

PUNISHMENT

By

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My neck ached and my head felt like shit. I wondered if I'd been hit with something. "Shit!" I thought. "Where the fuck am I?"

Two steel rings hanging from his pierced nipples were the first thing I noticed, then the smooth, mountain of a chest sporting them. I couldn't see his thighs, they being hidden behind a towel, but the strong muscles just above his knees gave me a good idea of their formidable fortitude.

Oh, Jesus! This guy was fucking enormous and his shaved head threatening. Had I dropped a clanger, or what! I made an instant promise that I would never burgle another flat, but knew I couldn't keep it. God damn it, I was out of work and needed to eat! Anyway, the stupid bastard shouldn't have left his flat open. Problem was I reckoned I was just about to be eaten alive.

His fearsome eyes hadn't blinked once and were screwing me into the bed's headboard. My brain issued an adrenaline-induced command for me to run and my muscles flexed for the daring dash. Trouble is, when you are in a state of fear and you are being bombarded with alternatives, it's funny how things go unnoticed, like your hands having been handcuffed! I hadn't even noticed they weren't in their normal position or even defending me.

What a bastard! What did he think I was going to do to him, me an eighteen-year-old David and him a twenty-year-old Goliath? What's more, I didn't even have a sling.

Goliath drops his towel. "Right, you little shit!" he roars. "You've got two choices. I call the cops or you suck this."

"So that's what you hit me with, you bully," I muttered, then thought, "What a bitch of a world. How come I didn't have a dick that size?"

Then it struck me what the bastard had just said. He was planning on him being Tarzan with me his Jane.

Now I could see a problem developing here. I wasn't gay. But my choices... Well, I suppose it

made no difference really. Either way I was going to get banged up. It was lock or cock.

This was turning into a real crap day.

Anyway, I can be butch as well. I told him bloody straight, any attempt to use my mouth as an arsehole simulator and I'd bite his bloody bell-end off. Sadly, that was not a good move and what I thought was a big dick was now a REALLY BIG DICK! What's more, it was pressing against my lips, almost prizing them apart.

The problem with keeping your mouth shut tight - I wished I had in the first place - you have to breathe. Not really difficult until some bastard with the cock the size of a cucumber has it pressed against your mouth and has a grip on your bloody nose.

Opening my mouth, I gasped for air. I got some but mostly got cock, and couldn't breathe again until my nose was released.

Desperately I began sucking in lifesaving air through my nostrils. What did he do next? The bastard then went and shoved a bottle of Poppers up one nostril. Jesus Christ, my brain exploded!

Fighting back, I sank my teeth into the solid cock. But shit, the bastard loved it even more and his cock gained in girth and length.

The immense dick hit the back of my throat. I gagged as three inches went past the critical point. My eyes watered. In desperation, I breathed deep and fast through my nose. But shit, I forgot the Poppers were still jammed up there. My eyes spun in their sockets.

Now then, this was not such a particularly friendly event, so why then did my dick straighten in my pants and an overwhelming urge for the bastard to grab hold of it and pump it surge throughout my body.

He got right above me now, his meaty thighs either side of my face. He gripped my head tightly. I guessed this was it, I was about to get the whole ten inches.

In one thrust, he gave me all of his cock; not roughly, deliberately slow, carefully feeding my throat with his dick until his pubics met my nostrils and his balls dangled beneath my spittle-covered chin. And after every millimetre had vanished, I was more than surprised I could still breathe.

I wanted to suck in some proper air. Problem was the Poppers were still jammed up my nose. The blood-pumping gas was doing its job all right. My cock was thicker, longer and stiffer than it had ever been.

What do you mean? 'Course I wasn't enjoying this oral sex. I told you, I'm straight. Hell, that's a lie. I was fucking loving his thick prick pressing my palate, the bulbous head opening my oesophagus wide. But shit, I shouldn't have been, should I?

I guess it was because I was a guy and knew what sexual bliss my seducer was swimming in. I knew he couldn't stop even if he wanted. Because of this, I sucked and sucked on his delicious dick, eager for that creamy spunk to siphon into my mouth, eager for him to shoot his stuff; gorging on his gigantic glorious gristle as if I were gorging on my own.

Then, just as I was getting used to sucking that fantastic cock to the base, the bitch changed tactics. Not deep anymore, just tickling the back of my throat. What a fucking bastard!

I arched my head up, trying to get more of his cock, trying to get it past the puking part, but the bastard wouldn't give it me.

I moaned, groaned, begged and cried for the lot. I don't know why, you tell me.

At last, he gave me the whole length, moving the final inches back and forth so as I could feel the swelling head deep in my throat.

Tip to base his cock sank. Tip to base. Oh God, tip to base!

Suddenly the monster was starring me in the face, pumping spunk all over my cropped hair. I came in my pants at the same time, almost as much as he did.

My punishment administered, my man cunningly grinned then released me from the cuffs.

I looked Goliath straight in the eye. "I suppose you want to shove that big cock up my arse now, you fucking bastard!" Goliath shook his head. "Well you fucking-well better had or I'm gonna tell the cops!"