2nd time on the train

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After my first sexual experience on the train with a man, I meet him again with one of his friends..

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Having my first experience with another guy on the train was a major big deal for me, but I decided that it was all ok - and so on my next few journeys I kept looking out for him, but to no avail.

However, just before Christmas I was travelling south again, when I heard a familiar voice: "Alright boy!" And sure enough he sat down beside me, although this time a pal of his sat opposite me. "Nice bitch," he whispered. He looked to be in his mid 20s.

I just looked at the both of them, when I was told, "Open your jeans, boy!" I quickly did as I was told and the guy opposite me leaned under the table, and pulled them down to my ankles. "Does as he's told, good," he laughed. Then to my horror, he worked them over my feet, and I realised I had lost my trousers.

I whispered to them to let me have them back, but they just smiled - and then I was told to head to the toilets. I said I couldn't, but was told, "Go, or you will lose the briefs as well!" Glancing around the train carriage, I quickly moved to the toilet, but noticed a couple of young girls giggling at me in my briefs.

The toilet was tight for three people, but I stood there as both of them stripped me - my t-shirt was pulled off me, and my briefs pulled down. I gasped as both sets of hands felt me up, pulling on my cock, feeling my balls. I was soon on my hands and feet sucking a cock whilst I felt another one being pushed into my arse. I gasped as I was shagged hard whilst sucking the other cock.

"Hmmm, what a bitch you've found," I heard. And then I heard him grunt and he emptied his balls up me - I could feel his hot liquid inside me - but as I was gagging on a cock in my mouth, there wasn't anything I could do. "Keep sucking me boy," and I did, focusing my efforts on the head and slit. A hand came round my side and started to wank my rock hard cock. It didn't take much stroking for me to grunt and start shooting, and then I got a whole pile of cum in my mouth. I gulped down what I could, but a lot of his spunk shot over my face, and chest.

"Stand up bitch," I was told, and I stood there naked in front of them. I felt my hands being pulled behind my back, and held there whilst he took a permanent marker and wrote 'MY BITCH!' on my chest. "The next time I fuck you boy, that had better still be on you!" I pleaded that people at my 6th form College would see, but he just laughed.

"Right. Get dressed," he ordered, but stopped me getting my clothes - "Not those," pointing at my briefs, "I'll keep those. Put these shorts on instead." He handed me a pair of tight white shorts from a bag, and I put them on and my t-shirt. "What about my jeans?" I pleaded. "Get out boy, now!" I went back to my seat and just sat there wondering what I was going to do when I got to my end station.

The two of them came and sat with me - they kept feeling my legs and my groin, and of course I got really hard. A couple of coins were put on the table in front of me, and I was told to go and get a cup of tea. I was hard in the shorts and I begged them not to make me - but in the end I got up and walked to the train shop. I know a few people saw me hard, as I tried desperately to go soft.

Once I got back with the tea, my jeans were lying on the table with a note beside them.

'Be on this train in four days time bitch - wear a jacket but no shirt, and make sure you're wearing some women's panties - and don't wash your chest!!'

I quickly got my jeans back on - and sat back and wondered exactly what I had got myself into. I swore I was never going to be on that train.....