

I was, I suppose, around 15 years old; I can't remember exactly, but it was before I took my GCE exams and I did so two months before my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Momentous? Yes, definitely. It started in a manner so banal. It didn't change my life, so much as mould it or define it. Until then, I had been quietly getting on with my studies, thinking, as do all adolescent boys, of girls, strange creatures from another world, another planet. I wondered how to address my interest in them. I wondered about them.

I knew next to nothing about their physiques, or natures. I had been to an all-boys school as a boarder until my GCE year, when I became a day pupil. I had no newfound freedom, however. My parents insisted that I should continue to take my studies seriously, which I did, and I was very keen on sport, squash in particular, trying to make the county team, which in turn took up most of my spare time.

Then, one evening, Tom rang. He asked if I could help him with his maths homework. I was reluctant, because I was sufficiently insular and arrogantly self-sufficient to think that he should sort it out himself, but also because, although I had nothing particular planned that evening, I had been thinking about an hour or two training at the squash club.

My mother called me from downstairs; Tom was on the phone and could I go round and help him with his Maths. Making a face, I went downstairs and took the phone from her and listened and spoke while Tom almost begged me to go round and help him.

To start with, I told him to come over. I really could not be bothered to go over to his place. He pleaded, saying that he had so much to catch up on, and please could I ...

I gave in. Who wouldn't? Tom was a friend, albeit a young one; he was only 6 months younger than I, but I was a year ahead, so I had the experience to help him and besides I was good at Maths. I expected to get an A. So I grabbed my jacket and told my mother that I was going and how long I expected to be; she said that I was a good boy and that she would have dinner ready when I got back. It was, by then, about 5 pm.

So off I went. It's only about a 5 minute walk to Tom's house and Tom answered more or less as soon as I rang the bell. After all, he was expecting me. It was a big house, detached, double-fronted and with a driveway. The front door was a big dark wooden affair with a knocker in the middle in the shape of a dolphin. No-one ever used it, though.

Inside the hall was square and carpeted in beige. He ushered me in and we went up to his room. By way of conversation, I asked after his parents (like me he is an only child). He told me that they were both out; that his mother had gone up to town and his father had gone off to his lodge's weekly meeting. No big deal.

In his room, I sat on the bed while he showed me the Maths with which he had a problem. It was not too hard, so I explained what he needed to do, showed him and lent

him my pen so he could try it. He got the idea quickly and had solved several similar problems within a few minutes.

I watched for a moment, and when I could see that he was managing on his own, I stood up and said that I would be on my way. He stood, said thank you and asked if I would like a cup of tea or a coke or something. I said yes to a coke and he told me to wait and left the room.

I looked around; it was nothing spectacular, his tastes seemed fairly plain, no posters on the wall but a small radio on his bedside table. I stayed on the bed.

When he came back, I took the proffered drink and thanked him. He had one too. He said that it was he who thanked me for helping him. He had been getting really into a panic about his Maths and he was terrified of the teacher who, he felt, did not like pupils who were either unable or unwilling to follow his lessons. I thought that odd, because we had the same teacher, but then I was a star pupil, so maybe for the less able he showed a different face...

Anyway, I finished my drink and said that I would go and asked him for my pen, which I had lent him to show him the maths. He jokingly said “come & get it” so I went and tried to get it; the ensuing wrestling match was pretty one-sided; I was not trying too hard and he was bigger and heavier than I. Pretty soon I was on my back on his bed with my legs hanging off the side and he was straddling my chest, with his hands pinning my wrists.

I was suddenly aware that I had become excited. My penis was rock hard. I was also very embarrassed, trying not to show it. I didn’t want to try to throw him off by bucking, because my erect penis would have been the first thing to come into contact with his buttocks. I said:

“Ok, you’ve made your point, now will you let me get up?”

He sat back; this had the effect of doing what I had been trying to avoid by not bucking to throw him off, and it brought his buttocks into contact with my cock. He just said:

“Hey,” softly, then moved up my chest so that instead of his arms, his legs pinned my arms. I said:

“Get off, please.”

He ignored me and, looking into my eyes, reached behind him with one hand, to feel me and cup his hand over my cock and balls. Looking down at me, he said softly:

“Hey Matt, you’ve got an erection.”

I was horrified, terrified at the discovery, humiliated, but also excited, and the touch of his hand only made things worse. I asked him again to get off, but he ignored me and

using his arms to hold me down while he did so, he turned round, straddling me again, facing towards my feet this time, pinning my arms with his legs.

He felt me again from this position. I said:

“Come on, stop this. Your parents will be home soon.” He didn’t reply. Instead, I felt him unclip the waistband of my trousers and pull down the zip. Again his hand fondled my cock and balls, then he pulled my pants down too and my bare erect and throbbing penis became the subject of his attention. He grasped my penis and with his other hand pulled my trousers and pants right down.

He spoke:

“This is great. You are loving it.” I was, and yet it seemed so wrong. I protested again, but my protests were wearing a bit thin, given the physical evidence.

Then he turned himself around again, still holding me down, and reached over my head. Pinning my arms again with his legs, he began tying his dressing-gown cord round my wrists, which he then tied together and attached to (I think) the radiator. I couldn’t really see, because this was behind my head. Then, when he had my hands tied, he got off me, went round his bed and pulled off my shoes, socks, trousers and pants. Then he undid the buttons on my shirt and pulled it off me to either side, so that I was naked, to all intents and purposes.

My erection would not subside. If anything, it expanded. He pushed my legs apart and stood between them and took off his clothes. He was very excited also, and I took in the shape of his cock, similar to mine, circumcised as well, and his balls, nesting in pubic hair. I imagined that I looked the same to him.

He began to play with my cock & balls with one hand and his own with the other. I felt confused. I was enjoying what was happening, and in a sense not feeling too guilty, because I had little choice in the matter.

I decided to make the most of the experience. I had an urge to ask Tom to squeeze my balls, so I asked him to do that. He declined, saying that they would be very sore the next day. I could not know that that was a sensation I wanted. Meanwhile, he began to masturbate seriously, and in a few moments, he came over me. I was hypnotized as splashes of semen emerged from his penis and sailed through the air to land on my chest and stomach, delicious hot splashes, hot drops, and then, all too soon, he was done.

Then he went to work on me. One hand milking me, the other cupping my balls, fingering my arse, pushing into it just slightly. He was teasing me. He continued doing this until the sensation became torture as much as pleasure. I asked him to stop. He ignored me. I asked him to make me come. He just kept up a slow rhythm, moving his hand up and down the shaft of my cock, just fast enough to keep me aroused, slow enough to prevent me coming.

And he went on doing this; I don't know how long he continued for, but after a while, when he could see that I was getting desperate, he said:

"You want to come, don't you?"

I replied: "Yes, of course."

"Not yet enough," he said.

"Sorry?" I said.

"Not enough," he said "for you to be ready to beg yet."

He continued to work on me, saying nothing for a few moments, then he said:

"I want you to beg me to make you come."

"I see," I said, not really understanding, but prepared to go along with it, if he would stop being a pain. He continued to keep up the movements of his hands. It became hard to bear. I asked him again to stop or to make me come. He said:

"I think we are getting close."

"What are you trying to do?" I asked.

"I want to make you so desperate to come that you beg me to make you come," he said.

"Please," I said, "this is ridiculous. Just let me come & let me go home." I was thinking that this was hell and yet the sensations he was imposing on me were sublime. I was becoming desperate, lying there naked, helpless and at his mercy. I wanted to come. I needed to come.

"Not until you beg." He said, continuing, slowly.

"Please," I said, "I'm begging."

"Good," he said, "but you'll have to learn how to beg, properly. I want to hear you say "please sir, will you make me come." Then I will make you come."

He let go of me and stood up, and moved away, only briefly, coming back with a garment of some kind which he then tied round my head; a blindfold.

He moved away again and I heard him rummaging for a few seconds, then he came back to me and the rhythmic movements began again; it became very quickly totally unbearable. I said:

“Please sir, will you make me come?”

He was silent, still torturing me. He bent down over me and said:

“Yes, but first I want you to surrender to me totally. Will you do that?”

I was a bit stumped here; I couldn’t actually see how I could be more in his thrall than I already was, but I said: “Yes, I will surrender.”

I felt his lips on mine and understood that he wanted to kiss me. I turned my head away. He whispered: “Total surrender. I want total surrender.”

I said: “I can’t do that.”

There was a shift in his position, and the hand that had been pushing a finger into my arse left and grasped my balls. He squeezed. To begin with the pressure was pleasure, but he continued squeezing tighter and tighter until it began to hurt.

Still he would not stop; the pain intensified quickly, and I said: “Please, you’re hurting me.”

He replied: “Please. You’re hurting me, Sir. I want total surrender. Are you ready to surrender totally yet?” The pain became awful; unbearable, but I had no way of stopping it.

“Yes, Sir, yes, Sir” I said, “anything, but please stop, Sir.”

He continued to squeeze: “That was to show you who is master here. Now, this pain is your punishment.”

“Please, I am begging you, Sir. Please stop, Sir.” The pain was excruciating. Still he would not stop. “I surrender, Sir” I said, “I’ll do anything, Sir, but please stop.”

He didn’t stop just then though, but kept on for a few moments more. With pain on that scale, time stands still; it could have been a few seconds or several minutes. It simply felt like ages. Then he stopped, keeping hold of my balls, still running his hand up and down the shaft of my penis, using his thumb on the head to add a little emphasis.

He bent over me again and this time, when his lips met mine, I opened my mouth to allow him to slip his tongue in, invading, overwhelming me. I felt his erection between my thighs and so I parted them. It just seemed natural. That kiss lasted and lasted and I began to enjoy it; the sensation of being utterly helpless, being held and having my cock stroked by him, having my mouth penetrated by him all at the same time was amazing.

Then he drew back and I felt his body move off me again. I heard rather than felt him masturbating again, because he was still moving his hand up and down my cock. A few more moments and I felt his semen splash onto me again. Warm drops, pure pleasure, so

hard to explain or describe, but I wanted more. I wanted to come and I wanted him to come again too.

But that was it. He quickened the pace of his hand on my penis and then I came, moaning, because I couldn't help myself. A deep, hot pulsing orgasm; I came and splashed on myself.

Then I was spent and wondering what the hell I was doing there. He untied my wrists and took the blindfold off. I said:

“I never want to see you or hear from you ever again. I hope that that's clear.”

He just smiled. He said: “Would you like to take a shower?”

I was surprised. I wanted to go, but I could hardly go home covered in semen, so I said that yes, I would. He gave me a towel and said that the bathroom was just across the hall. “Won't your parents be home soon?” I asked. He replied:

“No, not until about 8.”

I stood and took the towel and took off my shirt so as not to wet it and left it on his bed while I left the room and went to the bathroom. His semen ran down my chest on to my stomach as I walked. One drop even ran down my left leg.

I locked the bathroom door and showered and then realized that I had left all my clothes in his room, so I would have to go back there anyway. I finished and dried myself off and then walked back into his room. He was playing with a video recorder. I started to dress, then I heard my voice say:

“Please, sir, will you make me come?” and I realized that he had taped most of the episode. I asked him why he had done that, without asking me first. He looked me in the eye and said:

“Because I knew you would not otherwise agree, and I wanted to have this video,” I felt my stomach sink, because I knew what was coming next: “because its existence is the reason that you are going to come back again and again; and I am going to make you come again and again; and you are going to become my personal private property.”

He was silent, still looking at me. I had the towel still round my waist. I was not sure exactly what he wanted, since I was pretty naïve about such things, but I became, suddenly, excited again and the protruding towel betrayed me. He laughed, not a mocking laugh, but a content laugh. He grabbed the towel and tore it away from me, exposing my naked erection.

He took it in his hand; I was helpless. He said:

“Would you like to come again before you leave?”

I replied: “Yes, please, but is there time?”

He looked at his watch and said “No there isn’t; it’ll have to wait until next time you are here.” He didn’t let go of me. I found it hard to conceal my disappointment. He started to squeeze my balls again. I dressed and he stopped me at the door to his room and fondled my cock and balls again before letting me leave his bedroom, and said:

“I know you’ll come again. You’ll come whenever I want you to, because I’ve got that fabulous video of you.”

I left; my mind was in turmoil. I had not expected anything like that to happen and now that it had, I really did not know how to deal with it. On the one hand, I could not deny that I had enjoyed what Tom had done, but on the other, I felt guilty. My catholic upbringing made sure of that.