

Oscar Bravo Echo Yankee

Chapter 1

William sat in the waiting room, nervous about the imminent meeting. He had only heard of Dr Benton thanks to the suggestion of the boy next door, Cameron. He would have just ignored the suggestion from anyone else, but he tended to listen to Cameron, if from no other reason than he was completely infatuated with him.

"You really should give up smoking!" Cameron had said, catching sight of William across the fence dividing the two properties. "I know of a great guy who can help. I'll make you an appointment!"

William had been dumbfounded. In the year he had lived next door to the Mason family, he had barely got beyond saying hello to the sexy sixteen-year-old. He had never really given much thought to giving up smoking before then, but he found himself going along with the suggestion, if only for the fact it might give them an excuse to converse further.

"William," a man in his mid-thirties called out, poking his head out from a nearby doorway.

The twenty-two-year-old jumped up from his seat at the mention of his name and proceeded into the office.

"Hello William, my name is Dr Benton," the man said, offering his hand to his newest patient.

William shook the man's hand and looked nervously around the office. "Hi... erm... sorry, but... I don't actually know what you do!"

"Take a seat," Dr Benton said, gesturing to a large armchair. William sat down, the Doctor sitting opposite him. "Well William, may I call you Will?"

"Sure, or Bill, just not Willy or Billy!" William said with a lopsided smile.

"Okay, Will, I'm a psychotherapist by trade, but today I'm here as a hypnotherapist," Dr Benton explained.

William snorted his disapproval and stood up. "Sorry Doc, I know some people believe in that stuff, but I've seen the TV specials, I know it's all just for show."

Dr Benton wasn't fazed by the comment. He simply nodded, smiled and said, "Well as you're here and needing to be convinced, why don't we say this first session is free. You still feel like that at the end and you never need to come back or pay me a penny. What have you got to lose?"

William thought for a moment, wondering if there was some kind of catch, but he couldn't find one. Reluctantly he nodded and replied, "Okay, I'll give you a shot!" Mostly it was thoughts of Cameron that kept him there.

"Okay, let's get started," Dr Benton said.

William suddenly felt woozy.

“There you go, all done!” Dr Benton said, standing from his seat.

“What, already?” William asked, confused. He glanced at the clock. He had been there for almost an hour.

“Yes, time flies when you really get into it!” Dr Benton said with a smile.

William stood too, frowned and said, “Look, I'm sure you're very good for some of your patients, but I don't feel any different. I appreciate the freebie Doc, but I don't think I'll be coming back!”

“William, that was an excellent session and you can't wait for your next one!” Dr Benton responded quickly as they walked towards the door.

“Yeah, that was an excellent session, I can't wait for the next one!” William repeated, only questioning it for a moment. On the way out, he made his next appointment.

A few days later, he was back in the Doctor's office for his second appointment. He had yet to notice any difference in his smoking habits, but was for some reason inordinately eager to see the Doctor again.

Just like the first time, it seemed they had barely sat down before the Doctor was seeing him out, William delighted with what they had done together, despite struggling to figure out exactly what that was.

The third session passed the same way and then the fourth. As William prepared to leave his fifth session, he was surprised to hear Dr Benton say, “We're all done now Will. You shouldn't need any further sessions!”

“But... but I'm still smoking! Nothing's changed!” William argued back.

Dr Benton smiled. “Just wait until you get home, you'll notice the change right away!” he said reassuringly.

As was always the way, William eagerly accepted anything the man had to say. He was looking forward to getting home, but wasn't sure exactly what he expected to happen. Finding Cameron waiting at his front door was definitely not anything he had expected.

“Erm... hi,” William said shyly to the teen.

Cameron smiled. It was a wicked smile that made William shudder with fear and excitement simultaneously. “Here, this is for you!” Cameron said, holding out an envelope.

“Oh... erm... ok,” William said, taking the envelope as he approached the boy.

He rarely got the chance to get this close to Cameron, but he took the opportunity to get a really good look at him. He really was exceptionally cute, his slightly pointed ears giving him a vaguely elfin appearance. His skin was pale, which made the small spattering of freckles across his nose even more prominent. His eyes were one of William's favourite features, deep pools of brown,

dark and alluring while also gentle and alluring. His smile was a close second for favourite after the eyes, it was impish and playful. His light brown hair had gone through many styles in the year William had been watching him. The current one was particularly good as it was swept upwards and slightly off to one side at the front, allowing William an unobstructed view of the boy's face.

He took the letter and quickly ripped it open. He read the first line. 'Read this letter aloud', it said. He found himself immediately complying.

"Dear William. Thank you for attending our sessions, they were most enlightening and provided me with all the detail me and my client could need. As I suspected from the very beginning, you made a perfect candidate for hypnosis and I believe my conditioning should now be fully effective. You will now proceed into your house, invite Cameron in to join you and then hand this letter over to him," William read out. Already his mind was racing. His client? William thought he was the Doctor's client! And why would he need to give the letter to Cameron? And how did he even know who Cameron was? Wait, wasn't it Cameron who referred him in the first place? As his mind raced through a thousand questions, he found himself following the command.

William headed inside, invited Cameron in and then gave him the letter. The two proceeded quickly into the lounge where Cameron began reading out the rest of the letter.

"You may have realised by now that you have followed my commands without intending to. This is because I have activated your command word. Anyone who does this will be able to issue you commands that you will be helpless to follow. Sit down and remain silent until the letter is finished!" Cameron read out, then smirked as he saw William sit down, mouth closing tightly.

"First I will advise you how the command trigger works. You have been trained to unconditionally obey the commands of anyone who uses the trigger. Please note that you will never obey commands that will result in an injury or death to yourself or any other person. For example, were I to order you to pick up a knife and slash your own throat, you would obey as far as possible in that you would pick up the knife, but you would not proceed any further. Similarly, you will not be obliged to obey any command beyond your capability. For example, were I to order you to fly, you would obviously not suddenly gain the ability to fly. You have been conditioned to advise your commander that you are unable to comply. Finally, the chain of command. Once triggered, you will continue to obey the commands of whoever has said the words but whoever said it first will have authority. For example, if I told you to jump up and down on the spot for thirty seconds and someone else told you to stop, you would not do so as mine is the senior command. However, were someone else to give you that order, I would be able to supersede it and command you to stop." Cameron paused before reading the next part.

William just stared in shock. He might not have believed it were it not for the fact that he was actually unable to speak, as commanded in the letter, no matter how hard he tried to do so.

"Your command words are Oscar Bravo Echo Yankee. Please note that now that Cameron has said these words, you are now bound to follow his commands. I leave you now in his care. Enjoy,2
Cameron finished reading.

Free from the command he had been given, William jumped up from his seat and shouted out, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON?"

“Stop talking!” Cameron said. William stopped instantly, making Cameron laugh with excitement. “Oh man, this is fucking awesome!”

Once again William found himself unable to speak. However, he could still move. He stepped forward to grab Cameron.

“Stand still!” Cameron said sharply.

William stood bolt upright, unable to move. His eyes were wide with fear. How was this possible? How could those few words have given Cameron such total control over him?

“Ah, this is too good,” Cameron said excitedly, pacing back and forth. “Okay, sit down and you can talk!”

William took a seat on one end of the sofa while Cameron took the other. “How are you doing this?” William asked shakily.

“Dr Benton is really good at what he does. He told me he could do this to you but I don't think I ever really believed him til now,” Cameron said, shaking his head in slight disbelief.

“Why are you doing this?” William asked nervously.

Cameron chuckled. “Because I'm sick of you spying on me. Every time I leave the house, I see your blinds twitching. Any time I'm in my room with the curtains open, you're over here watching me. It's creepy as fuck, dude!”

“I don't... do that,” William said unconvincingly.

“Okay, time for a command, and this one can stay in place at all times. You are incapable of lying to me now. When I ask a question, you will answer it and you will answer honestly and with as much detail as is appropriate,” Cameron ordered.

William stared. If that command worked, he dreaded what he might be about to reveal.

“Have you been spying on me?”

“Yes!”

“Why have you been spying?”

“Because I think you're ridiculously sexy and it makes me horny watching you!” William was already blushing from his first answer. That one made him feel like he could just curl up into a ball and die from embarrassment.

Cameron's eyes narrowed. “Do you jerk off while you watch me?”

“Yes, quite often!” It was getting worse.

“Do you fantasise about me?”

“Yes!” William answered. 'Please don't ask any follow up questions on that!' he thought to himself desperately.

“Tell me some of your most common fantasies,” Cameron commanded.

William closed his eyes. He didn't want to answer. He knew how embarrassing this would be but he couldn't help himself. “The most common one is really simple. You're just in your room, but then you see me and you start stripping. Once you're naked, you stand there and jerk off while I watch you!”

Cameron shifted in his seat, his arms covering his crotch. “Another one,” he demanded.

“You have me tied up and you make me suck your cock, then you bring in all your friends and you make me suck cock after cock after cock!” William explained, feeling like he could cry from the embarrassment. To make matters worse, his cock was throbbing. Was it from thinking about his fantasies, being under Cameron's control or just being so close to the boy? He had no idea, he just hoped Cameron wouldn't notice.

“What are you thinking right now?” Cameron asked with a grin.

“That I hope you don't notice my boner!” William answered, trembling.

Cameron looked down at William's crotch and sniggered. “Don't worry, I'd have seen it once you get naked anyway!”

William's eyes widened. He was getting naked?

“How did that comment make you feel?” Cameron asked.

William frowned, trying desperately not to reply but couldn't resist. “It turned me on even more!”

“So you're gay then!” Cameron said.

“Yes,” William replied, even though it was clearly a statement and not a question. He felt embarrassed acknowledging it. Technically speaking, William had been 'out' for several years, but his pathological shyness when it came to men had prevented him from ever acting on it or even speaking about it particularly openly with anyone.

“I'm not, just to be clear!” Cameron replied.

This time it was William's turn to look down, he smiled slightly as he saw the boy was clearly as aroused as he was.

Cameron saw the look on his thrall's face, following his line of sight. “Hey, fuck you, perv!” he snapped angrily. “You know what, stand up!”

They both stood, only one of them willingly.

“Take off your tie, shoes, socks and belt, then stand still!” Cameron ordered.

William whimpered slightly. The clothing he was to remove revealed nothing of significant consequence, he just knew that it wouldn't stop there. He undid his tie and pulled it out of his collar, folding it neatly and placing it on the sofa. Next he quickly removed his shoes and placed them aside, pulled off his socks and balled them together, placing them down with the tie and finally removed his belt, curling it up to put with his other things.

Cameron watched William obey and smiled, then glanced around the room. It was impeccable, not a thing out of place, it seemed William was somewhat of a neat freak. He had to be. Anyone else would have just removed the items and tossed them aside. He looked William up and down. Before today, he had always just been the slightly creepy loner who lived next door, with his thick-rimmed glasses and hair that seemed to be cut specifically to hide half of his face. Now though, he was getting a much closer look.

William stood staring at Cameron who slowly moved closer. The older man was unable to move thanks to the previous command. Cameron reached up and took hold of the glasses, pulling them off. He considered just throwing them aside, but decided to place them gently with the tie, socks and belt. Standing back up, he noticed the older man's piercing blue eyes, a pale blue, almost hazel from the right angle. Right now they conveyed his fear perfectly, along with the tightly pursed, trembling lips. He had light stubble, no more than a day's growth. If the housekeeping was anything to go by, Cameron suspected William was just as meticulous with his personal grooming and shaved his jaw clean daily.

Without the glasses in place to hold back the floppy fringe, William's hair had dropped down, covering a large part of his face. Cameron wanted an unobstructed view, so he reached up and stroked the hair aside. The strawberry blonde locks were silky smooth against his fingers, which lightly grazed the older man's as he pushed it aside, tucking it behind his ear. He knew it wouldn't stay. As soon as William moved it would drop down again, but now he had a much better view of his face. It seemed that behind it all, he was actually quite an attractive young man.

“Do you want to strip for me or do you want me to strip you myself?” Cameron asked, barely above a whisper.

“Please strip me,” William replied. It wasn't an answer to the question, he was actually requesting it, he wanted it!

Cameron shuddered with anticipation. He reached up to the top button on William's shirt. He heard the man's breathing deepen as his fingers made contact with the skin of his neck. The bulge in William's trousers twitched. He reached for the next button and was surprised to find it revealed a few chest hairs. He had not consciously thought about what William looked like naked, but somehow he had still expected him to be smooth. The next few buttons revealed an increasing amount of hair, although it was neatly trimmer, laying flat against his body rather than bushy.

William was almost hyperventilating by the time Cameron untucked the shirt and released the last few buttons. As the front of it swung open, it revealed a flat stomach, smooth aside from a narrow trail descending from the navel into the clothing below. Cameron reached up, placing his palms flat on the top of William's chest inside the shirt, the increased levels of contact exciting them both. He pushed back, sliding the white cotton off of his shoulders, letting it drop down his arms.

Cameron took one hand and undid the cuff, letting the shirt slide off, then repeated with the other hand, the clothing dropping away entirely. He stood back and smiled. Seeing the man looking terrified and excited at the same time gave him a very strange expression, but it was the body that really caught Cameron's attention. Once again he thought of William as 'surprisingly attractive'. The hair accentuated the slight hint of muscle which broadened chest slightly, his sides tapering down to a narrow waist. William's heavy breathing was making his stomach tighten and relax over and over, a hint of abs showing with each sharp inward breath.

Without saying a word, Cameron reached for the waistband of the trousers, getting renewed whimpers as his fingers touched the fuzzy trail of dark blonde hairs disappearing inside them. He popped open the button and slid down the zip, pulling the front of them open slightly.

'Boxers or briefs?' Cameron wondered with a grin as he began to reveal the older man's underwear. 'Oh, briefs it is!' he thought as the answer became apparent. The trousers dropped slightly, revealing the tops of the man's legs beneath the small, white briefs. These were no basic tighty-whities. William appeared to like designer underwear, 'Emporio Armani' emblazoned either side of the company logo on the waistband. Cameron dropped down, pulling the trousers with him as he went. He tapped William's right foot, prompting him to step out of them, then the left. He stood, holding the trousers along with the shirt.

"I didn't think you'd want to leave these laying on the floor!" Cameron said with a sweet smile.

William, overwrought by his horniness, barely heard the words the boy said, but somehow felt grateful of the sentiment. In truth, it had actually bothered him knowing that his shirt was laying crumpled on the floor. He took the clothing and turned, laying them on the sofa as he folded them meticulously. He suddenly realised that Cameron had a perfect, unobstructed view of his butt now, clad only in the thing material of his underwear. It aroused him more. He could feel wetness growing around the head of his cock.

As William turned back, the clothes neatly piled, his cheeks burned. Cameron's eyes went straight to his crotch. The bulge was so big it was almost comical. The material stretched across it, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. He was by no means the most well-hung guy in the world, but it was certainly big enough to look impressive. The head was beginning to become visible through the wetting fabric as more and more precum twitched out of it.

Cameron reached for the briefs, sliding them down ever-so-slightly until a neatly trimmed patch of dark blonde hair came into view. Again the boner twitched, the head shining slightly as a new glob of wetness permeated the already-drenched material.

"I think that's where we should leave it for now!" Cameron said, letting go and turning away.

"No, please!" William begged. He was in no hurry to be exposed, but he was simply too aroused to stop there. It was torturous.

Cameron reached down and gave his own erection a quick squeeze before adjusting it upwards and behind the waistband of his own underwear, to make it less obvious when he turned back.

"You are forbidden to put on any clothes until you get ready for work in the morning. You are also forbidden to even touch your cock for anything other than using the toilet or washing it. I will text

you some more instructions later.”

William stared in shock. The boy couldn't just turn him on like this and then leave him, it wasn't fair. He couldn't understand exactly what was happening, but he needed Cameron to go further. He had never been so aroused in his life and he needed release, although it seemed the boy's commands prevented that possibility.

Cameron took one more look at the near-naked man, grinned and left.

William attempted to go about his evening as normal, but it was hard to keep his mind on anything. He never walked around the house in less than full clothing, so he felt bizarrely exposed doing so in just his briefs. Every time he began to feel normal again, he would catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror or looks down and see his own near-nudity and his cock would twitch back to life. It seemed that being hard had become his default state now.

As he sat there, absent-mindedly watching TV, the need to cum grew too great and he pulled down the front of his briefs. His cock popped free. Six thick inches, although he was so turned on he was sure it was somehow both longer and thicker. He reached for it, but his arm froze just short of it. The feeling was unpleasant, almost alien to him. His mind was screaming at his arm to move, to take hold of the cock, but his arm refused to comply.

It was beginning to get late and William was beginning to consider heading bed when his phone buzzed. It was a message from Cameron. William's first thought was about how Cameron had his number or, more confusingly, how Cameron's number was already stored in his phone, but the question soon faded from his mind as he read the message. [Come to your spare room window!]

Even without being compelled to obey, William would have gone out of sheer curiosity. His spare room had the window that looked across into Cameron's room. He had spent many a night in there, peeking through the blinds into the young man's room. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of him shirtless. That was enough to keep him coming back for more.

[Open the blinds, turn on the light and stand at the window!] another message came moments later.

William complied and suddenly felt very exposed. The window couldn't be seen from the street. In fact the only place it could really be seen from was Cameron's room, but it still felt scary to stand there in his briefs, fully illuminated. As he stood there, the light in Cameron's room blinked on too.

[You may touch your cock now, but you are forbidden to cum. You will be physically unable to make yourself cum!]

William stared at the message, hands trembling. Somehow, that was worse than not even being able to touch. Cameron appeared at his window.

[Enjoy the show] Cameron sent, then tossed his phone back onto his bed.

William placed his phone down too. The show? Surely Cameron wasn't about to...

The sixteen-year-old took hold of the bottom of his t-shirt and slowly peeled it upwards. His body

was flawlessly smooth and while he couldn't really be described as ripped, he was definitely toned. He was very much a boy of his age, still growing into the body he would have as a man. William noted there was even a lack of hair in the boy's armpits. Was that natural? Was it yet to grow or did he shave? Perhaps soon he would get a close enough view to figure it out for himself.

William's cock was instantly hard again, the briefs still moist from the repeated leaking erections he had sprouted throughout the evening. He subconsciously groped at it, not even remembering that he was now allowed to touch until he felt his fingers grabbing the thick tool. He gasped, excited by his own touch as Cameron threw his t-shirt aside.

Next, the boy undid his jeans and quickly pushed them down, standing back up to reveal himself wearing only tight boxer shorts. William's hand went inside his briefs. The skin of his cock felt scorchingly hot as his fingers wrapped around it.

Surely he would stop there. Surely Cameron wouldn't expose himself fully. Why would he? Why would he choose to act out this fantasy William had revealed just a few hours earlier.

Grinning, Cameron leant down again, yanking down his underwear. He stood there, completely naked. Once again William noted the lack of hair. It had to be shaved. At his age he would have had pubes. Somehow, that thought alone made William's cock spurt up an a new dribble of precum.

The boy's cock was magnificent. He couldn't tell whether he was cut or if the erection had simply retracted the skin fully, but there was a large bulbous head atop a lengthy shaft. The whole thing must have been verging on eight inches, with plump, smooth balls dangling below. It was quite simply the most magnificent cock William had ever seen. As if prompted to do so by the sight of Cameron's cock, William pulled his own out. It seemed small by comparison to the boy.

Suddenly, William's hand shot away from his cock as he realised he was actually close to cumming. It had been just like earlier, he was physically unable to touch it thanks to Cameron's orders. All he could do was stand and watch as Cameron's hand clasped around the head of his boner.

The hand slid slowly down the shaft, the light reflecting off of it revealing he was smearing his own precum down it, lubricating himself. William had edged far enough away from the brink of orgasm once again to be allowed to touch himself. He copied the boy's motions, shuddering heavily and letting out a deep guttural moan.

As Cameron slowly fucked his own hand, he let his other explore his body, caressing the smooth skin of his stomach and chest, playing causally with a nipple.

Again, William's hand pulled away as he neared orgasm.

Cameron's hand slid down his body, fingers grasping onto the base of his shaft. Now with both hands together on his large dick, the boy humped excitedly at them, eyes fixed on William who once again managed to touch himself, although only for a few seconds before the command pushed his hand clear.

With two windows between them, William couldn't hear the noises Cameron was making, but the ecstatic look on his face conveyed he was likely moaning excitedly. It was almost enough to make William shoot without even touching. He remained so close to cumming now that he couldn't

touch at all. He could simply stand and watch as Cameron's cock erupted, shooting spurt after spurt of thick white goo onto the window.

William stared open-mouthed as Cameron finally stopped shooting. He needed to cum. He had to. It wasn't a case of want, it was a matter of need! [Please let me cum!] William texted to the boy. Any sense of shame was gone. He had to get permission, he needed it.

[No! Go to bed!] Cameron replied.

William cursed the message. Not only was he still forbidden to cum, but he now had to turn away from the window, losing his perfect view of the naked boy as he went off to bed. He lay awake for what felt like hours, visions of the naked teen running through his head while streams of precum ran down his stomach, his cock never seeming to go down. Somehow though, he eventually fell asleep.

Chapter 2

Three times during the night William awoke with his hand grasped onto his cock. He had been playing with himself in his sleep and only managed to wake himself up when his hand involuntarily pulled away, leaving him on edge. He cursed the command that he had been given, almost wishing he were simply forbidden to touch the rigid tool instead.

After the third time, he decided to try and prevent it from happening again. He always slept naked and found it uncomfortable to wear clothes in bed, but he got up and headed for his underwear drawer. He opened it and reached in but once again found himself frozen.

That was when he remembered Cameron's words. "You are forbidden to put on any clothes until you get ready for work in the morning." That was what the boy had ordered. He hadn't even considered it when he took his briefs off to get into bed. Thankfully it wasn't long until he would get up and get ready for work. Somehow, even being in the safety of his own home, knowing he was unable to dress made him feel exceptionally exposed.

When William awoke for the fourth time, torturously close to orgasm, he realised it was only fifteen minutes until his alarm was due to go off and gave up on the prospect of more sleep and got up. Heading to the shower, he once again cursed his command. He loved jerking off in the shower in the morning, it always got his day off to a great start. Now though, the most he would be able to do was edge himself and considering his already insane levels of horniness, it didn't seem appealing.

He walked out of the bathroom, near-solid cock bulging against the towel wrapped around his waist. He yelped suddenly as he saw a figure sitting on his bed.

"Ha, made ya jump!" Cameron said with a snigger, bouncing playfully on William's bed.

"Wh... what are you doing here? How did you get in?" William asked, nervously crossing his arms to cover his body as much as possible. He immediately felt his cock throb at the sight of the boy as the memory of the show he had put on last night sprang to mind.

"Helped meself to your spare key on the way out last night. As to why... why do you think? I wanna play!" Cameron answered, grinning devilishly.

"Oh... erm... I..." William stuttered, edging towards his closet.

"Stop!" Cameron barked, grinning as William immediately obeyed. "You will not move now unless I either tell you to, or physically direct you to do so."

William let out a slight whimper. As he felt his body freeze into place, his cock seemed to grow an extra inch. He watched as Cameron climbed off the bed and slowly approached.

"You... erm... kinda look like you're enjoying this, Billy!" Cameron teased.

William scowled. He was being controlled by this teen, frozen in place, sexually frustrated and generally being taken advantage of, but somehow being referred to as 'Billy' somehow infuriated him more than anything else. He held his tongue though, unsure how an angry response at this

point would play out.

“In fact, both of you do!” Cameron said, now less than two feet away from William. “Little Billy...2 he said, reaching up and gently flicking a nipple, then lowered his hand to gently graze the tip of the obvious erection through the towel, “And Little Willy!” he added with a chuckle.

Little Billy? Little Willy? William was furious, but the boy's teasing touch send such intense ripples of pleasure through him that he found it hard to care. He let out a whimper with each touch.

“Let's see if Little Willy wants to come out to play!” Cameron said, reaching for William's hip where the towel was secured. Pulling the material, he let it naturally drop... although it didn't move far.

William moaned as he felt the weight of the towel tugging down on his erection. He was hard enough to keep the towel dangling from his erection. Already blushing, the redness quickly spread right down his neck and onto his chest as he realised he was now fully naked in front of the boy with everything aside from his cock and balls on show.

“Hehehe, maybe one day I'll put you in my bathroom and use you as a towel holder!” Cameron joked.

William did not laugh. Between his anger at being controlled, embarrassment at being exposed and unimaginable levels of arousal, his sense of humour had completely vanished.

“Oh lighten up!” Cameron said, seeing William's face. “Let's try something I reckon you'll enjoy!”

The boy started moving William's arms. He was like a like-size action figure for the boy, fully poseable. As much as he tried to resist or move, William had no choice but to remain in whatever position he got placed into. Cameron manipulated him so that both of his hands were near his nipples, thumb and forefinger posed less than an inch from each of the sensitive nubs.

“Ah no, don't!” William pleaded, not needing any more physical stimulation. He let out a long, pleased groan as Cameron ignored the plea and squeezed his digits together, clamping them helplessly onto the nipples. Regardless of what orders he had been given not to cum, William felt like it might happen spontaneously at any moment.

“Fantastic!” Cameron said giddily. “Now, maybe it's time for Little Willy to drop the towel!”

William's eyes widened. He was about to be fully exposed to the boy for the first time. This boy who he had fantasised over, spied on, pleased himself while watching. No longer in control of his own body, absolutely violated, he should have felt repulsed, annoyed, angry even. Instead, the towel actually moved a little as the cock beneath throbbed.

“I'm taking that as a yes!” Cameron said, sniggering at the movement he had spotted. He placed one foot on the part of the towel dragging on the floor, the raised his other foot and kicked the material dangling down. Secured at the bottom, the impact dragged the top of the towel down, bring Little Willy with it, bending it almost painfully downwards until it was free of the towel and sprang back up, slapping against William's stomach before coming to a rest pointing up at the ceiling.

Cameron looked down at the now-exposed cock, then stared William in the eye and grinned. "Not bad I suppose. Mine's bigger, but... I guess you already know that, don't you?"

"Yes!" William replied instantly. Again he was reminded of the show the boy had put on the previous evening. Without the towel to hide, or absorb it, a dribble of precum oozed from the head of William's cock and dribbled down the length of his twitching shaft, then down onto his balls.

"So you enjoyed the show then?" Cameron asked.

"Yes Sir!" William replied, then realised what he had said. If it were physically possible blush any more, he would have done so but he was already burning a crimson red from head down to mid-chest already.

"Sir? Wow, I guess you really did!" Cameron said delightedly. He turned and started walking away, then paused and looked back. "That was my first time, ya know. I mean, putting on a show for a guy! I actually kinda liked it!"

"You have an amazing cock!" William said, embarrassing himself again.

"Oh, this little thing?" Cameron asked, turning round. The bulge in his sweat pants was verging on obscene. "How would you like a replay, now that you've got a better view?"

"Yes!" William said excitedly, any chance of playing it cool long gone.

Cameron chuckled. "Well, let's start with this!" he said, pulling his t-shirt off over his head and tossing it aside.

The boy was even sexier up close. As his arms had raised to pull the t-shirt off, William had noted that the boy's armpits were naturally smooth, no sign of stubble, the same with the rest of his smooth, flawless torso. He desperately wanted to move, to reach out and touch him, but he remained frozen in place, still squeezing his own nipples mercilessly. "Oh fuck," he whimpered quietly.

Cameron quickly kicked off his trainers, revealing he had no socks on underneath, then reached for the waistband of his sweat pants, his eyes still fixed on William. "Shall I?" he asked teasingly.

"Yes!" William insisted.

"Beg for it then. Tell me what you want and why you want it!" Cameron said, holding his position.

William had a feeling that even without the conditioning that had been put in place to make him obey, he still would have happily begged for this. "Please pull them down. Please Sir. I need to see your cock. I need to see it up close. It's amazing. Please let me see it!" William begged, any last shred of his dignity shredded.

"I suppose that'll do!" Cameron giggled. He pulled down the sweat pants, his cock springing free with no underwear to restrain it. Much like William's, it shot upwards once free with a loud slap before settling into its upright position.

Up close, it seemed even bigger, or rather with Cameron's slender frame now closer, it simply seemed bigger by comparison to the rest of him. The head was engorged and purple. William wanted to lunge forward and wrap his lips around it. He knew in reality he would likely only be able to take half of the monstrous tool into his mouth before gagging, but in his aroused state he imagined taking the entire thing down, until his nose rest against the smooth skin at the base. He could see a hint of stubble at the base of the boner, but it appeared to be the only hair on his body aside from light wisps on his lower legs.

"Like what you see, Billy?" Cameron asked.

"Yes Sir!" William replied, staring hungrily at the boy, beginning to tremble. His cock was now dribbling a slow steady stream of precum. It had continued sliding down the shaft, onto his balls and was now beginning to drip onto the towel at his feet.

"Oh thanks, just what I need!" Cameron said, seeing the slow drip of precum. He stepped forward and reached down. Starting at William's balls, he slid his hand upwards, scooping up the precum, pulling his hand away just as he reached the head.

The touch must have taken less than two seconds, but it felt like it was going to push William over the edge. His cock twitched and bounced as if preparing to erupt but was still not quite enough. He continued teetering on the brink, his extreme arousal maintained by the sight of Cameron using the collected precum to lube his own cock.

Cameron took a step back, allowing his hand to slide up and down the length of his tool as he watched William, feeling almost ready to blow too as he saw the unadulterated sexual arousal painted across William's face.

"Okay, I may have been wrong!" Cameron said, blushing slightly too. "When I said I'm not gay. Based on how much it's turning me on to be turning you on... I'd say I'm maybe ten percent gay!"

William could barely hear the words he was so focused on the boy's body and the way his hand was sliding up and down his shaft, occasionally sliding up onto the bulbous head and caressing it, adding his own precum to the lubrication he had liberated from the older man's leaking cock.

"Oh, this is so good!" Cameron teased, edging forward as he continued playing. "Would you like to touch yourself like this?"

"Mmm-huh!" William hummed, almost unable to speak.

"Or would you rather... touch mine?" Cameron asked, now close their cocks were almost touching.

William only let out an incoherent whimper.

Cameron chuckled, and swung his rigid dick down, making the head hit against William's. Had the man not been frozen in place, he probably would have doubled over. Instead all he could do was stand holding his nipples and letting out higher and higher pitched squeals.

"Oh God, I think... I'm gonna..." Cameron never finished the sentence. His cock erupted, sending

thick spurts of jizz flying. The first hit William's face, the second his chest. The next two covered Cameron's own chest before he pointed his spasming cock towards William again and coated his stomach and wildly twitching boner.

"Holy crap that was good!" Cameron said happily, still stroking the last few drops from himself. "Aww, but look at the mess I made. We should clean up!" Without a moment's hesitation, he reached forward and wrapped his fingers around the base of William's cock, then slid upwards, scraping off the mix of his own cum and William's continuing flow of precum. As he pulled his hand away, he was left with a small puddle in his palm as William almost cried from the teasing touch.

"Okay, now this isn't an order. This is your own choice, Billy," Cameron said, looking very serious. "I'm going to lift my hand up now and you can either keep your mouth closed and I will put my hand back down, or you can open your mouth and eat it!"

William didn't even hesitate. His mouth shot open.

"Fuck, good boy!" Cameron chuckled. He lifted his hand and used his other one to tilt William's head back, then poured the contents of his palm into the open mouth. He quickly lowered his hand and began scooping more of his spunk off of William's body, every touch eliciting pleased moans before he poured into the man's mouth with the rest.

Cameron grabbed William's chin and pulled his head forward again, this time positioning it facing slightly downward. "There's still this stuff left!" he said, pointing to the globs sticking to his own chest. "I could feed them to you, or..."

"Let me lick it! Oh fuck, please, please Sir, let me lick it off you!" William begged. He didn't know what had come over him. He wasn't being forced to say this stuff and normally he would have been far too timid to ever say it, regardless of the fact he knew he wanted it.

"Okay, when I say go, you will be allowed to move again, except for your arms which will remain playing with your nipples. You will lick the cum off of me and then when I say stop, you will stand up again and stop moving," Cameron instructed. "Go!"

William lunged forward, mouth open. He pressed his lips against the boy's chest. It felt amazing and he wished he had more time to appreciate it, but he was following orders and quickly went about licking the boy clean. It was over all too quickly as Cameron soon shouted, "Stop!" and he returned to his previous standing position.

"So, do you need to cum?" Cameron asked, smirking at the painfully hard cock throbbing in front of him.

"Yes, so badly!" William said, almost pleading.

Cameron glanced round at the clock. "Oh, look at that, time for me to go!"

"No, no please, I can't stay like this all day. I've gotta cum!" William begged.

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped, silencing the older man instantly. "You will now be free to move, but you will be unable to touch your dick. You will not do anything that will knowingly cause yourself to

cum or do anything to encourage anyone else to do it for you today. When you get dressed for work, you will not wear underwear. Throughout the day, I may send you some messages. Some will contain orders which you will, obviously, obey without question. Some will contain requests or challenges. If you impress me with your responses to them, you MIGHT be allowed to cum tonight. Fail me and... well, let's just say you'll need to get used to feeling like this!" Cameron was quickly dressing as he reeled off his instructions. By the end of them, we was fully dressed and already heading for the door.

William looked at him longingly, hoping this was all a tease, that he might actually be allowed to cum. Since he had discovered masturbation, he had done it at least once every day of his life. In reality, he actually tended to do it four or five times a day. Even then, he occasionally felt so horny that he would feel compelled to do it again within just a few hours.

Now though, he had gone the longest he could remember without cumming and was also the most aroused he had ever been in his life. The two things together left him feeling painfully frustrated and yet somehow... he liked it!

"See ya later, Billy!" Cameron said with a wink, then disappeared out into the hallway.

William finally let go of his nipples. Just to check, he tried to grab his pulsating erection but once again found his hand unable even get close. Lost in a sea of confusion and horniness, he slowly dressed for work, minus the underwear, desperately hoping his erection would go down before he had to leave the house as it was blindingly obvious to anyone who might look in that direction.

Mercifully, despite the memory of what had happened before he had even left the house that morning, William had convinced his cock to go down by the time he left for work. Unfortunately, the nearer he got to his office, the more he began to wonder about what tasks or challenges Cameron might be intending to set him. As a result, his cock was rigid once again by the time he pulled into the car park.

"Fuck!" he muttered to himself. With underwear it would have been obvious, without it, he may as well have pulled it out the front of his trousers and waved it around it was so painfully obvious. He reached down, intending to tuck it into the waistband and give himself at least a slight chance of concealing it, but once again his hand stopped moving as it got near. "Fuck, I can't even rearrange myself!" he swore angrily.

Through moving into some unusual positions while breathing in and pulling the top of his trousers away from his body, he managed to manoeuvre the solid tool into place and climbed out the car, mildly satisfied with what he had managed.

As he entered the office and began walking through, exchanging the usual morning pleasantries, he felt convinced everyone knew. He felt like they were aware of everything – that he was hiding an erection, that he was under the control of a sixteen-year-old boy, that he still had remnants of said boy's cum on his body. He cursed himself for not taking another shower after Cameron left. Despite the deodorant and a healthy dose of aftershave, he was still convinced he smelled of sex, yet another clue he thought his workmates had to pick up on.

He made it into his office without incident and sat down at his desk, happy to be away from everyone else. When he had been promoted and moved out of the main office into his own space, he had occasionally felt very lonely. He had never been the most sociable with the others in the office, but he always had other people around him and hearing the conversations kept the day lively. Today though, the seclusion was most assuredly welcome!

Forcing himself to focus on his work, he logged into his computer and started working through his usual morning routine. After a while, he wondered if Cameron had forgotten about him, but around 10.30 he heard his phone vibrate. As he considered the time, he figured it was probably around the boy's morning break at school. Perhaps that meant he would only receive messages when Cameron wasn't in classes, that would definitely be a bonus!

Grabbing his phone, he opened up the message. [I want some information. Tell me about your workplace. I want to know about the basic layout, the people you work with and your relationships with them, who's around you while you work, what your day involves. It will likely be too long for a text, so you can email me at CamOwnsBilly@gmail.com].

The email address got a twitch from William's cock. Being referred to as Billy, although he suspected it was becoming the norm, still angered him. The boy referring to himself as his owner should have infuriated him too, but he just found himself confused over how he felt instead. Unsure whether the text counted as a command or whether he was just keen to comply to stay on the boy's good side, he immediately began typing out his email.

Hi Cameron

As requested, here's everything you need to know about where I work. It's not a massive office. As you come in the main door, you enter an open area that contains two sets of four desks. Just past that. On the opposite side of that, there's a large meeting room with glass walls containing a table for all eleven staff plus a couple of visitors to sit at. To one side of the meeting room is the boss' office. It has regular walls, but with a small window, although the boss usually keeps the blinds down on it.

On the other side of the meeting room is my office. It's not huge, about fifteen feet square. I have my desk at an angle in the corner, facing the door, that way I can look out the window to one side, but still see into the main office too. There's a window to the office too, but I keep my blinds up and door open. I have some filing cabinets and a sofa in here too, although I only sit on that for breaks or having informal chats with staff, I generally speak to people at my desk though.

There is another door from my office that goes into the one next door, but it has a lock on both sides so it can't be used if either side doesn't want to be disturbed. It doesn't really get used anyway. The next office is the same size as mine, but all that's in it is a large desk facing the door, which is usually kept closed, but with the blinds up on the window! I'll explain why further down.

To the side of the main office area we have a small kitchen and there's a door leading through to the back stairs and the toilets.

There are eleven of us working here. There are eight people in the main office, with varying roles. Four women, Carol, 42, Samantha, 21, Vicky, 28 and Debbie, 34. I get on with all of them pretty well I suppose, they're all pretty fun. There are four guys too, Ian, 33, Craig, 27, Paul, 25 and Shane,

18. I never really got on with the guys that well, they were always too macho and into sports. I don't really know Shane though, he's the one who took my job when I got promoted so I never worked that closely with him. So on top of those eight, there's the boss, Angela, she's 42 and I suppose she's okay, but she's always stressed and almost never here. The last one is Freddie. He's 41 and I fucking hate him! We're at the same level, but while he's in charge of the staff, I'm in charge of the work we pass out to contractors. He was a total bitch to me when he was in charge of me and really hated the idea of me getting promoted, but Angela did it anyway. Freddie's actually nice to most of the staff, it's just me he seemed to pick on, although now he's started targeting Shane too. Freddie has the office next to mine and he just loves to show off how scary he is, that's why he keeps the door closed, so nobody can hear him, but keeps the blinds up so everyone can see him yelling.

As far as I know, they're all straight, but it's not really something we talked about. I'm not sure if they know if I'm gay. They never asked and I never said, I guess I was always just worried about giving Freddie something else to pick on.

Most days are fairly similar for me. I come in quite early, I'm usually one of the first here and start going through my emails. I get quite a few overnight from our overseas contractors (due to the time differences and when they work). Mostly my work for the day is picked up from all of that, sorting out problems, arranging new jobs, negotiating contracts, that sort of thing. I can sometimes sit at my desk and not even move until lunchtime. We always have a team meeting right after lunch, just to catch up on any problems, give out any new information, that sorta thing, then it's mostly just back to my office unless I need to go out to meet with any local contractors. Normally after work I stop by the gym. I'm not trying to bulk up or anything, just trying to stay healthy, so I don't stay long. Then I head home.

I hope that's everything you need from me. I know I'm in no position to make requests, but I'm begging you please, Sir, don't make me do anything that will get me fired. I love my job and I need the income. If I lost it, I'd be devastated.

Thanks
Bill

William finished writing the email, signing off as Will with the specific intention of trying to wean Cameron off of 'Billy'. He wasn't even overly fond of Bill, but he had spent his entire childhood being called Billy or Willy and fought extremely hard through his teenage years to get away from it as he felt it was too 'kiddy'.

Fortunately, it seemed that the time it had taken to write the email had taken Cameron past the end of his morning break as no other messages came until lunchtime. William's heart felt like it was going to pound through his chest as he read it. [I would like you to send me a picture of yourself completely naked. You can be anywhere you like other than the toilets, that's too easy!]

He didn't immediately jump up, so it wasn't an order. In a way that made it worse, it was going to be optional. He could simply refuse to do it and face Cameron's wrath later on. In a way, that might be better than risking getting naked at work. He wondered whether his plea had fallen on deaf ears or if this challenge had been toned down in response to it.

William glanced at his door, just outside it the other workers were milling around, some heading

out to get lunch, others just grabbing things from the kitchen. He wondered if they would even notice if he closed his door and blinds. As casually as he could manage, and cursing the fact that his cock was already swelling, he strolled across the room and slowly closed his door. He had never really paid much attention to it before, but he now realised there was actually a lock on it. As it shut, he twisted the lock as quietly as he could, hearing a gentle click. Next he reached for the cord on his blinds, pulled it and let them slide down quite quickly.

Not wanting to take any longer than he had to, William grabbed his phone and positioned it facing the wall, setting it so it would use the timer. Satisfied that it was in place, he quickly stripped off his clothes. It felt surreal to be undressing in the office, but a certain part of him was most definitely enjoying it, his cock standing very much to attention. As he tried to pull off his trousers, he realised they would get stuck on his shoes and kicked them off, but left his socks on as he hurried to take the picture and dress again. He pressed the button on his phone then stood back. He heard the click, dashed forward again to check the picture was okay and tossed down the phone, satisfied that the picture conveyed his nudity sufficiently.

He was just in the process of getting dressed when there was a knock at his door. "Just a second!" he called out in a panic, hands now beginning to shake as he tried to do up his tie. Slightly breathless and very red-faced, he walked to the door and unlocked it, pulling it open. "Shane, what's up?" he asked, seeing the youngest member of the team stood there.

"Carol announced this morning that her daughter is pregnant. She bought cakes in for everyone," Shane said, smiling shyly.

"Oh," William said, glancing over Shane's shoulder towards the kitchen and seeing mostly empty boxes. "Thanks, doesn't look like much left though!"

Shane smiled. "You know this lot. Anything sweet and they're all over it! But... I did save you a red velvet cupcake!" He pulled his hand from behind his back, revealing the sweet treat.

"That's my favourite!" William said happily.

"Yeah, I remembered. Didn't want you missing out because you're working so hard!" Shane said, handing over the cupcake.

'Hard is an understatement!' William thought, his cock still throbbing. Subconsciously, his eyes darted downwards, accidentally prompting Shane's to follow.

The young worker caught sight of the bulge in William's trousers and blushed, staring him right in the eye again. He looked at the door, then the blinds and took a step back. "Oh... erm... sorry, I... shouldn't have..."

William was frozen, at a loss for what to say. As his cheeks burned even brighter, his cock twitched. He slammed the door turned into his office, humiliated.

Shane had been so incredibly sweet in his gesture and William had gone and ruined it. He placed the cupcake down on his desk and spotted his phone. He had yet to send the picture he had taken. Seeking a distraction from what had just happened, he sent it off to Cameron then sat back down at his desk, awaiting a response.

[Nice. Good job. At some point this afternoon, I want you to take another one in a different location, however, before you take the picture I want you to get a marker pen and write 'Property of Cameron' on your chest. After the picture, you will leave the writing there] Cameron replied a minute later.

“Fuck!” William muttered, reading the request. Where else could he go? At least he had all afternoon to do it! He replied, [Okay].

[This is an order. For the rest of the working day, you will jerk off for ten minutes out of every hour. When you begin jerking, aside from preventing yourself from cumming, you will be unable to stop until the time is up. In those ten minutes, you will be able to touch your cock but you will still be unable to cum. After each ten minutes, you will be unable to touch again!] Cameron instructed.

[Yes Sir!] William replied, somehow feeling more submissive on receipt of an order rather than a request. Figuring that he should make use of the privacy he had with the door closed, William reached down to begin his ten minutes for that hour. He didn't pull his cock out, glad that the boy hadn't specified he had to be naked or anything. He intended to just play with it through his trousers, but he quickly found the flaw in that plan... it was making a very obvious wet patch.

Hesitantly, still playing with himself as he was now unable to stop, he slipped his boner out through the fly of his trousers. It felt absolutely mind-boggling to be sitting there in his office, touching himself like that. After the prolonged (by his standards) abstinence and inability to touch, his cock felt fantastic in his hand.

With nothing easily accessible to clean up with, the regular spurts of precum he was producing every time he edged were just scooped up with his other hand and licked off. It was making him even hornier, but at least it was leaving no evidence. His eyes were fixed on the clock. As good as it felt, he was still pleasuring himself in a very risky place.

The minutes ticked by as he lost count of the number of times he edged. By now it was only taking seconds of stroking before his hand automatically pulled away. Nine minutes down, one to go. There was a knock at the door.

“Fuck!” Jack muttered under his breath as he looked at the clock. He could ignore them, perhaps they would just go away with no answer, or would they open the door to check on him? “Yes?” he called out, his voice wavering as he hit the edge again.

The door pushed open slightly, Vick's head popping round. “Hey, you okay?” she asked, frowning slightly.

“Y... yeah, fine...” William replied. His hand was still under his desk and as he felt himself coming back from the edge, helped along by the appearance of the woman, he felt his fingers moving back into place.

“You sure?” Vicky asked. “Don't think I've ever seen your door closed before!”

William began stroking, allowing just his thumb and forefinger to slowly slide up and down the slick shaft, being very careful not to allow any arm movement to show. “No, really, I'm fine. Just

had..." he felt a ripple of pleasure that nearly silenced him, "Some work to... do!"

"Oh, okay then. Just thought I'd check. See you at one!" Vicky said, going back out and pulling the door closed behind her.

William groaned as the door closed as he once again reached the edge. This time though, his ten minutes were up and he knew he wouldn't have to touch again. He lapped up the latest globs of precum, then tucked his cock away, once again unable to touch it and instead relying on manoeuvring his trousers around it. He started to think about Cameron's second challenge. While he really didn't relish the idea of getting naked somewhere else, he found himself ultimately more worried about the possible repercussions of failing the challenge.

From a pot on his desk, he grabbed a marker pen and slipped it into his pocket. If inspiration or opportunity struck, he wanted to be ready to take advantage of it!

He didn't have long to think about the task as one o'clock was approaching, team meeting time. Standing from his desk, he cursed his cock for refusing to go down fully. He was not quite erect enough to allow his cock to be tucked into his waistband again, but the long-suffering cock was definitely visibly engorged, bulging out the front of his trousers.

He opened his door and stepped out, but took an immediate left and walked into the meeting room. Vicky and Carol were already seated, but the rest were still at their desks or just getting back from lunch. He slipped into the seat nearest the door, wanting to get his bulge concealed under the safety of the table as soon as possible. Vicky and Carol both gave him a quick smile then carried on their previous conversation.

Gradually the rest of the staff came in. Aside from Angela, who was working from home for the day, everyone was in. The other office staff started filling the seats around the large table until they were waiting on just Freddie. Shane had walked in and just sat down in the nearest empty seat without realising it was the one directly opposite William. Their eyes met briefly across the table, making them both blush and look away. The next few minutes turned into a game of who could find something else to look at for the longest.

Thankfully, the awkwardness was interrupted by Freddie's arrival. The forty-one-year-old stormed in, slammed the door and dropped a file on the table. He was a very imposing man, tall and well-built. William often wondered whether his bulk was muscle or fat as he had one of those strange body types that could be either. Overall, he was just large! He kept his head shaved, but a thick layer of stubble around his jaw, verging on being an actual beard. On top of his physicality, his personality just intimidated most people with his constant bad moods and penchant for yelling.

"Right, quiet everyone!" Freddie said. His abrupt entrance had silenced the room anyway, but he always started that way. "Got some bad news, I've just been advised we've got a big audit coming up!"

The members of staff who had been there longer groaned, the newer staff looking mildly confused.

"What does that mean?" Shane asked quietly.

“It means we've gotta get everything perfect!” Freddie said sharply. “Every process needs to be watertight and compliant with company policy, every record has to be completely up to date, every single thing we do has to be faultless. I'm not gonna accept anything less than absolute perfection on this one and that means you've all gotta get off your asses and do some work!”

There were murmurings around the desk. Some unhappy with the implication that they didn't work hard enough already, others just worrying about the audit. William was mostly just worried about avoiding further eye contact with Shane.

With the audit preparations to worry about, the meeting went on much longer than usual. William listened out for any tasks Freddie tried to pass his way and took note of them, but was mostly too distracted to give it much thought. Before he even realised it, forty-five minutes had passed. The sudden realisation struck him that he still had Cameron's order to obey. Ten minutes out of every hour had to be spent wanking. With only fifteen minutes left, he had to get out soon otherwise he would start doing it on front of everyone. He may have been able to hide the end of the last session from Vicky, but he doubted he could sit masturbating in the meeting room without anyone noticing!

“Excuse, I just need to...” William said, pushing out his chair.

“Hold on, we're nearly done!” Freddie said sharply, prompting William to sit back down. His eyes fixed on the clock behind the other manager.

“Will, I'll leave the contractor records up to you to check through,” Freddie said, nearly at the end of his list of jobs to dish out. “I want you looking at the entire process from beginning to end for every one we use. Any errors, you find and resolve ASAP!”

“Erm... yeah,” William said absent-mindedly, watching as the clock ticked to 1.47. “Oh, wait, that's... a massive job. I don't know if I can get through it all before the audit!” he said, suddenly giving it some thought.

“Fine. I'll have a look at the staffing and see if we can spare anyone to help you,” Freddie replied.

Another minute ticked by.

“I think we're done then. Let's get cracking!” Freddie said, much to William's relief.

“Wait,” Carol called out, stopping everyone's movements.

Everyone looked at Carol, especially William who looked frantic as his time was running out.

“My daughter sent me some pictures of her scan. Anyone want to see?” Carol asked.

A couple of the men groaned, unimpressed by the announcement, but everyone else began to gather.

“Congratulations Carol, I'll have a look later!” William said, already half way out the door. He virtually ran across the office, heading for the back stairs. Before he was even through the door, his hand went uncontrollably down to his cock and began stroking it.

William burst into the mens' toilets, thankful that they were not often used by anyone from other offices. He dashed into a cubicle, dropped his trousers and started stroking properly. Once again it felt both amazing and torturous at the same time. As he stroked away the minutes, he moved his feet slightly and the marker pen dropped from his pocket. Reaching down to grab it, an idea popped into his head.

As he finished his time, he had undressed once again, hanging his clothes on the back of the cubicle door. Once his compulsion to stroke subsided, he took the pen and wrote 'Property of Cameron' on his chest as large and tidily as he could manage. It felt humiliating to see the words on himself, yet it made his cock remain at full firmness. He wished he could just take the picture right there in the safety of the locked cubicle, but Cameron had forbidden it. Instead, he intended to sneak just outside to the rear stairwell. Nobody used the stairs to go up or down and the only reason anyone had to come out from his own office was to use the toilets. If he was quick, this wouldn't be too risky.

He cautiously opened the cubicle door, walked across to the external and pulled it open, peering out the crack. Nobody there and no noise, that was as clear as it was going to get. He walked out, placed his camera on one of the stairs leading up and pressed the button to start the timer, then stood back and posed. The few seconds it took seemed to drag on forever, the fear of someone coming through making William shudder.

Thankfully, he remained uninterrupted and was soon re-dressing in the cubicle, his picture already sent to Cameron. Once again, walking through the office made him feel like everyone knew what he had been doing, the paranoia intensifying with each step. To avoid arousing suspicion, he left his door open for the rest of the afternoon. Thankfully, the time passed uneventfully. He had a conference call with a couple of contractors but mainly focussed on going through the requirements Freddie sent him to prepare for the audit.

He disappeared to the toilet twice more, once between two and three o'clock and once in the following hour. Most of the office staff, and Freddie, tended to leave at 4.30 so William didn't feel self-conscious walking through the office for his next forced edging session. By the time he was done, he was the last to leave.

While he had been in the toilets, a message had arrived on his phone. [Nice job on the picture. I'm impressed. Guessing you'll be off to the gym now. When you finish your workout, I want you to go to the changing room and strip completely naked. You will go to the showers without a towel or anything to cover up. If the showers at your gym have cubicles, you will leave the door/curtain open while you shower. You will be very careful not to wash off the writing from your chest. Once you are done, you will walk back through the changing room and will not be able to begin dressing until at least ten guys have seen you naked.]

As was becoming the norm, the message from the boy filled William with a mix of absolute dread and outright excitement. He loved seeing naked guys in the changing room and it was always a little bit of a thrill if he thought they were looking at him too, but he had always been too shy to really expose himself, always pulling on his underwear underneath his towel. Now though, he no longer had any say in it. [Yes Sir!] he sent back dutifully.

Another message followed. [And another challenge for you. I want you to get a picture of yourself

naked in the changing room, with another guy beside you. It's up to you how you do it!]

William stared at the message. That wasn't possible. What was he supposed to do, just walk up to a stranger and say, 'Hey, mind if I stand next to you naked and take a picture of us?' He made his way down to the car park and got in his car, quickly making the short drive to his gym just a few minutes away.

He changed quickly, convinced that a man across the changing room had caught sight of the writing on his chest. Ignoring it, he went into the gym and started his usual workout. He didn't push himself too hard, he didn't want to risk being too worn out in case Cameron decided to continue challenging him that evening. Twenty minutes of cardio and a quick round on the weights and he was heading back to the locker room.

He noted thankfully that the gym was somewhat quiet that evening, but then realised that it meant he would likely be standing round naked much longer waiting to hit his quote of ten men. He stripped off and put his clothes into his locker, then headed for the showers. The shower room was a large square room. At one time it had been entirely open plan, but over the years they had put in frosted glass dividers between the showers heads. William liked them, they allowed for privacy but still allowed a vague silhouette to be seen. It had allowed him to discreetly watch some quite enjoyable things before.

There were three cubicles along each of the four walls. One of the three along the back was occupied, so he stepped into one on the side. In accordance with Cameron's command, he didn't close the door behind him, leaving him entirely exposed to anyone who might come in. He quickly showered, hearing a couple of people behind him but not daring to look. His cock swelled quite quickly, the mix of being seen and a day of edging making it happen even more easily than usual.

He stood under the water, willing his cock to go down before he went back into the changing room. The best he could manage was getting it down to semi-erect. He turned and headed for the exit, quickly noticing that the shower that had been occupied when he came in was now empty, but two others were in use. It seemed they had taken their cue from William and left their doors open too. Under normal circumstances, William would have found an excuse to stop and have a better look, but without any way to conceal his arousal, he needed to avoid enhancing it and dashed out.

William immediately felt eyes on him. There were four guys changing around the room, each of them glancing round at him as he emerged completely naked, Property of Cameron emblazoned across his chest. He made sure each of them had seen him. That was four down, only six to go. His cheeks were burning with embarrassment, but it felt incredible at the same time. He went to his locker, opened the combination lock and started pulling out his things.

Next began the long charade of trying to look like he was doing something other than just standing around naked. Over the next few minutes, more men came in, William keeping a mental note of the number. One of the showering men re-emerged too. He glanced over at the naked William and grinned at him. William blushed more profusely, but smiled back shyly. The man was in his early thirties, fairly average looking with a moderately muscled body, covered in wet, dark hair. What stood out most though, literally, was his cock. He was clearly as aroused as William, but at least he had the luxury of concealing it behind the towel wrapped around his waist.

With nothing much else to do other than wait for his tenth viewer, William allowed himself to

watch the other man quickly dry off and dress before heading out behind the other men. It was all quiet now. Nobody new had come in for some time and William was beginning to feel cold. His nipples were rigid. He heard the quiet hiss of the shower stop. He had gotten so used to it, he had almost forgotten it was even running. Whoever was in there was going to be his tenth viewer, he would soon be free.

William's eyes fixed on the entrance to the showers, waiting for the man to emerge so he could begin dressing. As he stepped into view, William didn't burst into the flurry of activity he had been anticipating, he just stopped and stared.

The man who walked out was stunning. Six foot tall, possibly in his mid-to-late twenties, with short light brown hair matted wetly to his head, beautiful eyes that seemed to pop thanks to the wettened eyelashes, a devilish grin that appeared as he saw William. His shoulders were broad, his chest perfectly muscled, enough to look impressive, but not so much that it looked like boobs. His body tapered down to a narrow waist. His upper body smooth, glistening with droplets of water, towel casually slung over his shoulder. As he walked, seemingly in slow motion, his meaty cock flopped from side to side. William figured it couldn't possibly be that large in its natural softened state, it was either shrinking down from a recent erection or plumping up as it headed for a new one. He found himself hoping for the latter.

"Oh, you're still here!" the man said as he headed straight for William.

The younger man was frozen. Why was this naked vision of manliness heading straight for him. Closer and closer he walked, then stopped, reaching out to open the locker beside William's.

"Err... yeah," William stuttered in response.

The man grinned, looking William up and down. "Gotta say, whoever Cameron is, he's a lucky guy!"

'What? How could he know Cameron?' William thought to himself, then remembered the message written on his body. "Oh... thanks," William replied shyly.

"Maybe a bit possessive, but still lucky!" the other man chuckled as he pulled his bag out from the locker, placing it beside William's on the bench behind them.

Reminded of Cameron, the challenge suddenly came to mind. This was his best chance to complete the task he had been set. The ice had been broken already and, truthfully, William just hoped there was a chance he might get to keep a picture of this stunning beauty before him.

"This may sound weird..." William started.

"Weirder than standing round naked for ten minutes with Property of Cameron written on your chest?" the man interjected.

"Err, maybe, but.... could I get a picture of us together?" William asked gingerly, pulling out his phone.

The man laughed and shook his head. "Sure, why not. But not with that," he said, gesturing to William's phone. "With this!" He pulled out his own phone, then placed an arm around the

younger man's shoulders, leading him towards one of the full-length mirrors. As they stood facing it, the man took a quick picture, then turned to head back to his bag. "What's your name?"

"William... erm, Will," he stuttered nervously.

"Okay William erm Will, I'm David," he said, handing over his phone, "Put your number in."

William took the phone, typed in his number and handed it back. David smiled and quickly dried himself off. He said nothing, but kept looking at William who was now able to dress too.

David was ready first, stuffing his gym gear back into his bag which he slung over his shoulder. As he stood up, he pressed a few buttons on his phone and William heard his own beep to indicate he had a message.

"There you do," David said with a grin. "You've got your picture... and my number! See you around Will!" Without waiting for a response, he headed for the door, leaving William completely shaken, in the best possible way.

He quickly grabbed his phone and looked at the picture. His cock swelled almost instantly at the sight of himself with the gorgeous David. He sent a copy of it to Cameron and headed out to the car.

[Fuck, that pic is crazy hot. Hurry up and get home. I've got more plans for you tonight!] Cameron messaged.

With David still on his mind, William got in the car and headed home, his mind gradually moving onto the terrifying/exciting prospect of what Cameron might have planned for him.