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Kevin's Introduction

I can honestly say that I enjoyed my time in the Philippines while in the Navy. I was introduced to the PI in the late 70's while on the Ranger and Kitty Hawk carriers that did port calls in Subic. Eventually I was stationed PCS at Cubi Point for two years as a "station ditto." During those periods I definitely enjoyed some very fine pieces of meat – both giving and receiving. My favorites were the "Benny Boys" who were transvestites, but who could pass for some of the finest women alive. Keep in mind that this was before the Aids scare when we all played bareback and fully enjoyed having our asses filled with cum and piss without any worry.

Although I enjoyed some very fine time in town visiting with some of the locals who enjoyed white meat, I also enjoyed some fine time enjoying the fruits of some very hard military guys who were in port for a port call after some long at sea time. They knew they had to make up for lost time and get off as much as they could and in the shortest time possible. Of course, if there were San Miguel beers involved, the more, the better. All that beer only set the stage for a fun time to be had by all.

Once I arrived PCS at Cubi Point in the early 80's, it didn't take me long to figure out that it was better to live off base for privacy and relaxation. I soon moved out to Barrio Baretto, a small community out the back gate of the base. I was able to find a small house that had its own high walled and gated courtyard which provided total security and total privacy. It was actually a walled compound with solid 10 foot cement walls all around and a solid gate. There were no taller structures next to the wall so I didn't have to worry about prying eyes and the wall was topped with broken glass shards so no one was going to come in easily. The house had been built by a retired Navy Chief who was Filipino. He eventually moved back to his home province, but not before incorporating some American conveniences into the house such as hot and cold running water and A/C.

The house soon became the weekend hangout for some of the guys stationed at the base, especially some of the macho Navy Seals and Marines who definitely enjoyed partying hard and kinky. Eventually some of the guys from visiting ships were also invited to come over and enjoy themselves. Now you have to keep in mind that no-one, including myself, was over 32 with me being the oldest. Also keep in mind that these guys had some pretty sordid imaginations when it came to guys enjoying each others' bodies. When guys can enjoy being naked under a hot tropical sun in a totally private compound, there weren't many kinks that went untried. Especially when we could play outdoors and get as messy as we liked because there was always a hose to clean off with. That is not to say that we got into scat, although there were a couple of guys that did. They were soon shown the door and not invited back. Most of the messy play involved mud wrestling, and cum and piss play, plus some well filled enema play.

We had outfitted a couple of the rooms for game playing including a sling and other bondage gear. We had also set up an area outdoors for bondage as well. We were fortunate to have access to some fine wood craftsmen who could do wonders when developing equipment and furniture for some of our play. Most of them thought it was just weird Americans, although some of them also enjoyed playing and came up with some pretty imaginative contributions to equipment for use. We sometimes joked that since the wood carving was so good, we had to wonder who at their shops tried out the furniture to ensure it worked and fit well – because it sure did.

We had a group of regulars who spent most weekends together. There were 7 of us who would get together most weekends for the entire weekend. Our group was made up of both officers and enlisteds and included two Navy, three Seals, and two Marines. Usually the exception was if one of us had duty that required us to stay on base, or if we invited in another guy for the weekend.

We enjoyed drinking together and talking about just about anything under the sun, mostly shop and sex. The rule was that noone entered the compound without getting naked as soon as he entered. Even in the winter it was hot and humid and you could just assume that you were going to sweat a lot without trying so being naked worked to our advantage. We spent most Friday nights hanging around outside in the courtyard and downing many San Miguel beers. Since we were already naked, this would usually soon turn into piss play and enemas to clean out for the rest of the weekend. No problem since we were outside anyway.

This one weekend, one of the guys had invited over a sailor buddy who was in for a port call off one of the destroyers. Kevin had been at sea for over a month and he didn't have a playmate onboard so he had a lot of pent up loads. He was primarily a bottom and enjoyed any and all working over him and he was game to experience most anything to get off. Well, he did get some surprises that weekend. Like everyone else, Kevin had to strip as soon as he entered the compound. Now this guy did take care of himself. He had a slim really firm body with a fine ass and nice size cut cock and balls.

As soon as he was naked and introduced around, the beer started to flow and everyone started to get in the mood. All the regulars had already cleaned themselves out which was the norm for our weekend games. Now it was Kevin's turn and he was led off to the head to get his ass cleaned out and once he returned, it didn't take long and a couple of the guys had leather cuffs on him along with a hood and rubber tube gag to keep his mouth open. He was led outside and hung up by his wrists in the courtyard with his legs stretched apart and tied off. Then the fun began.

One of the guys decided to continue his cleanout with a red bag enema that had a double balloon enema nozzle attached. That way, Kevin had no control over what went in or came out of his ass. Once the nozzle was inserted and inflated, the guys took turns getting rid of their beer into the bag. Kevin was going to enjoy a very filling piss enema. A couple of the guys were even nice enough to fill empty San Miguel bottles with there piss and feed it to Kevin thru the tube gag in case he was thirsty. This appeared to be his first major watersports session and from his reaction, he was realizing that maybe he shouldn't have agreed so readily to bottom for this group of guys, especially since he really didn't know how extreme their kink games might be.

To help him out, since his bladder was getting full from his own consumption and the recycling, one of the guys brought out a Foley balloon catheter for Kevin. He knelt in front of Kevin and after lubing up the cath with ky, started to slowly insert the cath into Kevin's cock. It was obvious that Kevin had never been cath'd or had anything pushed up his cock because he really started to react from the insertion. He wasn't going anywhere for sure and it didn't take long until the cath was fully inserted and inflated. The guy kneeling in front of Kevin enjoyed a nice warm piss shower from the cath once it entered the bladder and also enjoyed some of Kevin's recycled piss. He closed off the cath so Kevin wouldn't be able to empty his bladder until he was allowed to.

Then one of the guys came up with the idea to tie off Kevin's balls and suspend a gallon jug from the balls. That way, Kevin's catheter could be inserted in the jug and Kevin would fill his own jug and increase the weight and strain on his balls. The weight would only getter heavier as the cath drained his bladder and Kevin wouldn't be able to control it.

The red bag was quickly filled and emptied into Kevin and then disconnected from the double balloon nozzle that was closed off and left inside Kevin. We continued emptying our bladders into the jug hung from Kevin's balls and it was obvious Kevin was enjoying all the play as his cock had a major woody even though the weight was increasing from his balls. He seemed to really get off on that, not to mention that his gut was full of piss in more ways than one.

One of the guys finally brought out the plastic basin and while holding it under Kevin's ass, released the balloons in his ass. It didn't take much and his ass released a major shot of piss into the basin. After that he was hosed off since we were in the courtyard and also hosed out repeatedly until he ran clear. By that time, the guys were ready to really enjoy his ass.

One by one, we all took turns grabbing his hips and fucking his nice ass. We all left our seed in him, some more than once, and some even left more piss loads in him since we were still consuming our beers while enjoying the play. If nothing else, it sure gave great lube and increased the sensations for each successive fucker. Some of the guys even helped themselves to Kevin's catheter enjoying some of his recycled piss between beers.

This play went on for a couple hours and it was obvious that Kevin had just about reached his limit for this suspension. He was hosed off one last time and released, although the catheter was left in his cock. After the hood and tube gag were removed, he said that although he really was scared at first, it didn't take long and he really got into it and thanked us for introducing him to our type of play. He even wanted the cath left in him for the weekend so we could again let him fill a jug hung from his balls anytime we wanted – and we did.

Kevin really enjoyed that weekend as well as many more whenever he'd come into port. He became a regular visitor and came to enjoy his watersports sessions even more. He'd usually take leave while in port so he could just hang out at the compound naked the whole time and play with whoever was there.