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Boys in Kilts - Part 17 - Where is Daniel?

I awoke the next morning with a hard cock resting in my ass crack and a young hand exploring my morning hard on. I turned around and came face to face with Martin who was grinning, his beautiful white teeth sparkling in the morning light. I asked him if he had slept OK and he replied that he had as he pressed the front of his young, hard body into mine. We kissed long and hard and I pulled back saying that we would have to make a move as it was 6.30am and we had to get the boys moving if we were to make our start time.

Martin groaned but jumped out of bed his hard boy-cock bouncing as he walked, pointing the way to the bathroom. I joined him and shaved while he was showering then joined him in the hot spray. We soaped each other all over and I spent some time on his still solid cock kneeling down when it was clear of soap, I hate the taste of soap, and took it into my mouth. I looked up as I sucked him and his eyes were closed, the hot water cascading down his defined chest and on to his pubes, bouncing off the top of his cock and my head as I sucked him.

I held his ass cheeks as I sucked his hard boy cock deep into my throat then I moved my hand to stroke his balls. He suddenly shot deep into my throat moaning with pleasure as I tried to suck every last drop of his creamy thick, adolescent cum from his cock. He put his hands on my shoulders to stop me as his cock was wilting and clearly very sensitive, so I tickled the head once more with my hard tongue and he squirmed and I giggled, smiling up at him.

I decided to wait as time was very short and I would cum later. Martin reluctantly agreed and we dried off and got dressed. As I entered my bedroom there was a loud, persistent knocking at the bedroom door so I opened it and Jake bounced into the room talking ten to the dozen falling over his words, so much so that I had to grab him by the shoulders and force him to focus on what he was trying to say. He calmed down a bit and blurted out that Daniel was missing.

I asked him to repeat what he had just said and he confirmed it, Daniel had gone. I immediately dressed and got all of the boys to concentrate on getting showered and ready for breakfast and the trip, as we were to be the first group to leave and needed to be ready. I then left the cabin with Adrian as the eldest in charge and went to find Mike. I asked Martin to have a quick scout around the camp to see if Daniel was anywhere to be found. Martin then noticed that his spare kilt was gone and guessed that Daniel had taken it.

I got to Mike's cabin and entered, his group were all in a state of undress getting ready for the trip and I noted some very cute bodies and cocks in the group, which I filed away for future reference. Mike was in his room and in fact in the shower so I went in, knocked on the bathroom door and he yelled for me to come in. I entered the steamy warm room and could see Mike's fuzzy shape through the fogged-up glass door and I told him who it was. He asked what the emergency was and I told him what we had discovered a few moments ago. He asked if we had checked the camp so I told him that Martin was doing it as we spoke.

He left the shower, grabbed a towel and made his way back into the bedroom. He dried off in front of me totally uninhibited and then quickly put on his kilt and his socks and trainers. We re-entered the main cabin where there were still some naked boys wandering around in that usual morning fog that teenagers are in first thing in the morning. He urged them on and told them to get dressed and off to breakfast as quickly as they could.

We left Mike's cabin together and went back to mine. The boys were all dressed and waiting. Martin had returned and had found no sign of Daniel at all, anywhere. Mike then addressed the boys asking them if they had any information at all that could be of use but they all shook their head.

I then told the boys to head over to the dining room for their breakfast and I turned to Mike. He shook his head and said that in his opinion Daniel had run away back to his cave and to his former way of life. I said that I didn't believe that he would do that after the kindness that we had shown him, but Mike looked at me and said that it was probably the fear of what was to happen next that drove the boy back into hiding. Daniel knew that we were only at the camp for two weeks and as he was still only 15, he would be taken into care and undoubtedly he would run away from any foster parents that he was housed with.

I still did not believe that Daniel would have left without telling me at least and I just had a strong feeling that something bad had happened. Mike decided that there was nothing we could do because no one knew where his cave was and no one had the name of the only other person who knew where Daniel lived. The trip was to proceed as planned and as my group were to be first away, I had better get a move on. I dearly wanted to do something to find Daniel but I had no option, my responsibilities were with the boys in my care so I had to leave Daniel for the moment.

The time for our group to leave arrived, so we headed off into the forest, kilts swaying as the boys moved off following the maps and clue sheets to find the first control point. I expected Daniel to appear at any moment, so I kept looking back along the path we had come, but nothing. My heart was very heavy.

Daniel came to, stiff and feeling like shit. He was still lying where he had fallen and his ankle throbbed. When he managed to turn painfully onto his back, he noticed that the swelling was now even worse than it had been the night before. His ankle was huge and it spilled over the sides of his trainer the obscene black swollen ankle dwarfing the shoe completely. There were dried leaves and pine needles stuck to his face where he had cried and bled so he brushed them off, wincing when he touched his nose which had taken the full force of his forward fall.

He felt bad, he was thirsty and in pain and was stiff. In short, he was in trouble. He lay back onto the damp ground and slept again.

Suddenly he was awakened by noises in the forest close-by. He shook his head to clear his brain as the noise of feet on the forest floor came closer and then out of the trees came a large dog! It came straight over to Daniel and washed his face with its huge wet tongue, its long tail wagging. In spite of everything Daniel was laughing as the dog continued to slobber his face. He patted the dog and it barked and then Daniel heard heavier footsteps nearby, and looked around to see who was there.

A very large, older man appeared, carrying a gun and he was startled to see the young boy in a kilt lying on the ground being licked into submission by his large dog. He called the dog to heel and it instantly responded leaving Daniel with a wet face, and it settled close to the man's side. Daniel didn't know the guy and was a bit scared, but the man moved closer and knelt down beside the boy and asked what was wrong. Daniel explained that he had fallen and hurt his ankle and had slept on the forest floor all night. The guy nodded and then moved down to kneel at Daniel's feet to have a look at the badly swollen ankle. The boy winced as the man checked him out and after some probing, he pronounced that the ankle was not broken just badly sprained. Daniel was relieved and thanked the guy for his help.

The man's hands were surprisingly soft for such a rough looking character, as they stroked the swollen ankle and then he said he best check the boy's body completely to ensure there were no other injuries. Daniel started to object but the man's large hand pushed his chest back until Daniel was lying on the ground, his legs splayed wide and suddenly he remembered that he had nothing on under his kilt and panicked. From his position at Daniel's feet the man could see the boy's balls and soft cock. He smiled as he checked each of Daniel's legs and knees working slowly and meticulously upwards and when he came to the hem of the kilt his large hands travelled onwards and upwards under the bottom edge of the heavy material. Daniel was unable to do anything, as his ankle was so painful, so he just lay back and waited for what was to come next.

The guys hands appeared out from the bottom of the kilt and Daniel inwardly breathed a sigh of relief but it was short lived as the man lifted the bottom of the kilt high and laid it back on Daniel's chest leaving his soft adolescent cock and loaded balls on full view. The man sighed and licked his lips. He said he should check everything and then bent forward to take Daniel's cock in his hand and he started to fondle the boy's hardening cock and then slide the boy's foreskin up and down spreading the glistening pearl of precum over the cock head with his large thumb. The man mumbled to himself that it was a beautiful cock as he continued to wank the boy. Daniel was a horny teenager made even more so from his naked freedom wearing the kilt. He momentarily forgot the pain in his ankle as the good feelings he was experiencing from the stranger took over. His cock got fully hard as the man wanked him steadily.

The man reached down with his free hand and stroked the boy's balls, rolling them gently between his fingers as his wanking hand increased speed. He deftly swept the tip of the cock with his thumb every time a large drop of precum appeared, spreading and smearing it over the boy's taugt glans. Daniel couldn't help but push his pelvis up into the large hand which gripped his boycock firmly, yet gently. The feeling started deep in the boys insides as his orgasm built to breaking point and suddenly his spunk flew from his cock lips in an arc high over his body landing on his face and the inside of Martin's kilt. The man continued wanking his cock slower than before but coaxing the maximum amount of cum out of the boy's wilting cock. It was over, Daniel's cock was softening and the man withdrew his hand licking off the few drops of sweet boy cum that had landed on his fist.

The man moved back and slipped the kilt back down over Daniel's prone body covering up his embarrassment and then he moved up alongside Daniel's head. The boy heard a zip being pulled down. He looked sideways at the guy who was kneeling close to his face and he saw a huge man-cock snaking out of the guy's open fly. It was solid and uncut and must have been about 8" long and really thick. The man then unbuckled his belt and dropped the front of his trousers down to reveal his low hanging balls. Daniel winced, the pain in his ankle forgotten, but he was imagining trying to take that monster up his bum. There would be no way it would ever fit. The man rubbed the head of his cock over Daniel's cheek and then he moved forward to touch the boy's dry lips. Daniel kept his mouth closed to keep the huge intruder out, but a searing pain shot through his ankle and leg and his mouth opened involuntarily in a cry of pain and the cock was in. The man had actually squeezed the boy's bad ankle to get the reaction he wanted.

The cock smelled a bit as it pushed into Daniel's throat and because he was so dry, there was no natural lubrication to help the cock slide in and out it just stuck at the back of the terrified boy's throat and he was choking. The guy was trying to slide his cock in and out but it stuck in the bone-dry mouth. He pulled out and offered the boy a drink from a water bottle he was carrying and the boy gulped it down gladly. The man then pushed his hard cock back to Daniel's moist lips and he told Daniel he better open wide as he would squeeze his ankle again if he didn't. The boy didn't want a repeat of the pain, so reluctantly he opened his mouth and took the large cock in. The man told him to suck it and Daniel obliged hoping that he could bring the man off quickly and so end this nightmare. The guy had his head back and eyes closed as Daniel's small mouth did its work on the large cock, allowing it to slide deep into his throat, the boy brought his hand up and wanked the cock as he sucked it. The man groaned and pulled out just as he started to shoot thick ropes of cum all over Daniel's face and lips. As he started to come down from his orgasm he again thrust the head of his wet cock into the boy's lips.

The man's cum was all over Daniel's face and in his mouth. He lay there furious at the abuse he had received from this monster he had thought was going to help him. Daniel realised that he was in deep trouble as there was no way he could run off and he had to rely on this man to help him or he would die where he lay. He decided to go along with everything and as soon as his ankle was better he would disappear.

The man asked where Daniel had come from and the boy didn't want to let him know where he lived, so he explained that he was at the camp and had come into the forest for a run, had tripped over and had been there all night. The man nodded and took this information in then asked Daniel if anyone knew where he was. Daniel instantly said no and then cursed himself as he saw a smile cross the guy's lips when he realised that he had the boy at his mercy. The guy said that he had a cabin in the woods not too far away and that he would help Daniel get there to rest up and let his ankle heal. Daniel asked the man if he could instead take him to the camp, but the guy said it would take too long as it was several miles away and Daniel's ankle needed rest.

There was no option, as the man helped the boy up onto his good leg and supported him as they made their way through the forest to the cabin. The boy was scared as he sensed something was wrong and he grew more and more uneasy as they made slow and painful progress with the large dog leading the way, stopping every so often to wait for his human companions to catch up.

They reached the cabin in about 20 minutes and Daniel had never seen it before in all the time he had been in the forest. It was a huge forest

though which covered many square miles, so it was no wonder that he had never stumbled on the cabin previously.

Daniel asked the man what his name was and he said it was Jim and he was a recluse living in the forest, only visiting the village occasionally when he needed supplies. The dog's name was Prince and he was a Scottish collie, black and white with a shiny coat and a wet, black nose, and a very long wet tongue.

They entered the cabin and the boy was glad to sit down, as his ankle was so painful. Daniel asked Jim if he had anything to help the pain. Jim passed the boy a half bottle of a golden coloured liquid that looked and smelled like whisky. Daniel frowned and said that he meant painkillers and Jim said that the whisky was the best painkiller he knew. Daniel reluctantly swallowed some of the foul-tasting liquid and spluttered as it burned its way down into his belly. The guy took the bottle from him and clapped him on the back to help clear the coughing fit. He passed the boy a glass of water and eventually the coughing and burning subsided.

Within a few minutes Daniel felt strange, His head was light and he had a kind of mellow feeling and better still the pain in his ankle was in the background, almost but not quite gone, but more bearable. Jim appeared to be cooking something on the other side of the room and the large dog was lying at Daniel's feet, snoozing. Daniel fell asleep, as his night in the open had been very uncomfortable. He melted into the large comfortable chair and dozed off.

The morning sunlight sent shafts of dusty light into the cabin through the single window and the room smelled of burning wood. There was also the smell of cooking - bacon frying in the pan and toasting bread. It smelled good and all of these smells worked on the senses of the slumbering young boy. Jim moved about the cabin quietly making a huge feast for his guest and although loath to waken the boy, he decided that he would because the boy was bound to be very hungry indeed.

Jim gently shook Daniel awake and slowly the boy returned to consciousness. Jim helped him to the small table in the corner of the cabin and sat him there. Daniel through his fogged head realised that he was naked apart from his T-shirt. His kilt was gone so when he sat down all of him was on open view. There was an amazing spread of freshly cooked food, which smelled awesome. Jim asked him if he was hungry and the boy nodded yes but feeling very uncomfortable, he asked the man where his kilt was and the guy replied that it was wet and needed to be dried, so not to worry for the moment he would get it back later. Daniel was still under the influence of the alcohol so he submitted and he got stuck into the breakfast. Prince was sat obediently at his master's feet waiting for his share.

When they had finished and Prince was busily eating his breakfast, Daniel asked Jim if he could lie down and sleep and the man agreed, helping the boy over to the bed. The man couldn't resist the opportunity to hold the sleepy boy's cock and he played with it for some time before realising that the boy was dead on his feet and his cock was asleep too. He helped Daniel into the large double-sized bed at the end of the room behind a curtain strung across the room, which afforded the minimum of privacy.

Daniel sat heavily on the bed and Jim said he would help the boy undress so Daniel had no option but to agree. Jim slipped the boy's grubby blood-stained T-shirt off over his head and then knelt down in front of him removing the trainer from his good ankle. The second shoe was going to be more difficult and Jim knew it would cause the boy some pain. He explained

what he was going to do and Daniel nodded agreement. The man started to loosen the laces of the shoe, which was OK, but when he started to try and remove it, it was excruciatingly painful. He worked slowly and gently and eventually the shoe was off, Daniel's right foot was free. It was horribly blackened and bruised and very swollen so the man got some warm water and a cloth and washed the foot clean. Daniel tried his best to bear the pain but gave in and asked Jim for another tot of the whisky, which the man was only too happy to provide.

Jim dried the boy's foot and fetched some bandages and tightly bound the ankle like a professional. The man helped the boy's legs onto the bed and when he was lying flat on his back, he covered him with a thin sheet. The boy closed his eyes and thought about his friends at the camp. He realised that the guys at the camp would be thinking the worst of him and would have left on their trip, so there would probably be no one at the camp anyway. He decided that as soon as his ankle could bear weight, he would run off and head back to the camp and get away from Jim whom he didn't trust at all. Eventually his brain was so tired he drifted off to sleep.

Jim poured himself a large measure of the Scotch and sat mulling over what had happened in his simple life in the past few hours. His cock was hard again and pressing on his fly at the sight of the beautiful young fawn that had landed in his life. He thought about the first glimpse he had of the boy's cock and balls under the kilt and his cock jerked at the memory. He had drunk in the boy's beautiful torso and slim body and when he had wanked the boy in the forest and later removed the kilt, what a sight. The sucking was good too although he regretted having to hurt the boy to get him to comply, but the feeling of a young mouth on his cock was awesome and shooting his pent up load on the boy's face and lips was incredible. The boy was everything that Jim loved and dreamt of. He wanted to fuck the young boy and thought as he drank, that there was nothing stopping him doing whatever he wanted with this young man, as no one knew where he was. Jim had total control over him. He was going to have a load of fun with this boy so Jim could take his time. He slipped out his hard wet cock and in a few strokes was shooting another large load all over the floor of the cabin.

As I made my way with my group towards the first control-point, I was sure that something bad had happened to Daniel but there was nothing for it but to go forward and lead my group on the exercise. Inside I was sick and wanted Daniel back. I made a promise to myself that I would do whatever I could to bring him home to us as soon as possible.

Thanks to everyone who has written with encouraging comments and erotic suggestions, I appreciate it a lot, keep them coming.

AP