

This story is primarily about control between adult men with punishment and humiliation. It contains adult themes with S&M elements. If you object to any of this, or it is illegal for you to read such things under the law of the County you are in, then read no further. This story is based on a fictionalised version of Jake. Any resemblance to any other person past or present is purely coincidental.

Be Careful What You Wish For

Written by sneaked666

Jake sat on a rock looking out at miles of countryside all around. The rock was situated part way up a hill and afforded spectacular peopleless views. This was his domain, his playground.

Except he wasn't looking at the stunning view. He was focusing his camera on the beat-up white Nike Tn3s on his feet which, four days ago, had been pristine and unsullied. Virgin. None of those terms even remotely resembled what they looked like now.

Stained, filthy and bugged would be a more accurate descriptive triumvirate. The trainers were so loose that when he stretched out his leg, they dangled away from his feet, held on only by his toes, showing swathes of once white sock.



Jake started recording, brought his leg back down, and with a quick flick of his foot sent the right trainer spinning through the air. It briefly touched down a few metres away, then took a high bounce and finally landed further down the hill. He repeated the exercise with the left trainer. It followed a slightly different trajectory, and after sailing down the hill ended up about ten metres away from the first.

He stopped recording and promptly uploaded the video to his Instagram story after adding the message:

focus earphones carefully – the shoes are yours if you find them. Can take the socks off my feet too if I'm still here :-))

He hit send and wiggled his sock covered feet in satisfaction. If any of his followers even managed to pick up the clue he had given them—plugging in 'focus earphones carefully' on the 'What Three Words' app would give them the exact three metre squared location of the shoes—he would be long gone. He

loved playing this game, thinking it would be hot if someone did find him and take his socks. Maybe some hot scally who wanted nothing more than to dominate him.

He paused for a moment, savouring the perfect scene in his head, before readjusting his rock-hard cock through his trackies with a gloved hand. He took the brand new Nike Air Max 90s out of his rucksack to take some photos of. His followers would be eager to know what the next 'project' was. He slipped them on and took a few snaps using his trusty selfie stick, then sat back down on the rock and looked out. A passing person might have been surprised to see this sportswear-clad lad staring out thoughtfully across the moorland.

In fact, he was thoughtfully contemplating whether he could trust himself to walk the two miles back to the car without getting his new shoes muddy. He sighed—it was going to be touch and go; when he got the urge things just happened. He remembered the time when, not far from here, he had brought a pair of trainers for their final trashing and ended up slicing up the spare pair he had taken too. He just couldn't help it. His socks were completely fucked when he got back to the car that time.

"Don't get up, I'm coming back for the rest of my prize in a minute."

Jake jumped at the sound of a voice from behind him. A wave of fear and excitement struck as a lad walked past him, heading down the hill for the discarded shoes. He was taller than Jake but it was the high skin fade haircut that caught his attention. That, followed by the Nike Tech Fleece trackies, black North Face jacket and Air Max 90s.

The lad picked up the battered Tn3s before walking back towards Jake. He stopped a few feet in front of him and crouched down.

"Think these socks are mine too, mate," the stranger announced matter-of-factly. Jake detected the tell-tale Brummie accent.

"Um, wow," Jake responded. "How did you get here so quickly?"

The lad pulled off one of Jake's Air Max 90s and put it to one side. Then, he peeled off the now off-white sock, leaving Jake's toes free to feel the lightest of breezes that drifted across the moors. He repeated the process on the other shoe and sock, leaving Jake barefoot, before he answered the question.

"You've done the same thing two weeks ago on the same day, and two weeks before that," the stranger replied. "I just happened to be here this week." He smirked at Jake to underline that was not by chance. He looked at his newly acquired gear and gave a thoughtful pause. "Hmm . . . I haven't got anything to carry these in. I'll take your rucksack. That's okay with you, isn't it, mate?"

Jake was very sure by the way he said mate that it was more of a statement than a request. He nodded, feeling slightly nervous about the passive-aggressive nature of the lad.

The stranger pointed to the Air Max 90s he had removed from Jake's feet to get at his socks. "I'll take these 90s as well."

Well, that was just taking the piss, thought Jake. "Umm, no, fuck off," he replied.

"What the fuck you say?" said the lad in the same casual tone he had been using; not a hint of anger. Without warning, he grabbed Jake by the arm and lifted him off the rock. Jake's bare feet dangled in the

air for a moment before landing in a muddy patch next to the rock. He could feel the mud ooze between his toes.

"You want to repeat that?" the stranger said, cupping one ear. "Didn't hear the first time."

Jake hesitated, then thought better of repeating himself.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. On your knees."

Jake complied, feeling his knees sink into the light mud, coating his North Face trackies. He looked up at the scally lad that was dominating him, observing how huge he looked from this point of view.

The lad looked down. "Don't fucking look at me, you worthless fuck!"

Jake quickly lowered his eyes only to have them meet the crotch of the lad's Nike Tech Fleece trackies.

The stranger took out a cigarette from the packet in his pocket. He gazed out at the wilderness in front of him as he lit it. With the fag in one hand, he drew hard on it, while his other hand slipped down the front of his pants. He exhaled, sending grey smoke into the air.

After another drag, he looked down at Jake. He pulled his hand back out of his trackies and took the black North Face cap from the kneeling sub's head. It revealed a perfectly clean-shaven scalp. He put the cap on his own head and subconsciously ran his hand across the back of his own shaven head. He took another drag of tobacco, then flicked the long, dangling ash onto Jake's head. "Fucking ashtray," he said in a contemptuous voice. "That's what you are. Shit one at that."

Jake stayed silent as he felt a hand rub the ash into his bare scalp. A few seconds later, the lad's hand slid to the back of his head. It pulled Jake towards the trackies in front of him until his nose and face were buried in the bulging crotch. Soon, he felt more ash land on his head but he barely noticed; he was too busy inhaling the lad's ripe smell.

Suddenly, the scally lad yanked the trackies down to thigh level. Jake's vision filled with the sight of a bulging black pouch, and the branded waistband and tell-tale straps of a CK jock.

Still kneeling, Jake opened his mouth and pushed out his tongue to flick the fabric. He couldn't help himself; he was such a filthy slut. When there was no reaction from above, he continued to lick and suck at the fabric pouch and the contents that filled it.

The scally lad finally became aware of his jock becoming damp. He knew it wasn't of his doing, so he half stepped back, leaving Jake's tongue waving in futility in mid-air. Frowning with annoyance, he reached down and trapped the tip of it between his thumb and forefinger. Jake involuntarily tried to pull it back but stopped as more pressure was applied.

"You need to stop slobbering over me. Fucking pig," the lad said dismissively. He glanced at his almost finished fag and said, "I need to make sure I don't start any fires."

Jake was aware that with the recent summer downpours, starting a fire out here was very unlikely. He had barely finished that thought when he felt the scally's cigarette being stubbed out on his tongue. His instinct was to flinch but he couldn't pull his tongue from the stranger's grip. His panic soon subsided as the lad dabbed the cigarette lightly and quickly in different places each time. Much to Jake's relief, the

moisture on his tongue prevented any burning, and mostly left him with only the unpleasant taste of ash on his tongue.

"And I ain't no litterer," the lad said when the cigarette was out.

Jake closed his eyes. The butt was resting on his tongue and he was pretty sure what he was supposed to do. He brought his tongue back into his mouth and swallowed hard. The cigarette butt stuck a little in his throat, necessitating a second swallow, but he had had far bigger things down there before.

"Open your mouth," the scally lad ordered. "Let me see."

Jake obeyed, displaying an ashen tongue but otherwise empty mouth.

"Good lad. Keep Britain fucking tidy, innit. Now keep it open."

Before Jake could even react, the lad had fished his semi-hard cock from its pouch and started urinating over his face.

Jake shut his eyes as the stream of piss was directed into his mouth. He gulped down as much as he could, slightly ashamed at the pathetic pig he was but enjoying it too much to care. Soon, the stream angled downwards, soaking his jacket and trackies. He pulled open his trackies a bit so his Nike boxers got a dose as well. When the stream finally slowed, the lad moved closer, ensuring every last remaining drop went down Jake's throat.

"Better urinal than ashtray, I'll give you that!" he laughed.

"Yes, thank you," Jake mumbled, drops of piss still clinging to his face.

"What's your name?"

"Umm, you know my name, I guess, from my Insta feed? Jake."

"Wrong. It's whatever the fuck I want to call you."

"Okay . . ." Jake replied in a submissive voice.

"You're a slutty pig, aren't you?" the stranger prompted. The expected answer was obvious.

"Yes," Jake replied meekly.

"And you love being pissed over?"

"Yes."

"Say it!"

"I love being pissed over . . ."

"Pathetic pig. Shouldn't waste my time on you. Just too fucking kind, that's my problem. Follow me."

The lad picked up what was now definitely his rucksack and strode towards the nearby coppice. Since the stranger had his socks and both pairs of his trainers, Jake followed gingerly in his bare feet, keeping to the muddy grass to avoid the sharp stones on the path. He arrived sometime after his new acquaintance.

“Took your fucking time,” the scally said harshly. He gestured. “Get against the tree.”

Jake obediently stood in front of the tree, facing the lad.

“No, fuckwit, the other way around. I told you not to look at me!”

Jake did what he was told, but he did want to see the lad’s face. He was beautiful, the sort of person who visited his dreams at night.

“Arms out in front.”

Jake complied. His vision was obscured by the large tree; all he saw now was bark, but he feared the lad’s bite more. He felt something snap against his wrists and then heard a click. The lad appeared in his peripheral vision, wagging a key.

“And this is the only key to the cuffs, so best you don’t make me throw it away.”

Jake nodded.

“Or worse.”

Jake’s mind was racing, wondering what could be worse. Break it? That would make it harder to find in the grass, but not that much harder.

The lad laughed. “I can see your brain working. Kinda cute, really. What I had in mind is making you swallow it.”

Jake gulped involuntarily. That would indeed be much worse, he concluded. He met the stranger’s eyes, then lowered his gaze and said, “I’m your slut.”

“Good. You are. Be obedient now and everything will be easier. Y’know what, I really shouldn’t have drunk all that water today. Squat down.”

Jake slid his arms down the tree trunk without hesitation until he was squatting at the base of the tree. He really did love getting pissing on while wearing horny sportswear. He intentionally bowed his head slightly to make sure the piss would go down his back and soak his tee. By the time the fresh stream hit his head he was rock hard—not that he hadn’t been since the encounter started. The feeling of the piss running down his back was too much, and he gasped as he felt himself start to cum. “Holy fuck!” he thought, shocked and amazed—he had never before cum without touching his cock, and then usually with his fingers clad in his leather Nike gloves. That this man could make his cock shoot without even a touch was perfect; it was sheer ecstasy. “Oh my god,” Jake whispered in awe. “This guy can fuck me up forever!”

“What was that, slut?”

Jake snapped back to reality. He hadn't meant to say that out loud. His mind was having difficulty keeping track of events, emotions and what was real and what was not. He couldn't believe how much cum his Nike boxers were soaking in—and that, after wanking off over the Tn3s just before he'd come out here.

When the golden shower finally ceased, Jake was completely soaked.

“Stand up!” the lad ordered, and Jake followed the command. He felt a hand go in his pocket and he realised his phone was being extracted. Panicked thoughts filled his head and he hoped the stranger wasn't going to steal it or smash it. It was an expensive phone, so if he had a choice, he would rather the lad steal it. Almost immediately, the thought came to him: “What the hell am I thinking?!”

That thought was interrupted as he felt his leather Nike glove being tugged off his left hand. He wondered what the scally lad was up to now.

“Hmmm, which finger?” the stranger mused out loud while he held Jake's phone. “Not thumb; you'd be needing that to flick through your filth quickly. I know you're a dirty horny pig. Forefinger then.”

Jake couldn't see his hands on the other side of the tree trunk, but he felt his forefinger being grasped and pressed onto something.

“Bingo!” the lad exclaimed, breaking from his flat tone he had used up until then. The realisation hit Jake that he had just unlocked his phone.

“Okay, email,” the lad continued. “Let's search for JD Sports . . . Oh, here we go—an invoice.”

The blood drained from Jake's face as he realised what had happened. In just an instant, his new 'friend' now had his home address. This was spiralling out of control very quickly. He felt the lad right next to him, his breath on his ear.

“When I'm finished here, I am going to take your keys and go to your house. Then, I am going to take all your trainers. Well, only the ones I like—the rest I'll rip up and leave in your sneaker graveyard. I might take your socks and underwear. In fact, I'll take whatever the fuck I want.”

The ensuing silence hung in the air for an age, the lad seemingly daring Jake to disagree.

When Jake remained silent, the scally finally said, “Good. Your new 90s are going to find some mud on the way back to my car. Gonna be such a shame for your carpets. And when I'm stood on your bed in them, getting your sheets proper dirty, I'm going to enjoy soaking your pillow in piss the most. Hell, I'm going to piss everywhere—up the walls, over any clothes I leave you with, and your fridge.”

Jake felt his cock twitch. He wondered what the fuck was happening to him. He felt his head pulled back and saw the lad's face moving towards his. Expecting a kiss, he closed his eyes as he felt the lad's breath on his lips. Reflexively, he parted his lips and waited for his fantasy to be complete.

Instead, he felt the lad gob in his mouth. Jake's eyes opened as the stranger moved away, laughing hysterically.

“Haha! Got ya! Anyway, before I go and attend to your home's redecoration, you've got one last task to do for me.”

Jake swallowed, half repulsed, half disappointed and half as horny as hell. His mind was so messed up he couldn't even handle simple arithmetic.

The grinning lad moved behind Jake, running a hand across his North Face clad arse. He had seen it many times before in Jake's Insta photos, occasionally covered in just Nike boxers, and had always wanted a piece of it. He lit up another cigarette and took a deep drag, blowing the smoke out of the corner of his mouth. Grabbing the rear of Jake's expensive trackies with one hand, he pulled the material away from Jake's arse, then, with the other hand brought the glowing fag down on the stretched nylon.

The material melted away almost instantaneously. He quickly repeated the process three more times in the same locale. He brought the cigarette back to his lips between his thumb and forefinger, and left it there as he admired his work. Now with two hands free, he inserted his fingers into the hole he had made and eased the material to rip further. Once he could fit three fingers from both hands, he gripped the gaping edges of the hole and pulled them sharply.

The ripping sound rang out so harshly that birds in nearby trees took flight. Jake gasped, his eyes wider than ever, both at the shock and at the violent end of his favourite trackies. He let out a moan as the scally's large hand ran across his backside, separated from the physical touch of skin on skin only by the flimsy material of his Nike boxers.



The lad casually inhaled from the cigarette again while having a good feel of Jake's arse through the black Nike boxers covered in tiny gold swooshes. He did like them but much preferred jocks—so more practical for the activities he liked; those activities being quick and dirty sex outdoors. He smiled with satisfaction at the quiet moan his touch elicited from Jake.

His smile deepened. He took another long drag on the cigarette, and this time used it to burn a hole through the fabric of Jake's exposed Nike boxers. He repeated this several times, obliterating tiny gold swooshes, one by one, and making sure he didn't burn Jake's skin—but lingering over each one just long enough to make him wonder. Jake remained absolutely still and silent.

He soon started moaning again when the lad slipped his finger through one of the holes in the shorts. He pulled sharply down, causing the ripping of a much larger hole, and then inserted both hands in the ragged tear and pulled hard. The fabric separated from the waistband and he kept on ripping until he reached the front. A further violent pull lifted Jake off his feet—crushing his balls until the fabric gave way. Jake yelped at the brief pain and then felt his hard cock spring free to rub against the material of his ruined trackies. Sweat poured from his brow as he looked at the shredded piece of what used to be his prized Nike boxers, now dangling in front of him, soaked in the lad's piss and Jake's own cum.

The lad then turned his attention to tying Jake's two filthy white socks together. "As you are a self-proclaimed pig," he informed Jake, "I'm going to guess you are a bit of a squealer. So, sorry, I have no choice—well, not sorry, actually. Open your mouth."

Jake defiantly shook his head. The lad tutted and held his fingers over Jake's nose. After a few moments, Jake needed to breathe and had no option but to open his mouth. As soon as he did, the piss- and cum- soaked ball of his destroyed boxers was stuffed in his mouth, with his own stinky socks tied tightly around his head to hold them in.

"Mpphf mpphff!" was the best Jake could manage.

"You're welcome. I thought you'd enjoy that," the lad laughed, slapping Jake lightly on the cheek. He rummaged in his own pocket, pulling out his wallet. After inspecting various compartments, he sighed.

"Fuck, no rubber. Stupid me. You got one?"

Jake shook his head and the lad paused thoughtfully. After a moment, a slightly evil grin appeared on his face and he went to pick up the discarded Nike glove.

"Leather, innit," he said, giving the glove a cursory inspection. "Should work. Guess it brings a whole new meaning to fingering yourself!" The scally laughed.

Jake's eyes went wide. "Mppppphff!"

"Yeah, I know. Life isn't perfect though, is it?"

Soon, the lad's trackies and jock were pushed down to his thighs and his glove covered cock was firmly invading Jake's hole. Jake could feel the glove pushing inside him, filled with the straining cock, sliding in and out. Pleasure and pain; Jake couldn't help but be rock hard too. His one-finger gloved salute in his selfies was one of his trademarks. How ironic, then, that that finger covering was now deep up his arse.

With a final deep thrust, the lad came with a grunt of satisfaction. It hit the spot for Jake too—his own cock started violently convulsing, spewing long strands of cum into the remains of his trackies. The lad withdrew, leaving the glove behind, obscenely sticking out of Jake's ravaged hole. He used the ripped shreds of Jake's North Face trackies to wipe his cock.

“Thanks for that, mate. Was fun,” the lad said, pulling up his pants. “What happens next is up to you. I can leave the key to the cuffs here, just out of your reach . . .”

Jake shook his head vigorously.

“. . . or I’ll come back later and release you.”

Jake nodded, hoping no one would wander by and see him standing half-naked with his arms wrapped around a tree and his ass sprouting a cum-filled glove. As humiliations went, it would be hard to top that one.

“Good. I’m going to be a while, though—lots to do—but I will be back and I’ll let you go. Also, maybe I’ll take you with me. Having a pet pig might be fun. Could live in a muddy sty in the garden. That’s where you belong.”

Jake’s head was spinning; he couldn’t tell if the lad was being serious. He did know he wanted him to come back, to see him again.

The lad reached into Jake’s ruined pants and pulled out a black Nike wallet. “I’ll need some lunch and petrol money, so I’ll use your contactless cards, okay?” He waited for the nod of acceptance and pocketed the wallet. He then retrieved Jake’s phone from the other pocket. After a few moments of scrolling through Jake’s earlier posts, he laughed loudly.

“Oh! Partly filled ramming! How fitting.”

Jake wondered what on earth he was talking about. “Partly filled ramming?” he asked himself. “What did that . . .” Then, the realisation hit him—

The lad was leaving a new post on Jake’s Insta, using the same ge positioning system to tell his followers exactly where he was, within a three-metre square.

“Mpf mpffhh mpf ffh!”

“Shh, I’m busy, boy! Now we need to make this acceptable . . . Oh yes, a pig face is perfect! Just have to type the message . . .” Out of the corner of his eye, Jake could see his fingers darting around the screen. A few moments later, the lad turned the phone towards Jake, showing him the new post.

Jake shut his eyes but the humiliating image was seared into his brain: a photo of him from the rear, shredded trackies and arse exposed. The pig face emoji he had expected to cover his modesty was instead just added to the bottom of the image, leaving everything else on inglorious display. He instinctively shut his eyes tightly, as if shutting out the image would make it go away. When he opened them again, it was still there—along with a caption for the photo:

“New prize! Partly filled ramming. I’m a filthy pig, ready and waiting—make me squeal!”

The lad smirked at the look of resignation on Jake’s face. He pocketed the phone before putting on Jake’s new Air Max 90s.

“I wonder how long it will be before it is taken down by the Insta modesty police? I wonder how many people will see it before then . . .” the scally lad taunted.

And then with a wave, he was gone.

Jake rested his forehead against the tree. He hoped the lad would come back. Not least to free him but mainly because—and part of him hated to admit it—this was the most fun he had had in ages. The stranger was perfect in every way.

Jake's mind turned to the Insta post, wondering how long it would remain visible. He hoped the lad would delete it before too many people saw it. He tried to convince himself that the lad was just having a bit of fun. In the end, he consoled himself by deciding that he definitely wouldn't leave it up or at least the post would be taken down by the moderators on the grounds of good taste. So caught up in those thoughts, he had completely forgotten what the lad said he was going to do to Jake's house.

* * *

The lad was driving back through the countryside, music turned up loud. He had been busy at Jake's house, marking his new territory. He also had a boot full of new trainers. Abruptly, a traffic announcement cut across the song.

“And we have reports of unusually large traffic jams across the North Yorks Moor area. As of yet, we have no reported incidents but we'll keep you posted. Next on BBC Radio Tees, a classic song from Roxy Music: ‘Both Ends Burning’.”

The lad smirked. Jake did have a lot of followers, but it couldn't be, could it? He spotted a pub up ahead and swung his blue Audi into the car park.

“Best let the traffic jam ease before I go back,” he said aloud with a laugh. “Time to enjoy a free meal, I think, before picking up my new pet . . .”

He slipped his hand down the front of his trackies and rubbed himself a few times. He and Jake were going to have a lot of fun.



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