

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 2
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Tim woke up early the next morning to check his email. While his computer was booting up, he walked naked into the bathroom adjoining his room and started his shower. He was lucky in that he had the master bedroom to himself on the second story of the old home, as his elderly grandmother used the bedroom on the first floor, preferring not to climb stairs unless she had to. He went to the sink to brush his teeth and then saw the his jockstrap soaking in the sink from the night before. His cock immediately started to inflate at the thought of the previous night.

No! Not now, he thought to himself, but as he grabbed his throbbing penis, he felt the familiar thrill go up his spine. Ah well, might as well take care of it now, he thought, as he stepped into his shower. As he let the warm water cascade over his nude form, he closed his eyes and started imagining what it would be like to be punished. Punished for the smallest infraction. He grabbed his soap and started lathering himself up all over as he pictured himself dropping his shorts and bending over in front of his faceless master. Was it a teacher, a coach, his new boss? It didn't matter at this point. He imagined being forced to spread his cheeks, face flushed with humiliation as he bared his most private spot for inspection. He wondered what getting caned felt like, versus a strap, or bare handed spanking. His soaped up right hand was now sliding up and down the five inches of his extremely hard and pre-cum leaking cock. His eyes closed tightly he tentatively ran his his left middle finger up his ass crack. He thought of a cock, a cock much larger than his own puny prick grazing at the entrance of his tight virgin ass. That's as far as he got before his cock exploded in his hand and he spewed rope after rope of cum against the tiled wall of his bathroom. He got the same weak kneed feeling as the previous night and sat, crouched on his knees for five minutes in the shower before he recovered, and stood up, finishing his shower. He was now running late and had to hurry not to be late for school!

He pulled a pair of his gray FTL boxer briefs out the drawer, chagrined that he still wore boys sized, and pulled them up, tucking his package in. Next he grabbed his pants from the day before, standard teen stuff, a pair of know name khakis, put them on, tightening the belt he had to wear so they didn't fall down his skinny waist, and lastly threw on a t shirt, his white footie socks and his tennis shoes. His shoes were Nikes actually, his grandmother's only concession in brand name clothing. They didn't have a lot of money; there was no insurance when his parents died and relied only on what Tim's grandpa had left his wife. Most of his wardrobe came from bargain big box stores and it showed. He loved his grandma and never complained, but was acutely aware of how poor he looked

sometimes compared to his few friends.

He looked in the mirror, ran a brush over his wet black hair, and wished the few pimples he had would go away. He continued to stare at himself, wondering if his longish black bangs were not what James would want or if he was too pale. He was starting to think of other things that were wrong with him when his grandma yelled from downstairs that his breakfast was getting cold.

Snapped out of his trance, he yelled “Coming Grandma!” and was almost out the room, before he remembered to check his email. His heart almost stopped when he saw one message in his in-box. It was from James and read:

Timothy, I saw enough in the pictures you sent me to want to ask you to come in for a workup in my studio. I think you may be what I am looking for, but I need to interview you and your grandmother first. I will give you a call this afternoon. Looking forward to talking to you.

James Bateman.

Oh my God! Tim swallowed a lump in his throat. This is what he wanted, but now he was terrified. His grandmother's second yell from downstairs alerted him that he was late now, so he turned off his machine, flew down the stairs and sat at the small table in the kitchen.

His grandmother never let him leave without eating a hot breakfast, and after looking at the clock, he didn't have much time to wolf down the plate of scrambled eggs and toast that was placed in front of him.

“Slow down Tim, it's not healthy to eat that fast”, his grandmother scolded him. “You need to get up earlier.”

“Sorry Grandma, I was up late working on a project.” He didn't think he needed to tell her just what “project” he was working on. “Also, I think I have a job offer. So I will need you to sign a work permit for me and some other stuff.”

“A job? Timmy, you just turned sixteen, and you're still in school. I don't know about a job. What kind of job?”

“It's a modeling job Grandma. They are looking for kids my age for ads and stuff. It won't interfere with school, don't worry.”

“A model? Who wants to take pictures of you? Modeling what? This is all so sudden Timothy?” She sounded worried.

“Grandma, don't sound so suspicious. I have a telephone interview this afternoon after school.” Tim, shoveled down the last mouthful of eggs, and got up to go catch his bus. He went over to his grandma and hugged her. “Please Grandma, I need to do this. I'm not a little kid anymore. I will give you all the details this afternoon.” He ran out the door.

Barbara Smith watched her grandson bolt out the door. Where had the time gone. Her son and daughter in law had been killed 14 years ago, when Tim was still a toddler. She and her husband Bill took him in as there was no one else to do the job. Then Bill had got sick and died very suddenly only 2 years later, when Tim was just 4. Ever since then it had been just the two of them. He was still so small! Even at 16 he could easily pass for 13, and he was so shy and introverted. Maybe a job would be just what he needed. Still modeling? I will have to meet whoever this person is offering him a job. She picked up the breakfast dishes and started washing them, worried about her grandson's future.

For Tim, the school day seemed to go on forever. He normally didn't mind school, as it did get him out of the house and around people his own age for the day. He had a small group of other kids that he ate lunch with, but that was really as close to having friends as he had. Again, he wasn't bullied or picked on in any way. He was just kind of drifting through his high school life in relative anonymity. At lunch he kept looking checking his cell phone, even though he knew James said he wouldn't call until after school. One of the other kids noticed this and made fun of him for it.

“What, are you suddenly Mr. Popular or something Tim?” his friend Paul asked. “I have never seen you get a call. I don't even know why you have a cell!”

That stung. In fact the only reason he did have a phone is that his grandma worried about him if he was out too long and wanted to be able to keep tabs on him. The phone and his computer were really the only modern gadgets he had. He was the only one he knew that didn't walk around all day with the telltale white iPod earphones. Still, he knew Paul was just giving him a hard time for the fun of it, and smiled along with the ribbing.

“Actually I have a job interview this afternoon. This guy's supposed to call me.”

“Ah cool. What kind of Job?”

Tim didn't dare tell him the truth for fear of the whole table mocking him. He had already said too much. What was he thinking? He wasn't, and that was the trouble. He had to be more careful he decided. How could he tell these guys that he was trying to be a model? He would be laughed at and ostracized even from this lowly group of sophomores.

“Eh, just cleaning up running errands, that kind of stuff. It's at some kind of photography studio or something, I just answered an ad. I need to make some money dude, I hate being broke all the time!”

His quick answer seemed enough to satisfy the groups curiosity and the topic quickly shifted to some banal reality TV show that Tim had never seen or heard of. He was glad when lunch was over. Only two more classes to go!

His last class of the day was P.E., and even though he normally hated wearing shorts in public, he didn't waste time changing out of his gym clothes for the trip home. Even when he played soccer that one year he would always wear his track pants to and from the games because he knew his legs were very skinny, and he was always afraid of ridicule. He was half hard all the way through the stupid basketball game the coach made them play and he didn't make any friends on his team by the way he played. He was bad

enough at sports even without his mind being totally someplace else. When the class finally ended, one of the bigger jocks in the class shoved him on the way off the court, causing Tim to skin his knee when he fell to the floor of the gym. Of course the coach didn't see it, and Tim knew better to make an issue of it. He didn't care today. He just ran to the locker room, grabbed his backpack out of his locker, and headed to the bus stop.

He was first on the bus, and arranged his backpack on his lap to cover up his bare legs and any sign of a boner that might have otherwise shown. As the bus filled, he started getting more and more anxious about the up coming phone call. What would Jason sound like? How old was he? Would he sound mean or nice? What the hell am I doing? When the bus started moving, he pulled his cell out of his backpack and gripped it for the rest of the ride home, making sure he wouldn't miss the call.

When the bus let him off he looked at his watch, it was 2:45. He wanted to go home, but he didn't want to face his grandma just yet, so he walked toward home as slowly as he could. He was debating how best to butter her up for this whole thing when his phone started vibrating in his hand. He was so startled he almost dropped it. It was an unknown number to him, but it was a 703 area code, which meant Virginia, so it must be him!

He stared at it for another second, then hit the answer button.

“Hello”, his voice squeaked out. Dammit! Try not to sound like such a kid!

“Hello, is this Timothy Smith?” A deep voice inquired.

“Yes sir, this is me.”

“Excellent. Timothy, this is James Bateman. I sent you an email this morning, did you see it?”

“Yes sir, I sure did.”

“Great. Listen I don't have a lot of time to write now Timothy, but I would like to do a quick interview with you and get a few more shots in my studio before we get down to more details. Do you think you could come by this afternoon, say around 5?”

Tim looked at his watch, it was 3:00 at the moment. From his stop to where the studio was in Virginia it would be at least a half hour Metro ride out there if everything went right. He would need to hurry! “Yes sir, I should be able to make it Mr. Bateman. Is your studio near the Metro.”

James smiled to himself, so Granny didn't have a car. “It's about 3 blocks away, but it might rain. Give me a call when you get to the West Falls Church station. Don't worry about paperwork yet son, I will go over everything you will need to have signed when you get here. I'm looking forward to meeting you Timothy.”

“Thank you Mr. Bateman. Me too.” Tim hoped he didn't sound as scared as he felt at the moment, his hands were so wet the phone almost slipped from his hands. He slung his backpack onto his back and started running as fast as he could toward his house. He had

to get ready!

Across the state line in his private office at his studio, James hung up the phone, then pressed an intercom button. "Joyce, get an application together, I have a prospect coming in at 5 tonight, and find Richard and have him come in here please."

"Yes Mr. Bateman," his receptionist replied.

James brought up Tim's pictures from the night before on his monitor, just as his son knocked before entering his office. James looked up and smiled, "lock the door behind you son."

Richard, knowing what this probably meant, smiled, said "yes sir" and locked the door before coming to stand before his father's imposing desk. Having been at school that morning, Richard was dressed casually but very neatly in a dark blue polo shirt tucked into matching blue shorts, along with quarter hi black socks and black low cut Adidas soccer shoes. As much as James disapproved in athletic shoes for anything other than sport, since his son was now attending college after graduating high school two years early, he had to let him fit in as much as possible as to not draw any unwanted attention.

James looked at his son and smiled. Richard was his best friend's son, until he and his wife had been killed in plane crash while coming back from a funeral that Richard was too little to attend. James was flattered and not surprised to learn that he had been named a guardian in their will. Richard moved into his life permanently at five years of age and officially adopted at twelve. His training started at thirteen, and now the two were closer than ever.

"Shirt and shorts on the chair, then get over here and bend over."

"Yes Dad" The youth answered. While he was 17 Richard could easily pass for 15 and it did get him quite a bit of good natured ribbing at the small private university that he attended. That he kept all his body hair shaved except for the very small patch of light blond pubic hair that his father allowed him to keep helped the illusion. He unbuckled his belt, pulled his shirt out of his shorts and off, then slipped his shorts off over his socks and shoes, leaving him clad only in a dark blue silk thong bikini and his shoes and socks. He walked around the desk and bent over in front of his father spreading his legs wide and feeling the tiny silk string of the thong stretch tightly over his sensitive hole.

He moaned slightly when he felt his father's finger run up and down the silk highway on his ass crack. He heard his dad fumbling in a drawer, and was looking at the pictures on the monitor of Tim filling his own jock pouch with cum when he felt James pressing a small object at his lips. Rich opened his mouth up accepting the butt-plug and biting down on the base of it. Even though the office was completely soundproofed, he knew he tended to moan very loudly when taking his dad's 8 inch monster.

He next felt that very same 8 inch monster pressing at his rear, James having pulled the tiny sting of silk aside to gain access to his boy-pussy. Richard started softly moaning as he tried to adjust to the assault on his cunt.

“Be quiet and listen boy!” James said as he quickly and firmly pressed his cock further and further in. “I just got off the phone with young Timothy here, and he has agreed to come in this afternoon for an interview and a few more shots. After were done here, I want you to clean up, put on your studio gear and go down to the Metro stop to pick him up in the company wagon.” He was pulling out slowly now, and gave his son's ass a hard bare handed slap, causing him to help into his butt-plug gag. “You are going to become his best friend you hear me? I can tell he's a little wussy and needs our help, and while he is going to make us all a lot of money, I want to make sure he learns how to be a proper boy and learns his proper place in life. I want you to take him under your wing and earn his trust. You need to learn how to mentor as well.” He was fucking Richard now with a steady rhythm. “It's not right for a boy to grow up without a man, and unless I'm very mistaken, even worse for a gay boy like our young Timmy.” He was getting close to climax thinking of the joys of training a new boy along side his son. He looked at the pictures of Tim in his soccer uniform and lust took over, causing him to deposit a very healthy amount of his seed into young Richard's rectum. Once he recovered he slapped his son's ass again, signaling him that he could stand. He looked down and noticed a very large puddle of his own son's cum on his desk.

Annoyed, he yanked the plug out of Richard's mouth and pressed his face down into the puddle. “Dirty little slut, I didn't give you permission to cum! That is three strokes of the cane, but we don't have time for it now. Remind me on Friday night.”

Richard shook his head in acknowledgment while he dutifully lapped up his mess. He just couldn't help himself, he tried not to cum, but the combination of the silk running up and down his cock in rhythm with the fucking he was getting, along with the thought of Tim, caused him to lose all control that he had been trained so relentlessly to maintain. Now he would pay the price tomorrow night. Getting spanked was bad enough, but the cane was ten times worse!

He felt his dad yank down his soiled thong and he lifted his feet one at a time to allow its removal. He felt James use the cum soaked silk to clean up the rivers of cum running down his legs, then felt the plug go into his ass stretching it until it closed tightly around the base.

“There, you can keep that in until we get home tonight, to think about self control.”

“Yes Dad.” He made sure he got all the cum off his fathers desk before standing again with his hands at his side, and his half hard cock still leaking a slight trail of cum.

“Now finish cleaning up and put on some nice clean panties for me, get dressed and get down to the Metro, I'm counting on you.” James went to his closet, and opened up a drawer full of all kinds of exotic underwear he kept in his sons size for just such occasions. He settled on a plain pair of white cotton y front briefs, tossed them at Richard along with a towel and sat down. “And tell Joyce she can go home after Tim hands her his paperwork. We won't need her for the photo shot tonight.

“Right Dad,” Richard said as he finished tucking his shirt in. “See you back in few.” He grabbed the keys to the company car along with the soiled thong, now wrapped in the towel and head down to the garage.

By this time, Tim was already home. He flew into the house and up the stairs, shouting back at his grandma, “Hi grandma, can't talk now, or I'll be late.”

“Late for what Tim?”

“I got that job interview I told you about this morning. I will know more when I get back tonight, I will tell you everything, I promise, just let me get ready OK?” he shouted downstairs as he shut his door and started ripping off his clothes.

His grandmother shook her head and went back to the book she was reading, hoping that her little boy wouldn't be too disappointed if he didn't get the job. After all, whoever heard of a sixteen year old boy being a model?

Upstairs Tim was already in the shower, hoping he could stay calm and not come across as the shy little wuss that he was afraid he was. All the erotic excitement he had this morning was now replaced by a growing wave of panic. He took several deep breaths, turned the water to cool and just stuck his head under the shower head, letting the falling water calm his nerves.

Once he had control of himself, he got out of the shower and back into his room. What to wear? Tim didn't have any “dress up” clothes really, just a few button up shirts and some polo types. He looked through his closet and decided on just a fresh pair of khaki's, and the red polo shirt that he used the night before in the pictures. He didn't have time to really plan anything else, and even if he did, his sense of style was pretty much non-existent. Since he rarely went anywhere other than the mall or school, he didn't know what was in or not. He put on some clean boxers, pulled his pants on, then threw the shirt on, without bothering to tuck it in. He found the newest white socks he had, and after putting his Nikes back on, he was down the stairs and headed out the door. “Don't wait to eat dinner grandma, I will eat when I get home.” With that he was out the door and on his way to the nearby Metro station before his grandmother could tell him to take a coat as it was probably going to rain.

To get to the West Falls Church station he would have to change trains and he didn't want to be late so he was jogging toward his station. He immediately started sweating in the muggy September weather so he slowed down to a fast walk. He just made the next train, and sat down at a vacant window seat and stared out as the train pulled out of the station. He couldn't believe he was going through with this. There is no way once he meets me and sees how little I am that he will want to hire me. Why did I do this? Why did I take pictures of myself? I am so stupid! His eyes started watering and he had to work hard not to start crying. Tim had working himself up so much he almost missed his stop at Metro Center to change to the orange line.

Running through the center to find the right train, helped to take his mind off of things and concentrate on making the train. Growing up with no family car in the DC area, Tim was no stranger to riding the metro, and he knew the trains and buses pretty well, but he had never had any reason to travel on the this particular train this far into Virginia, so he tried to concentrate on the scenery as the second train sped him toward his interview. It was raining pretty hard when the train glided to a stop at West Falls Church.

He walked off the train and across the platform to the stairs going down to the parking lot. He was about to call Mr. Bateman on his cell when it went off in his hand. He looked and it was another strange number, but from the same area code as the studio.

“Hello?”

“Hi is this Timothy?”

“Yes?”

“Hi, I'm Rich Bateman, my dad said to come pick you up. I think I see you, I'm in the black Audi station wagon.”

Tim was surprised. He never put 2 and 2 together about the Bateman and Son part of the name. He looked around the lot for an Audi. He didn't know much about cars, but the sleek black station wagon with the kid behind the wheel must be it. He was assured when he saw Rich wave at him. “OK I see you. I'll be right there.”

Tim was actually glad it was raining as the water could help hide his nervous sweating. He ran for the car and was still pretty wet when he got in the front seat. Once he closed the door he froze up. Not only was this the nicest car he had ever been in, he was dumbstruck by the incredibly hot boy behind the wheel. Rich's green eyes twinkled as he smiled at the dumbstruck younger boy.

“Hi Timothy, or do you go by Tim?” Rich said holding out his hand.

Tim took the offered hand, glad his hand was already wet with rain, and stammered out, T, T, Tim, or Timothy, whatever you like I guess.

This response made Rich laugh. “Great! Then I will call you Timmy. I go by Rich, but my dad still calls me Richard, and will probably call you Timothy, he can be pretty formal, but he means well.” Rich put the car in gear and started slowly driving out of the parking lot. “Dad was right, you are going to be a great model I can tell. You are perfect for what we are looking for!” He reached over and squeezed Tim's thigh through his wet khakis. Rich noticed the tent that started to form in Tim's pants and smiled to himself as he put both hands back on the wheel. This will be fun afternoon he thought, even makes it worth the three strokes of the cane I have coming!

End of Chapter 2

Coming next: The interview and the first trial photo shoot, plus a trip to the tailor!