

John's Mistake by John Regan

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John was (can we have 18 here for the site?) and quite tall. Admittedly he had put on a few pounds but he considered himself good looking in a cheeky boyish sort of way.

Today, sitting at his computer he was bored.

He had messed around with dares and read enough BDSM stories before but now they seemed childish and predictable always following the same pattern. Male simply gets abused by a group of females. Sometime the other way around but always the same old plot, booooooriiinggggg.

He logged onto a site he had visited many times before. This was it, time to do something positive. He quickly placed an ad on the site looking saying he was looking for a mistress to bring some focus to his life.

He wrote that he was bored with his home and social life, how he had no preferences as to what would happen or he would be asked to do. He went into great detail regarding his stories theory and how he did not want a girl who would ask him what he would like.

He finished his advert.

Well, he thought, it's no biggi. Probably at best I'm going to get is a bunch of dares. But determined to try, he pressed enter sending his ad to the forum and went to bed wondering just what being slave would be really like. Deep down his subconscious was screaming at him, not a hope pal

At two o'clock the next day, he remembered his night of boredom and dragged himself to his computer.

Opening his inbox on the forum, he found ten messages 9 of which were either newbies like himself or posers but the tenth he paused to look at.

*Greetings, are you sure about your wish to enter slavery?  
If you are and since it is now holidays for all educational  
establishments why not spend the summer at our domain where  
we will show you what true slavery is?  
Be warned this is not for the light hearted.  
By accepting this invitation you will allow us to do anything we  
wish without any limits.*

Grinning thinking it was probably a group of girls from his college trying to scare him, he replied, simply saying, yes and I agree.

Almost by return, surprisingly he received a reply:

*Congratulations we are pleased you have accepted and do not  
fear just go to xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.com there you will find a site  
that you can use to persuade your parents. Just say your college  
recommended it as a summer school.*

Naturally John entered the website and found it to be a boarding school and by the looks of the website a prestigious one looking at that. The website actually looked like a school but with detailed inspection he discovered it only had one building. He was happy it looked like a proper school, even with this flaw, so clicking back to the home page with a smile John called out "MUUUUUUMMMM"

## Part 2

Obviously his mum was delighted that her son wanted to go to a summer school and because it was recommended by the school it was free. All she would need to pay for were any meals. John smiled as he sent the good news to his mystery recipient. And soon he received his instructions. The was no preamble it just stated:

*Send a naked full body picture (front, rear and both side).  
Print off the first attachment and fill in your measurements.  
Do this immediately.  
When completed, scan the form and e-mail back to us using  
admissions@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.com  
Print off the second attachment to this message.  
Read the contents and only if you agree, sign it.  
A minibus to pick you up tomorrow at 7 am sharp.  
Bring the signed letter with you and hand it to the driver of the minibus.  
If you do not hand the driver a correctly signed letter you will not be  
allowed to proceed.  
Make sure you pack appropriately for a college trip and send us your  
address now.*

John did as he was told (stupid!) and told his mum the arrangements. "Tomorrow why didn't you tell me before? Get packed quickly". John did relishing the fact that he would be away from his boredom and parents for the whole summer. Smiling he went up stairs and packed his things.

## Part 3

The girl being commanded to sit did so.  
(high speed and intense buzzing in the background.)  
"Very good my slut, very good indeed, I had promised the girls something to play with other than you", said the woman looking down at her.  
The tall, sharp featured woman, was dressed very smartly in that particularly teacher looking attire. Her short, closely bobbed black hair contrasted with her creamy complexion.  
"Didn't I slut?"  
After a long pause, the girl replied, "y...yes mama".  
Frowning the woman looked down.

"I said sit on it. Don't play with it or do you like it so much you couldn't help your self??? Hmmmmm".

The girl looks down, "I do mama, I do".

"Well if you like it so much, here".

The girls eyes widens.

"Nooo mama not the purple one", the girl screams as the woman pulls out two ridiculously huge vibrators.

"OH, NOOOOOOOOOOOOO, misssss".

#### Part 4

John was yawning, not out of boredom this time it was 6.30am in the morning for heavens sake. He had to do as asked last night. Actually having to go out and buy a tape measure but he did not mind anything this well planed meant time and effort was well spent. This was probably real or if not he was really being messed around. He wondered what the girls house was really like. Probably a just a semi, he thought.

He did wonder how she would handle her parents. I bet there on holiday, he mused. These thoughts were spinning around in his head all the time up until 6.59am. A white minibus came tumbling down Mona Avenue.

"You John" said the female driver from an open window.

Stunned that he was actually being picked up in a minivan, he answered, "y.yes I am".

"Contract?" she asked.

John handed her the signed sheet of paper which she read. Nodding her head as she finished she folded the document and placed it in a folder by her side.

"Get in," said the woman instructed sharply.

The door hissed open.

As John got in, the door self closed with a hiss and he was thrown slightly as the minibus pulled off.

He noticed he was alone. There were 15 girls already on the bus and all were wearing strict school type uniforms.

What the hell, he thought but proceeded to the back of the bus where the only seat available was in the middle of the back row.

Shrugging, he sat in it.

As the bus departed, he saw his mum, staring silently at the bus. Not waving, nor yelling goodbye, just staring.

After John had sat down he went to place his bags under his seat. Well he tried but something stopped him. Inspecting the cause he discovered a paper bag with his name on it.

Concentrating on the bag John did not realise he was being observed closely by the girls around him.

Opening the bag he discovered a note it read:

*John, I am glad you have proceed to the first stage. Around you are your classmates who will be studying with you during the summer. You were lucky enough to get the final sixteenth spot.*

*As you have seen the girls are all ready in there proper attire and so should you be. This will help you all get to know each other and make the bus journey more pleasant.*

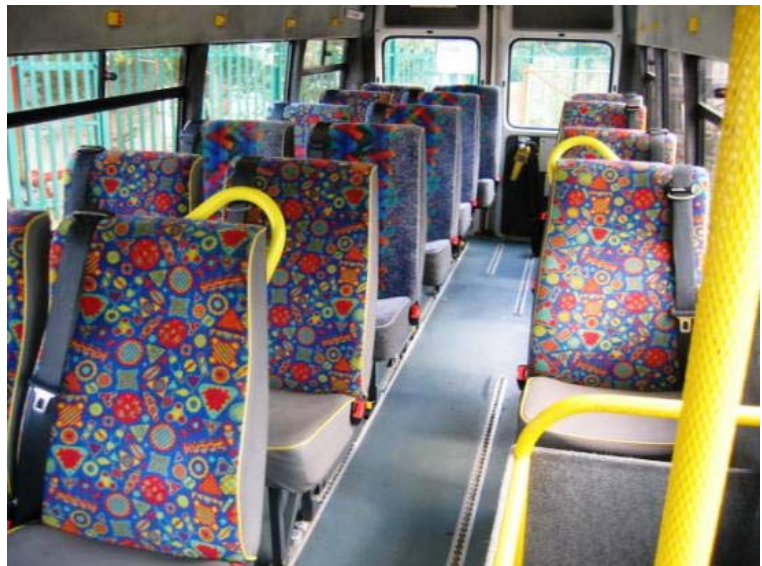
The note ended there. Putting it down, he looked into the bag and almost smiled. Had his dreams come true? It contained, a full stainless steel chastity belt, a pair of school knickers and a white cotton vest, a padded bra, white knee socks and black, flat, lace up shoes. All he guessed were of the same design as worn by the girls around him. Were they fitted with chastity belts to, maybe? He look around, and quickly realised that apart from the padding in the bra he was probably right.

John was almost disappointed. If they thought they could intimidate him like this they were mistaken. He had actually been naked before girls before and by making him cross dress. If they thought they could embarrass him by making him dress up they would be very disappointed. It was sooooo lame and nothing like what he had read about on the web.

Instead of winging he simply stood up and started undressing. This of course brought all the girl's attention to him. What was strange thought John, was that they weren't smirking or giggling or even getting embarrassed by his nakedness. He felt more like a peace of meat being evaluated suddenly he needed clothes. Quickly, he put on the belt. Closing it around his waist and pulling the crotch panel between his legs he slid his penis into the obviously waiting tube welded to the inside. All pieces latched together with a very solid click. Where was the key he momentarily thought. Next the underwear and uniform dress. For the first time since he got on the bus, he wondered what he got himself into.

## Part 5

Finishing, he moved to sit down but the girl behind him stood up. Looking at her with a puzzled look on his face, she pointed to the ceiling above him. He followed her gesture and looking up he noticed 5 black patches. Then WAM. The saw stars. She kneed him with full force fight in his groin. Even with the belt locked around his body she easily crushed his balls. In fact the belt helped as the crotch panel ensured that the blow was directed to the whole of his groin area ensuring pain. He gasp for breath as his head span and folded to the floor in a foetal position. With his eyes screwed shut, holding himself and in moaning in complete agony, he didn't see four of the other girls get up. Neither did he see that the black patches were actually restraint cuffs attached to a strong ropes.



The restraints were now being secured around at each of his wrists, ankles and also around his waist.

He only truly noticed when all five girls yanked on the other ends of each rope, forcing his limbs apart and jolting him into the air.

Hurrying, the girls quickly folded away the central chair he was supposed to sit on and tied each of the rope ends to a ring in the floor.

John now found himself suspended in midair, his ass pointing to the emergency exit.

With horror, he realised the girls now had full access to him and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

John, still dazed from the brutal attack on his testicals suddenly realised that these girls weren't messing about. The girls had obviously not practiced that they were doing, but they were adapting quickly and they were good, naturals even. Through his pain he felt his penis start to stiffen. Not that anyone could see it inside its tight stainless steel prison.

What John didn't know was that each girl had a letter similar to what he had. Oh, yes, he was right, they weren't your normal innocent girls but they had not planned what was happening. Unseen hands were pulling their strings.

Lifting up the back of his uniform dress, two girls set to work.

John was now also in excruciating pain because of his increasing erection was trapped inside the chastity belt.

John hadn't noticed in his hurry to get dressed, that the back of his knickers had a concealed flap in the back panel, which one of the girls was now unfastening. His chastity belt, still secured tightly around his waste and between his legs, had a removable plate which would normally deny access to his ass. He could tell that one of the girls was unlocking this cover. While the first girl was doing this, the other was busy fetching a pump and what looked like, three, two-litre bottles of yellow soda.

"Hey John," said the girl with the pump. "Want to drink our pee?" she said in an innocent manner.

Looking at her with a sickly look on his face he replied, "no, I really rather I didn't if you don't mind. Please let me down?"

Smiling the girl said, "No to the last question and ok by me".

Confused John asked "ok? Are you not going to force me?"

"What? Oh no, but since you decided to refuse one of your mistress requests you will have to be punished," she said in a sing song voice lathering his ass hole with some slick gel. Catching on quickly John suddenly started twisting and turning.

"Please. Please no don't."

"Ohhhh come on now, accept your punishment like the slave you are," she said thrusting one end of the pump into his ass.

It wasn't big so it didn't hurt but when she put the other end in the first 2 litre bottle and turned on the pump John knew there would be pain.

1.56 litres later John was begging for release but the pipe was weird it seemed to have expand locking itself into his ass and not let him free himself of the torment so the pee kept coming, constantly building the pressure within him.

Once a full 2 litres was in him the girl stopped the pump. "Want us to stop?"

"Yessss please oh please let it out," John begged.

"Hmrrrrrr, well ok, but there is a condition," said the girl in that sickly sweet sing song voice.

"Anything," John begged, "I'll do anything."

"Well I'll take the nozzle out it out, IFFFF you drink 4 litres of pee first."

"WHAT, drink your pee," said John with tears in his eyes.

She moved and shoved a gag into his mouth. Quickly she fastened the securing straps around his head.

"There," she said pinching his cheek. "Who's a lucky boy or should I say girl then? Well here we go with your punishment."

The piss was disgusting.

What John didn't know that this was almost pre-planned. The girls the instructions had said that he would fight the introduction of the pee up his ass. They were also told what his punishment should be and that the six litres of pee were about 3 weeks old.

Nearly gagging John glugged down the pressurised, unrelenting stream of pee. When you drink 4 litres of water your stomach feels full and you can taste it at the back of your throat. It was the same with the pee so poor John was constantly tasting the old piss and the bloatedness from the 2 litres in his ass just made a whole experience a lot worse.

Once finished and the gag removed, John begged them, "please, oh god, now let it out."

Tears were running down his face.

"Oh look, he's crying just like a girl. Here, let us help you," said the girl opening the emergency exit. Leaning John towards the opening so his ass felt the cool early morning air they let the air out of the nozzle and ripped it out of his ass. A torrent of yellow and brown goo hit the asphalt.

Screaming at the sudden release John almost fainted. In fact he would have been better off if he had done so because by the time the bus reached its destination he would be begging for mercy