

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.

To Tim it seemed like an hour while he stood there naked, against the wall while Mr. Bateman whispered to Robert and Rich, who kept whispering back and tapping on the computer that he could not see. Actually it was only about five minutes before Bateman leaned over to Rob.

“This will do for today. Do you think you can get that together in a hurry?”  
Bateman asked the young apprentice tailor.

“Sure, we have all this in stock; it will only take a few minutes for our guys to do the alterations. How bout shoes, underwear and socks?”

“How about some pale blue no fly briefs, euro kids style, cotton, white tank undershirt, and some white knee hi’s, dress style, thin, and white lace up dress shoes. I want the shorts mid thigh, not too short, they need to look dressy. We will save the shorter stuff for a more intimate setting,” James whispered to Rob, looking over and imagining what young Tim would soon look like, and the fun they would have going out on the town.

“Sure thing Mr. Bateman, I’ll get right on it,” Rob answered, then looked over to Tim, winked at him and left the room.

This left Tim wondering what they had decided on for him to wear. He couldn’t see what Mr. Bateman had ordered prepared, and he didn’t hear what kind of underwear he was getting, but he figured it would be something tight and revealing. He was acutely aware he was the only one naked in the room, and while no one seemed to even notice him as they went about their business, he was getting more self conscious by the minute, now that he was just standing around.

He was startled out his thoughts when Rich slapped his hand away from his cock, which he hadn't even realized he was holding on to.

"Keep your hands at your sides Timmy, when a boy as cute as you is naked, men like to look at you, so no covering up. You need to get used to this because you are going to be naked in front of strangers a lot from now on, do you understand?"

Blushing, Tim put his hands back at his sides, hoping that Rob would hurry up with whatever he was doing. "Sorry Rich, I'm still kind of nervous."

"Only natural Timmy, but understand what I've been telling you. There will eventually be consequences for not obeying me or any other person who tells you what to do," Rich warned him.

"I will do my best Rich, really!" Tim said earnestly.

The elder Bateman listed to the exchange with approval. His son was going to be a natural at this he thought. He closed the laptop he had been looking back and went to his shoulder bag and started looking for a small box he had packed.

Just then Rob re entered the back room carrying an armful of things for Tim to try on. "Here you go kiddo, put the socks on and see if these shoes fit you. They are brand new and leather, so they will be a little tight to begin with, especially if you aren't used to wearing dress shoes." He handed Tim a pair of white leather dress shoes, and some thin white socks.

"Uh, Ok," Tim answered, looking unsure at the shoes. He had never seen white shoes like this before. They were all white except the sole, which were slightly darker, with three lace holes, and the socks looked to him more like something girls would wear.

"Come on kid, we don't have all day," Robert scolded him, here, you can sit on this," he pulled a swivel stool over to Tim, so he could at least sit down to try them on.

Tim held up one of the long thin white socks, noticing that they were made of thin cotton, with no ribs, like the socks he was used to wearing. Aware that everyone in the room was staring at him, he sighed, sat his naked butt down on

the stool, and pulled first one sock on, then the other, pulling them up to his knees. He noticed that they were still a bit baggy, but reached for one of the shoes anyways.

“Hold it, stop Timmy, you need to pull your socks up right,” Rich told him. He and James were now standing right next to him, along with Robert, watching him get dressed closely, making Tim even more nervous.

“Pull the socks up tight, as high as they will go” Rich instructed the lad.

Tim pulled the thing socks up as tight as he could get them, so that they now ended slightly above his knee.

“Okay, now fold them over at the top, so that the cuff is just touching the bottom of your knee.”

Tim did as he was told, and the result was that he now had very tight socks, with a one inch cuff at the knee. The smooth cotton felt slightly different than his normal socks, but Tim thought he could get used to it. What was weird to him is that they were very thin and he cold almost see his skin tone through them. He shrugged it off though, and tried on the shoes.

Tim had never worn anything but sneakers or sandals in his life, so the brand new stiff leather dress shoes felt very strange, and not very comfortable to him when he stood up.

James pushed the stool aside, and told Tim to walk around the room in them, so see if his feet moved around in the shoes. As he walked around the room, naked except for the shoes and socks, Tim felt everyone’s eyes following him. It was hard to concentrate on how the shoes felt, although he almost fell with the first step, never having worn smooth soled shoes before.

“They feel weird sir”, he told his boss. “But I guess they fit OK. I’ve never worn shoes like these before.” He wanted to tell him he would never have dreamed of wearing shoes that looked so hokey, but he new better than that. While getting spanked was exciting, he didn’t want to invite punishment.

“Humph, well they will take some time to break in son, but you are going to have to get used to dressing up a bit from now on. I don’t pay my models to look like slobs,” James told him sternly. He does look very sexy right now too, he thought to himself, looking at Tim’s half hard, hairless package.

Robert was about to hand Tim a tiny pair of briefs, but Bateman held up his hand. "Not just yet Robert." He turned to his son, "Richard, would you hand me that package next to my bag please?"

Rich saw a small black box with a black ribbon on it. Raising an eyebrow, he retrieved it, and handed it to his father, "Here you go sir!"

"Thank you Robert," James replied taking the package and turning to Tim. "Timothy, we have put you through a lot in this last week, and you still have quite a weekend ahead of you. You have surprised me both with your ability to do as you're told without complaint, but even more with your attitude in doing so. This is a small token of my appreciation, but also another step in your training." He handed the small box to the surprised boy.

"Thank you sir," Tim said taking the small box, and looking at it. It was about six inches long and two inches wide and did not seem to weigh much.

"Well go ahead Timmy, open it up!" Rich exclaimed. He had no idea what was in the box and wondered what his Dad was up to.

Tim looked at the senior Bateman, who nodded his approval, so he slipped the small ribbon from the box and opened it. Looking at the contents of the box caused him to go weak in the knees, and his cock to immediately rise to full erection. There in front of his eyes in the box, resting on a small piece of red velvet was a black butt plug!

Tim's bare knees started shaking, and he had to make a concentrated effort to stop them. He picked up the plug and examined it. Sure he had seen them in pornos and what not, but never in person, and certainly he had never held a sex toy. It was only a small plug actually. At 4 inches long and about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch at the widest, it wasn't even as big as his own modestly sized penis, but it was still looked big to him when he thought of his rear end.

"Timothy, you possess an asset that many will want take advantage of, but you need to be trained. I think you should start that training today. What do you say young man?" Bateman asked in a tone that made the question more rhetorical than anything else.

"Uh, I guess so sir," Tim answered with anything but enthusiasm. Even though his cock was raging hard, and he wanted to be able to do this, he was scared. He noticed though, that both Rob and Rich were both smiling, and both sporting noticeable arousal in their pants.

“That’s the right answer Timothy, now I suggest you use the toilet if you have to, because once you are plugged, it stays in until we get home.”

“Yes sir,” Tim found he suddenly did need to have a bowel movement. He would be lucky if he didn’t throw up!

Robert showed the still naked boy to a small bathroom, and he was grateful that he didn’t have to go through the shop to use it as he was still naked! Sitting on the toilet, he took stock of his day so far. He had just gotten a haircut from a perverted old barber, got felt up and measured by a perverted tailor, and then jerked himself off then ate his cum while the two other boys blew the men in the room. Now he was about to put on a very sissy outfit if he wasn’t mistaken and to top it off, he would have his ass stuffed with a butt plug the rest of the day! It took every ounce of self control not to jerk his cock. It took a while, but he finally succeeded in doing his business. He cleaned himself up as best as he could then stood up, made sure his socks were pulled up tight and tried to show no fear as he came back into the room where his latest challenge awaited him.

James had adjusted the stool a little higher, and now Saul was back the small room and to Tim’s surprise, so was Rick the Barber, who seeing what Tim was wearing gave a low whistle and winked at him.

You don’t mind if Rick watches after the nice haircut he gave you do you Timothy?” Before the shocked youth could even mouth an answer, Bateman pointed to the stool, “be so kind as to lie down on your stomach on the stool son. Robert and Richard will be more than happy to help you get it in. Even thought it’s a rather small plug, the first time will be a bit uncomfortable, but I know you can take it boy. Still, I think something to bite down on might be a good idea.” James looked around the small room.

“Robert got those briefs that Timothy wore this morning.”

“Yes sir,” the red head answered, retrieving the briefs that Tim has stripped off earlier. He wadded them up and was about to feed them to Tim, who was now lying on his stomach over the stool.

“Hold on Robert,” James ordered. He picked up the butt plug and placed it to Tim’s lips. “Suck on this for a bit Timothy, you will want it as slick as possible.

Wrap your lips around it like it was a cock, don't bite it." He started to slowly feed the black rubber plug into his young model's mouth.

Tim closed his eyes, and allowed the butt plug into his mouth, inch by inch. He naturally started salivating as he sucked on the thing and soon he was making slurping noises and Bateman moved it slowly in and out of his mouth, until the kid was drooling out both sides of his mouth.

Satisfied it was nice and wet, James pulled the plug out of Tim's mouth by the base, showed the now shiny wet plug to the boy, who was grinding his cock against the stool in anticipation, and then nodded to Rob, who shoved the wadded up undies into Tim's mouth. James handed the plug to Rob and nodded to Rich, who conveniently had a small bottle of lube, and squirted some onto his hand.

Rich positioned himself over Tim, held the bottle over the top of the kid's ass, and squirted a generous amount of lube right onto the top of his crack. The lube pooled and started to run slowly down Tim's crack, causing the boy to moan into his already soaking wet underwear gag.

Tim could feel all the eyes in the room on him as he squirmed in lust. The cool slippery lube running across his hole was driving him wild. When Rob leaned over and whispered into his ear, asking him if he was ready, all he could do was moan and nod in the affirmative, as he tried not to cum all over right that minute. Every thing that was happening to him seemed to be more extreme than the last.

He could sense both Rich and Rob behind him now, and felt a pair of hands spread his butt cheeks apart. He tried to turn around but the position he was in wouldn't let him. He sucked on the gag hard however, when he felt Rich's slippery finger graze his hole and slowly pressing.

"Relax Timmy, just let it happen boy," Rich told him as he inserted his finger and started working his young friend's hole. "I know you can take it, and I know you want it don't you boy?"

Tim whimpered and shook his head yes.

"God where did you find this little slut boy?" asked Robert, who was eagerly holding the spit slicked plug over Tim's hole and grabbing his own dick through his knickerbocker pants.

“Watch your tone young man!” admonished Saul, who himself was quite aroused and wondering the same, although decorum kept him from saying it out loud.

“Sorry Father,” Robert mumbled, waiting for the signal from Rich, who now had two fingers stretching Tim’s boy cunt, getting it ready for the insertion.

“Okay Timmy, here it comes boy.” Rich told him and nodded to Rich as he pulled his fingers out.

Rich placed the blunt tip at Tim’s quivering hole and pressed ever so slightly, just getting the tip in. Tim bucked and moaned at the feeling of the small but solid tip entering him. Rob came around the front of Tim, placing his bulging trousers right into Tim’s face as the older boy bend over his back and spread his cheeks, motioning for Rich to continue. He pressed against Tim holding him in place as he watched the slick black plug slowly disappear into the confines of Tim’s stretching boy pussy. He had to control himself as well from cumming as he felt Tim quivering as the ever bigger plug stretched his sensitive, virgin ass lips.

Tim felt like he was being torn apart. The pain was intense, but so were all the other feelings he was experiencing. Just when he thought he couldn’t take anymore, he felt his pussy lips finally close around the narrow base of the plug as he sucked the remainder of the invader inside him. That intense feeling along with the taste of his own underwear and Rich’s cock in his face caused his cock to explode in orgasm.

Both older boys realized he was cumming and egged him on, Rich by pressing on the base of the plug and Rob by grinding his cock into Tim’s face. Tim was bucking and moaning into the gag, and lost himself in his second powerful orgasm of the day before realizing that he had just allowed himself to be plugged in front of a room full of men.

He was in a daze until he felt the underwear being pulled from his mouth, and the two older boys helped him up, slightly embarrassed at the huge cum puddle on the stool and the trail down his flat tummy.

Tim was too dazed; barely standing on his wobbly legs to notice, but everyone else in the room saw that there was a huge wet spot in the crotch of Robert’s knickers. The young man apparently had really enjoyed dominated the younger Tim as he forced the plug into his willing but tight ass.

Saul glowered at his son. “You’ve ruined a brand new set of trousers! Take them

off immediately boy!"

Rob blushed almost as deep shade of red as he tried to cover his accident with his hands as soon as he realized what had happened.

James smiled to himself at his friends' son's predicament. The shade of red in his cheeks showed off his freckles nicely he thought to himself, and he always enjoyed tormenting cute young men. "You head your father son, take em off. And you might as well take everything off, you're going with us to help out on the town this afternoon, and Timothy will be the only one modeling today."

Knowing better than to argue with his dad, much less James Bateman, Rob started to strip. While he was getting naked, Rich was helping Tim towel off the sticky mess on his belly. He was about to use the same towel to wipe up the remnants of his orgasm on the stool when Saul stopped him.

"No wait. Robert will clean that up. That is his punishment for cumming without permission and ruining a brand new costume." He looked at his now almost naked son. "You heard me boy, on your knees and lick it up, and give me your belt while you're at it!"

"Dad, no please, I'm too old for that!" Rob protested, now naked except for his argyle knee socks.

"Would you like more?" Saul thundered, picking up the thin leather belt from Rob's trembling hands. "Naked and on your knees, NOW, and start cleaning that mess!"

Tim was astonished at the scene unfolding in front of him. If he hadn't just blown a nut, he was sure he would be rock hard right that minute. As it was, his spent dick was half hard, as Rich handed him a pair of plain pale blue underwear to put on.

As he pulled the thin cotton briefs up his smooth hairless legs, Tim watched in awe as the naked redheaded boy he had only met that morning was on his knees lapping up the puddle of cum he himself had just deposited on the stool. He jerked when he saw the belt fly down and make impact on his pale freckled ass as Saul laid into his son.

CRACK! "Aieee!"

“Shut up boy and keep licking!” CRACK!

Tim saw Rob’s butt cheeks clinch tightly, but the lad did as he was told and kept licking up the jizz as his dad delivered the third and final blow. CRACK!

Saul tossed the belt aside. “Maybe that will teach you to control yourself, but I doubt it.” He looked over at Rich and Tim and winked before addressing his son. “Now go get dressed while I finish outfitting this young man.”

“Yes Papa” Rob said as he stood, fighting the urge to rub the three fresh red welts across his ass. He was grateful that is soccer game was that morning. He gave a cold smile to Tim and headed out the room.

Tim hoped that he hadn’t done something wrong that would cause him to make Robert mad at him, but he didn’t have time to ponder, as Saul grabbed his naked arm and led him to a dressing room, while James and Rich poured over the computer, to decide what other outfits they would order for young Tim.

To Tim, walking with the butt plug lodged up his ass was definitely a different feeling, and he wasn’t sure he was entirely comfortable with it, but he knew better to complain to any of these men for fear of immediate correction! Once in the dressing room, he took the white dress shorts that Saul handed him and pulled them on over his with shoes and dress socks. They fit his narrow waist perfectly and wouldn’t need a belt, but Saul insisted so Tim threaded the white leather belt through. A tank undershirt was next, followed quickly by a white long sleeved dress shirt. Tim had never worn such expensive clothes, and he could tell just by the feel of the material that all this stuff was of a far higher quality than anything he had ever worn before. The collar and length of the sleeves of the shirt fit perfectly, and there was no material to spare as Saul tucked the shirt into Tim’s shorts, the old tailor’s hands lingering on Tim’s half hard cock for far longer than necessary. A navy blue blazer with a small coat of arms on the breast finished the outfit, and Saul opened the curtain to the small dressing room.

“There we are, let’s go see if James approves eh?” the man said as he cupped Tim’s ass, leading him out of the dressing room.

Once in the main room Tim looked at himself in the mirror. The shorts looked fancy, they had a metal clasp instead of a button on the fly, and they only went about half way down his legs, far shorter than he was used too, but no so much that many would notice. The collar of the shirt was buttoned all the way up and

while not tight, he was not used to it and it felt slightly constricting to him. The blazer was also a perfect fit, although he wouldn't know it as he had never worn one before.

"Well James, is this is what you were looking for?" Saul asked, and then gently pushed Tim to the center of the room. "Go ahead and walk around a bit son, let's see how it all works." The tailor was obviously proud of his work. "Wait, I almost forgot, he needs a tie!" Saul ran into the store and came back quickly with several ties, holding them for James to pick. Tim would obviously not have the slightest idea of what kind of tie he should wear, not to mention he had no say in the matter to begin with.

James picked a dark red tie with silver stripes that would go well with the navy blazer and handed it to Tim.

Hugely embarrassed, Tim took the tie, and again had to admit, "Uh, I don't know how to tie a tie sir. I've never worn one before."

Sensing his embarrassment, James smiled at Tim. "Nothing to be ashamed of young man, Richard will help you today, as he did last night, but I expect you to know at least 4 knots by two weeks from today understand? Richard and Robert can help you; they have years of prep school experience."

"Thank you sir, I will do my best to learn." Tim answered as he allowed Rich to stand behind him, wrap his arms around him and start tying the tie.

"You will do more than your best Timothy; you will simply do as I have instructed you. You are perfectly capable of such a simple task and it is required for your job. Failure will result in sever punishment as well as a dock in your wages, do I make myself clear?"

Tim gulped just as Rich tightened the tie snuggly around his neck, making the boy think of the noose around the cattle rustler from an old western. "Yes sir, I will learn."

"Good answer young man, now, walk around the room and let's get a look at you."

Tim looked at himself in the mirror. His outfit was complete. White shorts, white knee socks and shoes, with a blue coat and red tie. He thought he would look like a sissy, but he really looked like a spoiled rich kid dandy he thought. Like a kid

you would see in a fancy catalog or something he thought, although he doubted the kids in the catalog had a butt plug jammed up their ass!

He slowly walked around the room, feeling very odd as he sensed all the eyes on him. Saul, James, Rich and Rob, who had just re entered the room, dressed similar to Rich, in casual pants and a sport coat.

Once he finished a lap he looked at Mr. Bateman.

“I like it! It will work for the rest of the day anyway.” He looked at the two other boys. “Get all the gear ready, we are going out on the town to get some shots of Timothy here in the Big Apple!”

Oh my God! Tim thought. I am going out in public dressed like this, with this haircut! With a plug in my butt! What if someone that knows me sees me!

Sensing Tim’s panic, Rich took pity on his young friend and sought to calm him. “Timmy, being a model is about being confident. You are modeling these clothes; it’s an outfit, noting more. If you go around afraid of your own shadow, people will sense that weakness and capitalize on it. If you show nothing but confidence and treat it like the job that it is, no one will pay attention (that’s not totally true of course, Rich thought, but still...) Now we are going to go out and have some fun today, it’s New Freaking York buddy, lets go do it!”

James smiled to himself, proud of how his son was handling the nervous young model. “Well said Richard. Timothy, just relax and have fun, I am going to introduce you to our world today, and no one wants to meet a nervous boy, they want to meet a confident young teenager!”

All the enthusiasm was contagious to Tim. He tried to put how he looked out of his mind (except the part that was secretly thrilled with what he was being “made” to wear) and smiled. “Ok sir, I’m ready to go have some fun!”

“That’s the spirit Timothy, now thank Saul and let’s get going.”

“Thank you for everything Sir,” Tim held out his hand to Saul.

“Thank me for what? James will get my bill,” winked Saul, who Tim noticed had yet another large bulge in his pants. The boy was still not aware of the power he had over certain men, especially when dressed to appeal to certain fetishes, but

he would be learning a lot over the next few years.

He was led out the door and into the back of a waiting limousine by Rob and Rich, while James gave instructions to the driver. James got in the front seat, while the two older boys sat Tim in the middle of the back seat, so he was straddling the hump in the middle with his legs spread. The cool leather of the seat reminded him that he was the only one wearing short pants on this cool autumn day. As the car headed toward their first destination, every bump in the road reminded Tim of the butt plug. He was conscious of the effect it was having on him, he could feel his cock chubbing up in the confines of the small briefs. He felt uncomfortable dressed like this, but sitting between the two very hot looking older boys kept his mind partially off his situation. Both Rob and Rich had a hand on one of his bare knees as the car made its way through town. Tim wasn't sure if it was his imagination (it wasn't) but he thought he caught the limo driver checking him out in the rear view mirror occasionally, which only caused his dick to strain even more. He was glad that his blazer covered his lap while he sat.

His attention was soon diverted though, just from all the sights of New York. The limo headed down Broadway and then onto Central Park West. Their first stop of the tour was the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Tim wasn't too excited by this, but he didn't want to seem like he was unsophisticated.

James made him pose at the main entrance, something he was not very comfortable with as people started to stare at him. James didn't push the youngster though; he had all day for the lad to get comfortable. As soon as they were inside, though, Tim forgot all about how he was dressed or people looking at him or anything else. He was amazed at the grandeur of the place.

Rich and Rob, who had been there many times before started to guide Tim to their favorite exhibits, showing a genuine enthusiasm, that Tim soon got caught up in. This was perfect for James, who was able to get several wonderful candid shots of the smartly dressed youth enjoying the art exhibits. Tim knew he was being photographed, but tried not to think about it and just let the two older boys lead him on a whirlwind tour through the museum.

Tim was more relaxed posing at the steps to the Museum of Natural History, and didn't even notice some kids his own age sniggering at his outfit and hairdo as they walked by him. Rich and Rob had done a good job getting him more comfortable even if the butt plug was a constant reminder of his status, and he was genuinely having a great time.

They spent the next several hours hitting other popular attractions, with James filling up several CF cards of candid shots. He was shooting Tim using a 16.1

megapixel digital SLR camera which, combined with the professional grade lens he was using would produce incredibly large vivid shots of the boy. He was very pleased with how Tim looked in his short pants suit out and about around the city. He figured he could line up a job for this kid every weekend for the foreseeable future if he wanted.

Thinking about his clients, he decided to call one of them, a retired judge who happened to live in the city and ask if he would like to meet his latest model.

Judge Simon answered the phone on the second ring. After hearing that James was in the city with his wonderful son and a fresh new model, the 66 year old judge's rather impressive instrument got hard at just the thought.

“James I would be delighted! I’m just rambling around on my own in my little place so why don’t you come by my apartment for an early dinner? I will have Antonio start right now”

“That sounds perfect Arthur; I think you will find Timothy quiet a stunner.” James replied, amused at the man’s characterization of his 5th Avenue penthouse as “his little place”. “I want to get some shot’s of him on the Intrepid at sunset, and then we will come by. I have Saul’s boy Robert with us ass well, will that be a problem?”

“Ha! Even better James, I am starved for company, especially good looking young company! The more the merrier! Take your time and I will see you all when you get here.” The judge hung up the phone to go find his houseboy to tell him to prepare for guests.

The Intrepid museum in New York City is a retired aircraft carrier of the same name tied up at pier 86. It is a sea/air museum that James knew would be a hit with Tim. He wanted to make sure he had a great time even as he was getting photographed for future assignments.

They arrived at the carrier just before closing, but James wanted to get some shots of the smartly dressed youth in some magic hour light (twilight) on the top of the flight deck. James fell behind the three boys as he was fiddling with the camera when they passed a group of teens heading down.

One of the teens, the group leader apparently, saw Tim, and pointed at him laughing.

"Hey fag boy, nice knee socks, hahaha!" He moved to stand in front of Tim, blocking his path up the stairs, and for a moment Tim was terrified.

He only had a moment though because before he could even think of a way out of this Rich had somehow moved around Tim and put a hold on the loudmouth that immediately had him thinking of anything but starting trouble with Tim.

"I think it would be best if you just shut the fuck up and moved on don't you junior?" Rich hissed at the boy.

The other boys in his group all of a suddenly looked like they wanted to be anywhere else when they saw that Rich was more than capable inflicting pain instantly.

"Ow, leg go please, I was only kidding.." Rich increased the pressure on his arm.

"Oww, OK OK I'm sorry!" he whined, now almost in tears.

"That's more like it you piece of trash, now take your pathetic little group of lowlifes and move on."

Tim was speechless. He was impressed beyond words by how Rich handled the situation, but felt incredibly week and small as well, as it was not the first time he had been picked on, short pants or not.

"Don't let him bother you Timmy, there will always be people that have to make up for their own inadequacies by picking on others. Their punishment is who they are. All you can do is try to be better," Rich told him as he led him out the door and onto the flight deck.

"That was awesome, how did you do that thing you did to him?" Tim wanted to know.

"It's a good thing he did, because I would have broken his jaw," an angered Rob spoke.

"He's been practicing martial arts for 10 years, that's how." James answered for his son. "But he usually knows better restraint. You could have really hurt that kid Richard. We don't need that kind of attention," he scolded his son.

"But Dad, he was trying to start some shit." Rich realized he let the last word slip out and stopped immediately before he got in more trouble.

"We won't let this little episode ruin our day, but you have earned another caning next week. Now lets find a good backdrop for Timothy, we don't have much light left.

"Yes sir," Richard sighed, realizing that he did come on a little. He was becoming very fond of Tim and felt the need to protect him. He would talk to his dad about martial arts lessons so Tim could watch for himself.

As if reading his mind, James said, "We will look into getting Tim a coach, but it has to come second to school and modeling. I don't want to overload the poor boy with more than he can handle. Now lets get over to that airplane their and get some shots."

Tim loved all the cool planes on display and had a great smile for the last shots of the day, forgetting about the trouble on the stairs, and in fact, one of the best shots of the day was of Tim smiling and looking up at the SR-71 on display. James loved the look of youthful enthusiasm on Tim's face. He looked more like a middle school boy on a field trip than a surly high school teen, which is exactly the look he was looking for.

The museum was closing as the sun early in the autumn sky, so James herded the group back down through the labyrinth, promising Tim that they could spend more time here another day, possibly arranging a commercial shoot there someday.

It was getting colder as they piled back in the waiting car, but Tim stayed warm sandwiched between the two older boys, and all were laughing and talking as the car headed off. James told them they were eating dinner with Judge Simon, and both older boys immediately smiled, having both known the man for years, however Tim was a bit nervous about meeting a judge, especially dressed as he was. He figured Mr. Bateman knew what he was doing though, so continued to enjoy the ride.

James had one more stop in mind however and told the driver to pull up to the Apple store on 5th avenue. He got out and told Tim to come with him and had the driver circle the block with Rob and Rich while they went inside to get something real quick.

As the car pulled away from the curb, Rob looked at Rich, "What's that all about?"

Rich shrugged, "I dunno, maybe he's getting Timmy an iPod or something. We're pushing him pretty fast. Faster than he ever did to me or you. I was surprised he plugged him already. We don't want to scare him off, ha-ha."

"Well he sure is cute, that's for sure. He will make you guys a shitload of dough, on both sides of the house. Shit I would love to tap that!" Rob said huskily.

"Easy there tiger," Rich said laughing and grabbing Rob's dick through his pants. He's off limits for now. You know my pops makes the first move for that territory, and you DON'T want to cross James Bateman...or me for that matter."

"Hmm," said Rob spreading his legs at Rich's grasp. "Well maybe I can tap something else this weekend."

"Ha, We will see who taps who mister," replied Rich bringing his face close to his longtime friend.

"Yes we will," said Rob pulling Rich's mouth to his own.

As the car circled the block, the driver enjoyed the show as the two adolescent boys made out in the back of his limo. He hoped traffic would make it last, and it turns out that it did.

Inside the store, Tim followed James as he made his way through the throngs of people that are always hanging out in the Apple store until he found a hipster sales kid that was free.

The kid stood up straight as James approached. He just had the aura of confidence and power that made people pay attention to him. "Hello there, Eddie," said James reading the kid's name tag. "I'm James Bateman, I have a business account here and I need to get this young man set up on my account with a new iPhone, and while you're at it, throw in a 17 inch power book, top of the line. Here is my company credit card, I don't have much time, so let's get this done without the up sale bullshit ok?" He handed his card to the stunned hipster.

The kid wondered at the funny dressed kid, but he knew better than to say anything. This was New York and you saw all kinds of stuff, so he just smiled,

took the credit card and sped off to fill the order as fast as possible.

Tim was aghast. "An I phone for me? I don't think I can afford the bill sir."

"Well Timothy, technically it's not yours, it's the property of the company. You get to use it, and the computer, and as long as you don't piss me off they are yours for ever. I will pay your basic bill, but anything you do over the top of that you either pay for with your salary, or I take it out of your butt, you got me son?"

Blushing, but knowing exactly what he meant, Tim nodded. "I won't go over, I don't; have anyone to call, but thanks sir, thank you very much."

"Don't mention it son. You have done very well all day today and I am very pleased by how you have handled all this so far. You should have a nice computer too because you are going to need to learn Photoshop and some other applications of the business, and for your homework, which I or Richard are going to start checking as of this week by the way.

"Yes sir. I can't wait to learn this stuff Mr. Bateman. I can't believe all this is happening to me." He was oblivious to a group of girls pointing at laughing at him, which James was thankful for, and had even forgotten the anal invader inside him for the moment as he watched with anticipation as Eddie brought back two Apple boxes.

The sales clerk had no trouble quickly finding James' business account and activating the phone with a brand new number. After was all said and down the entire transaction took only 18 minutes. James smiled while looking at his watch, then used his own phone to call the driver and tell him they were done, and guided a very excited Tim out of the store.

The limo driver purposely didn't tell the boys in back that he was pulling up to the store, so there were oblivious to what was going on until the door opened and James and Tim both caught the both of them trying to untangle with each other. They quickly pulled apart as the door opened further, but the guilt on their faces and the tents in their pants told the whole story.

"Damn it you two, behave your selves." James growled, but he was not really that angry. He knew both boys had played around with each other in the past. "Let Tim get in while I put this stuff in the trunk," James ordered.

Tim's own cock stirred at the sight of the two boys boners, wondering how far

the two had got in the back of the limo. He could not picture himself doing something like that where the driver could see him, but the thought sure excited him.

He proudly showed off his new phone to the boys while James got back in the front seat.

"Cool Timmy, we can hook you up with some cool apps when we get back home." Rich said, squeezing Tim's leg.

Tim blushed at the contact and bravely put his own hand on Rich's crotch, feeling the heat and size of his idol's hard cock.

"Save it for the Judge Timmy, he is going to want to feel you up for sure," he winked at Tim.

"He will want a lot more than that I'm sure," laughed Rob.

"Shut up you two, we are going there for dinner and for Tim to meet him. That is all that is going on tonight." James told the two.

The rest of the short ride was silent, as Tim contemplated meeting a real live judge, wondering what the man would be like.

The limo pulled up to a fancy looking building, and a uniformed doorman opened the door allowing the boys to exit. Tim stared up at the impressive height of the building, wondering what it would be like to live in such a fancy place.

"The Judge is expecting you Mr. Bateman," the doorman told James, leading the group into the impressive lobby.

When the elevator came for them, the doorman used a special key to activate it so it would go to the penthouse level. Tim found his bare knees knocking in nervous anticipation as the elevator sped to the top floor. He had never met anyone of any kind of importance before, and he was guessing this judge was pretty important, especially considering the building he lived all the way at the top of!

Rich sensed his friends nervousness. "Relax Timmy, he doesn't bite...to hard anyway!" Both he and Rob laughed.

"Can it you two!" James said just as the elevator came to a halt. Much to Tim's amazement the elevator opened directly into an entrance hall, where a small elderly Pilipino man wearing a white shirt and bow tie was waiting.

"Welcome Mr. Bateman Good to see you again sir!" the man said with an accent. "The Judge is waiting for you in the living room, please follow me!" Antonio had been the judge's butler/man servant for many years and knew James well.

"Good to see you too Antonio," James said as they followed the little man into a large living room lined with overfull bookshelves and populated with huge overstuffed leather furniture. This was definitely a masculine residence.

Seated in one of the large leather chairs was a distinguished looking man of 68 years, who was wearing grey slacks and a white dress shirt. He still had a full head of wavy white hair, and although he carried a few extra pounds, looked remarkably fit. Judge Arthur Simon (retired) was born into a very wealthy old line family, but that did not stop him from making his own mark (not to mention fortune) in his own name. Even though he was retired from the bench, he still sat on the board of several fortune 500 companies, as well as still dabbling in legal work when he got bored. His other interests were in good looking young men and boys, which is how he had gotten to know James years earlier.

The man sat his newspaper down and stood to greet his guests. He held out his hand "James, I am so glad you called, good to see you!" He greeted his old friend warmly, then looked at the boys. "Richard, good to see you as always, you have grown so much! Robert, my god you are a man now!" he exclaimed hugging both boys before coming to Tim, who was unconsciously trying to hide behind his two friends.

"And this must be your new boy, or excuse me, your new model! Hello young man, my goodness you are a vision, and I can see that Saul got you dressed as a proper boy too, good for him!" He stuck out his hand, "I'm Arthur Simon son, glad you meet you!" Blushing, Tim took the man's hand and tried not to wince as his was crushed in a powerful grip.

"Tim, err Timothy Smith sir, glad to meet you too." Tim squeaked out nervously.

The man did a good job of hiding the fact that he was already undressing this gorgeous specimen that James had delivered to his apartment in his mind. How did he do it? Plenty of time for that later though. "Come in and have a seat, how bout a drink before dinner, Antonio!" the Judge shouted, although his man was

already bringing in a tray of soft drinks for the boys. "Ah there you are, great, great, drink up boys. James, I take it you would like something with a bit more kick? Scotch?"

Without waiting for an answer Arthur went to his small wet bar and poured two fingers of 18 year old scotch for James.

"Thanks Arthur, this is just what I need." James replied taking the tumbler and sitting down. The boys all sat and sipped their soda's while the two men caught up on matters.

Tim became aware that the judge kept stealing glances at him, and knowing that he was turning the old man on had an effect on him as well. He shifted uncomfortably on the couch, trying to hide his stiffness and not aggravate the plug in his ass at the same time. He was thankful when Antonio announced that dinner was ready, and the whole group headed to the formal dining room for the evening meal.

Even though Tim was as dressed up as he had ever been in his life (even if he felt like he was 12), he still felt out of place when he saw the finery of the judges formal dining room. The huge table could easily host 12 people, so only half of it was set, but the white linens, crystal glassware and actual silver silverware looked like something out of the movies to Tim, as did the sheer number of dishes at each place. He was going to sit at the far end, but to his surprise, Judge Simon ushered him to the chair immediately to the right of the head of the table, and he found himself seated next to the Judge and across from Mr. Bateman. Robert was seated on the other side of him, with Rich sitting next to his dad.

Antonio started pouring wine for everyone seated at the table, and Tim, to his delight, assumed he was about to get his first taste of being a grown up and having alcohol, but was surprised when the butler passed his glass by. He was even more chagrined when Antonio returned to the table and filled his wine goblet with milk. He was about to voice his disappointment when the Judge saw the look on his face and interrupted his attempt.

"Sorry lad, but you're a bit too young to imbibe in fine wine. I know you are not far apart from young Richard here, but he ahs been schooled in how to handle such beverages for a long time, considering his upbringing, but at my table, boys who wear shorts get milk until they are graduated into longs, and for you that will be quite a while I'm afraid.

Tim felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and was again reminded of his juvenile status in the group. The Judge smiled at the boy's blush and grabbed his bare knee under the table. "Don't be in too big a hurry to grow up boy, you have much

to learn, and many adventures ahead of you if I know James's here. So enjoy my milk and the rest of the meal eh? You are far too attractive a lad to frown." Simon motioned Antonio to start serving the appetizer.

The feeling of the mans firm grip on his smooth upper thigh sent a shot of warmth straight to Tim's groin, causing him to blush further. The Judge raised his glass, "A toast gentlemen, and lad" he said while winking to Tim, "To new friends and not growing up too fast. Prost!"

James, Richard and Roberts held their glasses up and answered "Prost!"

Tim caught on and raised his glass with the others and followed their lead taking a swig of his milk while the others sampled their wine. To Tim's surprise he found the milk quite good and refreshing, and didn't mind being left out as much. Soon the food arrived and Tim was astonished at the quality and variety of the food that was placed before him. Normally a picky eater, he didn't dare show his fear of the unknown with this group, especially seated between such two powerful older men. To his surprise, he found he quite liked the fancy food. He had never had shrimp any other way but fried, not to mention, caviar, or roast duck. When Antonio lit the Crème Brûlée that was desert on fire, he was grinning from ear to ear.

After the dishes were cleared, the Judge declared it time to retire to the library for an after dinner drink. He spoke to Rich and Rob. "You know the view from my balcony is spectacular at night. Why don't you two bundle up, take some coffee and go out and admire the city for a while, while I get to know Timothy here a tad better and I talk some business with your father."

The two boys grinned, knowing they were politely being told to get lost for a while, but not minding in the least, as it would give them time to finish what had started in the back of the limousine. They left to get their coats and head out to the huge private outdoor patio of the penthouse.

Once they had left, Judge Simon poured James and himself and brandy, and got a cigar for each of them. He actually showed Tim how to snip the ends, using a gold plated cigar cutter, and then how to light another man's cigar. "Something every boy should know how to do when in the company of men senior to your position lad," Simon commented after taking a few puffs.

"Yes sir," Tim said, trying not to gag at the smell. Still he was getting aroused at being subservient to these two men. With the two other boys gone, he really felt his submissiveness coming out as he did the Judges bidding. The two men were sitting in large lather chairs with a small table between them holding the crystal brandy snifter.

The judge kicked his shoes off, took a sip of his brandy, and said, "now boy, let's have a better look at you. I may give have a project for James here featuring you, but I need to see what I am getting before I open my check book so to speak."

Tim was a bit confused, "Sir, what would you like to see."

Simon laughed, "Sir is what you call James here, please refer to me as Judge, or Judge Sir, boy, I can see you are new and still learning respect. That's a fine start though," he said smiling. "Let's start with your torso boy; take off your coat and tie and please remove your shirt. You can hang your coat on that rack so it doesn't get wrinkled," he pointed to a coat rack by the door, "and while you are there, please close the door so we aren't disturbed."

Tim was getting more aroused at the directness of this man. He looked to James who nodded back to him. "Please do as the Judge asks you Timothy. This could lead to your first professional job as a model."

"Yes sir, Mr. Bateman, and Judge sir, " Tim replied. He took his coat off and hung it on the rack, closing the door before he returned to stand in front of the two men, and struggled to remove his tie. He started to sweat slightly as he fought with the knot that Richard had tied for him, but eventually he won, and managed to loosen it enough to pull it over his head. He started unbuttoning his shirt.

"I like the boy's hair James, reminds me of the good old days before boys all dressed like criminals," The judge remarked.

"Yes more of Rick's work. Of course it's only for today. I can't have him getting harassed at home or at school, " James replied. "Of course I will keep his hair properly trimmed everywhere else."

Tim blushed again at mention of his now missing pubic hair. He was also aware that without a coat, and now without a shirt, his now rampant erection was very visible in his white dress shorts. He placed his shirt on a hard wooden chair next to some shelves in the room, and stood before the two men, now just in his tank undershirt, and shorts, along with his socks and shoes.

"Hmm, very nice, but not enough lad. Please remove your undershirt."

"Yes Judge." Tim could feel his cock leaking pre cum as he pulled the thin ribbed cotton shirt out of his shorts, adding to the pile on the chair and now displaying his shirtless torso to the men.

"Very nice James, the lad is an excellent find. 16 you say? He doesn't look a day over 12, at least not as he is."

"That's the idea Arthur, I want to make sure Timothy here starts at the bottom so we can train him as a proper man's boy should be trained. Please place yours hands behind your head Timothy, and turn slowly around so the Judge gets a proper look. Don't stop turning until I tell you."

"Yes sir Mr. Bateman." Tim replied, and then did as he was told, the two men made no comment of his obvious arousal as he slowly turned for them about three times.

"Stop boy!" Tim stopped and put his arms down at his sides."

"Did I tell you to put your arms down boy?"

"No sir, but..."

"Then put them back! You are on display for the Judge boy, remember that."

Tim quickly put his arms back up with his hands back behind his head. "Sorry sir"

"You will be if you don't obey," James said softly. "Now you may put your hands down and kindly remove your shorts, place them on the pile and return to your present position."

"Yes sir," Tim squeaked. He could feel his penis throbbing with anticipation and he fumbled with his belt buckle before getting it undone and undoing the clasp at his fly. He pulled the zipper down, which was stretched over his turgid member, and slowly lowered his shorts to the floor before stepping out of them, slowly walking over to the chair and adding them to the pile. He returned to his spot between the chairs in front of the two men puffing on their cigars, and placed his hands behind his head, standing their clad only in his pale blue briefs, knee socks and shoes. There was a growing wet stop at the tip of his cock, which was now fighting a losing battle to be held in the waistband of his underwear.

The Judge placed his cigar down and stood up, and walked over to Tim, smiling as he noticed the boy brake out in gooseflesh, as he started running his rough hands over the lad's smooth hairless skin. He rubbed his thumbs over Tim's nipples, which responded immediately, hardening becoming erect. Tim sucked his breath in, and felt his cock leak even more.

"Very nice James, you have scored a winner here, as far as looks go." He placed his hand on either side of Tim's torso and spun the boy around. "Bend over and grab your ankles son," the judge instructed," his voice getting a tinge huskier as the old man's cock gave rise in his own trousers. "Let me have a look at that boy ass."

Tim spread his legs slightly and bent over, keeping his legs as straight as he could and presented his ass to the Judge. He felt the old mans hands run over the stretched tight material of his little boy briefs.

The Judge was marveling at this cotton covered ass when he spotted the flat round disc that was the base of Tim's butt plug showing through his undies. His own cock was now leaking. "My God James, you've plugged the boy already? Marvelous!" He tapped on the plug, testing the fit. "How you do like it boy? Good way to remind you of your place I think," the Judge remarked while pressing on the base.

"Ooooh," Tim gasped as the plug tickled his prostate. "I uh, I still getting used to it Judge sir," he replied, resisting the urge to grab his own cock and milk it for all it was worth.

"Humph, You will get used to that and more lad," the Judge said tapping the plug one last time before ordering the boy to stand and face him.

Tim stood and nervously turned around placing his hands in front of his cock, trying to hide the enormous bulge in his briefs and the growing stain. The Judge swatted his hands away and unceremoniously yanked the boy's briefs down over his painfully hard cock, and dropping them to his feet, causing the freed organ to slap up against his taught belly.

"Nice little cocklet their boy," Simon said as he fondled the hairless genitals. "Very nicely sized and unspoiled by hair as appropriate for a boy of your age. Now pull your underwear up and for shit sake, pull your fucking socks up too, you look very sloppy boy!"

Startled at the man's tone, Tim quickly pulled his tiny briefs up, stuffing his slippery cock in them and pulling his socks up tightly and adjusting them so they were just under his knees again. As he did this the Judge returned to his chair, sitting with his legs spread wide.

"A wonderful find James, and I think I have just the setting in mind for him, but one final thing..." the Judge was rubbing the growing bulge in his trousers.

"Of course Arthur." James replied. "Timothy, why don't you get down on your knees and show the Judge what else you have learned and how grateful you are for this evening's meal."

Swallowing hard, Tim knew what was being asked of him. What surprised him more was how much he wanted to do it! He got to his knees and positioned himself in-between the Judge's spread legs. He was staring at the man's slacks when the Judge took his hand in his own and placed it on his crotch and started rubbing it up and down. Tim gasped, the man's cock was much bigger than he had guessed, and it was certainly bigger than Rich's. The Judge guided his hands to his fly, unzipping it. He pushed Tim's hands away while he pulled his boxers down setting it completely free.

Tim was now face to face with a very fat 7 inch circumcised man penis. It had an angry looking purple head and was dripping pre cum as it stuck out from a nest of gray pubic hair. The boy didn't even realize he was licking his lips, but the Judge noticed it, and grabbed the back of the lad's head and guided it toward his angry cock.

"Open up boy, take it...suck my cock you little slut," the Judge ordered.

Before Tim could think, his mouth was stretched around the fat cock and he was sliding his mouth up and down, slurping on the large pole. He could only get a few inches in without gagging, but he was soon drooling profusely around the organ, and making loud slurping noises as his teenage mouth pleasured the old man. He started grasping his own cock through his briefs, which were now totally wet with his own cock snot, but seeing this and fearing the boy would cum, James stepped in.

Tim wasn't aware he was grabbing his own cock as he slurped on the Judge. The first indication he had was when he felt James grab both his arms and pull them not gently behind his back.

"No hands boy," he said. "Your job is to pleasure the judge, not yourself!" Tim

saw James grab his discarded tie in his peripheral vision, then felt his wrists being tied behind his back. Holy shit!, he thought to himself, they are tying me up! His mind raced to the bondage sights that he sometimes jacked off too, and it took every ounce of willpower on his part not to explode in his pants right then! For the moment, he was the slave to these two men, being used as nothing but wet hole for an old man's cock, and he loved it!

He did his best to cover his teeth with his lips and sucked as best he could. His mouth was getting tired, and he was having trouble breathing and keeping his balance without his hands, but he kept sucking. His knees were killing him, and he was drooling all over the place out of the side of his mouth, but he kept sucking. Finally after he felt he would pass out, he felt the Judge's hands tighten on his head, and felt his mouth being pulled halfway into his mouth and held fast.

"Take it you little bitch, take my CUM!" the Judge shouted as he unloaded his seed into the kid's mouth.

Tim knew it was coming, but was still not prepared for the volume or force at which the Judge's cum filled mouth. He tried to swallow it all, but couldn't and soon was coughing and sputtering as rivers of cum mixed with spit ran out and down the sides of his mouth, even as the huge cock was still pumping more. Still the Judge held his head tightly, "drink it slut, show my seed the respect it deserves boy!" He ran his head back and forth on his cock until he was spent, and released Tim's head, and sat back in his chair.

The Judge picked up his drink and took a sip of brandy and took in the sight of the boy in front of him. Tim was still on his knees, which now had a case of rug burn on them, panting. His chin was covered in spit and cum, as was his torso as the mixture ran down his body. Most revealing though, was the huge cum stain in the boy's briefs, revealing that he had cum in his little panties, while pleasuring the old man. Jesus, this was one hot little slut boy, he thought. There were some wonderful opportunities to be had with such a good looking youth who was obviously a born submissive as well. He puffed on his cigar as James untied Tim's hands and had him stand up.

"I told you not to pleasure yourself Timothy." James said mildly.

At first Tim was confused, until he felt the huge puddle in his shorts. He had cum yet again that day and not even realized it. Totally ashamed, he started to stammer an excuse.

"Not now Timothy, I will simply add it to the total, for now, take care of the

mess you made on the Judges floor. I believe Robert gave the example of how it's done this afternoon." James sat down, picked up his own drink, and both men watched as the shamed boy got down on his hands and knees and started licking up the mess on the carpet.

At first Tim was grossed out, but he realized that for some weird reason, he really got off on being bossed around like this. He couldn't figure out why he liked to be humiliated so. He was still trying to lick the cum out of the carpet, when the Judge decided he had made a decent effort.

"Stand up lad, I will have Antonio get the carpet cleaned tomorrow. If you go out the door and go to the left, there is a bathroom where you can get cleaned up and wash your face," the Judge said. "You can put your soiled underwear in the hamper, and if you check the second drawer, there should be some clean underwear that fit you."

Tim eyed his clothes nervously, thinking he would like to get dressed first.

Smiling the Judge said, "If you worried about Antonio seeing you, don't be Timothy, he has been with me for years and has seen far stranger sights than a half naked beauty wondering through my house. Who do you think stocks my guest underwear drawer?"

"Yes Judge," Tim answered and moved quickly out of the study and toward the bathroom. He was in fact nervous about being seen, covered in cum and wearing only soiled briefs and knee socks, but it was for naught.

For at that very moment, Antonio was standing in his darkened room, furiously jacking his own cock at the sight unfolding before him on the balcony below his room.

At that moment, Rich had his pants and underwear down around his ankles and he was bent over the back of a lounge chair, while Robert was feeding his ass with his long thin cock. The two boys fucking were bathed in ambient light from the inside of the house, and gave the old butler a perfect view of the redhead's freckle covered ass bouncing back and forth as he fed his cock into Rich's willing cunt hole.

The two boys started out huts enjoying the view, and taking some pictures of the city at night, but quickly decided they could stay warmer by making out. Rich thought he might have a crack at fucking Rob, but the older taller boy would have none of it, reminding Rich, that he was the upperclassman when they were

at boarding school, and that made Rich his fag. Only slightly disappointed, Rich offered his ass to the warm tongue of the senior boy and lost himself in the feeling of an excelling rimming before accepting the older boys cock for a sound fucking.

Antonio shot of load of cum into a rag, just as Rob silently emptied his teenaged balls into Rich's well fucked ass. He smiled as they looked around in vain for a towel out on the balcony to clean up with, and deiced, tucking his cock back into his pants, that he would pop out to see if they "needed anything."

Just as that was going on, Tim was running a warm wash cloth over his genitals, making sure he removed all traces of his accident. He had to learn control! He dropped the soiled undies into the hamper the Judge had mentioned, and then opened the drawer. To his dismay, all the underwear looked extremely small, flimsily and actually quite girly for Tim's taste. After digging around though, he found a bright white pair that offered what the thought would give the most coverage, even though there were no sides to the briefs, just a thick elastic waistband. At least the pouch offered plenty of room for his spent cock, and the rear covered his pert little butt cheeks. The plug was getting more uncomfortable, and he hoped they would be going back to Virginia soon.

He stifled a yawn as he returned to the study, and almost tripped over his own feet when he saw that Rich and Robert where now in their along with Antonio, who was holding Tim's shorts out to him, which he gratefully took.

"Hurry up and get dressed Timothy," James instructed. "The Judge has been kind enough to offer us one of his company helicopters that is on its way to Dulles, but we half to hurry!"

Wow, a helicopter! Every time Tim thought this day couldn't be topped, something else exciting happened. He forgot all about being almost naked in front of everyone and quickly got dressed with the old steward's help. Did he touch me down there when he helped? Who cares!

Once he was dressed, they all gathered their things and headed to the elevator door. The Judge shook everyone's hand before coming to Tim. "Timothy it was defiantly a pleasure meeting you! I hope you take me up on the modeling job offer I have just made to James, and I hope to see you later this year."

"Thank you Judge sir, I do too sir. This was amazing!" Tim gushed. He wanted to ask about the modeling job, but apparently they really had to hurry and before he had time, they were heading toward the lobby in the elevator.

They quickly got into the waiting limo and managed to get to the executive heliport in record time. Tim had never flown in an airplane much less a helicopter, and he had no idea what to expect. The limo pulled right up to a waiting Bell 9 seat executive model. The driver helped load the gear while the boys clamored aboard. While the others had ridden in one before, it was still a rare event, and boys being boys, even James, they were all excited. Tim didn't even ask why Robert was coming back with them, but just decided this is how rich people did things. It was then that he also remembered that he hadn't called his Grandma! James was ahead of him though and as they buckled in, he called and talked to Tim's Gram before handing the phone to Tim, where the excited boy described their ride home, promised he was behaving and said goodbye. Done and done!

They all made sure that Tim got to wear a headset and had a window seat, and as the aircraft lifted off, Tim forgot about the discomfort of the plug in his ass, the embarrassment and humiliations of the day, and for the rest of the ride, acted like any other teenage boy would and just took in the sights and marveled at the radio talk over the headset.

The ride was over all too soon for Tim, and when they landed at a helipad near the Dulles airport, he was surprised that the same driver and car from the morning was there to pick them up. He was dozing slightly as the car pulled up to the front door of the Bateman house.

James had the two older boys take the gear out of the car, and told Rich to make sure it was stored properly. Tim had to make a break for the bathroom as he had forgot to pee at the Judges apartment. As the car drove away, he told Rich and Rob to go ahead and go to bed.

"Timothy will be sleeping in my room tonight." he told Rich as he unloaded the memory cards from the camera bag. "And wipe that look off your face young man."

"Sorry Dad," the chastened boy answered. "Please break him in gently though, I really like him."

James smiled, "I am growing quite fond of him myself Richard. Very fond indeed, but have needs too, and he needs to learn the importance of taking care of those needs...now scram!"

"Yes sir. Come on Rob, we can watch a movie in bed."

"Sure thing" Rob answered just as Tim rejoined the group. "Goodnight Timmy, see you tomorrow!"

"Uh, goodnight?" Tim said puzzled, watching the two older boys go upstairs, suddenly nervous at being alone with Mr. Bateman.

"Timothy, I imagine you are quite tired after today, and would probably like to get rid of that plug eh?"

"Uh yes sir, to both sir."

"Good, come with me, and I will take care of you. You are sleeping with me tonight if you have no objections?"

Tim swallowed a lump in his throat. "No sir, I would like that very much sir!"

"Come then." James led the way toward his bedroom.

Once inside, James closed the door behind him, and showed Tim around the huge room. There was a fireplace, a huge flat screen, couches, and chairs, and a huge king sized bed. James led Tim to the master bathroom which was bigger than his Grandma's living room, and started to fill the huge whirlpool bathtub with hot water.

"Strip completely naked then lean over the tub for a moment Timothy, " James ordered sitting down on the closed toilet.

Nervously, and not for the first time that day, Tim started disrobing in front of his new boss. This time it was different though, it was just the two of them, and it was in his bathroom. Getting those hard shoes off his feet felt great, and so did peeling off the sissy dress socks. Soon he was wearing only the string briefs he got at the Judge's apartment, and he hooked his thumbs in the waistband and peeled them down his slim body.

He stood completely nude in front of Bateman, making sure against all impulse, not to hide his hairless cock and balls from the mans gaze. In spite of the record number of orgasms Tim had had that day, his cock started to rise again. He stood there for what seemed an hour, but was actually only a moment as James took in his naked form up close, before he motioned for Tim to lean over the filling tub.

"Now take a breath and hold it Tim, and on the count of three, exhale, OK?"

"Yes sir," he said over his shoulder.

"One, two...three," when James heard the boy exhale, he quickly pulled hard on the base of the plug, and overcame the resistance of Tim's tight starfish. He quickly dropped the plug in a sink of soapy water that he had prepared. "Hold still Timothy." James warned, quickly grabbing his bidet hose and sticking the specially made nozzle on it up Tim's rear. He heard Tim suck in his breath as he filled the boy's bowels with warm water. James Bateman did not fuck dirty asses!

When he was satisfied that Tim was full, he ordered the boy to stand, and get over the toilet, while holding the nozzle in place.

Tim had never had an enema before and didn't understand the mechanics, but he did know that he had to go to the bathroom now more than he ever had to in his life! Having the plug in him all day there was no way he could hold anything and James knew it, so he had the boy take hold of the nozzle and told him when he was ready to pull it out and do his thing.

Totally embarrassed, but cramping too much to care, Tim managed to get the nozzle out and drop it on the floor before slamming his butt down and letting go. He was mortified to be making this kind of noise and mess in Mr. Batemans bathroom, but the man's gaze never left him, making him hugely self conscious. To make things worse, he made him do it three more times!

When James was satisfied that Tim was empty and clean, he had the boy get in the tub, and turned on the whirlpool. Tim leaned back and was in heaven.

While Tim soaked, James got the bedroom ready, turning on the gas fireplace, putting a huge thick towel on the bed, as well as a pillow for his young model to lay over. He lit some candles and turned on some soft music. He then got some "boy lingerie" out, to dress his boy in for his deflowering.

Entering the bathroom, he found Tim almost asleep in the tub. He had the drowsy but apparently (by the state of his cock anyways) still aroused boy stand and step out of the tub into a huge thick terry towel that James wrapped around him and sensually dried him with.

Tim felt the strength and superiority of the man drying him and almost melted into the hands drying him off. James threw the towel aside and held out a tiny white silk thong for Tim to step into. The slide was slippery and the string going up his crack was an odd sensation. When James spun him to look at himself in the mirror, he didn't recognize the hyper sexualized teen looking back at him in the lewd tenting underwear, standing in front the much larger Bateman, now just clad in his boxers. The man had the body and muscles of a hunk and Tim knew he would have jacked off to his own picture right now if he came across it on the net.

"How does your ass feel without the plug Timothy?" James whispered as he fondled Tim's nipples.

"Kind of, well, kind of empty sir, it's weird," Tim answered back huskily. The sensations of his nipples being teased went straight to his cock and the white silk was protruding further from his body.

James spun the boy around and looked into his eyes. "Would you like me to take care of that empty feeling Timothy?"

Knowing exactly what the innuendo meant, tears started to flow from Tim's eyes, "Oh yes sir, I would sir! Please sir, I want to..."

James wiped a tear from Tim's cheek, "What would you like boy? I want to hear you say it."

"Would you...would you fuck me sir? Please take me Mr. Bateman. I need, I don't know, I really need this. Please sir, please make me your own boy and fuck me sir!"

There, I said it, he thought.

James surprised him next when he slowly brought Tim's lips to his own. Tim got week in the knees and opened his mouth allowing the man's tongue to take over, exploring every inch of his boy mouth. He had to gasp for air several times before again letting his mouth be invaded. He felt like he was James's property to do with as he pleased. He had never felt so right, so owned, so full of lust as he did at that moment.

He didn't even know that James had bodily picked him up until he realized he was being carried in the larger man's arms toward his bed, where he saw that

preparations had been made bed.

He would become James Bateman's boy for real tonight and there was no turning back now!

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