed with me as Enrik, Kaatje, or even—when she was still around—Kersten. On more than one occasion, I had speculated that Gustav was eying me. After our meeting today, Gustav proved me right.

As the four of us gathered our brief cases to leave the meeting room, Gustav tapped me on the shoulder. “Might we talk over dinner,” he asked. Though it was as much a question as a statement, or perhaps command, since his inflection did not change to correspond with a question.

Somewhat puzzled but also interested, I responded evenly: “What time?”

“Eight o’clock at De Silveren Spiegel at Kattengat 4-6”

He had planned this and this was going to be a rather expensive dinner as well. I arrived at the restaurant a few minutes before eight and was impressed by the charming 17th century home the restaurant was in. The menu was somewhat uninspired to my New York-tastes; although, it had everything I had seen in Wyoming beaten hands down.

He mostly talked over dinner about business and a bit about himself. He was unmarried. I was less than forthcoming, but did explain a bit about my move to Wyoming.

No check came to the table—he had paid for dinner already.

After dinner he suggested a walk, as his house was relatively nearby. I agreed. After a twenty-plus minute leisurely walk, we soon found ourselves outside his modest (by American standards) home.

Then, he kissed me. Not a polite goodbye kiss, but a “hello please fuck my brains out kiss”. I pointed my head towards his house and we entered. Gustav could hardly keep his hands off me as he kissed me inside the door and ran his hands around my muscular body.

Now if you’ve read this far in my diaries you know that I do *not* generally approve of this

sort of wild abandon. A boy should be made to wait. So I did the only proper thing, I grabbed his hands and then body checked him against the wall with his hands pinned above his head. "Patience," I said firmly.

Gustav was clearly surprised but also horny as hell and continued to use his mouth like a snapping turtle almost to try and kiss me forcibly.

I kept one of my hands pinning his harms in place and took the other to hold his forehead back and said, "I said patience."

Surprised by my forcefulness, he exclaimed, "I want you David, let me suck you."

"You'll be doing more than just sucking me off tonight Gustav," I said as I kept him firmly in place against the wall—a prisoner of sorts in his own home.

I turned him around and brought his arms behind his back. From my pocket I pulled a plastic flexi-cuff and affixed it to his wrists thus securing his hands in place.

"Now," I said, "let's take this at a more leisurely pace." As I walked from his foyer leaving him there facing the wall and cuffed with a plastic bracelet. I sat down on a nice chair in his living room and after about twenty seconds Gustav followed me in. He was clearly out of sorts.

I pointed for him to kneel next to me. He did.

"Gustav," I explained, "I have always found you quite attractive, but I intend to take this slowly and at my pace."

He nodded eagerly and I could see a firm bulge in his pants.

"Let's get your clothing off," I announced. I grabbed him by his shoulders and stood him up. Getting his "bottoms" off, e.g. pants, shoes, etc., was easy. But how to do the top part with the cuffs. I went to his kitchen and found a scissor.

Gustav shook his head in shame as I cut off his nice dress shirt to avoid removing the handcuffs. Naked and thoroughly humiliated in his own home, he was quite a sight.

A small part of me wanted to call Enrik and Kaatje over to see their fellow Dutchman in such a compromising position. I resisted that temptation and instead stood him, buck naked in his own window. Front facing out with his cock to the world.

It was relatively dark so the actual chances of someone seeing him were small, but the level of terror this introduced for him and the amount of control this gave me were significantly greater than anything else.

While he stood in the window, I relaxed in his chair and periodically got up to refill my glass with some of the expensive brandy he kept in his living room. I made a point of making noise.

If he turned his head towards me I would shout, "Eyes forward."

By midnight, I had made him stand exposed for nearly an hour and I was ready for him.

I guided him up to his bed and pushed him onto his stomach. With just a pillow underneath for support, I lubricated his fuckhole.

Then, after sliding on a condom, I fucked his tight fuckhole. Later, I discovered that Gustav was a virgin prior to that fuck. In the meanwhile, I rammed my thick, massive, eight-inch-plus powertool in and out of his tight hole with tremendous force.

Though forced to take my cock up his ass, Gustav moaned and shouted in appreciation as my massive cock pumped in and out of his tight hole. When I finally shot my load inside his fuck hole he was sweating like a pig and bucking slightly to try and get my cock deeper inside him.

I pulled out relatively quickly after orgasming and turned him onto his side. Still cuffed with his arms behind his back, Gustav's cock was fairly erect.

I pulled off my condom and forced my cum from the tip of the now limp plastic sack towards the opening. I rubbed my cum onto Gustav's face. His cock stiffened appreciably.

"Can you untie my hands," he asked. I smiled and shook my head, no.

With my cum thoroughly rubbed into his face, I took his stiff uncut cock in my hand and began to stroke it ever so gently. I paid close attention to his breathing so as to ensure that he would *not* orgasm.

It was now past two in the morning and I was in no particular rush.

For the next six hours I milked Gustav's cock in slow motions. As the young Dutchman came close to the edge of orgasm I would abruptly stop and inflict some pain to his nipples or balls sac to prevent any completion. During the six hour session a considerable amount of precum managed to ooze forth from his cock head and out underneath his foreskin.

I used a coarse sponge to periodically clean his cock head of the oozing precum and also to prevent the young business man from having an orgasm.

Then I decided that I wanted Gustav to suck my cock so I forced the boy out of the bed and onto his knees. There in a kneeling position with his hands helplessly and at this point rather painfully restrained behind his back I thrust my erect tool into his mouth, deeply.

Gustav gave quite a good blow job. When he finished I took him to the bathroom and released his hands with a pocket knife from the cuff. His hands were then bound over his head to a metal shower rail.

Some chaffing marks were visible since the plastic flexicuffs are not particularly well designed for bondage sessions, but that did not bother me particularly.

In the shower, I used the coldest possible water to clean his body and paid particular attention to his *cock* and *fuckhole*. In the cold water, his cock shriveled up and his nipples became quite erect.

After the shower, I left him there without drying him off. I told him that I wanted to go get some things from the hotel and that I would be back in about two hours, and of course "not to go anywhere".

I made haste across the city to my hotel room where I had some sex toys I wanted to use on my cock-sucking, Dutch, business partner. However, I took care to take my time on the way back to Gustav's house. Entering exactly two hours and five minutes after I left and then making a point of making quite the racket downstairs without going up to help Gustav.

When I did finally go up it had been three and a half hours and Gustav (and I) had been without sleep the night before. A CB-2000 chastity cage went on—I like them for travel and for their flexibility for men you encounter while traveling. This would prevent any unnecessary activity till I departed, I explained.

After the CB-2000 was in place, I used a knife to release the flexicuff and told him to stay naked for the rest of my stay.

I'll share some more about Gustav and the remainder of my stay with another diary entry perhaps...

Return Home

I arrived back in New York City first and then flew onward to Wyoming by way of Colorado and then a three hour car ride from the airport. By the time I reached the house I was in no mood for shenanigans.

Jeff and Jason had other ideas for me in mind though. As I walked through the door, Jason verbally assaulted me with a barrage of criticisms and allegations concerning Jeff's behavior over the previous two weeks. Jeff similarly wasted no time rebutting each point and laying out several allegations and complaints of his own.

I grabbed them both by their ears and walked them outside to the forest clearing behind the house. I tied them to the a single rope facing one another and after cutting a fresh switch, administered a dozen or more violent strokes to each boy's back side and buttocks.

Chastened they quieted down—although there was considerable sobbing. I took them back inside and told them I didn't want to hear another word until morning and we all went to sleep.

Jason's Version

Jason and I sat in my office with Jeff outside waiting his turn to tell me what had happened. Jason explained that things had gone well the first few days until he came home late from work.

Jason explained that Jeff got extremely angry at him for coming home late—even though Jason's chastity belt was still securely in place and he had done nothing wrong. I kissed my miner fuck-toy on the forehead and indicated for him to continue explaining.

Jason explained that Jeff took out a razor-strap that I sometimes used to punish them and wanted to take Jason outside to the clearing in the forest behind the house but that Jason

refused.

I fought to avoid showing expression—particularly dismay and nonchalantly said, “Keep going.”

“Well, we started fighting with words but Jeff kept pushing me so finally I grabbed the strap from his hand,” Jason said proudly.

“I see,” I responded evenly.

Jason continued somewhat smugly, “Finally I just took *him* out to the clearing and showed him a thing or two with the razor strap.”

“Anything else happen,” I asked.

“Naw, we both behaved other than that,” Jason said acknowledging in a sense the wrongfulness of the situation.

Jeff’s Version

I sent Jason out to the hall and called Jeff into the room. Jeff immediately got on his knees in cock-sucking position and I decided to oblige him.

My lover for so many years I knew Jeff in and out. I also knew that Jason’s version of the story was likely quite true, Jeff had been so totally submissive to me for so long that perhaps I had made a mistake in judgment leaving him in charge. Plus, given his slender frame he was no match for Jason’s studly, miner boy build.

The only real question was whether Jeff would tell the truth about what happened. He did not.

Punishments All Around

Rather than alleviate their tension and anticipation of possible punishments, I returned Jeff to the hallway and spoke to both of them.

“I am disappointed about what happened here while I was gone and I am disappointed in both of you,” I said in lecture tone.

Both boys were already naked as they frequently were around the house. I took Jason by his head and guided him to one of the front windows in the house. I made him stand in presentation position with arms laced behind his head in the open window. Jeff was positioned at a nearby window in the next room—thus both were outside the other’s peripheral vision.

Standing between the two of them in the foyer, I continued the lecture: “You will both remain in this position all day and not leave for *any* reason whatsoever. At ten o’clock I will take you both upstairs to the bathroom and then to your bedrooms. You will be woken up

at seven o'clock given another chance to use the bathroom and then put on display again to further think about your conduct. Finally, tomorrow night at ten o'clock we will discuss punishments."

With that, I walked back into my office to take care of some business. I didn't wander back out until around one o'clock and I noticed Jason had lost control of his bladder. I scolded him verbally—as well as Jeff for craning his neck to see—pushed Jason's face and hair into the wet urine and then stood him back up in position with his own urine soaking his hair and dripping down his face.

By nine o'clock I could see both boys were struggling to remain in position from fatigue, but I did not waiver in their "thinking time" and only exactly at ten o'clock did I escort them to the bathroom and allow them to use it without talking.

I sent both of them to their separate bedrooms and reminded them to stay put.

Seven o'clock sharp I roused them from bed—they were both exhausted—and led them to the bathroom and then back downstairs. I considered whether to give them any food or even water and decided against it.

By noon, I could tell Jason was having trouble standing from sheer exhaustion and Jeff was not far behind. I bent ever so slightly and forced them both into a kneeling position with a small towel under each knee cap for support.

At ten o'clock, I called them to my office and sat them both down to discuss the matter of punishment.

"Both of you deserve to be punished," I announced matter of factly.

Jeff shook slightly and Jason was also a bit taken aback. I think Jason in particular viewed the window-display of the past days as punishment enough. I know he was in constant terror that someone would pull up the drive and see him.

"Jeff," I said, "can you explain to me why you need to be punished?"

"Sir, yes sir," Jeff said stammering slightly. "I need to be punished because I was supposed to be in charge and messed up and because I was less than truthful to you in explaining what happened."

Amazing what a little time to contemplate the error of your ways does for a boy. "And a fair punishment would be?"

"A thrashing to tears in the woods," he said with his voice trembling.

I nodded and looked over to Jason. His conversion from putative heterosexual miner to my fuck-toy had been mostly without serious punishment. Especially when compared to the type of thrashing that was necessary for this type of misconduct.

My philosophy about true punishment is that it requires that the recipient be unwilling and unable to stop it. There are no "safe words" and the point is to move the recipient beyond tears and into severe pain.

Jason stayed silent.

“Jeff,” I said, “what do you make of Jason’s silence—does he perhaps think he does not deserve punishment?”

Jeff—wisely—did not answer, but Jason took the bait. “Sir, please sir, I am sorry, but...”

I cut off Jason, “No buts, no excuses. We are past that point Jason, right now I need two things from you the first is to acknowledge your misbehavior and the second is to acknowledge you need to be punished. I if you are not prepared to do those two things then you can spend more time in the window.”

“Sir, I am sorry sir, you left Jeff in charge and I screwed up by trying to boss him around and I deserve to be punished,” he said his voice trembling.

“Good then,” I announced. “Jeff you will be first, tomorrow at five o’clock, I expect to see you in the woods naked, waiting for me, *at* five o’clock.”

“Yes sir,” he responded.

“Jason, I expect you there at eight o’clock sharp.”

“Yes sir,” Jason responded.

“Ok you can use the bathroom and then go to bed, if you want you may have some water, only.”

Both boys scampered out of the room in slight terror that I might start the punishment right there and then

I waited till about five minutes after five in the morning to make my way to the clearing. Jeff was there naked, waiting.

I guided his hands into the rope restraints and left him bound. Some marks were visible still from the minor thrashing they both got when I came home from Amsterdam.

I talked to Jeff for a few minutes before administering the punishment, reminding him why he was being punished and that the punishment would continue until he had been crying for quite some time.

Then, I began to administer the birch. Freshly cut, there was still some sap dripping from the end I was holding. I was extremely forceful even with the first few blows. This was a punishment after all and it behooved me to make sure that by the end, Jeff was in excruciating pain.

Repeatedly I laid blow after blow with the birch on Jeff’s bare buttocks, back, and thighs. Further as he writhed and turned to try and avoid the sting of the birch some marks would land even more painfully on less-muscle covered areas such as the side of his legs.

After about four minutes and fifty hard strokes he was screaming loudly in pain for me to stop. I hit harder and faster. After ten minutes his entire backside was lined with red marks and quite a few around his sides from attempting to avoid the birch.

By fifteen minutes we were past Jeff's pain threshold and he was crying, no bawling. He was also screaming and howling like a banshee after each stroke.

I kept up the corporal assault with the birch. Punishment has to go past tears. Deep welts began to rise especially around the buttocks where I had started to concentrate the blows.

I continued for some forty five minutes with Jeff in tears for about thirty of them before finally stopping of my own accord to avoid breaking his skin during this punishment session. No inch of his back side was white any more, from his shoulder blades to the back of his shins, red marks lined his body.

Still restrained, I came around and held him letting him sob and cry in my arms from the pain.

After he calmed slightly, I undid his restraints and carried him—fireman's style—up to his room and laid him face-down on his bed. I went away and returned with a tray of food and some water.

I sat with Jeff until around five minutes past eight and left indicating that I wanted him to stay in his room except to go to the bathroom.

Jason would be more difficult to punish. I even checked his bedroom to make sure he had gone down to the clearing. He had.

Once down there I found him crying already and he immediately began pleading for me not to punish him.

"Jason you are about to about several hundred reasons to cry from a rather severe birching," I said matter-of-factly. "I suggest you pull yourself together and contemplate your bad behavior."

I lifted his arms over his head and into the rope restraints. I went away for a bit to cut a fresh switch for the punishment. I returned to find he had pee'ed himself in terror.

It hardly seemed necessary to rub his face in the dirt-urine mix as his hair was still matted with urine from two nights earlier and he reeked of urine.

I focused on the task at hand and began violently administering the punishment with the switch. I was more forceful than with Jeff, this time I focused on landing fifteen to twenty extremely forceful blows a minute on Jason's exposed body.

The effect was marked. Almost immediately he began screaming and howling in pain after each stroke. Further as he twisted around attempting to avoid blows and I landed them anyhow on whatever part of his body was exposed he would howl louder.

It took only five minutes to reduce my miner fuck-slave to tears. That's when the punishment really started though. I continued the onslaught with the switch for another thirty plus minutes through Jason's tears, pleas, and screams.

Red was the rule on his backside from shoulders to heel. As I wound down, I focused the last few minutes of intense punishment on his buttocks with the intent of making it particularly excruciating to sit for several days. Jason took notice and obliged by crying louder and

screaming more.

Finally, when I was afraid that one more stroke might leave him bleeding, I stopped and held him much like I held Jeff.

The next morning, both boys were still quite sore and I called Jason in sick from work. Jason apologized to Jeff and I indicated that next weekend Jason should *request* that Jeff administer the razor strap punishment that had started this whole affair. Jason nodded meekly in agreement.

Both boys were particularly attentive the next night as well to *my* sexual needs. While they are always quite good, I find the night or three after a severe punishment a boy is even more attentive. Jason in particular started a new thing of licking in between my toes that I find both slightly ticklish and quite intensely erotic.

Write the Author

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

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7 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Interlude from Diary

In April of this year (2001), I had a pleasant visitor who I will mention even though the rest of my tales from the diary up until this point date back to 1997.

Michael Visits

Michael had seen one of my recent diary entries while browsing the Nifty Archives¹. We traded several guarded emails wherein I learned that Michael Jones (not his real name of course) was “heterosexual”, and married no less, who was finding my stories “interesting”.

Our emails petered out until about March when the dot-com company he was CEO of shut its doors. Although still quite wealthy from his previous successes, the failure of his most recent company had left him rudderless. Further the investment market was not very receptive to throwing money at ideas on a napkin.

Two days after the layoffs, Michael emailed as to whether he could come visit. I decided that it would be fun to have a visitor and so I invited him up to Wyoming, what follows is his story, mostly in his own words...

The Most Humiliating Moment of My Life

I was naked and bent over a wooden desk in nowhere-Wyomming. My wife was chatting politely with a man I had met in person for the first time only a week earlier. Then I felt his cock enter me. I started to struggle and he rammed his cock into me harder and kept me pinned to the desk.

I was being raped.

¹<<http://www.nifty.org/>>

And all I could do was scream, “No... stop...” Not that it did any good, David was fucking my brains out and I couldn’t stop it. After he raped me, my wife and he were even chatting politely with each other about my “training” as if I hadn’t being forcibly raped against my will.

How did I get here?

Masturbation and Mistresses

I am a nice white-bred Catholic boy. I grew up in California in the Central Valley the middle child of five. I worked hard for everything I got in life and after dropping out of high school managed to start my own, ultimately succesful company that made me what I am today.

I am about 5’ 11”, and have black hair and blue eyes. Up until meeting David I had never had sex with a man. On the other hand, I used to masturbate endlessly and had several mistresses who I would fool around with regularly. All to great frustration on behalf of my wife, Michelle.

I am not sure how I found David’s diary entries at Nifty, maybe I clicked the wrong links, maybe I just wanted to see what else was out there, I’m not sure.

The embarassing thing to admit is I found the stories a turn on. So I emailed David a few times, but I wasn’t really ready to meet, then my dot-com company fell apart and I just needed to push the envelope and do something “extreme”.

I didn’t think David would ever fuck me, I had told him time and again that I was straight, but I just wanted to get control over my dick. David had his own ideas as you will see from reading this.

I visited David’s house in Wyoming for the first time around March 20th, a Tuesday. The trip up from Silicon Valley had been exhausting and then the multi-hour drive from the airport to the middle-of-nowhere where David lives had wiped me out. I arrived around seven o’clock at night.

A somewhat frail, but handsome man, with a spider tattoo on his neck greeted me at the door and showed me to an office on the ground floor. I later learned this was Jeff. David kept me waiting for about ten minutes and then walked in and sat down without saying much. At 6’ 2” he was impressive in size and quite handsome himself.

“Take off your clothing,” he said matter of factly.

I hesitated for a bit and he asked, “Are you deaf or stupid?”

I stammered, “sorry,” before taking my clothing off. Although part of me wanted to run screaming from the room, David was so normal looking and his voice commanded respect. I found myself stripping naked.

“Stay standing up and lace your hands behind your head,” he instructed after my last article of clothing was on his office floor. I realized that my cock had become erect, perhaps in fear.

David ignored my erect cock for the moment and circled me, inspecting me like a piece of cattle.

“You will do,” he said matter of factly, “you *will* stay from March 30 through May 1. After a few more preliminaries I am going to send you back home to your lovely wife in California. Then if you are really interested in being trained properly, you will return *with* her on March 30. Any questions?”

I had millions, as well as objections to dragging my wife into my private fantasy and committing a month of time to rural Wyoming and David. As if sensing my concerns he said, “Let’s get through some formalities and then you can go home and think about whether or not you want to come back.”

Barely inside David’s home for an hour, I found myself driving rural roads in Wyoming to get back to the airport and then back to Silicon Valley. David had left a rather pointed reminder from our brief encounter, a CB-2000 chastity device surrounded my cock. My need for control over my cock was going to be satisfied. Frustrating as it might be.

With just ten days till I was scheduled to return to Wyoming, I quickly found my life transformed. As I walked in the door my wife squawked about how she was tired of me cheating on her. If only she knew.

I became acutely aware of the plastic jail of the CB-2000 as an image of Jessica, my current paramour, came to mind. I escaped my wife’s prattle in the bathroom and pulled down my pants hoping for release. I pulled at the plastic cage, but with the tight rings David had selected to secure the device, if I took it off I doubted I could get it back on. A tiny piece of plastic was all that was holding me in place. I could easily cut it off with a pocket knife.

I recalled David’s parting words, “If you return with the chastity cage removed you will be visiting the clearing behind this house and have a very intimate and painful encounter with a birch.” My hands moved away from the chastity cage and I contemplated the next ten days.

No point seeing Jessica. We didn’t talk, just fucked. Couldn’t even really have sex with my wife. Heck, even something as simple as jerking off was out of reach due to a small, red plastic tab and some translucent plastic.

I realized there in that bathroom what Jason must have felt like for the first time in the chastity belt. I suppose if I had thought about it more then I should not have been surprised that David forced himself on me when I returned on March 30th.

I came out of the bathroom and told my wife I had broken it off with Jessica and that I was going to get help for the month of April, would she mind dropping me off at the clinic in Wyoming?

Back to the Most Humiliating Moment

We drove from the airport in silence. Monica (my wife) drove. The last few days in the chastity belt had been torture for me and only thrice daily cold showers had managed to prevent me from ripping the belt off with force.

Monica had asked very few questions about the “clinic” although in just ten days, I must confess that I noticed some marked improvement in our relationship. We had gone out for dinner three times and managed to talk civilly. I had even focused the entire evening on her—not letting my eyes wander looking for some tail.

As we pulled up the drive to David’s house, I nearly lost my bladder. Monica commented, “This hardly seems like a clinic.”

“Its quite private,” I responded.

Suddenly, panic seized me as I realized that Jeff or Jason would answer the door naked—likely in a chastity apparatus of some sort. Monica stared around at the rural environment as I lifted my suitcase from the car. Monica walked up the steps and rang the doorbell before I could interpose myself between her and the door.

Jason answered. He was buck naked save for a metal and leather chastity belt around his privates. “You must be Monica,” Jason said warmly, inviting my wife in with a gesture.

“Please come in to the office, David will be down in a minute,” Jason explained. Jason took the suitcase from me and reminded me to undress. I didn’t listen and instead sauntered into David’s office, cocky as a peacock.

Monica didn’t say anything to me about the strange, freakish sight, of a grown man naked. Her comment, “interesting setting, how many patients do they have?”

“Three,” a voice said authoritatively, from the doorway, “including your husband.”

“Michael, I believe you were left with quite explicit instructions to remove your clothing when you returned,” David said as he approached me from the side.

I sat there, that was a mistake.

David lifted me out of the chair and began to pull my clothing off—ripping and cutting with a knife from his desk as necessary to just get it off. Time was frozen for me, shocked by David’s brazen assault on me in front of my wife, I did nothing.

“There,” David announced as he used a knife to remove my underwear.

“Stand,” he said to me pointing to a space in between the chair and the front of the desk. David’s strong hands manhandled me into the position as I was still frozen. I saw the expression on my wife’s face when she saw the chastity belt on my cock and I felt an intense—red blush—level of humiliation.

David lifted my hands behind my head into the interlaced position he demanded and said, “stay.”

I was facing my wife. Naked. My cock caged. My arms locked behind my head. I would swear that my face was visibly red.

My body betrayed me then as I felt a stream of urine run from my caged cock. Frozen in place out of terror. I had reached the single most humiliating moment of my life and my wife relished in it. She let out a loud laugh and announced, to David, “Now where have you been for the past nine years.”

After my bladder was quite thoroughly drained and David’s floor was quite soaked, he maneuvered me over the desk–ass in the air.

Then they started talking as if I wasn’t in the room. “Monica, I’m going to keep Michael here for a month training him on better behavior and then I’ll return him to you. If you keep up his training I can guarantee you that the next nine years of your relationship will be significantly more satisfying for you.”

My mind is hazy about the remainder of their conversation as the full depth of my situation started to become clearer to me. Then, David “kicked it up a notch.”

I remember feeling David’s hand on my back and then suddenly a pressure against my anus. I tried to struggle and screamed no. My wife laughed at my predicament and David fucked my brains out without any regard to my wants or desires.

When he finished raping me, he pushed my head into the wet carpet where I had lost my bladder and told me to stay.

Author’s Note

I have some more diary entries that my internet visitor Michael wrote this year that I can continue to share or I can go back to more of my own entries. I must say Michael’s visit was quite intense so I am likely to share some more of those before going back to my own diary entries from 1997.

Write the Author

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

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8 Gym Boy Cum: 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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Interlude from Diary

In April of this year (2001), I had a pleasant visitor who I will mention even though the rest of my tales from the diary up until this point date back to 1997. By popular request here is some more information about Michael's visit.

Pain

An intense searing pain woke me.

CRACK

"Wake up," a voice bellowed from me.

CRACK

I came too and realized that my hands were suspended over my head and that I was dangling from a tree branch. Another sharp crack of pain and I came to fully.

Things came to me slowly. First I realized I was outdoors in a field.

CRACK

The blows were landing slowly and quite painfully, I let out a scream; however, I realized that my tormenter cared not about my pain.

I had selected David for that reason from reading his stories.

CRACK

But we had discussed that there would be no sex... OWWWW!!!

"Let me make sure I have your attention," David said as he began to increase the speed and force with which what I knew from having read about his older brother Jeff and his gym stud slave Jason receiving this treatment was undoubtedly a freshly cut switch.

"Michael your wife has gone home, she very much enjoyed watching your humiliation yes-

terday. Especially when I fucked you,” he said and then landed ten blows in such quick succession that I lose my breath.

“She says you didn’t show her the chastity belt or explain why she was coming here to visit,” David continued pausing before landing a particularly violent blow across the center of my buttocks.

I started to scream and call out for help. For just a fraction of a second I thought I heard a slight snicker but a sharp crack of the switch behind and away from me told me that an audience: Jeff and Jason was watching.

After several dozen more vicious blows I was released and David carried me into his office.

Rape Number Two

Inside I was made to stand in Dave’s office again. My wife was not here today but my memory of the previous day’s humiliation was quite fresh. Additionally, I realized that during the night, in my sleep, I had been shaved leaving no hair on my body except my eyebrows. Even my lush full head of brown hair had been shaved off in the night.

David opened a cabinet housing a wet bar and in the mirror at the back of the bar I caught a sight of myself. Aware of my moment of self consciousness, David spoke “Good. A bit of humility will help you understand your place.”

Taking a drink for himself, he stood in front of me and looked off at his boys as if I wasn’t even there.

“Jason,” David said.

The young muscular stud came closer. A gruff midwestern Wyoming miner Jason looked every bit the tough heterosexual. But, I knew better and the metal chastity belt encasing his cock confirmed his slavery to the man who now held the keys to the equally tormenting CB-2000 that kept my cock in place.

“Jason, Michael here is into his eleventh day of chastity. How long has it been since your last release,” David continued.

Jason responded, clearly being careful not to seem too eager, “one hundred eighty, SIR.”

“Perhaps we should dispense with drawing it out and let you lose on this handsome fuck toy slave?”

Perhaps too eager Jason chomped for the prize—my fuckhole—and yelped, “YES SIR.”

“Step back,” David said clearly dismissing the eager boy. “JEFF.”

“SIR,” the frailer, but older brother, of my tormenter responded stepping forward simultaneously.

David stared at him and then me.

“Two hundred and sixty seven SIR,” Jeff responded without having to be asked.

Before I could object, protest, runaway, or do anything else David grabbed me and pushed me over his desk.

No words were exchanged and I felt David’s brother ram his cock into my fuckhole against my will.

The worst part: with my ass, legs and back sore from the birching, my cock caged in a plastic cell, and my body being violated, I found myself aroused. I could definitely feel my cock straining against the plastic barriers of the CB-2000.

This fact was not lost on David who said, “Fuck the boy Jeff he’s liking you forcing yourself on him.”

I started to try to get off the table to protest my predicament and David grabbed my head and slammed me back onto the table forcefully.

“FUCK HIM,” David exclaimed again as Jeff pumped into me harder, raping me.

My only solace was that my wife was not standing by today watching and she hadn’t seen me get hard.

When Jeff finally came, the orgasm was massive and lasted for what seemed like five or six minutes.

David kept me pinned bent over his desk and lectured to me, ”this is what I am training you for. Now, Clean yourself up Jeff.

“You seem to enjoy being fucked by guys,” David continued.

When I started to say something he lifted my head from the desk and pushed it back down—hard.

“I was not asking for your opinion. Jason come here so I can unlock your belt.”

David kept me firmly pinned to the desk as he unlocked his gym stud slave.

“One hundred eighty days you say?”

“Yes, SIR.”

“Do you promise to viciously rape this worthless ‘heterosexual’?”

“YES SIR.”

Rape Number Three

Jason was much larger and much less gentle on my ass than Jeff, or David, had been.

With several powerful strokes Jeff rammed his way in and out of my fuckhole like a violent jackhammer.

I screamed for him to stop and he just fucked me harder and worst of all my cock stayed rock hard inside the plastic chastity cage but not without enough room to become erect or to achieve orgasm.

“STOP,” I begged but Jason just raped me more brutally.

David let go of my head and I found Jason forcing me onto the floor and on my back and then I was being fucked so he could watch my face and watch me scream for him to stop.

He kissed me and then orgasmed inside me. Like Jeff the orgasm was intense and seemed to go on forever. Unrelenting he kept forcing me to kiss him violently working his mouth and forcing his tongue into my mouth. The harder I tried to fight him the more he just used his strong body to pin me down.

I had been made a bitch and treated like I had treated my wife and the mistresses and hookers I fucked.

“Jason will not stop until you kiss him back,” David explained as if having a man being raped on his floor was no big deal.

I followed instructions, I found myself enjoying it. The humiliation, the submission. David was helping me find freedom.

Rape Number Four

I started to cry like a baby when Jason pulled out, but continued to keep my arms pinioned firmly to the office floor.

David took off his pants and kneeled down between my legs.

I started to kick my legs and realized my mistake as Jason moved my arms under his knees to keep my pinned and then his strong arms pulled my legs over my head.

Bent over myself and crying like a baby I was forcibly raped again.

I screamed, tried to kick, and cried but nothing helped.

David’s assault on my ass was ore violent and more intense than the previous day and more intense and with **absolutely no** concern for my pleasure. Only his.

There were as David explained while he raped me only two things I needed to learn: obedience to and pleasuring of my master or mistress. My pleasure, my pleasure was at the discretion of my master or mistress.

I screamed and cried louder as David continued to fuck me.

He didn’t stop till he orgasmed and even then his cock stayed fairly rigid and he continued to fuck me solely to torment me and hear me cry.

“Tie him up with his ass exposed like that in the bedroom and stick a five inch butt plug in him,” David said finally pulling out without any regard to my feelings.

Jason quickly grabbed me and dragged me out of the room.

Rape Number Five: The Buttplug

Legs doubled over my head I stayed for hours with a massive buttplug logged in my ass. Without a clock I had lost all sense of time. But I had woken to a birching with the sun still rising and between my doubled over legs I could now see the sun setting.

My fuckhole had been used and abused four times today alone and I was helpless to stop it.

Worst of all after what had to be like six or more hours being fucked by the hard metal plug, I was getting to like the sensation. A lot. My cock had stayed rigid in its plastic cage now for a few hours and I was I realized hoping that David might come fuck me again.

I saw no one and received no food or water that night, just a long steady fuck from the butt plug logged in my ass. I didn't sleep either.

Morning

By morning my legs were quite cramped and I called out first vaguely, "Help".

But then more specifically: "Please David, I enjoy being fucked, please..."

It took an hour and my throat and mouth were dry, but he finally arrived.

I knew by then what I had to do, "Fuck me David, please fuck me, please use me for your pleasure."

The butt plug came out and his cock went in.

Over the month I lost track of time but the treatments were unrelenting: shavings, enemas, fucking, whipping, birching, spanking, belting, tickle torture, hot wax, tit torture, you name it I was subjected to it. Everything but orgasm. Twice I can remember extended cum denial sessions but never an orgasm.

Also, David made me write extended journal entries.

[David: I kept the entries and am sharing some of them with you.]

Wife Visit #1

About two weeks in David was permitting me to sleep unrestrained since I was keeping the butt plugs and other objects required by David up my ass all night without trying to remove them.

I came downstairs with the long double dildo up my ass with a full foot or more still sticking out I had to walk clenching my cheeks to ensure that the dildo did not fall out.

Sitting at the table with David drinking coffee and chatting casually was my wife. I nearly let the dildo slip onto the floor. That would have been a serious mistake, just four days earlier I had been whipped quite severely out in the field with the birch for dropping the same dildo when I had been instructed to use it to fuck Jeff and Jason.

“Come in, and get under the table and lick your wife’s pussy,” David said without missing a beat and quickly returning to his coffee.

I hesitated and David clearly was pissed he stood up and picked a small tawse off the table. In less than ten seconds I was ass up over David’s lap with a huge dildo sticking up.

WHACK WHACK WHACK

I tried my hardest not to cry in front of my wife but David was unrelenting with the tawse. “What were you told to do?”

WHACK WHACK WHACK

“Lick my wife’s pussy SIR,” I said fighting back tears.

“And you hesitated why?”

WHACK WHACK WHACK

The pain became too intense and I started crying as David continued a brutal onslaught with the tawse. After about ten minutes he stopped the punishment and pushed me onto the floor. I struggled to keep the dildo in place lest I incur a whipping outdoors.

Still crying like a baby I crawled under the table and did something that just days earlier would have been unthinkable: licked my wife’s pussy without any regard to my own pleasure and without any ability to get direct pleasure.

“Thank you David,” my wife said as I began my licking. Not thank you Michael who was on his knees with a dildo up his bright red just spanked ass licking, but thank you David my rapist and punisher.

“I’ve had him practice fucking my boys with that dildo so he can stimulate them quite well without being able to orgasm himself or really exert any control over the person he is having sex with,” David explained. Now the practice sessions the past week made more sense. I had to back into Jeff or Jason and work the dildo into them so that they would enjoy it despite their cocks being caged. A small complaint from them and David would rain a dozen or more blows with the tawse on my back and if I dropped the dildo, well I didn’t drop the dildo after the first mistake.

“I’d like to see that,” my wife said as she stood up and pushed the chair away. I quickly scurried around and pushed my ass up into the air showing my wife where I could easily manoeuvre the dildo.

She squatted slightly and slapped my red ass cheek saying, “pleasure me for once you fucker.”

I worked my ass up and manoeuvred the dildo into her pussy and began to move my ass up and down to work the dildo in and out of her. She moaned pleurably and after twenty

minutes of extensive work on my part I succeeded in bringing her to orgasm.

She pulled off me and walked out thanking David on her way.

Reward

“Stay,” David said to me, “your wife was quite pleased. If you stay put for five minutes and enjoy her smells on you, then I will clean you up and give you a reward.

The minutes seemed like hours and then I found myself being lifted—by Jason of course—and dumped into a bathtub. I allowed Jeff to shave me without and resistance and Jason to soap me down. I could tell they enjoyed doing it.

Naked except for the chastity belt I was escorted downstairs to the office.

My “reward” for good behavior had three parts.

The first part was a tollyboy style metal and leather chastity belt of the type that was a permanent fixture on Jason’s midsection.

The second was that David would be keeping the key.

The third was that Monica, my wife, and David had agreed that I would have to visit David at least once a month or she would divorce me.

I foolishly tried to run out the door, but Jason tackled me and helped Jeff force me into a straightjacket. I was pushed over the desk and Jeff and Jason, at David’s instruction, took turns brutalizing my ass with a razor strap.

After David instructed them to stop, the tollyboy was attached with the strap holding a butt plug in my fiery red ass. David made a point of showing me the key used to lock Jason’s chastity belt was on the same key ring that held the key that locked my belt as we put the key ring back into his pocket.

Still trapped in the straightjacket I was carried upstairs and unceremoniously dumped in the bed.

David walked in and said, “I’m quite disappointed with your behavior after being shown the chastity belt, I was initially going to make Jeff and Jason suck you off to orgasm instead you got your ass whipped.”

He pulled the blinds and curtains shut leaving me in darkness and walked out shutting the door.

I cried sobbing.

I had been reduced from a millionaire internet CEO to a fuck toy for my wife. It was a long and continuing fall.

Last Night

On what, David announced was my last night for this stay, I strongly suspected that my wife would arrive. It had been over forty days since my last orgasm and I had started to become accustomed to the tollyboy that was my new “second skin”

At ten o'clock David summoned me to follow him to his office the lights were off save a library-style desk lamp. I quickly bent over the edge of the desk presenting my ass for either punishment or fucking as David might desire.

I was a quite different man than the one that had entered forty days earlier. David instructed me to finish my last journal entry.

[David, I'll pick up from here.]

Blackmail Photos

I showed Michael several long videos of him willingly sucking cock or getting fucked by Jason and Jeff. There were photos of him being shaved. Photos of him after whippings. Videos of whippings and more. What little shred of dignity he had remaining clearly faded away.

I had him sign model releases for several of the photographs and then stuck them in a large envelope and locked them in the safe in my office.

Schedule

I present Michael a calendar with several four day weekends highlighted. The calendar is a four year planning calendar and the dates stretch from 2001 through 2005. You will be here those weekends I explain twirling the key to his chastity belt in my hand casually. He nods agreement speechless.

Wife Visit #2

Monica enters as I slide the key into my pocket without giving him the relief he so tremendously desires.

I hand her the tawse and walk out of the room.

In the morning Michael comes downstairs still naked red bruises are quite visible on his buttocks, thighs and calves.

I ask Monica, “Better?”

“Much,” she responds and kisses me bye and then hands Michael skimpy running shorts and a skimpy T-shirt to put on as they head out the door.

September 2001 Update

Michael has had five monthly visits. During his visits, I make it a point to take him to the back room at my gym and strap him to the exam table and extract his cum slowly and painfully.

He reports to me that he is no longer working outside the house and spends all day at home naked.

He particularly hates visiting me since it means visiting airport security in the tollyboy—quite embarrassing.

And most importantly, Monica reports that Michael is *quite* focused exclusively on her sexual pleasure and he has not seen another woman since his visit.

Write the Author

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

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