

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

Tim was thrilled and horrified at the same time. Thrilled when he felt the older boy's hand squeeze his leg, horrified at the reaction the gentle squeeze created. He hoped Rich didn't notice the growing bulge in his soaking wet pants, and started looking around the car, trying to get his mind off of the good looking boy sitting next to him. He didn't want Rich to find out he was gay, that could ruin everything!

"This is the coolest car I have ever been in!" he said trying to change the subject in his brain. He had never been in a car with a leather interior, much less a navigation system and all the other doo dads scattered about the dashboard.

"Yeah not bad for a station wagon is it? It's an A6. It's the company car; we got a wagon since it can hold all the gear in the back for a location shoot. I'm glad you needed a ride, since I hardly ever get to drive this." Rich replied.

"We don't even have a car, my grandmother never learned to drive. It's not so bad though, I can get everywhere I need on the Metro I guess." Tim said trying not to sound sad as he just realized how pathetic he was coming across.

"Well you have a friend with a car now Timmy, so you got nothing to worry about. Anytime you need a ride anywhere, just give me a call."

"Thanks man, good to know." Tim was amazed at how cool this kid was. He doesn't look that much older than me, Tim thought, but he seemed so much surer of himself. Comfortable in his own body in a way that Tim only wished he could be himself. To make sure he didn't embarrass himself any further, he sat back and enjoyed the comfort of the car as Rich weaved his way through rush hour traffic in the rain on the way back to the studio.

Rich made small talk all the way however, and Tim found out that Rich and he shared the same birthday, only a year apart, as well as both only having one parent. He also found out that Rich had

spent a few years at boarding schools in Europe, and spoke 3 languages, as well as graduating early, attending college as well as helping his dad run the business. He found out that James was the original son in Bateman and son, and that James' father passed away years ago, leaving James the whole business in his mid twenties. Tim was fascinated listening to this story. It was so different, so exotic, compared to his lonely upbringing with his grandma. He hoped he could be good friends with Rich. He just had to get this job! He was trying to think of something interesting to say about himself when Rich pulled the Audi into the parking lot of the suburban business park the studio was located in.

He pulled up as close to the door as he could, but it was really raining hard at this point and Rich told Tim he would have to make a run for it. "Just tell the receptionist who you are, she will set you up. Don't be afraid of my dad either, he can be intimidating, trust me. I will see you later after I park the car."

Tim saw the glass door with the studio name painted on it through the pouring rain. He looked at Rich, "Thanks Rich, I'm kinda nervous, I've never applied for any kind of job much less something like this."

"Hey, you will do fine, I can feel it!" Rich reached over and squeezed Tim's shoulder, causing another jolt to go through the younger boy's body. "I can't wait to see you dressed up in front of the camera!" Or dressed down, he thought to himself. "Now hurry up, my dad doesn't like tardiness."

Tim took a deep breath, then opened the door and ran through the driving rain to the studio. It was a short distance, but he was still soaking wet by the time he entered the reception area. He saw a nice looking lady behind the counter with a headset on and figured she was the person to talk to. Before he could say anything though, she smiled at him and said, "You must be Timothy Smith."

Wiping the water out of his eyes, "yes Ma'am, that's me," he replied.

"Ma'am? Please honey, call me Joyce. Mr. Bateman is expecting you, but you need to fill out these first so go ahead and have a seat over there and bring them back to me when you're finished. And here's a towel, for heavens sake try to dry off!" She handed him a clip board full of forms and the towel.

"Thanks Ma'am, I mean Joyce," Tim meekly answered, grateful for the small towel so he didn't drip all over the forms. He sat down, dried his hair off and set to work on the application. He filled it out quickly and as completely as he could then brought it back to Joyce.

"I'm afraid I don't know my social security number, I will have to ask my grandmother."

"It's OK; we have time for that later. I won't be here when you get out, so good luck honey," Joyce said taking his application. "Follow me." She led Tim down the hall. The studio was a lot bigger than it looked from the outside and as they twisted and turned through hallways, Tim was thoroughly lost by

they time they got to the back of the building and a large wooden door. Joyce knocked, waited a few minutes and opened the door.

“Your 5 o clock is here Mr. Bateman, Timothy Smith.”

“Send him in, and I will see you tomorrow Joyce, thank you and have a good evening.” Tim heard a deep voice boom out of the office. Joyce held the door open and motioned for Tim to enter, winking at him as he passed.

The wink made him feel only slightly better. Nerves were getting a hold of Tim as he entered the thickly carpeted office. He heard the door close quietly behind him, and he was now alone with James Bateman. The office was large, and James was seated behind his desk about 10 feet in front of Tim.

James stood up and walked around his desk coming to greet him. Tim was in awe. James stood 6 foot 3 inches tall, well tanned with dark brown hair with just a hint of grey at his temples, blue eyes, and for being almost 50 years of age, still had a young mans physique that the shirt tie and slacks he wore did not hide. In short he was the perfect picture of what Tim had been fantasizing about in an older man for the past couple of years.

Tim’s throat was dry and he hoped his shaking knees didn’t show through his damp slightly baggy pants as he held out his hand. He tried but did not quite succeed in not wincing at the vice like grip that squeezed his hand as James shook it.

“Welcome Timothy, glad to meet you in person. I must say I was very intrigued by your letter. Much better than the usual suck up claptrap I get so often from boys and girls your age.” He released Tim’s hand. “Come have a seat.”

Resisting the urge to massage his released hand, Tim squeaked out “Thank you sir,” and took the offered chair.

“That’s what I am talking about Timothy. Sir. You know how to show respect to your elders, and I like that in a boy, as well as an employee.” James did some typing on his keyboard and brought up Tim’s pictures (except the ones Tim didn’t know he sent.), turned the monitor toward Tim and said, “I have to be honest, you are not the perfect looking model, but that is exactly what I and my clients are looking for in this particular project. We want an everyday boy, and it doesn’t hurt that you still look like a middle schooler. You have a certain look that I’m sure I can sell.” He paused and turned the monitor back toward himself. “I’m going to be blunt Timothy because I don’t like wasting time, mine or yours. You can make a lot of money working for me son, but I require absolute loyalty and absolute obedience. The project I want you to model for is ongoing but spotty, but I also need an assistant around here to help me and my son with special projects. I don’t tolerate quitters or cry babies, but be aware; I will probably make you cry from time to time. It’s part of learning to be a man Timothy. Boys your age need mentoring and discipline, and I can give you both in spades, but it will require a

commitment from you. Your growing the equipment, but not the brains of a man, do you understand?"

Tim was awestruck, and scared. Bateman's words about his looks slightly hurt, but he knew them to be true to a point. His hoped his shaking didn't show as he answered. "Mr. Bateman, I have lived my whole life with just my grandmother. I have never had a father, uncle, brother or anything like that. Me and my grandma are poor, and I need a job, but I also need discipline sir. I will do anything you say anytime sir, please, I, I need this?" Tim was trying not to cry on the spot, he wanted to show this man that he was worthy of the job.

James just sat there staring at Tim for a minute until the boy looked away, rubbing away the tear that was forming in his eye. "Stand up Timothy."

Tim stood. James got up from behind his desk again and slowly walked around Tim. "The first thing you should know boy, is that if you were just coming in for a regular job here, I would have never even bothered to meet you in person, Joyce would have taken your application and sent you home. What in the hell are you thinking coming to a job interview with your shirt un-tucked, wearing those soaking wet, baggy fucking pants and wearing god- damned tennis shoes?"

"Well, I didn't, I mean..."

"Be quiet boy, it's too late now. You made your first impression and it stinks. If you work for me, you will be dressed appropriately at all times, and what is appropriate is for me to decide"

Tim couldn't help the tears that started to form in his eyes. He bit his lower lip to stop himself from bawling outright.

"If I hire you, are you going to cry to your grandma every time I yell at you? I don't have time for a boy like that. I need you to learn to take criticism and learn from it, not bawl your eyes out turn your tail between your legs and run home."

Now Tim was getting mad. "Mr. Bateman, I don't run to my grandma, I never have. You can do anything to me, but if you plan to insult my grandmother I better just quit this right now!" He couldn't help the tear running down his cheek.

This outburst actually made James smile. "Humph. Good. You have a great respect for this lady I can tell and that's good, I look forward to meeting her. But Timothy, I have to emphasize, if you take this on, it is more than a job, it is a life changer. What goes on here between men, that is you, my son, myself, my client's, etcetera, needs to stay that way. If I get any hint you can't uphold your part of the bargain, you will be gone, is that understood? You can tell your grandmother all you like about your day to day duties, and even some of the commercial shoots I can arrange for you, but the special photo shoots that you engage in are the property of the me and my client's. If you can't accept that, this

interview is over.”

“Please sir,” Tim regained his composure, “I don’t know how I happened across your ad, or why you picked my pictures out of your applicants, but I need this more than you know. If this relationship is even half of what I think it could be, I am your boy. I want you to teach me sir.”

James stared at Tim for over a minute, letting him sweat before holding out his hand, “Welcome to the employment of Bateman and Son Photography Timothy.” When Tim took James’ hand, he pulled the boy in to an embrace. It caught Tim off guard; he had never been hugged by a grown man, much less a man of this size and stature. “You are going to be tested Timothy, but you will learn your place in life.”

“Thank you sir,” Tim whispered into his chest.

“All right then Timothy; we need to get a few pictures of you so I can send them to my clients. Naturally we won’t send them until we get all your paperwork and contracts signed, but I want to get started tomorrow while you are at school. If everything goes well, I would like you to get started Saturday.” James walked behind his desk and pressed his intercom button. “Richard, come to my office please.” He looked at Tim, “Will that work for you? I will call your grandmother and talk to her while Richard takes you and gets you set up.”

Tim was caught off guard by the speed that things were moving. “Uh, yes sir I guess, I will have to ask my grandma though.”

“Leave that to me Timothy. I will explain everything to her.”

There was a knock at the door and Rich popped his head in. “Yes Dad?”

“You’ve already met Timothy here, so no introductions are necessary. He seems to think he has what it takes to work for us, so we need to get an initial workup. Find him a bathing suit and set him up in studio 1.”

“Yes Dad,” Rich smiled and winked at Tim, “Come on then Tim, follow me and we will get you set up.”

Tim was floating on cloud 9 as he followed Rich out of the room. He was so ecstatic about getting the job he hadn’t really heard James mention “bathing suit” and didn’t realize he was going to have to pose in one until Rich led him to the dressing room next to the studio.

Rich unlocked the door and led Tim inside. The dressing room was a small room next to the studio,

which contained racks of clothes along one wall, and a small dressing table against the back wall with mirrors placed around it so whoever was using it could see themselves from all angles. Tim was wondering what all this was for when Rich interrupted his thoughts.

“So Timmy, let me see,” he grabbed Tim’s shoulders and turned him so that Tim was facing away from him. He gave a start when he felt Rich’s hands running around the inside of the waist line of his pants. “Let me see, 28 inch waist?” Rich was reading the tag on the back of Tim’s pants.

“Uh, 27 actually, my grandma makes me get them big so I will grow into them.” He could feel his face flushing and was glad Rich could not see him.

“Well you won’t have to worry about that anymore. Everything you wear will pretty much be tailored to fit you. For now though, it’s off the rack, so go ahead and get undressed while I find you a suit to wear.”

“Huh? Oh, ok...” Tim looked around the room trying to figure out where he was supposed to change until he realized he was supposed to do it right there.”

Rich saw his discomfort and stifled a laugh, “Timmy, you better get used to getting dressed and undressed around other people, it’s part of the job, besides, it’s just us guys right now. Leave your socks on though; it’s not safe to walk barefoot around here.”

Realizing he was trapped, he started to slowly strip, grateful that Rich was looking away while he sorted through racks of clothes, he peeled off his shirt, looking around and placing it on a chair. He next undid his belt, kicked his shoes off and let his pants drop to the floor. He was just in his boxers and white ankle socks when he heard Rich turned around with what looked to Tim like a small rag in his hands.

He checked Tim out, standing there in his boxers and socks and admired his small skinny frame. He is perfect, eh thought to himself. “Here you go little buddy, lose the boxers and try these on,” he held out a tiny blue and white checkered Speedo style suit to Tim.

Tim’s blushed brightly as he took the offered garment and examined it. He didn’t see how, even as small as he was, he could possibly fit into this tiny thing!

“Come on Timmy, hurry up, I need to see how they fit on you.”

Taking a deep breath, Tim turned away from Rich and peeled his boxers down, adding them to the pile of his clothes on the chair. He looked the impossibly small trunks, to see which end was which and leaned over to pull them on.

Rich enjoyed the view of Tim's very alluring rear end as he bent over and pulled the skin tight trunks up his slender frame. He had purposely found a pair that was a size too small for Tim, so they would fit extra snugly. The sight of the tight material settling into the crack of Tim's ass was arousing Richard, and without consciously thinking about it, his own hand went to the back of his shorts, and fingered the base of the butt plug that was still lodged firmly up his own ass. He wondered how Tim would react the first time his dad inserted a plug up his virgin ass. Maybe I might get to do it, he thought. He was getting an erection by this time, and had to control himself not to grab his own cock for a quick squeeze.

Tim fought to stuff his own modest package into the tight confines of the swim suit, and could swear he could feel his butt cheeks sticking out from the tiny garment. Shyly he turned around and faced Rich. Instinctively he put his hands in front of his groin, trying to hide the obvious outline of his cock and balls under the undersized suit.

Rich took in the view of Tim standing before him. The suit barely covered his groin, exposing a tiny portion of Tim's already small pubic bush, and the very tip of his circumcised cock was poking out. He had very little body hair Rich thought, which would make it pretty easy to remove. Rich's gaze was making Tim very self conscious, which was causing his cock to stir.

Rich, seeing Tim's growing package decided to take an opportunity. "Here Timmy, lets get you tucked in." He knelt down in front of Tim and pulled the front of his suit open and grabbed Tim's cock and started arranging it inside the suit.

Tim had never experienced anyone touching his cock except himself. When he felt Rich's hand encircle his dick, it instantly filled with blood, and a gasp escaped his mouth.

"Relax Timmy, you're going to have to get used to being man handled down here... There we go, all fixed." Rich managed to stretch the suit over Tim's now rock hard cock. "Nice package little buddy." He cupped his hand over the front of the slippery material and ran it back and forth all over Tim's groin.

Tim was panicking. He felt tell tale signs as the feel of Rich's hand was sending electric jolts up his spine. "Oooh, Please stop Rich, I can't..." He was on the verge of hyperventilating trying to control himself, but it was too late. "Aghhh!" He wailed as he lost control and felt his cock explode, pumping load after load of hot sticky cum into the swim briefs. It was one of the most powerful orgasm's he could remember, and he would have fell down if Rich didn't catch him, but he was humiliated that he was cumming right in front of his new friend, and now here he was being held up by him!

Rich could feel it coming. He saw Tim's gut suck in right before he felt the younger boy's cock start throbbing and pumping warm liquid into his trunks. Seeing that Tim was about to fall, he caught him, and saw that after the orgasm ended, he was on the verge of tears. He stood up and pulled Tim with

him. Hands still on his shoulders he whispered to the distraught boy, “Shhh, its OK buddy. This stuff happens to a lot of dudes the first time. It’s no big deal. Let’s get you cleaned up real quick and get you another suit. It’s just between us guys, honest!”

“Dude, Rich, I’m so sorry, I’m not, I mean, shit, I don’t know what I mean, I should just go.”

“Don’t be silly Timmy, and don’t even think about it. If my dad heard that quitter talk the very first day you work for him, we would explode. Just calm down and take off your suit. And don’t let me ever here you use that kind of language again.” The rebuff shocked Tim, and he immediately felt like an idiot for saying what he did.

Deciding not to wait for Tim to respond, Rich pulled the suit down off the stunned boy and started wiping up his dick and balls with the wadded up swim suit. “Jeeze Timmy, nice load from such a cute little set of balls.” He took tossed the suit aside and went to the dressing room sink, soaking a washrag with cold water and returning to the still dumbstruck model to be. “Now let’s get this nice package all cleaned up now.” Tim shrieked when the cold rag touched his balls, but was grateful for the effect it had, causing everything to go into a state or retreat.

“Good, now let’s get you another suit before my dad gets down here and spansks us both for screwing around.”

He had to be joking, Tim thought as he stood their in just his socks, watching Rich from behind as he tore into another pile of assorted swim trunks. He noticed that Rich’s shorts were relatively short and pretty tight. Not so that they would stick out, but certainly not as baggy and long as what most kids his age would wear. He momentarily thought about what Rich would look like over James Batemans’s knee, taking a spanking, but quickly got that thought out of his head before he got another erection.

“Here Timmy, put these on, and I won’t touch you this time. Think about girls or something.” Rich smiled as he tossed a bright yellow Speedo, one size larger than the last, to Tim.

Tim was shocked, and let the Speedo hit him in the chest and drop to the floor. “How did you know?”

“Let’s just say I had a feeling, and so did my dad. It’s OK Timmy, we wouldn’t have it any other way, now hurry up, we don’t want any naked pictures...yet.” Rich winked at Tim.

Still blushing, yet relieved and excited at the same time, Tim pulled the tiny trunks on, relieved at the fact that while there were still quite tight, they held his package snugly inside. He looked at himself in the mirror on the wall and couldn’t believe he would be posing in such a revealing outfit. What if someone he knew saw these? Yet at the same time, he was very turned on at the thought.

His thoughts were broken by Rich, "Come on buddy, you can admire yourself later, we have pictures to take. Put your shoes on too, it looks sexy in the pictures."

He never thought of himself as sexy, but he did as he was told, putting on his Nikes and following Rich next door to the photo room. He felt totally weird walking in shoes, socks and the tiny Speedo. The studio was very air conditioned and by the time Rich got him in position in front of the camera, his small pink nipples were very hard and sticking out and he had broken out in goose flesh.

He was on a stool in front of all kinds of gear that he didn't have the faintest idea of its purpose. There were lights, umbrellas, and all kinds of cameras on tripods set up. There was a plain white background behind him at the moment, but he saw all different kinds of different backgrounds off to the side.

Just then the door burst open and James walked in. He was still dressed in a shirt and tie, and seemed all business as he started throwing switches and peering through the view finder of the camera set up in front of Tim.

"Well Timothy, welcome to modeling, now first, stand up. Richard, get the stool out of the way, we will start with some standard profile shots, Timothy, keep your mouth shut and do as you're told. First, place your hands at your sides and look above me at the vent on the wall behind me..."

For the next hour, Tim forgot all about the humiliation episode in the dressing room. He didn't have time to think as he tried to keep up with his new mentor's rapid fire instructions while he was put through all kinds of different poses. He went through front shots, side, rear, looking over his shoulder, bending over, thrusting his groin out shots, with shoes and socks, socks only, barefoot, then just shoes...too many for Tim to even remember. He started out freezing, but by the time James declared they were finished, his body had a fine coat of sweat on it.

"All right young man, which should do it for now. We will have to touch these up and send them out to some clients, but not before I have a word with your grandmother. How about I drive you home and meet her tonight?"

"Um, thank you sir, a ride would be great. I'm sure my grandma would like to meet you too, she isn't too sure about all this."

Rich handed Tim a towel, "Here you go Timmy, way to go, these are going to be great!"

James looked at his son, "Richard, before you go, get Tim here some studio shirts and a gear bag." He looked at Tim, "sort of a welcome to the job kit Timothy. If you work here, you wear the uniform." Rich nodded and left the room, leaving Tim alone in his Speedo with James for the first time.

Without posing and following orders, he was now fully aware that he was nearly naked with his new boss, and hopefully his new father figure. He wrapped the towel around his waist to hide any showing of arousal.

James was amused at the lad's embarrassment. "Timothy, go get changed, I am going to lock the place up, have Richard show you to the parking garage."

"Yes sir, and thanks again, I'm really glad you are giving me a chance."

"I hope you know what you are getting yourself into young man. Now hurry up, traffic will be a nightmare at this hour in this weather."

Tim headed toward the dressing room. Once inside, he peeled off the yellow Speedo over a throbbing dick. He quickly found his clothes and got dressed just as Rich came into the room carrying a very expensive looking black sports bag with the company logo on the side in red.

"I put some good stuff in there for you Timmy, but promise not to look until you are at home and alone ok? Promise me?"

"Uh, OK sure. Thanks Rich, this is awesome!" He could barely hold his excitement in. This guy was being so cool to him!

"Come here Timmy," Rich pulled the boy into a hug. "I've always wanted a little brother to show stuff too buddy. I think you just may be it. My dad and I want you to spend the weekend with us, so we can take a trip to New York on Saturday. Would you like that?"

Tim was on cloud nine. "Would I? New York! Wow, I've never been, that would be awesome. I will have to ask, but I don't see why not."

"My dad will charm your grandma, no worries there little buddy. Now we better get going, my dad doesn't have very much patience for boys that are late." Rich slapped Tim's butt with enough force to cause him to yelp, and led him out of the dressing room toward the back door to the garage.

This time, James was behind the wheel of the Audi, and drove up to the two boys. "Get in Timothy." As Tim walked around the car, James told his son, "After your homework is done, I want you to take your plug out and get yourself clean. I want you waiting for me in my office when I get home."

"Yes Dad," Rich replied, and headed for his own car, surprised to find himself disappointed he didn't get to take Tim home himself, but still excited at the prospect of the upcoming weekend. Even the

thought of giving himself an enema tonight didn't dampen his spirits.

Tim found himself totally intimidated by James as the older man whipped the car through evening DC traffic on the way to his suburban Maryland home. He wanted to sound intelligent to James, but every time he tried to start a conversation he got tongue tied and sounded stupid he thought. He instead just answered James' inquiries about his grandmother, his school work and home life, as well as his social life (or lack thereof) and before he knew it, he was directing James to the empty driveway of he and his Grandmother's house.

He was terrified of how this interview would go, but he soon found his fears were for naught. Within seconds of Tim bringing James into his home, he completely took over and just as his new friend Rich had predicted, he charmed the socks off of his grandma! Before he knew it, James had managed to get all the forms and releases signed, and he and his grandma had a lunch date while for the following afternoon while he was at school. It was also arranged for Tim to spend the weekend at the Bateman's house along with the trip to New York.

"I promise he will be in good hands Barbara, and I will have him safely back here by 7 p.m. on Sunday evening. Education is very important to me, and I won't employ kids who don't apply themselves appropriately," he promised Tim's guardian as he left.

Tim hadn't seen his grandma smile so much in a long time. "What a wonderful man! You are very lucky to have stumbled across his job listing Timmy."

"Yeah I sure was grandma, and his son is a really great guy too!"

They ate a quick dinner together, and Tim made excuses about homework to get upstairs and look in the bag Rich had given him. It was almost 9 and he knew his grandma would be going to bed soon anyhow.

Once up in his room, he locked the door, kicked off his shoes and set the bag on his bed. He quickly opened it up and pulled out three really nice polo shirts in different colors with the studio emblem on them. He could feel by the material that they were far nicer than even his nicest clothes. There were also three t shirts with the same emblem, which were just as expensive feeling, but then Tim saw the reason why Rich had wanted him to be alone. In the bottom of the bag, stuffed into a plastic zip lock bag, were the blue white checkered swim trunks that he had creamed earlier in the studio. When he opened the bag, he found they were still soaked with his cum!

His dick got immediately hard, as he flushed with embarrassment at the memory! He also remembered the feeling of Rich's hand on his dick, as well as the feeling of his hands running over the silky material with his cock tucked inside. He wanted to get naked right away, but knew he'd better do his homework first, or he would never get it done! Most boys would of course blow off the homework, but Tim was just wired to follow authority for some reason, so he sighed, squeezed his hard-on and sat down to take

care of his geometry before he would have some fun.

It was difficult; he could barely concentrate as his mind kept drifting back to this afternoon and all the horny thoughts. Every time he thought standing there in the skimpy outfit, he got even harder. It was almost 11 before he shut his book. He had just got down to his boxers when his phone rang. It startled him, because no one he knew would ever call him so late. He was surprised to see it was Rich.

“Hello?”

“Hey Timmy, did you open up your bag yet?”

He hoped Rich couldn't tell he was blushing over the phone. “Uh, yeah, thanks.”

“Do me a favor Timmy. Put them on right now.”

“What? They're full of, well you know.”

“Full of your cum Timmy. Full of your luscious boy cum, put them on, it will be sexy. I wanna get off with you. I'm looking at this afternoon's pictures right now. You look so hot in that yellow bikini”

“Well, OK.” Tim's cock was now rapidly inflating. The thought of getting off with Rich was good to be true! He also found it weird but cool that his friend was looking at the pictures of himself. He quickly chucked his own clothes and crawled naked onto his bed.

What Tim didn't know, is that he would be getting off not only with Rich, but also James. Currently the senior Bateman was standing at his desk, still dressed from work, and holding his son's phone to Rich's ear with one hand, while his other hand was occupied stroking his son's cock. Rich's head was resting between the two large screen monitors on James' desk, which did in fact at that moment have the pictures of Tim in his yellow Speedo from that afternoon displayed on them.

Rich's own hands were currently gripping the edges of his father's desk. He was positioned on his back, with his legs over his father's shoulders, wearing the same black ankle socks and shoes from earlier in the day, but was otherwise naked, his 6 inch cock standing proudly straight up from his prone body.

“Smell them first Timmy. Take a good whiff then put them on.” Rich was panting now, as he felt James thrust two fingers into his freshly flushed out boy cunt, having followed his father's orders upon returning home earlier that night. He was careful not to cry out “oh Daddy” like he wanted to.

Hearing Rich speak like that was turning Tim on like never before.

He pulled the damp sticky swim trunks up his frame, stuffing his hard cock into the cold wet sticky pouch. He had never felt so dirty in his life and it was driving him wild.

“Do you have them on Timmy, Mmmmm?” Rich moaned as James drove a third finger up his ass.

“Yeah Rich, it feels so weird. Good, but weird.”

“I bet they feel awesome. You wanna know a secret Timmy?”

“Sure!” Tim blurted. He was rubbing his crotch furiously now. He never imagined phone sex could be so hot!

I jerked off into those this afternoon before I put them in your bag Timmy. You’re wearing my cum right now...”

“Oh GOD! Ah, ah Oohhhhh...” Tim caught himself from screaming too loud just in time, but he couldn’t stop the flood of cum erupting from his dick at the news he just heard. He couldn’t believe he was in contact with his new idols cum. He actually jerked off into something he was wearing! Cum was leaking out from all over the undersized trunks now, and Tim knew his sheet would need to be washed. He didn’t care. For the second time that day he had had a crazy powerful cum! He couldn’t believe it. He almost forgot he was on the phone. His fingers were soaked with cum that was leaking through the trunks.

“How was that Timmy?”

“Oh man Rich that was...wow. Thanks”

“OK Timmy, I want you to wear those, with our cum in them, all day tomorrow, even at school. I am going to check you when you get to my house tomorrow night, so no cheating or you will be punished, and Timmy, I will be able to tell if your are lying to me. Do you understand?”

The thought horrified and thrilled him. “Yes Rich I understand.” He wondered what he meant about being punished. He remembered Rich mentioned a warning about getting spanked earlier that day.

“Good, sleep tight Timmy.” Rich said.

“But wait, I...” The line went dead in Tim’s ear. He put the phone down beside his bed, and peeled off the trunks. He couldn’t resist running his finger through the pile of goo and bringing it up to his nose.

He wanted to taste it, but was too chicken. He got up and laid the trunks out in his sink, hoping they would dry off a little bit before the next morning. He took a quick shower and got into bed. His dick was already hard again, but he rolled over and went to sleep, dreaming of what the weekend had in store.

Back in Virginia, in the home office of James Bateman, James switched the phone off and put it down and placed in on the desk next to Richard's head, "Good job son. You've earned a reward."

With that James knelt down and took his adopted son's rock hard cock into his mouth, sucking on it down to the root. Rich spread his legs as wide as he could, as his father went down on him. With his fingers still fucking Rich's ass, it didn't take long for his father's well practiced mouth to milk his six incher dry. Rich cooed as he felt his cock spasm and pump his father's mouth full of his cum, his fingers digging into the sides of the desktop while he thrust his pelvis up at his dad. James kept sucking until Rich was spent, then took his mouth off his boy's dick and ran his tongue up his taught torso until he reached Rich's mouth, then pressed his lips to those of his son's.

Rich parted his lips and allowed his father's tongue into his mouth, letting in the flow of his own seed that he had just pumped into his elder's mouth. Rich was thinking about how hot it would be when he could make Tim drink his own cum.

They kept the kiss up until James was satisfied he had given the boy most of his load back, and then offered his fingers that had been fucking his son. Rich dutifully sucked on each finger, first, one at a time, then all at once, ensuring that any trace of his ass was cleaned off of his father's hand. He well knew the punishment for failure to be thorough. He had felt the cane or the cat on his upturned ass and thighs, too many times at the hands of his father or his father's acquaintances, for him not to be.

James inspected his fingers, and then gave Rich's softening cock a squeeze. "Good boy. We are going to have a great weekend. I can't wait to get Timothy measured up so Saul can do his magic and we get him kitted out in proper clothes for a boy of his stature. He really likes you, which is good. It will be easier to train him."

"Yes Dad," Rich was pleased to be praised and looking forward to seeing Tim dressed up as well. "I actually really like him too. I've always kind of wanted a little brother around. He seems like a nice kid that just needs to learn who he is and what his place in life is."

"Hmm, just like someone else I knew." James winked at his son and patted his head. "For now however, get to bed, I'm too tired to fuck you at the moment, but I might want to before you go to school."

"Right dad, good night sir," Rich hopped off the desk and headed upstairs to crawl into his father's large bed. He was tired and it was going to be a big weekend.

James smiled, proud of his boy, and satisfied with how the day had gone. He was looking forward to a nice lunch with the lad's grandmother tomorrow afternoon, and then a weekend of working with the new boy.

He settled into his large leather chair behind his desk, and started to load some more of the afternoon's pictures for editing. Before he started to edit the pictures though, he sent a secure email to his friend Saul, up in New York City. Saul was his tailor, and also happened to share the same tastes as James did. He told Saul he was coming to the city with Richard and a new model on Saturday and to be prepared to measure the new boy for an order of several thousand dollars worth of custom made outfits. Then they could do lunch. It would be an interesting weekend indeed.

End of Chapter 3

I know I promised that Tim would meet the tailor in this chapter and I apologize. I had a system crash that resulted in a complete re install of my OS and I had to re write most of this chapter from memory and some things changed (for the better I hope).

Anyway, if you are enjoying what is happening so far, please feel free to drop me a line. I will start chapter 4 as soon as I have the spare time.

Cheers

Marty

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