

Disclaimer: This story involves sex between men and teens, and teens and teens. It will eventually contain some humiliation and punishment scenes. If you don't like it, you don't have to read it. It is just a story. None of the characters are based on anyone real, and none of this ever happened.

16 year old Timothy Smith stood in front of the old full length mirror in his bedroom. His long straight black bangs hung down over his pale, slightly pimpled face, causing him to toss his head so he could see better. The five foot, two inch boy was dressed only in his soccer shorts and socks from his youth league uniform that he had last worn two years ago, along with his black Adidas. Thus, the bright red shorts were about two sizes too small, and the matching red socks, even without his shin guards, barely reached his knees when he pulled them up as tightly as he could. With a trembling hand he held the digital camera up to the mirror, looked at his body one more time wishing he had any kind of tan, swallowed hard and snapped a picture. Then another, and another. He hoped that the jockstrap he was wearing was concealing the hardon that was currently throbbing in his shorts and would not show too much in the picture. He was told to just show off his body in the photographs, to see if he was "model worthy". The uniform was his own idea, as it was part of what drove him to this point in the first place.

It wasn't the soccer; he actually didn't like playing and was only on the team at the insistence of his grandmother, who was his guardian since his parents had died when he was still an infant. No, it was just the uniform itself. The only one he ever had, and it was the only reason he agreed to play that year. Well that and other hopes about the coach or other players that did not come to pass.

He couldn't explain why, but when he saw other boys in uniforms, he got all tingly inside. Not just any uniforms though, the uniforms that turned him on all had a common thread. The uniforms had to require short pants, the shorter the better. Also, while not a strict requirement, knee length socks, turned him on the most. Sports uniforms were one thing and he certainly enjoyed looking at cute boys in them, but he got even more turned on by school or scout type uniforms.

He was constantly scouring the internet, getting enormously turned on by pictures from other countries that required old fashioned school uniforms, or of Boy Scout summer camps where all the boys were dressed alike. He fantasized about being "forced" to attend an all boys boarding school, where he would have to wear a very revealing uniform all the way through his senior year, and any infraction of the rules, no matter how trivial, would lead to some painful and humiliating punishment from the stern teachers. Alternatively, he fantasized about being a reluctant boy scout having to wear a dorky uniform and undergoing a painful initiation from the other scouts while the grizzled military like scoutmaster looked on. His fantasies usually ended up with him giving himself sexually to the older male authority figure after his thrashing, but not always. Sometimes he saw himself pinned under another boy, always older though, naked except his long socks and shoes, surrendering his virginity to his superior.

Tim wasn't a loner, or a trouble maker. He was a decent student, had friends, and lived a pretty normal life, except that he craved an older male role model. Tim was no sissy, but he defiantly wasn't the most masculine boy either. Some might say he was delicate. Especially since he concluded that he was gay at a young age, he was constantly on the lookout for a mentor that would show him the way. He knew he was submissive, and that he also craved physical discipline, even though the thought of pain sort of terrified him. His grandmother would have never dreamed of laying a hand on him, and he only heard of some friends getting spanked when he was younger. During his searches on the net for uniform clad boys, he came across spanking and bondage sites. It was all he could do to pull himself away from the computer, his dick raw from the pounding he gave it the first time he came across certain sites. Luckily he was smart enough to know how to encrypt his hard drive and keep the "fun stuff" on the net hidden on his computer, not that his Grandma was intent on spying on him. She was pretty much hands off on Tim, and since he didn't get into trouble, she pretty much let him do as he pleased.

This is how it got to this point. During one of his internet searches, Tim was looking for old catalog pictures, when came across discreet ad wanting, "Young looking mid teen boys , DC Metro area only, to model vintage formal where for a strict, no non-sense photographer. Amateurs only, no previous modeling experience required or wanted." Tim lived in Maryland close to DC, and while he didn't think he was model material, two things caught his eye in the advert. Vintage, and Strict, No Non-sense photographer. The only sticking point was he would need his grandma's permission, but he would cross that bridge when he came to it. He didn't know if he was what this strict photographer was looking for after all.

He wrote an email introducing himself and asking how to apply. The answer came back two nights later. The photographer introduced himself as James, pointed Tim toward his website, showing some of his work, and outlined more what he was looking for. He reiterated that he could be very demanding, and would not suffer impertinence or any kind of teenage attitude, so he should think long and hard before he even bothered going further. Tim would need some full body shots, clothed of course, nothing professional, but not phone camera pictures either. Just enough to show what he looked like and they would take it from there, and James would give him a call with more details after he saw some photos. He also assured Tim of privacy, and provided him an encryption key, with instructions on how to send his pictures encrypted to his own secure in-box.

James checked out the website, and saw that James was in fact a legitimate photographer, and had quite a few good looking girls and boys on his website. Many of his clients appeared in local store ads and such. Tim didn't think he was near as good looking as some of the kids he saw on the website, but something told him he should try anyway. He had to find someone to help him find his way in life!

The next day after school he borrowed a friends 12 megapixel digital camera, bought his own memory card for it, and waited until he knew his grandma had gone to bed for the night. That's when he rummaged around in his drawers for his old uniform, and pulled the ill fitting shorts on. Once he felt his cock start to go hard at the thought of what he was doing, he decided on the jockstrap, which was still dirty from PE that afternoon at school, but at least would confine his hardness in a uniform bulge, or he hoped anyways.

After snapping the pictures of himself in the mirror, he quickly slipped the CF card into his computer. He didn't like what he saw when he looked at the pictures. He looked like a slut boy showing off on my space or something, and while that did excite him in an odd way, he didn't want to appear that way on his first pictures for James, plus the quality sucked. He thought about it, and then remembered that that camera also had a self timer, so he went to the camera website to read up on how to use it.

He set the camera up on his dresser, and turned up every light he had in the room, and posed again. He also put a red polo shirt on, just to match his shorts and socks, thinking it looked a little better. He posed for about 30 pictures, trying different poses as he went, getting more and more turned on each time he reset the timer. He imagined he was standing for an inspection before an older dominant man. Without even realizing it, he was showing himself to be the submissive he was just by his body language in the photos he took of himself.

By the time he took number 30, he couldn't stand it any longer, he shut the timer off (or so he thought) and stripped off the skin hugging shorts. Now dressed in his shirt, jock, shoes and socks, he grabbed his leaking dick through the sweaty cotton pouch and squeezed, a moan escaped his lips, and he desperately tried to ward off what he new was coming. Before he cold even get a second squeeze or get the jock off, his cock exploded inside it's cotton prison, flooding his groin with spurt after spurt of warm cum. Tim whimpered and collapsed to his knees as he fought to regain control of his orgasm wracked body. He was too overcome with lust to notice the little red light on the camera as it continued to take pictures.

He sat on his knees, panting for a few more minutes before getting up and heading to the bathroom to clean up. He couldn't resist holding the jock to his nose before putting it into the sink to soak it in hot water. He wanted to taste his cum, but didn't have the courage to try. Maybe James would make him? He shook his head, scolding himself not to be so stupid. The best he could hope for would be that the yet to known photographer would boss him around a bit and make him wear some uncomfortable or embarrassing things, and show him how to follow a man's orders.

That's it, he thought, as he ran a warm wash cloth over his small black patch of pubic hair, dick and balls. He threw a robe on (his grandma did insist he have a bathrobe), and went to retrieve the CF card from the camera. His dick was already hard again as he inserted it into the computer. Would the pictures suck? Would he scare James away, or make him laugh. He was afraid to look at the pictures he took, so in his angst, and impatience, he just attached the whole folder site unseen, to his email, and sent it to James, then switched the computer off. He looked at the clock, saw it was almost midnight, so he threw the robe to the floor, crawled into bed, and thought about what it would be like to be photographed in a studio, in front of strangers, and being told what to do. His hand gripped his already re hardening cock, and jerked himself off one more time before going to a restless sleep.

Meanwhile, just over the state line in a very exclusive Virginia suburb, James Bateman, photographer, was sitting at his computer going over dozens of applicants for his latest want ad. The ad served two purposes. He regularly photographed dozens of models of all ages, had a very successful business in advertising and event photography, and was always on the lookout for new local talent. He also did several local school's portraits, and his studio was a well known and established business in the area.

He also had a different set of clients that paid even more for certain kinds of photos. He was also currently on the lookout for a new model for this side of the business as well, which was not necessarily on the books. He wanted a new model to train, and he had to have certain qualities. He didn't do porn; no, he was too smart to get involved in that dangerous and unseemly business. The pictures he took were strictly artistic photos, and could certainly be considered erotic by some, but they were not for public consumption. Instead he catered to a clientele that had unlimited funds to get the type of models, posing in the situations and clothing that they liked, and did not mind paying for it. He had strict confidentiality clauses with his clientele, and had invested years in earning their trust. This new model would have to be a special kind, willing to give himself over and be used willingly for others gratification and pleasure. He knew it could prove to be a daunting task.

He had already moved the first ten applicants to the trash file, when he realized that the kids that were applying were not what he was looking for, or he felt were not really interested, but being pushed into it by dominant parents. That's the last thing he needed. The only thing he hated more than snotty models, was overbearing parents, trying to relive their lost chance at celebrity through their offspring. He found one possible boy, but he was more suited to the conventional side of the business, so he saved his pictures in a file to be looked at another time. The email that he decided would be his last for the evening was from this kid Timothy Smith, down in Silver Spring.

The letter was short and to the point. It read:

“Dear Mr. Bateman, here are my pictures for your consideration. I am very eager to learn how to be a model and would do everything you told me to do without question. I can be reached by email or after school at (Cell # 301-XXX-XXXX) Please let me know one way or the other, I have not told my grandmother yet, just in case you don't want me, but I am sure she will sign the release forms after seeing your website. Yours truly, Timothy Smith”

James was impressed by the tone of the email. He was more impressed when he opened up the encrypted photo file on his dual 30 inch monitors. Before him was a small, frail looking submissive teenager. James very much liked the effect of the shorts and socks, and new he could use this kid for his project. He really smiled though when he saw the three pictures at the end of the series, obviously left there by mistake, of the kid creaming himself.

James leaned back, spread his legs wider and grasped the dirty blond head that was bobbing up and down on his 7 inch cock. “Hurry up son; I think we have found you a little brother to help me train.”

17 year old Richard Bateman looked up at his adoptive father, paused from his task, whipped a string of drool from his lips, smiled and said “that's great dad, what's he look like?” He tried to look, but felt a light slap across his face, “finish the task at hand first boy, then we will plan.”

“Yes Dad” Richard, returned to his job, slurping and sucking on his father's dick until he was rewarded with a copious amount of his fathers seed. He knew better to spill any, and fought hard not to gag and swallow it all. When he was done he was sure to clean James' softening cock, put it back inside his

underwear, zip up his pants, then get up and stand respectfully at his father's side.

James looked carefully at his five foot six 140 pound dirty blond son. He was currently dressed in pleated, belted khaki shorts that ended well above the knee, tucked in white polo shirt, buttoned to the top, white ankle socks and brown leather sandals. Once satisfied that all was in order, and there were no stains on his clothing, he clicked on the folder, and showed his son Tim's pictures. "Unless that cock bulge is lying to me Richie, Tim here will be the boy that you will get your first taste in disciplining. First though, we have to get his grandmothers trust, so be prepared to put on the standard parents show. With luck we can meet them this weekend. I will call him tomorrow. Now, remove your shirt, trousers and underwear and pleasure yourself for me. I want to see how big of a load the thought of a little brother to train generates."

Richie felt his own cock swelling at the thought of this kid Tim wearing some of the outfits he had worn over the years, bent over in front of him allowing him to do whatever he wanted to do to him! He removed his shorts, laid them neatly on the floor next to him, then peeled down yellow cotton bikini briefs he was wearing and added them to the pile. His shirt came off last, then he faced his father, clad only in his sandals and socks, cupped his hairless balls and started stroking his 6 inch uncut cock. It didn't take long for it to rise to the occasion, and even less time fill his hand full of his own sticky wad. Knowing what was required of him when he came, he savored the taste of his own seed, licking it off his fingers as his dad watched. Things were going to get interesting at Bateman and Son Photography Studio!

Comments welcome mwriter65@live.com