

Chapter Three

He took much longer than I'd expected to return and so I just stood in the shower as I was, still wet, a little smelly and definitely somewhat muddy actually slightly leaning against the wall if the truth be told. I dare not shower before he told me to and it never occurred to me to disobey him so I slowly drank the water as instructed. Just shows how you could be programmed in a boarding school those days - possibly different now. I actually wasn't too bothered at his threat of punishing me as not only was it holiday time and so I could do generally what I wanted but also because he had punished me before in some way had come to realize I somehow liked it the way he did it.

Finally I heard him returning but was surprised and a bit embarrassed to discover he was not alone. He'd brought another boy who was in the year above me. I'd not actually had anything to do with him until the past couple of weeks when the six of us staying for the holiday had moved into the same dorm. I had noticed he only wore his shorts to bed as I did and quick glimpses when he changed had shown me a fat cut cock with a nice bush of hair. Apart from having dark hair his build was much like mine as was his height.

'Assume the position,' the senior told me. This was not quite what I'd expected. An audience to see me taking the slipper. I didn't get slippered as much as some others but it seemed the norm to get it for minor infractions several times a term. We had a scheme at our school that if one senior decided you deserved a beating you had the choice of whom would inflict it and I only realized just then that I usually chose this senior.

Beatings always took place in the showers in our sports shorts. Whereas most seniors required a position where you would lean forward with your hands against the wall and your legs back, this one had you stand in the middle of the shower with your hands above your head grasping a solid well supported bar that ran from one side of the showers to the other.

'Did you drink all the water?' he asked. 'Yes'. 'Well try this then,' he said, passing me and the other lad a can of beer. What was going on? I'd had the odd beer before and quite liked it but was not of a legal age and anyway why would he give me beer.

I stood under the bar ready to stretch out. 'You can't drink if your hands are up there of course, give the can to Tony and he can feed you.' This was crazy. What was going on? But then the whole evening had been crazy hadn't it?

I stretched up and grabbed the bar and Tony opened both cans and drinking from one himself held the other to my lips. The senior came up behind me and rubbed his hands over my arse. He always did when he beat me and for some reason I'd never thought it odd until that night. Just something he did - and I enjoyed.

'Can you smell him Tony?' he asked, 'Wet and dirty and smelling of piss.'

'I had an accident,' I said, thinking quickly, 'I fell over in the park when I had to piss.'

'Oh yes! In your hair as well. Hold him Tony.' and Tony put one of his hands on my chest holding both cans with the other one and stared into my eyes as the senior stepped back and with a swish brought a trainer down across my backside. No harder or softer than usual but my wet shorts made me feel it more. I gasped and clenched my eyes closed as the breath escaped from my mouth.

Then I felt the hand return to my arse and I opened my eyes to see Tony grinning at me as he held the beer can back to my lips. 'Did it hurt?' he asked 'Yes. What do you think?'

'That's good,' he continued as he put the can back to my lips, now having to push my head back so as to drain it all. Then he finished his and putting the empties on a shelf behind him placed both of his hands on my chest. 'Next time keep your eyes open,' What?' I asked, 'Keep your eyes open, I want to see in them.'

What was going on? This was getting odder and odder. Not being used to it the beer was having an effect already but even so this seemed strange. The hand on my arse was also rubbing around much longer and firmer than usual. The only reason I could think of why I wasn't getting my usual stalk when this happened was my filling bladder.

'So then. What have you been up to then?' asked the senior.

'I just told you,' I replied, and the beer making me bold added, 'if you're not careful I'll have to do it again soon, all over Tony.'

'Whatever. I'll just have to slipper you naked if you do.' The hands left and the swish followed by another blow across my arse.

'I told you to keep your eyes open,' said Tony as he stepped closer, almost touching. 'I'll have to make you then,' and he started to pinch at my nipples, already a bit tender from my earlier experiences. As he worked them hard enough to make me gasp I heard the swish and the third blow across my arse. 'Better,' he said. I had kept my eyes open and while I don't know what he saw in mine there was something in his I couldn't place, a type of joy 'though i saw him flinch with me as the trainer fell.

He eased of the pressure on my nipples and rubbed his fingers over them then down my body wiping them through the dirt and damp still there. His fingers moved up to my face and pushed at my now closed mouth. Why did my lips open of their own accord and allow them in where I sucked lightly and ran my tongue round them.

'That's nice,' he said, 'just relax.' What with the beer and the hand massaging my sore arse and the fingers in my mouth I did just that with inescapable results. My bladder let go, straight through my shorts, pouring down my legs and soaking Tony's rigger shorts and starting to run down his legs as well. It seemed I just couldn't stop. Tony took his hand out of my mouth and placed it under my crutch and then returned it wet and prissy to my mouth. I could even feel it pooling round my feet there was so much, someone must have blocked the drain.

'Has he just soaked you?' Tony was asked. 'Well and truly,' was the reply. With that the hand was removed from my arse and my shorts were pulled down. As I stepped out of them I saw Tony remove his as well.

Whatever was happening, was going to happen, it wasn't the usual slipping that was for sure.

And it wasn't. 'Open your legs wide,' as the hand returned to my now naked arse. This time as they massaged his fingers speared to poke at my hole. When they left I felt a loss and waited for the swish and pain. Instead a hand appeared in front of my face with a small open bottle, 'Take a sniff of this, it will help you relax.'

How could I relax with my hands above my head and my legs spread wide? Even so I did as I was told and sniffed in, a harsh sweetness that made my blood that quickly passed and I could feel my blood boil and suddenly I didn't care what they know or did, i just knew I wanted it, wanted something, something more even than earlier in the park.

I looked, Tony was sniffing from the bottle, 'More please I half cried,' and as he placed it under my nose I inhaled, this time with both nostrils. 'Yes,' I cried 'Go on, belt my bare arse, make me feel it.' and he did. Three more swipes one after the other, the third with enough force to knock my feet out from under me with the result I lost my hold on the bar and collapsed onto the floor.

It shouldn't be that wet I half thought to myself before realizing that both the others were pissing on me and that he plug hole had been blocked. This unit wasn't much more than 8 foot by 8 foot so there was a measurable amount of liquid pooling in the centre and I was lying in it. I just didn't care any longer.

'Do you want to lie there or grab hold of the pole again?' 'Either,' I replied, but got to my feet and reached up for the pole again. I liked it, feeling fully exposed to 2 men who seemed to get enjoyment from touching and hurting my body.

I only then noticed I had an erection, even though that had been taken care off under an hour ago.

'Are you OK? Would you go for some more? What would you like?'

How did I know what I'd like? It was all new to me. I just knew I wanted it, and more somehow.

'Just let me sniff some more and you can do what you want.' I replied boldly.

'Are you sure?' 'Yes.'

'Look at this nice red bottom Tony. Should I beat it some more?'

'Yes,' I cried before Tony had a chance to reply. I opened my legs as far as possible to allow the fingers to intrude, to violate my arse. The bottle appeared back under my nose and as I sniffed the fingers withdrew. I sighed and a hand appeared in front of my face holding a funny shaped bit of rubber. 'Can I try and get this up your arse? It's called a butt plug, I'll grease it well and you can stop me if you want.'

I just nodded. I had some idea of what it was from a couple of magazines I looked at down town, but had never dared try to buy one. The fingers started back on and in my arse then Tony came and stood directly in front

of me, chest to chest, and his hands went behind me and prised my cheeks apart as he looked deep into my eyes.

I felt a cold grease rubbed at my hole and then the rubber tip press against the entrance, the bottle came back to my nose and I took a deep sniff as Tony told me to 'press out if it hurts too much.' I could feel my hole stretching and expanding as the object was slowly pushed in, Tony's eyes looking deeply into mine and whilst I couldn't see his mouth I just knew he was smiling.

I didn't think I could take any more, I was groaning and wriggling when Tony let go of my arse cheeks and clasped me tightly to him. 'Go on, you can take it, push out,' and as I did so I felt the lips of my hole suddenly contract as the plug passed the point of no return and locked itself inside my arse.

The hands returned to rubbing and pulling at my arse cheeks until I felt comfortable with the plug and I took my hands down from the bar.

'You OK?' they both asked, 'Yes, just need to get my breath back for a moment.' I moved around slightly, getting used to the feel of the intrusion and discovering I quite liked it.

'What's next?' I asked, 'That's up to you,' came the reply, 'but I'd love to give you another 6 swipes if you can stand it.' 'I'll get a couple more beers we can share.'

My cock had gone soft with the abuse on my backside but was starting to recover so all I did was return to my earlier position and put my hands up on the bar.

'Just give me a sniff and hold me tight,' I told Tony, 'I'll try and keep my eyes open for you.'

'Let's hold on for a moment,' he said, 'How about some more to drink first?' I looked down at the pool on the floor, 'More of that?' I asked. 'Yes please. I want you soaked. The boss just wants to piss over us both, wank off over you - and beat your arse of course.'

'What about you?' I asked as I stood there drinking from another bottle of water as fast as I could.

'Oh I like to see it if you don't mind. Even better to see your eyes as he beats you. And have you wet of course, with piss.'

What was going on. This was fantastic, all my dreams come true. But how.

'He saw you in the park,' Tony continued, 'and he knows you get hard when he slippers you. After the park he thought you might be into it and he knows what I like so when he came in just before you he told me not to go to bed.'

'What else do you want?' I asked him. 'One day I'd love to fuck your tight arse.' was the reply as he moved to the side and gave a couple of swipes to it with his hand. It felt odd with the plug up there but not uncomfortable. 'When it's got used to the plug that is, if you would let me. Especially if it nice and red and you're nice and wet.'

'OK. Maybe another time. But what happens tonight?' I wanted to know what it would feel like with a cock up there but probably tonight was too soon I thought. After all - 24 hrs ago I'd been a virtual virgin. Just then the senior returned with a couple of beers and a leather belt in his hand. He handed me a beer then asked, 'Can I try this on you?'

Oh Hell!