

Disclaimer: This story involves sex between men and teens, and teens and teens. It will eventually contain some pretty severe humiliation and punishment scenes and probably some bondage. 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.

Bateman and Son Photography Studio

Chapter 4

Tim rolled over and looked at his clock. It was 5:30 in the morning, and he normally got up at 6:30. Normally he would have rolled back over and went back to sleep, but he was restless. As he lay naked in his bed, he started remembering the previous day's events.

His dick immediately went fully hard at the memories, and he started to slowly rub it up and down. He couldn't believe he posed in front of a camera in a Speedo. What if someone he knew somehow saw them, especially someone from school? He would be humiliated! Yet somehow the thought of that got him even hornier. He threw the covers aside and lay on top of the bed now, cupping his smallish sack with one hand and rubbing his dick with the other. His nipples hardened as his body reacted to the cool morning air, and the pink mushroom head of his dick was starting to ooze pre cum.

The memory of him jizzing into the undersized swim suit caused him to remember the very same garment was lying in his sink, loaded now with three loads of cum, two from his own cock, and one from his new friend Rich. He got up and quickly walked across the room, his rock hard cock bouncing off his slim torso, and retrieved the swim briefs and jumped back into bed. He held the trunks to him nose and inhaled, smelling his funk and Rich's mixed together...

His cock exploded. He came so hard that the first three spurts of cum flew over him and hit his head board behind him, before the remaining torrent flooded his chest and tummy. He was squeezing his dick so hard that it hurt until he realized his death grip and relaxed, laying back and panting. He must have dozed off because the next thing he knew his alarm was buzzing, and it was time to get up.

Groaning, he headed toward the shower for the second time in 7 hours to wash off a load of his cum. I've got to stay in control dang it, he told himself while he soaped up is body. He fought the urge to hover around his cock, taking care to make sure it was clean, but then concentrating on the day's school work and trying not to think of the weekend.

It didn't last long, as he dried himself off while staring at the tiny swimsuit that he was going to wear. He didn't think for a minute about not wearing it and lying to Rich. He had to make a good impression on him. He had only known him for a day but was already developing a case of hero worship. He hoped Mr. Bateman could teach him to be as cool and confident as Rich seemed.

He pulled the stiff suit on, stuffing his cock inside the woefully small pouch area, and then looked at himself in the mirror. He blushed at the sight of him wearing such a revealing garment, and quickly grabbed some boxers to pull over them. There, he thought, I am doing what I am told, but this way no one at school will see me in the locker room or bathroom or whatever. He pulled his pants on as well as a favorite T shirt and went downstairs to join his grandma for breakfast.

Barbara Smith was in a good mood as she shoveled a pile of waffles on Tim's plate. She was still gushing about what a nice man that James was, and fussing about picking out a nice dress to wear for her lunch date with him. Tim was happy to see her so happy and very glad that she seemed willing to let him go at this new job without any reservations. He forgot all about the swim suit for the time being and after putting up his dishes, ran upstairs, grabbed his books and headed for the bus stop, actually smiling about going to school for the first time in a long while.

Amazingly to Tim, his homework was mostly correct from the night before, and even his lunch group thought he was unusually happy. He explained to them that he got the job at the studio (not mentioning anything about modeling) as an assistant to the photographer. He told them it would be a great way to meet girls and such, trying a little too hard to sell it. Most of them took it at face value except for his friend Paul, who just kept looking at him kind of sadly. Tim didn't notice though, and after giving Paul his camera back (the one he borrowed to take his self pictures) headed toward class after lunch.

The afternoon passed quickly, and Tim, already avoiding any kind of detection of his underclothing after dressing out for P.E., decided again to just keep his gym clothes on for the bus trip home. He was still self conscious about wearing shorts, but at least he knew the tight trunks would keep his cock in check, even though it was half hard all afternoon with the thought of what Rich and Mr. Bateman had in store for him.

As he turned the corner to his house he was expecting to see the Audi station wagon in his driveway, but this there was a large black Mercedes sedan parked there. He slowed down as he walked by and peered in the very expensive looking car. He figured it had to be Mr. Bateman's own car, and after walking in the side door, saw he was right. Seated in his modest living room, was James Bateman, looking very distinguished in an impeccably tailored dark suit, drinking a cup of tea with his grandmother. James looked up and smiled as Tim entered the room.

"Well speak of the devil, there he is." He said, causing Tim to blush slightly and wonder what they were saying about him.

His grandma looked at him smiling and said, "Welcome home Timmy, are you all ready for your big weekend. It sounds like you have quite time planned."

Wincing inwardly at his grandma calling him Timmy in front of Mr. Bateman, he went over to his grandma and leaned down to hug her. "Hi grandma, I sure am." He looked at James, "Just give me a few minutes sir, and I can go up and shower and change clothes. I left right after gym class."

James looked at his watch, "If you don't mind Timothy, I would like to leave right now to beat traffic. You can shower in Richard's bathroom. Just get whatever you need, quickly so we can be on our way." He turned and smiled at Tim's grandma, "Barbara, I've had a lovely afternoon, I hope you don't think we are rushing off..."

"Oh nonsense, I know the beltway can be a royal pain in the ass, go right ahead, Timmy, get up stairs and don't keep Mr. Bateman waiting."

Shocked at hearing his grandma use the term pain in ass, Tim bolted upstairs to grab his sports bag that he got from Rich the night before. If Tim didn't know better he thought his grandma was slightly smashed! After throwing some socks and boxers into the bag on top of his new clothes, he ran back down the stairs. His suspicions about his grandma were confirmed when he saw her hug his new boss and thank him for the lovely lunch including the wine and sherry. He had never seen his grandma touch alcohol in his whole life, and here she was happy as a lamb pushing him out the door to spend the weekend away from her for the first time in years.

He kissed her goodbye and headed to the driveway where James was standing by the passenger door of the car. "You have a wonderful grandmother Timothy; she has given me a lot to work with. Before you get in the car though, please tuck your shirt in. Starting right now, you need to learn how to dress better."

Proud of his grandma, but embarrassed at the slight rebuff, Tim tucked his overlarge PE shirt into his shorts. His shorts were the modern style going almost over his knees, and he thought he looked pretty silly tucking the large shirt in, but he wanted to make a better impression than his interview yesterday. The only other thing that worried him, was that even though he was wearing the tight Speedos under his boxers, he was afraid of sporting an obvious erection while being near this man.

He felt the supple leather caress the backs of his naked thighs as he settled into luxury car, and he felt decidedly under dressed as James settled behind the wheel, donning a pair of sunglasses that probably cost more than Tim's entire wardrobe.

"Buckle up Timothy, we don't have all day, I want to beat the traffic."

"Yes sir," Tim complied.

Once the buckle snapped in place, Bateman backed the car out and headed toward the capital beltway. He looked at Tim, "What kinds of music do you like music Timothy?"

"Oh all kinds, Rock mostly I guess," Tim pretty much just listened to what was popular at school, with little thought to it.

“Of course,” muttered James. “Well sit back and listen to some real music while I drive in the wretched traffic.” Bateman hit a button on the steering wheel, and Tim felt like he was instantly transported to the orchestra pit of a symphony hall as the multi thousand watt stereo came to life. He had never experienced classical music so loud at this quality, and the experience, along with James’ spirited driving put him into a quiet trance as the miles toward Virginia rocketed by.

It was almost dark as James pulled up to a set of iron gates, which he opened by pressing a remote on the car’s ceiling. Tim’s mouth gaped open as they pulled through the gates and up the driveway toward the biggest house he had ever seen. He didn’t realize when he let a low whistle escape.

James smiled. “Yes, my business has done rather well Timothy. Welcome to our home.” James pulled around the side of the house to the 5 car garage. He didn’t bother pulling the car in, he just shut it off and told Tim to get out.

He followed James toward the front set of double doors to the three story affair, and waited for him to open the one of the doors and motion him inside. He heard music coming from the house as well, but this wasn’t from a stereo. He felt James’ hand on his back and allowed himself to be ushered into a large room just off the entrance hall.

He saw an older gentleman in a suit, seated at a highly polished grand piano playing accompaniment to some of the most beautiful violin music Tim had ever heard. There behind a music stand was Rich, violin tucked under his chin and playing away with the piano.

Tim gaped in awe, not just at Rich’s obvious talent, but also how he was dressed. There he was sawing away, dressed in a white long sleeve shirt and tie along with an argyle sweater vest, tucked into very short, tight, brown leather shorts (Tim didn’t know they were called lederhosen), matching argyle knee socks and brown leather sandals. He continued to stare, his dick stiffening, until they finished the piece.

James started to clap, and Tim, trying to hide his astonishment followed suite. The man behind the piano stood up, nodded to James and then started to critique Richard’s playing. He sounded stern, but that is all Tim could make out, because the man was haranguing Richard in German. What shocked Tim even more was when Richard lowered his head, clicked his heals together and bowed toward his instructor and gave his response to the criticism also in German, and quite fluently.

Tim got very nervous. Not only did he feel very out of his league, but even thought Rich was dressed like some twelve year old out of an old movie, he felt he was the odd one out, with everyone else looking so formal, while he was standing there dumbstruck in his sweaty PE clothes.

“Very good Richard, and thank you for your time today Herr Bach,” James said, nodding to the music

teacher. "Allow me to introduce my newest employee, Timothy Smith."

"Ach, good afternoon yourself James, and pleased to meet you Timothy," Helmut Bach replied, "Do you by chance play a musical instrument?"

"Ah, No, well I played piano until 6<sup>th</sup> grade, but we couldn't afford the lessons anymore. I wasn't very good."

"Not with an attitude like that you weren't." James thundered. "Can you give Timothy piano lessons starting next week Helmut? Starting an hour before Richard's violin?"

Bach gazed at Tim, and made the boy unconsciously put his hands in front of his crotch. "As long as he is properly attired and has the right attitude, of course. My usual fee applies obviously."

"Neither will be a problem. It's settled. Timothy starting next week, you will begin your piano training again. Every boy should know how to play an instrument."

Everything was moving very fast for Tim. What did he mean properly attired? Would he have to dress like Rich? Those shorts he was in were so short! They seemed to stop barely under his cock and the sides actually angle up toward his waist! He was starting to sweat. Mr. Bach looked like he had a temper and he didn't even understand any German.

"I look forward to working with you when you are presentable young man," Bach said. He nodded toward Bateman, said something in German to both James and Richard before he let himself out the door.

Tim turned to see Richard bending over to put his violin in its case. He tried not to stare at his smooth tanned thighs ending with his leather encased butt, but it was hard. And those crazy socks and sandals! He bit his lower lip and tried to act like this was all somehow normal.

"Richard, Tim here desperately needs a shower, and after looking at some of his pictures from yesterday, could do with a trim as well. Why don't you take him upstairs while I prepare dinner, and help him get presentable for Friday dining at the Bateman Home?"

"Yes Dad, of course." He looked at Tim, "Follow me Timmy, we'll get you all fixed up." If Richard was embarrassed at being seen dressed like he was, he certainly didn't show it.

He followed his friend up a large curving staircase, again trying not to stare at his butt in those shorts from behind. He almost ran into the back of him when Rich suddenly stopped to open the door to his bedroom. "Welcome to my little kingdom," Rich joked as he motioned Tim inside.

It wasn't that far off from a kingdom as far as Tim was concerned. This room looked as big as the entire second floor of his house. There was a huge king sized bed in the middle and a large bookshelf stuffed with books along one wall. A computer with a huge monitor as well as several guitars on stands (he plays the guitar and the violin?) were scattered about the room, and there was a huge walk in closet stuffed with clothes.

"The Bathroom is through that door Timmy, but first I have to check and see if you did as you were told. Take your clothes off buddy." Rich plopped down on his bed.

"What? Huh?" Tim asked, suddenly aware of what Rich was talking about.

"Come on, lose the shirt and shorts, I wanna see you in those trunks."

"Oh yeah, I wore em, just like you told me too Rich."

"Good to hear Timmy, don't make me come over there and pull your shorts down."

Blushing, Tim slowly pulled his shirt out of his shorts, first revealing his torso. Rich pointed to a corner where he tossed the shirt. Next he kicked off his Nikes, and peeled off his white socks. He now stood barefoot in front of Rich. The leather shorts hid any sign of arousal as Rich pointed at Tim's crotch. Taking a deep breath Tim hooked his fingers in both his PE shorts and the boxers he was wearing and quickly pulled them down, leaving him just standing there in the tiny blue and white checkered swim briefs, now damp with sweat mixed with day old cum.

Tim tried to kick his shorts and boxers over to the corner, but Rich got up and grabbed them, pulling his dark blue boxers out of the gym shorts. "What have we here? Timmy, you cheated. I told you to wear these today under your pants, what's with the boxers?"

"Well I was afraid someone would see them at school."

"That was the point Timmy. You need to learn not to be afraid of what others think of you. Look at me Timmy. I'm dressed like this because that is what my dad requires of me, as well as my music teacher. They like looking at good looking boys dressed in what they consider proper attire. You're thoughts don't count Timmy. You do what your told when you work for us. I'm very disappointed in you."

Tim's eyes watered. He was stung at what Rich said, and afraid he had already screwed up.

"Don't start crying now buddy; there will be plenty of time for that later. I am not going to punish you

this time, but you'd know that when I tell you to do something I mean it. If you disobey me again, you won't get off so easy. Now, get in the bathroom."

Tim sniffed back the tears, nodded and padded into the bathroom. Like the rest of the house, it was the biggest fanciest bathroom he had ever seen. There was a shower stall that could fit a whole family, and a whirlpool bathtub, along with a big dressing table against one wall with lighted mirrors. Rich followed him in, and grabbed a towel and placed it on the floor.

"OK Timmy, my dad said you need a trim, so as much as I like looking at you in your sexy little bikini, take it off."

Not yet having a clue, Tim asked, "W, why do I need to be naked to get a haircut."

Rich gave a sigh, "Geeze Timmy, I'm not going to cut the hair on your head, although I'm sure Dad will see to that as well. I'm trimming your pubes Timmy, no one wants to see a boy's pubes sticking out of their shorts, now come on." Rich pushed Tim onto the towel, and then from behind pulled; more like peeled the tight suit off Tim, until it was piled around at his feet. Rich ran his hands up and down Tim's legs, causing the younger boy to shiver at the sensation. "Well you don't have much there, so we won't have to worry about Nair just yet." He lifted Tim's dick up examining his balls. "Not much there, but I will need to shave em just to make sure." Tim's cock was of course rising up with all the attention. He felt Rich's soft hands on his hips spin him around, and then felt the same hands spreading apart his butt cheeks. "Hmm, yup a little bit there, and dang Timmy, you need to do a better job wiping."

Tim was now really humiliated, but that didn't stop his cock from sticking up and out from his naked body at an angle. He was looking at his naked self in the mirror, and saw how red his cheeks were as Rich let go of him and stood up, walking over to a cabinet.

"Timmy, spread your legs and put your hands behind your head. I'm going to be quick but thorough here." He started the hot water running and briefly walked out of the room, leaving Tim by himself, wondering just what he had gotten himself in for. He was totally embarrassed, but also turned on beyond belief, and he was terrified he would have another "accident" in front of Rich, and he didn't want that to happen.

Rich returned wearing an apron that was so long it reached to his knees. From the front, he almost looked like he was wearing a dress. The sight caused Tim to giggle and momentarily forget about his own embarrassment. "Laugh it up Timmy; I don't want to mess up my clothes. You will find that Dad does not take kindly to his boys appearing messy." Rich brought a tray full of various items over to where Tim was standing on the towel and knelt down.

He picked up a wash cloth, placed it in a pail of hot water, and then proceeded to wet Tim's arm pits and crotch down with the hot water. Tim knees buckled slightly at the sensation of someone else scrubbing him, especially having his penis and balls washed, but fought to maintain control. He tried to

think of anything except this incredibly hot looking boy fondling his privates. He wasn't having much success. A small trickle of pre cum was now oozing out the tip of his piss slit. Rich ignored this, and after he was satisfied that Tim was clean, proceeded to take a shaving brush and lather up his arm pits.

"Not much there, but it's not photogenic for a boy to have hairy pits Timmy, keeps your arms spread wide and still buddy." Rich said as he scraped the razor gently over first Tim's left, then right arm pit, wiping them down with a towel when he was done. Tim's eyes nervously followed the gleaming straight razor. He had no need to shave yet, and had never even held a safety razor, so the blade in Rich's hands looked medieval to him. Rich put the razor back in some hot water and ran his fingers over each now hairless pit, ensuring he did a thorough job.

Satisfied, Rich went to his knees, and started coating the boy's pubic area with the warm shaving cream. He had no intention of "trimming" Tim. His father had not allowed him to have pubes until he graduated high school last year, and he didn't see why Tim should be any different.

"Now Tim, look straight ahead and don't move. This baby has a super blade and we wouldn't want any accidents." Rich admonished the younger lad.

Tim swallowed hard, and focused on his reflection in the mirror. He didn't want to think of a blade that close to what modest endowment he had. He felt his balls being hefted one at a time, and felt the cold steel of the razor deftly scraped across his scrotum. Next he felt his rock hard cock being pulled down out of the way while Rich used a pair of barber scissors to trim what little pubic hair he had down to stubble, before pickup up the razor and again and scraping what was left off, leaving Tim as hair free down there as the day he was born. Tim could only see himself from his belly button up the way he was positioned, so he didn't know the extent of his trim yet, and was really worried about how much Rich had taken off. He didn't have any more time to worry about though, as Rich made him bend at the waste and pull his cheeks apart.

His cock bobbed up and down with the feeling of Rich running the wash cloth up and down his most private of private areas. He next felt the now familiar feel of the shaving cream being applied, but the feeling of his inner ass cheeks being denuded really got his heart going. He wondered what he looked like "back there" when Rich snapped a towel on his naked but causing him to yelp with shock and stand up right. "All done little bro!"

This is when he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He was horrified at the sight of himself. His groin now totally hairless! Hell, he didn't have any hair below his eye brows! What would happen if they saw him in the locker room? Oh my god, what has he done? Tears of shame started welling, but Rich would have none of it.

"Sorry Tim, it's the way it has to be. You will get used to it. It actually makes your cock look bigger, so that shouldn't hurt. My dad kept me that way until last year buddy, and lots of models and athletes are shaved, so calm down. Your lucky you don't have any hair on your legs or arms or I would be covering you in an exfoliate cream, and that stuff really burns! Now get in the shower and get cleaned up while

I find something for you to wear.”

Trying to act as cool as Rich was, Tim tried not to think about how he looked and got in the shower. He forgot all about his embarrassment when he found out the shower had four different heads that sprayed water from all over. It was the most luxurious shower he had ever had and got lost in his thoughts, while he scrubbed his newly shorn areas until he realized that Rich was sitting on a stool watching him clean himself.

“Don’t stop on my account Timmy, I want you clean as a whistle, whatever that means.” Rich told him. He was glad himself that his tight leather shorts could hide the arousal that his newly shaved “little brother” was causing him. He didn’t want to rush things too much. He watched Tim scrub himself for another few minutes before he told him time was up and to get out of the shower. He stood at the door with a huge fluffy towel, and started drying the boy off after he stepped out of the shower.

Tim was relaxed from the shower, and the incredibly soft towel being rubbed all over him made him even looser. His cock had finally partially deflated, and he did his best not to think about anything that would re ignite his hormones.

Now though, Rich (who had removed the apron) was fully clothed in his lederhosen shirt and tie, and Tim was completely naked as he was led from the bathroom over to a spot in front of Rich’s bed. Again he saw himself in a mirror and started at his naked groin. It did accentuate his dick and balls he thought, but was still sad, remembering how relieved he had been when he finally sprouted pubes only a year or so previously, and now they were gone with a few swipes of the razor. He wanted to get covered up and looked around for his clothes.

“Hey Rich, where are my boxers?” he asked looking at the now empty sport Rich had tossed them earlier.

“Sorry Timmy, boy models are not allowed to wear boxers. Our clients don’t want to see models in baggy saggy boxers. From now on you are only allowed to wear briefs, or bikini briefs. We are going shopping for you tomorrow to kit you out in some new clothes, but for now,” Rich ruffled through a drawer in his closet, “these should work for you. I didn’t cum in these I promise.” He held out a pair of small dark red cotton briefs with that were outlined with white.

Not wanting to argue, and glad for anything to cover himself, Tim accepted the briefs and pulled them on. They were snug, but not as small as the swim trunks, and they seemed to be well worn, but clean and soft.

“I wore those in 8<sup>th</sup> grade I think,” said Rich, felling around the waistband checking the fit. “But they are a good fit on you I think. Now we need to find you some shorts. Long pants are another no-no for boys in this house Timmy. I’m afraid you better get used to wearing shorts, and not like those baggy things you wore over here. I’m surprised Dad let you in his car dressed like that. He must have been in

a good mood." He returned to his closet. Tim heard him rustling around toward the back of his closet.

Tim had a lump in his throat. Forced to wear shorts? This is exactly what he had fantasized about, but now that it was happening he wasn't so sure. Still, the sight of Rich in his tight leather shorts was incredibly hot to him, and he supposed he could get over the embarrassment if he wasn't the only one dressed that way. He was half hard again, and adjusted his cock in his new briefs.

Rich returned from his hunt and handed Tim a pair of gray flannel shorts. They looked very dressy to Tim. "These were part of one of my school uniforms from when I went to school in Switzerland, they might be a bit loose on your frame, but they are all I could find that will pass muster for Friday dinner wear."

"Friday dinner wear?" Tim asked taking the shorts and examining them before trying them on. The material felt very expensive and very light. He noticed the shorts were lined with a different material inside. He bent over to pull them on.

"Yes, if we eat at home on Fridays, it's always kind of a formal affair. We usually have a guest, which tonight is you of course, but usually it's one of our clients or my dad's friends, which I guess is kind of redundant because most of our clients are his friends." Rich looked at how the shorts fit. The very formal looking gray flannel shorts were pretty loose on the kid, but a belt would help that. They didn't fit all that well, but at least they exposed a good bit of Tim's skinny hairless thighs, and that is what Dad would be looking for of course. "Let get you a belt Timmy, we don't want your shorts dropping before they are supposed to." He winked at Tim.

Tim didn't know how to take that last remark, but let it go as he took the think black leather belt and ran it through the loops. He had never worn formal slacks and had to fiddle with the clasp on the pants as well as the fancy belt buckle. The shorts felt very light on him, and he could swear his legs felt cold all of a sudden.

"Hmm, I don't have any proper socks for that outfit, so we will just have to color coordinate, hang on a second." Rich ordered him.

Rich went to the dresser and started looking through what seemed to be a hundred pairs of different socks before finding a pair of gray dress socks with a blue diamond pattern on them. He tossed them to Tim, put these on and pull them up as high as they will go.

With the exception of his old soccer uniform, Tim had never worn any kind of socks other than the white ones you got in a big bag at Target or Wal-Mart. He put on the socks and they went about half way up to his knee, pretty much a normal crew size he thought, but they felt weird. They were thicker than he was used to, and felt kind of funny, not to mention stupid looking with shorts on he thought. Oh well, they were in a house and no one else would see him right?

“Looks like you wear a size six shoe Timmy, I don’t have any old ones that small still around, but I do have an old pair of sandals. One more rule, no tennis shoes, sneakers or whatever at Friday dinner. Sandals are OK for boys, as long as they are leather, and no Velcro, they have to have buckled straps. My dad and his friends are pretty particular. Here, try these on.”

Tim pulled the sandals over his feet. He felt very weird getting dressed this way, but he was also secretly thrilled for a reason he couldn’t figure out. He now had a full erection under his dress shorts. Rich gave him an old shorts sleeved button up shirt to put on, and then handed him a tie. “Like I said Timmy, we always wear ties for Friday dinner. Put this one on.”

Tim suddenly aware of how little he knew about such things said softly, “I don’t know how to tie a tie Rich.”

“Really? Wow, I’m sorry little buddy, I just assumed. I wore school uniforms since second grade until a year ago that required a tie so I am used to it, come here, stand in front of my mirror.”

Tim walked to the mirror and Rich came up behind him. He wrapped his arms around the smaller boy and put the tie around his neck. “Here buddy, just follow how I do it,” Rich whispered in his ear. Their bodies touched as Tim allowed his hands to be guided around in the forming of a half Windsor knot. The close contact caused Tim’s erection to throb almost painfully in his shorts, and he could swear he felt Rich’s hard cock pressing into the crack of his butt. All too soon for Tim, Rich finished the knot and tightened it up, leaving Tim to stare at himself in the mirror. “Don’t move Timmy, I want to get that mess on top of your head into something resembling a proper boy’s hair style.”

Rich picked up a comb off his dresser and started running it through Tim’s damp rather long hair. He combed it straight back and noticed it went well past the back of his neck. He did his best to neaten it up, but knew his father would demand a haircut the following day while they were in the city. Satisfied he did the best that he could, he put the comb down. “Okay buddy, let’s get down to supper. Dad is a great cook!”

Tim looking at himself couldn’t believe it. He would never wear his hair this way! “I look like a dork” he muttered.

“What are you saying Timmy? Do I look like a dork?” Rich asked him sharply.

Realizing he just insulted the way Rich looked as well, quickly apologized. “No no no, you look great Rich. You look, well I don’t know how to describe it, but I like it.”

Rich in a much calmer voice, “You’re new to all this Timmy, but you are going to have to get used to

being told how to do your hair, what to wear and how to act. Dad doesn't have near the patience I am showing you OK, so do your best not to blurt out anything at dinner or you will be held accountable. He doesn't miss a thing, trust me. You agreed to learn, and sometimes that learning can hurt Timmy, trust me. Now let's go eat. Dad is a great cook!

The two boys headed down the stairs to the large formal dining room. Tim felt very weird dressed as he did. He almost felt like the walls were staring at him, which he knew was ridiculous. He also found it strange to be walking in sandals and socks, a feeling he guessed he would have to get used to. The dressy socks and shorts along with the tie all made him feel very formal, which matched the room Rich led him into. The dining room was a gigantic affair with a table in the middle that could easily sit twenty! There were three places set on one end and Rich led Tim to where he was to sit.

"Stay standing until Dad comes in and gives you the once over Timmy."

"OK, and sorry again Rich, I will do my best."

"That's all I ever ask little bro."

Tim felt very warm inside when Rich called him little bro. He was still grasping that feeling when James entered the room pushing a serving cart. The head of Bateman and Son was still wearing a shirt and tie, but with a very smart looking apron tied around his waist. He pushed the cart to the head of the table, removed the apron and then retrieved his suit coat and straightened his tie. Tim was still amazed at how power just came out of this man's pores.

After satisfied that all was in order with his own clothes, James turned his attention to the two boys present in the room. He first walked over to Rich, his gaze running up and down, admiring as always the lightly muscled, smooth tanned legs of his son. He was very proud of the boy, and hoped with his help they could turn Timothy into a fine young man as well, who would also be just as good at pleasing older men as his son was. He knew he was starting slightly late, but Tim seemed like the perfect boy for their project. After legging his gaze rest for a while on the tight leather hugging the twin globes of Richards velvety ass cheeks, he walked over to Tim.

Tim started breathing faster and sweating as he felt rather than saw James' gaze. His bare arms and legs broke out in goose flesh as his new boss and mentor walked behind him. He looked kind of frumpy in the ill fitting clothes, but still far better than what he first appeared in at his interview the previous day or his gym clothes from the afternoon. He grunted, before placing a hand on the teen's shoulder. "Well I suppose it will do for now. We can't get to Saul's quickly enough though. You are going to look like a very sharp boy once we get done with you Timothy, but for now, let's eat!" James clapped loudly giving Tim a start and headed to the serving cart. Tim looked to Rich and followed his lead and sat down at the table. Tim had never seen so many different spoons and forks and had no clue what each was for, but was relieved when he saw Rich wink at him and just picked up what his "older bro" used.

For the first time that afternoon, he was able to relax, as James served him one of the best home cooked meals he had ever had. He didn't even know what half the dishes were, but he enjoyed them all, and listened intently while James grilled Rich on his college studies, as well as current events. He was mostly quiet, being careful not to screw up as Rich had warmed him, and just answered polite yes or no answers to James' inquiries about his own school work and social life. After a desert of fruit with a delicious type of sauce, James pointed to Rich, and he and Tim cleared the dishes, placing them in the washer. Tim was envious as they did all the dishes by hand at his house. He was even more envious when Rich explained to him that they had a housekeeper do most of the cleaning during the week.

After inspecting the kitchen, James announced, "Very good boys, now its time for the more serious part of the evening. Use the bathroom if you must, but meet me in my office in 10 minutes.

"Yes dad," Rich answered with much less enthusiasm than Tim had seen from him during dinner.

"What happens in his office?" Tim whispered.

"Punishment time buddy. Friday night is also punishment night. You'd better go pee if you have to or you might wet yourself. It can happen." Rich said to him matter-of-factly.

"P, p, punishment? But I didn't do anything! I kept quiet all through dinner!"

"Maybe you didn't maybe you did Timmy. Anyway, it's not all about you. I'm going get caned tonight buddy. I messed up earlier this week, and now its time to pay. Keep your voice down and go pee, the downstairs bathroom is over there, hurry up."

Shaken Tim went to the bathroom. Caned? Wow! I'm going to see Rich's butt get canted. All of a sudden, Tim couldn't pee. His dick was so hard it hurt and he could barely get the waistband of his briefs back over his swollen member as he headed back out to Rich.

"OK buddy, just follow my lead. You'd better get used to it, because it happens pretty much every Friday. On the plus side I get to see you naked again, hehe." Rich said light heartedly.

"I haven't done anything to get punished for Rich, Tim insisted as they headed to the large double doors of James's home office.

Rich knocked three times loudly and waited until he heard his father very formally announce "You may enter!"

The boys entered the office side by side. James was sitting on the edge of his desk, now with his suit

coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, but still wearing his tie, flexing a thin rattan cane. From his forays to CP websites, Tim recognized it immediately, but it was the first time he had ever seen one in person, or heard the swoosh it made as James gave a few practice swings.

“Timothy, when you agreed to work for me, you agreed to me taking you under my wing and training you. Is that correct?”

Gulp, “Yes sir. I meant it too.”

“Good answer young man. Since this will be your first time, Richard here will gladly demonstrate the procedure that will be expected of you every time you are to be punished. I don’t have to tell you that what goes on in this office does not leave this office do I?”

Tim would be mortified if anyone found out what he thought was about to happen. “No sir. I work for you. I told you I am willing to accept anything you do to me sir,” Tim answered in barely a whisper.

James smiled. “We will see if you feel the same in good time. Richard, stop stalling. Please strip down, and then get the bench.”

“Yes Dad.” Rich started with his sweater vest, then undid his tie and removed his shirt. Tim watched silently and secretly very excited as he got his first glimpse at Rich’s torso. He was so much more tan than me he thought, and while not super muscular, his body was far more toned. I need his help with that, he thought. He continued to watch, fascinated as Rich undid all the zippers on the weird front flap of his lederhosen. He caught himself before he gasped out loud when he saw silky yellow bikini underwear that he was wearing, before they too dropped, revealing a delicious tan line and a very firm smooth butt. Tim’s hands were now in front of his crotch while he watched the younger Bateman go to a corner, naked but for the argyle knee socks and sandals, and retrieve a small padded bench covered in deep red leather.

He carried it a spot several feet in front of his father’s desk, sitting it down perpendicularly. He looked at his father, who nodded, and then he straddled the back half of the bench, facing the desk. The bench was such a height that it supported Rich while he was kneeling with his hands flat on the floor and his head to one side.

Tim was looking at his friend’s ass spread out slightly before him, and couldn’t help also noticing his dick and balls hanging freely between his legs. He had never seen an uncircumcised penis in person (he tried to avoid looking at anyone in the locker room for fear of being found out!), and he was fascinated, wondering how it all worked. He didn’t realize he was squeezing his own cock looking at the scene before him until James cuffed him behind the head.

“None of that Timothy, hands on your head, and keep them there, legs spread, come on!” James tapped

Tim's inner thighs with the cane.

Embarrassed at being caught, Tim complied with the command, placing both hands on his head and spreading his legs. To his utter shame, his shorts were now obscenely tented out, and he saw that Rich was looking back at him. He knew the older boy couldn't not notice the erection. He would have been even more embarrassed if he new the size of the wet spot that now decorated his dress shorts, and both Richard and James were keenly aware of it.

"Now then," James broke the silence. "Richard, you and I know why we are here, but why don't you tell young Timothy what is happening."

"I had pleasure without your permission sir. It was inconsiderate of me, and not becoming of a boy of my training, and I need to be corrected."

Tim didn't quite understand what he meant about pleasure, but he had a pretty good idea. Did his dad catch him whacking off or something, he wondered?

"That's right Richard, you deserve to be corrected. You are becoming a fine young man son, but you are still only 17, and thus subject to my rules, is that understood."

"Yes sir."

"How many strokes did I say I was going to give you?" James was tapping the cane lightly into his palm.

"Three sir."

"Very good son, three; so let's begin shall we." James walked over to the pile of Rich's clothes, picked up the silky bikini underpants that he had been wearing and walked over to his prone son. "Open up boy, we can't have you crying out in front of company."

Tim watched in awe as he watched James feed his son his underwear, pressing it into his mouth until just a trace of the yellow cloth was sticking out. The elder Bateman then wasted no time, arranging himself to the side and behind his son.

He tapped his son's unblemished cheeks softly a few times, then with no further warning, took aim, and dealt a solid blow dead center across both of Richard's globes.

THWACK!

Rich's eyes clamped shut and he screamed into the gag and he gripped the front legs of the bench and started panting. Tim didn't realize it, but he thrust his crotch forward just as the cane sunk into his friend's soft flesh. The sound terrified Tim, but was also making him incredibly horny. He was afraid of cumming right on the spot.

THWACK!

The second blow was right under the first. Rich didn't scream as loudly this time, he was regaining control, but two red welts were now already forming on his pale ass flesh.

"Last one boy," James said as he landed a blow directly above the first.

THWACK!

Tears were flowing freely down Richard's face, and a dribble of drool was coming out around his undie gag. There was now a huge wet spot of pre cum showing on Tim's shorts. He hadn't cum, but it took every bit of self control he possessed not too. His dick was a rock hard 4 inch fire cracker ready to explode. All those hours whacking off to spanking pictures on the internet had been nothing like the last 60 seconds!

James set the cane down, and gently removed the now soaked bikini undies from his son's mouth, setting them down on the bench. "Very good boy, now take your position while I deal with our new young miscreant here."

Tim dearly wanted to cross his legs and grab his dick as he watched Rich gingerly get up from the bench. His friend's cock was now half hard, and Tim noticed that his foreskin was peeled back and his cock head was showing. He also noticed to his chagrin that he had a small but very well defined patch of trimmed blond pubic hair above his dick. His freshly shaved area was starting to itch.

Tim realized how erotic a boy in just knee socks, shoes (or sandals in this case) and a hard cock could look, as Rich walked back over and assumed a position identical to his own, with his legs spread and hands on his head. His pale white butt now had three very deep perfectly spaced red welts across it.

"All right Timothy. Why don't you tell me why you are being punished?" James was seated behind his desk now, typing something at his keyboard.

"Me? B, b, but I haven't done anything sir?" Tim almost whined.

“Well we could start with the very expensive shorts my son loaned you that you have stained beyond hope at the moment, but I am talking about something far more serious.”

Horrified and humiliated, Tim glanced down to his crotch and saw the huge pre cum stain in the front of his tented shorts. But then James spun one of his large monitors around to face him and he just about passed out.

There in living color, was a series of pictures of him, pumping load after load of his cum into his jockstrap in his bedroom. He realized it was from his self photo session a few nights before, but he thought that he shut the timer off! “Oh shit!” he yelled out, not thinking about where he was.

“Oh shit is right, although that little outburst just cost you more punishment young man. I don’t tolerate that kind of language from boys in my employment and certainly not under my own roof. You are lucky that email was encrypted young man, but I still do not appreciate you sending me pornography of yourself over the internet. Do you realize how careless that was? Do you?!” James pounded his desk, before standing up.

Tim’s cock was deflating and tears were running down his face. “I’m sorry sir; really I didn’t mean to do that.”

“I should hope not Timothy, but part of learning from your mistakes is accepting your punishment. You do realize you deserve to be punished now don’t you?”

“Yes sir. Please sir, I am sorry. I will take whatever I deserve sir.”

James was impressed. The boy was obviously horrified that he sent pictures of himself like that, but he didn’t try to deny it or get out of his punishment.

“Right then, you saw what Richard did, so put your clothes with his.”

Tim was very nervous. He had managed to stop crying, but now he was going to be spanked. All of a sudden his fantasy seemed different from the impending reality. But if Rich could take it, so could he! He wasn’t going to wimp out in front of his friend or Mr. Bateman. He would show them both!

He had some trouble untying the tie, but he managed to just pull it over his head, before unbuttoning his shirt and taking it off. His hands were shaking as he fumbled with the belt buckle and then the clasp on the fly of the shorts, which dropped in a heap around his feet. He stepped out of them, then before chickening out, pulled his very damp in the front briefs down. He did all this with his back to Richard and James, and when he turned, he saw that James was standing by the bench, holding the tiny yellow

briefs that had been in Rich's mouth in one hand the cane in the other.

He slowly walked over to the man, pulled by a force he didn't understand. He was afraid, yet very excited. He stopped about two feet in front of James.

"Place your hands behind your head boy. I want to see how good barber my son is," James ordered as he took in the sight of the nearly naked, freshly shaved youth.

Tim felt the hairs on the back of his head rise as James slowly walked around him. He felt like a piece of meat on display at the butcher. He fought for control as he felt the large strong hands of his new boss feeling his legs, and arms, checking his pits for any stray hair or blemish. He tried to swallow, but his mouth was dry when he felt rather than saw James lift up his cock with the tip of the cane, inspecting his hairless balls, and pubic area.

"Bend over and spread your cheeks Timothy." James ordered him nonchalantly.

Blushing furiously, Tim did as he was told, exposing his pink, newly hairless asshole for inspection. He just about jumped out of his skin when he felt a finger running up and down his crack, but he just concentrated on staring at his socks and sandals below him.

The cane tapped his butt lightly. "Up you go. Very good job Richard, you may have yet another career choice," James joked with his son, who was now sporting a large erection from the show his dad just put on from across the room. James placed the cane on his desk, and picked up some supple brown leather gloves and started pulling them on.

"No cane the first time Timothy; we will have to work you up to that. I want you to come over here, and lay down over my lap." James sat down on the bench and patted his lap.

Frightened as he was, the thought of lying over this man's lap made his cock twitch. Tim, scratched the back of one of his legs with his other foot, and then walked slowly to where James was waiting.

Rich was now the one enjoying the show. Sure his ass was on fire, the cane always hurt, but he was used to it, and he always got horny when he was punished. He was enjoying Tim's discomfort as he slowly walked around the bench to get in position. One of his gray socks was pulled up reaching halfway to his knee; the other one was bunched around his ankle as he slowly leaned down over his dad's lap. He noticed Tim's little nipples were hard as well as his cock when he tried to arrange his hard little cock in his dad's crotch.

James noticed all this as well. His own cock was now quite stiff as Tim's rubbed against his own under his suite trousers. He arranged Tim where he wanted him, then picked up Rich's underpants.

“Open up boy.”

Tim hesitated. That was Rich’s underwear that he had probably been wearing all day, as well as just coming out of his mouth. Still, James ran out of patience and he didn’t fight when the damp undies were forced into his mouth. He immediately could taste the mixture of his friend’s sweat and spit, and his own mouth started watering around them.

He didn’t have much time to dwell on the taste though, because just as with Richard, James wasted no time with formalities. He started slapping Tim’s pale cheeks. He was spanking lightly at first, but consistently harder with each slap. The leather glove slapping his soft flesh made a soft clapping sound at first, but was getting steadily louder as the force of each blow increased.

It started off not hurting, and Tim thought, I can take this, but that thought didn’t last long. His cheeks were starting to warm up, and he started to grunt into the underwear gag with each blow of Bateman’s leather covered hand.

Once James was satisfied with the pink glow on the back of Tim’s cheeks, the real punishment began. He spanked the boy HARD, causing him to shriek and squirm. James kept the boy firmly planted to his lap with his left gloved hand pressing down on his back though, and started landing hard blow after hard blow, alternating his target each time and making sure the young man felt it, but careful not to injure him. He had long practice spanking teen boys and knew what they could safely take.

Tim didn’t know this of course. His ass was on fire and he was now freely crying his eyes out, his legs flying around behind him as he tried to escape the blows. He didn’t realize how stimulating it was though, until right in the middle of him crying, he felt his orgasm building. How could he be hurting so much and horny he didn’t know, but the next thing he did know, his cock erupted into Mr. Bateman’s lap, pumping jet after jet of cum, which caused the boy to cry even harder, now more humiliated than he had ever been in his life.

When he came down from his orgasm and crying he realized that James wasn’t spanking him anymore, but wiping the tears off his face with the yellow briefs. He didn’t even realize that James had removed them from his mouth.

He sat up and looked down into Mr. Bateman’s lap, realizing he had plastered what had to be super expensive pants with his cum. More tears started to flow, but to Tim’s surprise, Bateman pulled him close and hugged him.

“It’s all right Timothy, it was your first time, and you haven’t learned how to control yourself yet” He allowed Tim to cry into his shoulder for another minute or so, before the boy regained some of his self control.

“I’m so sorry sir, it just happened, I don’t know why. I just...”

“I told you young man, don’t worry about it. You’ve had an accident and now you just deal with it.” He looked over Tim’s shoulder to Rich. “Richard, why don’t you show Timothy here how he should deal with an accident such as this?”

“Yes Dad,” Rich replied, walking over to the bench and kneeling down next to his dad. He patted the floor next to him, indicating that Tim should get down off the bench, which he did.

What happened next caused Tim to just about swallow his tongue. He watched as Richard leaned over his Dad’s crotch and started lapping up the puddle of cum that he had just deposited there. He could not believe that he was watching his new best friend lap up his seed right off of his dad’s pants!

“Your turn Timmy, it’s your mess after all,” Rich said as he grabbed the back of Tim’s head and pressed his face into his own dad’s crotch.

At first Tim tried to resist, but he had to breathe and had no choice but to open his mouth. For the first time in his life he tasted cum. He was afraid of what it would be like, but he found it wasn’t has bad as he had feared. His mind was racing as he kept lapping up his own mess, now mixed with his own friend’s mouth juices. He forgot all about the mess he was making of Mr. Bateman’s pants.

When Rich finally let him up for a full breath, he watched fascinated as his friend undid his father’s belt, unzipped the fly, and started digging around his pants. He couldn’t make himself look away when Rich pulled out his father’s cock.

Tim had never seen a full grown man’s dick, and James Bateman’s dick was more impressive than most. It was only half erect and easily twice as big around as Tim’s or Rich’s. He gasped in disbelief when he watched his friend place his mouth around his father’s cock and start sucking and licking it, causing the already big dick to grow even more!

“That’s it son, show Timothy how to please a man.” James whispered.

Tim’s cock was hard as a rock again as he witnessed his first blow job. Sure he had read about them and saw pictures on the net, but here, inches from his face was his friend slurping and sucking and stroking a huge man cock! It was now at its full eight inches and glistening with Rich’s spit, when again, Tim felt his friends hand on the back of his head, guiding him slowly toward the glistening dick. The senior Bateman, like most American’s of his generation was circumcised, and his cock head was a dark purple and very angry looking to Tim was his lips were brought toward it.

He was very afraid at this point. Sure he had been dreaming about this for at least a year, but now that

tit was happening, he was terrified. Once his lips touched this cock, there was no turning back. Before he could think again though, his lips were wrapped around James Bateman's cock head. It was so big and his mouth so small he felt like his jaw would split apart.

"Relax Timmy, just take it easy and enjoy. Cover your teeth with your lips. You won't be able to take much your first time buddy..." Rich coached him through his first time at giving head.

After gagging a few times, and almost throwing up, Rich pulled Tim off his dad's cock and took back over. Tim sat back on his sooted feet, ignoring the pain of his freshly spanked ass, and wiped the drool off his mouth while Rich went back to work gusto.

Tim didn't even realize he was jerking himself off, while he watched the real life porn scene play out in front of him. He noticed Rich was furiously wanking his own cock while he sucked James off, so thinking, in for a penny, in for a pound, he reached over and started jerking his friend off with his other hand. It thrilled him to feel Rich's cock in his hand and he started stroking faster. If there is one thing I can do well thought Tim, it is jerk a boy dick!

Rich took a breath, and said, "Yeah Timmy, stroke my cock buddy," and went back down on his dad.

James looked down at his sons head bobbing up and down on his monster, and Tim wanking both himself and his son. I picked this one well, he thought too himself right before he felt his own man nuts boil over and start feeding his son load after load of his cum. He let out a yell and held Rich's head tight on his cock, force feeding every drop into his son's very willing mouth.

Tim heard James grunt, and then saw the man's cock twitching and Rich's cheeks puff out as he took the entire load of his Dad's cum.

Rich, after making sure he had his dad's full load, took his mouth James's cock, pulled Tim over on top of him and pressed his lips to the surprised boy. Shocked and not knowing what else to do, Tim fell backward onto the thick carpet, paying no mind to the fire of his freshly spanked ass. Before he knew what was happening, Rich had rolled him onto his back and was force feeding the remnants of his dad's load into Tim's only slightly willing mouth.

He had never kissed anyone on the lips in his life, much less swapped spit, but now, as Rich's tongue dominated his own mouth, he got his first taste of man sperm, while Rich rubbed his steel hard cock up and down against Tim's own fully throbbing dick. As Rich ground him into the carpet, Tim wrapped his legs around the older boy, with his feet were meeting other behind Rich's back. Rich was humping the younger boy into the carpet in time with his tongue thrusts into his mouth and he next thing Tim knew, he felt spurt after spurt of warm sticky fluid spreading out between the two entwined teen boy bodies, and that's all it took for his own cock to start to spasm and add to the sticky warm mess between the two wreathing boys.

Rich kept thrusting into Tim until his cock was drained, then he broke the lip lock and plopped down beside his new little buddy. Rich had had plenty of sex with other boys and men, but this kid would be something special all right. He was seeing starts.

James allowed the two boys to rest, while he used a rag to clean himself up as best he could for the moment. "Well, we all got a bit carried away there eh?" he said. "Timothy, I hope this wasn't too much too soon for you?"

Tim, basking in the afterglow of the whole experience could barely talk. "Sir, I needed this more than you could ever know. Thank you so much for hiring me."

I knew I picked the right boy, James thought for the second time of the night. "Very good, we have a big day tomorrow boys, and I still have some work to do. Go get showered, then you can watch a movie, but after that, straight to sleep. And I do mean sleep. I will be checking on you later, so get going."

"Right Dad, Come on Timmy, lets go take a shower together!" Rich said, pulling his very willing new friend up, and leading him, covered in cum, and still wearing only socks and sandals, out of his Dad's office and up the stairs to his room.

End of Chapter 4

I am going to stop promising what is coming in the next chapter as I never seem to get it right. Anyway, thanks to all who have dropped me a note of encouragement. There will be more interesting situations for Tim in the next chapter.

Cheers,

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