

# Scott Series

TopLegal <toplegal@mac.com>

1999

## Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>Scott</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>Scott II</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>Scott III</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>Scott IV</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>Scott V</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>6</b>	<b>Scott VI</b>	<b>61</b>

# 1 Scott

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications,

## Background

I do computer consulting. Up until last year, I was quite the road warrior. But, let me tell the story as it happened.

At the start, nearly three years ago now, My team included about fifty consultants I billed out. I would travel the States and the World, drumming up business for high end consulting, web site design, and branding.

The headquarters of my virtual company was my living room in Santa Monica, California. My apartment was nothing to talk about though I was in close striking distance to sit on the beach and relax when work was troubling.

As for myself, I was a successful computer science student with great people skills. At that time, I was 27, my six foot two inch frame was just starting to fill out. I could typically be found wearing khakis and a white muscle hugging T-shirt, clean shaven around the city. I frequented several of the West Hollywood bars.

Mostly, though, I was single and working so much I did not have many friends.

This is the story of how that changed.

## Star Struck

It is hard to be a gay man in the Los Angeles area and not become intoxicated by the youth and beauty. Everyone seems to want to be in the movies, be a model, etc. Further, the star culture can become pervasive. The hot male lead of Summer's newest blockbuster might be across from you during a client meeting at Spago's.

I developed a crush on a particular star, I'll call him Scott to preserve anonymity. He was a youngish, 30 something, with brown hair, stunning eyes, and in the Tom Cruise league for height and adorableness. Rumors at the gay clubs occasionally abounded with buzz and discussion about someone who knew someone who had met him. But no hard facts were

in evidence, except for the fact that TV Guide indicated he was single and living with his brother in Los Angeles.

My crush was bad. I had collected pictures of him from all over the web. Fantasied about him. Watched movies solely because he was in them.

Mind you, I did not have that much of a sex life or romance life so fantasy was quite good. On a trip to Europe for a client in France developing a web presence I caught my first face-to-face sight of him as we shared a row in first class.

Looking back—no, even then—I must have gawked. He broke the silence by offering an autograph and saying a few pleasantries before pulling an eye mask over his face and sleeping for the rest of the flight. I took a picture or two and gawked at him throughout the flight. When we landed and he awoke, I asked for a picture with him and he agreed readily enough.

In France, I found some nice clubs and enjoyed myself, but I could not get my mind off of Scott. I was totally fixated.

## **Interlude**

When I returned to the States, I found an older man named Josh that at forty, was about thirteen years my senior. He was youthful and exuberant and he thoroughly dominated me sexually. Though we never moved in together or spent many nights together, I was his.

Josh introduced me to several new things. He would tie me up sometimes before, during, and even after sex. He would spank me over his lap or knee with his hand, a paddle, a belt, and worst of all his wooden hairbrush.

Josh unlocked me sexually in many ways, but I was emotionally stunted. Although I would frequently orgasm while he spanked me, or after he fucked me, I was not connecting with him emotionally, or he with me. Sometimes, Josh took me to private parties and made love with me, disciplined me, and tied me up in public.

All of the time I was with Josh, I fantasized about Scott and lusted after him. My picture with him from the airplane was worn from my fingers and his autograph was treasured in a small box I kept under my bed. After a year, Josh moved on from me to a younger model.

Meanwhile, I was doing less of the consulting and more of the business development and management. That freed me up considerably and many a day was spent surfing the Internet.

## **Internet**

The Internet is perhaps like every other community, there are superhighways, showcases, and dark dingy alleys. I found the dark alleys. Trips around the world for business development typically began to include new and more intense S&M experiences for me.

In Amsterdam, I was tied to a cross and flogged for the first time. In Germany, I was placed

in a sleep sack. In San Diego, I got my first experience with electricity. San Francisco lead to a date with a hot S&M couple that worked me over with nipple play and then tied me up for an entire evening of electrical ecstasy.

The experiences were arousing and sexually gratifying. Most made me orgasm either during the experience, or immediately after.

But, there was no emotion, no love. So my Internet cruising led me to personal ads on USENET groups. I focussed on the Los Angeles area in the hopes of meeting someone. But, in my mind, I was still obsessed with Scott.

My attempts to find love through USENET were rather disappointing and by all accounts after several hundred responses and ten or twenty unsuccessful dates, I would swear up and down to anyone who would listen that I was going to become celibate.

My friend Sam convinced me to keep trying to meet people, he invited me to some of the more intense parties in the Los Angeles vicinity. At Moonburn parties, I would go with Sam and sometimes he would even spank me. But the two of us were not actually sexually interested in one another.

As the months rolled past, I started searching the Internet's dark corridors again. I hit pay dirt at an obscure web S&M web site based out of Amsterdam.

The ad caught my eye:

*Famous Hollywood Star Seeks Companion*

Must be 26 or older, must be willing to accept sexually dominant, and demanding, partner. Dial XXX-YYY-ZZZZ for instructions to set up a meeting.

My heart fluttered. This was just too hard to pass up. If I did not answer the ad, I would be plagued forever wondering if it was him.

## **Instructions**

I called the number. On the first ring an answering system picked up. The voice was familiar, yet unfamiliar at the same time: "Take out a piece of paper and follow these directions."

A pause followed, my heart skipped a beat and I flipped to a blank sheet of paper on the pad I had been making business notes on just ten minutes earlier.

"Ok, to meet your future partner do the following. You will show up at the Los Angeles International Airport on the first Friday of the coming month. Do not drive a car. You should wear a pair of your tightest jeans and an undershirt. Do not wear underwear. On your undershirt clip a red ribbon above your heart. See you at the United Terminal door number 4 at eight o'clock p.m., my associate will contact you and take you to meet me."

Then there was silence. My mind was rushing. I placed the phone down slowly. This was real. It sounded so similar to him. I had to go, but I was terrified.

With the first Friday of the month over a week away, there would be many times where I would flip flop about going. Twice I called the number again, but it had been disconnected.

Sam helped resolve my mind. He came over the night before with his hairbrush. Fifteen minutes after Sam walked in the door, I was naked over his knees getting my butt blistered for chickening out. He promised to be at my doorstep the next night at six o'clock and if I was not already out the door I would regret it.

## **Friday, July 3, 1998**

No work got done that day. I spent the better part of the peeing in nervous terror. Would it be him. Would I be alive later. I shifted from anticipation, to terror, to glee, minute by minute. At four o'clock Sam called and said he was leaving work and that I had better be out of dodge before he got to my place.

I showered for the third time and got dressed as instructed. By five o'clock, I was in a cab and on my way through traffic to the airport.

## **LAX**

Thanks to Sam, I was at the airport before six. At first I stood outside, worried that my date's associate would expect to see me on the street. Then, nervous, I took a trip to the bathroom and decided to stand inside door number four. Still later, I thought he might call me at the pay phone next to door number four.

With nearly two hours to wait, I was an emotional basket case. I visited the rest room seven times, voiding myself of urine each time, yet still having more for subsequent visits. I sat, stood, fidgeted, but mostly was shaking slightly and was nervous.

I watched the time closely as eight o'clock approached. Still a July summer day, it was light out. I watched like a hawk the last ten minutes. Looking inside, outside, at the phones. I did not see him approach. At one minute past eight, I was tapped on my back.

A young man, similar in appearance to Scott stood before me when I turned, my head was spinning.

"I am Mark," he said, "you followed the directions well, come with me." Without waiting for my response he took off at a fast pace through the terminal. I had to jog slightly to keep up. My adrenaline was in overdrive. We reached an elevator and he turned to me again and said, "No talking, please."

This was clearly my date's associate, from the phone message, I knew my date would not say please, he said what he wanted, period. I nodded without responding verbally and Mark smiled at me.

We took the elevator down a level to baggage claim and boarded a rental car shuttle. At the rental car lot, he picked up a gold club rental car, but the name was incomprehensible

on the sign.

The traffic was still somewhat bad and the ride was slow. We exited the freeways in the Century City area and Mark drove us to a hotel. He pulled up to the valet parking stand and we headed in. He proceeded to the elevator quickly leaving no time for questions. We took the elevator to the top floor and exited. At the end of the hall, he took out a card key and invited me into a luxurious suite.

## **Fear**

As the door shut, he asked me politely to “take off my clothing and fold everything neatly and place them in the top left dresser drawer.” I considered my options, I was at a hotel, he seemed normal enough and if I screamed, there would be help. Slowly, I took my clothing off and folded them as requested. Last, I placed them along with my wallet and watch in the drawer.

“Very good,” Mark said, “you’ve made it further than anyone in recent memory.” Why don’t you go to the bathroom and then come back in when you are ready.

I nodded and headed to the bathroom. Again, I voided my bladder and with trepidation, stepped out, he was still the only one there.

“Your host will be along later, I would like to get you ready,” Mark said calmly. The face and voice seemed so familiar, so similar to Scott’s. My lust and desires overrode my fears and I nodded.

Mark motioned me over and said, “I would prefer if you refrain from speaking tonight, if something I am doing is uncomfortable a simple ‘ouch’ or ‘stop’ will suffice. I will pause my preparations to make you more comfortable given the requirements. If you want me to completely stop, tell me you want to leave and you can go home immediately. Ok?”

I nodded.

Mark acknowledged my nod and beckoned me to come closer to him. Mark picked up a black handled tool, I had seen used before for nipple play, along with some clear acrylic suction cylinders. He sized the cylinders to my nipples and then applied them. In just seconds, the trigger on the gun was sucking my left nipple firmly into the cylinder. Then, Mark followed up with my right nipple.

Mark paused and admired his handy work. My fear was still high, but despite that, or perhaps because of it, my cock was rock solid.

Next he removed a metal and leather chastity apparatus from a bag on the floor. I had seen those devices in some sex toy stores, but never on a person. Now, one would be placed on me. Mark volunteered, “this is actually quite comfortable, it is from Mr. S. in San Francisco and called the Samurai Cock Cage.”

He pulled my balls through a narrow opening in one piece of the cage and then rested the web like back against my lower abdomen. The leather straps then wrapped around my waist.

My cock was rock hard. Mark tried to gently press my cock against the back of the cage as he lifted the front into place. He used an allen wrench to tighten the hex screws and seal the cage. Padlocks were then applied to trap me in the device.

“Ok,” Mark said seemingly to no one in particular, “let’s keep moving here, your host will be in soon, so please lay down on the bed, face up.”

## **Terror**

My cock was pressed between metal and I could guess that I was about to end up tied down in a hotel room. Mark could rob me or kill me. Mark stopped my panic, by gently kissing me and pushing me to my knees. “Suck me,” he said.

I opened my mouth for his warm throbbing cock. He fucked my mouth tenderly. Slowly, he moved his cock in and out allowing my tongue to caress the length of his hardened shaft. After a few minutes, he stopped and quietly said, “You are so close and so few have come this far, please lay down.”

I hesitated and then my curiosity got the better of my fear and I moved myself onto the bed, face up.

Restraints came out from the bag quickly and Mark had me bound spread eagle to the bed.

“I have to call your host,” he said as he slid an eye mask over my face. I heard the door open and close. Then I began to panic. My mind rushed, I struggled, I felt like a fool. Mark however, had bound me thoroughly, I had no play and was tautly strung out on the bed.

After what seemed like an eternity, the door opened again. Mark spoke softly, “Your host is here. Enjoy.”

I felt a presence come close. Then my legs were lifted into the air and I was spread out like a V, ready to be fucked.

The man came close to my face and kissed me on the lips. “Don’t talk,” my host said. “Are you ok,” he asked. I nodded.

“Good,” he responded, “you have one last test right now.” He then paused. I felt lubricant being applied to my crack and then a finger, presumably his, working the lubricant into my fuckhole. He kept working one finger, then two with lots of lubricant into my hole. My cock continued to strain against the cage and I could feel him close to me, he was hot, sexy, and clearly pleased with my body.

The silence was broken with him whispering close to my face, “I’m going to fuck you now, without a condom, is that ok?” I was paralyzed with terror. He seemed to sense that and pulled against the suction cups causing the pain to increase and drawing me back to the room. “Trust me,” he said.

I nodded.

## Bareback

His cock entered me gently at first. Then he fucked me. His weight was on top of me and his tongue probed my mouth forcefully as his rigid throbbing cock pounded into my fuckhole bare. Doubled over myself with legs and arms pinned out, I was defenseless to his powerful onslaught.

He kissed me tenderly and forcefully. He thrust gently and violently. He pulled out and slammed back in. Blindfolded, I had lost all sense of time. All I could feel and sense was him. His cock in me. His cock thrusting through me. His body perspiring over mine. His tongue raping my mouth with violent thrusts.

Him, a man I had never seen.

His body pressed against me, he was light, but strong. His arms grasped me forcefully as he used my body to grab onto for leverage to thrust into me deeper and harder.

The kissing and fucking continued unabated. My cock was caged, my arms and legs strained against their restraints. His tongue was deep into my mouth and throat all the time as he kissed me and fucked me.

His body would rest at times pressed against me, cock deep within me, his lips touching mine. His skin was soft. I knew he had to be beautiful and I wanted him in me so bad.

Finally, I felt his body stiffening. He pulled away from my body slightly and I felt his cock shiver inside me as he orgasmed loudly, his cock still inside me. Still bound, he collapsed on my body and allowed his cock to gradually come loose from my fuckhole. His sweat bathed me lightly and I was in ecstasy.

Then my legs were unbound and retied to the corners of the bed. My host lay on top of me and kissed me gently.

“Very well done,” my host said, “you are the first person ever to get this far, and I am sure you are right for me.”

The voice sounded familiar. My head was spinning too much to think much beyond that though.

“Would you like to play some more,” he said softly. I nodded. “Good,” he said.

## Spanked

I was untied from the bed and quickly found myself over his lap.

His hands quickly removed the Samurai cock cage and my hard cock was now pinned by my own weight against his leg. “Relax,” he said softly and I loosened my muscles and relaxed against him.

His hands started softly slapping my buttocks. The sensations were gentle, yet intense. My cock felt ready to explode and he was just taking his time spanking me slowly and steadily



with his strong arms. After a bit, the intensity picked up, with him slapping my ass over and over, harder and harder.

A few times when I started to clench my butt cheeks, he softly barked “relax!” and then proceeded to slap me more violently. After an extended period of repeated smacks to my firm butt, I could feel the heat and the soreness building.

He paused and then I felt a hard, yet cool, object against my butt, a paddle perhaps. “This is my hairbrush,” he said softly, “this is the first of many times it will blister your butt.” I whimpered slightly but, he was not interested in getting my permission.

One of his muscular arms pressed against my back pinning me down firmly while the back of the brush lifted from my buttocks. The wait seemed like an eternity, then the small wooden back cracked against my already tenderized and reddened ass flesh. I bucked but my host’s strong arms held me firmly and my cock throbbed harder.

My host was merciless with the brush and despite having survived much worse spankings and whippings, my adrenaline was rushing and I was terrified and blindfolded, so I started to cry. My host kept up the assault, violently, leaving no inch of my ass untouched with the brush. I was struggling and kicking like a baby, but my cock stayed rock hard against his leg. Then I orgasmed all over his leg while I was struggling and crying, but he just kept on spanking. Then, it really started to sting.

He landed an extra twenty blows on my sore red ass after I orgasmed, each mercilessly applied with tremendous force. Then he stopped and held me sobbing and shaking against his bare, smooth, chest.

My heart and mind were racing. What would happen next. My host answered, “I would like to see a lot more of you.” He continued, “In fact, I think this could develop into a very good relationship.” I shook in his strong arms, still crying and sore from the spanking.

“Here is what is going to happen, I’m going to take the blindfold off and introduce myself to you more formally. Then, we will discuss how this will work for you and what I need and want,” he said.

I nodded.

## **Unmasked**

Still sore, I felt his smooth hands touch my face and gently lift the blindfold. All I could see was his tan smooth body with my face still close to his chest. The pressure on my nipples was released slowly and the pain become intense there. His smooth hands caressed my face and he gradually lifted my head up towards his and kissed me tenderly.

The room was fairly bright and my eyes were still adjusting. But I could tell it was him. The smooth baby-like face. The tender lips, kissing me. I had had sex with—and been spanked by—one of the hottest movie cuties in town. Plus he found me attractive.

“I’m Scott,” he said. I responded with my own name and he nodded and then continued,

“I haven’t had this perfect a sexual experience ever, you are just wonderful. My family has very odd customs and that make it hard for us to date generally, but for me as a gay actor it is even harder.”

I nodded as my heart fluttered and my mind raced, it was him and he wanted me.

“We have a book that I have placed next to your clothing explaining our family customs and sexual practices. Read it and call me when you are ready to have a serious relationship with me,” he said. Then he stood up and dressed his gorgeous muscular body in front of me. A parting kiss on my forehead and the tear drenched blindfold from my ordeal was my only proof of this unbelievable encounter, or so I thought.

I lay on the bed for a while in the room not moving, just thinking. I was not certain I would ever see him again, and right then, I wanted to see him again, nobody before had ever connected with me sexually and emotionally the way Scott did that night.

Looking at the clock, it was three in the morning already and I decided to get dressed. In the drawer was a bound notebook with a title written with a fading pen, looking closely I could make out the title: *Marrying a Member of the Smith Family*.

Next to that was a money clip with Scott’s initials, the clip was stuffed with hundred dollar bills. Upon lifting up the clip a note was visible, “Cab Fare” was written below.

My body was still reacting slowly another item lay in the drawer, two 8mm video cassettes labeled, “July 3, 1998 Tape 1” and “July 3, 1998 Tape 2” rested on top of my tight fitting jeans. My body convulsed in terror. What could be on the tapes, me? Scott? Mark? Others? An accompaniment to the notebook? If it was from tonight, were there copies. My mind raced.

I lifted the tapes out of the drawer and was tempted to smash them to pieces. Another piece of hotel note paper reading “Trust me, I trust you,” lay underneath. I tried to calm myself. I got dressed, my ass was sore against the tight back of my jeans. I took the cash, the tapes, and the notebook and hurried to the lobby without bothering to shower.

## Cab

The concierge got me a cab and I tipped him a few bucks from my wallet, saving the wad of hundreds for later. The cab ride back would be at most \$50 if the cabbie thought I was a foreigner with no sense of rates, but I usually could get home for much less. Scott had left me several thousand wadded together. Had I been bought? Was he serious? Did I have material to blackmail a famous actor?

My head spun as I thought about the night on the cab ride home. My butt was quite sore on the hard backseat as we flew around the highways to reach my apartment in Santa Monica.

I gave the cabbie thirty and called it a night. At home, Sam was passed out on my couch and I tip toed past Sam, hid Scott’s gifts in my dresser and fell into the bed—face down, butt up.

## Morning

“RISE AND SHINE,” a voice bellowed. I groaned, and rolled over. Ouch. My butt was tender. Sam was standing over me grinning.

“So,” he said, his voice suggestive and lascivious.

I stretched slowly, my arms and legs were sore from being stretched out spread eagle and my butt felt on fire. I stood slowly and pulled my shirt and pants off in front of Sam.

Sam gasped quietly, but noticeably. I ignored him and hit the shower. The hot water soothed my aching muscles, but did not deaden the soreness in my ass. I noticed Sam take up a perch on the toilet from within the shower. He handed me a towel and said, “Dish.” I shook my head gently and dried off slowly. A few minutes later, we were walking down towards the beach to spend the day on the sand.

My head was too confused to talk and my ass too tender to sit. So we soaked in the sun quietly. Around mid-day Sam got up and came back with some food and as we ate, I began to open up a little.

“It was a movie star,” I explained, “which is why I can’t say much, but it was for real. He was sexy and very hot in person. I think he even loves me.” Sam scoffed at that notion and pried for more details, but few came forth.

Finally, we left the beach, him disgusted, me relaxed and still unsure. Sam headed home and I went through handling my work matters my heart fluttering. I wanted to read the notebook, watch the videos, but I also had responsibilities.

## Fireworks

By eight o’clock, some distant fireworks could be heard and I finished my business. I ran to my bedroom like a giddy school girl, my butt still sore, my heart high with anticipation. I almost did not believe the videotapes or the notebooks would be there. They were, my butt tingled. I took the notebook, the videotapes and the money clip from my dresser carefully and returned to the living room.

I attached an 8mm camcorder to my television and inserted the first tape. Every minute of my evening seemed to be captured on tape. I could watch Mark place me in the chastity harness, tie me to the bed, I could watch myself struggle, watching the tapes, my cock began to throb. It turned me on to watch Scott enter and fuck me tenderly and then hard. To spank me and hold me. Scott’s face was fully visible in much of the video. He trusted me, just like the note beneath the videotapes said.

I took the money from the bill clip and counted it while the tapes were playing. Five thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills. Scott was well off. The inner most bill held a small folded piece of paper with an address in Beverly Hills, presumably Scott’s.

I put the money back into the clip and wrote the address down as my television showed

Scott beginning to brutalize my buttocks with the hairbrush. The sight re-ignited my butt with pain as I remembered crying and being held down. I carefully copied the address and affixed the sheet to my day runner.

I took off my pants and began to masturbate to the video. I forgot my worries as I stroked myself to orgasm.

After orgasm, I turned to the notebook, in the background, the fireworks had grown louder.

## **Marrying a Member of the Smith Family**

I opened the notebook and examined it. On the inside cover a list of women's names was printed. I could not make out many of the names, but the dates near the names appeared to stretch back into the early days of the nation. One was clearly dated from 1776. The notebook however, was clearly newer, but this was like a family bible. The women who married into the family signed the original book and this copy listed their names.

The notebook itself was fairly short, perhaps no more than fifteen pieces of old paper held together by an old binding. Careful not to crack the binding, I paged through the notebook. Everything was hand printed, there were no easily visible headings or diagrams.

The more I pondered the notebook, the more aroused I became. The fireworks faded into the background as I began to read...

Welcome to a long tradition, while times change, the fundamental essence of man and woman do not. The man must be the dominant partner in the relationship. To that end, our family has decreed these rules and conducts for women—and men—that they may lead happier, more fulfilling lives.

My attention was totally with the book and I jumped out of the sofa when the telephone rang. Distracted, I debated ignoring the phone, but my focus was already disturbed. I answered.

“Hi,” a sexy familiar voice said, “look down on the street.” I went to the window, cordless telephone in hand and saw a man standing outside my apartment with a coat and a hat on. Scott. My heart skipped several beats. He waved and I said, “I’ll be down.” He seemed to nod and I threw on a bathrobe and walked to the front door. He was there and came in and up to my apartment.

My heart was racing.

“I see you’ve just started the book,” Scott said. I nodded. “Take the robe off,” he said. I let the robe fall to the floor. He approached and kissed me tenderly. His firm, smooth, strong, hands caressed my sore ass cheeks as he held me.

Still holding me tenderly, he whispered, “I had hoped you would have finished reading already.” I buried my head against his smooth, muscular, chest. I was embarrassed. “No

matter,” he continued, “go to your bedroom with the notebook and do not come out till you are finished.” I trembled slightly and he slapped my still sore cheeks and I let myself leave his embrace and took the notebook to my room.

Nervous, giddy, and confused, I opened the notebook again and continued reading...

Wives therefore shall be subservient to their husbands and to all male members of the family.

I paused and wondered what that meant. Behind me I felt his presence, then I heard his voice, “Would you like the cliff notes version?” I turned to face him and nodded.

He launched into a fairly short, and clear, explanation:

“First off, if I treat you wrong, any older male family member will beat the living daylights of me and then some. Secondly, you follow my lead, sexually, for dinner, for entertainment, for everything. Third, you are sexually available to my male family members in the same manner as their wives would be available to me.”

“The book says it much fancier and explains some other things, but that is really it. Our family has lived this way for several hundred years and I am expected to do so as well, despite my notoriety and my sexuality.”

I nodded as he continued.

“So, basically, I’m not ready to be out here in Hollywood, but I want you to be my wife, live with me and make a family with me in the Smith Family tradition. I needed to put you through that test because I couldn’t risk exposing just anyone to these practices or my desires.”

“What do you say,” he asked.

I looked at him and paused. After a period of silence that he did not interrupt. I started speaking, “Scott you are gorgeous and I really enjoyed last night...”

He interrupted before I could say ‘but’, and started, “No buts.”

“I need to think some more about this Scott,” I replied.

Scott smiled, “I would not want it any other way, here’s what I would like to do tonight if it meets with your approval.” He paused waiting for me to nod or shake my head. I nodded.

“First, I’m going to spank you again right now. Then I’m going to leave you again tonight, but I’d like to see you in this Friday at my home that I share with my brother, Mark,” he explained.

He pulled the hairbrush from his coat pocket and I shuddered slightly. His strong hands guided me off the bed and over his lap. Seconds later, I was pinned down. Tonight, he went right at my already tender ass with the brush, firmly and brutally. He spoke in between smacks. “I will never hit you as punishment, only for our mutual sexual arousal,” he explained as the brush blistered my ass repeatedly.

Rock hard again from the intense pain-pleasure sensations, my cock throbbed against his leg. The brush had a brutal effect on my already sore buttocks as I began to squirm from the pain. My cock became stiffer as the pain intensity increased and Scott continued to talk between the punishing blows.

“As for my family members, this means mostly sucking their cocks from time to time and for very special occasions, they may spank you.” Scott was working the brush over my buttocks expertly, no inch of ass flesh was unbruised by its firm punishing touch and my cock was responding. Squeezed flat across his leg it was intensely long.

The hairbrush was fairly quiet as it continued to blister my ass. “There, your first blisters from me are developing,” Scott said with pride as he continued to punish me with the brush. “The obedience part is perhaps the hardest,” he added, “especially if other members of my family are around.” The brush began working my upper thighs just below the butt cheeks and I was jumping from the sensation and intensity. After just twenty blows there, I shot a load on his leg.

The spanking however continued on that tender flesh and I cried as he kept striking me and talking. “Basically, say we are going out to dinner,” he said, “you should absolutely never say or volunteer a suggestion—unless asked—as it is not your place as my wife.” The hairbrush was brutalizing me now and I started crying.

Finally he stopped, and held me again. My face was nestled against his smooth chest and I cried softly. He cupped his hands to my buttocks and then I felt him pull his cock between my body and his and then I felt his cum shoot onto his chest and my side.

Scott had been careful to develop only two blisters on my buttocks and then work the rest of my ass flesh to a severe level of soreness.

After an hour in his arms he tucked me in bed with a kiss and left saying, “See you Friday.”

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$

## 2 Scott II

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications,

### Last time

So, I should perhaps review where we left off. I spent Friday, July 3, 1998 in a strange hotel room with a man who turned out to be my Hollywood idol. He fucked me bareback and spanked me with an old fashioned wooden hairbrush. He showed up at my doorsteps the next night and repeated the spanking, leaving my but feeling quite sore. I would now have to wait until Friday to see him and I still had to read the odd book about his family traditions that he had succinctly summarized as follows:

- If my husband breaks the rules he'll be dealt with by the family.
- I have to obey my husband's wishes in all matters.
- I must be sexually available to other husbands in the family to the same degree that other wives are available to my husband.

These diary entries tell a bit more about the next few days and my next meeting with Scott.

### Sunday, July 5, 1998

I woke up laying on my stomach. My buttocks were quite sore and as I stood I felt like my ass flesh was still on fire. Well, Scott had set off quite the fireworks parade back there. In the bathroom mirror I could see the two blisters he had opened and my skin was quite leathery and sore overall.

I started the day by showering. The hot water soothed my tender ass slightly and I then laid down on my stomach to read the family notebook and learn more about the rules.

## Rule 1

So upon delving into the text of the notebook, it was as Scott promised a much more fanciful way of saying the things he told me, but in some cases their meanings were more apparent. The first discussion was on obedience:

At all times, the wife must obey her husband; therefore, she may not speak against him or go contrary to his wishes. Her opinion however shall be solicited in most matters domestic and most matters that affect her.

An example was provided:

Suppose the topic is what to eat for the evening meal. The husband may solicit his wife's suggestions, but ultimately the husband should make his own decision about the evening meal. Whatever the husband's decision, the wife should obediently begin preparing the meal.

My spine shivered slightly as I read on:

Failure of the wife to obey the husband should result in immediate punishment.

The punishment was not described. My cock throbbed, the idea of being treated like this was exciting me in some odd fashion. I read on.

## Rule 2

The next pages explained the sexual practices between family members and the sexual availability:

It is understood that sex between a husband and wife is both a private affair and a matter of all concern for the family. Therefore certain male members of the family should be able to inspect the virility of the wives and their sexual performance.

Again, an example was provided:

Suppose it is Thanksgiving dinner and you are present at the dinner table with your husband John along with his father Tim, his older brother Tim, his sister Jane's husband Mike, and his younger unmarried brother Bud. You are required to be sexually available to your father-in-law John, your husband's brother-in-law Mike, and your brother-in-law Tim. It is not acceptable for you to be available to the younger brother Bud because he is unmarried.



My head was spinning as I kept reading. My cock was still erect, but this still seemed weird and somewhat disgusting. Yet, my cock was throbbing and the idea of Scott's family being able to have sex with me was at once repugnant and arousing. My arousal got the better of me and I read on:

Typically the sexual acts will occur in front of other family members; though, they may occur in private as well. Oral and penetrative sexual contact is typical. Corporal punishment arousal may also be administered at the male relative's discretion.

That pretty much laid it out for me, Scott's brother Mark would be able to fuck me and make me suck him—assuming he was married. This thought was actually arousing. The flip side, that my husband would perhaps have sex with his sister Jane—as in the example—was discomfoting. My state of arousal would wax and wane as I slugged through several additional pages describing the practices in greater detail.

### **Rule 3**

The issue of the punishment of wives was still not discussed, but the third rule—actually the first one Scott listed was laid out in frightening detail:

Any male member of the family who violates these rules shall be punished in one of the following manners—at a minimum:

- \* bullwhip—100 lashes to back while tied to a post
- \* prison strap—200 lashes to buttocks while restrained
- \* birch—50 strokes to entire buttocks while restrained
- \* cane—100 strokes to buttocks while restrained

In each case, blood must be drawn. In the event that the above implements are unavailable, other similar implements may be substituted provided that the offending husband is restrained and blood is drawn

#### Prohibited Acts

- \* hitting one's wife except for mutual sexual gratification
- \* having sex with one's wife when she has indicated a preference not to
- \* leaving one's wife without her agreement

I was shaking slightly, but my cock stayed aroused. However, it made me worry what they might use to punish a wife. But then I realized that Scott was not allowed to hit me except for mutual sexual gratification. So how would he punish me?

## **Punishing Wives**

The very last paragraph of the notebook provided the only hint at how wives are punished:

Wives should be punished by being confined to the bedroom without the provision of sexual gratification or affection.

My cock exploded as I finished the notebook and realized how I would be being treated from now on by Scott. My wood floor was covered with my warm cum. Still hyper-aroused by Scott, the notebook, and my sore ass, I slid down and licked my own cum from the floor.

Finally, I stood up and looked at a clock... five o'clock, I had spent the better part of the day already. I threw some loose fitting clothing on and headed out to Sam's house in my car.

## **Freeways**

Sitting itself was an intense act, even with soft warm ups against the soft car seat. Driving down the freeway to see Sam for dinner, my head was spinning.

Half of me wanted to forget about Scott and send back the bill clip with the money, the tapes, and most of all the notebook and forget the whole thing happened. But, the other half of me was like a wound up sex pistol that wanted to be feeling Scott's strong arms around me and his throbbing bare cock inside my ass. And, let's not forget his strong hands pinning me down as his hairbrush thrashed me violently to orgasm.

I exited the freeways near Sam's house and followed the city streets to his driveway. A Porsche Boxster sat in the driveway. Sam had company. He drove a twenty year old Civic hatch back, so the car in the driveway belonged to some rich college boy with whom Sam was having his way.

## **Scene**

Not knowing much about this boy, I let myself into Sam's back door and sat down in the kitchen. From the bedroom I heard a steady low noise followed by loud ouches and low moans.

I sat down on my still sore ass and waited, listening.

After a while, Sam emerged smiling, he came over to me in the kitchen said hi and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "Dinner," he asked.

I nodded. His young friend emerged, naked. Upon seeing me, he became embarrassed, but Sam said, "Don't Tim, he's been here as well and his ass is redder than yours right now." I smiled meekly.

Tim came further into the kitchen, and Sam made the introductions, “Tim is in his first year of law school at UCLA, he’s 25 and loves to get his butt blazed, turn around Tim.” Tim turned around and deep lines were visible where the cane had criss-crossed his butt.

Sam addressed me and asked, “Sushi ok for dinner?” I nodded. “Tim if you get dressed, my friend here is going to take us out for a wonderful Sushi dinner—his treat.” I nodded again. Tim seemed pleased at the suggestion and came over to Sam and kissed him. Sam whispered something to Tim and Tim left the room, presumably to get dressed.

## **Sushi**

We were in my Camry a few minutes later heading towards Sam’s favorite sushi bar in Beverly Hills. Tim sat up front with me and peppered me with questions about my consulting business and the tax structure I had established in the Grand Cayman Islands. But that’s really another story. We arrived at the restaurant close to eight o’clock.

Four hundred dollars later, we rolled out, bellies stuffed and Tim and Sam were quite wasted on sake. I had limited myself to one glass and we piled back into my car for the ride back to Sam’s.

As luck would have it, one of LA’s finest pulled me over at a field sobriety checkpoint. The officer asked me to step out and performed some basic sobriety checks. He let me go and then reminded me not to let my friends drive anywhere for the night. I smiled and headed off.

Back at Sam’s house, I piled the Tim and Sam into bed and then decided to climb on in with them. In the night, Tim woke up and went to the bathroom when he came back, his young body lay right on top of my reddened ass and it felt nice having his hot groin pressing against my sore ass cheeks.

## **Monday**

Tim and I stumbled out of bed Monday sometime around noon. Tim ran his tongue across my sore ass licking it appreciatively and I returned the favor, though his butt was significantly less tender than mine.

Sam was already gone—work. So Tim and I hung out for a while and I shared a bit about my experiences with the star and asked him what he thought. Tim was jealous and asked if Sam ever spanked that hard, I shrugged, unsure. We went our separate ways, him in his expensive sports car and me in my family sedan.

On arriving home, I sat down. My butt was only slightly less sore from Friday’s and Saturday’s thrashings with the hairbrush. Now I had to face some of the pressing issues at work.

The contract stared back at me as if alive from its holding place on my desk. The deal would

make me well off and I knew some of the people in my group were looking to move on. The notebook was further across the desk, my cock throbbed. The contract that had languished on my desk for a week and a half unsigned suddenly seemed more attractive.

I pulled the contract towards me again, the key asset purchase from my business seemed to be well priced at over five million dollars and I could live with the one year non-compete agreement. I signed my name “Jack Townsend” on the blank line with perhaps the same attitude founding father John Hancock took in signing the Declaration of Independence.

I slid the fully executed contract into the return envelope and mailed it to my attorney. Within a month, my company as it existed would be dissolved.

I notified my consultants and instructed the payroll company to send out bonuses, \$50K each, \$2.5M total. The other half would stay in the Grand Caymans pending some transactions that my lawyer and accountant assured me were quite legal. I flipped off the light and “J.T. Computer Consulting, Grand Caymans” was done for all intents and purposes.

## Phone Call

I went back and re-read the notebook a second time before calling Scott. I dialed his home number my finger trembling on the keypad as I pressed each digit.

The pause between my finger depressing the last digit of the number and the first ring seemed to last an eternity. Then the first ring came, part of me wanted to hang up. I shook slightly, someone picked up in the middle of the second ring.

“Mark here”, a voice said. I was torn between hanging up and saying hi. My sexual arousal got the better of me and I responded, “Jack here, wondered if Scott was available.”

“He’s in the shower, he’ll be out in a jiffy, care to talk,” Mark asked.

“Sure, can I ask you a question then,” I responded.

“Shoot,” Mark responded.

So the pregnant question to me was whether I would be having sex with him so I asked, “Are you married?”

Mark deflected slightly responding, “So you finished the notebook, think we are sick?”

“Different, would be my response,” I said. “Besides, I would hardly be calling right now if I was disgusted.”

Mark emitted a sound that sounded like assent and then answered my question, “No, I’m looking for a guy who can dominate me.”

The response intrigued me, but I supposed it made sense, if the Smith family accepted homosexuality they might have some male family members that were sexually submissive as well.

Mark interrupted my reverie, “Look closely at the names, dates and places in the family

notebook, you may be surprised what you find.” On hand, I flipped the cover of the notebook open and saw names of black people next to names of women in the late 1700’s, deep in the south. “So you see, we are liberal in our own twisted way,” Mark finished.

“Oh, here is Scott,” Mark said as he handed the phone off.

“Hey Jack,” Scott said enthusiastically, “sounds like you finished the family notebook, you cool with it?”

My voice trembled and I managed a meek “yes.”

“It really is fairer than it sounds in the notebook and you will be quite sexually gratified, cared for, loved, and protected from divorce,” he explained.

“YES,” I said more firmly, “I am cool with it and aroused by it and I want to be yours.” My cock was at full attention.

“Great,” Scott responded heartily, “its taken so long for me to find someone, I’ll be over in a bit so we can talk through a time line.”

“Ok,” I responded.

## **Time Line**

I must have pissed twenty times in the thirty minutes it took Scott to reach my apartment. Like the previous night, he called from the sidewalk and I went down to open the door. He pushed me into the apartment gently, one hand on my shirt’s collar. Once inside the door, he pushed the front door of the apartment closed.

Then, he kissed me forcefully, grabbing me close and then locking me into his embrace with his other hand pushing my head towards him forcefully. His tongue probed my mouth firmly as we kissed intensely.

His firm lips were pressed to mine and we stayed lip locked for a short eternity. Then gently, Scott withdrew and released me. But, I wanted to be locked against him again.

“Let’s talk this over,” Scott said and pushed me gently into the couch. He sat down next to me and started talking, “I am really excited that you are ready for this so let’s start this according to the rules.” My cock stiffened noticeably. “I want you to tell me how easily you can move in with me and what sorts of work or other commitments are coming up that may affect your ability to move in,” he finished.

I nodded and then spoke, “I sold my business today, by the middle of August I’ll be fully unemployed, but till then I have some wrapping up work to do, probably four to six hours a day. As for moving, I do not think there are really half way measures here, I would like to keep my apartment for a few months longer.”

Scott nodded and spoke, “Ok, lets set the timetable as follows, you will spend every weekend starting Friday at 2 pm until Monday at 10 am from this weekend till Monday the 17th of August. I will hire movers to take your pack and move your belongings on the 19th. You’ll

notify your landlord that you will vacate on August 31, that gives you two weeks.”

My cock was rock hard, but my mind was racing, he had just disregarded my opinion and feelings about the schedule and set his own. I started to open my mouth remembering plans I had on the 22nd and wanting to protest. He put one finger against my lips and said, “Shhh. Now go stand in the corner.”

I shook visibly. “Now,” he said firmly. I stood slowly and went to the corner and stood there, face to the wall. Scott did not speak to me and seemed to be rustling through the room and finally turned on the TV. He let me stand there through the better part of a half hour of Headline News before turning off the TV and asking me to come sit down on the couch.

He kissed me warmly and tenderly when I sat down and said, “Whatever it was, it would not have changed my mind, and it would have been out of place.” He put a hand under my chin and looked in my eyes, I murmured agreement and he kissed me again.

## **Fucked**

“Let’s have sex,” Scott said dropping my misbehavior as a topic and completely foreclosing any further conversation about the time line. I nodded and he lifted my shirt off my and caressed my chest tenderly but firmly. We were walking to the bedroom before I knew it. Then, I was naked and so was Scott.

His short hairless frame seemed to glisten in the darkened bedroom. I was his, I realized as I was pressed onto the bed by his strong arms. Lubricant in my dresser drawer was sliding up my ass with his neatly manicured fingers probing my fuckhole. The condoms in the drawer were not moving.

First one finger probed me as he kissed me deeply.

Then a second finger was working my ass.

Then three. I was relaxed and readied to receive my new husband inside me.

Scott lifted my legs into the air and slid his rock solid cock into me like a pro. My fuckhole split open around it and he glided into me. I could feel my tight fuckhole lock around it and his throbbing cock was in me.

He bent forward and began kissing me deeply to match the thrusts with his powerful dick. He kept pulling out and sliding it back in as if to torment me.

His bare cock teasing my hole, then splitting it open, then gliding down my fuck shaft, then thrusting, then out. And over. And over.

Scott maintained an unbelievable erection thrusting in and out of me like his property. His cock filling me and making me whole. Marking me as his.

Then, he started to tremble. Still inside me, I felt his cock start to pulsate. Next he came, his juices filling me on the inside. He slid out somewhat quicker than before and trickled his

cum around the outside of my hole.

Then with his hand he began to work his cum into my skin, marking me. It was quite erotic. My cock was still rock solid as he placed his lips at the tip of my cock and kissed it softly.

Then his firm, still slightly cum soaked hand came up from my crotch and to my cock shaft. Another squeeze of lube and he was stroking my shaft slowly, yet firmly. After a few minutes he asked, "Feel up for a spanking?"

My whole head was spinning and my ass still felt blisteringly sore, but I nodded anyhow. Scott smiled and kissed me, then said, "Ok, over my lap."

I repositioned myself for a firm spanking and he started to slap my butt vigorously with his bare hands. Slapping down on both sore cheeks in succession, he was brutalizing me, yet I was rock hard. My cock was throbbing on the verge of an explosion as he worked his hands rhythmically across my sore butt.

Cupped slightly, his strong, firm hands would come down. *SLAP* then a pause and then the other hand slapped the other cheek. *SLAP* Another pause and they would lift from my tender buttocks in succession. And then the process repeated. *SLAP -pause- SLAP -pause- lift lift -pause- SLAP*

Over and over Scott repeated the process. Then, aroused past the point of control I shot a huge load of cum across Scott's leg. He kept the spanking going for a bit longer and then stopped. My face was pushed towards my own cum and I took the hint and licked my own cum up from my husband's leg and then swallowed it.

Then he pulled me up into his strong embrace and held me nuzzled against his chest. As I sobbed softly, Scott cupped my butt cheeks gently caressing the sore ass flesh with affection. I lifted my head and he pulled my mouth to his and kissed me deeply.

Then he fell back and we fell asleep together for the first time in the same bed.

## Morning

When I opened my eyes, Scott's light, grey-blue eyes stared into mine. I was wrapped against him and I was very happy. My butt was still tender, but I was very happily hitched. Scott held me to him and said, "let's rest here together a while longer."

I nodded and continued to stare into his eyes. He kissed me forcefully, yet tenderly as we lay together in bed. After a while, he loosened his embrace and said, "ok, let's get a move on and by the way no more spankings for you till Saturday." I nodded and kissed him and then stood allowing him to get up as well.

I followed him to the bathroom and watched his mighty cock unleash a powerful stream of urine into the toilet. The sight aroused me. When he finished, I followed.

Then I found myself kneeling on the bathroom floor with his cock in my mouth. A hint of his just unleashed urine was still present and I found it surprisingly erotic to taste. After

a few minutes of gentle thrusts into my receptive mouth, Scott's cock firmed considerably and he pulled me up and bent me over the bathroom vanity. Vaseline served as lube and I found myself being fucked by Scott's hard, bare fuck tool again. The feeling of his strong body slamming into my sore backside re-ignited the tenderness in my ass as his throbbing cock thrust into me and split me like a powerful steel rod.

He then placed his hands on my shoulders for more leverage and increased the intensity, ferocity, and depth of his massive thrusts. I found myself intensely aroused as he continued to ply me open sexually with his steel-like fuck tool. When he finally orgasmed inside me again, he collapsed onto me, his smooth, muscular chest slightly sweaty resting on my back. It was hot and I was rock solid myself.

We showered together and I performed a ritual that I would repeat on many future occasions of bathing him, washing his hair, his face, his body, tenderly, affectionately and thoroughly, I served him. Then I could cleanse myself while he stood and watched.

To this day, I find it a very erotic part of our relationship.

## **Mid-Week**

The remainder of the week passed slowly. Scott did not call me at all since he plainly expected me to arrive at two o'clock Friday and I was too confused and aroused by it all to say or do anything.

Friday morning, I found myself packing. Into my overnight bag went dress clothing, casual clothing, several varieties of underwear, and my cosmetics bag. I also threw in a bottle of lubricant. The condoms stayed in my bedside table, Scott clearly did not intend to use them with me and I was in no position given the rules to do anything about it.

I collected the family notebook and the tapes from our first night as well. Those really belonged to Scott. I placed the money clip he gave me in my shirt pocket.

I headed off from my apartment with two hours to spare. First, I was nervous and second with Los Angeles traffic, I did not want to be late for my first full weekend.

I arrived a half-hour early and waited down the street till closer to two before I pulled up and rang the doorbell. Mark answered and beckoned me inside. I stepped in and Mark told me Scott wouldn't be home from a shoot till seven, but that then we would go out to dinner.

Mark then obliquely suggested that Scott had a particular outfit selected for me to wear at dinner on hold at a shop on Rodeo Drive.

## **Suited Up**

Mark drove Scott's convertible to the store and led me inside. The manager immediately recognized Mark and asked, "is he the one who needs the suit fitted?" Mark answered yes, dropped a platinum American Express card down at the register and headed out.



The suit was definitely not my style, corporate-ish, but rather modern and Hollywood. I kept the opinion to myself as the manager finished adjusting the suit slightly to fit me. Cut in an odd fashion, the suit hardly seemed appropriate for a man, but perhaps that was the point.

After trying the whole outfit on, the manager suggested shoes. I started to ask, "I'm not sure." But, the manager interrupted, "I am certain of your friend's desires." A pair of Italian leather shoes was placed in front of me and I stepped into them. "Ah, perfect fit, your friend sized you up pretty well, just a half inch off on the pants," the manager commented. I smiled vaguely.

I felt thoroughly humiliated wearing the suit, it was definitely designed to be unmasculine, though it made me look thin and sexually available.

As the manager finished running up the charge card, Mark returned and signed the receipt and I was whisked to a hair salon further down the Drive. Mark consulted with the stylist as I sat in the waiting area. When the young blond stylist summoned me, Mark stayed on hand to watch him work and ensure that Scott's hairstyle for me was applied without intervention on my part.

The stylist, Gary, took his time washing my hair personally and conditioning it. Then the scissors came out. While for years I had a corporate preppy type haircut, Gary quickly transformed my hair. My new hairstyle included dirty blonde highlights for my light brown hair, as well as a childish, and perhaps feminine, pushed back and poofed up look. As I stood after Gary finished, I looked in the mirror.

I felt different, I was wearing clothing to please my husband irrespective of my desires and my hair had been done to suit his whims without my opinion mattering. Oddly, it felt good. I felt an enormous sense of release and relaxation suddenly. He was caring for me entirely, worrying that I had nice clothing, a nice haircut, enough money, everything. And he was sexually pleasing me at every chance he got. It suddenly felt really good and really hot and a lot less strange.

On the drive home, Mark asked me how I was feeling, and I responded eagerly, "Really good."

To which he responded, "I'm jealous, I just hope I can be as lucky as you someday."

Then I did something, I figured was ok based on the notebook, and kissed him on the cheek tenderly. He smiled back at me and said, "Why do you think there are no lesbians in the family? All the wives have all the sex and affection with each other that they want, I'm glad you feel comfortable with me." Then he kissed me back.

## **Appetizer**

When we got back to the house, Mark pulled open my pants and started sucking me off. His mouth worked my cock expertly and I relaxed and enjoyed it. Scott wandered downstairs and stood silently watching the whole encounter without comment.

Then, he sat down next to me kissed me and held me while his younger brother sucked me to orgasm. Scott kept Mark's mouth tightly around my cock while I shot my load forcing Mark to swallow it all.

Spent, I rested my head against my husband as Mark stood up. Scott broke the silence saying, "I like your new suit, stand up in it please."

I got up and turned around in it slowly allowing my husband to enjoy me in the suit. "Pretty feminine," Scott commented while smirking slightly.

I nodded in assent. "Humiliating," he continued asking a rhetorical question. I nodded again. He finished saying, "Good, I like the hair as well, the highlights bring out your eye color nicely."

I smiled and Scott and I headed out to dinner with Mark.

## Eating Out

In the car, Mark whispered into my ear from the backseat to remember to be on best behavior for a Smith Family wife at the restaurant. We arrived at a hoi polloi restaurant I had used just weeks ago to cinch the sale of my consulting company.

Scott instantly commanded the host's attention and we were seated in a semi-secluded section of the dining room.

No menus were brought and a few minutes later, food started arriving. Scott asked politely, "any allergies to lobster or shellfish?" I said no and Scott nodded. The dinner conversation covered a range of political and social topics and was quite dynamic. Despite my public humiliation from wearing the suit, our gay waiter and bus boy seemed jealous of me, hair teased, dressed for another, possessed and marked.

The lobster was delicious and by the time it had come, I had forgotten my embarrassment and was thoroughly enjoying myself.

Once home from the restaurant, I found myself naked in bed within minutes and shortly, Scott joined me naked as well, his strong, muscular body embracing me tightly.

"So let me ask you for the last time, can you live like this," Scott said. I said nothing at first. "I'm serious Jack, I need to know that you are emotionally and sexually satisfied by this relationship because the further we go down this road, there really is no backing out."

"Let's go over some things one at a time," he continued.

"Clothing," Scott said, a statement, but also a question.

I paused and started to answer, "I found it humiliating, but in a way pleasurable because others could tell I was yours and taken."

"Good; hair style," Scott asked, more a question this time than a statement.

"Same," I responded.

“And the whole thing, my family, its traditions, the spankings, the bare back sex,” Scott rattled off just about everything else that was weird and erotic.

“I want you Scott Smith as my husband every day for the rest of my life I responded, family rules, spankings, hair styles, clothing, and all, I have never been this sexually and emotionally in love with anyone and I want this,” I responded rambling as my heart fluttered.

Scott kissed me and said nothing, but I knew that the silence conveyed a lot of information: I was his and this was the last discussion of this nature that would occur.

Without taking the gaze of his light gray blue eyes from my darker brown eyes, he began to slide his stiffened cock between my legs. “Fuck me Scott,” I responded softly. He kissed me firmly and rolled me onto my stomach and began to lubricate my ass for his hard cock.

After working my hole only slightly with a single finger and lube, he penetrated me forcefully and while the initial pain made me want to pull away, his strong arms kept me still while he rammed his hard tool into me. Slicing into me like a throbbing rod of man flesh, he fucked me intensely sliding his thick man tool in and out.

When he finally came inside me, I was ready to orgasm myself and with his cum filling me, I achieved orgasm as well.

We spent the night sleeping blissfully in each other’s arms.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$

## 3 Scott III

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications,

### Last time

So, I should perhaps review where we left off. I spent Friday, July 3, 1998 in a strange hotel room with a man who turned out to be my Hollywood idol. He fucked me bareback and spanked me with an old fashioned wooden hairbrush. We met again and I agreed to be his wife and follow his family's most unusual rules.

### Wedding

I woke up in Scott's arms and felt really good. The strength of his smaller muscular body holding me tight to him. The sense of arousal that knowing belonged to him gave me was intense.

Scott opened his eyes and stared into mine, his eyes were compassionate yet firm. My cock stiffened, its hardness pressing against his body. He smiled and kissed me.

"My dad will be over with a ring in a few hours, so get dressed again like last night—hair and all," he said. My cock stiffened. He kissed me, get moving and said, "Get moving, I like your hair with the highlights and that poofy pushed back style."

As he withdrew his firm embraces, I rolled out of bed and hit the shower. Scott himself did not join me, but I quickly cleansed myself. I was tempted to masturbate from my intense arousal, but decided against it.

Out of the shower, I stood and shaved myself in front of the mirror. Scott had gotten himself into a casual clothing while I was showering and he took some of the shaving cream with methanol and applied it to my nipples and cock head and told me to finish shaving. The methanol was causing my cock to stiffen further and my nipples felt aroused too. I finished shaving as Scott looked on.

As I finished, he said, "Ok, now work the shaving cream up and down your cock like lube till you orgasm on the counter top." I felt embarrassed and hesitated for a moment and he had me by the ear in just that short moment. "Do you need to spend some time in the corner,"

he asked. I shook my head and began to stroke my shaving cream coated cockshaft.

I positioned myself so that my cum would land on the countertop and kept stoking till the cool methanol and the tingly sensation covered my shaft fully and then my cock exploded. Cum flew onto the counter in a solid stream.

“Keep going,” he said as I kept stroking my shaft and little gobs of cum continued to trickle out and hang at the tip of my shaft.

“Ok, leave that there for now and use this towel to clean your shaft and nipples,” he said handing me a towel. I quickly dried myself off. His hand grabbed the back of my neck firmly and I relaxed letting him push my face towards the countertop. I opened my mouth thinking he wanted me to lick it up but he said, “Keep your mouth closed.” I closed my mouth as my face came down to the countertop. My entire face including my nose, cheeks, forehead and lips were dipped into my own cum.

“Rub it in,” he said and I took my fingers and worked the cum into my face. The odor was noticeable and the feeling unusual.

Once I had it worked in to a high degree, Scott said, “Great, now finish getting dressed.

I prepared my hair as ordered, it felt weird poofing it up and pushing it back. The feel of my drying cum on my face was tingly and I felt so possessed. After fixing my hair, I got the suit from last night out and dressed myself.

Scott watched my through all of this and when I finished he said, “Well done, you look great. Stay here, standing, my dad will be up for you within the hour.” Then he kissed me and left the room.

## Waiting

I stood as ordered, my arms at my side. In the mirror across the room, I could see myself. I felt different than I did just the day before, and much different than a week before. From being an independent business man, I was a house wife, wearing clothing designed to emasculate me with a hair style that screamed ‘blond’.

Standing became more and more interminable and Scott had covered the clocks in the room making it hard for me to judge the passage of time.

Footsteps outside the door made me tense. Then the handle on the door seemed to turn. Finally the door opened in slowly. I could not see who was coming at first. I almost pissed my pants in a fit of nervousness.

Into the room came a man equal slightly taller stature and similar in appearance to my husband, but older: Dad.

“Very nice,” the man said without introducing himself. “Turn for me in place.” I turned in place allowing the unknown, man to examine me like, like a Smith Family Wife. “Very nice, I can see why Scott enjoys you so.” I nodded slightly, pleased. “I’m your father-in-law by

the way,” the man explained causally. I nodded.

“I want you to take off your clothing slowly and deliberately, make sure that you take the time to fold or hang each item as you remove it.”

I paused again in sheer terror. He sensed my fear and approached closer to me and placed his hand on my cheek. He then whispered into my ear, “Relax, this is going to be fine, trust me, I trust you.” That phrase again.

I removed my suit jacket slowly and I could notice my father-in-law become slightly aroused in his pants. Then, I took my shoes off and placed them on the floor. Next, my socks, rolled and placed next to the shoes. My father-in-law’s cock was clearly visible against his pants.

He was a handsome man and his facial features were similar to Scott’s in many ways, but perhaps it really was the other way around. Sensing his impatience, I moved somewhat more quickly, taking my shirt off and hanging it. My chest bared in front of the older man, I felt awkward again, but my cock was stiff and pressing out from my suit pants.

The man smiled back at me, and said, “Now the pants Jack.” I removed my pants and slowly hung them. Naked save for my underwear, I felt completely embarrassed. My cock was stiff and sticking forward in my underwear and my father-in-law continued to stare at me.

Nervous as to what my happen, I froze again, by my father-in-law approached and pulled my underwear down to my ankles. His left hand grabbed my cock forcefully like a handle. Then his right hand wrapped around my neck and pulled my face to his for deep passionate kisses.

My father-in-law was treating me like any other wife in the family and was about to fuck me I realized. Still holding me firmly I found myself on my back in bed and with only minimal lube applied to my fuckhole and his cock, his bare shaft, was plunging into me firmly.

Scott’s dad was endowed as well as his son, and he was quite virile. His thick shaft rammed through me and split me open. He kissed me as he fucked me violently. Pinned against the bed, I was his fuck toy. The resemblance between his style and Scott’s was amazing, though to date Scott had been slightly more gentle. His cock throbbed inside me and then he finally shot his load deep into my fuck hole.

Before I would have thought he could have caught his breathe, I was on his lap and a hairbrush was coming down onto my bare ass cheeks. Scott’s Dad clearly did not believe in sparing the rod and with one hand pinning my back firmly onto his leg he was brutalizing me with the back of the hairbrush.

I started to squirm and cry a bit, both in pain and ecstasy at the same time my throbbing, hard cock was crushed into his lap. But, he just struck me harder and harder with the hairbrush continuing the onslaught of the spanking.

As my butt felt ready to blister, the intensity of the pain gave way to a new level of pleasure and I found my cock releasing a small bit of cum into my father-in-law’s lap. The spanking then stopped and he pulled me into his arms, just like Scott did. In his embrace, I sobbed

softly as he felt my tenderized ass.

He nuzzled my face to his and said, "I'm Brian by the way, come down when you are ready for the ceremony - naked." Then he pushed me onto the floor gently and I lay there for a while before coming down, ass blazing red.

## Ceremony

Mark, Scott and Brian were the only people present in the living room. Brian, my father-in-law held a well-worn copy of what looked like the family notebook in his hand. I felt awkward being the only one naked in the room, but took a place next to my husband with my bright red ass facing to Mark who stood behind us slightly.

Brian opened the book and said, "She is worthy." Scott approached the book and took a pen from his father's hand. Into the book, he signed his name carefully and then wrote "m.". I approached and trembling slightly, signed my own name, "Jack Townsend". Brian took the pen from my trembling hand and dated the entry: July 11, 1998.

Brian kissed me with tongue in front of my husband and then patted his son on the back. Congratulations were exchanged and then we sat in the living room and talked. I was not invited to leave for clothing so I sat next to my husband and snuggled him.

My father-in-law commented on how he hoped Mark would settle down soon. Scott chimed in that he thought he knew some guys that would be amenable. Mark commented that it wasn't easy to meet people.

After a while the topics shifted to politics, religion, science, it turned out that Brian was a researcher for the government on new Cancer treatments. As the conversation continued, my nudity seemed more and more natural.

Finally, as the day wore on, my father-in-law headed out mentioning that he wanted us to come out to the D.C. area for dinner in the next month. Scott nodded and Brian kissed me again, with tongue. It felt less odd, but still strange.

After my father-in-law left, Scott asked me to get dressed so we could do some more shopping. I changed into casual clothing and came back downstairs. Scott grabbed car keys off the table and we headed in the convertible down to Rodeo drive. He dropped me off in front of the suit store from the other day with his AMEX card and said, "They have everything ready, I'll be back in a few hours."

I went in and the manager from the other day was in again. "Ah," he exclaimed, "it appears your host found the clothing nice." I nodded and smiled. "Excellent, I have got several more items for you to try on so, let's get started."

I had only put on a brief underwear and blushed slightly, but headed to the trying room and stripped down to my briefs. Stepping into the suit, I felt the manager's glare and then heard him snicker. I turned about to say something, but he cut me off saying, "Ah, a kept man, don't be so embarrassed, we are quite discreet here."

I tried the other outfits on. Each was like the first one in the sense that none were traditional men's suits. All had slightly unusual, almost feminine lines. Then came some pant singles and some jackets. I could sense the mounting bill.

"Stop fidgeting," the manager said slightly irritated, "this is a common event here for the rich and famous and plenty of men and women who are hitched to the hoi polloi are treated to this so just relax and enjoy being a kept man." I recoiled at his admonition and then recognized the truth of it.

I signed the AMEX charge slip in my own name: seventy-five thousand plus dollars. The manager smiled at me, and said, "We'll deliver all but this one tomorrow" as he handed me a carefully folded bag.

As I was picking up the card, another customer entered, I thought I recognized the woman's face and the manager started with, "Come right in, I have everything ready." I shivered slightly and stepped out onto the Drive.

I started walking to look into some of the shop windows and after a few minutes, a horn honked and I turned and saw Scott staring at me smiling. I hopped into the car and we headed off.

## Party

The bag contained a tuxedo—and accouterments—that I dressed myself in. The cummerbund and bow ties were pale pink, somewhat feminine. The stud and cuff link set provided was stunning, but also unusual. Each was shaped out of silver into a flower with a differently colored gem stone at the center. The tuxedo itself had somewhat unusual lines and seemed, well like most of the clothing Scott bought for me to pronounce my figure, or just more feminine, to emphasize my place as property to him.

Scott himself wore a more traditional men's tuxedo with a black cummerbund and bow tie as well as solid gold cufflinks and studs. Very masculine. Mark was along too and dressed slightly more like me, but his tuxedo to me seemed to be more standard; however, his accouterments were fairly feminine, a pale orange cummerbund and bow tie was complimented by tiny diamond studs and cufflinks.

The party itself was at a mansion in Beverly Hills. At the front gate, Scott announced himself by full name and the gate opened to admit us. His car seemed modest next to some of the limos and super-expensive sports cars. He pulled behind a classic Rolls-Royce and we headed to the door.

Inside the room was packed with young, male Hollywood stars, models, partners, kept men—like me—and just about anything gorgeous. There was a full spectrum of races represented and the sexual energy in the room was intense. Most of the guests were wearing tuxedos and their seemed to be a definite breakdown between people with dark, masculine accouterments and other colors.

"Let's go meet our hosts," Scott said to me and then taking my arm firmly began to walk



towards the back of the main room. Mark followed one step behind and we soon reached a very famous young star who was all of twenty-two, if that. His multi-million dollar box office successes were legendary, who would have guessed that he would through this type of party.

Scott and he shook hands and then he kissed me with tongue while another hand felt my basted. Then he whispered to me, I'd like to fuck you upstairs while Scott fucks my boy. I nodded and he said he would come get me when he was ready. Scott meanwhile kissed me on the cheek and took another boyish man up the stairs that were behind our host.

Our host asked Mark if he needed anything to which my brother-in-law responded, someone like my brother. The host smiled and motioned to a strong, muscular man known from a few dramas, and even his own show at one point. John approached our host and leaned close and after a few words, he approached Mark and they headed off around the house.

I stood next to our host with my arms at my side for quite a while as other guests thanked our host. It was an interesting party, not explicitly sexual and yet, the energy was high. Anyone who wandered upstairs would find bow ties on doors. A sign to stay out. A gander through the upstairs hallways looked like a trip through a hotel with "Privacy Please" signs. The doors admitted a few low moans and a couple louder noises.

I was walking those hallways with our host and several manly guests till we reached a master bedroom suite. Our host removed his bow tie and attached it to the door. The other guests followed us in. Most of them I could recognize from one show or the other.

He yanked my pants down to my ankles and had me get on all fours in the bed. Condoms and lube came out next as the other men surrounded the bed. One slid under me head towards my cock and began sucking me. I was being sucked by the star of [REDACTED].

Our host slid the lube in and out of my fuckhole. His young skinny body was much slender than my own and I felt his hardness pushing against me. Another young man slid a condom over my hosts hard shaft and then it was gliding into me delicately, yet firmly. He was slenderer and shorter than my husband, but still firm and strong.

The 30-something star kept sucking my cock vigorously as the young mega-star fucked me in front of his young male friends. My host was firm yet gentle with his cock, sliding it in and out of my fuckhole in complete thorough, yet gentle motions. His young hangers on watched as he worked me expertly, his hardness deep within me, then gliding out, then within me. Meanwhile, the blowjob from the movie star continued unabated and I finally climaxed and he took my cum full on into his throat and kept sucking me despite my hypersensitivity.

The star pulled out in a few more minutes, removed the condom and shot a warm load of cum right at the base of my back and let it drip down my crack.

He did not bother to kiss me, but instead left with his boy entourage. The movie star on my cock stirred and pulled away. "Fun, eh," he asked.

"Yeah," I responded.

"Leon's like that, the rumors are true, and the orgies him and those boys have while on

the road filming, well they would make you blanch,” he went on. “You get spanked this morning,” he asked casually as if it was no big deal.

“Yes,” I answered.

The star shrugged as if it was normal, “Scott’s a good husband, you are lucky, he’ll make sure you have a good time with nice people and will love you. Me on the other hand, I’m gonna fuck you now, so stay still.” I heard a condom being slid over his cock, thicker than Leon’s, yet still not as full as my husband’s.

No extra lube was applied. I was being fucked quickly and rapidly by the young smooth man. Leon walked back in while I was being fucked and laughed. “Still here,” Leon said mockingly. My partner stopped and went to talk to Leon. I stayed on the bed, my tuxedo pants down, but otherwise dressed.

## **Bad Boys Get Spanked**

Leon then instructed me to get dressed and stand up. I did, meanwhile my star was no longer in sight. He returned completely naked with a razor strap in hand. Leon pushed him over the chest of drawers and then began to brutalize his buttocks with the strap. After ten strokes, Leon paused and turned to me, “Ken knows better than to behave like he just did, why don’t you head downstairs again, Scott is waiting for you.” I paused for a moment and stared at Ken’s bright red, striped butt and then left, shutting the door. Behind me, I could hear the strap cracking Ken’s smooth ass.

Leon’s boy toys were standing outside the master bedroom suite talking and I headed back down. Scott met me at the bottom of the stairs and guided me towards the bar area. We sat down across from each other and I felt really wonderful looking at him, and watching him stare into my eyes with love and affection.

One of Leon’s boys approached me and said, “Ken would like to apologize.” The boy toy then headed towards the stairs. Scott smiled and motioned for me to go. I followed the young black man up the stairs, he was beautiful with a well defined muscular chest. Inside the master bedroom suite again, Ken was standing in the corner, naked. His butt was clearly welted and striped from the strap. Leon was laying on the bed with three of his boys attending to him.

I approached Ken in the corner and he said softly, “I’m really sorry for fucking you, I knew better.” I kissed him softly and said, “Perhaps another night.” He nodded slightly and then fell silent.

Leon motioned for me to come closer and I approached him, “Sorry about that, Ken has a tendency to step out of line.”

“Did Scott enjoy Jacob here,” Leon asked as he lifted a cute blond boy toy off his cock by his short cropped hair. I nodded. “Good,” Leon said as he pushed Jacob back onto his cock shaft. Then, as if an afterthought, Leon added “tell Scott I had John take Mark home.”

Downstairs again, I returned to the bar, Scott handed me a cocktail and said, “Drink.” I did. It was a dry martini. The alcohol hit my empty stomach like a rock and in just minutes I was feeling very relaxed. Scott smiled at me, slightly drunk, and clearly happy to be with him.

“I’ll be right back, finish your drink though,” Scott said as he stood and then headed across the room. Finishing the drink left me feeling plastered. After a small eternity, Scott returned with some food and a handsome young executive type at his side.

## **Getting Ahead in Hollywood**

“Jack, this is the producer and writer Tim on my new series,” Scott said by way of introduction. Tim introduced himself to me and Scott handed me a condom. I stood up and took Tim by the hand, we were in one of the guest rooms a few minutes later and his condom sheathed cock was fucking me aggressively. He fucked me face-to-face and was very amorous throughout the affair. Clearly unaware that I was Scott’s, he propositioned me to come home with him.

He thought I was an escort. But, I didn’t figure that Scott wanted me to do much more than make him happy. Turned out that Scott started being featured more on his show shortly after the party. In fact in December, Scott took me to the holiday party for Tim, but now I’m skipping ahead again.

Back at the party, Scott smiled at my return and guided me to the car. “Thanks,” he said, “that second one was beyond the call of duty, but it probably will mean that my character will get more screen time.”

I kissed him softly on his cheek as we hit the streets for home. On the freeway back to the house, I asked about Mark, Scott shrugged and said, “John isn’t bad and he is due to be in the next Bond film among other things.” My head spun a bit and I fell asleep in the car.

When I woke up, it was in our bed at Scott’s house—our home – and I had been undressed. Scott had carried me in without waking me and undressed me. Scott was already on a plane for the shoot up in Vancouver the next morning.

## **Mark’s Tale**

Around noon, Mark showed up and seemed somewhat sad. He then shared the tale of his evening to me. I was sad that my husband wouldn’t be there that night to hold me, kiss me, spank me, fuck me, anything. I would of course stay at the house as instructed till Monday at ten. But, it was just us “girls” so to speak, Mark and I.

Mark explained that John was not interested in a relation and that it was a shame as John was wonderful at dominating his partners completely.

They had arrived at John’s mansion in just a few minutes. Once inside the door, John prac-

tically ripped Mark's clothing off then wrist restraints were applied. Bound, John forcibly took Mark to an upstairs bathroom.

Sealed plastic bags contained two Fleet enema kits. When Mark started to speak John slapped him firmly on the buttocks and said, "No talking." Cuffed to the railing of the shower, Mark was helpless as Mark started the bath water going and began filling the two enema bags.

John left the water running hot even after the bags were filled so the room began to steam up. The bags were hung to the railing next to Mark's cuffed hands and the white tubes were attaches to their base. Mark explained that when he whimpered slightly John slapped his buttocks again more strongly and said, "One more whimper or word and I'll take a cane to your bare ass."

Mark explained that he felt terrified and started to piss in the shower to which John laughed at him mockingly. As he was pissing, John started to slide] the two separate probes from the bags into his ass. As Mark finished pissing, John let both bags loose, water was gushing into Mark's body at a fast pace. The cool water was intense inside him and he tried to move as if to escape the flood of water and John laughed. The steam in the bathroom was rising and the contrast between the cold water of the enema and the hot environs exacerbated the sensations.

After the bags drained, John quickly removed the tubes as placed a fairly large butt plug in Mark's ass and then a leather holder around his waist to keep it in place. John then left the bathroom with Mark chained. Mark explained that after just a few minutes the sensation that he was going to explode was intense and he was terrified of just being left there.

By the time Mark returned, after what seemed like an eternity, Mark was sobbing. John smiled and said, "Good, now you are ready." The butt plug came out and he took over to the toilet and let him expel the enema.

Once done, Mark's hands were restrained behind his back again and John led him to a bedroom, still sweating from the stream in the bathroom.

A blindfold came around his eyes and then a gag into his mouth quickly. Then he was restrained to something in the middle of the room, a post of some sort. Something was slid over his cock, possibly a vacuum pump as he felt his cock become engorged and intense. Then the first sting, and another, and another. He was being caned-intensely.

At this point Mark dropped his pants and turned around to show me his brutalized butt. John had caned him thoroughly I could tell and a few spots where he had bled a bit were visible as well. He pulled his pants up again and explained that because of the vacuum pump and the fear the whole thing had just been an intense turn on. Further, when the caning stopped, John fucked him still standing.

"Then John held my sore, shivering body," Mark explained. I nodded, I could see why Mark was happy John would make a good dominant husband to Mark under the Smith family type rules.

"Did you spend the night," I asked.

Mark nodded, "In his arms, he even helped me orgasm right after I stopped crying."

I smiled, "Want to go get lunch?"

"Sure," Mark responded. "Did Scott leave you instructions?" I shrugged. "Go look on the dresser," Mark suggested.

I headed upstairs and sure enough there was a folded piece of stationary with "Jack" written on it.

## Instructions

Here's what the instructions said:

Jack,

Sorry I had to go, stay here till Monday at ten as you were instructed. Your credit card is in the dresser and some paper work from the family attorney there as well.

Love,

Scott

I opened the dresser, there was a platinum American Express card with my name, my married name, on it "Jack Smith". The papers were next. The first was a simple name change form filled out for me along with an assortment of secondary papers, e.g. new Social Security card, voter registration, DMV, etc.

The second set of documents was more interesting. There was a contract consenting to corporal punishment as determined by my husband in return for a monthly stipend of \$10,000 for life, the stipend to continue irrespective of our marital state.

I brought the documents downstairs and signed them with Mark as a witness where appropriate and then stuck them in the provided envelope to mail.

Mark added, "You will also have to place your assets into a trust while you are married soon." My body shook slightly and Mark continued, "Nobody will get to use them, but you can't be making decisions about your money while you are married, Scott will make them for you." It made sense, but it scared me, my money was my exit, but I supposed \$10,000 a month was not bad either.

"Well, we'll deal with that when those papers come," I said trying to hide my fears.

To be continued...

## Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$

## 4 Scott IV

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications,

### Last time

So, I should perhaps review where we left off. I spent Friday, July 3, 1998 in a strange hotel room with a man who turned out to be my Hollywood idol. He fucked me bareback and spanked me with an old fashioned wooden hairbrush. We met again and I agreed to be his wife and follow his family's most unusual rules. We were married on the weekend of the 10th of July.

### Nevada

During the course of the week, I took care of wrapping up my old business. Each night felt strange without Scott to hold me, love me, and control me. By the time Friday rolled around, I was eager to be at his house early. I arrived and he and Mark were standing downstairs with suitcases being loaded into the car.

"Come on," Scott said and I jumped into the car.

Mark added, "We packed for you."

At LAX we boarded a plane for Tahoe. On the plane, our seats were not at all together, so we were separated, Mark was fairly close and mentioned that the a good portion of the family lived in the Tahoe region, mostly on the Nevada side.

Midway through the flight, we convinced my neighbor to switch with Mark for the aisle seat and he spent some time explaining the family.

This small chart may be helpful to you, I keep it towards the front of my diary:

```
Brian m. Maria (my mother and father in-law respectively
|
|- Tim m. Maria
|
|- Sarah m. Lance
```

|  
|- Mike m. Julie  
|  
|- Scott m. Jack (my husband and I)  
|  
|- Mark (Scott's younger brother who lives with us)

My husband's siblings are listed from oldest, top, to youngest, bottom, on the left hand side beneath my in-laws. My in-laws, Tim, Sarah and Mike all live in Tahoe, some other close relatives lived nearby.

Mark explained that Tim was an attorney and that if I had looked closely at some of the documents I had sent back they went to him in Nevada. His wife was a secretary in the office and Tim practiced with an attorney from a family with similar traditions. Their practice was almost exclusively taken up with issues that families like the Smiths face in the modern world.

Mark explained that Sarah had married a guy right out of American Gladiators, well at least the name and the blonde muscle physique matched. She did not work, but Lance worked ski patrol in winters and hiked in summers.

Mike was the middle child and had met his wife in college at University of Colorado Boulder. An expert in criminology Mike testified as an expert witness on crime scene reconstruction nationwide. Julie traveled with him.

Mark explained there were grandchildren also, but the short flight didn't allow time to get into that.

On the ground, Scott's dad, Brian, met us with an Explorer and we were on our way into the basin. Brian dropped Scott and I at a small house and went on with Mark.

Scott carried our luggage in as a young woman, all of 30 perhaps, greeted me. A slightly older man, probably early 40's came out and gave Scott a warm hug. Inside, the introductions made it clear this was Scott's oldest brother Tim. Maria was gorgeous and also a very gracious hostess.

She took me aside and explained the kids were out and Tim and Scott would be working with me.

## Legal

Tim beckoned me over after a few minutes and kissed me full on the mouth with tongue. I knew better than to fight or question this already.

"Very handsome," Tim said to Scott. Scott smiled and nodded.



“Ok, Jack, I’ve got some things we need to go over so if you could sit down here,” he said pointing to a chair next to the desk.

“First off, expedited name change papers finished,” he said taking out documents bearing a court seal. I shook slightly inside, Scott had now claimed my identity, I was “Jack Smith” forever more.

“A new passport, social security card, and driver’s license will come soon,” Tim continued. “Now, do you remember signing the consent to corporal punishment,” he asked.

I nodded. “Good, we are going to review it,” he said as he handed me a document with blank spaces. “Please print your full legal name at the top,” he instructed.

Jack Smith

“Good, now do you recognize these pictures,” he asked setting down some Polaroids Scott had taken over the past two weekends. I nodded. They showed my face, my body, and most of all my sore butt.

“Please initial each one, then date it, then give it a number,” Tim instructed. I complied. Each picture seemed humiliating, I was being dominated by my husband, Scott, he was controlling me.

“Now, write down ‘30 Pictures demonstrating consensual corporal punishment’,” Tim instructed.

On the blank I wrote out:

Thirty pictures demonstrating consensual corporal punishment

Tim continued, “Answer the remaining questions yes or no, writing out your answer fully.”

- I understand that my husband may spank me as he sees appropriate
- I understand that my husband may strike me with implements including, but not limited to: a cane, a belt, a hairbrush, a strap, and a whip.
- I understand that my husband does not need my permission to administer corporal punishment.

The list went on, over a fully page, after each, I wrote “Yes” hesitating only slightly. The sense of humiliation and dominance by my husband was intense.

When I finished, Maria administered a notary oath to me as I signed the document and at was placed with the earlier contract.

I felt unbelievably humiliated, but it didn't stop. Tim aggressively, pulled me up and dropped my pants and bent me over the desk. I felt his finger probe my fuckhole and in seconds, I could feel his bare cock sliding into me.

He talked to me as he fucked me and Scott stuck his cock in my mouth. "This is the hardest part," Tim explained as he thrust into me splitting me open, "giving up control. It took Julie three days and her family has the same traditions." I started to cry from the embarrassment of being fucked by my brother-in-law as my husband thrust his cock deep down my throat.

"I can promise you that everything will be taken care of, in fact Sid from the trust company will be by shortly to help fill out the documents."

Scott removed his cock from my mouth and Tim continued to talk as he fucked me. "Why are you letting me fuck you," he asked.

I hesitated and he asked, "Do you need some time in the corner?"

"No," I responded through tears, "I'm letting you fuck me because I'm Scott's wife."

"And," Tim prompted.

"Because I love him and would do anything for him," I added.

Tim's thick cock was thrusting in and out of me rapidly with deep probing thrusts each penetrating deep into me. I was crying in utter humiliation and in desperation, in just two weeks I had become a kept man.

Tim said it, "What's it like being a kept woman?"

"Whose property are you?"

"Scott's," I answered through tears.

"Say it louder," Tim repeated as he thrust into me again splitting me wider with his massive cock penetrating my ass.

"I'm Scott's property," I said.

"Louder," Tim commanded.

"I'm Scott's property," I shouted.

"Good," he said as he collapsed on top of my back and shot a load of cum inside my body.

When I looked up a young blond haired man was standing watching as well as Scott and Maria.

## **Trust**

"I'm Sid," he said by way of introduction. He did not seem surprised by my state or what was going on. He continued without waiting for a response from me, or for Tim to remove his cock from my fuckhole.

“Basically, we are going to place all of your assets in a management trust and I will be making your investment decisions, the money will still be yours though,” Sid explained.

I started to cry louder, but Tim barked in my ear, “Corner.”

I stood and slowly went to the corner as ordered. I heard Tim and Scott talking with Sid and Maria as if I wasn’t there. I kept crying, I wanted Scott so bad, but this was just terrifying me, it was letting go of the last freedom I had.

Still alone in the corner, Scott and Tim began describing my accounts and assets to Sid without my involvement. I felt violated, but I stayed in the corner, I was Scott’s, and if he wanted me to do this, I had to. I broke into a new round of tears.

After a bit, Maria approached and whispered, “There there dear, it will be ok, Scott really loves you, and I can tell you love him, just sign the paper, you really won’t be any worse off and Sid is very good at managing money.”

I stopped crying a bit and looked at Maria. “Really,” she said. “I was an only child in my family and we had similar traditions, so I inherited over a million dollars, but when I married Tim, I placed it in trust. In just five years it has nearly doubled. Scott does not need you money any more than Tim needs mine, but he does need you do give up control and belong to him.”

She finished with a question, “Are you ready to be his?” I nodded.

She stepped away and Scott called me over to sit down at the desk again in a few minutes.

Sid handed me some financial papers including a power of attorney and I picked up the pen and signed them. Sid kissed me on the forehead and said, “Don’t worry, it will be fine.” I smiled and started to shiver.

Scott picked me up and flipped me over his lap and began to hand spank me as I sobbed. My cock stiffened at his touch and I stopped shivering and crying. I loved him. He loved me. He would take care of me. I was his after all. The hand spanking continued slowly and lightly so as not to really hurt, but to really just tease and arouse me greatly.

Sensing my impending orgasm, Scott suddenly stopped and pulled me close and held me against his chest and told me he loved me.

## **Initiation Ceremony**

After a while, Maria motioned for me and we headed to Tim and Maria’s master bedroom to talk. She was extremely bright and explained she was an exception in that she worked, but she was side by side with Tim all day, so it was the same.

The agenda for the evening was explained, we would go to Brian and Maria’s (my in-laws) for dinner and all of the siblings would be present—except Mark since he was single. The grandchildren, nieces and nephews to me, would be out of the house. Maria mentioned that she thought Mark might be baby sitting some of them at Sarah’s house.

The evening would start with me being presented. Then a circle would form and each husband would penetrate me in turn. Then each would spank me once. Finally, one of the husbands—probably Lance—would be responsible for the initiation paddling. She assumed it would be Lance because he was quite the muscle stud and when Mike married Julie he had done it and also at a cousin's initiation just last month.

I nodded. She explained, that it would hurt a bit more than most of the spankings our spouses gave, but it was fundamentally no different.

Then after I was sore, all of us wives would rotate among the husbands as they ate giving them blow jobs. Brian would call out rotations every ten or so minutes. After the men ate, we would be able to eat.

The whole thing sounded weird, but it was common, the larger the gathering, the more sex. I'll just mention that Thanksgiving at Scott's grandparents later that same year was quite interesting.

At five, we piled into Tim's Landrover and headed for my in-laws. We arrived ten or twelve minutes later and introductions were had all around. Scott's brothers all looked remarkably similar, all youthful features, all clean shaven, all hot.

Brian called things to order and with wives standing next to their husbands, Scott announce me, "I present my new wife, 'Jack'." I stepped forward and turned around to allow all of his siblings to see me in my clothes. The slight androgeny brought on by Scott's selections did not go unnoticed. After a few minutes, Brian asked me to undress. I did and again rotated to allow everyone to see my naked body.

Brian started, he pulled me towards him and kissed me. Then Tim grabbed me and kissed me with tongue. Next, Lance, Sarah's husband, forcefully embraced me and kissed me. Then Mike, we were going down in age. Scott was next and whispered reassurances.

Scott applied a thick amount of lubricant to my fuckhole and passed me to his father. "What's mine is yours," he announced as I was being bent over by my father in-law.

His cock felt good, again, my second time with my father in-law was nice. His cock felt like Scott's and he was gentle opening me slowly and thrusting a few times. Next, Time fucked me again. He was gentle also, just thrusting a few times. Lance was more aggressive thrusting into me violently his long thick shaft more intense than Scott's and he gladly thrust in and out of me five or ten times before passing me to Mike. Mike also was more aggressive continuing to fuck me longer than Lance even. Finally, Scott took me and penetrated me a single time.

Scott kissed me and then bent me over, ass towards his Dad. Whack. (Brian) Whack.(Tim) Whack. (Lance—ouch!!) Whack. (Mike) Whack. (Scott)

Scott then turned me around and grabbed my shoulders. Lance—I could tell from the force—then proceeded to wail on my ass with the hairbrush. Scott held me down and the pain was actually not that bad, but it did hurt. When it was over everyone, wives in all, hugged around me.

Dinner was full of cocks. I moved from cock to cock with the other wives at my sides. All five cocks passed my mouth that dinner. Then we all gathered in the kitchen to eat and clean up.

## Night

Scott and I went back to Tim's afterwards and Mark was there with Tim's kids, Nancy and Todd. It was late so after some brief introductions to the niece and nephew as Uncle Jack, it was bedtime.

Scott cuddled me the whole night, holding me close. As I fell asleep, he kept telling me how much he loved me and how proud he was of me.

In the morning, Scott suggested I go into Tim's room and I did. I heard Scott talking with Nancy and Todd in the living room. Maria was up and when I walked in she put on a robe and headed out.

Tim rolled on top of me and kissed me. He held me tenderly and asked how I was doing.

"Good," I responded. He smiled and kissed me again.

"Maria loves me and I love my kids, but I wish I had been as honest as Scott and Mark," Tim offered by way of explanation as I felt his finger lubricate my fuckhole.

He fucked me facing me and was very tender, kissing me and clearly respecting me and acknowledging me as male. Although the other family members would use me like any Smith family wife, only Tim would truly use me knowing and respecting that I was male.

I orgasmed from his fucking me and he kissed me and then shot a load inside me again.

"Thank you Jack," he said as he stood up.

I joined the family in the living room. Nancy and Todd were both young, Nancy was seven and Todd five. Scott Maria offered to drive us back to the airport to catch our flight and Tim took the kids outside to play.

## Home

Back at home in Los Angeles, it seemed quiet not to have the whole family on hand. We spent the rest of the weekend snuggling in bed with each other. He fucked me five times and spanked me three times. It was a lot of fun. When Monday morning came, it felt hollow to have to go back to me apartment in Santa Monica.

We also did our first extended bondage session. He started around nine o'clock in the evening Sunday. He put a hood over my head that left only my nose open to the air. He instructed me repeatedly to calm down and breathe deeply. After a minute, my breathing slowed and the confinement of the hood settled in.

Slowly he pushed me onto a bed. I monitored my breathing and tried not to concentrate on the loss of control. I felt my hands being stretched towards the corners of the bed. Warm leather restraints encased my wrists.

More movement, I tried to move my arms, but they were pinioned apart. Next, I felt restraints encircle my legs. Another few movements and they were pinioned apart. I must have looked like a hooded X on the bed. Stretched and unable to move.

Then there was nothing. For a long time. I had to focus hard on not panicking. I couldn't call out. I couldn't really move. I struggled a bit more and I thought I heard laughter, but wasn't sure. Scott might be watching, but he wasn't talking.

A small sensation on my cockhead was my first hint. It tingled. Then I felt a firm grip around my cock shaft. Scott—or someone else—was stroking me off. My body strained against the restraints, I moaned through the hood, but no direct comments.

Then nothing again. The silence and the darkness seemed interminable. There was nothing. Every small sensation seemed more and more intense. A little cold on one part of my body seemed like a deep chill. A slight unevenness in the sheet under me felt like a dagger.

I fought to stay calm and control my breathing, and then I felt another sensation. It was intense pain. Something had just struck my balls. I couldn't call out through the mask so I gasped in pain.

Then nothing again.

Scott kept this up for hours at end. When the mask finally came off and my wrists were untied, I had shot a load of cum from the varied sensations. A thin whip mark was visible across my chest, but Scott rubbed some lotion on my chest and assured me it would fade.

The clock read two o'clock, five hours had passed. We spent the rest of the Sunday night into Monday morning cuddling.

## Wrapping Up

Back at my Scott-less apartment, I found Sam sitting on my doorsteps.

"Where have you been," he asked angry. Before I could answer, he continued, "Things just took a bad turn for me, Tim, the UCLA law student you met just broke up with me." Sam shouted, "Where the fuck were you." "Why the fuck weren't you here for me," Sam cried out and kicked my front door and then started crying.

"How long have you been here," I asked.

"Since last night, I let myself in," he murmured.

I took his hand and pulled me towards him and hugged him. "You loved him, didn't you, he was the one for you," I asked rhetorically.

Sam nodded. I sighed. "Come on up," I beckoned. Inside Sam poured out his guts. The

phone rang, Mark, wondering if we could go out to a club. I suggested he come over and I mentioned that I had a good candidate for him.

Sam and I continued to chat, by the time Mark rang the doorbell, I had managed to get him off the roof and convince him that the universe wasn't about to end. When Mark came up, I could sense an immediate chemistry between Sam and him. Introductions followed and some polite chit chat.

The chit chat turned sex talk quickly enough with Sam coming right out and asking Mark, "So, are you looking to be a kept man like Jack?" I blushed, but Mark enthusiastically answered, "You bet."

"Jack could you bring me a ruler," Sam instructed. Mark approached Sam and Sam pulled down Mark's pants.

## **Ruler to Butt**

I brought back a yard stick and Sam bent Mark over my desk and told him to grip the edge of the desk. Mark grasped it firmly. His smooth, tanned buttocks were upended and exposed for Sam's attention.

Sam lifted the ruler slowly and then explained that he was going to leave Mark some marks to think about. Then the first swing left an incredible welt mark. The heavy, thick wood of the ruler had made quite an impact on Mark's butt. The outline of the ruler was clearly visible, but despite the intense pain the ruler must have inflicted, Mark remained still as Sam lifted the ruler again.

### **CRACK CRACK CRACK**

Blow, after blow, the ruler was brutalizing Mark's buttocks. After twenty odd strokes, visible redness like blood was close to the surface in places and deep indentations from the ruler were visible across his cheeks.

Mark was clearly enjoying himself and I rather hoped something might work out for the two of them.

Sam continued the assault on Mark's butt till he yelped in pain and then Sam slid a condom on and fucked his sore butt on the spot. It was wonderful to watch and Mark's arousal from the attention was visible with his cock fully erect throughout the experience.

After Sam orgasmed, he pulled out and Mark just stayed resting on the desk in exhaustion. Sam kissed me and headed out the door.

Halfway through the door he shouted back, "Mark—I hope I get to see you again, Jack has my number, I'd love to have a relationship."

Stay tuned for more diary entries...

## Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$



## 5 Scott V

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications,

### Moving Forward

Scott's schedule had me out of my apartment in Santa Monica just weeks after we had met—and married. I was totally his now. Mark was seeing Sam regularly, but things weren't really moving to the next level. Scott kept encouraging me to talk to Sam about being a proper husband to Mark. I agreed to do it and took my copy of the family notebook out from its shelf to discuss it with Sam later.

Scott's shooting schedule kept in Vancouver from Sunday through Thursday of most weeks. Thanks to my intervention with his producer at Leon's party just a few short weeks earlier, the TV was showing off more of Scott on a weekly basis on a television drama.

### Visit by Lance

In late August, Lance—Sarah's husband—come out to visit from Nevada. Scott told me to get ready for the visit—and be a good wife and hostess—while he was out shooting in Vancouver.

I cleaned the house more than usual with Mark's help. The morning before he arrived, I used my Mach 3 to clean up my face, ass crack, and groin. Scott had brought up the idea of getting more of my hair professionally removed, and I liked the idea. We just hadn't had time to pursue it further at that point.

After over an hour in the shower, I was ready for our visitor. Mark was also nicely groomed that morning, but he hinted at going out to visit Sam. Scott and I were optimistic that something more would develop between Mark and Sam, but thus far, it was still very casual.

Mark had hinted that he wanted Scott and I to bring up the rules with Sam, and I could see why. It was awkward on my part, as a wife to the Smith family, to get the rule notebook from my husband, but for a wife to give it to her future husband—it just did not “flow”.

## Lance Arrives

The doorbell rang, I answered the door, and found Lance's hulking blonde body at the door. He was truly gorgeous. I could definitely understand what Sarah saw in him. My butt tingled slightly at his site—it recalled his hazing earlier.

He kissed me warmly at the door and did the same to Mark. We talked for a while about his trip. Then he unzipped his pants, still sitting on the couch. Without prompting I approached and kneeled in front of him and began to suck his cock.

He and Mark continued to banter about other family members. Once or twice, he removed my mouth from his cock to answer a question or get my response. Mostly though, I was a cock sucker extraordinaire.

After about twenty minutes, Lance suggested a spanking-sex session. Holding my mouth firmly over his rock hard, throbbing shaft, he explained he had a two foot long wooden paddle that he used regularly on Sarah. The paddle, he explained, was solid, heavy would that bruised—but didn't break the skin—and was excruciatingly painful. He explained he would tie me down to the table and beat me till I orgasmed. Anal beads would be placed in my ass just before the spanking started and a special stimulating rubber fingers would be placed against my cock.

I nodded, his cock still in my mouth, my own cock erect at the thought of the intense spanking and he pulled my mouth off his cock and forcibly guided me to the table. His muscular arms forced me down. My clothing was removed equally unceremoniously and I was naked.

I felt my arms being stretched out towards the legs of the table. Restraints were applied forcibly. Lance was not being particularly gentle, by the roughness was arousing. Face down on the hard table surface, my cock was rock hard.

He pulled on my restrained hands, my hands were restrained. Keeping a hand on the small of my back, Lance headed around to my feet at the other end of the table. Restraints were applied to my feet, spreading them out towards the corners of the table.

I was spread eagled to the dining room table, and helpless. Lance had total command of my body. A blindfold was applied over my eyes.

Next, I felt a cool rubbery object being pressed between my hard cockshaft and the table. It felt like it had lots of ridges pressing against my sensitive shaft. Then a canvas strap was applied just above my buttocks and around the table to keep my midsection down. The same occurred just below my buttocks, again to hold me in place. I struggled slightly against the restraints to no avail.

I was totally restrained. My throbbing cock was pressed against the rubbery sensitizer and then the hard surface of the table. I felt a lotion being applied to my buttocks with Lance's strong hands. It felt like a warm massage-type oil. Then I felt his strong finger push into my fuckhole.

Cool lubricant eased his finger through my fuckhole. Next, I felt my fuckhole being parted

again, a smallish item entered, then it narrowed, my body relaxed. Then I tensed again as a larger item entered my body. The anal beads, I realized. Three. Four. Five. Six beads entered me, each larger than the previous. The last felt huge. Lance used his finger to push the beads further up my fuckhole and then it stopped.

I lay there, blindfolded, restrained, fucked with beads deep within me, and my cock rubbing against some unusual sensitizer. It was hot, but scary.

Lance spoke, “This is going to hurt, a lot, Jack. Sarah usually ends up crying tremendously before she is able to achieve orgasm. I can guarantee that you will find it quite painful, but I will not stop under any circumstance until you orgasm.” He finished with the rhetorical question, “Ready?”

But, before I could answer, the wooden paddle struck me. The sensation was intense.

## **Thrashing**

The feeling of the paddle against my bare, exposed buttocks was violent. My body trembled and I tried to buck up, but the canvas strips prevented any movement. The only freedom I had was to ram my hard cock into the table—and the sensitizer.

The paddle continued to brutalize my butt. Each crack of the lengthy paddle with its heavy weight felt like it dug into my butt. The sensation was like hundreds of points of excruciating pain. And me, I was impotent, powerless to move. I could only stay and feel the arousing, yet excruciating blow, after blow, after blow.

I began to cry out in pain as Lance continued the onslaught. My ass felt like it was on fire. I screamed with each violent forceful crack of the paddle, but there was no pause. My cock stayed unbelievably stiff against the hard table and the sensitizer.

The paddle blows moved the anal beads within me and stimulated my ass more. The pain. The pleasure. The unending series of wailing blows from Lance’s muscular blows. I screamed more. I begged for a pause, but none came. Lance did not stop, the blows came in violent sets, unevenly spaced, with pauses only every fifty or so.

I my screams, pleas, hollers, and begging, went unanswered. Lance’s amazing strength was unbelievable. I was certain my ass had been ripped open by the paddle, but there was no pause.

Strangely, despite the pain, I was still intensely aroused. My cock was solid and hard, despite my screams, pleas, and cries for help, the sensation of unending fire-like pain on my ass, the jiggling anal beads, and the pressure on my cock was intoxicating.

Absorbed in the unbelievable sensations of pain and pleasure mixing, the individual blows of the heavy paddle blurred together. I felt endorphins release and my body relax slightly as I began to accept the pain, the pleasure, the surrender.

Lance stepped up the force of the blows as my body sagged and I could sense the difference, each blow seemed uniquely painful. The flow of time slowed. Between each blow, an amazing

amount of stinging pain seemed to over take me. Then, the feel of pleasure would return just as another blow landed.

I began to sob softly. The sensations were so overwhelming.

Lance continued to hit me despite the fact that I was crying. Suddenly, the paddle blows seemed even more intense. I was reaching a peak of some sort. The endorphins were running their course and yet, the pain, pleasure sensations continued unabated. I began to cry more intensely. I had never felt such intense prolong pain. So evenly spaced, broadly enveloping such an immense part of my body for so long.

Finally, I began to cry uncontrollably, the sensations were just too overwhelming.

Then, I finally truly let go and gave into the sensations. I felt my cock explode in orgasm and then the blows stopped.

Lance was methodical, he didn't just untie me, no, he continued it. Warm massage-type oils were worked into my butt with his strong hands. I cried out in pain, my ass was tenderized already from the thrashing.

Slowly, the beads came out, one at a time. I gasped as each one came out. Then, the straps were loosened, but not released. Same on my hands and feet. Loosened, but not released.

Lance, ran his hands across my body slowly. Rocking me. Like a massage.

He then released the straps and the restraints and lifted me off the table and carried me, still blindfolded, up to the bedroom in his arms.

I can not entirely describe all of the sensations I felt. The strongest one was a sense of deep love and affection.

We lay together in bed, arm in arm, till dinner.

## **Observations**

My visit with Lance at our house was wonderful and intense. Perhaps what amazed me the most was how much respect he showed me. To the best of my knowledge, Lance wasn't gay, or bisexual, but still he had shown me such total respect as a Smith family wife.

At dinner, Lance treated Mark and I to a beautiful dinner. As was typical in the Smith family, the dinner conversation was vibrant and interesting.

The topic of Mark's need to find a good husband was touched upon, but we did not dwell on the topic. Lance suggested that Scott and I try talking with Sam about being responsible and marrying Mark. Under the table, Lance reached over and squeezed my tender butt, I nodded and said, "Scott and I will invite Sam to dinner."

## Dinner with Sam

I made the call to Sam after Scott returned from his shoot. My butt was still quite tender from Lance's affections, but it was a good pain. On his return, Scott had summarily pulled my pants down once home and inspected Lance's handiwork with admiration.

His one comment on the matter, "Impressive." I nodded in agreement and we discussed how to talk with Sam. Scott asked for my opinion and I suggested that we lend him the notebook beforehand and then talk with him about it over dinner. Scott disagreed with that suggestion and, obediently, I agreed to implement his plan.

We consulted with Mark a final time to confirm that he was interested in being married to Sam, and after that, I placed the call.

## Dinner Plans

I phone Sam on his cellular phone and got him immediately.

"Sam here," he answered.

"How you doing buddy," I responded, "Jack here."

"Hey, haven't seen you much since you moved," Sam responded, sounding slightly hurt. He continued, "But your brother-in-law, that's a different story, he's quite cute and hot."

I laughed slightly and murmured agreement. "Can we get dinner," I asked, "you, Scott, and me?"

"Well, assuming Mark looks like his brother and has the same last name, I already know who your husband is Jack," Sam said in a know-it-all tone.

"Sam, you've got me there," I responded, "but seriously, Scott wants to meet you and I haven't seen you in what seems like ages either."

Changing subjects, Sam said, "Can I tell you something, a secret?" Without waiting for me to agree, or disagree, Sam rambled on, "I think Mark could be the one for me." I was pleased, Sam continued, "I even went and got tested for the first time. I was negative. He said he was negative also, but I had never been tested." "So, I went and did it," he finished.

Sam was gushing information at me without leaving time for me to speak. I managed to interject, "I'm glad" before he launched into another long explanation of how good the sex with Mark was and how giving Mark was. Then, a description of Mark's willingness to submit to spankings, bondage, and other assorted fetishes followed. Sam was clearly hooked.

Finally, I stopped his gushing, "Sam. Let's talk more at dinner, I know a Japanese restaurant with very private rooms where we can talk openly."

He stopped and asked when, I looked to Scott, then said, "Tonight, 7 pm, we will pick you up."

“Fine,” he responded, “see you then, bye.”

The call ended. I relayed the entire content of the call to Scott –and Mark–who were both very pleased.

## **Tatami**

We arrived at Sam’s house punctually at 7 p.m. I was dressed in one of the many suits Scott had selected for me, my facial hair was freshly shorn, and my hair was poofed exactly to Scott’s liking. I looked marked. I also looked emasculated and androgynous.

I rang Sam’s doorbell and he answered slowly. He took one look at me and remarked, “Boy, you really have changed.” I nodded politely and pointed to the car. We hopped in the convertible, me in back, Sam up front with Scott.

On the way to the restaurant, Sam remarked on how wonderfully Scott was doing in the new drama and how much screen time he was getting. Scott smiled and winked at me in the rear view mirror.

At the restaurant, we were guided to a private tatami room. Neither the straw or the thin mats protected my tender butt from the hardness of the floor and I winced slightly as I sat down. Scott smiled at Sam and Sam, having noticed my pain, smiled back. It wasn’t just Lance’s ass beating from earlier in the week that had me stinging, Lance had stayed two more nights, and each night I was spanked–though not as severely as the first day. Then, Scott had also followed up with the hair brush in the afternoon when he arrived from Vancouver. All in all, I was thoroughly beaten.

Sam remarked aloud about my predicament, “Certainly seems like you know how to keep Jack in line.”

Scott smiled, “Jack likes the attention quite a bit, and I always enjoy giving my wife what he wants.”

“How often do you spank him,” Sam inquired.

Scott responded, “Well first off, I never spank him as a punishment, but I do spank him for his–and my–sexual arousal. So it really depends how horny I am how often he gets spanked.”

Sam seemed surprised. I had assumed he would have noticed Mark’s arousal to discipline already, but perhaps he had not fully made the connection. Scott continued, “You see the spanking is really only one part of a much deeper relationship we have with each other.”

Sam nodded and added, “I gathered that, I mean look at him, you completely dictate his attire, and with quite a feminine bent too I might add. Same for his hairstyle. Everything. He looks so different, so possessed, so yours.”

“He’s quite happy too,” Scott added, “its really a question of three simple rules.”

The door to the room slid open, and we ceased our conversation briefly. Scott immediately ordered for him and myself without even asking about my preferences. Sam decided to take

the same rather than ask for a menu and interrupt the conversation further.

Scott continued as if the waitress had not even entered, “I am going to let Jack say a bit about them in his own words. I’ve already explained to him that if he does not do a satisfactory job of using his own words to describe how a Smith family wife is treated, he will be punished here in the restaurant.”

Sam broke a huge grin and my cock stiffened.

The door slid open again and water and hot tea was brought along with miso soup and salads.

“Go ahead, Jack,” Scott said.

“Well Sam, basically the premise is that husbands are entitled to their wives’ total love and respect and that they should give the same to their wives in return,” I began haltingly. Scott nodded in approval and I continued. “This is accomplished by the wife being subservient to her husband. This allows the family affairs to run more smoothly as there is not competition, but rather cooperation towards the common betterment and pleasure.” Scott was beaming, I was relieved. Sam was listening with rapt attention so I continued.

“Three simple rules have therefore been used by generations of husbands and wives. The first is that the wife obeys her husband. If you notice, I no longer make decisions unless Scott requests my opinion. Also, you might have noticed Mark deferring to you in restaurants as to what to order.” Sam nodded and I could see a lightbulb of recognition flick on. “This really enables things to function very smoothly and most husbands are solicitous of their wives’ feelings, but ultimately the husbands make the decisions.”

Scott reached over to me and pulled my face close to his and kissed me full on and probed my mouth with his tongue. Sam smiled. Nobody broke the silence as Sam stayed in rapt attention.

“This has actually been tremendously liberating for me, I don’t need to worry about money, rent, jobs, I just please Scott and he pleases me.”

I paused briefly to drink some of the soup, but Sam was in rapt attention, not touching his food at all. I noticed Scott had already finished his soup and salad.

“The second rule is basically that husbands share their wives with other married husbands in the family totally and completely. Thus, I’ve had sex with all of Scott’s older brothers for example. Similarly, if you married Mark, you would be entitled to have your way with me as well. This is a rather intense aspect of the experience for wives, but all and all very pleasurable. It keeps relationships vibrant by providing legitimate sexual outlets for husbands and wives to experience different sensations and provides for interesting adult only family gatherings.”

Scott smiled at me and Sam was so attentive, I was convinced he had not blinked. I went on after taking in some more soup. “As such, condoms are not used between family members—or with wives, bondage, penetrative sex, oral sex, sex in front of other family members, corporal punishment—for arousal, and other activities are completely acceptable and expected with

your own wife, and with other family member's wives."

Sam swallowed deeply and looked inquisitive. "The third rule really explains how broad your control over your wife is," I continued. "There are only three prohibited acts between a husband and a wife, and by extension between a married family member and a wife."

"The first is hitting your wife for reasons other than mutual sexual gratification. You can beat her as much as you want as long as you both want it and are both aroused. If you are just striking her in anger, another male family member will deal with you."

"The second limit on a husband's power is that he cannot force his wife to have sex against her/his will. The third is that you can not under any circumstance leave your wife without her consent."

Sam breathed in deeply and blinked. "Wow," he said, "anything else?"

"Really just two more, first is you break one of the exceptions and another male family member such as Scott here will come and hurt you rather severely physically." "The other is that you should punish your wife by withholding sexual gratification and affection. It is quite devastating to me when Scott punishes me by standing me in a corner and ignoring me or sending me to bed alone. You will find it quite effective too, I'm sure."

"You really like this all," Sam asked.

I responded eagerly, "It's the best thing that ever happened to me." "I used to drift from one-night stand to one-night stand without ever really being loved or giving love."

"And this is different somehow," Sam said both loudly and incredulously.

The doors slid open again and three ornamental boats with sushi and sashimi were brought forth.

As the doors shut again, I responded, "Yes it is, Scott really loves me and cares about and for me."

"What by letting his brothers fuck you," Sam asked.

"Sam," I said firmly, "I'll grant you it sounds weird at first. Maybe even a little sick, but it is wonderful. To have others take pleasure in your body because you are beautiful it is very respectful and honorific. It is also quite intimate and trust building. I feel like my in-laws are closer than my own family."

Sam then asked seemingly rhetorically, "And this is how Mark wants to be treated?"

Scott answered, "No. Mark expects to be treated with love and respect and honored. He wants to find someone who has the courage and the strength to love him the way I love Jack and treat him properly. If you aren't man enough to do that, then you need to come out and tell Mark that your relationship is just fun and games."

Sam was taken aback by Scott's words, I was too somewhat, he had spoken so eloquently on my own behalf and how I felt about him. I wanted badly to kiss him or suck him, but I sat quietly.



“Jack,” Sam said, as if a question quietly.

I just nodded.

## **Agreement?**

The table grew quiet and Scott began eating the sushi. I followed his example waiting for Sam to make the next move. We cleared our plates of food in silence. Sam broke the silence, “I want to keep seeing Mark.”

Scott responded, “Based on what you said tonight, I am sure Jack will tell Mark you aren’t interested in more than just toying with him.”

Sam looked for me to disagree, but I nodded.

Scott continued, “Mark deserves a husband, someone who will love him and treat him with the proper respect and that will appreciate his love, Jack may be your best friend, but he isn’t going to let Mark end up in a hollow, empty relationship just to help you.”

Sam found his voice again, “I need to think about this some more, Jack could we talk alone.” Scott stood up and said, “Jack, I’ll get dinner, they won’t bother you again, just pay for a cab for both of you to get home.” He dropped some hundreds on the floor next to where he was sitting and walked out.

Sam looked at me, his eyes pleading for purchase. “You’re siding with him aren’t you,” Sam asked.

“I’m siding with Mark, he deserves a good relationship,” I responded.

“Some of the stuff is pretty sick though,” Sam offered.

“At first, yes, I was revolted by the prospect of some aspects of this life, but its just been fabulous for me. I’ve felt such tremendous love, respect and adoration from Scott and the entire Smith family. Mark wants to feel the same.”

“So, do I have to do this, can’t I have some other type of relationship with him,” Sam asked.

“Yes, but that will leave Mark unsatisfied and empty,” I responded.

Sam pleaded, “Can you buy me more time to think about it?”

“Maybe a week at best,” I responded, “probably less.”

Sam pleaded, “Can you stay with me tonight?”

“Yes, if I ask Scott,” I offered.

“Nevermind,” Sam responded.

Silence. We sat there for over an hour in silence. Sam just stared at me. He took in the haircut, the clothing, my demeanor. I sat as still as possible throughout.

He broke the silence again, “Let’s go, I’ll call a cab.” With that, he picked up his cellular

phone and made a phone call. He then stood up and I followed him out of the restaurant.

Outside in the crisp evening air, he grabbed my arm and turn me to face him.

“I’m scared Jack, what if I let him down, what if I can’t be what he wants? You got lucky, I don’t want to hurt Mark. I’ve never had a relationship last more than a few months. I can’t be a Scott, I don’t have it in me.”

I put my finger to his lips and kissed him, “You have it in you. I know you do.”

“Can I see him tonight,” Sam asked.

“He’s probably waiting at the front door to pounce on me for details when I get home,” I explained. “Are you serious, I won’t have you toy with him?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever been this serious in my life Jack,” Sam answered.

## **Mark**

We took the cab back to Scott’s—and my—home mostly quietly. Sam held me close. At the house, I paid the cabbie and followed Sam towards the front door.

The door flew open as we approached and Mark was standing there. At the sight of Sam he was clearly surprised. Sam got on one knee in front of Mark and took one hand and said, “Will you marry me?”

Mark took a deep breath, looked into Sam’s eyes, and said, “Yes, with all my heart and soul.”

I could see Scott standing in the background smiling approvingly at me. It made me feel really good that I had pleased my husband—and brother-in-law so. Sam pushed Mark into the house and past Scott up the stairs into Mark’s bedroom. Sounds of sex and pleasure were quickly emanating from there.

Scott grabbed me firmly and kissed me, his tongue quickly forced its way into my mouth and probed me deeply. “I love you Jack Smith,” he said and pulled me towards the bedroom.

Upstairs, some candles, restraints, and a black satin blindfold were resting on the dresser.

## **Wax**

“I love you Scott Smith,” I said and took my clothes off and laid down on the bed. Scott secured my legs spread eagled to the corner posts of the bed and did the same to my hands. Spreadeagled, he ran his hands across my body and stroked my stiffened cock. The satin blindfold was wrapped around my eyes and my vision was blocked.

The next sensation was sharp and pointed. It passed quickly and suddenly felt cool. Then it was elsewhere on my body. Sharp, stinging, hot, pain. Then cool. Scott was dribbling drop after drop of excruciatingly hot wax on my body. First the drops were on my chest. Then

my legs. Next the drop hit the tip of my erect cock, the pain was excruciatingly intense, but quickly passed. Then another drop on my ball sac. I gasped and struggled against the restraints.

What set this apart was the intensity of the brief sensations. Hot, scalding pain, quickly fading to cool waxy nothingness.

My nipples. I gasped audibly again. Then he let it loose, although less intensely hot it was splattering over my rigid cock shaft forming a hot waxy sculpture of my hardness. Inside the hot waxy shell I felt my cock release an orgasm as the wax began to coat my ball sacs.

The wax encased my shaft and I could feel my cum trapped between my skin and the wax. Scott kissed me tenderly on the lips and then walked out leaving me tied down.

In the other room, I could hear Sam and Mark going at it. My skin tingled where the wax had struck and burned the skin slightly. I strained against the restrains vainly and then fell into a meditative state, focusing on the many sensations surrounding my body.

When I felt touch again, it was Scott's ample, hard cock shaft entering my mouth as he worked it deep into my mouth and throat. His musky man smell filled my nostrils as his cock filled my mouth. Quickly, his body became rigid and I felt his cum shooting against the back of my throat and then trickling down.

Once it was over, he untied me and cracked the wax loose and then lay against me holding me tenderly. God, I love my husband.

## Another Wedding

Two weeks later, Scott performed the wedding ceremony for Sam and Mark. Upstairs while I stood with Sam, Scott fucked and spanked his younger brother before the ceremony.

In the living room where I stood a few weeks earlier, Scott presided over Mark and Sam's wedding and entered their names in a copy of the family notebook.

## Updated Family Tree

Well, one thing I find hard being part of such a large family is who-is-who and how they are related to me. I've taken to updating my diary to include a family tree from time to time of close relatives to help in keeping everyone "straight" so to speak.

```
Brian m. Maria (my mother and father in-law respectively
|
|- Tim m. Maria
| |
| |- Kids: Todd and Nancy
|
```

| - Sarah m. Lance  
|  
| - Mike m. Julie  
|  
| - Scott m. Jack (my husband and I)  
|  
| - Mark m. Sam

## **Living Arrangements**

Sam proposed, and Scott agreed, that he and Mark live with us for a time to help Sam adjust to his role and to help form more of a Smith family outpost in Los Angeles. Mark would soon change his name to match Sam's, Weinberger, sign over control of his assets. Another initiation with all male family members. It excited me and Mark certainly was happy with it all.

A week after the ceremony, Sam moved in with us and we were quite the happy little set of two families.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$

## 6 Scott VI

By TopLegal

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

©1999, TopLegal. Permission is granted for distribution via Usenet and the Web provided that the following two conditions are met: there is no cost to access this story, e.g. AdultCheck, pay site, etc., and the story is posted in full without modifications.

### Starting Out

While most relationships start with a blissful honeymoon period that sometimes stretches several months, most relationships of the type between a Smith family husband and a Smith family wife fall apart in those first few months. The marriage of Mike, one of Scott's older brothers, to Julie had almost fallen apart after just two weeks. Julie had chafed under the rules quickly. Though she was born into a family with similar traditions, she always had been a rebellious child.

The first two weeks, Julie spent a tremendous amount of time in the corner being punished. Mike was miserable. Finally, Julie's father along with my father in-law, Brian, managed to break the impasse. Now, married two years, they were a happy couple, but it was a stressful beginning.

The marriage between Sam and Mark was off to an equally rocky start, albeit in the reverse direction. Sam was still quite unprepared to act as a proper husband to Mark. The fact that they shared the house with Scott and I helped. However, Scott's extended absences to accomodate his shooting schedule in Vancouver were less than helpful.

The first fiasco occurred on game day, the first Saturday after Sam moved in. Everyone had agreed to watch the game. After Mark and I brought the snacks out, I immediately kneeled in front of Scott and began to suck his dick. Sam however said nothing to Mark who stood there for over five minutes before Scott ordered me to give Sam a blow job and then had Mark work him over.

These nuances of utter control were lost on Sam. Mark wanted to be Sam's kept "woman" much like I was Scott's, but Sam was sorely unprepared. Scott had delayed the initiation ceremony until just before Thanksgiving already and talk amongst the three of us was of pushing it back into 1999.

## Lance Revisits

Lance's next visit was with my sister in-law Sarah in tow. Sarah had just recently given birth to their baby boy Michael shortly after the last visit. Because she was still nursing, she was excluded from most of the activities of the otherwise quite erotic weekend.

The first event of which was a joint Jack-Mark spanking with our husbands looking on. Lance tied us together face to face, cock to cock. Mark was only an inch or two shorter than myself so we lined up nicely.

The canvas restraints that had bound me to the table on the previous visit were used to hold us close. One strap wrapped around us just below our buttocks and the other right above our buttocks.

He reached between our sandwiched bodies and attached rubberbands to bind our stiffened cocks to one another. Then we were pushed onto the table, my butt up in the air first.

Scott handed Lance some rattan canes direct from Singapore and a new, very severe type of pain was about to begin.

Tied together, struggle as either of us might there really was no escaping the blows. Lance began gently, but firmly with several firm strokes of the cane. The sensation is quite different than that brought on by a paddle's brunt force. Instead, lines of tingling, stinging pain are produced. The most sensitive spot being where the tip of the cane strikes.

After ten or so gentle strokes, Lance began taking firmer blows that left me gasping and yelping. With my face pushed against Mark's my noises got swallowed into his face as he could feel the force of the blows.

With our cocks bound together, every movement by me aroused us both further despite the intense pain that Lance was inflicting. As the intensity of the blows increased, I tried deep kissing Mark to escape the pain, while it reduced the sounds, nothing could deaden the intense stringing, brutalizing pain that Lance was inflicting.

He paused for a moment and applied some oils to my buttocks and I could feel how sensitive my ass was already from his touch. In places, I was convinced I could feel his fingers press into depressions the cane had made into my buttocks.

Lance paused for a few moments and then picked up a thicker, heavier cane. I could hear the cane swing through the air and then stop for a few seconds before I felt the searing line of pain and the particular sting at where the tip hit and my head lifted from Mark's mouth and I yelped.

Lance continued. He worked from near my feet landing the tip in sensitive spots near my ass crack and lower thighs before returning to thrash my ass again. Even the slightest movement on my part due to the caning caused my cock to rub firmly against Mark's to which it was bound.

As the thrashing continued in intensity I began to plea for an end. Scott spoke up and suggested anal beads which he himself slid into my fuckhole. These were huge beads, each

was probably an inch and a half in diameter and there were seven of them. He worked them in as he squeezed my tenderized ass flesh arousing a mixture of pain and ecstasy that was heretofore unmatched. Then with the beads inside me, he stopped abruptly.

The pain returned, again delayed, the searing line of intense pain was unbelievable. Each stroke brought slight movement on my part which jiggled the many huge beads inside my fuckhole and rubbed my cock against Mark's. The pain, the pleasure was unbelievable and Lance just kept caning me.

Sam asked Scott aloud about the markings and deep red lines that were appearing on my buttocks and I heard Scott saying, "What's good enough for my sister is good enough for my wife." Lance continued. The intensity of the pain from each stroke was growing immensely and Mark tried comfort me by offering his tongue to probe my mouth, but the pain was too intense.

I began yelling out after each brutalizing stroke of the cane. Lance simply picked up a cane with a sharp edge and held it in front of my face. I screamed, "Please Lance." He said, "You know how to make it stop." I did, I supposed, I had to orgasm despite the pain, I had to accept him and his discipline and the pain and realize that I was my husband's property, and thus his.

The first stroke of the cane with the sharp edge struck and I could feel it cut my skin slightly. My body suddenly relaxed, mentally I was accepting my role and the endorphins were flowing. The pain of the sharpened cane was arousing suddenly and as he began to cut my butt open, I shot a huge load of cum between Mark and my chests.

The caning stopped. Scott took some polaroids and showed them to me as I was left sobbing slightly against Mark. The polaroids revealed an ass with deep red channels and five distinct cuts where a thin line of blood was coming forth. As I watched the polaroids marvelling at Lance's handiwork, Scott applied alcohol and then rolled me over onto my sore butt leaving a lightly alcohol soaked towel underneath me. The stinging was intense and the anal beads were left in place. It was Mark's turn.

## **Mark's Turn**

I knew Mark was excited to get his first spanking from a male relative. Getting it from Lance had to be all that more exciting. Lance's strong musculature and reputation among the wives for being the most brutal spanker was well known. Mark had told me after Lance's last visit how jealous he was. I was not entirely certain that Mark would be quite so jealous once he had felt the full force of Lance's punishment.

Lance announced, "Since this is your first visit with me, you can have the paddle, but ask Sarah, you get tender once only." I could feel Mark's cock stiffen against my chest as his eyes widened. Lance turned to Sam and said, "I think you and Scott should leave now."

Scott concurred and pulled Sam from the room. There was no way he was ready to see Mark treated like this yet. But this was what Mark wanted. Heck, I wanted it too, I belonged to

Scott and I loved when Scott controlled my sex and demanded intense sexual acts. Mark wanted the same from Sam.

Lance explained the rules to Mark, much like he had to me the first time. “This is going to hurt a lot Mark, Sarah usually ends up crying tremendously before she is able to achieve orgasm. I can guarantee that you will find it quite painful. However, I will not stop under **any** circumstance until you orgasm.” I remembered him saying those words to me. Mark gasped as a large, cool, lubricated plug slid into his fuckhole.

Then the apin started. The wooden paddle was striking Mark’s bare, exposed ass violently. The force of the paddle pushed Mark into me and pressed him closer. He hollered in pain. He struggled, but with the two of us bound so tightly together, there was little room to move. Blow after blow from the paddle began to rain down on his ass.

I offered my mouth and my tongue as slight comfort to him, but he was in too much pain and struggling too much. Each blow brought pleas, screams, yelps, hollers, begging. Lance ignored it. Mark was still hard though. His strong body was pressed against my own and I enjoyed the force of the paddle pushing him into me as he then let of one or more sounds of pain.

After twenty minutes, Mark was cursing like a sailor and Lance just increased the force of the blows. I could tell because the impact drove Mark and his still hard cock against me more forcefully.

Sam came back in with Scott, at his feet saying, “You are not allowed to interfere.” Lance did not even stop striking Mark as Scott hauled Sam out of the room saying, “Go take Sarah if you want, but you cannot interfere between Lance and Mark.”

My limp dick was still tied to Mark’s hard cock and I began to get aroused by the sounds of his agony. The anal beads still within me were also stimulated by the movement and shaking from the paddling.

With Mark still hollering and cursing, Lance announced, “Time for a paddle with holes then.”

Mark screamed, “NOOOOOOO!”

It was too late, Lance struck Mark, the sensations for me were different, in a sense there was less force, but the response in Mark was clearly more intense. His entire face contorted in pain in front of my and he let out an even louder holler. “NOOOOO! Fucking NOOOOO! STOP! Asshole,” he cried.

Lance hit harder. I felt the force of the blow in a more pronounced fashion. Mark’s potty mouth got worse. “Fuck you,” he screamed, “stop you fucking asshole.”

Lance stepped back and took a running blow. The expression on Mark’s face said it all: unbelievable pain. He lost his breath and could not say anything as Lance stepped back and took another running blow.

Then the crying started. Mark was bawling like a child. Lance switched back to the smooth paddle and continued to administer violent blows. I felt Mark’s tears land on my face and



I again offered my mouth and tongue in compassion. Rebuffed in that attempt, I watched Mark continue to bawl like a child as Lance continued without mercy. Then it happened, Mark's body tensed, I could see his face contort slightly, he was going to orgasm.

I felt his warm juices spill onto my chest and then his body sagged onto mine in utter exhaustion. After a few minutes, Lance applied alcohol to Mark's butt and rolled us over with Mark laying on a lightly, alcohol soaked towel.

Massage oil was applied to my tenderized buttocks and he announced, "All closed up. I'm going to leave you guys like this while us husbands get dinner. Sarah will check in every fifteen minutes, but you guys aren't going anywhere."

Mark was still sobbing and I kissed Mark and whispered to him, "So?" He just sobbed and smiled at me, I nodded and kissed him again.

If Sarah actually checked on us, I could not see or hear her. We lay on the table, sore and restrained for what seemed like an eternity.

## **After Dinner**

Still laying on the table for what must have been over an hour, Mark and I lay quietly. Noise at the front door, I heard the men entering. Lance and Scott could be heard exhorting Sam to relax and get with the program.

Scott came into the dining room, rather than speak he lay down some sort of covering on the floor. Lance came in and began to unbind us. He cautioned us verbally, "Don't go anywhere quickly, we aren't done."

Lance helped me, then Mark up. We found ourselves standing on a plastic sheet. Lance handed each of us a large glass container. "If you want the butt plug or anal beads out, piss in the jug, then drink," he said matter of factly.

Scott looked at me approvingly. Sam's expression was more confused.

My bladder was quite full, so I let loose in the container. A rich yellow, smelly load of urine filled it up. Mark followed quickly. The drinking was the harder part. I lifted the container to my face, the odor was overwhelming. I pulled it away. Mark was more hesitant, if Sam was not going to back Lance he did not see the need to follow through. I knew better, Scott would back Lance two-hundred percent and then some.

I lifted the container again, Lance approached and pushed the container against my mouth and my own urine began to fill my mouth and pour onto my body and trickle onto the floor. It was warm and salty. I swallowed as much as I could and Lance seemed pleased. Sam started to object but Lance turned and said, "Enough already, you are just upsetting Mark here and not helping, go fuck my wife if you want, but just shut up already."

Lance took the jar out of Mark's hands and began pouring the urine into his mouth. Mark tried to avoid swallowing and Lance waited to force Mark to take it down.

Once we had both taken our medicine, the plug was removed from Mark's ass. Next, Lance removed the anal beds from my ass. The sensations were intense.

Scott handed me a large one liter bottle of Evian. "Drink," he said firmly. A similar bottle was handed to Mark by Sam, more hesitatingly with the same command. We did. The clean, milky Evian helped wash the salty, odiferous taste of urine from my mouth, but the smell clung to my body from the drying urine that overflowed.

The glass containers were returned to our hands by Lance. "Piss," he ordered. We complied. The urine jars were taken and covered. "Go shower," Lance ordered, "together."

We showered together and enjoyed feeling each other's sore buttocks. The tenderness of our asses was intense. In the mirror, I could see the devastating effect the cane had wrought upon my ass. Deep red lines striped me up. Mark's butt bore larger bruises and welts. Ouch!

After showering, we headed down, still naked. Scott guided us to the kitchen where a warm dinner was waiting. But, next to each place setting was a yellow beverage—our urine. Scott explained, "you will both eat every single thing on your plates and then finish your beverage before you will be excused from the table."

Mark looked at me, and I at him, I looked at Scott and said, "It looks like a very nice meal Scott, thank you." Mark just started to sob. Scott cut Sam off and said, "Mark, listen to Jack, he's a good wife and knows this has all been about helping both of you accept your roles." Sam clammed up and I started to eat. I decided to drink my own urine first. This time it was cooler than earlier, but still intense and salty. Done with the unpleasant task, I turned to the gourmet stuffed chicken breast and mashed potatoes.

Once I finished, Scott scooped me up, kissed me and carried me to the bedroom. Mark however did not let things go that easy. By the time Scott was whisking me away for a night of cuddling, kissing, and touching, Mark had only picked at his meal and was looking at a serious visit to the corner.

Cuddling Scott and I professed our undying love to one another in the corner. I shared that the entire day had been an intense turn on and that I really hoped Lance would keep visiting. Scott explained that he wanted to use a new prison strap he had picked up from a friend on me later in the week. Also, we were going to work on some hoods and body sacs.

I was very happy.

## **Morning**

The kitchen in the morning was a not pretty sight. Dinner was untouched and the urine jar was full. Scott asked me to check in on Lance and then check the other spare room to see if Mark was being punished.

Upstairs, Lance was alone with the baby, asleep. In Sam's room, I found Sam wrapped around my sister in-law, Sarah. Mark was not there. The small second guest room had him.

He was asleep. I went down and told Scott. He suggested that I wake him and talk to him, wife-to-wife.

I woke Mark gently with a kiss to the forehead. He pulled me into the bed and started to cry. "Lance loves you and so does Sam, yesterday was all about showing that to you," he explained.

Mark responded, "But if Sam doesn't care."

"He does," I said, "he slept with Sarah last night. It will take some time."

Mark got out of bed. "I better go eat dinner then," he said. We kissed.

Downstairs, Scott positioned Mark in a corner as Scott and I ate breakfast. When Lance awoke, he took Mark from the corner and handed him, his now cold urine. Mark drank it all down and then Lance pulled him close and held him. When Sam came down a bit later, he took Mark upstairs immediately and sounds of loud sex could be heard emanating from within.

I certainly had a better feeling that things were going to work out between Sam and Mark.

### **Lance: Take 3**

Despite the tender, abused state of my ass, Lance took me upstairs to the bathroom with him. The first step was an enema. A large black bag was filled with warm tap water. Standing in the shower stall, he had me lean against the wall. Lance inserted a long nozzle into my fuckhole and then slid it up a few inches.

Next, he had me turn around and kneel on the floor of the shower stall. Lance hung the enema bag up on the edge of the stall and positioned his cock in front of my face.

"Suck," he commanded. I started sucking his semi-erect cock. As my lips surrounded his shaft, his cock stiffened. Then, the flow of water into my body began. The water was warm, but the rapid filling flow was intense. I tried to focus on sucking Lance's hard fucktool.

The intensity of sensations in my gut was overwhelming though. I began to fidget and Lance grabbed my hair and rammed his cock into my mouth, deep throating me. I could not move. All I could do was inhale his musky man smell, deep throat his fucktool, and allow the water to fill my gut.

Finally, the flow of water into my gut stopped. He pulled his cockshaft from my mouth and said, "Don't move." The tube was slid out from my butt and he said, "Hold it." The pressure in my gut was intense.

A largish butt plug was produced and quickly slid into my fuckhole. I gasped as it slid past my ring and lodged itself in place trapping the enema inside me.

Then he dried me off and brought me over to the bed. Laying me down on my back with my mouth towards the middle of the bed, I quickly found Lance on top of me with his throbbing fuckrod working my mouth.

My arms were pinioned by his muscular arms and with a full gut, movement of my lower body seemed to be an agony. My own cock was rigid as Lance worked my mouth like a fuckhole, jackhammering his rock hard tool in and out rapidly and deeply. The tastes and smells of his cock and groin were tremendously arousing.

Precum began to trickly onto the back of my throat, it tickled. Then he exploded. He pulled out slightly so the massive load of cum filled my tongue. It's salty, stickiness filled my mouth. He pulled out and said, "Hold it."

Still pinioned, I held the cum in my mouth and the enema in my gut. I allowed the sticky cum to coat my tongue and absorb its many rich flavors.

"We are going to stand up now," Lance explained, "and head to the toilet, hold the cum in your mouth still though." I nodded. He released me and then helped me up. At the toilet, the butt plug was removed and he helped me sit on the toilet.

I relaxed and the enema came gushing out. The smells and tastes were intense, with his now cooling, sticky, flavored cum still filling my mouth, the aromas of peppermint added to the enema filled my nostrils. Finally, Lance flushed the toilet and stood me up. I felt cleaned out.

"Show me your tongue," he said. I opened my mouth so he could see his cum still twirling around my tongue. He smiled and said, "Good, now you can swallow it." I did and it felt good.

We cuddled on the bed for the remainder of the morning.

## **Hollywood Sweathearts**

While Lance and Sarah were still visiting, Sunday morning for brunch Scott had made us brunch plans with a particular Hollywood couple. As the wife greeted us at the door, I recognized her face immediately from the shop on Rodeo drive (See Scott III, Ceremony).

This time I got a better look, well at least the rumormill was partially true. Her well-known husband was barely taller than my husband. Once inside, he quickly took me upstairs.

On the ride over, Scott had already explained that he likes to get rough, but to just relax and enjoy it. Scott would enjoy the wife, but my real goal was to make Nick happy so Scott would get a part in a movie Nick was leading man in.

Nick practically ripped my clothing off. One look at my striped, brutalized ass brought a smile to his face. Out of nowhere, he slapped me across the face and pushed me into the bed. My face stung where his hand had struck. Slap, again.

Violently he pinioned my arms above my head and with his body weight he kept me pinned down as he slid my wrists into loops dangling between the bars of the headboard. Arms restrained, he slapped me again, and again. It really hurt—a lot.

Strangely, I was aroused. He turned to slapping my erect cock and then he restrained my

legs.

Nick was not gentle. I could not tell if he was aroused as he stayed dressed as he worked my body.

Despite his small stature, his musculature and strength were surprising as he forcefully slapped me all over my body with his hands.

Slap, my face. Slap, my cock. Slap, my inner thigh. Slap, my nipples. Then he began slapping my upper chest like a drum violently. Next, the soles of my feet were beaten. Slap, Slap, my outer thighs. Next, his slapping hands returned to my cock, my face, and my nipples.

It hurt.

He was playing my body like a musical slapping instrument. My face seemed the sorest, but strangely I found his rough way arousing. Throughout the entire affair, he did not say a single word to me, kiss me, or particularly show that he was aroused.

But the slapping continued. My entire body felt sore from the sting of his slaps. The pace of the slaps steadily increased as did their force. He began to work specific body parts tender. First my inner thighs.

Next, my nipples. I could see how brightly red they were before he stopped. Then right under my outstretched arms. God that stung.

I let out a yelp as he began to beat my face. Instead of stopping, he took out a riding crop and began to beat my cockshaft. I started to scream in pain and he just kept striking the tip of my cock with the riding crop.

I began to writhe in agony, but Nick just kept up the assault. Scott had told me this would hurt, but I was not quite prepared for the assault that Nick was dealing out. My body was already tender from Lance's affectations the other day and Nick's all out assault on my body—now with the riding crop was leaving deep crimson marks as well as bruises across my entire body.

The louder I screamed, the more violently Nick thrashed me with the riding crop. Finally, a pause came. I was still screaming, my body in pain. He whispered, "You want Scott to be the best supporting actor in the sequel or not?"

"Yes," I managed to get out, still crying.

He punched my violently in the gut, and shouted, "Do you want Scott to get the part?"

My wind knocked out of me, I could barely talk.

He punched me again. "Well," he asked menacing me.

I felt like I couldn't talk as blow after blow landed in my gut knocking the wind out of me. Then he went back to the riding crop till every inch of my chest, arms, legs, cock, sides, outer thighs, and inner thighs, was tender to the touch.

It was methodical intense violence and I was screaming through it all.

When he stopped, he left me there tied, sore and crying. I was not certain if he had orgasmed, or was even aroused. A few minutes later, Scott came in and untied me and held me sobbing, and sore, in his arms.

“I got the part,” he whispered to me as he held me tenderly and rocked me. “He’s had several close run ins with the police over some male prostitutes he’s roughed up over the years. His wife, well she and he have never had sex, but if she even thinks of something sexual with another man what he did to you is nothing.”

I suppose, I should have felt sorry, but mostly, I was just wracked by pain. Scott wrapped me in soft sweatpants and a loose sweatshirt and carried me to the car. In the car, we drove home and he had me soak for two hours in the tub with hot water and various chemicals to help soothe my skin.

Scott kept me away from Lance and everyone for a few days till the soreness and bruises from Nick’s thrashing went down. We even talked about it that first night, and he asked if I would do it again, and I said yes, because of how much I loved him. He said, he had not believed Nick was really that way till he saw what happened, everything he had heard was just rumors. He assured me, never again would I be mistreated so.

## **Gentle Touch**

A few weeks after my encounter with Nick, Scott was on the set of a wildly anticipated sequel that would later rocket him to greater stardom. Meanwhile, my body had recovered from Nick’s thrashing, and Scott had bought an all Lycra body suit for me to wear around the house along with several chastity devices.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail’ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback to the author at [toplegal@mac.com](mailto:toplegal@mac.com).

\$\$