

Justin Series

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1997-2001

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1 Spanking Party

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story is somewhat slow paced because the anticipation can be half the fun and to give you a chance to meet our protagonist. Some of the other characters in this story will appear in later ones also.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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The Stage Is Set

I looked at the alarm clock. 5 AM. *GROAN*. Work.

I mutter TGIF. And then, look down on my naked body as I move the sheets, and slowly realize that it is not just any Friday, but it is First Friday. Not some arts night on the town, but the monthly spanking party at the *Dungeon*. My thoughts turn to Michael, the hot boy who introduced himself into my life three months ago. My cock hardens and I push that aside and begin my morning work out routine.

Work

Work can drag on. And on. And on.

I find it hard to focus, this has been a long week and the partner's meeting this week was a royal pain. Oh, how I would love to take that pompous Geoffrey Duncan III and put him over my lap and give him a sound spanking. He spent an hour the other night keeping the rest of us there with various proposals that he "was certain would save us all money and increase our bottom line." I couldn't help but think several lines on his bottom would improve the situation for the firm more than anything. In the end all of his proposals were voted down, we've been through these same proposals at every partner's meeting for months. Actually, they were different proposals, same pompous brat.

And tonight, as my last appointment, I needed to work with *Geoffrey*, he had gotten himself into trouble over some tax returns with the state department of revenue. My job, keep him out of jail for blatant tax fraud. Goodness, how work can drag on. He comes into my office at 5 PM. An hour late. **ARGH!**

We start going over his return, but his attitude constantly gets in the way. He just can't

understand why he should have to pay any fines or what he did wrong. While many people think Tax law is boring, I find it stimulating. Crunching the numbers, working the code. But Geoffrey should go to jail, I fantasize about this as we work out a marginal excuse that will fly because of his family reputation and their connections in state politics. I imagine his beautiful body raped by some tough guy murders as they finally knock that grin off his face.

Two hours later than I had hoped, I leave the office, but I have the satisfaction of knowing I kept pretty boy out of jail. *Sigh*

Dinner

My work is demanding, but I'm well paid. Friday is perhaps the only day I can normally leave the office at a *human* hour. And tonight, because of *Geoffrey*, I'm later than I had hoped.

Back to my stunning apartment which overlooks the heart of the city. I stare out at the lights as I strip naked. I take a long shower and let go of the tensions of the day, fade away. My cock stiffens as I lather my chest and abdomen, cleaning myself. Primping for tonight. **Michael**. I imagine his flesh pressed against me, his ass over my lap.

I end the shower and get dressed.

Tight jeans, my huge cock fills the crotch amply.

Hefty steel toed construction boots.

A tight white short sleeve shirt through which my hot hard nipples can be discerned.

And finally, a black biker jacket.

I head to the garage of my building, where my "baby," a hot red BMW convertible awaits. I hop into the seat, lower the roof and pull out of the garage. I shoot up the Avenue towards the "Palm and Frond" a pretentious new restaurant in the gay section of the town. I arrive only 30 minutes late despite having overstayed at work. My usual crowd is there, Tom, Justin, Robert, and David. All of us have gone out for years together on Friday nights before hitting the bars. They are already deep into their third round of drinks and the table is replete with appetizers. I sit down next to Justin and he pats me on the back and says he ordered for me.

I thank him and order a round of drinks for all. I mention work, and Geoffrey. Tom says he's convinced Geoffrey is gay and that he thinks he saw him at ~Key West~ a few months ago. Everyone agrees that someone ought to stick him in his place. Dinner is delightful and the conversation passes from topic to topic. As dessert gets served we split up into the bar crowds. Justin and Tom will probably come with me tonight. Rob and Dave have been dating since forever now and will probably go home and rent a movie or something. God, it's so yuppie, they even have a Volvo and a house in the suburbs now.

Justin mentions that Michael and I will be the main event tonight and Rob and Dave suddenly change heart and decide to come to the *Dungeon* with the rest of us. Tom covers

the bill tonight, remarking that it's a "Bull Market."

We head out, Justin hops into my Beemer and Tom joins Rob and Dave in the Volvo for the ride to the *Dungeon*.

Car Ride

Justin had come with me to talk. He didn't make partner at his firm and didn't want to tell the other guys. I try to console him and offer to take him on as a senior associate and my right-hand. My firm has had a rough track record with associates recently, and the Tax department is very short staffed. I'm the only Tax partner, so I can safely promise the job, especially if I promise Geoffrey a vote on that Paper Reduction policy by getting rid of secretarial copy machines and replacing them with a centralized copy center.

Justin looks relieved. He kisses me, and I look into his eyes briefly. Justin is so beautiful. But, tonight Michael. My cock throbs. Justin puts a hand on my nipple and tweaks it gently.

"Later" I say. He smiles.

We had been together before, during law school. I always did better than him in class, on the bar exam, getting jobs, you name it. Three hot years together. But that was five years ago, and I was still doing better. He left me, but I don't think he ever stopped loving me. Neither of us had ever seriously taken up with anyone else, although I had come closest shortly after passing the bar with Marco... But that is another story.

The walk down memory lane had taken longer than I realized. Hot and turned on, I pulled into a parking lot. It had taken nearly an hour to get across town and it is 11 o'clock and we are in an industrial district. I kiss Justin and we head to the door.

The *Dungeon* awaits.

Michael awaits.

The Dungeon

It is worth describing the *Dungeon* mostly because it is such an amazing place. Located on the waterfront near the shipping yards, it is housed within a large warehouse. One enters through the ground floor and pays the cover. Or if you are going to be the object of activities, you can shed your clothes and enter for free.

No toys or weapons are permitted. Appropriate toys, are always in ample supply.

After entering, you climb a set of metal stairs and pass through a thick curtain. You are then on the catwalk which surrounds the perimeter. Additionally, the catwalk crosses above the floor at several points making a great observation deck. On Friday theme nights, the catwalk **and** ground floor are usually packed with hot men. The lighting is industrial with

roving spotlights highlighting hot action.

The ground floor which is reached by climbing back down the catwalk is where the action takes place. Tonight the floor is setup for spankings with chairs, tables, desks, and implements scattered to create ideal spanking areas. Naked men are already bent firmly over. Other hot men are firmly paddling butt.

Tom waves and Justin and I join our friends. They had arrived ahead of us and claimed prime catwalk space for the main event – Michael and I – on the stage.

I kiss Justin and head down onto the floor. The kiss elicits stares and a whistle from Dave who remembers what a hot item Justin and I were back in law school.

Michael

I leave my friends for him. Michael. My cock stiffens within my pants.

He showed up three months ago and changed my life. I don't know his last name. I don't know who he really is. Just a name, a body and a hot hungry ass that needs a spanking. In my stodgy life the thrill of this is like a bungee jump without any safety equipment.

He is short at 5'6". His brown hair, wide innocent blue eyes and youthful goodlooks make him seem barely a day over 21 – if he even is over 21. I remember meeting him. He was naked and standing watching the action. Unsure whether to step in. I felt the hunger within him. He had gotten up the nerve to come all the way out to the *Dungeon*, but wasn't sure.

That night I led him down the catwalk and spanked him in public. He was quiet and turned-on throughout the spanking no matter what I dished out. His butt, cock and body desired more. Twice more Michael's hot flesh was under my hand. The next month the paddle. Then the belt. Then we were invited to do the Midnight floorshow by one of the hosts. Tonight.

Michael walked over and kissed me. I cupped his hot ass cheeks in my hand and kissed him back with tongue. God, how I crave his body. I've met lots of men at these parties, but never one like Michael. Never one who was such a mystery. One who would give his body so completely, but withhold a phone number. I had toyed with using the firm's PI to track him down, but the mystery itself was arousing.

We watched on for a while – both aroused – and then headed to the stage for our exhibition.

A Spanking

The lights dimmed and the exhibition began. The *Dungeon* has an exhibition each Friday to go with the theme. Usually after the exhibition people shed their inhibitions further and the last few hours are even hotter than the earlier ones.

I leave my coat off stage and march the naked Michael onto the stage by the ear like a young

child ready to be disciplined.

I sit down in the ample chair and pull him across my lap. He comes unhesitatingly. I feel the lights on me, and hundreds of eyes. Hundreds of eyes of hot horny men watching on. Envyng the hot young man over my lap. Envyng the lily white ass.

I rub Michael's ass crack publicly. And squeeze his hot smooth bubble butt. **AHHH** The feel of control over a butt.

I raise my hand and land the first blow. My large firm hands leave a clear red hand print across his cheeks. I rub his ass cheeks more and squeeze his buttocks. And then begin to land a series of hard firm blows across his buttocks.

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

I land each blow across his cheeks and his cock stiffens in my lap. His ass is a pleasant pink now. And he is moaning softly. The audience has pulled closer on the floor. I feel the testosterone in the room. Hundreds of stiffening cocks. I cup his ass cheeks and rub them and squeeze them. This is the best part of spanking someone. The sense of control and domination you have over them.

After the pause... I resume spanking...

SWAT SWAT ...squeeze...

SWAT ...rub... SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

...squeeze... SWAT SWAT SWAT

I caress those now crimsoning buttocks. Michael is rock hard in my lap and I grab his cock between his legs and pull it out showing the audience his hard tool. A silent gasp is palpable in the audience. I stroke the throbbing cock gently and then shove it back down and pull him tighter against my lap.

Time for the paddle.

WHACK WHACK

The solid wood of the paddle lands it firmly across the beautiful bubble butt. My aim is impeccable and Michael's body recoils slightly from the force of the blows. After a few more, he catches the rhythm and begins to move his butt up to meet the blow of the paddle, desiring it more than anything.

The moment is there. Both of us enraptured in pleasure, my cock throbbing within my jeans for release. His rock hard in my lap ready to ejaculate. And my strong well built body working to beat his hot ass.

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

...

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

Time flows by as I keep beating his ass with blow after blow of the paddle. His buttocks are deep crimson and the repeated blows of the paddle have left their marks.

Michael is sobbing softly, but still rock hard. I lift his face to mine and stand him up and hold him in my arms. His sore red ass exposed to the audience as the lights dim. The room is silent and you can feel the energy. I continue to caress his sore ass as I hold him and rub his hard cock against my crotch.

Spanking resumes in earnest throughout the room and I lock my tongue in Michael's mouth and pull him close as he shoots his load into my crotch.

And then, I release him, respecting the distance and odd mystery that he is. He stares at me longingly. As if part of him wishes to share some secret with me, but turns and leaves.

GOD the joy, and the frustration...

During the show, Justin had walked down from the catwalk and up onto the stage. He hands me my coat and asks if I'll take him home – to my apartment.

Later that Night

Well, that is a story for another day...

Epilogue by the Author

This story is based in part on a factual event and in part on my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me at the e-mail address at the top. Who knows, maybe I'll write some more.

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2 Justin Returns

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

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Prologue

As Justin hands me my leather jacket, we head back out of the *Dungeon*. The ending of the show, triggered an explosion of activity on the warehouse floor. Butts are bared left and right, far and near, as hot men throughout the bar are blistering those butts. Justin looks at me guardedly and smiles.

We climb back up to the catwalk where our friends are waiting. They congratulate me on a job well done – on Michael's butt – they loved the show. Dave separates himself from Rob – not a small task given their appearance of being joined at the hip these days. And whispers in my ear to ask if I can come over sometime and settle a problem he and Rob have been having for a while, Sunday I whisper back.

With kisses all around, Justin and I leave together – that hasn't occurred for years, 5 to be exact. We head for my convertible.

The Long Ride Home

In the parking lot, before I start the car I look at him closely in the passenger seat. I hadn't for years. I remember his body intimately from our three years together. He is still as stunningly beautiful as ever. His brown hair flat and pulled back just perfectly. His deep almond eyes bright and alert making a beautiful contrast against his skin. The nose beautifully shaped. And a mouth, what a mouth.

But, I want this time to be different. I don't want him to just walk away when things get rough. It happened that way before. The bar exam. We had taken it together, studied for it together, and I had some family affairs to tend to before we went to celebrate together. When I came home he was gone. Five years had past.

I start the car and drive slowly home.

I wonder what he is thinking.

I remember coming back from the hospital where my grandfather was recovering from heart

surgery to find an empty apartment. He was gone. My anger had to be put aside as I had to quickly start working – where I do now. We never discussed it

Later through Tom and Dave who I met at various events, I remet Justin when he dated Dave. He had the nerve to act like he barely knew me. Dave broke up with Justin, and yet Justin somehow became part of our circle. Week after week now for three years, every Friday he has sat smugly at the dinner table acting like we are best friends and nothing ever happened. Never an apology of anything.

“Tonight,” I say out loud.

Justin turns towards me, and I look back with a *grin*.

I pull his face towards me as I approach a stop light and kiss him. “Tonight, we will settle some old scores and set *this* relationship on the path to success,” I say. He looks up at me and doesn’t say a word. The light changes and I apply the accelerator firmly, and the Beemer responds deftly bringing us up to 80 in seconds as I pull onto the expressway to head back downtown to my apartment.

Since his wordless reentry into my life by way of Dave, Justin has watched me spank countless bottoms at the *Dungeon*, shave bound blonds, and fuck the odd trick. All in public, all while he watches on. He and Tom are voyeurs at the *Dungeon*. Tom comes because aside from getting piss drunk on booze, he wouldn’t know what else to do on a Friday. And Justin, I’ve wondered why Justin comes. Sometimes, I think it is to watch, but mostly I’ve suspected it is to be with me. To watch me from nearby rather than a distance.

I look at the road more carefully and realize that we are approaching my exit. I smoothly pull the car over to the right and off back onto the city streets. The streets are quiet and my apartment is nearby.

I resolve upon my course of action for the rest of the evening – and beyond.

Garage

I pull the Beemer into the garage. It was a 29th birthday present to myself and now that I will soon be 30 it definitely screams early midlife crises.

I insert my key card into the private elevator for the top floors and the elevator arrives momentarily. As the doors close, I pull Justin against me and ask if he is ready to give himself to me.

He looks down at the floor.

I place my hand below his chin and pull his face up so he must look at my face.

As the elevator glides up 39 floors to my apartment, he remains silent in my arms.

Penthouse

After making partner in only 3 years, I moved into this penthouse apartment, the private elevator opens directly onto my half of the 39th floor. The other set of doors in the elevator open to my neighbor who shares the floor with my apartment. Above us there is a full-floor penthouse and all three penthouses share access to the private roof deck.

As we step into my apartment, I prod Justin ahead of me slightly. His silence was refreshing especially as I had his body held tight in my arms for the ride. Now it is time to put him in his place.

STRIP

I bark. A command, not a question, not a discussion. He looks at me as if he doesn't understand. I repeat it.

STRIP

Then he begins to move. He first removes his shirt removing his beautiful well defined chest. His nipples are every bit as perky as I remember then being; and they are rock hard right now. Next off come his shoes and then his pants. His strong legs are well toned and muscular. His briefs and socks remain on.

"I said to strip Justin," I say.

He looks at me as if testing my resolve. He has seen me work countless men in the bar and perhaps fantasized as to what I do at home. Tonight he will find out.

He stands still.

I grab him and turn him away from me and push him into the mirrored wall that forms the entry to my apartment. His body shivers involuntarily as the mirror is cold. I pin both arms behind his back and fasten them with a flexicuff. (Flexicuffs are a lot like wire ties, they are thin plastic which allow the free end to be inserted into a locking part and tightened. The cuff can only be removed by cutting it. Flexicuffs are designed for police use and don't dig into a person's hand like a plain wire tie would. I always carry some as easy, compact, safe, and effect restraints.)

Silence.

Not a peep from the brat.

I pull up his underwear violently giving him a wedgy.

Pushed hard against the mirrored wall with his hands tied, he can hardly do anything about it. He tries standing on his tippy toes, but I only pull harder. Thus, I elicit the first muffled sounds of discomfort from his mouth. I keep pulling harder and harder on the underwear till they finally give. As I finish tearing them off his body I hear him say "Ow!" quite distinctly. Still on his tippy toes I push my weight into his back and whisper calmly: "In the future, when I give an order, follow it."

I step back and tell him to get his socks off. He waits for a moment thinking I might untie

his hands, and then gets them off using one foot to pull off the other's sock.

First Spanking

I take him by the arm gently and walk him to my guest room.

That is perhaps a misnomer. I have three bedrooms in my penthouse. The master bedroom has its own bathroom replete with large jacuzzi. The other two bedrooms are tinier and share a bathroom. I use one for guests from out of town while the other is a well stocked dungeon in its own right.

I shut the door to the dungeon and lock it. When, like tonight, the blinds are open and you can see the city lights through the full length floor to ceiling windows. I bend him over my spanking horse. The horse is designed with an ample mid-section and arm and leg restraints.

I cut the flexicuff and fasten his hands in the leather restraints of the horse. Then I fasten his legs.

Then I head to the bathroom and absent myself for a while.

All of the boys who have visited my dungeon here have expressed their terror afterwards of the open nature of the dungeon with its view on the city. Although there are no other tall buildings – very – nearby, they find themselves embarrassed by being forced to pose in the window for fear of being seen. I can understand how the risk that someone will see your face and hard cock pressed against my 39th floor window scares them.

I return and stand in front of Justin in my leather chaps. My huge 8" cock is exposed to him. He looks up at me and asks to be let go. I ask him if that is really what he wants. After all, he

is here finally. I put my cock close to his face. Close enough that he could suck it.

He moves his head towards it, and I pull it away.

Not until you take your punishment I pronounce.

He looks at me. I pick up a wooden paddle. He asks why he needs to be punished. I remind him of a certain July day 5 odd years ago. He looks to the ground. Resigned to his punishment, he nods to me.

In the three years we dated, we never did any S&M stuff. The kinkiest we got was sixty-nine and that was delightful. It wasn't that I wasn't into S&M them, but rather that I was in love with Justin and wanted whatever we had to work out. Now, though, I wanted something different, most immediately I wanted him to be punished and to apologize for leaving me – like he did. But also, I wanted him back in my life on **my** terms under my rules.

Having never been spanked in his 28 odd years of life, Justin probably didn't quite know what to expect. I first kneaded his butt to accustom him to the feel of my hands. Typically I don't restrain a boy during a spanking, but rather enjoy having them over my lap so I can feel their hardening cock and play with it. This was different in several respects. Firstly, he

had never been spanked – ever, and I didn't want to waste my energy holding him down. And secondly, I didn't care whether he enjoyed it, just that his ass hurt **a lot** when I was done.

I began the spanking with the paddle. Cruel, I know. But necessary to prove this point. I knew that irrespective of the instrument I used he would be crying like a baby, I wanted the first 20 or so swats I got in to make an impact. One that said, "I'm in charge now."

SWAT

I connected the paddle to his butt and even though his body was fully restrained you could see him struggle and nearly jump out of his skin as it struck. Various expletives shot forth from his mouth and after a moment or two, I brought the paddle down again.

SWAT

This elicited a wonderful **Yelp!** that I let hang in the room before connecting my attitude adjuster with his attitude again.

SWAT

His butt was now a bright shade of pink and the marks from the three paddle blows were all distinct. He was sobbing softly now and I paused. Tender even while punishing, I rubbed his buttocks and crack and felt his flesh. Hot! Then, my resolve returned, my anger.

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

I landed four rapidly paced blows. He was howling now in pain. My paddle is a firm oak paddle which is about a 1/4" thick and 1' long and 4" wide. It has successfully corrected several bad attitudes in addition to being the favorite play instrument of many different men I've been with. Now it was in correction mode and it does that quite well. Justin's butt was a deeper red now and the repeated impacts of the paddle made clearly distinct lines.

"13 more," I announce, "Count them from 1, boy."

SWAT

Silence.

I repeat the stroke.

SWAT

"One," I announce for him.

He repeats it now, "One."

SWAT

“Two,” he manages through clenched teeth.

SWAT

“Three.” He is crying loudly now. Never having been spanked, the paddle is an extremely pain filled way for me to make my point on his ass.

SWAT

“Fou...r”

SWAT

“...F...*sob*..ive..”

SWAT

“...si..*sob*... ~please stop~ ~I’m sorry~ ~I’m sorry~ ...”

SWAT

“Six,” I say. He howls in pain and breaks off pleading me to stop and apologizing. I resolve to finish what I’ve started...

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

I finish the seven remaining blows over his protestations and then put my hands on his blistered ass. The joys of a job well done. He is sobbing and in severe pain. I release his ankles and arms and position him directly in front of the window. His sore backside to me. His face and cock and nakedness facing out onto the city.

I tell him to keep his nose firmly against the glass or he will regret it. He pushes it against the glass as he sobs. I sit on the spanking horse and stroke my hardness.

I can see his face in the reflection of the glass. I love to just look at sore ass. Especially sore ass that I made sore.

An Apology

After watching him stand for an hour. His sobbing had finally stopped. I only had to remind him four times to keep his nose against the glass. He did it. The mild smacks with my hand helped reinforce my message no doubt.

I explain that now he needs to make his apology. I tell him to turn around and come over to me. I spread my legs. My throbbing 8” tool is hard and ready to burst. My chaps leave a tremendous amount of my thighs exposed as well.

I say nothing. Justin has figured out what to do though and kneels in front of me.

His mouth – god what a beautiful mouth and talented tongue – envelops my cock and his tongue begins its work.

I hold it back as long as I can to extend the difficulty of his task.

But my willpower is no match for the skill of his expert tongue, it never was, and after a few minutes, I grab his head tightly and shoot a torrent of cum into his mouth.

“Swallow,” I say.

He does, and then he smiles at me.

I tell him to take a shower and then we’ll talk about the future.

He nods.

Rules For Life Together

When he comes out of the shower, I am naked. I pull him to me and kiss him forcefully, ramming my tongue into his mouth and owning him. I hold him tight.

We go out into the living room and sit down on the couch. His ass is tender enough that even sitting on the couch you can see it smarts.

I ask him if he is ready to move in with me again, this time for good. He shrugs.

Justin never was much for conversation I remember. Infuriated me always, but his body, his intelligence, his charm, and a lot of other things evened it out.

I decide to lay out the law.

I explain that tomorrow we will go to his apartment and pick up any clothing, and whatnots, that he needs and bring them back here. He will move back into my bedroom. I will get him the job as a senior associate at my firm, where he will work directly *under* me. In my house he will follow certain rules.

Up until this point he had been silent. Now he speaks up, and says, “I know.” I’m caught off guard by this. How could he know, unless he had been tracking some of my live in sex partners. I haven’t had a steady relationship since Justin, but I’ve had several boys – men – live with me for months on end. With each of them, we followed a set of rules to help keep their behavior up to standard. If Justin knew them, that meant...

“Good,” I finally say aloud.

I indicate that it is time for bed and he heads to my bedroom. I watch him walk there willingly. His ass sore and about to receive more.

Bedtime Spanking

I headed to the bedroom after turning out some lights and setting up the coffee maker. With each of my live in boys, I've found that a regular spanking of 25-30 swats is a helpful way of constantly reasserting control over them. It creates an expected routine within which the other more severe punishments fit and during times of extended good behavior reminds them to keep it that way.

I sit down on my desk chair and call for Justin to come over. He was standing in the window, nose against the glass waiting. How could he have known.

I guide him across my lap. And administer the spanking firmly. He cries immediately because I had already made his butt tender but takes it without trying to block my spansks – a big no no.

When it is finished, he kisses me and thanks me. And we get into bed together with his head nestled against my chest.

GOD life can be so beautiful I think as I drift to sleep.

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me at the e-mail address at the of the story. Who knows, maybe I'll write some more.

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3 Mediation by Paddle

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REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party* and *Justin Returns*. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the feedback I've received.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Now, every lawyer has probably heard of mediation, but few probably mean quite what I mean in this context by it. Here, the paddle settles the score by blistering butt.

My two "married" friends Dave and Rob frequently get into protracted disputes. When they went to buy a car, it took a month for them to just agree on a color and then Rob changed his mind at the last minute.

Mediation became necessary.

By the time they finally purchased their pathetically soccer-mom-esque blue Volvo wagon, both of them had gotten some mediation at least once.

Thus far, I don't have many clients for this practice other than Dave and Rob, but they've enjoyed it, mostly when the other is getting it, but I've wondered about expanding it. But, maybe then it might become too commercial.

How it all started

Now, for all I complain about Dave and Rob being joined at the hip, my close circle, with Dave and Tom, acts collectively as a creature of habit. Every Friday since we connected 5 odd years ago, dinner out. Saturday dinner at my place, take in chinese. Sunday, brunch.

Things have changed slightly in that pattern both over time and on specific weekends. Over the years various boyfriends, and sex partners, have sat at the table. When Rob came along, he soon became a regular. And like Justin, I suspect even if Dave and Rob broke up, Rob would keep coming.

Now, shortly after they met and became joined at the hip, I had occasion to spend a whole

day with Dave and Rob out at the Art Museum.

It was a Monday holiday, and the Museum had a new gallery exhibit on Picasso. Throughout the day, Dave and Rob bickered like little children over whether to move to the suburbs or not. The argument had become rather immature and had degraded with jabs being shot across the bow constantly.

I stood in between them as we took the taped tour of the exhibit. This did not deter the argument. As we walked from picture to picture on the tape, one and then the other would get their side in.

“Suburbs.”

“City.”

Well, you get the picture. I found the whole thing obnoxious. But, I think in many ways they were also asking for my help in settling the dispute. Now, personally, I would prefer to live in the city so you may be wondering how they ended up in the suburbs. The answer is that in mediation, of any sort, the mediator’s preferences aren’t a trump card, rather the mediator is supposed to seek the common ground.

I decided to invite them to my apartment for dinner midway through the tape tour. I also decided that I would settle the dispute one way or another. My cock throbbed, I hoped it was the other way.

Mediation

By the time we got back to my apartment from the museum it was late afternoon and the bickering had continued throughout the day.

I announced that I was going to settle this matter through mediation.

They looked at me quizzically.

I sent each of them to a separate bedroom in my apartment.

I first went into the room Rob had entered and sat down with him on the bed. We talked about his preferences, he wanted to get out of the city. After about 30 minutes of discussion, I told him to wait in the bedroom. He was in my dungeon bedroom and so he was not eager to wait. I think he already knew at that point that I was into S&M, but waiting in a room with a spanking horse and paddles among other toys could be uncomfortable I’m sure.

Next, Dave and I talked. He had gotten antsy waiting and was pacing the room. I sat him down on the bed and we talked about it. He wanted to stay because he didn’t want to lose his social life with Tom and I. I told him to wait in the bedroom while I talked to Rob some more.

I went and spoke to Rob about Dave’s concerns and Rob agreed that as a couple the two of them would maintain Dave’s contacts with Tom and I. Rob could not understand why Dave was concerned about this since he was as much a part of the whole circle.

I went back to Dave, but he had changed his mind and didn't want to move at all.

That was the moment I formed my resolve. Dave wasn't being reasonable, if Rob agreed on any issue, Dave still wasn't willing to move. I took Dave into the other room with Rob and pushed him over the spanking horse.

He was **not** expecting that.

I began to spank him over his pants.

Rob sat silently afraid to intercede.

Dave complained, loudly, and I ignored his complaints. When he moved his hands in the way, I tied them to the front of the spanking horse. When he began kicking with his still free legs, I took his pants off and restrained his legs.

Then I stopped for a minute. I told Rob he could either watch while Dave got paddled or he could leave the room, either way I announced, Dave was getting 30 of my best.

Dave screamed.

Rob smiled.

Rob did me one better though and dropped his trousers and shoved his cock in Dave's mouth. I hadn't planned on that one, but after a brief pause, I decided that it would make the punishment and humiliation for Dave **significantly** more acute. Plus it had the added bonus of making it clear to Dave that Rob's position had won this round and changing his wasn't acceptable.

I went to the wall and selected my favorite paddle. A beautiful wooden correcter. At 1/4" thick, 4" wide and a foot long, its solid oak lets the spankee know who's the boss **very** rapidly.

While Rob forced Dave to suck cock, I began a painful spanking.

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

SWAT

I paused. Dave was in agony already. Rob was in ecstasy. And I was rock hard inside my pants.

I took the moment to caress the reddening butt cheeks that my paddle was working and squeeze the now hot flesh. Then I resumed in sets of five.

SWAT

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SWAT

Each blow was distinct and hard. Dave's ass was mine. Rob shot his load at this point and left his now softer cock and cum in Dave's mouth. Dave attempted to cry but Rob rammed his groin tightly into Dave's face. I was throwing a raging boner that I released from my pants as I continued to beat Dave into a blistering crying baby.

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Twenty more of my best connected with his ass. Rob removed his cock and Dave began to bawl. I released his restraints and put him against the window for observation. His ass was blistered and red. Rob looked very satisfied.

While he cried against the window, I sat on my spanking horse, cock rock solid 8" and throbbing admiring my work. Rob was kind enough to provide me a blow job as I watched his boyfriend cry naked and exposed to the city.

Rob is not such a great cocksucker, but that worked in my favor here. Twenty minutes after I finished beating his boyfriend sore Rob was still sucking away at me and I was still enjoying blistered butt. Dave was still in tears and seemed about to move away from the window from embarrassment.

"Stay," I barked.

He did.

Finally Rob's efforts succeeded and I shot a massive load from my huge low slung balls into his waiting mouth. Then he sat down next to me to watch his crying boyfriend.

Out loud he thanked me for settling the matter and we kissed.

Dave cried.

We must have watched Dave for several hours before he was ready to leave the corner and come sit on my hard dining room chairs for dinner. **Ouch!** did that smart.

By next week they had found their new suburban house and were set to move in.

A job well done.

Sunday

I hadn't decided by Sunday morning whether to bring Justin with me or not. Regardless of who ended up getting paddled, having Justin watch would be particularly extra humiliating for either Dave or Rob.

As Justin and I lay in bed, his head nestled against my chest, I decided that Justin might as well come along since at various times in the future the gang would see him all but buck naked and also probably see him getting spanked as well.

I nudged the sleeping adonis on my chest awake and he looked up at me smiling. We kissed. He was settling in to our life together nicely. Yesterday had brought him completely under my roof, his own apartment empty – not that there was much there – and his life now all under my roof.

He had experienced a second bedtime spanking, willingly and actually enjoyed it this time. His cock became pleasantly firm between my legs. Although he had pushed my normal limits a bit far during the whole move, I cut him a good bit of slack to let him accustom himself to my routine and my demands.

Walking through the apartment naked, or in a jockstrap, he looked stunning. His butt was still sore from the first night but that just turned me on.

I told him about my plans for the day and he smiled.

As we got dressed to head to brunch we talked about whether he wanted to work or not. I reminded him he didn't have to. He said he wanted to and asked about my client base and other details.

As we drove to Dave and Rob's suburban home I discussed office politics and what I would be having him do. He made some great suggestions on the ride about how to handle a matter I had with the IRS over an illegal seizure and I decided he could handle that case for me since I liked his thinking on the matter. This was the Justin I remember most from back in law school. Sharp, bright, articulate, but also shy in a strange way. I kiss him.

We arrive at Dave and Rob's.

Rob greets us in the driveway and looks surprised to see Justin with me. His surprise was twofold. He didn't quite catch the cues that Justin and I were going home together. But the look of embarrassment that washed over his face revealed the worst aspect of the surprise, the realization that if he is in the wrong, Justin will see him get the paddle.

Breakfast

We enter the house and Dave while less surprised to see Justin also has a look of embarrassment on his face. I smile broadly. We sit down at their dining room table. I fondly recall the large number of mediations that went into the decoration of their home.

After a delightful breakfast over which Justin talks openly about moving in with me and his

new job, the topics are all pleasantries. Dave looks at me guardedly, wondering if Justin is getting spanked among other matters. I look back at him and mouth, “Ask.”

He does. “Justin,” he says, “so are you living with him for real or just getting the royal princess treatment?”

I roll my eyeballs. The man can’t ask straight out.

I interject before Justin can answer.

“Justin, he wants to know if you’re getting spanked now that you are living with me again.”

Justin is embarrassed by this question, asked so brazenly, and by me.

He summons his courage and responds, “Yes, I am.”

A conversation stopper.

Breakfast trails off in silence.

The Dispute

We head towards the living room and I ask Dave what the problem between he and Rob is. Rob groans. Dave explains that he would like Rob to quit his job to be at home more for him.

Rob starts to interject, but a glare from me silences him. He knows the process for my mediations all too well now. I don’t physically separate them anymore, but each person says their side fully and then the other and back and forth without interruptions.

Dave continues without prompting. He explains how his salary can support them both while Rob’s job waiting tables at a theatre district restaurant pays for nothing and keeps him out of the house till late. Especially now that he works the 5-11 shift Monday through Friday. Further Dave explains, the take home pay doesn’t cover the commuting expenses. When they had met, Dave was a cardiovascular surgeon, still is, and Rob was an out-on-his-luck performer. Over the 3 odd years they’ve been together, not much has changed. Dave wants a trophy wife – husband – at this point, and Rob is determined to earn his keep somewhat.

After Dave finishes, I turn to Rob. He explains how much he enjoys working and that Dave had encouraged him to find something to do involving his acting. I ask him if he thinks waiting tables in the theatre district fits that bill, he shrugs.

The conversation goes back and forth for awhile. And then I leave the room and take Justin with me. I ask Justin his opinion. He suggests that both should be able to work if they want. I ask him whether he thinks it is fair for Rob to waste his time waiting tables at exactly those hours when Dave is most likely to be home and looking for emotional support and caring. I point out that if Rob were acting in a play rather than just trying to prove a point about making money, I could see it differently. Also, I point out that Rob agreed to go to Dave’s hospital functions, but now with his work schedule would be busy every weekday evening.

Justin nods in agreement, we kiss for a bit and I let the two of them wait.

I send Justin out to the car for my briefcase – and paddle.

Mediation

I return to the room and talk about my thoughts and concerns. Rob starts to interrupt but thinks the better of it. I have Rob strip and come over my knee for a lecture.

I talk to him about his role in Dave's life and vice versa. I explain that while he is welcome to pursue acting as a serious career, waiting tables is hardly fulfilling his life's goal. He is firmly over my lap and I am rubbing his ass cheeks and feeling his crack.

Justin comes in with my briefcase. I tell him to open it and get out my paddle. He does. Rob is somewhat lucky, by getting spanked here, he doesn't need to be tied over my spanking horse plus Dave will find it harder to ram his cock into Rob's mouth over my lap which is lower than the horse positions the spankee's body.

After a few minutes of lecturing him about his behavior and his insistence on breaking the agreement, I lift the paddle over Rob's firm tight butt.

SWAT

The response is instant, and Rob lets out a loud "Yelp!"

Dave comes over and with his pants off, positions his cock in Rob's uplifted mouth. Rob is definitely going to find this unpleasant. Not only to be spanked, but to have his head held up awkwardly to suck his boyfriend's rock hard cock as he gets spanked. Further Justin has moved in front of Rob's line of sight so Rob is aware of Justin's observation of his humiliation. And Justin's approval of it.

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I land 5 successive and brutal blows of the paddle on his ass. His body is bucking in agony as his butt gets blistered. Dave is doing an outstanding job of holding Rob's face and mouth firmly around his raging hard-on. I pause and take some time to caress the reddening butt of one of my best friends.

I fondle his fuckhole and pucker it slightly. And then squeeze and kneed his reddening cheeks.

Thirty more swats. I pronounce.

Rob tries to scream but Dave has his hands on the back of Rob's head and all I hear is "Nppppmppp mmmumppph." Dave nods at me and begins face fucking his boyfriend while I turn my attention to punishment.

I reach between Rob's legs and pull his cock out and fondle it briefly. It is slightly hard. After a few strokes it hardens and Rob relaxes.

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I finish his punishment swiftly and painfully. 30 strokes that turn his once bright white butt a deep crimson with blisters and welting. His ass is on fire. I keep him over my ass as he cries and Dave finishes getting a blow job from him. Then I stand him up and place him in the picture window.

I've always considered punishment different than play. Michael and my live-ins I play with. Sometimes I spank them in fun places for long periods with my hand for fun, for control, for arousal, for ejaculation, you name it. This is different though this is not for pleasure.

Punishment.

It has to be excruciating as far as I am concerned. Here I don't worry about my partner's arousal, but rather that their butt hurt and they be utterly humiliated. I send Justin outside to stare at Rob in the window and look in as Dave sucks me off.

I spread my legs and open my fly to reveal a raging hard on. Few things get me as hot as having spanked a boy.

Dave is eager to please. He kisses me and thanks me for making a good decision out loud. Rob visibly cringes but remains against the window. I see Justin through the window now taunting Rob and making faces. Rob is attempting to look away.

Before he realizes it, my hand **FIRMLY** swats his already sore butt and he jumps. Face out I remind him.

I sit back down and let Dave suck me off to the sounds of Rob's crying.

As Dave sucks, I gaze on at my effective handiwork, a bright red, sore butt and a crying boy.

After I shoot, I motion for Justin to come back inside the house.

I order Justin to lick Robert's red ass with his tongue.

He looks at me strangely, but knows better already than to argue with me and does as I ask.

He moves his agile tongue across the red ass with ease. Licking Rob's sore behind in large ovals and repeated licks. The sensation calms Rob enough to make him stop crying, and I see his cock hardening from the sensation of a wet tongue on his sore ass.

I walk over and bring Rob to me. I have him sit down on my lap and I pull his face to me and kiss him and whisper to him. After mediations now, I spend a lot of time talking with the punished side about how I expect them to behave.

After our conversation I ask if he wants Justin to give him a blow job. He nods grinning and

I tell Justin to do it. Justin does it beautifully, the man has such a wonderful skilled tongue. Within less than a minute, Rob's hot cum has filled Justin's mouth. I send Rob up to bed to rest and Justin and I hang out with Dave for a bit before leaving the two to themselves.

The Ride Home

As soon as we pull away from the house, Justin starts the conversation. Justin indicates that he didn't like me embarrassing him about getting spanked at home.

I remain silent to hear him out.

He wants our relationship at home to be private.

I shake my head slightly.

I point out that he didn't mind learning about Dave and Rob's personal life or embarrassing them.

Silence.

When we get home that afternoon, I decide I will handle the situation by going over my rules with him – explicitly. Since whatever he thought he learned wasn't the whole story.

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me at the e-mail address at the of the story. I've gotten a number of very positive responses to the original "Spanking Party" story I wrote and continue to receive them. As a result I've written more. Continued feedback means continued stories. Suggestions for the characters welcome.

Planned future works in this 'universe': Rules for Justin, I spank Geoffrey the snooty co-worker I've mentioned previously, Justin spanked in front of my dinner party, Michael 2/Spanking Party 2, and perhaps others.

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4 Rules for Justin

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party*, *Justin Returns*, and *Mediation by Paddle*. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

Author: TopLegal, toplegal@yahoo.com

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities. This story takes place early in Justin's adaptation to life under my rules.

Back to the Apartment

We head back to the apartment in silence. Justin had just suggested to me that I should keep his spankings and his new home life private.

I disagree.

Inside

Justin strips down to his jockstrap – maximum permitted indoor clothing – after we enter the apartment.

I kiss him. And head to the master bedroom to use the bathroom.

When I come out he is loafing on the couch. He is beautiful. Especially so naked and exposed to my desires.

I pull him to me, and fondle his body. I play with his nipples, tease his butthole. I caress his cockshaft and generally enjoy his body.

I start to talk with his cock shaft in my hand.

Rules

“Justin I say... you seem to know there are rules for living here.”

He cooes appreciatively of me stroking his cock and in understanding.

You are clearly already familiar with the broad ones: nightly bedtime spanking, jockstrap as maximum indoor clothing are the obvious ones.

He nods.

But surely you realized there were more I ask?

He shakes his head.

I ask him how he found out about the spankings and walking around naked.

He talks about when he left me and regretting it. But being afraid to come back. This is old history, 5 years old. I listen carefully stroking his cock, holding him. Fondling him and owning him.

He tells me how he watched me, stalked David and Tom. Chose to date Dave. Came back into my life through him. How he then watched my sex partners. Wanting me, but afraid to come back.

I remind him that we put that behind us the other night with his paddling. He nods and puts a hand on his ass remembering it. I realize that the gaps in his knowledge are because he just found out about the bedtime spankings, my signature ritual, and the general nudity in the house.

Spankings

I set out the rules one by one. Each reinforces my live-in boy's possession by me.

The most basic rule is that I spank my boy when **I** decide to do it. At any time. In any location. On any part of his body. As long and hard as I want.

PERIOD

Justin more or less knew this, but now he heard it out loud explicitly. I let it sink in. Then I have him repeat it.

“I can be spanked by you whenever, wherever, and however you want,” Justin repeats. I kiss him.

Dress Code

Around the house you will always wear clothing that leaves your buttocks and body maximally exposed for my pleasure. The most I will tolerate is a jockstrap. When you come in

from work, first thing I want you to do is get stripped down.

He also knew this more or less. I ask him to repeat the rule. “I will wear only a jockstrap at most while in the house, when I come in from outside I will get undressed immediately,” he repeats.

Another kiss.

Hygiene

I am a very neat and clean person myself and I expect that in others as well. Justin will have to shower daily. While he has never had strong bearding, he does have ample hair on his armpits and crotch.

Hair out.

I tell him to repeat the rule. “I will shower and clean myself daily, including keeping my pubic hair fully shaved,” he says.

Another kiss. I take the opportunity to guide him to the bathroom and shave him with a straight razor myself.

I start by lathering shaving cream under each armpit and letting it sit for a few moments.

Then I run a straight razor under the tap and remove his armpit hair in a few quick artful strokes. I make him stand with his armpits denuded and showing while I fetch a camera.

After a few snapshots of his upper torso on display. I apply the shaving cream to his pubic hair and the hair all throughout his groin.

I offer to let him do it, he declines. I take his slightly aroused cock in hand and pull it away from his body and then run the straight razor over his pubes. Working carefully, it takes me only ten or so strokes to denude his body of those signs of manhood.

More pictures.

I explain this is what he needs to do every day, if he prefers I can provide him a stock of disposable razors. If I find his job unsatisfactory.

I allow the then to hang in silence.

I decide to fill the jacuzzi and sit with him in it as we discuss some of his other responsibilities.

Bedtime Rituals

Irrespective of behaviour, my boys wait for me in the bedroom in front of the window. Then I come in and spank their bare bottoms a minimum of 20 times with my hand. Every night. Anywhere we visit, go, stay.

He nods, this he had experienced already twice. Tonight would be a third time. “I will

accept nightly bedtime spankings from you to maintain good behavior,” he repeats.

Miscellaneous

I mention that there are other things I expect that will become apparant by my directions to him over time. But that I’ve covered the key ones. Justin leans against me in the tub and kisses me.

I then remind him of his complaint in the car. I put my hand under his chin and turn his eyes to face mine. I ask him, what do you think about those remarks now?

He says nothing.

Well?

“I just want some privacy,” he says.

“Wrong,” I reply.

Last time we were together we did the lovey dovey equal boyfriends thing.

“This is not the same as last time *justin*,” I say. I use his name here as a weapon. ”You are my boy this time not my boyfriend,

my boy. That is why you are going to prance around the house naked. That is why you are going to keep yourself shaved for me. That is why you are going to get spanked by me on demand.”

“But,” he tries to interject.

I put my fingers to his lips, push his body up out of the tub, bend him over the edge and slap his ass firmly 10 times.

I then turn him back around to face me.

“This is your life now Justin, this is what you’ve wanted for so long. This is the life of the boys you trailed, the boys you wished you could be. Now it is yours and you are mine. If you don’t like it, you can leave.” I pause for effect. “But, don’t expect to come back to me, ever.”

“Dry off and go to the spanking horse,” I instruct him, “I’ll be in shortly.”

He hesitates in front of me. He isn’t sure whether he is ready to give himself to me. Shaving him had tested his resolve. The pictures more so. The spanking right here in the tub over a small interruption might have pushed too far. But, I felt I had judged the situation right.

After two minutes of testing my resolve he leaves the tub, dries off in front of me and heads out of the bathroom.

I sit in the tub for a while contemplating how to help him understand his new life best.

Enema

I head into the spanking room and he is over the horse waiting.

I lift him up off it and bring him back to my bathroom. I have him kneel on the floor of the shower on all fours.

I insert the business end of the enema kit's tube in his ass. I run some hot water in the sink and fill the bag with warm soapy water.

I insert the first bagfull, roughly a liter. He has never experienced an enema before and finds the experience arousing and a bit unsettling. I place my hands on him and allow him to get comfortable with the water inside him.

I stop the hose and refill the bag.

Then I fill his ass further. He moans slightly.

I pull the tube out and plug his ass with a large butt plug.

I tell him to bend over the tub ledge and remain with his ass exposed and holding the water in while I select an appropriate spanking implement for him tonight.

He asks why. I say "because." Most of the time I would leave it there, but to help him for now I add, "Mostly, to indicate that I will be the one who decides how private your spankings at my hands will be." He nods and then bends over the tub.

Implements

I leave the room and head to my instruments of correction. The paddle would probably be two intense right now. I'm looking for something that will redden, hurt, but not too much.

I select a riding crop with a supple leather end and return to the bathroom.

Justin is moaning in pleasure from the warm soapy waters filling his hot ass. His cock is hard and dangling between his legs.

I run the tip of the riding crop along the contours of his body. He seems uncertain as to what will happen. But he is there ready for me.

I strike his buttock with the crop lightly flicking the surface. He notices it and now knows what to expect. I then bring the tip down with some force producing a pleasant "Ouch!"

I fondle his ass with my hands and play with the buttplug I've got rammed in his ass. I stroke his cock some and then switch him with the crop 10 times quickly, producing a delightful sequence of "Ows!" and "Ouchs!"

I continue alternating between strokes with the switch to stimulate his ass and toying with the plug, and stroking his cock.

After 30 minutes, I've worked him into an excited sexual frenzy, but I drop his hormones all

of a sudden by grabbing him and standing him up in the shower, ripping the plug out and ending the experience.

I don't want his load to be wasted tonight.

I kiss him, proud of him for being ready to play so early in our new relationship and for lasting so long so I could truly enjoy giving a long steady disciplinary session. It didn't bother me that he was aroused because I was in control of him.

I had filled his ass, plugged his ass, spanked his ass, and now, I was ready to fuck his ass.

Sex

We had not had anal sex yet – this time around. I take him to the bedroom and lay him on the bed face up. I lift his legs onto my shoulders and with a touch of lube inserted my hard throbbing 8" cock into his still wet and soapy ass.

My tool slides in to his loosened lubed ass.

He moans.

I begin to fuck him with passion. His ass is not as red and sore as I might have wanted it, but he is hot and I'm ready to shoot like all fuck.

I buck in and out of his body with vigor. I haven't fucked in quite a while, and I haven't fucked Justin in years.

I buck my cock in and out of his body. As we start moaning together his cock stiffens and shoots and then I follow into his fuckhole, I've filled him with my cum.

I collapse on top of him and we kiss and cuddle for hours.

Bedtime Spanking

Finally, it is time for bed. I head through the apartment and turn out the lights. He takes some corner time – on display to the city.

When I come back he comes to my lap quickly and eagerly. I kiss him as I pull him across. I take my time administering his nightly spanking. Between each firm **SWAT**, I intersperse finger work on his fuckhole.

I take my time and dominate him for a full half hour over my lap. One spank each minute, I time it. His cock although having recently shot is hard between my legs as I assert my dominion over his body.

Afterwards we collapse into each others arms in bed and to sleep.

Epilogue by the Author

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5 Coworker Gets His Due

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

This story takes place about a month after Justin moved back in with me. He had started working at my firm as a senior associate in the tax division with me. Geoffrey Duncan III is an arrogant partner at my firm who I've mentioned in the past who, well, you'll see...

Work

Having Justin around at work was a delight. Firstly, he is quick on the job. In spite of the fact that something always held him back he fit in nicely at our firm and was already doing great with the clients I gave him. Plus our home life was wonderful. And, during the late nights that inevitably fill a high paid lawyer's career he always would come work in my office and we had the occasional make-out session.

The first Thursday of every month is always the partner's meeting. This Thursday would be the first one since Justin came on board and would be the time that his place at the firm became officially ratified. The astute reader of my journal entries might also note that the following day I would likely have another crack at Michael's hot ass down at the *Dungeon*.

My mind turned to the details at hand. I collected information from Justin about his billables for the past 3 weeks along with some outcomes. Then I walked over to Geoffrey's office to talk about cementing our understanding.

Geoffrey

I suppose it is important to describe this annoying yet good looking creature. While Tom remains convinced that he's seen Jeff at bars, I somehow doubt it. His family name and all that. You don't get a pompous name like Geoffrey Something Something Whatsathing Duncan III unless your family feels entitled to it. Around this city, they do, and he does.

He is fairly young, 31, roughly my age, and tall and lanky at 6'3", but probably a size 32 waist. He always looks a bit drugged out or something to me. His nose slightly red or his eyes looking blood shot. I don't know what he does that it looks that way since he always seems rather sober, but stupid. Perhaps inbreeding of the Duncan family has produced genetic defects.

His dirty blond hair and blue eyes, fill out my description and explain why inspite of his abrasive, snobbish, personality, one could imagine viewing him as rather hot.

Meeting

I wander into his office as he is ordering some of the junior associates to perform what they undoubtedly realize is worthless research. He wants information on the pre-emption of state gun laws by the Brady Bill for some gun-lobby client. If the client would be what you or I, or what most decent real human beings, would consider scum, they are on Geoffrey's client roster.

Some favorites carefully disguised: a famous movie star who raped a 13 year old, 2 foreign tobacco companies, several prominent fire-arms groups, along with a potpourri of obnoxiously right wing clients.

As his junior associates leave the office, I look at them sympathetically, my eyes saying, "God, you poor fucks," and my smile saying, "Come work for me, I need more bodies in the tax division."

Geoffrey had offered his backing and I was fairly certain I could count on the vote but I needed it in the bag. He and I along with Linda Jamieson are the partners on the hiring committee. All decisions are unanimous and then rubber stamped by all the partners. Linda approved since she knew how short staffed I was and had already had Justin help out two of the clients she had sent me who were languishing under Geoffrey's own tax problems.

Without Geoffrey's vote though, the whole process would be grueling Thursday night with questions as to why we split on Justin but still presented him to everyone. And the likely result would be no tax help for me.

"Hey, Geoff, remember the hiring meeting this afternoon?"

Sneer

"Well, we need to vote on Justin; Linda and I want him to stay, and you and I talked about this a bit before."

Laugh “So, what do you want me to do?”

I shut the door to his office.

“Well, for starters, vote for him.”

“Why, would I do a damn fool thing like vote for your faggot?” he says sneering at me.

I ignore the insult and sit down. Talking to Geoffrey when I tried to help him on his taxes a month ago was a barrage of insults. He didn’t follow my advice to the ‘T’ and the state treasury was coming. I knew this so I sat down calmly.

“Look, Geoffrey, I’m going to have to talk about the four weeks I will be out of the office trying your tax fuck-ups at the partners meeting tomorrow. Linda is going to tell them all how you have so completely usurped my time by fucking up over and over again with the government that our real clients would not be getting legal advice right now if it wasn’t for Justin.”

“Fuck you,” he says.

“Fine, then I’ll call the state treasury and tell them to haul you off to jail for a good year. I hear that pretty white boys like you tend to get gang raped in our minimum security prisons.”

That shut his trap. Geoffrey is a lousy lawyer, he forces junior associates to do all his work and for all he knows, I can make such a call. Actually, he probably realizes it is a bit more complicated than I am making it out, but the impact of my words is clear.

“I had offered to give you a bit of quid for my pro, if you voted for Justin, but now, the only thing you’ll get is not being utterly humiliated for failing to report income in front of the partners and a crack at staying out of jail.” This is in reference to an earlier promise, I made to support some of his idiotic cost saving proposals in return for Justin. “Also, if this fight goes down at the partner’s meeting, I’ll bring up the reasons that I am the only senior person in the tax department these days.”

He recoils visibly, his face scrunched, but still cocky.

Geoffrey has voted down every single tax associate over the past few years, last year, we had a mass exodus, I almost went with my associates, but I like the firm and I couldn’t see myself having to politic myself back onto the good partner committees even coming in as partner at a different firm. Right now, the tax department is literally Justin and me. I will make sure he is made partner within two years tops. The hiring committee also does recommendations for partners at my firm so I will have a key vote and Linda loves him to death already.

Geoffrey recovers his cocky attitude and begins to argue with me. “Look, there is no way I’m having any more faggots in this office, you keep picking them. Your whole tax group was all faggots.”

I cut him off, “Shut up, now! Firstly you narrow minded fuck head,” Persuasion with words was out the window at this point. “My division was not faggots, or gay people or

anything, they were some of the best associates we had at this whole firm ask anyone other than yourself. The fact is each of them got great jobs elsewhere thanks to my letters of recommendation and two of them have made partner in just a year.”

“Quite honestly,” I continue, “I’ve had it up to here,” I indicate above my head, “with your attitude towards me, your fellow partners, and most especially the whole world which you view as one big playground for your rich ass to romp around in.”

He looks at me stunned.

“If you don’t want a jail to be your home for the next few years, come by my apartment tonight **by** 9 pm at the latest and apologize to me.”

I leave the office.

Home

When we get home Justin heads to the bedroom to shed his work clothes for his house jockstrap. We kiss and I tell him about Geoffrey. He gets angry, and he reminds me how Geoffrey had promised. I point out that promises don’t mean much, but that I thought Geoffrey might stop by tonight to apologize for his language since without a lot of clever lawyering he was on a sure path for the big house.

Justin hadn’t been shown those files but after I explain the case and the discrepancy in the tax code as adopted vs. the information in the booklet and what Geoffrey did, he realizes that Geoffrey’s ass is in prison without skilled help. He smiles broadly at the thought. I slap his ass lightly to remind him not to take pleasure in another’s misery, and then we eat dinner with a pleasant discussion of world events and President Clintoid’s latest scandals.

When the house phone rings at 8:30, while Justin and I were curled in bed reading the *Tales of the City* aloud to each other, I’m not entirely surprised. I suggest to Justin that he remain out of sight throughout he nods and heads for a nice long jacuzzi.

Second Meeting

Geoffrey comes up to my apartment. He hasn’t been in it since I had a house warming a couple years ago. He is dressed in a suit and tie still, snooty 24 hours a day. It is hard to tell if he feels apologetic, but the words don’t sound it. He looks to the floor and pooh-pahs an apology. I shake my head, no go. And take him firmly by the arm towards my dungeon bedroom. He doesn’t exactly come unwillingly, but he doesn’t exactly come willingly.

He seems intrigued by my plans and yet terrified I might use him as jail bait.

I shut the door to the dungeon bedroom behind me and lock it. Upon hearing the bolt lock he turns and looks at me wild with a certain type of terror. I smile back and let him take in the room.

The spanking horse is prominently in the room along with a large assortment of restraints, spanking implements, dildos, leather products, video cameras and monitors. He stares at me terrified.

“What are you going to do to me? Let me go!”

“Jeffie,” I say, “I told you to come to my apartment if you wanted to apologize and not have me embarrass you in front of the partners.”

“I apologized man, what the fuck is wrong with you faggot.”

I slap his face.

He is taken completely aback.

“Get undressed you piece of shit,” I order.

He looks at me terrified, ready both to flee, attack and perhaps also piss in his pants at the same moment. His body resolves its mind and I see his pants turn dark to indicate wetness.

I pounce, “little baby pee-ed his pants,” I tease.

He covers his face in embarrassment. I pull him to me and take his suit jacket, tie, and shirt off. Underneath his lanky body is smooth supple skin. I remove his belt and drop his pants and underwear, boxers, to the ground.

“Strip,” I remind him. He steps out of his pants terrified of me.

Lights, Camera, Action

My dungeon is wired for video recording, there are 4 cameras I have mounted and a handy belt clip remote that selects between them. I walk to the control box and insert a tape while turning up the lights. Geoffrey puts his hands over his crotch realizing that I’ve got him on the monitors that are mounted around the four corners.

I’ve only had the video capabilities for a year now, but in that time, I’ve produced many beautiful documentaries, :), of butt blistering experiences.

This one is definitely a keeper.

I walk back to Geoffrey and remove his hands from his crotch, he resists slightly but I’m stronger and he is terrified.

I show him off to the camera and zoom and pan across his naked body.

He tried to break free and I flexicuff his wrists together behind his back to make controlling him easier.

I focus in on his face and zoom close. I whisper in his ear that I’m going to spank his bad attitude right out of his system. He *gasps* beautifully for the camera and protests like it was scripted. I pull the camera out and show his cock hardening. Fear can do that you know...

I ask him if he is sorry for insulting me. Even in this situation, knowing that I am about to defile him he shakes his head and curses me out.

Hand

I sit down on the edge of the bed and pull him over my lap.

After adjusting the cameras to be able to give me face shots and a good shot of the butt I begin to kneed his ass cheeks and toy with his fuckhole.

The stream of curse words and anti-gay epithets that pours from his mouth was unbelievable.

The first slap of my hand cut them off as he gasped in surprise that anyone would hit him.

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

I work my hand across his butt leaving firm marks. I work my hand a different speeds and pause to keep him off guard.

SLAP SLAP S L A P SLAP SLAP

I work his hot ass for a while till it is a pleasant pink and he is cursing but also complaining enough that I know my point is starting to seep in.

After switching to the face shot, and giving him a few more spanks for the effect of seeing his face as my hand hits his butt, I stop for a bit.

“You better let me go, you god damn faggot, I’ll tell the office what you did to me, you fucker...” he continues complaining.

Hairbrush

I pick up a wood backed old fashioned hair brush I leave under the bed by pushing him forward slightly and bending to grab it.

He weasels out of my grasp but doesn’t get far and I grab him and begin striking his ass with the brush in the middle of the room before I manage to drag his sorry ass over my lap on the edge of the bed again.

The hairbrush produces more of a pain response in him and he starts to yelp with the strokes.

SWAT SWAT SWAT

I work both bristle and hard wood sides of the brush on his ass cheeks violently working him over.

SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT

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SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT

I keep the brush moving over his ass violently till I've reduced him to tears. I capture them carefully on the videotape as I keep working him. For the first time tonight no excuses are springing forth, just tears of pain.

I let him stand up after the 100th swat with the brush, his ass sore.

I move some pillows into the center of the bed and tell him to lay over them. He does.

I've always found it amazing how just asserting control over someone in gradual steps can enable you to get to a result like using a belt on their ass that they would never have said yes to if asked directly.

Belt

I fold **his** belt in half and place one of my hands on top of his restrained wrists to keep his back pinned down to the bed.

CRACK

I belt him violently. His body bucks wildly in pain and he screams.

The camera catches it all.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

I beat him now like he has been begging for ever since he started his tirade against my tax department.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

I lose track of the count as I begin to get caught up in his pleas for mercy, the redness of his ass, and his bucking body all trying to evade suffering for his bad behavior.

After what must have been 50 strokes, I stop and stand him up in the window.

I work the cameras across his body. I can't masturbate now, this tape has plans.

I have him turn around and apologize to me and the firm for everything he did.

He is crying like a baby now and reveals all of his tax schemes, tax department schemes, what he did about Justin, and a couple of other juicy tidbits.

I smile and stop the recording.

I pull out a consent form for the release of the tape and an agreement that the entire spanking was requested, he looks at me as if to say fuck you, and then signs the waiver and consent forms.

Later

I take the tape and signed consents out of the room along with his clothing and lock the door behind me. I cut the flexicuff and leave him to spend the night.

I go back to Justin who is out of the tub and under the covers sleeping. I nudge him awake and give him his bedtime spanking. Then we make out, I finally release the huge load I wanted to fill Geoffrey with into Justin's hot mouth. We collapse asleep, the tape besides me.

In the morning, I have Justin stay in the bedroom when I bring Geoffrey back his clothing at 5 AM and send him out. He glowers at me but doesn't say a word. I offer that my spanking services are always available for no charge. That produces a mumbled curse and I slap his sore ass firmly as he heads into the elevator.

Morning

I duplicate the tape and signed statement and drop them at my safe-deposit box before heading to the hiring meeting. Linda looks surprised that I'm late, but I have a videotape in hand and Geoffrey who had a smug look on his face suddenly frowns.

I notice he is sitting on a butt cushion thing and Linda whispers to me about it. But, I know why it is really there.

Linda, the chair, brings up Justin's hiring as a senior associate on a 2 year partnership track and I as the most junior on the committee place my "yes" vote. Linda follows and Geoffrey is all that is left. I toy with the tape in my hand as Geoffrey contemplates an answer. He wonders if I would show it, I would I look back.

He votes yes.

After concluding our business, Linda asks whats on the tape, Geoffrey looks petrified. Something for the partner's meeting I say. Geoffrey gasps audibly.

Linda and I head for lunch, we take Justin along to celebrate, Geoffrey declines to come.

I make sure to visibly carry the tape with me to lunch.

Partner's Meeting

Geoffrey takes his place as chair of the partner meeting and announces Justin's hiring recommendation. As expected the partners rubber stamp our decision.

Each of us then goes around the table talking about current cases. When my turn arrives, I toy with the videotape in my hand and explain that what I would like to present has less to do with my cases then the conduct of a particular partner. Geoffrey interrupts the meeting and suggests a break to converse with me as this is not on the schedule.

I walk to my office and wait for him to come, the partners all sit at the table, I take the tape.

Geoffrey, perhaps for the first time in his life, realizes he isn't in control of the situation. He looks at me and asks what I plan to show them. I ask him, what he plans to tell them and he looks quizzically at me. I explain that I plan to show his confession unless he would prefer to tell them about the contents.

I walk out of the office and back to the conference room. I'm walking dangerously close to blackmail here, but I'm not looking for money, and this is so embarrassing to have shown that I doubt anyone would press the charge.

Geoffrey returns to the conference room and apologizes for the delay. He explains that the contents of the tape I am holding contain a taped confession to tax evasion that he gave to me the other night and that given the contents of the tape it would be best for him to remove himself from managing firm affairs – at least until the whole tax situation blows over.

I nod and explain that, I think we have a good chance of getting him plea bargained down to civil sanctions only which will not result in disbarment. The partners nod in agreement and ask him to withdraw from **all** firm activities till the suit is settled, with pay.

A unanimous vote, he leaves, I grab him on the way out and ask to see him before he goes, he nods.

After he leaves the conference room, a sense of cheer fills the air.

I had done what they all wanted to do but were afraid of because of his name, I had unseated him. We quickly selected Robin Black as our new chair and she also joined the hiring committee. The meeting only lasted a few more minutes because none of Geoffrey's crazy proposals needed to be debated and presented.

Geoffrey's Office

The other partners streamed home, I went to Geoffrey's office. He wasn't there. I went to mine to pick up my briefcase before leaving, and to my surprise he was there naked, bent over my desk.

My cock throbbed inside my pants.

I shut the door and locked it.

I walked up and rubbed my groin against his bared, still sore ass, I pulled my pants down and rubbed my hard throbbing cock against his hot cheeks.

"Fuck me," he says clearly.

I do.

My throbbing 8" tool rams into his fuckhole which is well exposed and I begin to slam my body against his sore ass fucking him through. He winces as I slam inwards touching his sore cheeks and after my pace steadies he relaxes into the pain and pleasure of it. Before I come close to shooting I feel him orgasm underneath me and it is not long after that till I fill him with my hot juices.

I leave for home without a word.

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me at the e-mail address at the of the story. I've gotten a number of very positive responses to the original "Spanking Party" story I wrote and continue to receive them. As a result I've written more. Continued feedback means continued stories. Suggestions for the characters welcome.

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6 Spanking Party 2

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party*, *Justin Returns*, and others. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

I full month has past since the night I reclaimed Justin for myself. A full month since Michael's hot body was resting over my lap as I spanked him publicly at the *Dungeon*. Now it is another First Friday, and I hope, that tonight I will be lucky enough to Michael again.

Morning

Mornings are easier when someone you love is in bed with you. Justin has taken to sleeping nestled in my chest and the warmth of his body and the general sense of love and well being that radiates back and forth makes getting out of bed seem cold regardless of the fact that the temperatures outside are into the 80s now.

We kiss.

Then *Michael* comes to my mind, my cock stiffens and Justin looks at me, my eyes closed rapturously. He asks whether I will go tonight, I nod.

He wonders why I would want anyone else when I have him, I explain that I don't want anyone else to live with me but him, but there is something indefinable and mysterious about Michael that makes my cock throb.

Justin nods mischievously and kisses me understandingly.

We shower together.

Shower

Living in the lap of luxury has its advantages. While I am well educated, my personal theory of “evolution” is that air conditioning and jacuzzis pre-dated human existence. The latter can be explained because measuring up at 6’ 2“, I don’t fit into office furniture, cars, seats, chairs, desks, anything designed for the “average” person. My back is frequently in pain in spite of my good posture and careful exercise regime.

Fortunately, a jacuzzi can fix all of that.

Air conditioning, need I say more.

But, the beautiful feature of my apartment that I’ve come to appreciate the most over the past month is the dual headed standing shower in the master bathroom. It is about 4’ diameter and opposite the entry there is a single control that starts 2 shower heads mounted to the left and right of the entry. When there is just one person in the shower it is a wonderful experience. But the real joy is with two because both can get clean and stay warm.

Justin has adapted well to our new life. His body is smooth and shaved. Only the slightest hint of pubic hair is left on his crotch and arm pits. Control.

I push his body hard against the wall and watch the water fall across his chest. His nipples are firm and stand at attention. I tweak them and his cock stiffens.

Work. We do need to get there. I release his nipples kiss him and let him begin to clean my body. He rubs warm soap across my chest and lathers my hairy body. Then he gets my arms and back slowly. Savoring the opportunity to please me and enjoy my body. He slowly works warm soap and his hot hands down to my legs and up to my groin. He tenderly lathers and cleans my cock shaft which is at attention. And finally he gets my neck and face. Then as I let the water clean my body he turns his attention to his own. Cleaning it scrupulously.

When I use my razor to shave my face. He uses his to shave the stubble of growth that reappeared stubbornly on his groin. Dehairing himself for my benefit. For my whims.

We kiss and embrace under the warm streams, clean, horny, and enamored of each other. After standing for an eternity, ok more like 5 minutes, I stop the water. As the last of the warm drops trickle down our bodies, we stay locked in a passionate deep tongue kiss.

Finally as the steam leaves and the air begins to chill our wet bodies we release each other. And we dry each other tenderly.

While I am certain that many people think a relationship with S&M or some aspect of domination can not be tender or caring, I think perhaps the opposite is true. I’ve seen some of my friends in vanilla relationships, heterosexual, homosexual and in between that were more abusive and hurtful than anything that passes between Justin and I.

We dress side by side. The mornings definitely have seemed brighter recently.

Work

We walk to work. A mere 15 blocks, and even though it is hot outside, I'm hotter under my suit. First, I'm walking arm in arm with Justin who is VERY hot. And my mind is already on tonight's fun with Michael.

In my office, I find that Geoffrey cleaned up after himself last night and there is no sign of cum on the edge of my desk. (See *Coworker Gets His Due*)

I find a small note folded over with my name on it in careful neat block print. I open it. It is a "Thank You" from Geoffrey and a request that I call him.

While, some weeks and days can be boring, my sexual energy is peaking today and I am finding it hard to keep my cock in my pants.

I take my 9 AM client, he works for a large aerospace company that wants to take over one of its parts suppliers. I give him Justin's report on the takeover and introduce him to Justin.

Thank god suits are baggy, although I feel certain that Justin notices my hardon as I introduce Mr. Johnson. I leave the two to talk and suggest that in the future Mr. Johnson feel comfortable working directly with Justin. Justin smiles.

Frequently at law firms, partners keep the clients for themselves and hand you memos from god like manna from the heavens to keep you in the dark and prevent you from having client contact.

I've never worked that way. 9:15. Why can't it be 5 PM yet. I want Michael, I want the mystery. I return to my office and toy with the idea of calling the firm's investigator for a little private assistance, and then I remember my meeting with Geoffrey's associates. I head over to the far side of the office and find them all inside his empty office relaxed and joking around. A "Ding Dong the Wicked Witch is dead" attitude is palpable.

They clap when I shut the door.

Who says rumor and innuendo can't spread faster than the speed of light. The circumstances of Geoffrey's defrocking were supposed to be confidential Evidently not confidential enough though, not that I particularly minded.

I explain that all 5 of them can be reassigned to any of the partners at their current pay, but that if they are equal seniority with another associate in that division they will be pushed back 6 mos on the partnership track. They frown at that prospect. I remind them that the tax division is exciting and nearly associateless. Three immediately raise their hands to come with me. The other two ask if they can think about it further. I agree and invite them to seek me out individually to talk about their needs as I am handling disposition of Geoffrey's clients and associates entirely.

I bring the three associates that joined my ranks over to my office and set them each up with a single client's file. I explain that initially I would review personally each letter or document going out but that after I feel comfortable with their work and they are comfortable with each client's needs, I would make that client their "account" so to speak. This would free me

up again for the more high powered advice that I normally gave prior to losing my associates and would allow our tax division to start taking on a higher load.

I sent them out and looked at my schedule. At 1 I meet with the state treasury division to finalize the settlement of Geoffrey's tax fraud case. Till then, I was free, my cock throbbed, I wanted Michael.

I remembered Geoffrey's note and I shut my door and called him at home. He answered on the first ring.

"Hi," I said.

"Sir," he said back.

My cock jumped to full attention at 8". We talked about him leaving the firm permanently and how I would handle disposing of his clients. Then we discussed his tax settlement. He asked then if he could come over tonight. I thought about it and decided to invite him to dinner for Tom's pleasure. Tom could use a boyfriend I thought, and with my help paddling Geoffrey into line, I felt they would make a good match.

After getting off the phone with him, I waited another ten minutes for my cock to relax before opening the door. I found Justin standing there waiting. He comes in and we discuss the remainder of the Johnson matter and how well it went. In his 5 years where he worked previously Justin had never had this much responsibility for a single client and I was proud of his handling of the whole matter.

The rest of the morning dragged on with those mundane details that make up the work day. Finally at 12:30 I took a cab down to the government offices. I found my way up to the 18th floor and found an obnoxious government secretary.

In case you are wondering there are some good government employees, but they are fired upon discovery leaving behind only people with a bitter resentment for those that pay their wages through taxes.

After being kept waiting for a full hour, my 1 PM appointment starts at 2. I've found that many attorney's use delay as a tactic to gain advantage. The only thing it does with me is set me in a lousy frame of mind about you as an individual.

Settlement

The government was ready for hardball, because of my reputation. When I announced our generous \$2,000,000 settlement offer they all but fell over in their chair. I explained that in return for this generous settlement, we would not contest the fines, the statute, or anything else. They bit, and I handed over a settlement check.

We signed some documents and I was out of the office in just 5 minutes. I love keeping the on their toes, I know that when I play hardball next their jaws will drop because they will expect another cave in. But they won't get it.

With this ugly matter behind the firm, I return and after talking with the two remaining associates Geoffrey had, I agree to help them seek employment at another firm. They worked for him because they liked his politics and the rest of the office would not have been a good place for them. I see their point and recommend some firms to them.

Day

That's a wrap I say to no one in particular as the clock turns to 4:30. I get up, lock my office and head home. Justin is already home when I get there and naked waiting for me at the door. We kiss and I swat him firmly for leaving early, but I can't blame him too much.

Friday is like ghost town at most offices and around ours leaving between four and five on Friday is an understood custom. I always try to hold out till 4:30 but it is mostly pretend. I change for the evening into tight jeans and a muscle-T.

Justin and I sit for a while and talk about how tonight is going to work from the standpoint of play, sex and other things. Communication is the heart of a good relationship and we are laying a clear set of rules out here.

Dinner

I had told Justin I was inviting Geoffrey, but still he was surprised to see he actually came after what I did to him the night before. Some people are born masochists I whisper. I kiss Geof and invite him to join us. Tom is at the bar and the four of us sit. I introduce Tom and Geof making it clear that I think they should maybe go home with each other. Tom smiles since he was right about Geof's sexual orientation. And he rubs my knee under the table to indicate his satisfaction. I pull him over to me and whisper to him.

I tell him how I want him to treat Geof, and how I will be spanking Geoffrey regularly to help control that cocky attitude. Tom smiles. He asks me if he can watch it and I say of course. Tom is too prim and proper to do something like that himself, but to watch another do it, any time.

Rob and Dave arrive slightly late and Rob looks frustrated with Dave. As they sit down Rob spills it out and explains how Dave has been coming home late every night recently and that he is convinced Dave is seeing someone else.

I groan silently, Justin looks to me expectantly. Dave looks to the ground. I say look, why don't we all do dinner tomorrow at my apartment and we can settle a lot of this. I look around the table and 3 faces look back at me in terror: Dave's, Rob's and Geoffrey's. Tom smiles and Justin kisses me.

I order drinks around the table and regular conversation moves everyone away from the unpleasantness that they fear for tomorrow.

Tom brags about how the Dow is reaching new highs and offers to cover everyone for dinner.

Stock brokers.

I order an expensive bottle of champagne to celebrate one month for Justin and I. We all toast proudly and by the time dinner comes tomorrow's spankings are a world away. After dinner, Geoffrey and Tom leave together to walk back to Tom's apartment.

Dave and Rob try to start edging their horse out of the gate to avoid a spanking but I send them home.

Justin and I sit together for a bit and decided to hit the Beemer for the ride to the *Dungeon*.

Car Ride

I let him drive. I close my eyes and relax. Things are good.

My cock throbs, Michael. I imagine his flesh against me. My hand on his ass. His ass hot and red and sore from a spanking. My lips against his.

Justin puts a hand on my crotch and wakes me from my dream.

We kiss at the stop light and he smiles.

The rest of the ride, I watch the scenery. My cock hard with anticipation.

If only the dungeon were closer, I think, my cock throbs in agreement. Of course if it were closer, then I couldn't anticipate the fun so very much. Throb.

We pull in at 10 o'clock, fairly early. Dinner had gone quickly partly because everyone was more or less on time, 6 sharp.

Dungeon

We arrive and walk across the lot. Justin slows and I take him firmly around the waist and walk us inside. I have him strip down to his jockstrap. His body exposed. His ass exposed. And then he puts his shoes back on. I pay my entry fee and we walk up onto the cat walk overlooking the floor.

It is quiet. Few people arrive this early, most come closer to the midnight show and stay till closing at 4 AM.

On the floor there are about 5 or 10 people wandering about mostly naked and a couple of hard core leathermen. One guy is on his back on a tabletop with his hands holding his legs up while another is slapping his ass with a leather paddle.

Hot.

I look for Michael, nowhere.

Justin and I join the other men on the floor of the warehouse.

Justin is uncomfortable being this exposed so publicly and I keep my arm around his waist to calm him.

We watch as several of the men take brutal spankings. Some of them will spend the whole night there I know just taking it constantly. Nothing is too much for them.

Others just watch, I see one of the regular voyeurs, he's been here for years never spanked. He stares at me. One of these days I think...

A hot gorgeous black guy comes up to me and asks if he can spank Justin. I explain the situation and ask Justin. He agrees to my surprise. I let Mike take Justin over his lap and land a number of firm swats on Justin's upturned ass. Justin remains calm and I see his cock hardening. I let Mike spank Justin as I watch on, turned on, and keep my eyes peeled throughout the room. When Mike finishes spanking Justin, he is very sore. Mike has big strong hands and was very thorough. Justin comes back to me and kisses me and then has me hold him.

Mike introduces himself to me more fully now. He works as a bar tender at one of the hot gay clubs. Usually he works Fridays, but this was his night off and he wanted to have some action. He pats Justin's butt.

I smile and offer to drop by some time. Justin remains against me. That was further than I expected him to be willing to go, and I was very proud of him. He was hard and wanted me. I wanted him too, but, I also wanted Michael.

I watched the many boys getting their due and took my hand and a paddle to several of them as I waited. None of them were as hot as Justin. And none were even on the same plane of existence as Michael's hot ass.

Michael

I catch site of a naked body moving towards me. It takes me a second before I fully take in his face. Michael. Throb. I look to Justin and he lets go of me. I walk up to Michael and kiss.

We had never really talked. Silently we had found each other's desires and made them real. I pulled him close and wrapped both hands around his firm, bare, smooth, bubble butt ass cheeks. Ahh.

I pulled him close. Who is he? Where does he come from?

I introduce him to Justin who will be watching his spanking closely. All he says is his name "Michael", nothing more, nothing less. I find us a nice chair and a hairbrush.

I sit down.

Michael comes over my lap eagerly. He loves this. I can hardly believe he was a spanking virgin 4 odd months ago and now he came only to seek me out.

Justin was somewhat envious I could tell. I suggested to him that he perhaps enjoy some of

the other men for a while since I wanted to spend at least 3 hours working on Michael.

Michael perked up at this, his cock hardening against my lap.

Justin looked a bit dismayed, but we had discussed this already.

I spent some time positioning Michael in my lap. I wanted him to feel my hardness. And I wanted to feel his. I also wanted him firmly over my lap and his butt exposed. After positioning him I let it wait. My hands rubbing those hot buns. Pinching, squeezing, rubbing. But not spanking, yet!

Two or three other bottoms came over, they recognized us from the exhibition last month and wanted to watch. I took my time. I showed his upturned ass off to the small crowd of onlookers. I finger his hole gently. And then it comes. What he wants so badly to have, and I to give.

SLAP

My hand spans his ass and leaves a beautiful firm pink imprint. Each of my five fingers can be seen across his pale white flesh. I pause for a while and take my time rubbing his ass and enjoying the control I have over him. Our cocks are against one another both rock hard.

SLAP

I spank him again, my hand lingers there feeling the ass. I want each part of his ass to tingle gently first. I will draw this out.

Some of the bottoms loose interest, they are wham bam thank you ma'am'ers. If it isn't instant gratification, they don't want a part of it. But, humility and control must come in small doses. I gently swat his ass with my hand taking time between each swat to kneed the flesh I am working.

Justin bends over kisses me and heads up to the catwalks for a better view of all the action. The floor is filling up I notice, I had been so focussed in on the hot body over my lap I had lost track of time. But the hard cock against my lap draws me back in quickly and I loose myself in my task at hand.

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

I land a sequence of quick short, open handed blows on Michael's firm butt. Since I've been taking my time it is still very white and each blow can be carefully seen. Michael is cooing pleausrably inspite of the embarrassment of the exposure and nature of his treatment.

Our cocks are rock solid rods now thrust against on another.

I take my time. He may very well be a mystery, but he is mine for the night.

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

More blows onto his buttocks. More kneeding of hot flesh. He moves a hand in the way as if to get me to pause but I pin it to his back and land a welter of spanks on his exposed cheeks.

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SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

Rule one of taking a spanking is not to get in the way of the punishment.

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SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

After he yelps perfectly, I release his pinned hand and push it back in front of his body. The repeated spansks have turned his ass a nice shade of pink on the center. Like two mounds of pain peaking perfect mountains.

I pause and admire my work. Then I kneed the hot flesh I'm working and finally pick up a hairbrush.

Mike, the guy who had spanked Justin earlier comes over and he is naked now and I can see red lines on his ass where he had someone cane him. He looks at me and I shake my head saying, later I've got this one for now. I beckon him towards me and say that I'll stay till closing some time next week and spank him over the bar, he looks at me mortified and I smile and send him away.

I let Michael sit up for a bit. He has been overturned on my lap for well over an hour by my estimates and I notice the show is about to start.

We kiss and Justin comes up behind me to stand while we all watch tonight's exhibition.

Exhibition

The exhibition can be one of the best parts of the evening. First off, to see a boy humiliated in front of 100's of men and boys. On a typical Friday at the *Dungeon*, by the time of the exhibition, there are usually between 100 and 200 people present. Tonight was no exception, the floor was packed and the catwalks a bit empty. More participants, less watchers.

Tonight, an older "daddy" was spanking a young looking hispanic "boy". The kid was hot and fairly hairy. The dad was clearly a tough disciplinarian and the boy was a real fighter. Kept moving his hands into the way. I watched the scene as Justin and Michael stood next to me watching a fellow boy get his ass blistered a bright sore red with a firm wooden paddle.

These two on display tonight were clearly more into the action aspect of the spanking. It went by quickly and although the boy crying the daddy kept up the punishment with the paddle. The audience was quiet as we all enjoyed a great butt blistering. The boy was sent for some public corner time as the show ended and spanking resumed.

Justin asks me if we can go home and looks rather tired. I look at Michael only mildly pink ass and want it so badly.

Hmm.

Decisions, Decisions.

I turn to Michael and ask him whether he would like to come see my apartment. He looks terrified with indecision. Till now our “relationship” such as it was had been anonymous and safe for him. Now, I was upping the ante, I wanted him to be in my house and be with me.

He shakes his head gently and lays himself back across my lap for further butt blistering. I look at Justin who pleads mercilessly with his eyes to return home, I shake my head, I want Michael’s ass.

Spanking

Justin wanders back up the catwalk, not yet ready to give himself to others and jealous for my affections.

I pick up the hairbrush I had chosen earlier for Michael’s fine ass and begin applying both sides of it with gusto to his perfect ass cheeks.

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

I’m ready to push him to his limits. I have gone far with him, but he always seems hungry for more, tonight I want to give him more than ever, I want to know him. I caress his cheeks and squeeze them.

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

I work the beautiful bubble butt on my lap with firm swats. Quickly the pink peaks appear on the butt mountains. Then after more work they turn crimson.

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT SWAT

Further efforts redden the entire buttocks to my satisfaction. Michael begins to whimper now, the strokes are starting to hurt a bit more, that fine line between the spanking being the most erotic thing in the universe and the actual pain of the implement is coming into play.

I pause and kneed the hot ass flesh under my hands. I bend forward and lick the hot reddening ass with my tongue, he moans in exctasy.

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I work him hard and pause again right as I sense him coming to his limit. I'm using his stuff cock and slight cries as cues as to how far I can push this hot boy toy on my lap.

His entire ass is blazing red now. Every inch has been struck by the hairbrush or my hand. And yet, he is rock hard against my equally hard tool. His ass upturned in my lap. I sense the need to pause and stretch his punishment out.

I begin to finger his hole, he coos appreciatively.

I work my finger deep into his fuckhole and begin to lecture him about being a good boy and behaving well. I lecture him about coming to work on time and doing all of his work. His cock stiffens and shoots in my lap. I continue playing with his fuckhole. More spankings will come, these are the most painful, after the exctasy of the orgasm has passed they sting worse and feel more intense.

I withdraw my finger slowly from his fuckhole and raise my hand high in the air and begin slapping bare butt with my equally bare and very strong firm hands.

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He moans in pain and yelps with each slap of my hand against his buttocks. After 30 he is reduced to tears. I lift him to me and we stand embraced my pants wet with his hot cum, my hands cupping the beautiful bubble butt I so recently blistered, his head nestled in my muscular chest.

I hold him for longer than ever as he cries, letting it all go, letting whatever it is that he was holding back all loose. He cries him my arms for an hour lost in the pleasure of release from all that bothered him.

When the crying stops finally he says his name, Michael Feinstein and leaves me alone in the *Dungeon* on the floor my lap covered in his cum, my white muscle T wet with his tears. And he, released from whatever restraints held him through the pain and humiliation of a spanking.

Justin waits respectfully a few minutes before reclaiming me. We head for home.

Car Ride Home

We head for home quietly. Justin is unsure what to say, and I even less so. Michael has blown my mind since we first met and will evidently continue to do so. If he trickles out his phone number to me a digit at a time, I won't be surprised.

The silence on the ride home is deafening.

Home

Justin strips again upon arriving home and goes to our bedroom for his nightly spanking. I come in and he comes over my lap without argument. While he is over my lap with each **SWAT** I talk out loud my feelings on the whole evening and his jealousy. I stretch the punishment out over a full hour and do a quite severe job of reddening his ass. He feels it by the end and starts crying slightly and we kiss.

He sucks my cock vigorously and then nestles his head in my chest for us to sleep.

Before he closes his eyes, he looks up and says, "I'm sorry for being jealous, I just love you so much."

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me email. I've gotten a number of very positive responses to the original "Spanking Party" story I wrote and continue to receive them. As a result I've written more. Continued feedback means continued stories.

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7 Dinner Party

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party* and others. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

This story is set the day after the events described in *Spanking Party 2* and covers a hot dinner and spanking session at my apartment.

Anticipation

Anticipation is important. In fact, anticipation can be half the fun of many S&M situations. The fear and terror that an individual can self generate frequently exceeds the erotic nature of the actual activity. Justin woke first this morning and was already moving about the apartment naked but visibly a bit shaken.

He isn't concerned that he will be spanked tonight – he will, a bedtime spanking a day keeps bad boys in their place. But, more that he will be all but naked – jockstrap only – in the apartment when my four guests arrive tonight. I smile to myself.

I get up slowly, the guests won't arrive till like 6 or 7, so I've got plenty of time.

I exercise and then shower. Finally I join Justin for breakfast, his smooth body looks hot as always. We kiss some and I suggest that he set up the dining room table for the guests. He blushes.

Grin.

After giving detailed instructions on what I want him to do, I head out. This will allow him to stew in his own juices more than if I was around to kiss and cuddle him.

Lazy Saturday

I pick up a paper, and head towards the park. It is a warm day outside and the sun is shining brightly. I settle down, I'm certain Justin can see me out the window here. My apartment overlooks this small park which takes up a city block or two.

When I finish my paper, I head back up. The table is set and Justin is in the bedroom curled up. I come up behind him and smother him with my body and kisses. He is scared. I hold him and get dressed to head out for a bit.

We hit up some gay bookstores and then get brunch out at a little restaurant. He has calmed again, but clearly is afraid about tonight.

It seems funny to me how someone can be so totally mine and yet so terrified of being seen so exposed. After all, he has seen Rob getting paddle and naked. Plus, he saw the tape of Geoffrey getting beaten but good, why should he be so embarrassed.

I ask this mostly rhetorically, having one's body so exposed is socially embarrassing because it so publicly indicates your control by another in this situation. Dave, Rob, and Tom will know now and forever just how mine Justin is. Any suspicions will be vanquished and he is worried if they will treat him the same. Dave and Rob have both been spanked by me, he knows this, but he still is afraid they might not respect him knowing and seeing how completely he has given himself over to me over the past month.

Tom is a mystery. A wildcard, as far as Justin knows Tom and I are just friends and Tom has never been spanked. A big '?'. Can Tom respect him as a friend when he shaves himself for me? Can Tom respect him when he leaves his butt exposed to my whimsical slaps?

Can any of them respect him?

He needs my support I know, but I enjoy the fact that I can see the wheels turning inside him, he doesn't know, and he is scared.

We leave the restaurant and drive home.

He hesitates about stripping and I slap his ass firmly 10 times to remind him how I expect him to behave at home. He strips.

We cuddle on the couch for the rest of the afternoon, his head nestled in my chest. The TV tuned to various channels as I hold him and comfort him silently, but not providing him the answers he wants.

The afternoon passes quickly, and before we know it, the doorman rings up that Dave & Rob are waiting downstairs. Justin seems caught in panic, ready to hide. I bring him over to the doorway and tell him to take any jackets and just relax and let the evening take care of itself. He doesn't relax, but he doesn't hide.

Guests

Dave and Rob arrive in the private elevator and when the door opens they are surprised – though they shouldn't be – to see Justin, all but naked waiting by my side. Neither has a coat but they both grin and gawk a bit at Justin, this embarrasses him further but I wrap my arm around him and hold him. We head to the living room and sit down.

I explain that I ordered sushi platters from a local Japanese restaurant which should be delivered at 7. It is only 6:15 so we have a bit to go. Justin relaxes a bit and strikes up a conversation with Rob about what he has been doing recently. Rob explains that since he stopped waiting tables he has started taking acting classes in the city during the day so he can be home for Dave. Rob continues that recently, for two weeks now, Dave has been coming home late.

I steer the conversation to other topics – for now – we discuss Clintoid and his political travails. The vote is 4-0 for complete dip shit, but who else you gonna have? Bob Dole? Bob Dole wants to be your president... Shiver.

At 6:30 the doorman calls up, Tom and Geoffrey have arrived. I send Justin to greet them alone, he is clearly ashamed and a firm public swat on his ass in front of Dave and Rob provides the right motivation to get his rear in gear. Dave looks taken aback. He had dated Justin and never imagined that someone so independent could be made so subservient. Independence is all an illusion though.

I hear the surprised greetings at the door and Justin leads Tom and Geoffrey into the living room. We all sit around talking. Tom and Geoffrey seem to have enjoyed themselves a good bit last night. They have that clingy our relationship will end if we let go of each other air about them and I shove Justin between them and pull Geoffrey over to me.

This embarrasses Justin and Geoffrey and Tom grins. He takes advantage of the situation and feels Justin up. Rob gasps audibly. Tom has played with my live-ins before. Justin “knows” the rules, but has never been played with before. His cock stiffens and he is embarrassed but stays put deciding that the humiliation is better than a public spanking at this point. Tom toys with Justin's nipples as I direct the conversation through Geoffrey to a detailed sexual run down of last night.

Dave and Rob look like two Ned Flanders ready to cover their ears. Geoffrey looks uncertain and then relays the details of the evening. They went back to Tom's and they stripped and made out. Tom fucked him twice, each time cumming inside his body. Also, they sucked each other off before falling asleep. I ask him how he feels about this all, he seems confused.

I kiss him and Rob turns the conversation back to politics. We talk about the upcoming mayoral race and who we will vote for. The room is very split with no clear consensus or majority. No particular candidate in the upcoming election is particular gay-hostile, but none of them are likely to support and gay-rights issues.

For Geoffrey this is a strange conversation, he has been a bed fellow with every neo-nazi, okay just right wing, group as their attorney, now he is getting spanked and fucked by men, and out of a job.

Justin looks at me for escape and I suggest that he offer drinks to the guests. This wasn't the relief he wanted, his nakedness and hardon more exposed, but he is free from Tom's roving caresses. I move over to Tom and whisper to him about Geoffrey as the rest go and admire the view from my apartment.

Our private conference is interrupted by the doorman's call indicating the food is on its way up. Tom and I retrieve it from the delivery person and I pay as he brings it to the table.

Dinner

We sit down, Dave and Rob on one side, Tom and Geof on the other with Justin and I taking the two ends.

Sushi is very yummy, and we all took our time eating. The conversation flitted from topic to topic. When required Justin fetched more drinks for the thirsty and hungry mouths at the table.

When we finished, I had Justin clear the table while we all sat, our bellies full.

We return to the living room and stretch out on the couch.

Mediation

I turn first to Dave & Rob's dispute and let Rob have the floor. Justin sits against me and Rob explains how Dave hasn't been coming home after work recently. I'm surprised by this, it seemed like less than a month ago that I had resolved Rob's job waiting table in favor of a more domestic life at his husband's side. Now, Dave seemed to be disrupting the marital boat.

Dave spoke next and justified the situation with talk of longer hospital hours and more emergencies.

Rob had saved the real coup for last. Dave's explanation had sounded plausible. But Rob had called the hospital and his department, no Dave on duty those nights. In fact, Dave's partner – Scott I think – had volunteered that Dave hadn't been on call all month since they decided to switch to a monthly rotation.

That clinched it for me. I took Dave to the bedroom dungeon, stripped him naked and left him in the window, naked and exposed to the city.

I left Justin watching him.

Match-Making

I took the tape of Geoffrey's first disciplinary session into the living room and popped it into the VCR. I had edited it down to a 10 minute set of highlights that really captured the

essence of Geof's experience at my hands. Tom watched, his eyes nearly popping out. Geof was clearly hard. I handed Tom one of Justin's jockstraps. Tom's eyes bulged further and he turned to Geoffrey and told him to put it on and join us in the dungeon.

Tom and I kissed as we walked to my private dungeon. Rob had wandered in and was taunting Dave and was awfully pissed.

I watched Dave exposed in the window for a while wondering whether my favorite doctor was sowing his oats with younger men. I also knew how to find out the answer to that question.

I waited for Geof to arrive attired to match Justin, he looked gorgeous.

I had Justin sit over the bed and while Dave waited in the corner, I pushed Geoffrey over Justin's lap. Justin wanted a piece of that ass and I was happy to give it to him. I handed Justin a firm hairbrush and let him work magic. I would swear Dave flinched with each stroke. Not that he was involved – yet. Justin knew from his experience at my hands exactly what to do, Tom kissed me as his new boyfriend took it from my boyfriend.

Justin didn't work Geoffrey as hard as I would have liked, but I gave Geoffrey some corner time in the window and thanked Justin for his efforts with a deep warm kiss.

I took Dave away from the window and instructed him to get my paddle off the wall. Tom and Justin sat down on the bed to watch on. Rob got his pants off for the hot suck that was coming.

Slowly and with trepidation, Dave fetched the paddle off the hook of the wall and brought it to me. I bent him over the spanking horse and restrained his legs and arms. Then I let Rob insert his stiffening cock as I let Dave lay exposed, ass upturned and restrained for a while.

I went over to Geoffrey and fingered his hot fuckhole as he stood in the window. With a single finger inside his ass I guided him over to the middle of the room and laid him on top of Dave.

Rob happily moved his cock between the two waiting mouths and Geof had the good sense not to complain about the strange cock filling his mouth.

I took the paddle Dave fetched.

Work Out

Topping is hard work and I take it seriously.

I began paddling Geoffrey as he lay over the restrained Dave. The force of the paddle transferred through Geof's ass to his thrusts into the restrained doctor beneath him. I left the jock strap on Geoffrey as I worked the paddle over his ass carefully and thoroughly.

Each slap of the paddle produced that perfect mixture of pain and pleasure in his body and I could sense he was close to ejaculating. I lifted him up and put a paper cup under his cock tip.

I had Tom come over and fuck him bent over in the middle of the room his ass hot and a bit sore. He shot in seconds right into the cup. I then fed his cum back to him making him drink it up. When Tom shot inside him I stood Geof back in the window this time his jockstrap at his ankles with cum dripping from his hot red ass..

I really hoped someone was watching tonight.

Rob had Dave working his cock thoroughly and Dave was terrified.

Dessert

Tom, Justin, Rob and I all left the room for a bit to give the spanked bad boy a chance to contemplate his bad behavior and how Tom would be giving him to Justin and me to spank regularly – two people who despised him.

Dave was restrained and terrified. On my way out, I hung the paddle back up on the wall.

The 4 of us enjoyed a hearty dessert of ice cream and friendly conversation. Tom thanked Justin and I for our assistance with Geoffrey and I suggested that Geoffrey learn to love the jockstrap for his home life. Tom nodded earnestly. Justin asked if Geoffrey would be visiting more often Tom said Geoffrey would be spending weekends with us and would no longer be working – at all. A kept boy toy for a rich stock broker. Hot, if only Tom really went beyond vanilla sex. Fortunately under my tutelage, Geoffrey would experience some of the special care and attitude adjustment he really needed.

Pain

I don't approve of cheating. There are open relationships and there are monogamous ones. Dave's and Rob's was supposed to be monogamous.

I put absorbent cloth under Dave's belly, I thought he might piss and I didn't want him to wet my spanking horse with his urine.

When we returned to the room, Rob stuck his cock into Dave's mouth while I selected the perfect implement. I chose the thin leather strap that a boy had given me as a gift a year or so ago. The strap was about a foot long and made of several layers of thin yet firm leather. I knew it stung, and Dave was already begging – but restrained – for some sort of plea bargain if you will.

I lined the other 3 gentlemen up and instructed each to administer 10 strokes with the strap onto Dave's upturned ass.

Justin went first landing them harder than he had with the brush on Geoffrey. Some history here I'll have to look into I think to myself.

When Justin finished his ten strokes, Dave was sobbing and his screams were muffled by Rob's thick hard cock rammed into his face.

Geoffrey went next and although he had no vendetta he landed the blows forcefully. Dave's sobs grew louder and the thin strap was leaving his formerly white ass **very** red and sore. I paused for a minute here and kneaded the hot man flesh under my control and savored the chance to really get to punish David.

Tom went next and as predicted was fairly lame about punishing Dave. He clearly felt ambiguous about his role and the strap fell rather lamely giving Dave some breathing room.

Choices

Kneading his sore ass flesh, I offered Dave a rather cruel choice, me or Rob for the rest.

I was a calculated risk, it would hurt but it might not be to bad...

...Rob was viciously angry and once he started swinging the strap...

...who knew what would happen...

He chose Rob hoping that love would overcome the anger more quickly than if I administered the punishment.

Dave was wrong.

Very wrong.

Rob was mad, he gave up a job he had been enjoying at Dave's whim to be all but tossed aside all of a sudden. No, Rob was angry.

Tom and Geoffrey cuddled against the bed, Justin and I did likewise as we watched the fireworks played out on Dave's ass.

Rob must have brought the strap down several hundred times over the course of the next two hours. Dave was crying and screaming like a baby after the first few blows. None of us did anything, rather we made out. Tom with Geoffrey, and me with Justin. When Rob finished beating Dave with the strap his ass was covered in deep crimson welts and it was obvious he would be in pain for quite some time.

I unbound him from the horse and parked him red ass facing the window, him us. Rob came over and sucked my cock, thanking me for my assistance. Dave would be on a short leash for a while now and his sore ass would keep him in check.

I wasn't finished though.

Shaving

I took Dave who was still crying to my bathroom privately.

I applied some shaving creme to his privates. I let it set there and did the same with creme to his armpits.

Letting the menthol of the shaving creme tingle his skin, I took clippers to thin his hair down to an ultra short crewcut.

Now, the public embarrassment.

I took his testicles in my hand and pulled them forward, he let out a slight gasp. I worked the straight razor in slow deliberate careful motions to remove his pubic hair. I was careful to remove each hair with the blade. He looked younger without the hair covering his pubes. I let his testicles fall back between his legs. And I turned to his armpits.

Slowly I removed his armpit hair also, now below the shoulders he was without hair.

I ran my hands over his smooth body.

I made sure to play with his sore ass and finger his hole. He knew he had done wrong.

He thought the punishments would stop.

He was wrong.

I lathered shaving creme into his hair.

He tried to manuever away from me. I grabbed his arm and slapped his sore ass making him howl. Then I parked him on the toilet seat. A gasp of pain and tears resumed more fully now.

Gradually, taking my time, I removed his hair. The crewcut became a bald cut. Every inch of his head exposed. Every inch shaved smooth. I rubbed it tenderly enjoying my work.

I left him 2 small pieces of hair, his eyebrows.

Orgy

We returned to the dungeon where a full fledged orgy was in progress and everyone gasped at Dave's shocking new appearance.

I parked him back in the corner on display to the city and joined the 4 other hot men in my apartment in unbridled sexual passion.

I fucked each other senseless. I would swear that I sucked 10 different cocks, fucked at least 7 asses, and well, it was an orgy you know. We all fell asleep in a big pile and at some point Dave was permitted to lay down, sore still, he didn't want to partake of any remaining fun.

I remembered Justin's bedtime spanking just as we all moved collectively to the larger bed in the Master Bedroom.

Publicly in front of the now cum drained – and cum drenched – hot men around the group, I spanked Justin for no reason at all. He was utterly humiliated especially because he threw a huge boner during the spanking which I dragged out a bit extra to show him off and made sure they all saw his boner. He was embarrassed, I felt it and spanked him for it. I wanted him to be shown off.

When I finished with him, I repeated the procedure for Geoffrey, Tom probably wouldn't bother with this, too busy, but I wanted Geoffrey to experience it. Justin was visibly pleased that someone else was getting the same. I enjoyed spanking Geoffrey because he was not even embarrassed by the spanking, I liked his openness to the experience.

It was as if the first spanking and breaking him unlocked him from whatever had trapped him and now he was a free loose sexual being.

We all fell asleep in a heaping warm hot mass of manliness.

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

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8 Bar Trip

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REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party*, *Justin Returns*, and others. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received. Full chronological list is at end of this story.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

This story involves Mike, the hot black bar tender featured in *Spanking Party 2*.

Morning

I woke up, looked around, hot male bodies everywhere. David shaved and sore. Rob looking hot as ever pressed against his sore punished boyfriend.

Geoffrey and Tom were also pressed against each other on the side of me, they looked hot and for the first time ever I didn't see the smug self satisfied appearance on his face. Tom looked content with his new beau.

Justin was nestled as ever in my chest, he was beautiful.

Sun was streaming into the room.

I moved Justin and roused him from his slumber. We kissed and crawled out of bed leaving the other couples to find their way out. We showered together taking our time to savor each other. It was Sunday.

After I dressed myself, I woke Dave and Rob quietly and took Dave to the bathroom. He looked embarrassed and his ass was red and sore still. He looked at himself in the mirror. Justin woke Rob up with a blow job at my request as I talked with Dave about how I wouldn't tolerate him cheating on Rob and I would give the beating if he did something like this again. I rubbed my hands over his now smooth – shaved – head. I cupped my hands around his ass. He had the point.

Rob came in looking very satisfied and I let them shower as I turned to Geof and Tom on

my bed. I woke Tom careful to let Geof still sleep. I asked him how he felt about Geof in front of Justin and making Geof live by the same type of rules that Justin did. He nodded, but I knew he wouldn't give the spankings that would help. I had Justin take him to the other bathroom so I could spend some time with Geoffrey.

I looked at him as he woke up. I saw the slight smugness returning, I kissed him awake, "Tom?" he asked. I smiled. I pulled him up and took him to the bathroom and with Rob and Dave still in my shower, I shaved his crotch and arm pits. "Keep them like this." Geof nodded. I slapped his ass firmly, that got the message home.

I took him back to the bedroom and handed him a jockstrap, Tom says you won't be working any more, you will be staying at home most of the day, right? Geof nodded meekly. I showed him a jockstrap. You will be wearing these at home and here from now on, Justin will be doing likewise if we visit you, he already does it here as you see. Geof smiled broadly.

As for discipline, Geof frowned at the mention of his ass being punished, Tom is not quite ready to provide you all the help you need, I know he lives a good 15 blocks from here, but from now on, I will be supervising punishing you. I'll be over nightly if necessary and you will be spending all weekends from after dinner on Friday till Sunday here, if Tom wants to stay that's fine, but you **will** be here.

I headed out to the living room to wait for my guests to finish up so we could get brunch. Geoffrey sat nearby contemplating the life

Brunch

The six of us went to brunch. Dave bumped into at least 5 different doctors he knew at the restaurant – I planned that more or less by my choice of locations – and was mighty embarrassed to have a shaved head. This was not going to go over well at work, which was the point. I figured whoever he was fucking around with wouldn't be amused either. Plus I took pleasure in his apparent pain from sitting as he shifted from cheek to cheek in his chair looking for freedom from pain.

After brunch, Dave and Rob headed home, I was certain Rob would be keeping Dave under a tight leash for a while.

Justin and I went over to Tom's to help Geoffrey out. On our way, we stopped at a drug store and I had Justin help pick out some supplies Geoffrey would need.

- fleet enema kit – 4.
- shaving cream – 4.
- Gillette sensor excel razors – 20 blades + razor.

And then I made Geoffrey buy it for himself while the rest of us watched. Then we hit Tom's apartment. In spite of his actual wealth, Tom lives in a relatively small walkup brownstone.

As we entered the door, Justin immediately started getting out of his clothes, down to his jockstrap. Geoffrey went to sit down. I immediately walked over, grabbed him, bent him over, pulled his pants down and slapped his ass 30 times. Then I let him get out of his clothes.

I took him up to the bathroom and set up his supplies. I had Justin give him an enema while Tom and I watched while kissing and talking to each other. Justin was quite thorough and even a bit cruel.

He took a small piece of soap and shoved it up Geof's ass after the first enema and then inserted two more loads of water with the enema kit. Geof was howling and cramping quickly. Tom asked Justin to leave his ass plugged for a while and provided a butt plug he had. Justin helped Geof sit on the toilet seat cramped with a soap suppository enema filling him and hurting as Tom lectured him.

Lecture

Tom explained that he had lousy relationship after relationship with guys that just weren't willing to be there for him. This was different. Geof begged to have the water released and Tom refused.

Tom continued that Geof could leave whenever he wanted, but to stay he would be a fuck-toy houseboy getting spanked by me or Justin whenever necessary to control his behavior and smug attitude. Geof was in pain from the enema/plug/soap suppository combo and Tom seized the moment and ordered Geof to perform squat thrusts.

10 reps.

Geof struggled through them with great pain. When he finished I had Justin let the enema out.

Justin and I headed out to leave the two alone, I made a point of reminding Tom of my cell phone number in front of Geof before we left. As Justin dressed I thought about rendezvousing with that hot bartender into caning from the Dungeon.

Afternoon Frolics

Justin and I wandered the gay ghetto areas of the city together arm in arm, enjoying the hot men surrounding us. We sat in the park and enjoyed the warm spring day for a while also. Being with Justin was so wonderful. My cell phone rang, Tom. I said I would be over. I pointed Justin towards the bar where Mike – from Friday night worked – and suggested he handle the bartender while I handled Geoffrey.

We agreed.

Justin had gotten to payback Geoffrey already, but I sensed he wanted a shot at the bartender for spanking him publicly the other night.

Geoffrey

I headed over to see what the problem was and arrived by 3. Tom summarized quickly, Geof didn't want to have sex since he felt sore from the enema still.

I walked up to the bedroom and found Geof sulking in his jockstrap in the corner. I pulled him up to me, kissed him, then bent him over, still standing, and began spanking him firmly. After about 30 slaps he pleaded with me to stop. I kept going firmly working his ass sore with just my hand against his bared cheeks. Tom came up and fingered his fuckhole while I slapped away. This hurt I was certain from his pleas.

After spanking him and letting Tom finger his hole, he started begging Tom to fuck him so I would stop the spanking. I did and he quickly let Tom fuck his sore ass through. I watched my buddy fuck this new hot boy toy with amazement. For someone unwilling to do the dirty work of spanking he certainly knew how to enjoy and manipulate his new toy.

I watched him fuck Geoffrey for over an hour just sitting and stroking my cock, when he came inside Geof, he ordered Geof to suck me off. This was something Geof was not thrilled to be doing since I had spanked him just now, and the night before and well, you get the picture. I had put him into this life – a far cry from his life at the top of the law world.

I enjoyed the blow job thoroughly.

As he finished, I shot my load into his wide smug brat mouth. I pulled him over my knee and resumed spanking him with my hand to help him understand delaying Tom's gratification was not acceptable.

When I stopped spanking him around 7 pm, his ass was sorer than all fuck. Although I just used my hand, I work out enough that I have a lot of strength and endurance.

His entire ass was red from the spankings and only at the fringes could you make out where the tips of my fingers had slapped his ass. He was not crying but was clearly sore. Tom wandered back in as if nothing happened and told Geof he wanted to fuck again, Geof seemed ready to protest but a slap of my hand on his ass and he was bent over on the bed, ass in the air for rear entry.

Tom and I have fooled around now again over the years we have known each other. When he is horny, I've seen him fuck repeatedly four or five times in quick succession. Heck, he fucked me six times in a row when we first met, which was shortly after Justin had left me five odd years ago. He is a hot man in spite of his short comings. We mutually fuck and suck still. Geoffrey opened his ass wide and Tom's massive cock rode him good.

When Tom finished he brought Geof back over to me for more spankings. He also handed me his wooden hairbrush. Geof was already pleading, but I took him over my knees as Tom left the room, unwilling to be involved. Geof started crying and pleaded for me to stop, but I started spanking him with the brush. This was going to be an important lesson for him.

After just two or three cracks, he was crying loudly and pleading for an end to the punishment. I worked the hairbrush firmly and quickly across his buttocks as he struggled mightily in my lap. After 20 strokes I was satisfied that the crying brat in my lap would behave – at

least for a few hours.

I left him crying on the floor and kissed Tom on my way out. I heard Geof crying as Tom started fucking him again.

I headed out the front door for home it was almost 9 o'clock and I decided to head home as I had work the next day.

Bartender

By when I got home, Justin was naked and waiting for me and looked happy, after I gave him his bedtime spanking, he curled against me and told me about Mike.

He had found Mike finishing the afternoon shift when he arrived and he took him down to the stockroom of the bar. Mike was expecting me perhaps, but Justin, as I was quickly realizing, had acquired some excellent spanking knowledge in his month or so with me.

Down in the stockroom, Justin quickly stripped Mike buck naked, just like he himself had been Friday at the Dungeon. Justin found a yard stick against the stairs and bent Mike over a barrel. His hot hairy black body pressed over a keg.

How I wish I had been there, my cock throbs against my hot boy who spansks so well. Justin kisses me and continues explaining how he beat Mike.

First Justin worked his hands on the hairy ass cheeks exposed and bared for his pleasure. He slapped them in syncopated rhythms and then simultaneously playing them like a percussion instrument. Pausing as he had been taught to tease and rub the hot warm flesh underneath. Slowly two red spots appeared on the hairy ass underneath him. Progress.

He ground his groin in between the hot exposed cheeks and then lifted the ruler. Resting the yardstick on the bare butt and one hand on the small of Mike's hairy back, Justin began giving Mike what we had both seen Mike loved: caning marks on his butt. Some were visible from Friday and others from earlier trips, Mike was into this heavy and Justin had the mean streak to give it to him, I know now.

CRACK

The yardstick struck the exposed trapped ass cheeks violently...

HOWL

Mike was in pain, Justin was not going gently.

CRACK

HOWL

Justin lost track of the strokes as he brutalized the ass underneath him. Justin had no finesse for the tender gentle aspect of the pain infliction that went with spanking, but this is what Mike wanted and I knew this from seeing the deep cane marks the other night. I was also certain that although Justin would probably enjoy spanking, he would tend towards the

harder side.

All in all, Justin estimated he gave 50 strokes, brutally to the hot hairy muscular bartender. Then, he fucked the bartender's burning hot hair black ass with vigorous pumping action making sure to slam his body against the tender sore red ass cheeks surrounding the fuck hole.

Mike never cried during the spanking and Justin left without talking to him after cumming.

I pulled my hot boy close to me and fell asleep against him.

Epilogue by the Author

This story is completely fictional and is an outgrowth of my own fascination with spanking. I find spanking so erotic because it is such a release and such a power trip. After I've had an erotic spanking session with someone I find myself so relaxed and at peace.

Let me know what you think of this story by writing me email. I've gotten a number of very positive responses to the original "Spanking Party" story I wrote and continue to receive them. As a result I've written more. Continued feedback means continued stories.

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9 Internet Spanking

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party*, *Justin Returns*, and others. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters – other than Jamie – in this story to the living is purely coincidental. Permission from the real life Jamie, IRC handle: Jamester, was obtained to use our hot discussions as a *basis* for the story, thank you sweetie! *kiss*

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

This story is set several years prior to when Justin moved in with me along with the events described in the other stories in the *Spanking Party* series.

Internet

Ah, the "information superhighway," gateway to the universe and virtual traffic jams. On it, I've been able to meet hot men from near and far and also get some work done now and then. Mostly the former. :)

I've found IRC to be a fun place to meet hot guys, especially #gayspank and #m/m-spank. Through there and the SwatTeam, I've hooked up with more than a handful of spankees and the occasional spanker when I've felt like going the other way.

One hot boy in particular has frequently connected with me online. A few months ago, I took the liberty of flying him out to visit me for a week.

Prelude to a Spanking

Prior to ever meeting Jamie, we talked at length and e-mailed for roughly a year. We spoke by phone occasionally also. Sometimes he would spank himself for me via the phone. A hot and very sexy type of control. The psychological aspects are very different than for an in person spanking.

The pain/pleasure trade-off is much more in the control of the spankee. And yet the levels at which the spankee are giving themselves over to you are much greater. While it is not the sort of thing I would want to replace my “real” sex life with, it can be hot with the right guy, Jamie seemed like the right guy.

We played phone spanking games involving him choosing an instrument and me a count. That was fun and definitely a mutual turn on.

He opened up to me over time and would regale me with stories of the spankings he found in the middle of our vast country. He shared deep fantasies and desires and I the same.

Also, we talked about wanting to bring someone to tears. It was something he hungered for, and yet was scared of at the same time. I wanted to bring a man there. I had never done it yet. I knew it would have to be done slowly with trust and caring compassion, to bring about just enough pain to elicit tears and yet have the spankee keep wanting more. I knew I could do it with him.

We also talked about using baby oil to enhance the pain of the spanking and sting of the implements. Jamie and I traded information of all sorts on spanking techniques, preferences, desires, pleasures. One of my promises was that when he visited, I would take him paddle shopping and publicly test each paddle on his ass in the stores before selecting the one to use. He would get so turned on by this.

I felt as close to him as anyone I had ever met over the net.

Now we needed it to be real. I wrote the e-mail invitation, most of the guys I meet via the net have not produced the same satisfying contacts that real life meetings have produced. I’m not talking about marriage, I just mean dating/sexual things that persist past more than a one night stand – or even get that far.

Jamie seemed different and he responded yes to my invitation 10 seconds before I sent it.

Invitation

I sent off a first class ticket in the US Mail to Jamie. It was round trip and enclosed was a hotel reservation at the Four Seasons. I had never done anything remotely like this before and I didn’t want to pressure him. I wanted him to give himself to me willingly, to let me help him live out his fantasy in real life.

I still wasn’t sure what to expect. Maybe the chemistry that seemed so hot online and on the phone wouldn’t be there when we met. Maybe he just wanted me for my money and the ticket and a top notch hotel was just the excuse he needed to bring him to me but not to give himself to me.

Airport

Airports are hideous locations.

Really.

You don't need to spend much time flying to realize that they are not pleasant places to be. Especially since everyone in an airport is waiting for something or someone.

I was no different, I arrived on time and quickly ascertained that Jamie's flight had been delayed. I flirted with some cute guys at the bar while I waited.

Finally I saw the monitor indicate that the flight was on the ground. I headed back over to the gate and waited for the face that went with the picture and voice I had heard so many times.

Soon I saw the cute face and I walked up and gave him a big hug. We chatted and walked towards baggage claim together. The chemistry seemed to be all right.

As we waited at baggage claim, he seemed nervous.

We took his bag out to my beemer and I drove us into the city and took him up to the room. He kissed me.

Dinner

I took him to the dining room of the hotel. We chatted about life, work, friends, the internet, etc.

Nothing particularly gripped the conversation. I asked if he wanted to come see my apartment. Noncommittal. Would it all fall apart. Would it be another internet->real life flop?

He begged exhaustion and prevailed on me to pick him up tomorrow, Saturday, morning. I agreed and headed home.

Alone

Our society worships couples, and I had missed my dinner with Dave, Rob, Justin – who I was not dating at the time of this story – and Tom. Dave and Rob looked like paragons to the world, but I knew better, I knew about the secret mediations with my wooden paddle that held their relationship together. Tom knew of my live-in men, boys, who gave themselves to me. But in reality since Justin had left me, my life had been alone in a certain way.

If you have intimately dated someone you may know what I mean. Justin and I had been so close throughout law school. We lived in a tiny studio together and were as close as any two individuals could be. Then it ended, and although I've had 3 live-ins, four short term dating relationships, and uncounted spanking and other sex partners since he left, it had never been the same.

This probably wouldn't be the same either, but Jamie was so hot, and I wanted someone, a body, so badly.

Morning

I went back to the hotel in the morning. Jamie was waiting in the lobby. I took him around the city. Was he ready to buy a paddle? I walked us into the first leather shop in the gay part of the city.

He trembled. I pressed on, we wandered about the store, I told him I would buy him anything he liked in the shop. He selected a hot leather vest, \$395, I happily tendered my platinum AmEx card and didn't press the paddle purchase.

We wandered over to brunch at the Palm and Frond, pretentious, gay, in, and expensive. He clearly enjoyed it and liked the vest. As the check came, the waiter flirted with me and Jamie gathered the resolve, that voice I had heard and lusted for over the phone summoned the strength to say it.

"Let's go shopping for that paddle."

My cock stiffened under the table. He is hot.

I had four shops in mind and I wanted to go to each of them before selecting one. His howl of pain would decide the purchase, but I wanted him shown off.

We went to the first store, the cashier recognized me from a bar and we chatted briefly before I encouraged Jamie to select a wooden paddle – with holes – from the selection of 7 on the wall

He selected a wafer thin looking one that was like a ping pong paddle. I faced him towards me and bent him slightly forward and then lined the paddle up. The other customers turned and watched.

WHACK The paddle produced a light satisfying thwap, but not quite the **YES SIR** attention I was looking for.

We discussed it for a bit and agreed to try another store. The other customers gawked at Jamie as we left and one definitely followed us, I found it hot.

Paddles 'R Us

We hit up the next shop on the strip, and a hot guy was following from a respectful distance. I wasn't known at the next shop and I got Jamie right down to business.

This time, I selected a heavy oak paddle from the wall, it was a decent 1/4" thick. Three rows of holes dotted its foot long, six inch wide landscape. Each hole was a decent 1/4" round.

I pulled Jamie to me and he came very willingly, once again I bent him slightly forwards and put my arm over him. **WHAP** This was quite satisfying. He jumped even with the paddle hitting on his jeans. I was tempted to buy it, but I noticed that hot guy behind me watching Jamie. I wanted to drag this out. There were at least two other stores where I could get a

paddle from and I wanted to visit each.

I asked the clerk to put this one aside and said we might be back that afternoon. I stepped out the door and quickly to the side. When the guy following us stepped out I came along side him and introduced myself. He did the same, Frank he said. I more explicitly invited him to join us and we headed to the next store.

This time Jamie selected the paddle, and I bent him over the counter and felt up his ass more publicly. Frank smiled approvingly. **WHAP** This was ok, but the oak paddle from the previous store was my preference. With Jamie still bent over, I asked Frank's opinion as he had seen all three so far. He preferred the second, I concurred, but I took an extra swing anyhow just for kicks. Jamie jumped a bit. I smiled.

We went to a final shop, I wanted to draw this out, but not too much. Frank's presence was nice and clearly made Jamie nicely uncomfortable. The final paddle Frank selected at my request. I administered 3 quick firm strokes, but it just didn't scream out the way I wanted them to.

We headed back to the second store – skipping the other one I wanted to check out – and I asked permission to lower his pants in the store. The shopkeeper agreed and right on his bare butt in the middle of the store, with Frank watching, I landed a violent powerful swing on his butt leaving three perfect rows of white holes surrounding the red flesh where the paddle stung. **OUCH!** I found our dream paddle.

I picked Jamie's pants up and kissed him. Then I bought the paddle.

Frank wanted to come over, Jamie didn't want the company, and I agreed with him and sent Frank on his way – after getting his number – his part in this excitement done.

Apartment

We had talked about my apartment, and Jamie had read some diary entries – not yet public – which I had shared with him, so he knew what to expect. But holding him here, in my arms was such a rush.

I took my time, holding him, showing him the views of the city, showing him my apartment. Gently caressing him the whole time. My cock throbbing in my pants. I wanted him.

I took him to my special bedroom. At that point I didn't yet own the spanking horse, I've described in some of my other diary entries. Nonetheless, the key equipment, seat, bed, paddles, hairbrush, strap, you name it, all abounded.

I had made a point to buy some baby oil earlier in the week, and I hoped it along with the new paddle would be **VERY** handy today. I undressed him slowly, not wanting to rush something I had waited so long to enjoy.

First I took off his belt. I folded it in half and laid it on the ground, even this was a rich symbolic act.

I paused and kissed him, he gave his mouth to me fully and I probed it with my tongue deeply. I reached around and grabbed each butt cheek firmly and squeezed them like the precious items that they represented.

Next I took off his shirt. Then my hands explored his waiting chest.

Easing into a Spanking

I caressed Jamie's chest carefully, teasing his firm nipples gently, but not painfully. Then I squeezed his buttocks again, pulling him close to me, and kissing him deeply.

Keeping my hands cupped, I brought both hands down on his waiting buttocks gently – yet firmly.

Our mouths remained locked passionately together.

I lifted my hands again and swatted his covered ass with my hands cupped. I was testing the waters and we were enjoying each other. I pulled him tightly against me and let him feel my raging boner within my pants and I felt his hardness as well.

I wanted to soak him up, but patience and good sense slowed me.

I slowly undid his pant button and then his zipper. With one hand still cupping his ass cheek, I reached the other down and felt his cock through his briefs. Kissing him tightly again, I swatted his ass cheeks firmly twenty or so times with my hand. His cock grew harder in his pants.

I then reached in and pulled his stiffening cock out of his underwear, and played with it in my hand, I rubbed up it with one hand and spanked his ass with the other. After a few minutes more of this, I wanted him over my lap.

Holding him with one hand around his waist, my palm cupped around his ass cheek, I guided him back with me towards the bed. I sat down and pulled him across my lap carefully. His head and chest were towards my right and resting on the bed. His still covered ass, was squarely over my lap. I carefully positioned his protruding cock between my legs and left his legs on the ground.

After squeezing the beautiful hot cheeks through the pants some more, I resumed the hand spanking I had started, this time with more vigor. Jamie began making pleasant ouch's and ah's and gasp's as my strong firm hand worked his covered ass over.

I kept that up for a good hour. Throughout, I would rub his ass, squeeze it, kiss it bent over him and enjoy him. Now, I was ready to up the stakes. I stood him up and pulled his jeans off. After he stepped out of them I pulled him back across my lap as before.

I toyed with his briefs, playing with the bottoms and feeling the warm cheeks underneath the thin layer of cotton that stood between his butt and my hand. I pulled up on the band giving a mild wedgie and also kneaded the butt flesh through the briefs.

Then, I started hand spanking him again. This time he felt it more quickly without the

barrier of the jeans protecting him, and within a mere 30 or so swats, he was making pleasant coo's and ouch's to each swat. I pulled the briefs off without asking and pulled his cock down and rested it on my left leg. Now, I could play with it & and spank him. I licked my left hand and moistened it and then began rubbing the exposed bottom of his cock shaft while my right hand began to work his hot exposed ass.

This is an ass, I have heard about for a year on-line now. An ass which I have seen bared and spanked in pictures, but one that I had never before had in my control. My hand stroking his cock got it rock hard as my other hand blistered butt, there were clear mounds of red soreness at the center of each butt cheek. I moved my right hand around working every inch of butt flesh into a pleasant shade of deep pink.

I licked my left hand again to moisten it and kept rubbing the bottom of his exposed cock shaft. I paused the spanking for a bit and kneaded the ever reddening ass flesh with my right hand. Jamie was moaning in pleasure now.

I can't say I blame him. Being spanked **AND** having your cock stroked or sucked is one of the most intense pleasure-pain experiences imaginable. I reached over the edge of the bed and picked a jar baby oil I had bought off the floor. First I applied the oil to his cock shaft, once that was lubricated and I was stroking it I could feel him ready to cum.

Then I issued the order, "Shoot before I tell you to, and we use that paddle till you cry." Jamie gasped audibly and begged me to stop stroking his cock. I applied the baby oil lightly to his buttocks and then resumed the spanking with vigor. Each smack of my hand seemed louder and Jamie must have found it more painful because he began struggling which only made me spank harder and stroke more vigorously. I felt certain I could make him shoot so he would have to take the paddle right after orgasm, a much more painful experience than if you haven't shot yet.

After he calmed a bit, I slowed my strokes to his ass AND cock. I felt he was close. More baby oil on his ass and more firm hard swats of my hand. Every inch of buttock was evenly crimson. No inch of territory had evaded my firm strong hands slap. Now, with more baby oil, the sting would worsen again. My hand smacked his ass harder and harder and I lightened up slightly on stroking the exposed bottom of his cock to let him experience the pain that my bare hand could deliver.

Moans and groans of pleasure and pain came from his hot body.

Should I stop? Push him forward? I couldn't decide, I wanted to cum so badly.

I paused, and put some oil on my left index finger and then inserted that into his tight, exposed fuckhole.

INSTANT ORGASM.

I felt his body tense under me and then the release, streaming hot cum shot onto my leg as his balls unleashed a torrent of cum. His body bucked its way up so that his ass was burying my finger. I lifted the cum off my leg and rubbed it over his face forcing him to lick his own cum and experience it.

Once his panting stopped I put him in the window, bare red ass out to the street and city.

I stared at his beautiful youthful face. He is so hot.

But he needed to be paddled.

He looked at me, as if testing my resolve.

I took my pants off and stroked my hard cock, careful not to cum yet, my cum was for his fuckhole today.

Time-out

“Stay,” I said. And then I positioned the paddle right at his feet and left the room. The paddle was about 12” from his feet so he could see it by looking down, staring at it ominously.

I left the door to the dungeon room open so if he was chickenshit, he could bail out, his clothing was all there, it was his choice to take the paddle, I went to the living room and turned the TV on, loudly.

I watched the news for a good half hour before returning to the room.

He was standing there still, trapped with uncertainty, he wanted to leave and stay all at once, which would it be.

“Ready,” I asked.

“I’m not sure, I want to do this,” he responded.

“Really? Why are you still here then?” I countered.

Silence.

“I think you want this more than anything in the universe.”

Silence.

“You want me to paddle you so sore, you cry and cry, like a baby in my arms.”

“Please, don’t spank me,” he meekly responded.

“You have wanted this since the first time we MSG’ed on IRC.”

“No, please.”

“Then leave if you don’t want it.”

“Please.”

“You want this, tell me you want me to spank you.”

“No, please.”

“Jamie, this is what you have needed all your life, a spanking to let you cry.”

“Please, I want to go.”

“Then leave.”

“I want you.”

“Tell me you want me to paddle you till your sore and crying Jamie-boy.”

“Please no.”

He seems on the brink of crying, but he is still standing, sore ass exposed to the city at my disposal. His protestations seem meek.

“I’ll give you some more time to think... when I come back, you can ask for your paddling...”

“Don’t leave me, I want it, I want you to paddle me, I trust you, please, I’m scared though, please, paddle my ass sore, please make me cry, please hold me, I want it, I want you to beat me sore, please...”

The words came out like a torrent and I approached and kissed him warmly and deeply on the mouth, reaching my hands around and against the window glass to feel his hot sore exposed ass.

Slowly I walked him over to the bed and laid a pillow in the exact middle. I positioned a second smaller one at the base of that one and helped him lay over it, his cock in the dead center of the small pillow, his ass now upraised slightly, his body supported.

The Paddle

From the floor, I lifted the paddle we had bought earlier. I felt its heft, this would scream pain almost instantly, I wanted it to take a while, I would use its power in a measured pace.

I placed my right hand on the small of his back to help him stay put. Then holding the new paddle carefully in my left hand, I hovered it over his ass, gently feeling out where to hit and letting his butt experience the sense of its perfectly smooth wood grain. Pressing down gently to let him feel the holes that would help it swing through the air faster and land more painfully.

Gently, I lifted the paddle into the air, not more than a foot from his soon to be tenderized buttocks and brought it down firmly, yet gently. He reacted calmly, and you could see the outline of the paddle on his ass flesh. Each hole was visible from the surrounding marks. This would be good.

I repeated the gently swats 20 times, accustoming his bare bottom to the ability of the paddle to inflict pain. Gently I worked the intensity of the strokes up to a noticeable level. Now, he felt it and his body began to writhe to escape the paddle’s blow.

WHACK My right hand, kept him mostly in place, but he wiggled his ass mightily. I let go for a moment and applied some baby oil in a thin but total coat over his ass cheeks. The coolness of the oil first produced a sigh of relief, maybe I was stopping.

Then **W H A C K** I brought the paddle down at nearly my full force, and the howl Jamie emitted was perfect. He struggled to get up and I kept him down with a single point of pressure on his back. He started begging me to stop. I had no intention of stopping.

I repeated another forceful blow and he started yelling and screaming for me to stop, he was in pain from the paddle. The oil, the force, the holes, everything, it hurt. And he was not able to get hard just yet because I had helped him cum so recently. This was brutal but it was our mutual fantasy coming to life.

One of his hands moved to cover his ass and I quickly pinned it behind his back as I continued to blister his butt violently with the oak paddle. Ten strokes later, Jamie's once white, cum crimson ass was red and on fire, blisters and slight welts were beginning to stand out from the repeated work of the paddle. More baby oil to soothe – and increase the string.

By the twelfth stroke, Jamie was howling in pain constantly now, even when I paused and kneaded his ass flesh, nothing but painful ouch's, and screams were elicited, he was close to crying. He was close to where we had hoped I could take him, could I do it. I soothed his ass with more oil, and let him rest briefly.

“Stop, please, stop,” he began to plead.

“Jamie, we are so close, trust me, I can help you.”

“please, no more...”

“Jamie...”

“please...”

I wasn't certain what to do, I liked him and I didn't want to hurt him, but I wasn't certain if he was ready for where I could take him with another 10 to 20 strokes of the paddle to throw the pain past that line where he would finally have to break down crying.

I stood him back in the window and left his now welted and blistered ass exposed. “Think for a bit Jamie, you are so close and you are so beautiful.”

I kissed him and left the room, but on my way out, I added, when you are ready, bring the paddle out to me in the living room.

Waiting

Now, I was waiting for him. Consent is important, trust is important, and Jamie was so perfect and his ass could take so much. By two days from now, none of my handiwork would be visible on his ass and from what I knew of him, he would be able to sit down tomorrow no matter what, he had a tough ass that could really take a spanking.

I sat through a terrible episode of some unknown cable show before I heard footsteps in the hall. I forced myself not to look, if he wanted to leave without finishing I wouldn't stop him.

Soon, there was a beautiful boy with paddle in hand at my side.

“Make me cry.”

Crying

I took him over my lap and he came eagerly, this is what we had talked about and he wanted.

I worked the paddle like magic, the first new stroke eliciting renewed howls as the hot boy in my lap let me take him to the final spanking frontier.

WHACK

WHACK

WHACK

WHACK

Jamie was all screams now and I felt certain that another few would unlock him.

WHACK

I felt it coming, his ass would not be able to take too much more.

WHACK

WHACK

I heard the first sobs as he stopped howling and let himself go.

WHACK

WHACK

WHACK

WHACK

A few more strokes produced a wholesale torrent of tears from the boy with the hot blistered ass laying over my lap. I put the paddle down and gently kneaded his sore ass and slapped it periodically keeping the pain level high and letting him cry over my lap for a bit longer. Then when I felt certain that the pain had made him let go and he would keep crying, I slowly and gently sat him up. Then I pulled him against my chest and let him cry.

And cry.

And cry.

We just sat, his body against mine, his head nestled in my chest, him crying.

No words were spoken, none needed to be.

Rest

Hours later, when the crying had stopped, I took him to the bathroom and applied ointment to his ass to cool it down and soothe it.

I kissed him, and we went to sleep in my bed, locked in a passionate embrace.

Epilogue by the Author

I am grateful to the real life Jamie for letting me share some of our private conversations with the rest of the spanking community. As with my other “Justin” diary stories, the work itself is fictional.

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are basically e-mail’ware at this point. My original *Spanking Party* was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. Continued e-mail means more stores. Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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10 Turning The Tables

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between two adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are **not** of legal age, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up by the stories *Spanking Party*, *Justin Returns*, and others. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

As the title of this diary entry suggests, once in a while things happen in a different way than you might expect. This was one of those occasions.

Morning

buzz

buzz

I woke slowly, groggy.

slap

I hit the snooze button and slowly opened my eyes and looked around, sun was streaming into my bedroom. I didn't see Justin anywhere. Immediately I sensed that this was going to be one of those days.

I hustled my ass and got dressed, no time for a workout since I had overslept an hour. Justin must have reset the alarm clock because I was not feeling like moving but it was well past the time when I normally am on the go.

I rushed out of my apartment and onto the street only 20 minutes behind schedule. Justin had left early for a client meeting I remembered him kissing me and whispering into my ear.

As soon as I stepped out of the revolving door of my building and onto the sidewalks, the rain started. Before I could even hail a cab or step back in I was soaked from the torrential downpour.

Choices, to go back up and arrive later or go in drenched? I went back in, dried myself off, and called in sick.

Telecommuting

I made all of my calls from bed and handled two meetings by phone. Not a bad days work. For lunch, I ordered in chinese. For dinner I ordered more chinese. By the time Justin came in at 7, I was surrounded by little cartons of chinese food and things were a mess.

He looked rather aggravated.

“Have you forgotten?”

“What?”

If I could have slammed my head against something hard, I would have. Instead I just slumped in the bed, it was the weekend of our 6 month anniversary.

He slept on the couch and we didn't talk. I didn't even make a fuss about him missing his bedtime spanking for the first time in some 180 days. I felt lower than low. I also realized I was missing Michael and both of us were missing dinner with our friends.

Saturday

I woke up, and little chinese food cartons still surrounded me, I felt sicker. I called Dave and asked for some medical help, he said he would drive over.

Justin was already gone and I had never reset the alarm, it was 11 already.

First, I needed some medical attention, then I needed to make amends with Justin. Dave came over with his medical bag. His hair had regrown from his treatment 5 months ago – finally – and his cheating heart was towing the monogamy line. Justin had come home and cleaned up in the bedroom without talking to me.

I felt like shit, I hadn't even picked up his gift from Tiffany's, worse still while I had moped in bed all day, I hadn't bothered to have it couriered up to me. I called the store and asked if anyone could deliver it, the cute young salesman who had made the \$50,000 sale which must have netted him a handsome commission was happy to deliver it.

I know how to spend money on those I love, I had considered a diamond studded paddle, but discarded the idea as impractical and settled on an emerald arrangement in matching engagement bands. The pattern was exquisite.

I had selected them secretly, measuring his finger while he slept, I wasn't sure what he bought me, although I suspected that this was going to be an uneven aspect of the relationship, it had been years ago and would probably continue, I didn't care much about dates and birthdays, I had let 20, 25, and soon would let 30 slip by without a big deal, I figured maybe at 100 I would hold some sort of thing, but for now, I kept it quiet. I remember throwing Justin's

25th birthday party years ago that was a big do then. Lord save me when he turns 30. My 25th birthday produced a card and a light dinner.

If I tried that, he would murder me.

Prognosis Negative

Dave finally arrived with Rob in tow, and they sat down at my bedside. Dave felt my forehead and then took my temperature. Normal. He checked my glands. Normal. More tests, formal diagnosis, “Acute Bupkis.”

Well, I wasn’t going to die at least. Justin came in and wasn’t happy since he had wanted a fancy dinner and lots of other things. I sent Dave and Rob out so we could talk a bit. He was afraid I had faked being sick because I didn’t love him enough.

I pulled him close and kissed him. “No, sweetie, I just felt terrible yesterday, it could have been a 24 hour thing.”

Justin shrugged and sent Dave and Rob home thanking them. The desk buzzed that my package had arrived and I asked them to send it up. The salesman was surprised to find Justin wearing just a bathrobe which he kept in the closet for these situations.

I went out and signed for the package and thanked the salesman, he winked at me, realizing who the other ring was for. I took Justin back to the bedroom and kneeled in front of him giving him the ring.

He was amazed. Silent.

First Things First

“Yes,” he said.

My heart swooned.

“On one condition,” he continued.

My heart sank.

“I want you to be mine just this once,” he said, “just for tonight, I want you to give yourself to me completely.”

His terms were clear. I hadn’t been on the receiving end of a spanking in ages. I used to enjoy it, but I found few people could find the right level of intensity/pain/pleasure I needed. I loved Justin dearly and since I had first met him eight years earlier, I had wanted to be with him.

“Fair enough,” I said, “we put the rings on and from now till tomorrow morning you are me and I’m you, I’ll do anything you say.” I was going somewhere I had never been, but I love him so much. You don’t buy \$50,000 rings at Tiffany’s for someone on a lark. We had a 3

yr + 6 mo track record and I felt certain that this time was right.

He smiled and put my ring on my left ring finger. I then slid his ring on his left ring finger. We were hitched.

We embraced and kissed lost in time for a while. I felt his hands cup my ass, as mine had done around his for the past few months.

SWAT He brought both down firmly. It felt strange. I felt flush.

“There are plenty of jockstraps around here, go get in one,” he said matter of factly.

“Yes, sir,” I snapped back curtly. I headed to his dresser, stripped and put on a jockstrap alone. He didn’t bother to change but had headed to the living room couch and was watching television.

I sat down on his lap, as he did for me and leaned against his face. He kissed me back. We sat watching TV, our positions reversed, the chemistry hot.

Appetizer

After the news ended, he helped me up and took me to the master bathroom. He had me stretch out on the floor, with my arms above my head. The floor was cold and I shivered slightly. He noticed and turned on the heatlamp. With the warmth of the heat on my front and the cold floor slowly warming underneath me, my boy-sir looked down on me, his for the night.

He took some shaving creme with menthol and lathered my armpits leaving the creme to sit for a bit. Then he took my straight razor and carefully and slowly cleaned my armpits of all hair. Next he lathered my chest with the shaving creme and repeated the treatment. Slowly denuding my hairy chest of its manly hair. He left the jockstrap I was wearing alone and didn’t seem to want to cut my pubic hair off.

Soup

With my chest shaved, I felt more naked. He lifted me forward off the floor and kissed me. Then he asked me to turn around and kneel on all fours. I did it. I felt something cold, thin and lubricated enter my ass, a thermometer. He slid it in deep and walked away.

Hours, ok probably 3 minutes later, he came back and pulled it out. “No temperature,” he announced like this was a big surprise. My cock had stiffened from the thermometer in my ass and he stood me up and lubed the thermometer again. Carefully he lifted my cock evenly. Then he pushed the metal tip towards my cockhole. I could see he had rubbed it with ben gay for lubricant, this would hurt.

I stood still for him. I loved him didn’t I?

The tip touched my cockshaft and it was cold. I wanted to run away and hide somewhere,

but I also wanted to stand still for him, so he would know I loved him. I quivered.

Slowly and gently he pushed the metal tip into the lip of my cockshaft. He was careful to be slow and gentle. I wanted to move away. He put one hand cupped lightly on my ass cheek and held me reassuring me that this wouldn't hurt too much.

I felt the metal tip moving slowly up my cockshaft. First the cold of the tip moved into my urethra then the wider glass of the thermometer itself. The ben gay lube didn't burn at first. He slide the thermometer all the way down my 8" shaft till the base of the thermometer was at the tip of my rock hard thermometer swallowing cock. I was somewhere between terror, pain and ecstasy all at once.

Then the ben gay hit, it's warm burning sensation while pleasant on the outside felt like a match inside the length of my urethra. I let out a scream and he stood and kissed me, my cock in agony, our lips locked. He held me till I calmed and then lay me down with the thermometer in my cockshaft so I could savor the pain-pleasure of it all for a while and he left the room.

I thought about taking it out, it hurt. It also felt unusual and kind of pleasurable in a way that low grade pain can only be described. He left it there, my cock hard and engorging a thermometer for a while. Finally he took it out slowly and my cock contracted, empty and painful. He handed me water and made me drink 6 glasses till I finally had to piss. He had me do it standing in the shower.

It hurt.

He kissed me.

Salad

He pulled out a large enema bag and begin filling it with water. I bent over the tub without instruction. I felt him glide the nozzle into my fuckhole and my cock still felt on fire from its earlier treatment.

Once the nozzle was buried deeply, he let the water flow slowly at first and then more quickly filling me with warm soapy water. First it felt nice, but by the end of the 2nd bag I felt very full, he seemed unlikely to stop, but rather filled me with 2 more quart bags and then plugged me up.

He stood me up and I felt cramped from the pressure. He kissed me warmly and passionately, our mouths locked in embrace. "Thank you," he said as he began to slap my ass while held in an embrace. My body ached from the fullness of the water and yet, his mouth felt like chocolate, delicious and melting in my mouth.

The slaps increased in intensity as he finally turned me back around and bent me over the tub slapping my bare ass vigorously. My cock was hard, my bowels filled with soapy water, my ass plugged and my boy was beating my ass. This was hot and intense. Just retelling it makes me want to shoot.

He picked up my hairbrush from the bathroom counter and turning its firm wooden side towards my ass began beating me. It hurt. I wanted the water out, I wanted it to stop. But it also felt wonderful. I liked the sting of the brush against my ass. The release of being able to let go of control and let him just dominate me.

The hairbrush kept hitting my full ass as I began to moan in ecstasy. The pain was intense but beautiful and my cock stiffened in spite of the conflicting emotions. As the pain mounted he struck me harder and harder with the brush. My cock got harder and harder and pressed against the ledge of the tub, it finally shot a mighty load. I let it all loose right then, I was lost in the pleasure-pain of the spanking.

He kept it up with my body full for a few more strokes after I came. Then he made me lick my cum off the tub ledge. I wanted my ass emptied and he granted my wish without me asking, pulling me to the shower and yanking the plug violently, he emptied me of water.

He was taking advantage of me I know, but one night out a lifetime and he would get paid back for this.

My ass felt sore from the repeated strokes of the brush and he pulled me close and kissed me warmly, cupping my hot ass and kneading it a bit. He slapped my sore ass a few times producing some ouch's and then just held me tight.

Entree

He took me there. For the first time since we got back together, and for the last time, he fucked me. It happened quickly, he didn't even bother having me kneel and suck him, he forced me onto all fours on the bathroom floor and like an animal mounted me.

His throbbing cock entered my now clean and loosened, still soapy ass with ease. Stroke after piston like stroke of animal thrusts and grunts greeted me. It had never been this good when we were together before, he was like a different person.

The strokes were deep and powerful his cock exploring my ass fully I could feel each piston like thrust deep within me and finally he stopped inside me and collapsed on top of me grabbing me around the chest and pulling me up to him and then he shot deep inside me.

He just held me like that for a while, his cock softening inside me.

Dessert

What a hot evening.

I respected Justin for pushing me so hard and testing me. I loved him.

Later that evening as I stood in the window, waiting for my bedtime spanking, I contemplated the changes I had brought to his life over the past six months. How every day for the past 180 he had given himself to me completely. How we worked side by side during the day as

colleagues, and then came home to a world where he could give himself to me completely. Tonight, I had given myself to him. I had shown him that I loved him as much as he could ever possibly love me.

When he beckoned, I came to his lap for a bed time spanking. My ass was already sore and hurt as he delivered 20 some hard slaps to my bared upturned ass.

Finally, I lay on his chest and went to sleep.

We were together now – for good.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point. My original *Spanking Party* was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. Now thanks to net-encouragement, a rather long piece, ~50 pages, is under consideration for inclusion in a gay/lesbian smut fanzine, I will keep people posted about purchase/download information.

Thanks again to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories.

Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:topleftal@yahoo.com>>.

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11 Spanking Party 3

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, don't read it.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Preparation

In the litigation field, there is a saying that cases are won or lost in the lawyer's office. I'm not sure whether or not I agree, but the underlying mantra, "Preparation, Preparation, Preparation," is good advice for any field.

I had missed the last first Friday spanking-fest at the *Dungeon* due to my flu and Justin's personal ministrations. After that weekend, described in my diary entry *Turning the Tables*, things had calmed and relaxed in our relationship. Saturday and Sunday had been "normal" as such with Justin getting his bedtime spankings per the *Rules for Justin*. Once again he was sleeping nestled in my chest and we were deeply in love.

Tom and Geoffrey were still together now for 5 or so months and Justin and I were still responsible for beating the Geof's hot ass. We pretty much took turns spanking Geoffrey sore and many times I was fairly certain Geof misbehaved just to get it but good from one or both of us.

The weekend visits were intense and hot with both Justin and I beating Geoffrey sore with the paddle and more recently at Justin's suggestion a razor strap. Tom didn't bother with his beau much over these weekends and Geoffrey seemed to enjoy the discipline and rigor it provided. When Tom picked him up on Sunday night Geof was always **very** appreciative. He had missed one weekend due to Justin and I fighting, but that was it.

He had gone home every other weekend with a blistered and sore ass. I was amazed at how the mighty had so completely fallen. He was totally Tom's houseboy. When Tom worked

at home and did trading from his home office, Geoffrey had to kneel and suck cock for the entire day. I was kind of jealous of Tom about this point, I mean a full day suck. I was also annoyed – not too much – that he refused to spank his own boy. On the other hand, I kind of enjoyed doing his dirty work and I appreciated that it gave Justin a certain outlet to experiment as well.

Life was outstanding and with our wedding bands, Justin and I were rolling along beautifully.

First Friday would be around soon and that meant another spanking party at the Dungeon, we talked about it and set some ground rules. I was *prepared* for the party and for Michael, *throb*.

Work

Work on Friday's seems to always drag on.

Work on First Friday's is like being condemned to the gates of Hell.

The entire day my cock throbbed. I was thinking of my hot boy Justin and my chance to have Michael again. Geoffrey also had to come along per the rules about him spending the weekends with us.

Plans

I called Justin into my office around lunch and set up the plan for the evening. After dinner, the three of us, Geoffrey, Justin and I would head to the Dungeon. Justin and Geoffrey would strip and get in for free.

I had a friend who I wanted to punish Geoffrey and another who had asked for Justin. I told Justin about Christopher some more. Justin agreed to be spanked by him and I kissed my hot boy.

Geoffrey would not be consulted about Timothy.

That settled, I let the rest of the day drag on and headed home at 3:00 without a backward glance.

Dinner

Dave and Rob were already at the table by the time Justin and I arrived. Things were going pretty well with them since the events described in my diary entry *Dinner Party* and I hadn't needed to mediate between them more recently.

I pulled Rob aside for a bit and asked if there had been anymore problems and he mentioned that Dave had finally admitted that he had cheated and that they had both gone for AIDs tests. I kissed him and hugged him tightly.

Tom and Geoffrey arrived late and Geoffrey looked extremely smug and Tom looked annoyed. Tom explained Geoffrey had started a fight about staying with Justin and I for the weekend. I took Geoffrey by the ear in the middle of the restaurant and hauled him to the bathroom. His face blushed as I did this.

Bathroom

I locked the door to the small men's room and pushed him over the toilet. I yanked down his pants unceremoniously and slapped his ass 50 times loudly so I was certain that the entire restaurant had probably heard him get spanked. Things like this occasionally happen at this restaurant given its location in the heart of the gay ghetto, but that doesn't mean that it isn't embarrassing as all fuck for the poor boy.

Two weeks ago I had seen Charles and his hot boy toy Carlos here and Charles had done the same thing to his hot boy. When Carlos stepped out, the eyes of the entire packed restaurant were on him and he slunk back to the table his face red with embarrassment. When Charles finally stepped out a few minutes later, taking his sweet time, many clapped. I remember Justin's expression of horror at the whole incident, I think he felt for Carlos. Tonight was Geof's turn and I marched him out of the bathroom back to the table by the ear.

He was completely embarrassed, the entire restaurant saw it and a good half of the restaurant was clapping. I sat him down next to me and told him that if he didn't apologize to Tom and I right this instant, I would march him right back to the bathroom for another dose, this time with my belt.

He started to cry from the embarrassment and then apologized to Tom, Justin and I. Then he kissed me tenderly, and then he kissed his boyfriend.

My cock was rock solid.

The rest of dinner was uneventful. Dave and Rob headed back to their suburban bliss, disrupted now by the prospect of disease from Dave's misbehavior.

Tom kissed me goodbye and left me in charge of his fuck toy.

I saw Geof look wistfully at him and whispered into his ear, "Do I need to take my belt off young man?"

His eyes snapped to me and he looked down, embarrassed. "No, SIR!" He managed finally.

"Good," I responded.

Car Trip

Convertibles look great, but they aren't that practical for 3 or 4 people. Geof's lanky body was crammed into the back seat and Justin enjoyed the front passenger seat.

I took the beemer up to 90 on the expressway as we drove to the Dungeon. Justin and I

held hands most of the way. Geof seemed sullen in the back seat.

Dungeon

In the parking lot, I sent Justin ahead and pulled Geof aside and held him for a bit. A boy needs to know he is appreciated and both Tom and I appreciate Geof. “Geof, I’ve selected someone very hot for you to play with tonight.” He looked down.

“I think you will really enjoy his skill with the cane.”

Geof’s eyes met mine, terror.

“He was an British prefect for years before he came to the states.”

I held Geof tightly and walked him inside.

Justin was already naked and I had Justin help Geof undress and the three of us walked up the catwalks, holding hands, to the Dungeon’s main area. It was pretty quiet yet, and I didn’t see anyone I recognized. I was afraid that Michael wouldn’t show, or that he had met someone else and would never be mine again.

I held the two boys at my side tightly, cupping there fairly white ass cheeks. Geof’s was beautiful and felt cocky. It felt in need of the 25 strokes of a cane Timothy was planning to brutalize it with. The harder Justin or I punished Geof for his misbehaviors it seemed at times, the harder he would rebel.

One night, I beat him so sore with my belt that his entire back was covered with welts and he didn’t once cry out. The next night I was back and beat him again. He loved it. He was a hard core spankofile and Timothy would deliver the intense levels of pain he really loved.

Christopher on the other hand was a gentler man. He was younger than me at 20 and was just into spanking. I thought he would enjoy Justin because Justin could take a lot, but loved a long slow ass slapping. For Justin this would be just like a hot extended bedtime spanking, and I was certain he would enjoy it a lot. Christopher was the first to arrive and he took Justin down to the floor of the Dungeon.

Christopher

At 6’3” with his messed up hair, Christopher was the typical engineer. He looked geeky, but he had strong firm hands and clearly enjoyed spanking. Geof and I watched him lay Justin’s smaller 5’10” frame over his lap and expose the tender ass flesh.

I watched my beautiful olive complexioned husband get it from another man.

Chris’ firm hands began slapping and from our overhead view, I slowly saw the red marks appear. Chris’ first blows were slow and carefully timed. He pulled Justin’s stiffening cock out between his legs so it could be seen from above. Then in one of my signature moves licked his one hand and began to rub the exposed underbelly of Justin’s cock while slapping

Justin's firm ass with the other hand.

Justin was cooing with pleasuring and moaning in mild pain in seconds. I watched carefully as Justin's ass reddened below me. After a bit more, Chris switched to a paddle and really worked Justin's ass nice and sore.

My attention was diverted from my mate by the arrival of Michael who greeted me warmly with a kiss and expressed how sad he was to have missed me last month. I felt bad too I said and suggested we trade numbers.

Michael

No dice on trading numbers, yet at least.

I took him and boy Geoffrey onto the floor and set up shop right next to Christopher who was working my Justin's ass to a bright shade of crimson.

I pulled a chair up facing Chris and laid Michael over my lap so his face and Justin's would be near each other. They were almost close enough to kiss, and certainly could see each other's faces contort with pain.

I selected a hairbrush for Michael's bare ass as my instrument of choice and first slowly and then in counterpoint to Christopher's slaps on Justin's ass began working the firm back and front of the brush violently on the beautiful upturned ass flesh.

It was quite a sight, each of the two hot boys being spanked one, then the other. Our timing was delightful, as one boy finished bucking from the pain of a slap, the other's ass got hit and that boy bucked in response to the pain at his ass.

I took some time to kneed Michael's hot reddening bubble butt and enjoy the feel of the tender sensitive ass flesh exposed for my pleasure. I fingered his hole as he watched Justin still taking slaps from the paddle in Chris' strong hand. Then I returned to slapping Michael as Chris paused and worked Justin's ass flesh.

The two once smooth and milky white asses were both a deep crimson and Geoffrey stood by my side watching all of this unfold. I toyed with Michael's cock like I had taught Chris to do and Chris and I cross slapped ass and cross stroked cock.

It was hot.

I started kissing Chris as we both kept slapping ass underneath us. We were leaning forward pushing the two boys closer together and locked our tongues as we kept beating the hot ass upturned for our pleasure.

Michael was moaning in ecstasy soon and I returned to stroking his cock and Chris and started slapping ass in sync rather than kissing. Chris redoubled his efforts on Justin as we raced to see which bad boy would shoot first.

Justin won out, my theory is the head start Chris had beating my boyfriend's ass flesh won the race, but Michael was no slouch and covered my leg with his warm jism.

I made Geoffrey lick it all up. Both Justin's and Michael's hot cum, every drop onto his tongue and then swallowed. Then Chris and I sat holding our respective play toys in our laps. I let Michael lean into my chest as I kissed him. I watched Justin, secure now in our relationship, relax in Chris' embrace.

The four of us sat there for a while no one talking, Geoffrey the odd one out.

Fortunately Timothy came over.

Timothy

He had been watching our mini-spectacle from the catwalks and had waited for Christopher and I to finish before he made his splash with Geoffrey. His great experience caning naughty schoolboys in the UK would come in handy now.

Chris and I move our chairs together so we faced Timothy and he pulled Geoffrey close and whispered some words to him. Geoffrey decided that whatever caning he was going to get was bound to be better than what I would do over the course of the weekend if he didn't obey and he bent over, his ass to us, and grabbed his ankles.

Timothy withdraw a cane from his bag and showed it to us with Geoffrey bent over. He took his time letting Geoffrey wonder what was going on. Justin inspected it closely and seemed quite smug about the whole thing.

I resolved then that Justin needed to be taken down a notch by Geoffrey later this weekend.

Laying the cane flat on Geoffrey's ass, Timothy let him sense it's narrow pain inflicting dimensions.

"25 of the best," Timothy announced, "count them off boy."

Tim lifted the cane only a foot or so from Geof's tender exposed ass flesh. Whoosh, the cane soared down that foot violently and struck Geof's ass perfectly in the center. Geof howled in surprise and pain but kept his grip on his ankles.

"One Sir," he announced.

I could see a distinct pink mark where the cane had struck Geof's ass and I could tell that it hurt badly.

Tim raised the cane further back this time, and brought it down again more forcefully, the sting was loud and it seemed like the entire room's eyes were on Geof's exposed ass.

Geof howled in pain louder this time and let go of his ankles, Tim quickly pushed him back down and said, "Count boy"

"Two Sir," Geof managed his teeth clenched already.

I looked closely at Justin's face as Tim brought the cane down again, Justin was transfixed at his fellow boy in utter agony and so publicly exposed. Tim's excellent work was quickly becoming

THE spectacle and Geof was howling in pain and his count was barely audible to me. Mike's dick was already rock hard, what a horny little fucker. I bet he would like this treatment, I thought.

Strokes four, five, six and seven brought Geoffrey to uncontrolled tears, how he managed to hold onto his ankles, I don't know. I saw urine begin to trickle from his penis as he was reduced to tears. Tim made the count for himself and continued punishing the ass violently.

I saw clean channels where the cane had worked welts into the skin and a few more carefully landed blows would probably cut the flesh. Tim worked the cane carefully though to avoid that and kept brutalizing Geof's ass. Justin buried his head against Christopher to avoid watching his fellow boy being punished so bad.

The catwalk was replete with hard men, tops, stroking it. Tim was doing an amazing job. I felt Geoffrey was able to handle the pain level and didn't stop it. Michael stayed rock hard watching the whole thing avidly. He wanted it. Justin was afraid, he wanted to be able to dish out this sort of pain but couldn't handle getting it.

Tim took his sweet time landing the remaining 15 odd blows across every inch of Geof's ass, there were clear cane marks across it neatly spaced.

Geof was crying like a baby and was afraid to stand. Timothy kept him down for a bit and let the tops watching the spectacle finish jacking off if they wanted. He rubbed the cane against Geof's sore ass provoking more crying from the already sore boy.

Finally, Tim helped Geof stand up slowly, Geof cried more and Tim enveloped the boy in his arms and let Geof relax.

Tim brought Geof over to me and I stood up and held his sore body against me. I kissed Tim and then had Geoffrey do the same. Justin, was nestled against Christopher still, avoiding the horrors that the cane had wrought. Michael was still hard and was standing with us.

Tim found some other boys in the audience interested in the same treatment and was quickly making a spectacle with someone else. I had Justin and Christopher help Geoffrey out the car as I stood with Michael and we kissed.

"Please Michael, I'd love to see you more," I begged plaintively.

He looked at me, and slowly said his number, "555-9781." Then we parted company.

I headed out to the car, Geof was in the back seat unable to find a comfortable position and Justin was kissing Chris. I didn't mind the affection since Justin and understood each other now.

I leaned into the car and kissed Geoffrey and told him how proud I was of him and then got Justin into the car.

Car Ride Home

Geof was in considerable pain sitting on his caned ass the whole way home. Justin didn't seem to want to talk about it, the experience seemed to have impacted him more than I expected.

Aside from Geof's complaints it was quiet all the way home.

Bedtime Spankings

I helped Geof undress and then watched Justin undress. I hesitated about giving Geof a bedtime spanking, but realized that rules are rules and couldn't see a good reason not to give him one.

I stood them both against the window, their asses out to the city.

I sat on the edge of the bed. Geof looked at me plaintively his eyes begging for escape. I beckoned Justin to me and he came quickly and quietly. I pulled him across my lap and spanked him firmly 20 times. He kissed me deeply and thanked me and then went to the bathroom to finish up. He left me an opening to give Geof a break by shutting the door and turning on the fan.

I motioned for Geof to come to me. He came slowly. Very slowly. I grabbed him when he was in reach and pulled him over my lap. Even this simple action hurt his sore ass.

Slowly and gently I slapped his ass the typical 20 or so times, I was firm but fair, making it light but not fake and he cried again and then I helped him up and kissed him deeply.

He thanked me for the experience and joined Justin in the bathroom. I curled under the covers and began falling asleep. The two of them joined me shortly and pressed their bodies against me one on each side. Two hot boys resting against me. Geof was sore but content and whispered how glad he was to have met me. Justin just slept, content to be with his boyfriend.

I slept too.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point.

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Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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12 Weekend Payback

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Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

Author: TopLegal, toplegal@yahoo.com

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

This takes place the morning after the events of *Spanking Party 3*.

Sleep

Sleeping with one hot man can be bliss. Having two against you, curled up, is heaven.

As the full length windows let the sun past the angled verticles, I felt its hot rays on my face and opened my eyes. Justin and Geof were against me oblivious to the powerful light streaming onto my face. I let them rest against me as I thought about my plans for the weekend. Justin was getting to be a bit too smug with Geof, especially since he was handling some of the discipline of the boy with me.

Geof was way too sore from the previous night's caning to take all but the lightest punishment anyhow and he had gotten it but good. This weekend, the focus would be on my hot husband, my personal boy toy, Justin.

Wake Up...

I gently rubbed Geof's hair patting him tenderly and he slowly roused to my touch and looked up into my eyes lovingly. He was a good boy who loved to take severe pain ever since I had introduced him to it. He was definitely misbehaving at times just to get my attention since his boyfriend, Tom, refused to have anything to do with punishing his fuck toy houseboy.

I pulled his face to me and kissed him deeply. “Get moving,” I whispered tenderly. He was in pain from the caning and getting out of bed hurt. He stood, ass to me and stretched, I looked closely at the cane marks left on his ass, smiling, and watching the sun come across him as he stretched for me. Then he put on a jockstrap and went to the bathroom to clean himself up.

I slowly pulled my husband to me and kissed him warmly. He was not very sore from the previous night and no evidence of the spankings he took was visible. I held him against me and we tongued for a while before making our way to the shower. He washed me down with his tongue and then with soapy water.

He told me that he really liked Christopher and wondered if the 20 year old engineer could visit and spank him more often. I wasn't sure how Christopher felt about the whole thing, but I said as far as I was concerned Justin could play with him. After our shower, Justin dressed himself in a jockstrap and we both joined Geof in the living room to plan the day. Geof was having difficulty sitting on anything, but I just kissed him on the forehead and made him sit down.

Geof didn't want to go out and wanted to lay down on the bed again, Justin wanted to go out for brunch, and I felt neutral about the whole matter. I decided that we would go out and that I would buy some implements to use on Justin that afternoon.

Brunch

I let the boys dress and we headed to a cute little restaurant in the gay area of town. Geof was continuing to have a **very**,

very, hard time sitting down, I found it cute, finally, we had struck upon an implement that could drive home a point on the smug pain loving spank-o-file.

As the brunch entrees arrived, I announced we would be making a trip the stores for some new toys. Geof was not pleased and looked down. Justin seemed happy – little did he know.

I was kind of hoping Justin might act out a bit, so I could bathroom spank him as I had done with Geoffrey the previous night. The humiliation aspect of that trip had humbled him mightily and I thought Justin might need a dose of that for good measure.

Nonetheless, brunch passed uneventfully, and we headed to my favorite “toy” store.

Paddles 'R Us

My friend who runs the store greeted us warmly. I let Geof wander the store, and kept Justin close to me. I showed off our matching wedding bands. My friend was duly impressed.

I selected a new razor strap and 3 Singaporean canes. These were allegedly the real McCoy's, imported from that Pacific island nation. Justin seemed pleased by the purchase, assuming they were for Geof who was wandering the store aimlessly.

Justin selected a new leather vest that I added to the purchase, not that he really ever had occasion to wear such things, but I love to indulge him. We kissed in the store for a while till Geof wandered back over and then the three of us left.

Demo

Geof didn't ask any questions about the implements, assuming they were for his training and I didn't bother to mention they were for my hot spankable husband.

Once we got home, both boys stripped to their jocks and I took Geof to the bathroom and rubbed some lotion on his buttocks to relieve a bit of the pain from the cane.

Then I went out to the living room and pulled Justin off the couch and bent him over the weight bench. I went back to the front hall leaving him over the bench for a bit and pulled the new razor strap from the bag of purchases.

I went back to the living room and found Geof watching with eyes wide open, worried that he would be next in line. I brought the strap down on my husband repeatedly, 5 quick painful strokes reddened his ass flesh quickly and effectively. He didn't cry out, but he was hurting. His cock was also rock hard. I lifted him off the bench and kissed him and then parked him, red ass to the city in the window.

I sat with Geof on the couch for a while fondling him and caressing his sore caned ass. My fingers explored the impressions left by the cane carefully. Geof's butt was still sore enough that my touch was painful. I kissed him some more and then beckoned my husband to join us.

Justin didn't remark that he had been spanked solely for my entertainment, those were the rules he lived by. He loved me and I loved him. I made Justin kneel in front of me and had him suck me off and then Geoffrey. He smiled and enjoyed it. Working his agile tongue up and down my cock shaft first till I shot a massive load into his mouth which he swallowed without hesitation. Then he repeated his efforts on Geoffrey, not hesitating for a moment. He worked just as thoroughly to produce pleasure and orgasm in his fellow boy as he had in his master.

After Justin helped Geof come, I took him back to the bedroom dungeon in my apartment and laid him across the spanking horse and fastened the restraints.

Payback

I activated the recording equipment and shut the door leaving Geof to have his way with my boy for a change.

I would have to wait for Geof to come out to see the results and I waited in the living room not wanting to spoil my anticipation. My considerable array of spanking implements was at Geof's disposal and Geof had 5 odd months of spankings from Justin to pay him back for.

I shut the door at around 2, when Geof came out at 6, I was certain there was going to be quite some tape to watch. I kissed Geof who thanked me and went to the bedroom to lay down.

I went into the room and saw my husband still strapped to the spanking horse with his ass completely welted and red. I released my boy and took him to the living room and with his welted ass exposed up to me and I placed my hand on it and pressed play on the VCR.

Watching

I rubbed the sore ass underneath me as I watched the tape. Geof was rock hard in his jockstrap as he began first hand spanking my boy. Geof used his hands for a good 30 minutes beating Justin nice and red. Justin was tightly restrained in the horse and unable to escape the welter of Geof's large hands slowly working their magic on his olive tan ass. By the time Geof disappeared from the picture to find his first implement, Justin's butt flesh was a nice deep pink.

I paused the tape for a bit and kneaded the welted burning flesh beneath me. The rough touch of my hands made Justin cry out in pain.

Then after kneading his ass for a bit, I resumed the tape, Geof had selected the razor strap I had already tested on Justin's ass earlier for further work. Restrained, Justin had nowhere to go.

Geof was not gentle as he worked the strap across Justin's ass each stroke left clear lines where the strap had just been. There was no tenderness, blow after blow landed with the razor strap, Geof took his time between strokes taunting Justin and making sure Justin understood it was payback time.

I felt my boy's welted ass as I watched the video of stroke after stroke on 3 hours of tape of torture. Geof did not spare the rod remotely, every inch of exposed ass flesh felt the center and the edge of the strap at least twice and I was proud of his efforts. I watched the rest of the tape with my husband's welted ass over my lap enjoying Geof's severe efforts to inflict pain.

When the tape finished, I turned it off and kissed Justin passionately, his body ached and it was late.

Bed

I spanked both boys firmly that night. Geof was still sore with cane marks, but I slapped his ass 30 times very firmly taking care to make them hurt. I kissed him for a job well done on Justin and then repeated the treatment on Justin's strapped ass.

Then the three of us snuggled in the bed and fell asleep quickly, two with sore asses, me content to have such beauty at my side.

Write the Author

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13 Massage

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Sometimes though, a massage can be one of the most satisfying aspects of life. Another's hands tenderly caressing the tense parts of your body and working the muscles loose. Justin and Geof both were sore from their respective strappings and canings earlier in the weekend and by Sunday both were sore enough that any more would have been needlessly cruel.

Time for them to pleasure me.

Position

I took my clothing off and laid down on my bed, propping two pillows under my belly. I was well exposed with my entire back and body exposed and my massive 8" cock hanging low between my legs.

Geof lit some candles to scent the room warmly with a fresh pine odor. Justin began rubbing massage oils into my back. His hands were warm as he slowly covered my back with a thin layer of the oils. Geof began massaging my feet slowly and tenderly as Justin positioned himself over my back and began to knead my tense muscles.

Geof then worked himself between my legs, laying on his back, and began to suck my cock shaft. I began to moan in ecstasy as he sucked and Justin rubbed my back and arms and shoulder.

Massage

Geof continued to suck be vigorously as Justin's strong firm hands massaged my back. His warm hands felt hot against my skin from the oils. He worked each disc of my spine firmly pulling the skin and pounding and rubbing.

He worked my shoulders pulling them back and stretching me out. Swedish style, he kept pounding my back, unlocking every inch of tense muscle.

Geof's sucking was having a noticeable effect as I began to moan in pleasure as my hard tool was fully within his mouth and being sucked hard, long and deep. He was not particularly expert but the continued sucking and licking was **very** satisfying.

Justin's work on my back was somewhere between utter ecstasy and sheer torture. A good back massage can feel like that. At once relieving and also slightly painful. Justin freed all of the tension in my neck and lower back.

When I finally shot my load into Geof's waiting mouth, I felt so exhausted from Justin's ministrations on my back that the cum shot forth with barely a whimper. They let me lay there, glad that I was temporarily out of commission and their asses were safe for a while.

I laid on my stomach and heard them making out in the living room with wild abandon. Geof and Justin were getting along rather well I thought in spite of Justin's disciplinary assistant role in Geof's life and Geof's strapping the fuck out of Justin just yesterday.

I stayed flat on my stomach every muscle loose and exhausted from the massage.

Dinner

We headed to dinner in the, gay, ghetto, at the same place we had gone Friday. Tom joined us and I waived Charles and his hot boy toy Carlos over to our table and they sat down with us. Geof and Carlos started making eyes at one another and Charles yanked Carlos to the bathroom very unceremoniously.

At the table, we heard the sound of a belt hitting butt in the bathroom and the entire restaurant's eyes turned to the mens room. When Charles walked out there was a lot of applause. Carlos stayed for a while and the restaurant watched waiting, Carlos finally exited blushing and clearly sore. He sat down at our table without comment embarrassed, cheeks flush and red.

Tom pushed Geoffrey onto the ground, under the tablecloth and towards Charles. I watched Charles unzip his pants as Geoffrey sucked him discretely under the table. Charles smiled and quietly orgasmed into Geoffrey's mouth.

Geof finally came back up on our side of the table, less smug and kept his eyes down on his food or on his own master, Tom, for the rest of the dinner.

Carlos was hot, but Charles didn't believe in sharing, and was very selfish about his boy toys, Justin and I had a much more open relationship on these sorts of matters.

Christopher wandered into the restaurant with a girl he had been seeing for a while. I use that term loosely because I am not sure of their relationship and have only seen him with her twice at my apartment.

I waved him over and she left him for the bar. Christopher sat down next to Justin and me and kissed Justin warmly and then me warmly. I asked about the chick and he shrugged noncommittally. I rubbed his matted hair trying to straighten it a bit. I asked if he could help me add some added camera angles to my dungeon setup to mix the face/ass shots on the horse he agreed.

His engineering skills had designed the original setup at no small equipment expense, but he donated the labor and had used it twice himself – with this chick – without any questions from me about the women. Or what went on in the room. Or about the definitely male screams for mercy that came forth.

I found it better not to ask questions about that sort of thing. He had slept with me twice nwhile setting up the equipment, but never asked me to do anything and in fact had been rather limp in bed. I was continually trying to be nice and to help him out and just make him feel good enough about himself to brush his hair, etc.

The second time Chris had used the dungeon, I found the video tape still running and him crying on the floor curled up in a fetal position. His back was covered with whip marks.

I pulled him to me that night and held him against me in bed. I watched the tape later, but I never discussed it with him. It was hot. Chris was a mystery. A smart geeky engineer who liked spanking men a lot as far as I could tell, but who somewhat regularly seemed to enjoy being whipped brutally by nice looking women.

Who could explain it?

I kept trying to be nice and warm to him and to help him feel comfortable with men, but he seemed at 20 to know exactly what he wanted.

Flogging

Geof and Tom headed off as did Charles and Carlos. Christopher came over to my place with the girl who had left him for the bar earlier. We followed Christopher into the dungeon bedroom and watched the nice looking girl take his clothes off.

Mistress Talia as she called introduced herself to me was quite the demurr mistress as these things go. There was none of that cheap leather or waist high boots. She was a simple plain woman with long flowing red hair and even for me, she registered as sexually attractive due to the gross level of understatement. She was wearing a one piece outfit that was comfortable and yet also mildly revealing. The outfit was all dark colors.

She cuffed Christopher's wrists with padded cuffs and then attached the center point of the cuffs to a hook on a pulley to the ceiling. A couple of tugs on the pulley and he was standing tippytoe, restrained and naked for her desires. She inserted a videotape from the shelf into

the machine and activated it with experience. She had been here before I reminded myself, but I was impressed by her technical skill setting the machines Chris himself had installed and set up.

She pulled a whip out of her bag as Justin and I watched. The whip had a decent sized handle at approximately one foot and the whip itself was leather undoubtedly.

She rubbed the whip against Christopher stroking him with the butt of the whip, he began to plead for mercy and she cursed him. I held Justin and felt his sore ass. He clung to me tightly.

We watched, Justin turning to avoid the sight.

I watched wondering what possessed Christopher to subject himself to this.

His lanky 6'3" body stretched, arms above his head and anchored to the ceiling. He tried to tiptoe away from the butt of the whip and Mistress Talia pushed it in his face turning his head and forcing him to look at her. She jabbed him in the back with the butt of the whip violently forcing his body to jerk violently. There was no escape for him.

I watched eyes wide as she landed the first blow to his back with the whip. The first stroke stung mightily and Christopher jerked and tried mightily to break free but he wasn't going anywhere. His body twisted hoping that she would stop but instead the next lash landed wrapping the entire front of his body and he screamed in agony. The whip mark clearly visible.

Mistress Talia remained silent throughout and kept up the pace slowly and steadily whipping whatever part of Chris' young smooth body was exposed to her at the moment. His body became criss-crossed in deep red welts from the lashes of the whip and his voice became hoarse from screaming long before she finished flogging him.

Justin ran out of the room terrified of the levels of pain being inflicted, but I stayed and watched. Mistress Talia was careful not to let the whip strike the same exact path flesh twice and seemed intent on insuring that Christopher's entire body was covered in welts. I could see why these rendezvous only occurred once or twice in a blue moon.

After a while, Chris' crying could barely be heard over the lash of the whip and Talia's invectives against him. Mistress Talia finished whipping him, but did not free his hands. Instead she put on black leather gloves from her bag.

Then she rubbed her gloved hands over his lashed body feeling the whip marks, I could sense her approaching orgasm and I just watched in awe as her body convulsed before my eyes, the sound of Chris' tears barely audible. I saw wetness at the front of her dress and she began moaning and finally orgasmed. She kissed Christopher as she left leaving him for me.

She waived to me and headed for the street with wetness just visible covering the front of her tight dark outfit.

She had orgasmed without touching herself.

Understanding

I approached Christopher and touched his welted flogged body.

It was hot and tender everywhere: front, back, sides.

By my own account, these scenes were getting more intense.

I pulled his face to me and kissed him with tongue, he responded probing me with his tongue. I released him from his bonds and took the crying man-boy to my bedroom and laid his whipped flesh on the bed next to Justin. No part of his body was free from pain and yet he seemed content to sob and cry for the night.

I gave Justin his bedtime spanking and Chris watched in fascination.

Perhaps, he was just copying me when he gave spankings at the parties, so what did he really want and why?

The three of us slept, Christopher against me limp, sore, and sobbing, Justin against him.

Understanding was not possible, yet at least, I needed more information.

In the morning, Justin and I headed to work leaving Chris still sore in bed.

Understanding?

When we came home, Christopher was watching his flogging on the TV in the living room and masturbating to the spectacle while also feeling the welts on his own body.

He wanted pain, but why and how? We respected his needs and quietly went to the bedroom till we heard him orgasm loudly and then the TV go quiet.

Justin cooked dinner as I went over some of the new equipment I wanted for the dungeon's video facilities. Chris was enthusiastic to the changes. Till just earlier, he had stayed naked and sore the whole day and had not shot.

I took him into the shower with me and slowly washed and cleaned his body. I applied no lotion to soften the pain and dressed him in a jockstrap out of modesty and finally took him to join Justin and I at dinner. He seemed pleased that I wanted to take care of him a bit.

The pain did not bother him and he talked happily with Justin about the new video equipment.

Justin finally asked the question, "Why?"

Why

Christopher looked relieved, I had avoided the question thus far, allowing his preferences as I hoped others did for mine.

He just smiled though, and said, “Because, I deserve it for what I am.”

“Gay,” Justin asked?

Christopher looked down embarrassed and ran to the dungeon crying.

I left Justin at the table and went to Christopher and found him crying on the floor in a fetal position. I took his sore welted body against mine and held him tight saying nothing, just accepting him.

Justin did not join us, he was I think in disbelief. I was too, but I would never make it so obvious.

I let Christopher stay with us, he had missed his classes at college for Monday already and I had Justin fetch his books from his dorm room so he could stay with us for a few days and sort out his feelings.

I felt if nothing else, it would do him some good to see a nice gay couple enjoying each other even if Justin and I were into something more than boring simple vanilla.

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14 Christopher

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Prologue

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Youth

At 20, Christopher was fairly young, I didn't mind allowing him to join us at events, and I supposed if I thought about it carefully I realized that he shouldn't be at those places at only 20.

Of course, I was partially responsible for some of his degeneracy and I had permitted him to help with setting up my dungeon. I let him use it, I felt responsible for him being involved with that woman. For what she had done with him yesterday, for how he felt about himself for being gay.

I allowed his easy going geeky nature to go right past me.

Poor judgment.

Mistakes could be undone still.

I looked at his whipped body, welts rising everywhere, it was Tuesday morning and he would likely miss classes again. I sent Justin off to work and I helped Christopher shower and then I put away all of the tapes I could find of him being whipped and locked them in the cabinet. I didn't need him jacking off to his own torture thinking that was healthy.

I laid him on the bed and left my AmEx platinum with him to order food as needed. He could pass for me, I mean he was male and the delivery boys wouldn't know the difference.

I brought the books I had Justin fetch the night before into the bedroom and gave him my monogrammed silk bathrobe to wear, it would possibly not hurt his skin so much and I

kissed him, patted his matted messed up engineer hair and headed to work.

His voice was still soar and he could barely talk much.

Work

Justin and I had some serious conversations about Christopher and what course to take. I didn't know anything about his parents and for all I knew they were part of the problem, Justin having been mortified himself at the sight of his flogging, was in favor of calling the College or Chris' parents.

I can't say I blamed him. I called the apartment and checked on our young charge. Chris answered cheerful and said he was getting some reading done and felt like he would get to classes tomorrow. I asked if he had ordered food, he mumbled no. I said I'd handle it and just to answer the door with my credit card and sign for it.

I called a taxi delivery service and had them bring some food up to him.

Justin stared at me, he was certain that this was all the proof I needed that Christopher couldn't take care of himself. I agreed with that diagnosis, but I didn't want whatever the cure we selected to be worse than the disease.

I sent Justin out to go handle some client meetings and I took my 2 pm appointment. She was a young financier who had started some web based business and was now being hounded in all 50 states for income tax. Love that Internet, nothing is good for lawyers like more things to sue over. I worked out a compromise which we would offer to some of the more aggressive states along with agreeing to participate in hearings on behalf of the company at the state capital. I also suggested that we contact some of the savvier Democrats and Republicans in Washington and begin aggressively courting them for uniform Federal regulation, regulation bytes, but one set of rules is better than 50.

Plans

I left Justin at the office at 4pm and headed home to check on Chris. He was in my silk robe laying on the bed still in obvious pain trying to read. "Chris," I started. He looked up to me. "Is anyone going to be missing you at school that we should contact." He shook his head. He didn't have any friends I realized. Nobody would notice he was missing. It was very sad. Worse still the most important friend in the whole universe that each of us could have, ourselves, he hated. While many lawyers think they are god's answer to everything, I've always thought it better to leave some tasks to others, helping someone through something like what he was going through seemed better suited to an expert.

On the other side of the problem was that trust was in short supply. Action.

"Chris, you think we could go talk in my study about all of this?" Nod. We wandered into the guest room/study. I shut the door to the room and sat down with him on the bed. Every

inch of his flesh seemed covered with welts and whip marks and he seemed in pain no matter how he strained to sit, even in the comfort of my silk robe. I felt such pity for him.

I sat next to him and look him in the eyes. “Chris, this can’t keep happening, if you don’t care enough about yourself not to permit this, then I will care enough.”

“I’m dirt, I deserve it,” I heard him say his voice hoarse and still only barely audible.

“No you don’t Christopher,” I asserted boldly, “nobody should ever feel they deserve to be treated like you were. And certainly not because they are gay.”

“Leave me alone, I see the way you treat your husband and friends,” he responded. “Besides, you had me install the video cameras for your own entertainment, you do that because you hate what you are, we all should hate to be gay.”

“Chris, let’s leave some aspects of my sex life out of this for first things, Justin and I have a very loving relationship in spite of some of the aspects about it that others might find odd. That isn’t because we hate being gay, but rather because we enjoy being gay but we also enjoy different types of play,” I responded.

Uncontradicted, I continued, “I want to help you, lets start by just understanding what I can do to help you out, we’ll worry about all of these other things, gay, spanking, what not, at some other point. For now, lets just work on putting you back together and helping you look like you care about living and help you enjoy life.”

He bought it.

Parents

In his hoarse voice still strained from the screams of terror the other night, he told me about his parents and his upbringing. It wasn’t a pretty story. I hesitate to retell these tales, but then again, to understand why Chris is the way he is, perhaps they must be told.

From an early age, Chris’ parents beat him for minor infractions. To the extent that you can accept childhood corporal punishment, I don’t, this went beyond that by far. Chris was acting out the things his mother did to him. Simply knocking over juice at the breakfast table could mean a black eye.

When he hit puberty and he naturally began to play with himself, that led to the whippings. Hours tied to a peg in the basement as his mother or father flogged him for his “own good.” He was taught how bad it was for him to like his own body, but the worst punishment had come because he was caught at school sucking a guy’s cock in the shower.

He missed school for a two weeks after that incident and he assures me that you can still find blood on the floor of the basement from when that happened. He also didn’t have friends because he was afraid they would see what his parent’s did and he stopped caring about himself.

School

He was outstanding in school, he had won a merit scholarship that paid all of his bills and a living stipend and took him away from his parents now thousands of miles away on the other coast. He was happier here, but hadn't made any friends.

I thought I heard Justin enter and listen at the door momentarily, but then leave us undisturbed. The noise reminded me that dinner was important, I hoped Justin would take care of that, I noticed from my previous AmEx statement that he had become quite adept at ordering many things, I made a mental note to discuss finances since only my money was being spent these days.

Back to the boy at hand.

Guest Bedroom

"Chris," I said, "I want to help you move on, help you care about yourself again and love yourself."

"I'd like you to move in to my guest room and stay as my guest for as long as you want," I continued.

"But, there are going to be some rules," I finished.

"First, you are going to have a curfew, 10 pm. Second, you will have to stay here each night. Third, you will start taking better care of yourself, brushing your hair, etc. Fourth, you won't miss class any more. And fifth, no more Mistress Talia or anyone like her."

His eyes begged the question, what if I break the rules.

"If you can't live by the rules, I'll ground you, but ultimately if you can't find a way to start loving yourself, I'm not sure what any of us can do to help you."

Dinner is Served

Justin sensibly knocked on the door and entered fully clothed still. I was relieved. Smart man. Maybe the credit card bills could be overlooked.

He brought in some chinese and shut the door giving us back privacy.

Chris ate it heartily, relieved. He knew I wouldn't send him back to his parents and I could support him here. After we ate, I asked if he wanted to do some reading before bed time and if he would go to classes tomorrow. He asked to skip again and I agreed. I brought his texts into the room and set them on the desk. I kissed him on the forehead and turned out the lights letting him try to fall asleep, still in agony at only 8 pm or so.

Justin

My husband had stripped down again to his jock for me and was propped up in our bedroom reading a trashy gay novel “The President’s Son.” I had picked it up because of the cute twink on the cover, Justin was reading it. Figured.

I put myself on top of him and slapped his ass warmly with my hands just letting him know I was there. He rolled himself around and kissed me.

We talked about Chris, he would stay. I told Justin, don’t strike him at all, even if he gets on his knees and begs you for it, or I’ll give you hell. Justin looked at me and nodded. We kissed. I wrapped my arms around him and brought up our joint finances as well as the credit card bill. We agreed that he would start covering some more expenses as long as he planned to work and that also he would start saving more to some retirement investments. I recommended Tom for the investing.

We talked about whether he needed to work, and I explained he didn’t that between my salary and Tom’s investing acumen on my savings, that Justin didn’t need to work and we could live a more than posh life. He toyed with the idea of quitting. I could see that much. Then he thought about Geof’s life, and passed on it for now. We kissed and I stood him in the window for some corner time before his bedtime spanking.

I went out to the living room and found Chris on the couch unable to sleep watching mindless TV shows. I looked at my watch, 10:30 already. I sent him to his bedroom and tucked him back in with another kiss on his forehead. I went to the medicine cabinet and took out some extra strength ibuprofen and some ointments and went back to the guest room all the while, Justin stood waiting for me in the window.

I helped Chris take the pain killer and then rubbed his body with the ointments trying to soothe the pain. Once I felt he would be able to sleep I left a light on in the hall and cracked his door.

Bedtime Spanking

I shut our bedroom door and beckoned Justin to my lap. Then I slapped his beautiful olive complexioned ass cheeks firmly 50 times. I wanted him to still be a bit more frugal with the credit card, there are only so many chatchkas from Tiffany’s that our apartment could handle. Plus, I felt he and the salesman were getting too friendly if you follow my meaning.

He said ouch quite a lot for a bedtime spanking and I kissed him after it was done and had him stand, red ass to the city for a bit to contemplate better financial health. I opened the bedroom door to invite Chris in if he needed to. Then I lay down with my hot husband. He kissed me deeply and warmly giving himself to me in a mad passionate kiss and then working his tongue across my body, licking and sucking and biting my nipples. I began to moan in ecstasy.

Justin licked my torso and then began sucking my cock expertly.

He was good. I shot in his mouth in just minutes and he kept licking my thighs and groin torturing those most sensitive areas with the stroke of his tongue keeping me stimulated after I had cum. It was painful and yet wonderful. My moans of pleasure must have filled the apartment.

If Chris had any doubts that Justin and I loved one another passionately, I'm sure he heard how we felt about the matter. Justin didn't stop licking me till I shot a second load this one onto his face. He looked silly and we kissed laughing and giggling like school girls.

I made love back to him like I had done on our "wedding night." I took his cock shaft deep in my mouth down into my throat and sucked him hard. Then I got onto him and rode his cock shaft all the while holding and pulling on his nipples. He was so hot, his cock was in me deep and I was riding him like a bronco. He moaned and moaned in pleasure calling my name and finally shot his load deep within me.

We kissed and fell asleep.

Morning

Sometime in the night, later, Christopher joined us, for when our alarm went off, he was curled against us. I didn't mind, nor did Justin.

All three of us worked out together.

Things seemed promising.

I helped Chris get dressed and sit down and start to do some work in his new bedroom, our former guest room.

Justin and I headed for work and I checked in throughout the day with Chris. He was catching up on missed work and his body was feeling better. I would send him back to classes tomorrow. Also, we would move him out of his dorm room.

Rhythm

Life with our new third spoke, Chris, fell into place. Chris was gradually taking better care of himself. He was brushing his hair every day and looking more put together in general. The whip marks were fading from his body and he was starting to look beautiful, his hair together, his tall 6'3" lanky body stringy but muscular.

After a week, I had still not heard from Rob about their AIDS test results, but I had been very occupied with Chris. I wanted him to start seeing gay sex as healthy and natural since he seemed ashamed of his desires.

Sex

I sent Justin to stay with Tom and Geoffrey on a recent Friday evening sparing Geoffrey his normal weekend punishments. I skipped dinner with my usual friends, and took Chris to dinner at a fancy restaurant the two of us dressed up nicely.

By the time dinner was over, he was relaxed and I could see how handsome he really could be. He actually had a quite pleasant sense of humor and was clearly very bright. I took him home and found the penthouse empty, I took my clothing off as we entered the foyer and then helped him out of his.

We kissed passionately and I explored his body first with my hands. Drawing him back into the bedroom, then pulling him onto me in the bed, our mouths still locked, our tongues exploring each other's mouth.

I rolled him over onto his back and began massaging and licking his body with my hands and tongue. First my tongue licked the soles of his feet. Then I sucked on his toes. I ran my hands up and down his legs and rubbed them. I lifted his left leg and began to lick down his hairy legs towards his groin, covering every inch with my tongue licking and wetting his body tenderly. I stopped just at the edge of his groin area holding my tongue back from the sensitive areas of the body still. Then my tongue turned to his other leg.

I licked that leg up and down just as careful to avoid the sensitive erogenous zone around the crotch and cock.

Then I sucked his finger tips, taking each finger into my mouth and sucking on it firmly. I licked his palms and hands, then each arm. I licked his warm smelly arm pit, the musky smell felt strong and manly. I pulled him to me and licked his neck and back. Then my attention shifted to his chest, I licked every inch of his chest except his firm nipples.

His hairy body was moist from my tongue and his cock and nipples were hard and at attention. We kissed again, tongues locked in embrace.

“You like this Christopher?” I asked, pausing to let him consider how he felt about gay sex now. No verbal response came back.

He flipped me onto my back and kissed me deeply and then began to work my nipples with his mouth and also gently with his teeth. I began to moan loudly in ecstasy.

His mouth then slid down my hairy chest to my cock shaft standing erect at 8” and he began to lick it gingerly first and then in earnest. He was deep throating me with no trouble and his efforts on my cock shaft together with his hands tweaking my nipples sent me to cloud nine and I felt the shudders of a mighty orgasm from the tips of my toes along my legs and from my whole body as it convulsed and shot my hot cum into his body.

He swallowed.

Then he said, “Yes, and I want to stay here.”

Two is Better than One

“Look, Chris,” I started.

He interrupted, “No, I know what I want, you and Justin have been wonderful to me, and I know you have been trying to keep from punishing me using corporal punishment, but its ok.”

“No, Chris, it has to be your choice, I can punish Justin freely because he accepts that I can do it and chooses to live with it willingly.”

“So can I, I’m a big enough boy and I see that you are fair and not abusive and very loving, and I want to live as your son for now, if you will support me.”

Wow! I felt I needed Justin’s consent, but I also felt certain of his answer, “yes.” So I gave it for both of us.

Chris and I kissed. “Look young man, you are nearly 21 but, I’m still going to have to set some rules for you and I expect you to work hard in your classes.”

Chris nodded eagerly.

Bedtime Spanking

I took him to his bedroom and stood him in the window, faint whip marks were still visible. I waited a few minutes and then sitting on the edge of the chair, I called him to me and pulled him over my lap and tenderly, yet firmly, spanked his ass 20 times. I kissed him and tucked him into bed.

We would work out the details in the morning.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail’ware at this point.

The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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15 Rules for Christopher

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, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up the stories collectively known as the *Justin Series*. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

For those who are not familiar with Chris, he is just shy of 21 years old and has moved in with Justin and I for the reasons more fully explained in *Christopher*.

Rules

As a lawyer, I've always found rules to be very important, they set the expectations which you must meet and also lay out a pattern under which you can conform your life. Further, their structure provides a framework in which punishment can be fairly administered. Justin has been living by my rules now for some six plus months and they have been very helpful to him in shaping his behaviors and setting his expectations.

The bedtime spankings remain his least favorite, but I think the most important aspect of the rules he needs to live by. Christopher's rules needed a similar anchor point.

The bedtime spanking would serve the same purpose, 20 to 30 firm swats each evening not designed to be painful but to be more an assertion of control. It was **quite** effective on Justin and I expected the unique blend of humiliation and mild pain would help Christopher also.

Laying the Law

With Justin still at Tom's for the weekend, I spent some serious time with Christopher laying out the rules.

A curfew of 10 pm, lights out, on school nights and midnight all other nights would help ensure that Chris maintained high grades. Penalty for lateness, one swat on the bare butt with my hand per minute past the curfew. Ouch!

No alcohol, drugs or cigarettes. Alcohol would be ok after age 21, but that was still about 90 days away and even then it would be limited. The penalty for these was 50 strokes with my belt. OUCH!

As I went over the rules, I had Christopher fill out a chart that he would keep in his bedroom to make sure that he knew what the punishments were for various misdeeds and so that I could firmly, yet fairly, punish him for bad conduct.

School

Now, I know there is great fascination far and wide with punishments based on the letter grade assigned. While I can understand their appeal superficially, ultimately they come too late for real effectiveness.

On his grid, Christopher filled out my punishments, late homework, 10 spanks a day. Failing to do the reading, 1 spank/per page missed.

All of these are much more effective because they focus on helping the boy turn in the work in a timely fashion. Christopher was very enthusiastic about filling out this part of the chart because he must have felt that it would be easy to comply with, and given his transcript as I later saw it, I could see it wouldn't be hard for him to comply.

Chores

Children have to do chores, it builds character so they say. I just find it helpful to have them take responsibility for the messes and what not they create. We went over making the bed, self-hygiene, cleaning up after oneself and all of the little details that make life in our modern society so complicated.

The chart was quite thoroughly complete now, with the left column listing offenses and the right column the punishments. We went into his bedroom and tacked it discretely on the side of the desk. If he had friends over it wouldn't be obvious and at this point that wasn't an issue, but I didn't see a need now to embarrass him with the punishments in front of others.

Not that I would hesitate about punishing him front of others if necessary.

Move In

Our next stop was to move him out of his dorm room and into the bedroom, we claimed most of his clothing although a lot of it I would later have him discard to reflect the fact

that he cared more about himself and how he looked. By this I don't mean you need to wear Calvin Klein designer outfits to look decent, but there is a difference between an unwashed T-shirt with stains and a clean pressed T-shirt, etc.

We collected his possessions and his fancy computer equipment and shoved it all in the beemer and took it back to my apartment. I had him set up in the guest room and my computer got displaced to the floor which was fine by me as I didn't tend to use it so much that I couldn't borrow his for e-mail and IRC.

After settling him in to his new bedroom, I ordered us up some chinese food and we talked pleasantly about school and other details. He was doing ok and even with exams approaching he had everything in control. I kissed him on the forehead and left him to do some work.

Interlude

Things started to settle down for a while. Justin got used to Christopher's constant presence and lost the mild embarrassment he was feeling of being bared to a jockstrap at all times with someone around. Justin also got more used to Christopher watching him get spanked, and when the shoe was on Christopher's foot for breaking the odd rule, Justin watched our 'son' take it.

Their bed time spankings were kept quite separate and I know that each of them found those to be one of the most humbling parts of every day living under my roof. Christopher made a point of saying it readily which simply produced a firmer and more painful bedtime spanking. I'll note though that it was rare that he broke any of the rules on our chart. I'm convinced the bed time spankings helped to keep the infractions to a minimum.

Somewhere in here, I learned of Dave's HIV status and well, that is a story I should discuss in more detail later. All in all, Christopher had been living with us for 3 months now and school was over.

Summer Job

Christopher hadn't looked for a summer job, and I hadn't pushed the issue. Justin made the obvious suggestion and I carried it out, and so one fine morning, our whole family headed to the law office so Justin and I could do that legal thing while Christopher would assist the computer support staff.

Things were going well, too well perhaps, when the other shoe dropped.

Linda Jamieson, the other partner on the hiring committee, buzzed me on the intercom and I went over to her office. She explained that she thought Christopher had perhaps stolen something. She wasn't certain, but she also couldn't explain who else was in her office that day. I could see the problem, I gave her back the money that was missing and said I would take it up with Chris and report back to her.

Linda being a good friend agreed not to make more of it as long as it didn't occur again involving Chris.

Discussion

I didn't tell Justin about the incident so he was surprised when I asked Chris to stay in his room when we came home. I didn't discuss it with Justin. I just sent Chris directly to his room and told him to stay there. I wanted him to stew for a while, I knew that this might trigger some very unpleasant associations for him of how his parents abused him, but he had also agreed to live with me and accept corporal punishment as a form of discipline.

Justin and I ate dinner alone and I didn't discuss the problem with Justin, I didn't see the point. Chris was smart enough to stay in his room and when I finally went in, he was sitting on the bed stripped down completely naked.

"Chris," I started, "I'm a bit concerned about something Ms. Jamieson brought up at work with me."

His eyes looked to the floor.

"Christopher, I think you and I need to talk about it. Especially because if you did steal money from her, I am going to have to punish you fairly seriously."

Chris looked up at me, his eyes wide with fear and he just got up and stood in the window without admitting to stealing or denying it. It seemed a rather sullen way to accept the situation.

"Chris, we have to face this situation head on, now sit down and talk to me about the money, about punishments, about living here, about being gay. All of it."

He stayed facing the city, naked.

I can play tough too, I pulled him over my lap firmly and slapped his ass firmly 20 times. That produced a series of ouch's that hardened his cock and got his attention. Still over my lap, with his ass upturned, he began talking.

"I like living here, and I want to stay with you and Justin if I can, please," he pleaded.

"Chris, I wasn't going to kick you out, but I think before I take a paddle to you for allegedly stealing something we need to have a serious talk about punishments. Are you ready to sit up and talk to me?"

"Yes, Sir," he promptly answered. I helped him up from my lap and sat down next to him on the bed. We looked at each other and I kissed him on the forehead.

"I really like living here, you care about me a lot and I've started caring about myself a lot more. I'm happier than I have ever been," he shared. Also, I really like the way both you and Justin have let me explore how I feel without expecting anything. Especially how Justin has let me explore his body. I love you two. I am old enough that I can make a decision for myself, and I accept the rules you have for living here and if I break them, I will take the

consequences.”

I pulled him to me and kissed him warmly.

“As for the money, it was an accident, but I was too embarrassed to say anything, I picked it up from the desk with my books and then I realized later and didn’t want to go back or tell you.”

I looked at him closely searching for the truth. Tall tales means red tails in this house. I decided he was being honest.

“Chris, this isn’t exactly on the chart,” I started.

“Sir, I’m really sorry, but I can see why you need to punish me, I should have given it back or said something, I was wrong.”

I took him out to the living room and stood him in the window where Justin could see him. I would administer a punishment shortly, but I wanted it to be in front of his other ‘parent.’

Implement

The choice of implement is always important. Some cause severe pain quickly and thus are most effective for short bursts, others are more subtle and can be worked over a boy’s ass repeatedly for a very different effect.

I asked Justin out loud what he recommended, we tossed it back and forth for a while before settling on the hairbrush. I noticed Christopher shaking anxiously as we discussed it. Justin had calmed down a bit from his “I’ll dish it all out” days since seeing both Geoffrey’s caning, Spanking Party 3, and Chris’ whipping, Massage, and the selection of the hairbrush was most appropriate.

Go Fetch

I made Christopher bring it to me. That is the ultimate form of acceptance of a punishment, to bring the implement of punishment to the spanker. He moved slowly but deliberately to my bathroom and brought out my spanking hairbrush. It hadn’t been used on him before, but he had seen it reduce Justin to tears and kicking on at least one occasion I can recall off the top of my head.

He handed it to me calmly and quietly asked me to punish him. I made him repeat it louder.

Ask for it

“Please sir, I deserve to be punished for taking Linda’s money and not giving it back.”

I pulled him over my lap and took my time positioning his ass just right. His flesh exposed for

pain infliction at my request. This was different from when I spanked Justin typically, this was a corrective lesson and it would hurt and there would be minimal eroticism afterwards.

I rubbed the brush over each ass cheek feeling it out and then I lined up for my first crack.

The hairbrush is the silent but effective correcter in my book. I frequently have used it on boys when staying in a hotel because the implement itself is quiet although boys will kick and cry quickly after a handful of well placed blows. Christopher would be getting 30.

Receive it

CRACK

Christopher jerked in my lap, bucking to get away from the brush's path. I kept him pinned down firmly with my right hand as my left hand beat him with the brush.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

He started kicking his legs wildly and verbally he began moaning and whining about the beating. It was hurting.

"26 more," I announced.

"Please," he begged.

C-R-A-C-K

I made it sting good and he bucked in my lap harder and started to strain to be free.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

His hand moved to block his buttocks and I pinned it to the small of his back. "22 more," I said firmly. He pleaded for the punishment to stop, but I kept going.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

He was bawling and kicking and crying, but his butt remained firmly over my lap, upturned and steadily reddening to my hairbrush's firm impacts.

CRACK

I took my time, wanting the punishment to hurt and sting good, I paused and squeezed the

hot ass flesh tormenting it. Then I had Justin lick both butt cheeks firmly so that the swats of the brush would hurt more.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

“Please,” he screamed. Justin’s wetting of his ass had made the last three particularly effective at driving home my expectations of honesty on his part. With 15 swats to go, I began my lecture.

CRACK “I expect you to be honest and tell the truth.” He hollered in pain.

CRACK “You need to respect other people’s property.”

His legs were kicking wildly and I kept going.

CRACK “Do not steal from other people.”

CRACK “If anything remotely like this happens again, I will spank you so hard you won’t be able to sit for days on end.” That produced a welter of tears and pleas for the punishment to stop.

CRACK “Tell, me Christopher, are you ever going to steal again?”

“No,” he pleaded and then begged me to stop.

CRACK “Why not?”

“It’s wrong dad, please stop, I know it’s wrong, please, stop spanking me,” he begged.

CRACK “You’ve got 30 swats for this, and 8 to go young man, and you’ll take them all. Now, if stealing is wrong, why didn’t you give the money back Christopher?”

“Please daddy, please stop,” he begged.

CRACK “Why didn’t you give it back?”

“I was bad dad, I’m sorry,” he finally answered.

I delivered the last 6 swats of the brush quickly and violently, I didn’t continue to lecture him any further, each swat of the brush reddened his ass cheeks further and he kicked and cried through them.

When I finished, I stood him in the corner of the living room and watched television with Justin, mostly ignoring the punished boy, red ass facing me in the window.

Guests

While I was spanking Christopher, Tom had called because Geoffrey needed some correction, Justin had invited the two over and they arrived while Christopher was still standing in the

window. He was shocked I would leave him there, red ass bared, when Tom and Geof came in. I did have to walk over and slap his ass firmly to remind him to stay nose to the window pane.

I kissed Tom warmly and I parked Geof right next to Christopher in the window. I put their arms brushing just against each other. Geof reduced to merely a jockstrap, Chris naked and already sore. I wanted the hair on their arms to just touch, erotic and yet also terrifying.

I wondered what the neighbors across the park thought about tonight's antics. I left both of the boys parked standing, noses to the window for a while, Geof in anticipation of his punishment and Chris already spanked.

Justin, Tom and I all chatted amicably all but ignoring the bad boys. Tom asked loudly about Chris' behavior and I asked Chris to come over and explain to Tom what he had done wrong. Scared, he faced us, walked over and explained how he stole money and how he deserved to be spanked. I walked over and hugged him and sent him back to the window.

Geof's offense was actually quite serious, he had purchased "medical marijuana" and smoked it during the day. When Tom had come home from work, he found Geof high.

Geof had "sobered" up already and realized he was going to get walloped.

Singaporan Canes

I had Justin fetch one of the Singaporan Canes I had purchased back just before Chris moved in, Weekend Payback. They hadn't been tested yet. I saw Geof shudder in the window.

I turned Christopher around to face the weight bench so he would see the punishment, but also so his ass would be visible to the city. I bent Geof over the weight bench and flexicuffed his wrists under the bench so strain as he might, he was not going to be able to get far from the bench surface.

Justin returned with the cane.

I examined it and laid it across Geof's buttocks squarely in the middle. He begged me not to punish him, Tom nodded and took Justin to the bedroom for love making.

I ignored Geof, and looked directly at Christopher, "Don't break the law kid if you can't pay the price."

I lifted the cane high in the air over Geof's fleshy white buttocks – he had escaped severe punishments recently through a spate of especially good behavior. In just a few seconds that tender flesh would be sorer than most people could possibly imagine. All but perhaps Michael Fay and other criminals.

SWOOSH I brought the cane down violently onto his buttocks. He hollered and Chris' cock stiffened to complete attention. Where the cane hit a single thin red line was visible indicating that the cane had made it's mark.

"Chris, you got 30 swats for stealing, what do you think is fair for smoking pot?"

Chris grinned broadly and Geof hollered for Tom to forgive him. Chris considered the case closely and settled on 20 strokes. Geof screamed curse words at him, I kissed Chris. He knew that his decision today could effect him and yet he still chose a severe punishment.

I pushed Geof back down firmly onto the weight bench and then pushed one hand onto his back to keep him in place. Then the real punishment began.

Not being a martial arts expert, I would not produce the levels of pain that the Singaporan's do with this delightful instrument, nonetheless, each stroke would not be pleasant.

After just 3 more strokes, Geof was hollering loudly and begging me, Tom, and anyone to stop the punishment, that wasn't going to happen. I noticed Chris stroking his cock, and decided against stopping it.

Geof's butt was covered with 4 precise lines now, and I aimed the cane so that his entire buttocks would just be a welter of red lines. By the tenth stroke, Geof was crying in utter agony. Chris had succeeded in jacking off and I just smiled at him and sent him to his bedroom. I kissed him on the way out and reminded him he still had a bedtime spanking coming. He nodded, but frowned.

I was alone now with Geof who still had 10 strokes coming to him. With my attention diverted, he had tried to get off the bench, but the cuffs were keeping him from getting far. Unceremoniously, I pushed him down onto it again and finished the punishment violently. He was sorer than all fuck when I finished and crying relentlessly. Still tied to the bench, I fucked him till I shot in his asshole. Then I had Tom do the same. With cum dripping from his fuckhole, I uncuffed him and stood him in the window, nose to the world. Justin and Tom ran their fingers across his caned ass inducing more pain and I let them have their fun as I went to tuck our son in.

Bedtime Spanking 1

Chris had stayed naked and was laying in bed when I came in – on his stomach.

I sat on the desk chair and waited silently. He moved his lanky muscular body quickly over my lap and I cupped each already red cheek firmly in my hand.

I spent some time telling him how much I loved him and how wonderful he was in general. He cooed pleasantly to the verbal appreciation. I reminded him that sometimes punishments were necessary and he nodded. After cupping his ass cheeks for a bit, I started the bed time spanking.

It hurt a lot more than usual that night and I didn't mind that one bit.

Each swat of my hand produced a clearly audible "Ouch" from my boy. And when I finished he kissed me with tongue. Then I asked if he wanted to sleep alone or join our orgy in the bedroom. As a sign that he was coming to enjoy and accept being gay, I was pleased that he wanted to join us. I told him to go to our bedroom and wait a bit.

He did.

Bed Time Spanking 2

I brought everyone else into the master bedroom and shut the door. I positioned Geof in the window. Ass sore from the cane. Then I took my husband and parked him there as well.

I had Tom suck my cock for a bit as two hot men stood in the window awaiting further punishment. Then I let Tom and Chris explore each other while I just watched. Then when Tom went down on Christopher and I pulled Justin from the window and pushed him onto the bed, face down and maneuvered his mouth to Tom's cock. His ass was still clearly exposed and I began spanking him. I gave him 20 firm swats, the normal count, which he took silently while sucking our friend's cock shaft.

I let the three of them enjoy themselves as I turned my attentions to the baddest boy in the room.

Bed Time Spanking 3

I walked over, my cock stiffening to a full 8" as I approached the cane marked boy still at the window. The sounds of an orgy in full swing were beginning to dominate the room as I pushed my finger between the welted ass cheeks to the boy's fuck hole. My finger felt the moist cum still leaking from his ass and I touched my finger to it and ran the now cooler cum up his crack and onto his sore cheeks. He moaned in a combination of pain and pleasure.

As I pushed my hardness against his sore ass, he moaned louder. I whispered into his ear how hot and bad I thought he was, and he let out a loud moan. I pulled him to me rubbing my cock on his sore ass. It hurt and he let me know by crying out in pain. I bent him forward, still pushing my groin against his caned ass. I pushed him down till he grabbed his ankles. I stepped back, letting the pressure of my groin leave his sore ass and quickly replacing it with the painful swat of my hands.

Beating his sore cheeks like drums, I landed 50 plus swats firmly on their welted surface. He did not dare let go of his ankles or stand up in spite of the pain.

Only once I finished did he and I join the three hot men on the bed in an all out orgy.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point.

The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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16 Consequences

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, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up the stories collectively known as the *Justin Series*. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Consequences

My recent diary entries have focussed more on Chris' entry into my family. He continues to live with Justin and I at this point even though he will be graduating college soon. He now regularly dates men and seems to have pleasant – non-abusive – relationships with them. Going on around the time Chris was moving in with us, the shit really hit the fan for Dave and Rob.

Life is full of hard choices and sometimes people make bad ones, back several months ago I wrote about a particularly harsh disciplinary session involving Dave, *Dinner Party*. As you might recall he finally confessed after the fact to his affair with another man much to Rob's chagrin.

As with so many things in life, sometimes, a small indiscretion can leave you paying severe consequences for a long time.

Results

Dave and Rob both went for tests after he confessed to sleeping around. I had Justin, Geof, Tom and I all do the same as well as a precautionary measure. For the four of us the results were good, HIV- and clear for other diseases. If we flew straight, so to speak, and were clean in another 6 months, we would not need to worry too much about our contact with Dave.

Rob shared his test results with me in my office, in my legal capacity. I can't discuss it.

Dave did similarly.

Keeping much of this from Justin has been incredibly difficult since he works with me and I have hidden the files on the matters to meet my client's requests. Justin knows better than to look at my diary so I suppose I can discuss some of my feelings here.

Dave and Rob no longer trust each other. Trapped in a multi-year relationship in a beautiful suburban house decorated stunningly, neither will sleep with the other or share their HIV results. Dave had me prepare the estate plan to ensure that after he dies, Rob will be taken care of. Doing that without informing anyone was difficult. I did it.

All of the titles are Dave's name and most of the property will have to be sold to establish a lasting trust for Rob to the tune of several thousand a month for life. Rob is still negative and I think he suspects Dave's results.

Compass Points

Life can be like a standing at the section of a compass rose looking out at various directions, I felt like my life had hit one these past weeks. Our small clique had broken down, Dave and Rob no longer came to dinner. I couldn't tell my husband or friends of Dave's condition and it was like he wanted to go away and die. Nobody pushed the issue to hard, they didn't want to know.

And Dave was not getting any support from Rob, who I heard through a friend, was sleeping in various people's apartments to avoid seeing Dave. Dave had revealed his HIV status to the hospital ethics committee and they had suspended him from active surgical duties. At this point, as far as I could ascertain, things were pretty much falling apart.

My life on the other hand was going great. Justin and I were very firmly hitched and we had a nearly 21 year old kid in tow also, barely 9 years our junior, we had taken responsibility for his life.

Where now?

Escape

I booked the tickets, I needed a vacation, Justin, Christopher and I scheduled simultaneous 3 week vacations for a tour of London, Paris and Jerusalem. I selected the itinerary, booked first class tickets and four star hotels. We would have a great time.

Week 1 was Jerusalem. As a jew, I had always wanted to visit, this would be a prime chance. Peace seemed to have a chance now and I felt confident that we could safely visit religious sites – and some more sacreligious ones – without fear.

Week 2, Paris. Need more really be said?

Week 3, London. I pre-booked a number of spankofiles from London over the net before we

departed. London would be the spanking pinnacle of our trip if nothing else.

Flight

As a limo drove us to the airport, I tried vainly to raise Dave on my cellphone, no go. Same for Rob.

Geof had been reminded repeatedly by me in a private spanking the night before that Tom was keeping close records for our return, each minor infraction would be dealt with **very** severely.

The three of us looked quite the jet set. I kissed Justin passionately and we made out a bit in the limo as it got caught on the expressway in traffic. The female – lesbian – driver seemed amused by our antics.

By the time we were on the airplane itself, the Justin and I were ready to go at it in the tiny lavatory. Chris' look of disbelief and embarrassment checked our behavior.

When we landed at Ben Gurion airport, we headed directly for our hotel. My grasp of modern Hebrew was decent enough that I felt I was understanding most things, fortunately the hotel clerks spoke English as well and we found our suite most comfortable.

Week 1: Highlights

I won't bore you with every little church and synagogue and mosque Justin insisted upon seeing. I paddled him good for dragging us all around like a bunch of tourists.

I should mention also that both my husband and son were a bit shocked to receive their bedtime spankings in the hotel. The embarrassment was tremendous even though I was amazingly gentle about it.

I suspect the fear of discovery was what made it so terrifying.

We of course visited the Wailing Wall, and I even got consigned as the tenth member of a conservative to reform minion for davening, prayer. Those years at the yeshiva were paying off.

One of the men in the minion, Moshe, made eyes at me and after we finished I invited him to join Justin, Chris and I for coffee. At a little sidewalk cafe, he politely asked "Goyem?", I giggled, with a name like Christopher he better be a goy for christ's sake I thought, and Justin, well a jewish kid named Justin?

"Cain," I responded politely. He smiled. My hebrew language education never covered the words for sexual gratification or the related areas of dating. For some bizzare reason that just was never covered. Similarly my knowledge of Spanish is rather restricted in that arena, although some latino friends have provided invaluable assistance.

Moshe did not speak English, I soon realized and thus our conversation stayed to rather

simplistic hebrew. I invited him back to the hotel with us and he came up to our suite.

When Justin and Christopher stripped naked he was shocked. When I started kissing Justin with tongue, he smiled and stripped down too.

Who needs language?

No spanking was involved that afternoon, but we had hot steamy man sex. We also practiced it very safely with fresh condoms for each new dick/ass/mouth/cock combo.

Later in the week, we had some fun with Adam who invited us to his home to give him a spanking. Adam spoke fluent English and knew exactly what he wanted. I left Christopher and Justin upstairs on his couch making out as I took him to his own basement dungeon.

I selected a leather flogger from his selection of implements and pulled him over my lap, first clothed, and began spanking his firm bubble but through his American jeans. When he started muttering in Hebrew, I was certain I was starting to make an impression. I then stripped him of his clothing and put him back on my lap ass upturned.

I slid the base of the flogger into his tight fuckhole and he began screaming “Lo, Lo...” or “no,” in Hebrew. I rammed the butt of the flogger up his ass a good five inches and wiggled it around while slapping his ass firmly.

His cock became and stayed rock hard so I ignored his pleas for mercy.

After I was satisfied that the butt of the flogger had loosened his fuckhole I had him grip some handholds in the ceiling and began to strike his back, buttocks and legs with the flogger itself.

Although he cried out in pain and for mercy in both English and Hebrew, his cock never softened even mildly and his hands never let go of the holds. He loved the feel of the flogger against his body, its stinging tentacle striking his body violently, lashing him with a thin yet firm red mark.

I struck his back with the flogger over and over and over again till he ejaculated without my even touching his cockshaft.

I stopped then and pulled him to me. We kissed warmly and he asked if he could punish my boys, I indicated that Justin would love a firm paddling and that Christopher and I would watch.

Justin came downstairs with me and stretched his smooth olive complexioned body up to reach the hand grips where just moments earlier, Adam had been stretched and received a nice flogging.

Adam carassed and touched Justin’s body tenderly, exploring it with his hands and tongue before striking him. When the first slap of his hand struck Justin’s buttocks, I could see Justin jerk slightly and then a clear red hand print appeared across his buttocks. Adam repeated the process slapping Justin’s butt with one hand and then stroking Justin’s hardening cockshaft with the other. It was quite a sight.

Christopher and I took it all in, kissing each other a bit and watching Justin’s ass grow

redder as his cockshaft stayed rock hard to Adam's careful slaps. After about 50 slaps, Christopher went over and decided to suck Justin's cock so Adam could focus more on delivering a spanking.

Watching Justin's cockshaft thrust into Chris' open mouth was quite a sight. Adam began using both hands to really work Justin's ass nice and red, and Justin was bucking slightly from the force, still gripping the hand holds and letting his cock slide in and out of Chris.

Finally he shot a load in Chris' mouth and Chris quickly stood up and kissed Justin full on the mouth, forcing Justin to swallow some of his own cum in a hot passionate kiss while Adam kept swatting butt.

The pain of a spanking after cumming is always worse and Adam kept it up for a good extra 50 swats making Justin's normally smooth olive ass a nice shade of pink. The three of us dressed and said our byes to Adam and headed back to the hotel.

There I of course, delivered unto the boys their bedtime spankings and the three of us curled together for sleep.

The rest of our stay in Israel was uneventful except for a call I got from my secretary which I kept secret, David had called in from the Cayman Islands he had left Robert and wanted me to revoke all of the trusts we set up earlier. I told my secretary to get his number and that I would call him and try to deal with it.

Paris

The flight to Paris was relatively quick, and when our flight landed, I checked in with the office again for more information on Dave, he wouldn't give a phone number to reach him. "Then make him send a signed letter, otherwise I can't act on a request of this magnitude without something in writing," I told me secretary. I wanted him to cool off.

Justin had found a reasonably nice cab for us and our luggage and we were on our way to a beautiful hotel in the downtown area. We had opera tickets that night and I had already remembered – and warned Christopher – that the seats were designed for someone who might make Tom Cruise, 5'2", seem tall, and that he would just have to make do, at 6'5". (My original estimate of 6'3" for his height was inaccurate as I learned after I took him for a routine physical.) Mind you at 6'2" myself I wasn't going to be thrilled, but Justin wanted to see an opera. The Barber of Seville was scheduled.

Week 2: Highlights

Getting dressed up can be fun. I mean, I do it every day, but really getting dressed up to go out, tux and all, can be so hot. I love the way Justin looks in a Tux, always have, always will.

SMOOCH.

Chris looked great too, but a bit grumpy about the whole thing. I reminded him to behave again and enjoy himself. We dined at an elegant cafe on the sidewalks. I love the fact that in Paris the wine can be cheaper than a Coca Cola.

Dinner done with, we took a cab to the opera house and reached our seats early. As I remembered from my earlier trip, the seats were tight and at 6'2", I was not thrilled myself, Chris moped, I kissed him and whispered a third and final warning to behave and just sit and enjoy it.

Justin was enraptured by it and I found myself mostly staring at his dark eyes enjoying my husband's enjoyment of the spectacle. Christopher spent the entire 3 plus hours of the performance fidgeting and complaining and moving. By the time we got back to the hotel, he knew he was going to get punished for being so difficult and without my even saying anything fetched the paddle and the razor strap from my bags and then went to the corner to stand naked.

I spent a long time talking to Justin ignoring Christopher and my husband and I spent a good amount of time kissing and talking passionately to each other, all but ignoring our misbehaving son. I couldn't talk about the situation with Dave to him, but we spent an hour talking as I kept an eye on Chris in the corner shivering, waiting for punishment.

After a bit, Justin said he wanted to take a walk to leave me some privacy with Christopher and I agreed. I realized that since he had seen Christopher flogged back before he moved in with us, Justin had lost most of his interest in dishing out punishment, not that this displeased me in any way, I loved him every bit more for his newfound interest in spanking. In fact, if I think carefully about it, I've found that he is now the one encouraging me to spank him harder and longer in a number of situations.

As soon as the door shut and Justin left, Chris jumped scared. I called him to me softly, kissed him on the forehead and then told him he knew he needed punishment and asked him politely and softly to bend over my lap.

As he went over my lap he apologized for fidgeting so much and disrupting the evening. He knew better than to ask for me not to spank him. So he just kept apologizing. I took my time positioning his butt cheeks so that they were clearly exposed to the air and then picked up my razor strap.

"25 strokes," I announced. This was not an atypical punishment for him for misbehaving and he found it quite intensely painful. We had established it more or less as the standard from which minor infractions went down on his chart and major ones went up. I knew how intense it could be for him, mostly because even 10 strokes for minor infractions left him quite sore for a bedtime spanking later in the day.

I placed my hand over his buttocks and cupped his ass cheeks and gave him a short lecture. "Christopher, I know that it was uncomfortable in the opera house tonight, I'm nearly as tall as you, but this was very important to Justin, and you made it very difficult for him and the other opera goers to enjoy the performance. After I give you a chance to say anything you feel you need to about this, I'm going to spank your butt 25 times with the strap and then ask you to stand in the corner for an hour. Anything you want to say?"

“No, Dad,” he responded slowly, trying to beg for time.

I laid the strap carefully across his ass lining it up squarely. I lifted it high into the air and brought it down squarely in the middle of his tender ass cheeks. The sound was intense, his gasp as he clenched to avoid crying or screaming was also intense. I repeated strapping him, slowly reddening his tender milky white ass flesh. By the time all 25 straps were done, his ass was completely a deep crimson everywhere the strap had hit and he was sobbing softly.

I helped him up without kissing him and stood him back in the corner. I looked at the clock, it was already 1 AM.

Justin returned shortly and we kissed and made out while Chris remained in the corner. When his corner time was over, I walked over to him and gave him a warm hug and a deep passionate kiss which he reciprocated and he apologized again to me and then to Justin who responded by kissing Christopher also.

I reminded both boys of their bedtime swats and Chris moaned which produced a curt swat on his backside there and then and I pushed his nose into the corner. Justin went without any extra encouragement.

I took Justin first and swatted my husband 30 times firmly. That his is lifelong price for our relationship, his right to live with me is conditioned on bedtime spankings and other rules as you know. I never use implements for these bedtime spankings, that isn't necessary. These are about giving up control to your lover. He does it without question. I finished and sent him to bed and then asked Chris to come over.

His eyes begged me not to spank him further, I ignored those pleas and pulled him across my lap and dished out 20 harder than usual swats to remind him that the bedtime ritual is not to be avoided but to be embraced. He cried from it and after I finished he asked if he could kiss me and make love to me so I would know that he loved me. I hugged him tight and told him that I knew that, and I also knew that naughty boys needed punishment at times. We kissed and we made love. Some kid, huh?

Paris was otherwise mostly uneventful, Christopher hooked up for three nights with a cute Parisian Jean-something or other. In the morning, when he rejoined Justin and I, he took his previous nights bedtime spanking as was the rule for him sleeping away from home. He also took pains to assure Justin and I that he was having safe sex. I appreciated that.

Just as we were in the airport out of Paris to Heathrow, I reached my secretary who explained that Dave called again from a hospital in the Cayman Islands. Or more precisely that the hospital called on his behalf. He was in the intensive care and very sick, should anyone be notified.

Decisions.

Flight

Paris to London is not exactly a long flight, unless you are brooding. Dave had specifically asked me not to speak to Rob about this, and besides I wasn't certain I could reach Rob right now anyhow. I contacted the hospital when we landed and got through to Dave. Then the doctor came on and communicated some of the dimensions of the problem. Dave had tried to commit suicide. I called the firm's private investigator, explained I needed "Robert X" tracked down and then told the PI to **get** Rob on the next cayman island flight at my personal expense. A call to AmEx ensured that the tickets would be waiting for Rob.

All of this, I kept from Justin, Dave had made me promise.

Well, when the bills came in it wouldn't be much of secret, also the funeral wouldn't be much of one either, the doctor gave Dave about 24 hours to live due to the severity of the injuries and their inability to move him out of the hospital.

London

I had really been looking forward to London, I had lined up spankofiles for fun from Stateside and now, I wanted those grown naughty school boys over my lap, and taking swats from me. My mind was pre-occupied and by the time we got to the theatre to see Phantom, I was lost in my own reverie completely.

If it showed, Justin was polite enough not to mention it, as was Christopher. Back at the hotel room, I burned my butt on the heated towel rack positioned carefully across from the toilet so that when you stood up and turned around for toilet paper, it got you. I thought about complaining and decided against it because of the embarrassment, besides it wasn't severe just a bit painful at first.

Both boys took their evening spankings happily tonight with no complaints and no particularly excess embarrassment. After two weeks in hotels, they realized that it was just the way of things with me and that it would happen here or at home. Chris then asked permission to hit some clubs and I agreed. He had wanted to do things fairly separate from Justin and I here in London and I had agreed, but I reminded him no more dominatrixes, he laughed, and kissed me, then I gave him a couple hundred quid and a duplicate of my AmEx card I had gotten for him so he could do what he wanted. He said he would stay at the hotel and would catch up any missed bedtime spankings, I nodded as he headed out and Justin and I fell against one another in hot steamy man sex.

I'll skip the tourist sights Justin and I hit up and concentrate on each of the naughty boys I spanked. Justin stayed out of it all and saw shows each night.

Boy 1: Marc

Marc and I had chatted for about a year on the internet, although recently, not so much, when I indicated I would be bringing a lochgelly tawse with me. He snapped up spanking slot #1 and made me promise I would beat him sore with it. I did, we met at his flat.

He answered the door in a soccer outfit, and looked barely legal although he insisted he was 22. The soccer shorts seemed almost see through to me and I could see the firm butt that was in them and I wanted it.

He had indicated that he wanted no sex or sexual contact and I had agreed to that although seeing his 5'4" stocky body all muscular and hairy, and his caulky pale white skin, I wanted to ram my 8" of meat right up his tight fuck hole.

We had worked out the scenario he wanted: a coach spanking a team member for failing to show up for a big game. We chatted for a few minutes and then I sent him out to the kitchen area of his flat and sat down behind the desk after pulling it to the center of the room and laying my tawse on it.

I called him in, "Marc, get your ass in here."

He came in alert and scared. I looked at him carefully, "Marc, you been doing something I out to know about?"

His eyes bulged in terror as I picked up the tawse and toyed with it in my hand. He shook his head. "Marc, you see, I couldn't help but notice that my star goatee wasn't at the game yesterday."

He shook his head terrified, "Coach, I was running late, my mum's car broke..."

I interrupted him by slapping the tawse hard on the desk. "No excuses, you a part of this team or not?"

"Coach," he wined.

"Listen Marc," I continued, "I've had enough of your crap, here are your choices: walk out the door and get the fuck off my team you sissy prick or take a whupping like a man and walk the straight and narrow for the rest of the season."

Indecision, terror, I could see it in his eyes.

"Coach, please, I want to be on the team."

"Then bend your prissy little ass over my desk now and take it like a man," I barked. I saw his cock stiffen in terror, he wanted this scenario so bad.

Slowly and with much hesitation, Marc bent over my desk. I pulled his shorts down much to his astonishment and left them at his ankles. I did the same to his underwear, but if he thought to say anything, he managed to keep it, wisely, to himself. His ass was stunning and hairy, a nice small, firm ass that looked beautiful to touch and squeeze, but also to spank. I could see his tense fuckhole that I wanted badly, but I reminded myself of my holy purpose.

I placed my arm on his back and then unceremoniously began thrashing him with the tawse. He let me know it hurt – ALOT – very early into the beating. By the time I was rock hard turned on at the sight of his sore hairy ass, a mere 10 or so strokes in, he was begging “Coach” to stop,

By my 20th or so stroke, his ass was solid deep crimson, and he was crying and sobbing relentlessly. His plump hairy ass was weltering up in spots and he would be **very** sore. I moved the tawse lower, just below his buttocks and resumed punishing him on the back of his legs and his inner thighs. We had agreed that no pleas would be paid attention to and that he would receive as much as I felt he needed.

20 more strokes and he was hoarse from pleading me to stop beating him. Another 20 even lower on his legs and his pleas were inaudible. Mind you the fucker’s cock stayed rock solid at attention throughout the thrashing and I could tell he was loving every minute of it.

It felt so good to be beating him so violently, my cock wanted to explode inside his ass or mouth with cum. I lifted him off the desk and asked him if he needed more to understand why he needed to come to games, he gave me the middle finger and I slapped him across the face.

I forced him down onto his sore welted backside and beat his nipples with the tawse firmly till they were swelling. I asked again. He gave me the finger again. I beat his tender testicles with the tawse a few times, he struggled but stayed hard. I was amazed.

His ball sacs were red, his pleas inaudible from screaming, and I was certain he wanted me.

Again, I asked if he knew that I expected him at games and practice?

He paused contemplating the soreness of his body and nodded in resignation finally. I stood him up and asked him to apologize to me. Slowly and softly, his voice almost inaudible, he apologized for missing the game and thanked me for punishing him rather than kicking him off the team.

I was amazed how much he took and really wanted to get him off or get off myself. He looked to my bag and I put the tawse away signaling that the scene was over. He stayed naked, and bruised too, and stuck out his hand and thanking me. He let me know that it was the most anyone had ever done and he loved it. He loved being so sore, his Coach had been a real sadist from what I had heard, so it didn’t surprise me he was this turned on by severe beatings, I knew he wanted it too. I thanked him back and asked if I could be of any other help.

He shook his head, and I left, horny, mind you. I fucked Justin’s brains out to get some relief when I reached the hotel.

Boy 2: Tony

Tony had sent me some pictures, the old fashioned way, by postal mail, so I knew exactly what to expect when I arrived. He was a gorgeous older man, 47 as I recall. He had been

spanked as a school boy and loved the cane, dearly.

As promised, I showed up by 3 pm at his flat on his day off. It would be like old times for him. We shook hands vigorously and chatted about politics, the upcoming British elections, corporal punishment in schools, you name it. By 4:30, I sent him to put on the school uniform he had talked about as I looked over some of the piles of work mounting on his desk.

When he returned dressed like a teen, he looked every bit the part. He gasped audibly at my hands on the red file on his desk. "I see you turned this in late, young man," I said.

He stammered like he was just a 14 year old facing daddy or his head prefect, the excuses rambled, the conclusion, pleading to avoid the cane. I threw the file onto the ground and ordered him to pick it up. He scrambled quickly to get it back in order, I love the sight of his body scurrying on the ground. He was hot.

I had brought a cane with me and pulled it from out of my bag. At 4' long and 1/8" round, I felt certain it would make an impression. Tony gasped at the cane and scurried faster to get the folder back in order. As he put it on the desk I shoved him over the desk and placed my hand against the small of his back pinning him down. I quickly brought the cane down on his covered buttocks several times as he obviously strained to avoid screaming out. When I finished the first ten strokes, I yanked his shorts down and stood him, ass to the world in his back window.

I watched his face closely seeing the tears held back in his eyes, his embarrassment. I opened my pants and stroked my hard throbbing 8" tool. He hated being fucked after a caning he told me, he had been his prefect's boy which also meant that if he did need to be caned, his ass got it two ways, first the cane followed by a public run down the hall, bottomless and then later that night, with his prefect's cock.

After stroking my cock for a while I went over to him and pushed him back over the desk. He didn't protest, knowing that would only make it worse. I brought the cane down violently on his ass 10 more times, each stroke of the cane left a perfect narrow channel, red compared to his surrounding pale white ass flesh. Once I finished, I slid a condom onto my cock shaft and fucked him through and through. He had managed not to cry till then, but the push of my cock against his fuckhole and he cried like the 14 year old he was dressed as.

My full 8" slid into him and I pulled him up to me. Grabbing his chest with my hands and putting my hands on his nipples, yanking them hard I kissed the nape of his neck. Then I whispered the order, five minutes to shoot with my cock in his ass or 15 strokes, and on and on till he shot in the time limit. He cried louder and moaned, then he quickly started working on his cockshaft without any help from me. Too late, at 5 minutes, I pulled out and forced him over the desk again.

Whack, whack, whack. I worked the cane viciously landing 15 extremely brutal strokes across his ass and raising up several quite pleasant looking welts. My cock was back in pumping him before he realized the caning was over. You got five minutes before that cane brutalize you 20 more times I whispered and he moaned in pleasure.

Seconds before I was about to withdraw and punish him again, his cock erupted like a volcano

and I felt him trembling around my cock shaft, the sensation triggered my orgasm which although it didn't fill his hole because of the condom, I knew he appreciated.

We kissed with lots of tongue, the punishment part over and he thanked me for assisting him with staying on the ball. I let him get changed without saying more and then when he came down, we got an early dinner together at 6 where he met Justin. I loved the fact that he was uncomfortable sitting.

Death

I had given strict orders not to leave Justin messages, but he told me the office had called. A call to the office confirmed my worst suspicions, by midnight our family was at Heathrow waiting for a flight back to the states. Chris had wanted to stay, but knew not to push the issue with me. Justin said nothing the whole flight back, he was furious with me for keeping everything secret.

When we landed in the states, Geof met us at the airport and drove us back to my place where Rob was now camped out. He had never made it to the islands and was a mess of tears and had camped out in Chris' room.

Tom was waiting also, Tom spoke harshly to me about keeping everything a secret. Then we talked about the future for Rob, and selling the house quickly to ensure that there would be plenty of money for a while.

It is just amazing how professionals can compartmentalize like that.

Scores to Settle

Geof had earned himself plenty of spankings, which I scheduled him for spread out over the coming week before he left for home. Every night for the rest of the week, he would be over for 50 firm strokes of the razor strap, not counting any other punishments he might rack up. Ouch.

Tom and Geof left, taking Rob with them, Rob would later move in with them to be closer to the theater.

Before bed, Chris apologized for arguing with me about coming home and took 20 firm strokes with the Tawse that had been so effective at brutalizing Marc. In a moment of weakness, the sheer effectiveness of the tawse convinced me to spare him a bedtime spanking and he sucked my cock to thank me for the reprieve. Then I tucked him in and headed to the master bedroom.

Justin's eyes accused me. "How could you..." he started. I walked over and slapped his exposed butt 10 times. Singaling that I didn't want to discuss the issue. "I couldn't sweetie, I couldn't," I told him as he cried in my arms.

He got spared a bed time spanking too.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point.

The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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17 Chastity

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, don't read it.

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Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

Author: TopLegal, topllegal@yahoo.com

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Chastity

Like most men, I like to masturbate. So does my husband Justin. Recently though, I've felt he's been masturbating far too much and I was finding that when I got home late he had already jacked off twice and was spent.

After spanking him five nights in a row with a strap for his conduct, I realized more drastic measures were called for. A quick look at my most recent catalog from a leather shop brought to my attention a unique new chastity belt.

The hot man wearing it in the picture was yummy enough to want to eat and the metal cage that contained the cock looked unbelievable cruel in a way that only the most perfectly designed implements of bondage can look alluring and yet confine so completely. By allowing complete visibility and even slight touching of the cock, it would be tempting and yet still impossible for the wearer to jack off.

From work the next day I ordered the device.

When it arrived in the mail on Saturday, Justin was surprised to find a package.

I opened the box and summoned my husband over. After fixing him at attention, I slid the back part of the metal device around his cock shaft and pulled his testicles through. Next I strapped the belt firmly in place. Then I attached the paddlock fixing the base.

Next, I closed the front cover after lifting his cock up towards his belly button. With two more paddlocks, his cock was sealed between two layers of metal. Ejaculation would be

nearly impossible. It was delicious. I kissed him deeply and handed him tight fitting lycra shorts and told him we would be going out for brunch.

Brunch

Justin took his time getting ready for brunch, he picked out a baggy shirt and after five hard swats on his butt replaced that with a tight T-shirt. He knew I was putting him on display in this device. Everyone we met today would know he was mine.

The door man saw and smiled at me but was polite enough not to say anything.

As I walked us slowly through the park, Justin gradually became shier and shier. Each passerby looked at him holding my hand and then his cock and then stared. Justin was embarrassed beyond belief. In the restaurant he regained his composure and asked how long I intended to make him wear the belt. "Every night when you leave the office, you'll come by and I'll put it on you," I responded.

He frowned deeply, but did not argue. After a few minutes of silence, he asked the question "Why?"

I waited a while and then responded, "Because you can't keep your hands off yourself." As we left the restaurant to more glares from onlookers, I knew he wanted to find another answer.

Tom's

We stopped at Tom's on the way home. Once in the door Justin stripped naked. With only the chastity belt showing, Tom and Geoffrey got a clear view of my newest method of controlling my boy. Geof's expression could be read without difficulty, "Am I next?"

Tom and I kissed and we all sat down in the living room. Geof took up his position between Tom's legs and sucked his master. Justin sat next to me, his cock still partially erect and all but untouchable in the metal cage.

Tom asked Justin about the chastity belt and Justin was not to chatty. After flipping my husband over my lap and delivering 30 hard slaps to his buttocks he proceeded to explain to Tom why he needed the chastity belt. Tom asked me about it some more and how Justin would be able to go to the bathroom with it on. I pointed out that stainless steel doesn't rust so in terms of urinating it will be unpleasant, but it could be done. As for defecating, well just like he will have to wait to pleasure himself, he'll have to learn to control his bowels more.

Justin did not look pleased by the discussion, but said nothing. Tom asked me to order one for Geof and I saw Geof gag on Tom's cock. I pointed out that not only was touching impossible but also, the cage was too tiny for a boy to have an erection in. Tom rubbed his hands gleefully and pointed out that since he worked from home Geof could count on being

in chastity most of the day so he wouldn't be walking around the house turned on unless Tom wanted him to be.

I promised to order the unit for Geof as Justin got dressed for us to leave.

Bed

When we finally went to bed that night, Justin was very happy to be able to touch his cock again and let me know by proudly shooting a load of cum as I administered his bedtime spanking. After we made out and went to sleep he asked if I would really put the device on him at work Monday. I said yes, and he put his head against me and cried softly before falling asleep.

Monday

The day was very quiet. At 4 when Justin usually went home he came to my office first. After I shut the door, I quickly attached the device to him and then pulled his suit pants back up. I knew he was afraid to be seen in the office like this and I let him wear a raincoat out of the building.

When I got home finally at 11, he was standing at the door waiting in the chastity belt.

But, I didn't take it off right away. Instead, I took my time, ate my dinner, read the mail, worked out and basically ignored him.

At midnight, I removed the belt, and immediately gave him his bedtime spanking. Once again he came from the spanking alone and then we had wild sex before finally going to sleep.

By the end of the week, I thought he was learning to accept the belt as part of his life, but Friday he left the office without letting me attach it.

Friday Evening

I carried the belt home with me in my briefcase as I left work that Friday evening. When I arrived at home, the apartment was empty, Christopher had been away for a week or two visiting some friends and it was uncommonly quiet. I checked the answering machine, no messages.

By ten o'clock, I was both annoyed and worried, an altogether unpleasant condition to find me in. A half hour later, my blood was boiling.

When Justin finally walked in at eleven, I think he knew how furious I was because the first words out of his mouth were to ask whether he should fetch a strap or a paddle. Rather than give him time to make up excuses, I ripped his clothes off, fastened the chastity device

around his cock, and dragged him by his ear to the dungeon bedroom.

Whipping

Quickly, I strapped him to the spanking horse and then left him for a while to think about his conduct. When I came back at midnight, he was sobbing softly. I selected one of the Singaporan canes I had purchased recently and whisked it through the air. Justin started to stammer, but then apparently thinking better of it, went back to sobbing softly.

I positioned myself behind my errant husband and off to a side. Seconds later, the cane was flying through the air and down towards his tender exposed buttocks. This would be an especially painful spanking with his cock caged between two webbed layers of cold steel. No orgasm through pressure and frottage against the spanking horse would be possible. The first stroke of the cane landed on his smooth tanned buttocks violently. The cane barely made a sound as it struck. But within seconds, Justin's sobbing had turned to a yelp.

I repeated the treatment, lifting the cane high in the air and bring it down violently time and time again. All told, I counted 97 strokes. His buttocks, lower back, and upper legs were a mess of deep crimson lines where the cane had struck. His voice had grown slightly hoarse from screaming in pain, but not once had he begged me to stop, he knew better than that by now.

Then, I stood him up and tied his hands to the ceiling. With a tawse in hand, I then proceeded to tenderize his nipples, underarms and firm torso. Thirty blows in all and his front side was a mess of red.

When I finally untied him and placed him in the window, he could barely stand from the pain. I made him stand, sore reddened backside to the city for twenty minutes while I jerked my hard cock off in front of him. Then I asked what his excuse was. His voice was so hoarse from the whipping that I barely heard his answer. I asked him to repeat himself.

"Sir, I just wanted to have some fun, I didn't think you would be angry," he managed.

"Wrong," I replied.

"It won't happen again sir," he responded.

"Of course it won't, you'll be wearing the chastity belt full time now and only have it removed for special occasions by me," I stated calmly. His whole body convulsed in terror and I savored the control I had over my beautiful husband.

"But, but, but how will I go to the bathroom," he managed.

I just grinned broadly.

"Please, I'm begging you sir, I promise nothing like this will happen again," he said as loudly as he could manage.

"Come here," I said motioning him to the spanking horse.

Slowly he came back to where he had just been caned. "Bring me a razor strap from the wall," I ordered. His eyes welled with tears, but he walked quickly to the wall and handed me the strap. "Bend over," I ordered. He did. Seconds later, I was belting his back with the strap until his smooth tan back was a dark shade of red. His cries and pleas for me to stop were barely audible.

When I was satisfied that there was little point in strapping him further, I took him on the floor of the dungeon. His sore back was pressed to the hard floor of the dungeon bedroom. My hard throbbing cock rammed his fuckhole through and through. My sides were slapping against his sore buttocks and all and all I was dominating him. Inside the cock cage, his cock strained to harden, but his cock was no match for the sturdy steel that enmeshed it.

Once I shot my load deep within him, I fastened the chastity belt fully and locked it in place. Then I left him on the floor, filled with my cum and sorer than I had ever made him.

Saturday

Tom and Geof came over early Saturday and both were surprised at how sore and bruised Justin was. Geof had stopped staying the weekends for spankings a while back, but Tom and Geof both tended to hang out at my place a lot anyhow. Justin had not said anything about how sore he was and had kissed me firmly when I woke him in the morning. He was particularly appreciative when I let him urinate and defecate.

By lunch time, Justin was pleading me with his eyes to let him out of the chastity belt. Instead of releasing him though, I took him over my knee and slapped his tender buttocks with my belt and fucked him in front of Tom and Geof. The embarrassment of being treated so much like my property again was too much for him finally and he headed to the bedroom.

I followed and put him over my knee for another 50 with my hairbrush. All of the kicking and struggling he tried did not help him escape its blows, but did intensify the force with which I used it on him. Then I fucked him again on the floor of the bathroom.

Then we both headed back out to our guests, Justin was sorer than ever with deep welts now visible on his buttocks. Geof laughed a bit and Tom made him suck cock and then had me beat Geof with my belt. Geof was not laughing so hard after that. I also made Geof suck my cock and in a moment of particular cruelty, I had Geof lick what he could of Justin's cock through the webbed cage. The effect was painful for Justin whose cock reacted by straining itself against the unyielding metal. Geof took particular pleasure in this particular "blowjob" and kept it up for a full ten minutes til I finally asked him to stop.

After dinner, I used a tawse on Justin's front side again in front of Geof and Tom and then had both Tom and Geof fuck his sorry ass. By the time they finally left, Justin was so sore that he was crying a stream of tears and what voice he had left was making quite interesting sounds.

I put him in the dungeon bedroom again to sleep and think about his conduct.

Sunday

When I woke Justin Sunday, I noticed immediately that he was much more attentive to my desires. In fact as soon as I woke him, his lips went right to my cock and he worked it over till I shot in his mouth.

Tawse in hand, I beat him a total of 100 times more throughout the day.

At midnight, I removed the chastity belt and let him come to bed with me.

Since that weekend, Justin has faithfully come to my office every day before leaving work and had a chastity belt placed around his cock. No matter how much the rush, he seemingly always finds the time to let me attach and secure it.

Write the Author

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The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

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18 Chastity++

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Author: TopLegal, toplegal@yahoo.com

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Chastity

Three weeks ago to the day, Justin got his ass walloped for leaving work without the chastity belt. I had purchased the belt from a quality leather store in the city. The belt consists of a metal cage and fastens around the male with leather straps and secures with decent sized padlocks.

The metal cage is quite the sight to behold. It consists of two metal layers. Both look like sections from a spider web. The back piece has a large opening for the cock and balls to slide through and then curves up following the body's contours till it reaches the midsection and then is secured to the leather strap. The front piece is hinged to the bottom of the first piece and has a slight bulge to accommodate the testicles and firmly sandwiches the cock pointing upwards against the backing plate. The front piece has cross metal every eighth of an inch making it possible to just barely touch the cock or to taunt it with a feather, but making serious contact impossible. Masturbation too is out of the question, with barely enough room for the semi-erect cock, the belt's wearer can't do much.

Internet Invitation

Many of you read the stories of my exploits with Justin on the Internet and after posting about Justin's walloping and his subsequent good behavior a "Rick" sent me an intriguing e-mail.

Dear Sir:

After reading about the chastity device you purchased for your slave, I began wondering if you would consider using it on me for an extended period, say a week or more.

Rick

Response

The offer was too intriguing to turn down. I responded:

Dear Rick:

It would be my pleasure to assist you. Due to the belt's design, it will be necessary for you to be available to me during the time the belt is on you.

Additionally, I will administer nightly spankings during the duration of your time in the belt.

I recommend an initial period of 24 hours followed by a longer period to be determined later.

Call me at XXX/XXX-XXXX to arrange details.

TL

Offer Accepted

It took another week after my response for Rick to call me. I was surprised by his deep voice and assertive personality. We talked for an hour before discussing sexual matters.

Rick is just out of the army and had served for over 4 years in South Korea on the demilitarized zone. Despite the temptations of the flesh available to him, Rick had become a masturbation freak. Rick told me how he would stroke his cock sore – to the point of bleeding and cracking – trying to squeeze orgasm after orgasm out of his body. Worse still, he couldn't stop masturbating long enough for his cock to get better.

I asked Rick how he saw my diary entries and after some evasion he finally admitted to getting turned on by military control. Some more discussion revealed that Rick was missing the structure and discipline provided by military life.

I explained how Justin and I lived and how successful the belt was at controlling Justin's masturbation. Rick asked if Chris would be around. I explained that it was likely Chris would be and that he would have to share a room with Chris.

After some more polite talk, I described the belt again in greater detail and invited him to my apartment to see it on Justin.

Trial

As Justin left my office, chastity belt encasing his cock shaft between two metal layers, I warned him about Rick's visit. He was embarrassed and I reminded him that if he was not naked – save the chastity belt – when he answered the door that there would be consequences. With the walloping I had given less than a month ago still on his mind and his body still a bit sore, he cringed visibly and assured me that he would answer the door for Rick in the belt only.

I kissed my handsome husband and sent him home from the office.

I made it a point to arrive home around 8 and Rick was already there and chatting with Justin about the belt and trying to feel Justin's cock through the webbed front plating. Despite Rick's attempts Justin's cock shaft could not harden sufficiently to bend the steel and allow him release.

I introduced myself to Rick and suggested that we sit down and chat over some drinks. With no prodding, Justin got up and brought over some soda and after serving Rick nestled himself at my side.

“So, Rick, what do you think,” I asked.

“It is just like you described,” Rick said. “If you put that on me, I won't be able to get off.”

“Tomorrow is a Friday, why don't you come over around 5 PM, and I'll get you set up with the extra one I ordered for Geoffrey.”

“Look man, I think that would be cool, for 24 hours right?”

“Exactly Rick,” I said. “I won't take it off till 24 hours later, but then we can go from there.”

“Could I try it for a few minutes now,” he asked.

“Certainly,” I said. “Justin, could you get Geof's belt from the hall closet,” I continued.

Justin quickly fetched it and brought it out. I asked Rick to stand up. For the first time, I really drank in the manliness of his body. At 23, he was muscular and well developed everywhere. His dark hair was closely cropped and he stood a mere 5' 8”.

As this was going on, Chris came in from a party and sat down to watch. I could tell Rick was uncomfortable, but I just reminded him how much he needed the belt to help himself and he calmed considerably. As I handled his cock and balls to pull them through the hole in the lower plate, they stiffened considerably.

As I fastened the straps, his cock hardened more, then the steel front cover swung shut smoothly trapping his erect cock uncomfortably between two layers of unyielding steel. I fastened the front with the padlocks and suggested he relax and walk around for a bit and that when he was ready, I would take it off tonight.

His hands went to his cock, but were blocked by the tightly webbed cage shielding his cock from contact. I watched him rub his hand up and down the steel web vainly trying to make

contact with his cock flesh. Slowly he looked at me and asked me to take it off. I agreed and removed it.

I could tell he was sold on it for more than just 24 hours.

I had Chris give Rick a tour of the room they would now be sharing and then made a point of giving Chris an early bedtime spanking in front of Rick. Rick's eyes opened incredulously as he watched Chris remove his pants for me without question and come over my lap for 30 firm swats on the buttocks.

Rick was slowly learning that my stories to the Internet were the real thing and that when I said 24 hours or a red butt to the city, I meant it.

Spanking

After I spanked Chris and kissed him goodnight, I took Rick back out to the living room and asked him to come over my lap.

For the first time, he balked.

"Look I don't want none of that spanking shit," he said.

I grabbed his muscular arm at the use of a curse to me and pulled his body right across my lap. "What would your commanding officer say to you cursing at him?"

Off guard, Rick stammered and then fell silent.

Justin handed me a leather paddle and I pulled Rick's pants down and administered 50 firm, but not violent swats to his bare ass.

"Get up soldier," I barked.

Rick complied and stood with his pants at his ankles at attention.

"Ok soldier, report at 1700 hours for chastity treatment," I ordered.

Rick saluted and replied, "Yes SIR!"

After Rick left for the evening Justin sucked my cock and begged for his own chastity belt to be removed, I decided to wait a bit longer and had him rim me before removing the belt and spanking him. As had become more common since the chastity belt, the spanking produced and intense orgasm in my husband which wet my crotch with his warm gism.

The belt off, he pressed his hot cock against me in bed and ground his pelvis into my wet groin, savoring his own cum that he had shared with me. We kissed and tongued passionately and then fell asleep locked in an embrace.

Friday

When the early rays of sunlight streamed into my eyes, my first sensation was of my gorgeous husband's hot flesh pressed against me. I lift his lips to mine and kissed him deeply. We talked for a bit about Rick and agreed it would be a lot of fun to have Rick around.

At two, when Justin came to have his belt fastened to head out early, I found myself harder than usual anticipating Rick's arrival. We decided that Rick should keep a journal during his first 24 hours to assist us in helping him deal with his masturbation problem.

5PM

Rick arrived a minute late, I had him strip at the door and stand at attention. Justin supplied a leather paddle again and I bent him over and administered 5 swats for lateness, I also tacked on 15 minutes of extra chastity. Rick accepted the punishment like a soldier and thanked me with a hearty "Yes SIR!"

I let Justin attach the belt around Rick and then took the keys. I recorded the time, 5:13 PM.

I handed Rick a diary and some paper and asked him to record his feelings, desires, anger, etc. I stuck him in Chris' room and suggested that he relax for a few hours before dinner. By 7 PM, he needed to piss and had come out into the living room to tell me. I shrugged and told him to stand in the window cock cage out at a full salute, he obeyed.

At 11 PM, I told him to be at ease and led him to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Part of the beauty of this chastity belt is that it not only controls masturbation, but it completely controls the slave's control over their excretory functions. After the bathroom trip, Justin supplied him a pleasant meal. I permitted a final bathroom trip at 1 AM and then administered a firm bedtime spanking in front of both Christopher and Justin.

Christopher got his spanking next and then I took Justin's chastity belt off and gave him 30 blows, his orgasm in front of the other two men embarrassed him, especially when I made him lick it up.

At 5 AM, Rick woke Justin and I pleading for a bathroom trip. I pulled him into bed and told him to hold it. When we woke up around 10, I made him wait till both Justin and I had gone before permitting him any relief.

From his diary, I could tell that he had difficulty sleeping, frustrated but unable to masturbate he had paced around the hall and then the room and then written about how frustrated he was. The next 7 hours and 15 minutes would be much worse for him though. He decided not to eat or drink to avoid having a bathroom trip delayed, but also could not sit still and kept rubbing the front plate of the cage hoping for some satisfying contact, but not finding any.

His diary reveals a brutal countdown to the belt's removal which I took my time with and

made sure he spent till 5:28 PM on Saturday in. He thanked me for my attentions and masturbated in front of Justin and me.

30 Days of Hell

We then discussed a number of time frames for his next session. Rick, satisfied with the efficacy of the device, and the discipline I was bringing to his life suggested a week. Justin suggested a month and I concurred. After some thought, Rick agreed, we would wait for the first – a mere 4 days away – and he would live with us for all of September.

Day 1

All day, my cock was rock hard, through several client meetings, I strained not to let my hard on show. When 4 pm arrived, I ducked out early, for an appointment... At 5 pm, the appointed hour, I found myself so turned on that I wanted to shoot a load just for the hell of it. Rick's lateness got me harder still and when he finally arrived a half hour late with a lame excuse about city traffic, I was ready to burst with a load of cum.

Restraining those urges, I ordered him to strip. Then, I took a leather paddle and firmly, but not violently, spanked his ass once for each minute he was late. He apologized and then I announced that he would be wearing the belt a full three hours extra for this infraction. That clearly scared him.

I examined his cock before affixing the device. The skin was sore and cracked from all the masturbating he had been doing. Past tense that is. For the next 30 days, he wouldn't be doing any of that.

As I clasped the padlocks shut, Rick sighed as if relieved of a heavy burden. I handed him a diary and told him to stay naked in the house and then sent him to Chris' room which he would be sharing till dinner.

His diary entry for the first few hours was particularly interesting:

...The metal is cold and is trapping my cock, I want to jerk off so badly... ...fuck this thing, I need to piss... ...fuck... ...shit... ...this thing is so fucking uncomfortable... ...I'm gonna march out there and tell that faggot that I want out... ...argh, it won't come off...

I purposely waited till he came out to offer dinner or a chance to empty his bladder. Doing so served two purposes for me, it would give me an opportunity to spank him more severely for trying to welch on the agreement and it would reinforce my control over him. By 11 o'clock, not that Rick could tell since I had removed all of the time pieces from Chris' room, Rick finally came out like a rocket on fire.

"Get me the fuck out of this faggot," he demanded.

"SOLDIER, 50 push-ups, NOW," I responded.

Trapped between his anger and the open threat of the consequences for disobeying me, Rick chose to obey orders. He dropped to the floor and began doing push-ups. From his diary entry later, I could tell how painful they were with his bladder full and his stomach starved for food.

When he finished, I took the leather paddle and slapped his ass 50 times, once again I used it mostly to humiliate and to indicate that it could cause severe pain rather than to discipline him, yet. After the paddling, I made him stand at attention in the window, chastity belt to the city for 40 minutes without any bladder relief.

Just past midnight, I fed him and then made him stand at attention for another 20 minutes before permitting him a bathroom trip. His diary entries on the times he spent in the window and after spankings are amazingly revealing about the mixture of humiliation and arousal that I was creating in him.

At 2 am, I sent him to bed after administering a firm bedtime spanking in front of Christopher. Then, I took Christopher outside the room and shut the door leaving it open just a crack so that sounds could come through. Then I kissed Christopher full on the lips and whispered to him that I was going to deliver a harsher than usual bedtime spanking – with a razor strap – so that the pain level and noise would trickle into Rick’s hearing.

Christopher eagerly came over my lap to accept the punishment and seconds later I was slapping his ass violently with the razor strap. I made certain that each blow was particularly violent and just ten strokes in, Christopher was mewling like a baby. Rick’s diary revealed how disturbing he found both his own punishment and hearing Christopher get strapped:

What the fuck man, he beat me like a kid before bed for no reason and in front of his faggot son no less. What a dick. And then my god what the fuck his kid did I can’t imagine but when he came back in there were thick red lines across his butt and he was crying. Fuck this asshole. Argh! I want to fucking masturbate. And the faggot kid I’d like to rape that sorry ass and really wipe that grin he had when he watched me get spanked off his smug faggot face. Argh! I tried pressing myself against the pillow to get pressure onto my cock but it mostly just pushed the fucking back plate of this fucking belt into me further. I want to take a fucking piss now.

I must say, aside from the sheer level of control I felt over Rick, the pleasure I derived was mostly from reading his journal entries and seeing how completely controlled he was by the belt and how over the course of the month he slowly learned to accept the belt and my control.

Day 2

I had taken off from work so that I could be sure to have extra time to ignore Rick today. I sent Justin off to work – sparing him a full day of chastity and then gave Chris a good morning present in the form of a private blow job outside of Rick’s view. I ignored Rick’s presence until he finally opened his mouth at 11 AM and rudely demanded to take a piss and be fed.

Twenty squat thrusts later, the smug look was off his face. Thirty strokes with a small wooden paddle gave him his first taste of real, but slight, pain. I followed the punishments up with 2 hours in the window and then without permitting him to relieve his bladder selected nearly translucent tight white lycra shorts and a matching top and took him out in the park for a walk holding my hands.

His diary entries on these public walks reveal the total humiliation that these experiences provided:

...fuck... ..he made me walk around the fucking city naked... ..every god damn faggot in the park was starring at me... fuck them... fuck him... and fuck I need to piss... shit today I pissed my pants while he walked me... the faggot just starred at me and laughed as I did it... the tights he had me in turned clear and he paraded me around the park so everyone could see my cock caged right through the pants and see my piss fucking running all over me... then he beat me again when we got in the door... worse than he had before... he used some sort of leather belt... it must have been what he beat his faggot son with... I didn't cry but boy did he whip my ass...

Little did Rick realize that I was holding back, making it sting but not striping his ass up. Before permitting him to pee and shit proper, I had him hand wash the lycra outfit for use the next day and then I fed him. Later that evening around midnight he was much more demure about his bathroom and food needs. He came in and politely asked when he would be fed and be allowed to use the bathroom.

I kissed him and permitted him to eat and use bathroom right away.

The evening ended with another spanking in front of Christopher. That night though I spanked Chris again with the razor strap, but this time right in front of Rick. The terror on Rick's face at the sight of young Christopher's ass being reddened with the strap was a delight in and of itself.

Highlights

In my own recollection of the events of that month, the third day was when Rick had a real breakthrough in terms of accepting the chastity belt. I think somewhere during that day he understood it wasn't some big joke and that I was planning to go through with it all the way until the thirtieth of the month. Further, I think he finally understood that I had absolutely no qualms about hitting him with a belt, strap, cane or paddle, hard, so as to really cause some pain and get some notice.

His journal entries seem to reflect this although I notice that for him the real breakthrough was around day 7 when he finally recorded in his journal in the evening that he hadn't tried once the whole day to masturbate. That was ground breaking. Further, in his journal entry for day 15 it reveals that he let Christopher fuck him after he got strapped. The journal also reveals that his cock was straining against the cage while being fucked tormented and desirous of relief. For whatever reason though, that was not repeated, or if it was no note was made and Christopher never spoke of it at all.

My favorite times that month though were when I exhibited Rick in the belt publicly, both by walking hand-in-hand with him while he was forced to wear tight lycra shorts and at several bars where I had him stand at attention for the evening completely naked save the chastity belt.

Unsurprisingly these were the most embarrassing moments for Rick in the belt and his journal entries reveal an unusual mixture of embarrassment and pleasure from being so utterly publicly humiliated.

By day 25, I was finding myself depressed that Rick would not be around to torment further by denying him orgasms and a chance at sexual release. Justin and I talked about whether he might be convinced to stay, I think Justin enjoyed having my more capricious and sadistic tendencies focused on another. Rick however never discussed his confinement or extending it.

Final Day?

When the last of the month rolled around, I felt saddened, Rick seemed perkier than he had in a few days. The last three or so days had been hellish for him with constant attempts to masturbate again in anticipation of his cock's upcoming freedom accompanied by severe canings at my hand. Rick and I sat alone in the dungeon bedroom watching a clock roll to 5 o'clock in the evening and then cuddled a bit while the extra hours he had earned passed slowly. I sensed the building frustration he had directed at the belt as we sat till midnight. As the clock chimed he didn't ask fearful of punishment, rather he just nuzzled his face against my chest and waited.

I lifted his chin so our eyes met and asked if he really wanted it to end.

"Please," he said softly.

Slowly, I unlocked the belt, releasing it from around him completely for the first time in a month. Like a free prisoner tasting fresh air, his hands immediately went to his cock and stroked it.

"Thank you," he whispered and kissed me.

I handed him his clothing and watched him leave the apartment.

To this day, I wonder where he is today. During his entire stay he never once called or wrote anyone or received any calls and for that matter when I had invited him to stay there were no encumbrances binding him to any one place. My thought is that he is in some other master's home enjoying being fucked or spanked....

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point.

The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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19 College Days

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, don't read it.

REMARK This story picks up in the world set up the stories collectively known as the *Justin Series*. If you haven't read them, I recommend them based on the overwhelmingly positive stream of feedback I've received.

Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

Author: TopLegal, topllegal@yahoo.com

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Christopher

As you may recall, Christopher moved in with Justin and me just past age 21 while he was still in college. He sometimes brought his friends home to work on projects or occasionally to hang out and enjoy the apartment's deluxe TV and stereo. Christopher had to leave out certain items at all times for example, the list of punishments that we maintain. It lists items and numbers.

When Christopher first moved in he didn't have many friends. As the final year of college passed, more people would come over to the house. I would avoid spanking Justin and Christopher at those times out of a minor respect for privacy. However friends that saw Christopher's room usually noticed the punishment list and would ask him about it. Now that Chris is out of college and still living with Justin and me, I've decided to compile some of my favorite recollections of Chris being spanked or talking about being spanked to his friends.

Kevin

Kevin was a handsome young college boy who Chris was tutoring in Computer Science. Christopher had Kevin come over to the apartment and they would work on the computer in Chris' bedroom. Kevin was quite the hunk at 5' 10" with a lean well muscled body and deep blue eyes and dark black hair. Kevin came over around 2 pm for his first lesson and

was still around when I came home at 7 pm for dinner. I invited Kevin to join Justin, Chris and me for dinner.

A few minutes into dinner, Kevin asked the table as a whole what the list “with numbers in Chris’ room was for.” Chris turned a beat shade of red and I noticed a slight smirk on Justin’s face. After a long silence, I said, “Chris your pupil asked you a question.”

Chris stammered, so I answered for him, “Kevin, Chris is not our child and he lives here because he agreed to follow certain rules and when he breaks the rules, I spank him.” Chris got up and left the table in complete embarrassment when I said that, but Kevin seemed interested and asked me details.

“So like, you spank him if he doesn’t get an A,” Kevin asked.

“No, but if he doesn’t do his chores or make his bed, we’ve agreed on certain punishments,” I answered.

“What do you spank him with,” Kevin asked, seemingly even more interested.

“Why don’t I show you,” I suggested as I stood and headed for his bedroom.

Kevin followed eagerly and sexually aroused with a woody clearly visible inside his pants. We entered Chris’ room and he was on the bed face down into the pillows. I shut the door firmly when Kevin entered and told Chris to sit up. He did, he was totally embarrassed.

“Christopher, you didn’t ask to be excused from the table,” I said calmly in that voice that suggested impending punishment.

Chris pleaded for Kevin to be sent home, “please Dad, don’t let Kevin watch.”

“Come here,” I said while I sat down on the chair and pulled my belt off. Knowing that disobeying me would only make the spanking worse he came, slowly. As he reached my lap he came over it and then I slid his pants down to expose his tender buttocks.

“30,” I announced.

Firmly and very severely I raised and lowered my belt across his buttocks causing Christopher severe pain. After just the tenth blow his buttocks were red and a visible 1” stripe where the belt was digging in could be seen. By 30 he was crying softly. I stood him in the window with his butt facing the room and his pupil Kevin to think about his conduct.

Kevin stood silently in awe throughout the spanking. His woody was so visible that I was surprised he wasn’t jerking his rod. “Kevin, sit down next to me and jerk off to the sight of his red butt.”

Kevin did just that, we both pulled our pants to our ankles and stroked our cocks off while staring at Chris’ reddened ass cheeks. After we both shot he thanked me for letting him watch and I excused Chris from the window to finish Kevin’s lesson. Later that evening I gave my husband a firm strapping for that smirk at Chris’ expense.

Kevin visited a few more times for tutoring but never witnessed Christopher being spanked again. When he was over, he frequently asked Chris a lot of questions about the spankings

and how he felt about it. From talking with Chris I think he found the overall experience of interacting with Kevin and being spanked in front of Kevin an extremely positive one. Firstly although one of the most humiliating things I had done to him, it was he eventually admitted an appropriate punishment. Secondly it made it easier to discuss the subject of his spankings to other friends who visited.

Juan

During his senior year, Christopher developed an extremely close friendship with another senior, Juan. By late October of Chris' senior year, it seemed like Jason was a fourth resident of our apartment. Unsurprisingly Juan quickly came to understand that Chris got spanked pretty severely for misbehavior.

A hot hairy young man from Spain, Juan's English was surprisingly excellent and his dark Mediterranean features made him extremely attractive. Chris denies to this day that he and Juan ever were romantically or sexually involved, but I've always wondered.

Although Juan must have seen the punishment sheet early into his visits to our apartment, he never asked about them to my knowledge. The way he learnt that Chris got spanked as far as I know was when I came home one evening and found my stereo and TV on in the living room blasting. Further dirty dishes littered the table. Justin was away on business and I figured that Chris had taken advantage of my late arrival to overindulge in the pleasures of my apartment.

Without turning down the radio, I fetched a cane from the spare bedroom and stormed into his room. To my surprise Juan was there and Chris was scared out of his mind. Undisuaded by his friend's presence, I asked Chris what was going on.

"Please dad, can we talk later," Chris begged.

"No, Christopher, now," I ordered.

"Look Juan and I were just having fun, we were going to clean things up before he left," Chris responded pleadingly.

"You know that when you eat dinner you are supposed to clear the dishes immediately," I stated calmly.

"Dad," Chris begged.

Juan had already seen the cane in my hand but had not decided to leave and had not said anything either.

"Juan, could you look at the list behind you," I asked politely.

Juan turned to face it as Chris blushed a deeper shade of crimson. "Juan, what does it say next to the word 'Chores,'" I asked.

"10 c, Sir," Juan responded helpfully.

“Thank you Juan, why don’t you go into the living room for a bit,” I suggested. With the stereo on, he wouldn’t hear Christopher crying from the cane.

“Si,” he responded and left the room.

I stripped Christopher completely naked in a few quick motions. Taking my time to increase his anxiety I slowly bent his naked body over the desk to expose his bare buttocks to my cane. He remained silent and unobjecting to my actions knowing that punishment was coming one way or another.

Slowly and methodically I caned Chris’ buttocks. I took my time enjoying delivering firm painful blows to create deep red lines on his ass cheeks and to hear him screaming in pain. Chris did not move his hands to block the cane despite the intense level of pain he was feeling because the list indicated “x2” for that offense.

When I finished and Chris was crying I stood him up and kissed him firmly as I felt, groped, and pinched his sore burning ass flesh. Then I whispered, “To the living room window with you, NOW!” Chris came with me slowly, still crying.

I positioned him in the window so his sore buttocks were visible to the room and his friend Juan.

Juan did not approach his friend in the window but merely stared at him as I cleaned the table and then turned the stereo off. When I sat next to Juan I asked him if his parents ever spanked him.

“Yes, Sir,” he responded, “but not since I was younger.”

“Well, Christopher and I have an agreement, he is not my actual son, but in return for living here, he agrees to accept my punishments when he breaks the rules.”

Juan nodded to indicate his understanding. “Do you think I did a good job on his butt,” I asked. Afraid to answer, Juan shrugged.

After a bit I asked Chris to come over to me, still naked, and held him in my lap and comforted him till he finally calmed down and thanked me for the caning and apologized for leaving a mess. Juan did not talk throughout this, but just watched.

The next day, Justin was still away and when I came in the apartment was in great shape. I heard Chris talking to someone and went into the room and found Juan. “Dad, wait a second,” Chris said.

“Yes,” I said.

“I was explaining to Juan about my spankings,” Chris started.

“Oh,” I responded.

Chris continued, “I’m really sorry about last night and I just want Juan to know that I was glad you caned me.”

I kissed Christopher and said, “Good, Juan, I’m glad you understand in the future if you are around and Chris misbehaves, I won’t bother to send you out of the room.”

Juan nodded calmly and added, "I'm also sorry for getting Chris in trouble, I had suggested we get the dishes later."

I was sorely tempted to give Juan a good butt blistering, but for now resisted that temptation, "Juan, you were not responsible for following and knowing the house rules, Chris was and he knew better than to leave dishes, I'm tired now so Chris if you don't mind, I'll give you your bedtime spanking now."

"Que," quizzed Juan.

"A bedtime spanking," Chris explained, "my dad swats my ass firmly but not too bad every night just to keep me in line." Chris then pulled off his pants and came over to me eagerly.

Softly I swatted his butt 20 times, still sore from the caning he yelped a bit and then I kissed him goodnight and left the room.

Break

As Thanksgiving approached, Juan was around constantly. Chris approached me and asked if Juan could stay with us over the winter break as a ticket home to Spain was too costly, I agreed but suggested that Chris talk with Juan about the fact that he would get spanked. Chris shrugged and smiled and said he felt that Juan expected as much.

Just after Thanksgiving one night as Juan was leaving he knocked on my bedroom door. "Sir, Chris is ready for his bedtime spanking, also I wanted to thank you for letting me stay during the Christmas break, Chris has explained all the rules, I'm sure you won't need to spank me," he said.

"Well I'm glad you are staying Juan, I'm sure it will be fine, you've always been such a nice guest, but you will also get bedtime spankings," I said.

He nodded and then headed out.

Justin commented on how hot Juan was and we made very passionate love as I thought about my opportunities to spank Juan.

Juan arrived the last day of exams with a small suitcase in hand and quickly unpacked in Chris' room and then the two headed out for dinner. I reminded the boys of the midnight curfew as they left. They came back around 11:50, closer for comfort than Chris would normally stay out on his own.

I administered Chris' bedtime spanking first and then turned to Juan. Juan came over and pulled his tight briefs down. His hairy ass looked hot to spank and I gently administered 30 swats with my hand to it. Each slap produced a mild ouch from him but he did not seem upset and was somewhat turned on. I pulled his pants up and then let them get some sleep in Chris' queen size bed.

All day Saturday Juan was the model citizen and assisted in the chores. He wanted to go out though to a club and Chris decided not to come, I reminded him of the curfew and let

him go out. Chris, Justin and I went to the movies and saw a mindless blockbuster. When we got in at 11, Juan had not yet returned.

I sent Chris to bed at midnight with a firm bedtime spanking and told him I would deal with Juan when he got in. At 2 AM, Juan staggered in a bit drunk, when he saw me standing with a paddle in hand he pissed in his pants, literally. I ordered him to stand, covered and drenched in his own urine, for 30 minutes in the window.

Then I brought him to the extra bedroom and strapped him to the punishment horse, naked. When he realized that I had him strapped down he started complaining, his drunk euphoria worn off and the cold reality of his situation apparent.

“Please Sir, I’m sorry,” Juan pleaded.

“50 strokes with this wooden paddle will make you sorry boy,” I responded and began beating his ass.

“Fuck,” he screamed when the first blow hit. By the fiftieth blow, he was crying like a baby and cursing at the same time. His ass was very sore and his cock was surprisingly hard from the terror and pleasure of it all. I unstrapped him from the horse and sent him directly to bed with Chris cautioning him to think about his conduct. Chris told me in the morning that Juan cried all night in his arms.

In the morning Juan looked at me with new found terror, while Chris made it look easy to take a spanking, Juan now realized I meant business. He quickly apologized for coming in late and drunk and offered to do extra chores.

I shook my head, “In this house, after the spanking there is no other punishment or consequences.” Juan nodded in understanding.

He then proceeded, seemingly intentionally, to forget to make the bed or take out the trash. By noon he was in my lap for an over the lap session with a wooden hairbrush for 50 hard swats on his already reddened ass. Although he cried, his cock was rock hard throughout on my lap and he didn’t curse much. For dinner he forgot to set the table and I repeated the treatment with the hairbrush. So for his second full day he managed to get quite the ass whipping and the bedtime spanking made him cry despite my attempt to be on the especially soft side with it.

In the morning he apologized for being so bad and asked if he could go out tonight since there was no school, I agreed and reminded him of curfew at midnight. He promised he wouldn’t come late. When he headed out, this time with Chris at 10 PM, I reminded them both again.

They got in at 2 AM. I took the two of them to the dungeon bedroom and tied them facing each other to the ceiling. “Christopher, 30 lashes for you,” I stated. Chris’ entire body winced involuntarily at the pronouncement.

“Same punishment for you Juan,” I ordered and left the room, leaving them dick to dick, face to face for a while to think about it.

“C R A C K,” I snapped the whip in the air an hour later. The two were in hushed whispers and both were crying. Chris was explaining that Juan made him late and Juan was pleading off the whip. “Enough sniveling,” I said.

“Christopher, you knew better, you should have left rather than stay and be late with Juan,” I said. Silence.

I began the whipping on my son. I was gentle with the whip and although he was crying and his back was covered with lash marks when I finished, no serious harm or bleeding was apparent. I kissed him and he whispered an apology. I repeated that treatment on Juan who had never been flogged before and he was in significantly more pain, and crying quite the river of tears.

I ordered them both to stand in the window facing out on their tippy toes. I told them that if they came off their toes, I would swat their ass. Chris failed first and five swats on his bare ass and one swat on his back and he was hopping in pain and then back on the balls of his feet. Juan was next and a similar treatment kept him standing.

At 6 AM after 4 hours of standing at least 2 of which were on the balls of their feet I sent them to bed. Asses and backs extremely sore.

Juan woke up first around mid-afternoon and came into my bedroom and apologized and then asked if he was grounded. Once again, I shook my head and explained that after punishment, my boys are forgiven.

Throughout the three weeks of spring break, Juan offered me at least four opportunities a day to spank him. I never discussed his enjoyment of the punishments and Christopher once mentioned that he thought Juan was misbehaving intentionally, and I just kissed him on the head and nodded.

Juan still visits us occasionally and takes bedtime spankings along with some serious swats for discipline. He and Chris still disclaim any sexual attraction and Juan is engaged to a woman to be married this year. Sigh, so hot, so spankable.

Mike

Of all of Chris' friends senior year, Mike was my favorite. While I perhaps spanked Juan more than Kevin or Mike, Mike was a brat. Mike stood at 5' 11" and was trim and smooth. While he was 21 years old when I first met him, you might easily have mistaken him for 5. Twice before he really knew about my spanking tendencies he threw temper tantrums, for lack of a more accurate description, with Chris when he didn't get his way. Further even when he was getting his way he would demand attention or play with things Chris would ask him not to touch. Mike seemed oblivious to anything that would occur in the household and once I spanked Justin in the den while Mike was visiting and I would swear he didn't notice.

The camel's back broke with Mike sometime in March of the senior year. He was over and Chris asked him not to touch some of Justin's jade figurines. Mike then proceeded to go

touch them and managed to break one along with the glass table that was supporting it.

When I came out into the room and saw the mess, I decided it was time to put Mike in his place.

Brat Training

I asked Mike for his parent's phone number calmly. Terrified he gave it to me. I asked Chris to go to his room and asked Mike to stay in the living room.

I proceeded to the master bedroom and called Mike's parents. After a quick heart to heart with Mike's father and mother we agreed that Mike needed some direction and discipline. I offered to provide a strong dose of both and forgive the incident with the figurine. While Mike was legally an adult I felt from a psychological point of view, his parent's permissiveness and their lack of discipline had created this behavior and that now I needed them to back me.

"Mike, can you come in here please," I shouted to the other room. While I only heard half the conversation, the expressions on Mike's face and his half suggested the thinking and lack of discipline that had created this full fledged brat. When it became clear that Mike's parents wouldn't just pay for it he looked at me in terror.

"So, Mike, I take it you understand now that I'm in charge of handling your punishment for breaking the figurine," I said.

"My dad will pay," he responded.

"Mike that won't happen, you need to deal with me," I said.

"I can play with what I want," he said.

"Wrong," I said and grabbed him by the ear and into the dungeon bedroom. As I manhandled his struggling body over the spanking horse and fastened the restraints. Once I had him firmly strapped down I left him to whine and complain and plead.

I went in to Chris and found him naked bent over the desk with a cane at the side. I licked each butt cheek thoroughly and then asked him what he thought he deserved for not exercising more control over his guest. Christopher asked if in addition to taking 20 strokes with the cane, he might help me discipline Mike. I agreed and proceeded to brutalize my son's ass with the cane by landing 20 extremely forceful and violent strokes on his buttocks to maximize the intense levels of pain the cane can deliver.

When I finished his buttocks were welted with deep crimson lines and I held his crying body against my own and kissed him deeply with tongue. He apologized to me and I held him for a while until the sobbing stopped. We then together went into the dungeon bedroom and I had Chris show Mike what had happened to his ass as we both ignored the brat's complaints.

"Mike your ass is going to be on fire when I finish," I said as I selected a tawse to adjust the

brat's attitude inch of flesh by inch of flesh. Chris put his cock in his friend's mouth at my request and made the brat suck him off before I administered the first blow.

Blow by blow I then began to reduce the brat's whiney complaints to tears. First I struck the flesh of each butt cheek with a separate blow. Then I got his balls with a single violent blow. That caused the tears to begin to welter down like the rain. Next three blows to each side of his thighs. Then I got his back with several blows and then my attentions returned to reddening his butt to a deep shade of crimson. When my hand tired as the brat's screams and pleas for mercy got louder, I allowed Chris to work over the buttock to bring out some severe welts and then attack other parts of the brat's flesh with the tawse.

After I asked Chris to stop hitting Mike, I made the crying boy suck my cock off and swallow the cum and I invited Justin to get a blow job from him as well.

A quick examination of his body revealed deep red over his thighs, balls, back and the sides of his back. His buttocks were black and blue and welted. The pain Chris and I had put him in was probably close to the breaking point, so I unfastened him and had Justin give him a bath to soothe some of the flesh a touch and then I had him sleep with Chris although he was numb from the pain basically at that point.

In the morning I performed four soapy enemas on the boy when he started crying about his dad making me pay for hitting him. The enemas changed his attitude quickly. I made Mike stay with us for the rest of the weekend. Any time his bratty attitude started to surface, I immediately dragged him to the bathroom and performed an enema and then spanked his already sore ass with my hand over his lap.

By Sunday at midnight his attitude was notably different and by my count 30 enemas had been performed.

I had him call his parents and once again from my side of the conversation I knew they were behind me. He sheepishly handed me the phone about five minutes into it and he hadn't even whined once, just politely kept asking if he had to stay with me. Once his dad was on the phone he expressed his pleasure at Mike's quick attitude change and asked if Mike could spend more weekends with me. I agreed and suggested that for the first week we keep him here for closer control.

During that first week, I did not have to restrain him for a brutal punishment any further. Each little whine or minor act of disobedience was followed by an immediate strip down of all clothing followed by corner time followed by an enema followed by 50 hand spans firmly delivered over my lap.

Unlike Juan who seemed to take genuine pleasure in being spanked, Mike hated the experience and found it to be punishment. Towards the end of the first week, the severe spanking routine I was using was having a noticeable effect. Despite his threats that "daddy would come get him." Daddy was firmly behind me and each night I had Mike call his parents and then I would speak to them, on Friday his Dad mentioned how much more polite and less whiney Mike was sounding, I agreed.

Saturday morning Mike threw a pouting fit when I insisted that there would be no more

sugar cereals for breakfast. The instant he started to pout, I was already stripping his clothes off. Before he even realized what happened, I had him nose again the glass of the window, ass to the room. Juan actually dropped by and was surprised by Mike's presence.

I made Mike stand for a particularly long time exposed to everybody in the apartment and then ordered him to my bathroom and invited Chris and Juan to come watch. "Juan, Chris, why don't you join Mike in the bathroom, Juan I think you will find it particularly educational to see how a brat can be taught how to behave," I suggested.

Inside the bathroom, Mike was naked and trying to stand modestly. "Stand at attention Mike," I ordered. "Get into the tub," I continued. "Chris, would you get me a 1 gallon enema bag," I asked politely. Chris fumbled under the sink and pulled out the large black bag that could easily hold a full gallon of hot soapy water. "Chris, also could you give me a butt plug and also the tawse that we used the other night as well," I asked politely also. Chris disappeared and Mike started to whimper and step out of the tub. "WHERE are you going young man," I barked to Mike as I pushed him back into the tub.

"Juan, while you and Chris sometimes misbehave, Mike here is a certified brat who has been warping his parents around his fingers for years, but his parents are fully behind my correcting him at this late age," I commented to Juan. As I finished up, Chris returned with the butt plug and tawse I requested in hand. I filled the enema bag slowly with the hottest water the tap would provide and added some soap to the bag. After attaching the bag to the top of the tub rod, I inserted the nozzle into Mike's waiting ass. By now Mike had at least learned better than to try to complain his way out of a punishment but he also knew this would be rather severe and his ass resisted my attempts to slide the enema nozzle into his fuck hole.

Once inside, I gradually loosened the stream of hot soapy water into his body. As I watched the container emptied I watched Mike struggle to hold the full gallon. Once empty, I removed the nozzle and slid the well lubricated butt plug into his body. With a gallon trapped inside his gut and a butt plug holding it in, I could sense Mike on the breaking point of accepting discipline into his life.

Bent over the tub ledge, I allowed Juan and Chris to take turns applying the tawse to his body anywhere they pleased. When I asked them to stop his buttocks and thighs were a deep crimson and tears were streaming down his face. His gut seemed ready to explode and when I finally released the pressure by removing the plug, he was quite appreciative and came over to my arms and hugged me warmly and promised to behave better.

Over the remainder of the school year, Mike spent every weekend at my apartment and although his attitude was significantly better, no weekend passed without at least three spankings and one really severe ass strapping.

Mike's parents are still in touch with me from time to time and are very appreciative for my efforts with their son. Mike himself also still calls, but doesn't visit. He has mentioned to me that he and his wife are spanking their child to provide discipline and that he still thinks both painfully and appreciatively of my guidance.

Write the Author

E-MAIL THE AUTHOR These stories are e-mail'ware at this point.

The first story in this series, *Spanking Party*, was written on a lark and the feedback convinced me to keep writing. My thanks to everyone who has written in and thanked me or shared their own stories. Continued e-mail means more stores.

Keep in touch with me at <<mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com>>.

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20 Hiatus

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, don't read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Sorry for the long delay since any other Justin series posts, between moving, a forger reposting my stories with minor changes, and other major life changes, I've been somewhat unable to get new stories out. Look for more stories from me and keep encouraging me to write by e-mail.

Hiatus

Life sometimes keeps you so busy, many people have written to ask why I stopped posting diary entries, ah, well life has kept me busy. Some people on the Internet seem to have no life they just "surf." Usually they are logged onto some IRC channel 24/7. I'm not like that though. I've got a busy work life as a full time lawyer and I also have a wonderful husband, Justin, along with Christopher who in recent months has become more like a second husband or a playmate than the adopted 22 year old I originally took in.

Looking back, at my diary entries I see that my last one was in early September and that concerned some earlier antics involving Christopher's last year or so in College. So the last real diary entry was in late August.

Towards late August I shared how I had played with a gentleman named Rick, August had been an intense month and so after Labor Day weekend, I eased back on my play time and focused on work. In my passion to savor every moment of Rick's torment in chastity, I had left some client tax matters get close to the line in terms of due dates to finish my projects. Mid-september came and went without any time for play other than with my husband and Christopher.

October suddenly fell upon me before I realized it and I got roped into assisting in a huge merger. Bed time spankings were missed for the first time for both Christopher and Justin

due to the long late hours and I even excused Justin from nightly chastity because of the hours on a few occasions.

November

Ah, but November was thrilling. My work took me to Australia and Justin came along as co-counsel. We left Christopher at home and reminded him that Tom was going to check up on him nightly and that when I got back he would be extremely sorry if my instructions had not been followed.

The planned flight to Australia was brutally long and I would swear that the last few minutes of flight were literally on the vapors left in the 747's fuel tank. As the plane landed, Justin placed his hand over mine warmly and then reached over towards me and kissed me. Then he asked, "Do we have to get started on business right away?" I grinned broadly back at him and he kissed me again.

Outback

We checked into the hotel in Sydney without a hitch and the suite was quite beautiful. After the bellhop left, I threw Justin onto the bed and we started kissing quite passionately. A few moments later, we were both naked on the bed and I was fucking him like a bronco in the saddle of a wild stallion.

After we both orgasmed, we lay in each other's arms for a bit and just enjoyed the post-coital glow. I broke the moment by slapping his smooth firm buttocks softly and telling him to get dressed. I lay in bed and watched my handsome husband dress in business clothing, I love how hot he always looks in a suit and tie, so perfect.

I got dressed next as he called home and checked in with Tom on Christopher and things back home. Then we went downstairs and caught a taxi over to the law offices of the Australian firm involved in the particular deal. Our local counsel was a handsome and rugged guy who if I had to give you a single image to compare him to, I would say something like a cross between Crocodile Dundee and Kevin Costner. I say that because the rugged outback edge he had was tempered by his impeccable and suave business attire. Mac was his nickname and Justin and I quickly started calling him that.

The three of us went to dinner at a fancy restaurant and chatted late into the night. Mac suggested that we take a drive to visit the site that had been chosen for the factory. Justin quickly agreed but, I had the good sense to ask how long the drive was and Mac just grinned broadly and said, "not far." Well I soon learned that to Mac, not far meant a 200 mile drive.

At the hotel that night, I spanked Justin firmly like I do most every night since he came back to my life. I was not particularly gentle and was using the paddle which Justin found exceedingly embarrassing. So in addition to his tan ass cheeks turning blush red, his face similarly changed. Surprisingly, none of the guests on the floor complained of the noise as

once happened to us in when we were staying in the Midwestern United States.

In the morning, Mac rang us from the front desk at 5 AM, neither of us was awake and I suggested that he come up while we get dressed. The paddle was still out on the dresser from the previous night and Justin looked at me as if ready to dash towards the dresser and hide it. I pulled him towards me, kissed him deeply, my tongue probing his mouth and then as I pulled back softly said, “no.”

Justin stood up and wrapped the sheet around his naked body and went to the front door of the suite to greet Mac. Mac was wearing what I would have called a cowboy get-up, in reality it was just the hat that was awful. Mac seemed to look my husband over more than just casually and then wandered right into the bedroom where I was still resting. “Hey, mate, gotta get moving if we want to get to the site early in the day,” he said casually. His eyes locked on the paddle and then turned to Justin, Mac turned back to me a smiled. Justin embarrassed went directly into the shower and quickly started the water.

Mac

Mac took the hat off and plopped onto the bed. “I figured you two were a couple, you look good together,” Mac offered.

“Thanks,” I responded and then asked, “you ok with that?”

“Sure,” Mac said grinning broadly, “in fact, on our way back tonight, I know quite the little stop.” I noticed his eyes dart to the paddle again as he finished the sentence.

“That sounds quite nice, you into it,” I said nodding to the paddle.

Mac grinned and walked over to the paddle and picked it up. He held it in his hand, not by the handle, but by the business end and then walked over to me with the handle facing me. “Why don’t you find out,” he said with a smile. I took the paddle from his hand with my left hand and grabbed his wrist with my right hand. Before he probably knew what had happened, I was out of the bed and standing and he was face down, ass up on the bed. Through his jeans, his firm ass looked quite tempting to spank and I lay the paddle on softly at first testing the waters. After a few strokes I could sense how aroused he was becoming and I pulled him up and removed his pants and underwear. His cock was fairly huge at roughly 6 1/2” and quite thick. It was also rock hard.

“Guess that answers my question,” I said.

“Yeah,” he responded sheepishly.

I sat down on the wooden chair I had sat in just a few hours earlier to paddle my husband from and beckoned for him to join me. He came over my lap eagerly, his hairy, firm ass cheeks exposed. I could feel his hard cock against my leg and with each blow of the paddle his cock seemed stiffer and he kept cooing softly from the exctasy and agony of the experience. While he was still over my lap, Justin came out of the shower and watched, naked, as Mac got paddled further. I was careful to stop just as I felt Mac was about to orgasm to draw the

punishment out longer and longer. And then, being the sometimes cruel man that I can be, I stopped probably two strokes of the paddle before he would have shot what from the size of his balls was obviously going to be a massive load. “Later,” I said as I lifted him up and pushed Justin’s cold wet towel against his cock to cool him off.

The time outside the city with Mac was unremarkable save for my completion of the earlier spanking. Mac led us to a small farm building off the main road on the way back in to the city. As we came around the back of the building a few other cars were present and Mac hopped out of the car and darted into the barn. Justin and I stood outside the barn for a bit stretching and then headed in after Mac.

The inside was surprisingly large and there were about ten or so people inside. Of the ten, five were bare ass naked and I noticed that Mac was stripping down completely. I kissed Justin and asked him if he was up to some public play. Justin turned to me and kissed me deep on the lips and then nodded. I took his clothes off him slowly letting all of the men in the room appreciate my husband’s beauty. His body was smooth and well defined. Once naked, I walked him towards the rest of the people in the room and introductions were made.

Mac explained that we were visiting from the States and mentioned that earlier in the morning I had blistered his butt fairly sternly with the promise of more later. On closer inspection, the room was actually mixed genders with three women, two of whom were tops and one who was naked. The room had a number of corporal punishment implements on racks around the walls and there were several restraining areas of various sorts as well.

A young aussie guy who was dressed in tight leather chaps approached me and asked if he could “enjoy” my husband. I smiled and nodded. Justin headed off with the aussie and was quickly over the younger man’s lap, ass upturned getting a stern spanking.

Mac appeared to be single, in fact as I learned later in the evening, most of the people in the group were not together but regularly brought friends and acquaintances. Mac approached me again and said he was craving the remainder of what I had dished out in the morning. I smiled and proceeded to tie Mac to a Saint Andrew’s cross that was in the room. With his body restrained and his hot buttocks exposed for discipline, I found myself intensely aroused. One of the women approached and mentioned that Mac liked it extremely rough and handed me a tawse.

I took it eagerly and approached Mac from the back. My hands carassed his buttocks softly. He coo’ed slightly and then tensed as if expecting a blow. I pulled his cock down and stroked it lightly, Mac was totally rock hard at the prospect of a hard thrashing tied to the cross. I kissed him softly on the back of his neck and then suddenly landed the first blow with the tawse on his buttocks. His body stiffened and tensed against the restraints. A firm mark was visible where the implement had landed and Mac’s cock seemed even stiffer. I waited patiently, caressing his back and buttocks with my hand for about a minute before I landed the next blow, Mac yelped after it struck and I landed three more in quick succession. Mac’s response to the tawse was truly remarkable, although the pain was clearly intense he made little sound and seemed to be moving his ass out to meet the blows. I began to hit Mac harder and harder in earnest and with each blow blistering his buttocks violently the pain must have been very intense, nonetheless I brought him to the edge of orgasm 3 times

before I finally allowed him to ejaculate.

When I finished beating him, I untied him from the cross and he collapsed into my arms exhausted and kissed me warmly. On the drive back, he let me take the wheel because he was too sore to sit. Justin also had a very sore bottom, but Justin's aussie friend hadn't used anything like a tawse on him, but rather the aussie had spent the evening hand spanking Justin's perfect buttocks. Still in three hours, Justin's ass had been thoroughly spanked and the aussie had worked three loads of cum out of Justin.

Mac dropped us at the hotel and insisted on driving home, I could see the pain as he positioned himself behind the steering wheel at our hotel. Justin and I headed up to our hotel room, and Justin got his regular bed time spanking. His ass was surprisingly red and he made a lot of noise while I spanked him and that encouraged me to be rougher than usual. Nonetheless, we fell asleep in each other's arms shortly after the spanking.

Home

After two weeks away in Australia, we returned home to find overflowing garbage in the trash can and a sinkful of dishes. Someone, Christopher, was going to be sorry. I called Tom and asked if he had checked on Christopher and he said he had called a few times but not come over. I thanked him and then asked Justin to go out and run some errands. I told Justin that when he got back, Chris and I would be in the extra bedroom and Chris would be learning a lesson.

Chris returned when Justin was out with a pizza in hand.

"Put it in the oven," I said.

Chris stared at me blankly, shocked.

"I didn't leave you here to turn this place into a pig sty," I continued.

Chris put the pizza in the oven and headed to his room.

"No," I said sternly.

"Please," he begged.

I grabbed him by his T-shirt and took him to the extra bedroom and shut the door.

I restrained him to the spanking horse immediately and then ripped his T-shirt off him violently. Then I ripped his jean shorts off. Then, I pulled up on his underwear and began to give him a vicious wedgy.

"Please, I'm sorry," he cried.

I used a pair of scissors to cut the underwear most of the way off and then continued the wedgy till the underwear ripped off. Naked now and restrained, his punishment was to begin.

I selected a hairbrush and sat down next to Chris. Chris was sobbing already and telling me

how sorry he was. For a twenty-two year old, one would have expected more dignity.

However, with a hairbrush in hand, I proceeded to strip Chris of any remaining dignity blow by blow with the brush. In just a few minutes, I had landed twenty firm strokes that had left red marks that were faint, yet visible. I continued the discipline, bringing the hairbrush down violently again and again. After ten minutes, he was crying loudly, and his buttocks had turned a mild shade of crimson. I kept striking Chris with the hairbrush again and again ignoring his pleas for forgiveness. By the half hour mark, Chris was bucking violently with each smack of the brush. After forty five minutes, I had Justin bring in some restraints and bind his arms to the legs of the chair as well as his legs. The first blisters were just becoming visible at this point, and Chris was crying like a baby.

The punishment continued for well over an hour with Chris' butt getting progressively sorer and the red marks becoming more and more pronounced. By the time I stopped, his buttocks were slightly ashen to dark crimson and several blisters were visible. I had Justin remove the restraints and then I held Chris sobbing in my hands and forgave him for misbehaving.

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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21 Yosemite

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, don't read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities. Recently, I shared some diary entries from my trip with Justin to Australia and some of the disciplinary problems I had with Christopher upon our return. This past weekend, Justin and I decided to go with Christopher for a week long camping trip in Yosemite.

Packing

I borrowed some camping gear from Tom and then selected some outdoors clothing. But the best part for me of packing for a trip is selecting the disciplinary instruments to take along. I first had Christopher select three.

Christopher selected the hairbrush I had blistered him with upon our return from Australia, a razor strap and a rattan cane. Justin selected a fraternity paddle, a hickory switch, and a flogger. I also packed some cock rings and dildos as well as four sets of restraints. The final item into the bag were several lengths of strong rope. It was going to be a fun week.

We flew into San Francisco on a Saturday. Knowing some friends, we took a visit to a very secretive party. The toy bag came with us to the party.

Spanking Party

At an unassuming private home in the Castro section of the city, we paid our entrance fee and made our way to a changing area. I had Justin and Christopher strip naked, I then restrained their arms behind their backs. I collar went around both of their necks and on a leash, I led them to the upstairs rooms where the sex party really took place.

The house had 10 rooms spread over 3 upstairs floors. Each room was fairly tiny, a person or group signed up for a room for one hour play period and others could then watch. There

was an empty room on the top floor and I set up shop. The room was equipped for dungeon work with hooks in the ceilings for restraints, several saw horses and some other spartan furniture.

I started with my husband. Christopher was placed in a corner, his nose touching the wall, his bare ass with some blisters still visible from a recent disciplinary session very visible.

I bent Justin over one of the saw horses length-wise. His torso rested across the beam and his legs and arms dangled over the sides. I restrained his legs and arms to the horse and placed a pillow under his face and abdomen. Two hot young blondes came into the room as I finished the preparations. They looked on as I began to thrash my loving husband with various implements of pain.

First, I used my hand liberally and forcefully to redden up his buttocks and upper legs. Over and over I slapped his firm smooth buttocks. The blondes were developing quite visible hard ons and I encouraged one to stick his cock in Justin's mouth while I continued the punishment. After about a hundred blows with my strong hands, I took at the fraternity paddle. The twinks took the opportunity to switch cocks in Justin's mouth and as the second cock slid into Justin's mouth, I began wailing him with the paddle. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Christopher flinch with each crack of the paddle.

Justin was helpless. Mouth filled with cock, he couldn't beg for mercy. Arms and legs restrained there was no room for his body to move. I was unrelenting with the paddle. I kept striking him with it over and over as the second twink fucked his mouth vigorously with his throbbing cock. After ten or twelve minutes of violent abuse his buttocks were thoroughly crimson and at some places, they were turning slightly ashen. I kept at it until the twink shot a load of cum in Justin's mouth and then I let the twinks switch places while I began to flog Justin's back.

Again, unable to vocalize his pleas for help, quiet gasps penetrated the room as I flogged him. The twinks were certainly enjoying themselves and I was too, my cock was rock hard as I kept thrashing Justin's back over and over with the flogger. Once his entire back was deep crimson, I kept at carefully beating it further leaving deep lines but careful not to break the skin. Only once the other twink shot his load into Justin's mouth did I stop the thrashing.

I quickly shoved some lube onto my throbbing hard cock and rammed into his ass hard. Completely sore and completely restrained Justin could only mule in pain and pleasure softly as I fucked him. My cock was rock hard as it plunged in and out of him over and over. Each thrust brought me closer to total ecstasy.

Then it happened, I orgasmed inside him. His body trembled as my cock unloaded burst after burst of hot cum inside of him. Then I collapsed on his sore back.

I removed the restraints and his cock was hard when he stood up. I pointed to the first twink and pointed to Justin's cock. He was on it. While my husband got sucked off it was time for our twenty-two year old boy to get what he had coming to him.

I guided Christopher from the wall over to the toy bag. I pulled out a fairly large metal butt plug we had purchased at Mr. S during our previous trip to San Francisco. I put a very

small amount of lubricant on it and then bent him over in the middle of the room and slid the plug into his ass forcefully.

After the initial sensation of pain passed he cooed slightly in pleasure. I stood him up and removed a leather seven gates of hell that I began to attach to his stiffening cock. As I bound his cock I heard Justin achieve orgasm in the twink's mouth. I had Justin come over and finish attaching the seven gates to Chris.

I took a moment to talk to the twinks and found out that they were twins who lived down the street. I asked if they wanted to play later and they nodded. I asked them if they would mind helping restrain Christopher. They nodded enthusiastically.

The two twinks pinned Chris to the floor. One, Brian, took both hands. The other, Todd, took the legs. Stretched out by the twinks as if on a rack, Chris was not going anywhere.

I started not with my hands, but instead with the cane, hard.

Since we had come back from Australia, Chris had just been incredibly difficult. Everything was a huge fight. He just seemed to be looking for trouble at every turn. In the three weeks since Justin and I had returned from Australia, I had spanked him severely 10 times, or just about every other day.

I knealt above him and used both my arm and my torso to deliver heavy blows of the cane with maximal force. From the first stroke he was in shear agony. Already blistered, his butt was sensitive and I was delivering forceful blows. The twins held him down and I kept thrashing him with the cane.

I let my anger lose and really used this opportunity to thrash him. His pleas drew quite the crowd of onlookers as he received his thrashing. I struck him well over a hundred times and his ass had several deep lines where the cane had struck.

I think proceeded to toy with the butt plug, pulling it in and out of his fuckhole repeatedly. The intensity of the sensations overwhelmed him as he writhed helplessly to get free against the strong restraint by the twins. By this time, a crowd of nearly twenty onlookers had gathered and I slid the plug back into his fuckhole.

I took the hickory switch Justin had selected and began to thrash his back. Crying loudly he was hopeless to stop the punishment. By the fifteenth lash of the switch, he peed on himself. I kept going till his back was a deep shade of crimson.

Then I made Brian and Todd suck him off with the butt plug still lodged in place. I held Christopher in my arms while they sucked him and whispered to him about how much I loved him. He sobbed softly till he finally shot a huge load of cum into one of the twin's mouths.

We then left the party the five of us and walked down the street to Brian and Todd's house.

Twins

Brian and Todd lived together and liked bottoming together. They shared a house and shared a bedroom. The second room was a dungeon. The toy selection related mostly to bondage with a huge selection of restrains, gags, hoods, ropes, latex, leather, body bags and the like. I took Brian and put his head into a latex hood with air holes only for the nose. After I was certain he was comfortable, I secured it on his neck with a collar.

Todd got the same treatment. But the similarities stopped there. I stripped Todd naked while he was in the hood. Then, I had Justin prepare one of the sleeper body bags. I helped Todd into it slowly without talking to him at all. I slid the spacer between his legs and then zipped the bag closed half way. His hands went into pockets and then the bag zipped the rest of the way to his neck. I then left Todd.

My attentions shifted to Brian. I slid a lubricated set of extra-large anal beads into his fuck hole and then guided him into a small cage in the dungeon. I pulled the hands through the sides of the cage and restrained them to the edges. In this fashion his hands were spread out slightly like wings. I then let the cage door slam loudly and locked it as well.

I turned my attention back to my boys and delivered their bed time spankings. They both protested greatly and they both received severer than normal spankings that aggravated their already reddened buttocks. I then sent them to bed so I could continue working on the twins.

I took Brian out of the cage after an hour and made him lay down a top several sheets of seran wrap that I had laid out perpendicular to him. I then proceeded to piss all over him. Then I took the seran wrap and closed it around him. Trapping my hot urine against his skin in a tight wrap. I left him laying their sweating and feeling my piss against him as I turned back to Todd who had been in the sleep sack for well over an hour at that point.

After checking his extremeties and observing that he wasn't sweating at all, I rolled his twin brother on top of him and let them lay there like that. I watched from above. The piss drenched sweating Brian and the ensconced Todd. They lay there. I knew they were in ecstasy, bound and hooded.

After two more hours passed, I removed Todd from the sleep sack and but left him hooded. I removed the saran wrap from Brian's sweat covered body and made him lay on the sloop. I took Todd's hood off and made him lick Brian's body for me. I then finally removed Brian's hood and then the three of us headed to the bedroom to sleep together.

In the morning they thanked me profusely for a wonderful session and begged the three of us to stay a bit longer. I indicated we might return before heading home on the way back from Yosemite, but that I wanted to press ahead with the vacation.

Drive

Before we left I asked Christopher and Justin to use the bathroom and make sure they emptied their bladders. Both insisted that they were ready to travel and Chris was particularly petulant mentioning that he “wasn’t a little boy.”

About 50 miles out from San Francisco on the way to Yosemite, Chris started with, “I have to go to the bathroom.” I pulled over after a few more miles on a secluded exit of the freeway. I walked him back into the woods let him piss and then bent him over a rock and administered fifty firm swats on his already blistered butt. During the punishment, I reminded him that if he kept acting like a little boy he was going to get treated like one. Chris didn’t know exactly what I meant, but I was thinking some diapers might toilet train him a bit.

Yosemite

We did not quite reach the park, the California Highway Patrol was turning people back on the highway due to massive snow drifts. We talked some more in the car and then I placed a call back to Brian and Todd, they invited us to come back.

The drive back was slow and was occasioned by a stop at a Lucky’s for some diapers. The snow did not clear till we reached the Bay Area again. Back in the Castro, we found some parking and went back to the twin’s house.

Diapered

I took Christopher to the bedroom and stripped him naked then placed the diaper on him. I then took him out in front of everyone else with just the diaper. I had Brian pour a pitcher of water and Todd took out a glass.

“Drink,” I said, firmly.

Christopher looked at me and hesitated slightly, but my look let him know not to argue. He started drinking the water. As he finished a glass, Brian refilled it. When the pitcher was empty, I had Justin refill it.

A gallon of water in, Chris was starting to strain uncomfortably.

I took him up to the dungeon and restrained him on his back on a table. Bladder bursting he asked me if he could use the bathroom, I laughed and began wrapping his midsection in some saran wrap.

While he lay there straining to keep his bladder from bursting and from filling a diaper with his own piss, I turned my attention to the hot twins.

I took a double sided dildo and lubed it up. I stuck one end in Brian’s hot fuckhole. I then put Todd’s hot fuckhole on the other end. With a long strap, I tied them together, back to back with a shared dildo fucking them both. With three long velcro straps they were finally

tightly bound. Then I took their hands and restrained them to hooks in the ceiling.

Justin and I watched them struggle together. The dildo keeping them thoroughly fucked as they struggled a bit. I noticed Christopher lose his battle with his bladder and he started crying. I left him there on the table soaked in his one urine.

I put some lube on my cock and fucked my husband on the floor. Brian and Todd struggled slightly, Christopher cried. And the two of us fucked like bunnies. I kept my cock hard by pulling out and spanking Justin intermittently during the fuck session.

I left Brian and Todd hanging. I didn't bother with Chris either. Justin and I went into the bedroom and went to sleep.

In the morning, I release Brian and Todd. They didn't seem particularly worse for the wear and kissed me and sucked my cock to thank me for another hot night. Chris was however very cranky and when I dried him off and put on another diaper he was not pleased. I kissed him and told him that until he acted his age he was going to be wearing diapers regularly. He cried some more and then kissed me softly.

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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22 Chastity³

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, don't read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Prologue

As you already know, I'm a practicing attorney in our great big city. I travel in a circle of hot friends and love to spank among other S&M proclivities.

Two Years

It has been over two years since I watched Rick leave my penthouse apartment to melt back into the world. In that time, I never heard from him once. Occassionally, I would be given to wonder what had happened to him. An e-mail, would soon answer that question. Things had settled down from our abortive Yosemite trip and work was leaving me bored. At age 29, I was finding that work did not give me the thrill it once had. Plans for a very young retirement sprung to mind. With over two million in investments, I could easily move to a more suburban community in a low tax state and live off my investments with ease.

When I checked my e-mail, I was surprised to see one from "Army Rick." My cock tingled in anticipation. Perhaps after all of these years, he had decided to come back. Before I could read the e-mail, the phone rang. A Singaporean client needed me on a flight to Singapore ASAP. He was undergoing an audit by the government and needed my assistance in explaining the books for the American subsidiaries.

Not only was Mark – an American now living in Singapore for nearly twelve years – a good client, he shared many interests with me. I assured him that I would be out there on a flight tomorrow.

No time to read my e-mail, I called our travel office and booked two first class tickets to Singapore on the first flight out. I scurried through my apartment at a frenzied pace. In our closet, I found my black Tumi luggage. I selected the roll-on valet and a duffel bag suitcase.

Justin helped with the packing which made it go quickly. It was eleven at night by the time we finished and I had taken a quick trip to the office to pick up files and retrieve some accounting data from the firm network.

In the corner of our bedroom, the e-mail icon flashed expectantly in the corner of our new iMac. My cock tingled. I supposed I had time to check. The reason I had booked two tickets was that I had hoped an associate would accompany me to Singapore, but on such short notice, none were available.

As I sat down in front of the sleek bondi blue case, my heart raced and my cock stiffened.

E-mail

I double clicked on the bolded e-mail line from Army Rick:

From: ArmyRick@XXXXXXXXXX.com To: TopLegal <toplegal@yahoo.com>

Sir:

I still think fondly of my time with you two years ago. I have gotten myself into trouble and your kindness to me leads me to believe that you would help.

I am in grave danger. My current master has abused me severely and is holding me prisoner against my will.

Please come help me, I am just north of the city at:

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXX XX XXXXX

Please come tonight, he is out and left me locked in the house.

Yours,

Army Rick

Rescue

It was late, but I didn't see myself as having many choices, I added some additional toys to my luggage and packed them in the car. I located a service revolver in my safe and loaded it. Gloves as well and I was off to the address on the e-mail. Justin and Christopher would have to be on their best behavior.

My journey took me north of the city as promised and across a bridge into the more rural surroundings of our great city. After an hour, I reached the house listed in the e-mail. It was a large forboding mansion with gates out in front. I steeled my nerve and pulled through the open gates and down the long dirt driveway towards the main entrance.

My heart was racing. I could see no cars. I put the service revolver in my pocket and stepped out of the car to the front door.

DING DONG

The bell sounded ominously. I could see no other houses for miles and the last sign of commercial development was at least five or six miles away along a narrow dirt road. Without a car, one could easily become trapped here. My mind raced. What if this was the wrong house. What if this was some bizzare method of ripping me off.

I heard some noise from within the house. Then through the side glass pane, I saw him, Rick. He was naked and bruised all over his body. His legs were trapped in large manacles and his eyes were black and blue. I knew at once that I had done the right thing.

Hobbled by the manacles it took him a while to get to the door and open it. "Bless you," he said.

I nodded, and asked, "how much time do we have?"

"Till morning, he's away, I have no clothing, money, or car, I have been trapped here for months," Rick explained.

I asked if he had a driver's license or passport, he said the man kept them in an office. I donned some gloves and went to the office. A simple lock stood between me and the important papers.

BANG

One shot of the revolver blew the lock and I took Rick's passport and driver's license.

I carried him into my convertible, shackles and all and drove away from the house only after shutting the door.

At the first truck stop, I pulled over and turned on the light. He looked back. His eyes were black and blue. There were bruises covering his body. The man had obviously punched him brutally. I used a wire cutter in my trunk to separate the manacles and gave him some clothing. I finally managed to open the manacles by using the wire cutters on the thin paddlocks that kept them closed.

Once Rick was dressed and unshackled, I tranferred the gun and manacles to the spare tire compartment. My watch said three in the morning. The safest place for him would be with me in Singapore for the next few days.

I explained my plan and suggested we pass the time in an airport hotel where he could freshen up. The car ride to the airport was mostly quiet. He seemed deflated and exhausted. I checked us in to the hotel and made arrangements for the car to be garaged for the duration of our Singapore trip. The bellhop took the luggage and I carried Rick to the room.

Once inside the room, I took the clothing back off Rick and drew a hot bath. I called room service and ordered up a small feast. The deep hotel tub and the hot water soothed Rick's body and he responded by perking up and thanking me profusely. I kissed him tenderly. Once he finished in the tub, I sat him on the toilet and shaved his face. Although somewhat shorter than me, I had brought some loose fitting clothing that would be soft and perfect for him on the trip.

After I shaved him, I carried him to the bed and laid him down. I turned on the radio to the

local classical station and sat down in the chair. What a mess, I began to think. A knock at the door disrupted my reverie.

I took the cart from the maid and tipped her generously. Rick was grateful for the food, as I would soon learn, Rick had not only be physically abused, but he had been left without food for several days on end fairly regularly.

A Story

Belly full, Rick seemed eager to talk. He explained that after he left me, he had traveled to Holland and enjoyed a number of wonderful experiences. When his visa ran out, he returned home and stopped first in Texas. A visit to his family convinced him he was still not welcome.

That led him back to the city. He did not have enough money for a decent place and so answered an ad on the Net. And the man in the suburbs. He was a multi-millionaire and the town mayor. He was also a savage master that did not care for Rick's sexual pleasure or basic human needs. Rick avoided sharing many details and I snuggled against him and explained that he would be staying with me for a while. He nodded slightly and snuggled against me.

We fell asleep.

Pre-Flight

At seven, I awoke to the requested wake up call. My body was exhausted, there would be plenty of time to sleep on the plane. I shook Rick slightly and helped him up. I took out a leather cock and ball bag and asked him how he felt about wearing it. I suppose it was pushy on my part, but Rick seemed eager to please. It was as if the last night had erased the previous six months of hell.

Once he urinated, I secured the bag and told him he had eighteen plus hours till he could pee again. He smiled and kissed me. I held him tight and told him to get dressed.

At first I thought both of us would have a visa problem to work out. Then I remembered a new agreement between the U.S. and Singapore allowed stays of up to fourteen days without visas.

The courtesy shuttle took us to the international terminal and once our first class tickets were shown, we were whisked into the luxury of the first class lounge.

Rick seemed happy. I took some time in the lounge to call home and let Justin and Christopher know things were ok. Another call to the office and I found ten messages that I routed to my secretary to be handled by others while I was in Singapore.

Flight

On board the flight, we were on the upper deck of the 747. Rick was clearly enjoying himself and I was glad that some of the bruises seemed to be healing a bit. The full body massage was wonderful and afterwards, I laid back in the sleeper chair for the rest of the flight. Rick followed with his hand holding mine tightly.

Shortly before we arrived, he woke me and asked if he could go to the bathroom. I kissed him on the lips and told him to just pee where he was. He nodded and I could see him strain to release the pee all over himself. In a few seconds, his results were rewarded. A slight order could be detected and relief came across his face. I kissed him again.

We sat up and in a few minutes, the plane landed. I had us taken immediately to the hotel. I checked us in and whisked us up to our room.

Three Year Contract

The urine order was becoming slightly more perceptible, but I asked Rick to sit down and explained my proposal.

“Basically”, I said, “what I propose is a way for you to get quite a lot of money and give yourself complete freedom to do what ever you want after the deal ends. You are a young guy and the world is really yours to enjoy.” He nodded.

“Here’s how it will work,” I continued, “you can earn a total of \$240,000 over the next three years by doing one simple thing for me. As long as you stay in my employment, you will not have any expenses and you will be taking in this money.” His eyes widened.

“I think based on our previous interaction you have an idea that this will involve extended chastity,” I indicated. He smiled.

“Three years,” I said, “\$5,000 a month for the first year, \$10,000 a month for the second year, and \$15,000 a month for the third year. You can stop at any time and you get all previous months of salary, but forfeit salary the month in progress.”

He looked ready to agree.

“There are a few other points,” I began to explain.

He interjected, “I know what they are, and they are fine. I accept your offer. Now, could you please lock up my cock and buy me some new clothing.” I laughed and then kissed him.

I told him to take a shower and clean up. I made a call to Mark and let him know that I was in town. I looked out from the Presidential Suite of the Mandarin Hotel as I dialed Mark. From the top floor, the view of the city was amazing. Mark suggested Chinese and I agreed. I knew Mark was planning on taking us to Dragon City. It was his favorite place for Szechuan chinese food in Singapore.

I called down to the concierge and ordered a suite from a local store for Rick within the

hour. When he emerged from the shower, the suit had already arrived. I took out a metal cock ring, the very one he had worn several years ago. I eagerly approached me and let me affix the cock ring. Day one had begun. Two years and three hundred sixty-four days to go.

He got himself dressed in the suit and I did the same. We arrived down in the lounge with a few minutes to spare. Mark arrived with a very young looking man, neigh, a boy. We shook hands and then introductions of our dinner guests followed.

We took a taxi from the hotel to the restaurant. In the cab Mark and I talked about the upcoming review that was scheduled for the following morning. I assured Mark that there would be no problems with the books and suggested we allow ourselves to enjoy the evening.

The taxi let us off just past the restaurant and we piled out of the car. In the street light, the youth of Mark's companion was even more apparent. The boy, Tan Bock, could not have been much older than fourteen. Although with no age of consent for males in Singapore, anything going on was not per se illegal.

Dinner

Tan Bock showed himself to be quite intelligent for his age, which as it turned out was nineteen, during the course of dinner. Mark planned to put Tan Bock through college in the states in another two years. Tan had been orphaned in Malaysia – a nearby neighbor of Singapore, and Mark came across him close to starvation. Mark had rescued Tan Bock and taken him back to Singapore and raised him. The sexual relationship between them was something that grew over time.

The fine food of the restaurant led to a free flow of conversation. Moderate consumption of wine enhanced the rich aromas of the food and we agreed to all come back to the hotel after dinner. Mark had a penchant for the cane that I had seen previously back in the states and I suspected that after ten years living in Singapore, he had perfected it to an art form.

We left the restaurant and hailed a taxi back to the hotel.

Caning Exhibition

In the hotel suite, I turned on the television in the lounge and put a towel under the door to dampen any sounds. In the bedroom, Tan Bock was stripping naked. His body was smooth. Tan Bock's thin smooth Asian body was stunningly smooth, except for his buttocks which showed the results of Mark's caning expertise. Several deep marks were visible.

Mark proudly explained that Tan Bock had not been caned in five days to allow his buttocks to heal. My cock was rock hard.

Tan Bock bent his naked body across the desk in the bedroom. He stretched up on his tip toes so that his buttocks were perfectly bent over the edge and his body was stretched across its surface. Gingerly he grabbed the far edge of the desk with his hands. Mark kissed him

on the nape of his neck and then took a cane from a hidden pocket within his trenchcoat.

Mark placed one hand tenderly on Tan Bock's back and then applied gentle pressure pinning the boy in position. With the cane in his right hand, Mark lifted the cane into the air and landed a first blow, gently. Not a sound came from the boy.

I took Rick and held him with my hard cock pressing into his crack as we watched Tan Bock get caned. I could tell the chastity belt was confining Rick's cock and it was already beginning to frustrate him.

Mark took his time. Over the next two hours we were treated to a most intense caning.

He was truly an artisan in the craft of caning. The first several blows were gentle. The thin red lines developed none the less. The next fifty blows were harder – but only slightly. These however raised deeper welts in the young boy's buttocks and thighs.

Mark was relentless. Tan Bock was not yet making a sound, but Mark was about to change that. Each of the next blows was clearly intensely more severe and focused. Thirty blows brutalized Tan Bock's ass and produced the first perceptible sounds from the boy. He did not quite cry or plead but just gasped in pain. The welts were deep red and thicker despite the narrow thin line a single cane stroke leaves.

With each stroke causing a more intense gasp, Mark continued, clearly aroused. I watched Tan start to struggle slightly as Mark ratcheted up the intensity. Then as the caning continued into the second hour, the running blows started. These produced the first cries from Tan Bock and Mark reacted with harder longer blows. Seventy running strokes in all left Tan Bock's ass cut up in five locations where the cane had dug into his buttocks and caused him to bleed. Tan Bock was in tears as Mark started to apply rubbing alcohol to the boy's buttocks to staunch the bleeding and prevent infection.

Once finished, Mark put a pair of underwear on the boy and then Tan Bock snuggled against Mark and cried and thanked him for his attentions. Mark responded by dropping his pants and pushing the boy's face down to suck his hardened dick. My cock was quite stiff too and I pushed Rick down and onto my cock.

Mark and I stood there having our cock's sucked off. Mark asked if he could play with Rick later, I said I would have to defer to Rick on that count. He nodded. Rick was clearly frustrated and had even reached his hand down towards his encaged cock in a futile attempt to masturbate.

Tan Bock's cock sucking expertise and Mark's arousal at his handiwork led to a quick orgasm for the odd couple. Rick however took his time and my orgasm came much later.

I showed Rick's caged cock off to Mark and explained our contract. Mark was very amused.

Mark and I agreed to meet at seven in the morning before the audit to finish up business matters. With that we all wished each other a good night.

Audit

In the morning I watched Rick pee all over himself in the shower. It aroused me. I liked the way the belt I selected trapped the cock in an artificial position upward that forced every trip to urinate into an embarrassing self-wetting experience.

I gave Rick S\$1000 and told him to buy some clothing for himself.

I left for the corporate headquarters of my client by taxi. We arrived at 6:50 and Mark was in the lobby. His boss, Chun Lee, greeted me. We exchanged business cards in the traditional fashion – two hands. And I held his card and perused it while we introduced ourselves.

The government was seeking over S\$100,000,000 in taxes and penalties over accounting irregularities for the American subsidiaries. I assured Mr. Lee that I would be able to show that the correct taxes were paid already and nothing else was due. He thanked me and indicated that we should proceed.

Mark and I sat in his office and looked over the accounting records I had brought from the States. It was clear that all taxes had been paid and that the audit was perhaps just some form of harassment.

As we waited for the auditor, Mark and I caught up on old times. Mark had used his connections to get training in Singaporean prison caning. Mark was also awaiting a job offer from a company in the States that would take him back home. I asked him about his plans for Tan Bock, he just smiled and said that he planned to keep enjoying Tan for years. I asked him about it, the morality, the violence. He cut me off and told me that he was not much stricter than most Singaporean parents and that further Tan and he loved one another. I dropped the argument.

The auditor arrived promptly at 8:30 and introduced himself formally. Mark introduced himself and then me. Fortunately, the auditor spoke fluent English and he and I began our discussion. In about four hours, the matter had been resolved. We paid a S\$50,000 fine, bribe, and the auditor agreed to correct the computer error that generated the erroneous tax bill.

Case closed.

Mark insisted that Rick and I stay a few extra days in Singapore at the company's expense to take in the sites. I agreed, Rick's bruises had almost all faded and I thought a caning might be a nice change of pace.

My selection for dinner was the Compass Rose, close to the top of one of the tallest buildings, it affords a beautiful three-hundred sixty degree view of the city and the harbor. Although, the food is not entirely worth the high price.

We agreed to meet at eight.

Rick Dressed to the Nines

Rick has used the money I gave him well. On the bed were several pairs of tight fitting jeans, spandex, and several items of dress clothing as well as a suitcase. I kissed him warmly tongue to tongue. And explained our dinner plans. I also explained that Mark would cane him. He shivered slightly. I put my finger to his lips. He stopped. "It will be ok," I said.

Rick and I snuggled in the bed for a while until it came time to get dressed. I watched him struggle to go to the bathroom in the shower again and enjoyed it.

I helped him get dressed in a tuxedo and we headed out for the restaurant. The taxi dropped us in front of the hotel. The elevator to the seventieth floor, and the restaurant, shot up the tower quickly. At the entrance to the restaurant, we found Mark and Tan Bock waiting. We shook hands and headed in.

As I expected, the continental cuisine was somewhat uninspired, but the view was simply breathtaking.

Sex and a Caning

After dinner we took the taxi back to the hotel and repeated the sound proofing of the previous evening.

Rick stripped naked. Mark toyed with his caged cock and then bent him over the desk. Mark handed Rick a bright florescent yellow ball and whispered in his ear. A safe action, let go of the ball and the caning stops.

I ignored the caning at first and stripped Tan Bock. My condom sheathed cock was fucking his lubricated fuckhole on the bed in minutes. His body was supple and responsive to my massive eight inch cock's thrusts. As I continued to fuck his boy, Mark began to beat Rick with the cane.

As I kept thrusting into Tan's willing fuckhole, my cock grew stiffer and stiffer. Finally, I shot a massive load of cum into the condom. I collapsed on the boy and kissed him passionately. I could see why Mark enjoyed him so.

Mark had been wasting no time on Rick's buttocks.

I found Mark in a firm but still gentle attack on Rick's exposed firm buttocks.

This was nowhere near the intensity Tan had been exposed to the night before, but it was still savagely intense. With each stroke Rick let out a short yelp and struggled vainly. His hand clenched tightly around the yellow ball and the caning continued. Mark was careful with Rick, but firm. Each cane stroke landed in a slightly different place. This left a series of visible thin marks across Rick's buttocks.

Mark continued for another twenty minutes until he felt that he had reached Rick's limit and stopped. Sore, Mark licked Rick's buttocks and tongued his butt crack.

Then Mark fucked him with a condom. Rick's cock was thoroughly caged and he was clearly frustrated by what could otherwise have been an intensely orgasmic sexual experience being turned into an experience that would leave only the other completely sexually satisfied. Mark quickly reached orgasm.

We spent the night, the four of us in the hotel.

Two Years Fifty One Weeks

We left Singapore after a week of sightseeing, canings, and wild sex. Rick was completely healed, save for some cane marks and we were on a flight back to the States.

Once we reached the hotel in the states, we grabbed the convertible and headed home.

Justin and Christopher met us at the door and welcomed Rick back home. After all, he would be staying for a while.

Thorough Discipline

I immediately led Justin and Christopher to the spare room. I bent their already naked bodies over the bed and restrained their arms. I had Rick select a prison strap and then I began working my husband and also my other lover's ass with the strap.

Unhesitatingly, I hit them firmly but not brutally. After just twenty strokes Chris was crying and I released him, kissed him and sent him to bed.

My husband deserved a bit more I felt and I worked him over with a hundred firm strokes. His ass was a huge array of deep crimson when I finished and he was sobbing softly. I unlocked him and kissed him and sent him to bed.

I watched Rick struggle to urinate again and kissed him. All four of us snuggled in the master bed together and had a good night's sleep.

Write the Author

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