

THE FULL STORY by Ant-Boy@Hotmail.co.uk Chapter 1 [Revised 2009]
[You shouldn't be reading this if not interested in male-to-male sexual contacts and/or under age of consent for your area. Contents include S&M, water-sports, interracial and group action so be warned so don't pretend to be disgusted when it turns out that way.]

Chapter One

'What is it about pain and degradation that turns me on'? I was wondering to myself. You know how it is when you sit musing and your mind wanders in all sort of strange directions. It was early, in the morning and the occasional bod wandering about now hadn't met my scene. I knew I should go home but to tell you the truth was still turned on from what had happened the other weekend and I suppose had half hoped for a repeat. It had been another hot sultry day and the weather was still warm enough to sit on my bench in the shadows in just an old pair of denim shorts and sock-less trainers Even the occasional light shower hadn't put me off 'though that might explain why I was almost the only person around, that and the effect of an evening's drinking now being topped up with a couple of cans and a bottle of poppers.

I stretched my legs apart, the strain pulling and squeezing on my strapped cock and balls. My shorts were already damp and the the tight belt round my waist and cock shaft supplied a second pain to add to the full bladder begging to escape and soak me further, but I wasn't quite desperate yet and gloried in the pain. I knew I'd have to make my way to the cottage soon if I was to have any fun tonight, even on my own.

I could feel the dried cum on my body as my skin dried from the last shower, it hadn't been enough to wash me clean I was glad to realize. I had managed to give a couple of blow jobs earlier while an older bloke jacked off over me but none wanted to get very serious it seemed. I lay out on the bench and was pinching and pulling my nipples as however tightly I stretched the belt across my cock it started to leak. My shorts were soaked and the excess was leaking through to my stomach where it wasn't dripping on the ground. I still had a full bladder and didn't want to waste it. I had to make it to the cottage if I was going to play on my own.

I got up carefully as I didn't want to ease any of the straps and belts on my body and they were quite tight round my nether regions.

Recovering my bag from the end of the bench I thought to myself 'why not?' and removed my trainers and placed them in it. There was plenty of room in it now as most of the contents had been drunk or were on my body. There had been 4 cans of beer, a couple of towels and some carrier bags, the rest of my clothes were hidden in another bag a short walk away near to my locked bike and I was wearing a full body harness from shoulders to crutch and tight across my chest, straps on ankles and wrists with large screw D links in addition to my tight denims. It didn't seem as they would be used tonight but I couldn't be bothered to take them off.

'You wet yourself?' there came a voice out of the blue. Startled I looked up to see a middle aged man standing in the shadows of the bushes, there wasn't much moon out so it was quite dark there, even so I should have noticed him before if Id not been so engrossed in my body and its discomfort. Before I could answer, 'want some more?' he continued. Without saying anything I placed my bag back on the bench and walked a

few paces until I stood in front of him with my head bowed, cold piss now dripping from my shorts and down my legs. Not cold for long as the movement was too much for my abused bladder and it started to leak again, re-soaking my shorts and running down to pool at my feet on the damp and now muddy grass.

'I think you need to be punished,' he said, 'you know you deserve to be beaten.' Where had I heard that before?

As he reached out and started to pinch and twist my nipples much harder than I could to myself I glanced up slightly to see his face. It took a moment, after all it had been 7 years since he initiated me at school when I was a mixed up 16 year old, and when I'd discovered I got turned on by being used and slightly abused.

He was slightly shorter than me now but at 25 still had a well defined body under his t-shirt and jeans, short cut dark hair 'though not as short as my blond crop. He still possessed a well built body, maybe he still played rigger I thought to myself, while I'd always been more into athletics which suited my slim 6ft body. 'Why was I thinking about the past when he needed to be serviced?' I slowly went down on my knees in front of him, holding my hands behind my back. His cock and balls were sticking out from his jeans but I didn't touch them.

'Glad to see you remember something.' he said, 'all that schooling wasn't wasted then'.

'No Sir', I opened my mouth to reply as he put his hand down to his cock. I thought he was after a blow job and opened my mouth only to receive a hot stream of piss straight over my face and into my mouth. As I moved my head forward to engulf his cock he slapped my face away and stooped pissing. 'Not yet, unless you're in a hurry?' he said. 'No sir.'

'Well then, let's see what's in your bag then.' and he walked back to the bench and picked it up. 'Come over here.' I rose with some difficulty; the belt across my cock was pulling tighter. 'What's the problem?' I told him. 'Drop your shorts.' I obeyed. 'Can you hold your bladder if u remove the belt?.' 'For a few minutes sir.' I replied, 'Then remove it.' I did so and managed to only let loose a few drops..

'Now put it back round your waist,' was his next instruction, and passing me the smaller of my towels folded in half, 'and put this on. I stuck it under the front belt and there was just enough length to pull it under my crotch and tuck the other end under the belt at the back. 'I suppose the bags are for your wet stuff?' he asked. 'Yes sir.' He chucked me one and told me to put my shorts in. As I went to do so he said 'Stop. Aren't they soaked?' Waste not want not.' I knelt down in front of him and let him see me hold the shorts over my head and squeezed them out so a mixture of his piss and mine ran over my face and also this time down my back.

'I heard from a mutual friend you came here from time to time,' he said, taking a can of beer from my bag, 'and that you still have the same interests? I couldn't miss looking here on the off chance as I'm visiting for a few days on business. Have to admit I've not had so much luck as to meet a boy like you since I left for university. Have you changed?'

'Only for the worse sir. I use poppers now and usually have to service myself in the when I come down here. I have had a few good sessions though.'

'In there?' he asked, pointing over the field to the cottage, 'I hear it can be quite dirty in there.'

'Yes sir.'

'Let's go have a look then shall we. You still need to be punished don't you? The playground over there looks interesting but I'm here for long enough to see what use we can make of that next weekend if you're still up for it after tonight.'

'Oh yes,' I thought to myself as he got up. 'Are you in for a shock next week. Hope it won't stop you trying the playground.'

He picked up my bag and started across to the cottage, still drinking his beer. Of course I followed, more slowly as I tried to hold my bladder and watching where I placed my bare feet on the damp grass. I could still feel piss dripping down my face and body and wondered how much of a beating my arse could take as I'd not really been so punished for some years. I knew he'd get round to that at sometime unless he'd changed from school and I doubted that and I'd seen the belt on his jeans.

That's almost where it all started really, although he wasn't really quite the first.