

## Off the Rails and Into the Woods

Chapter Five

February 2023

Dawn came slowly... but then all at once.

Will's eyes, heavy and gritty with sleep, blinked in the grey light. Blinked again. Ugh, morning already? Above him was... the ceiling. Unfamiliar. Wait... they were in the cabin, right? He'd come back home just yesterday? From that meeting at work? Or had he merely dreamed it?

But damn, he needed to take a piss.

He attempted to turn over... and failed. Something was holding his arm, dragging at him like a heavy weight. *What the fuck?* His eyes blinked, slanted over, and met the most unexpected sight he could have ever imagined. The sight, that is, of his outstretched arm emerging from beneath the blanket, and fastened snugly around the wrist, a triple loop of thick, white cording.

So was the other, as a quick, disoriented glance over at his other wrist showed. A sudden writhing of his legs beneath the puffy coverlet confirmed that his legs, too, seemed to be similarly fastened. What the hell?! For some reason he was bound fast to this bed – which, come to realize it, wasn't even his! Wait, this was the second bedroom – the dark little one with the tiny bed that they'd barely glanced into besides tossing their empty luggage and open cardboard boxes...

"Hey. Hey! Hannah?!"

He tugged harder as his voice cracked into a querulous shout, but the ropes remained stubbornly fastened. What the hell? What was Hannah even playing at? Was this some freaky kind of surprise she'd planned for him? They *had* jokingly watched that dumb Fifty Shades movie that one night together, and she'd teasingly asked if he wouldn't love to do that to her... or if he'd rather have her do it to him...

"Awake, are we? Should have figured you'd be up soon." The door was opening, and there she stood: wearing nothing but her translucent nightgown, her green eyes glittering with amused satisfaction. "Bit of a surprise, huh? Don't worry – and don't even try getting loose. I made sure they're all *nice* and tight."

She stepped forward and jerked the blanket back, and he winced as the cool air swept over his body,

naked save for his flimsy green boxers. "Hey! What the fuck? Babe, why would you-" But Hannah cut him off with a swift swat to the face – an uncharacteristic act that left him speechless. "You know damn well why I have every right to be angry, bastard! And I'm not about to let you go run off to your fucking video games and ignore me... oh, no. You're going to stay *right* here, and you're going to let me deal with you exactly like you deserve."

A fresh stab of urgency radiated from his crotch, and he flopped desperately in place on the mattress. "Babe, please! I- I literally don't know what you're talking about, but listen- we can deal with this later, okay? I just *really* need the bathroom – like, really. Just let me up, and I swear I'll come back and we can tal-*mmmmppppbhhhh?!!!*"

The sudden loss of articulate speech being the result of the wad of dirty cotton boxers being jammed deep into his mouth – the same cotton boxers that had only last night been wrapped around that incriminating shot glass.

"Shut *up*, you," Hannah retorted, and Will found himself shivering with desperation and sudden fear as he stared, silent now and with bulging cheeks, up into her cold green eyes. "You're not going anywhere, not even for that. It's too bad, of course – but I guess lying there and pissing yourself is nothing a big, strong guy like you can't handle, huh? Go on! Piss yourself, for all I care. In fact..."

And now, it was as if he could watch the wheels in her mind whirring and clicking into place. "Wait here, you jerk," she muttered, and vanished through the doorway. When she returned only a few moments later, she had a towel in one hand, a bottle of water in the other, and a grim smile on her face.

"Here, let's be ready for when you do," she snarled, and now her nails were raking over his thighs as she jerked his boxers down with tug after vicious tug. "It's not a big deal if you soak this mattress. But I guess better to mop up some of it anyway. And actually..." Now she was tugging the towel underneath his naked ass, pulling it up around his crack and wrapping it over his limp penis and balls. "If you're gonna piss yourself like a fucking baby, I guess it only makes sense to give you a diaper like one, huh?"

He moaned out protests at that one – protests that were filled with anger, fear, and humiliation. Of course he wasn't a baby. He was a fucking adult! And being tied up and forced to piss yourself – it was just inhumane. It was revolting. It was- it was-

Then out came the soggy wad of cloth. "Really," Hannah smirked, as she leaned down and forced

the open water bottle between his spluttering lips, "I think it's only fair to hurt you as much as you hurt me. So if my big strong man truly doesn't want to piss himself like a fucking baby, then guess what? I think I'll make him do exactly that!" She gave a short, cold laugh at the shaking of his tousled head. "Go on – drink up even more, dude. Drink it *all* down. Let's see how much we can make you piss yourself – and sure, keep on pissing yourself, too. Over and over, all day long, 'til even this towel is soaked and you're lying here in a puddle of your own stinking piss..."

He struggled harder than ever now, eyes widening as the water flooded into his mouth. He choked – spluttered – water spilling out and down his unshaven cheeks to soak like tears into the pillow beneath. And still she forced it in with an air of grim finality. "Staying hydrated is important, you know," she jeered, watching him gulp and splutter with evident relish. "Go on, babe. Drink up all those nice, healthy negative ions. But listen – if you keep on spilling, maybe I'll have to get you a *real* baby bottle to go along with that towel diaper, huh? Is that what you want? A big big baby bottle and a nice, pissy diaper? Maybe me spoon-feeding you your kale smoothie every morning? God, how pathetic would *that* be, huh?!"

It came despite his best efforts, the first spurts escaping him in the midst of another round of spluttering and choking. Those spurts turned into a trickle, and the trickle into a flood – and before he could do more than jerk in protest and gurgle out a final, frantic whine in protest, his bladder was emptying. Beneath him he could feel the cotton towel warming, moistening, trying desperately to absorb the humiliating flood with what limited absorbency it had. And still it flowed out of him: the results of last night's boozy drinking, darkening and saturating the towel with smelly humiliation...

"God, that's a lot of piss," Hannah remarked, a satisfied grin on her face as she scrutinized the now-soiled towel between his legs. Out came the nearly-empty water bottle at last, to be replaced once more with the wadded boxers. "But somehow, I'm beginning to think it suits you, Will! I think I *like* seeing you like this – you know, being brought down a few pegs. It's nothing more than a two-timing cheater like you deserves, don't you think?"

"*Cheater?!!*" Will cried – or rather, attempted to cry. What actually came out was more like "Hhheee-uuhhhh?" To which she merely snorted and reached for the incriminating evidence, holding up the busty shot glass for him to see. "Oh, spare me the lies, dude. I'm sure *this* doesn't ring any bells, then, hmm? 'You're welcome'? 'Naomi?!'"

But even as Will stared and shook his head in vehement denial, moaning out frantic attempts to explain the situation, Hannah merely looked away in distaste. "Talk all you want, jerk. Or try to,

anyway. I've got a better idea on how to find out the truth than your fucking mouth..."

And with that, she placed one hand gingerly atop the wadded towel. Right atop his hidden cock... and started kneading.

"Look at that shot glass, babe," she ordered, holding it before his eyes with her other hand. "Think about her. Think about Naomi. Oh, I just *bet* she's got an amazing pair of bazongas, doesn't she? She must be quite a hottie. And I bet she loves going out for drinks and flirting it up with you, huh? Just imagine her here right now, babe. Imagine her touching you here... how good it feels when she fucks you... how damn wet that slut is whenever you jam your stupid cock deep into her fucking pussy..."

No- no, it couldn't be! He couldn't be enjoying this! It was Hannah's words. It was the way she was kneading the towel. It was the feeling of her hand rubbing the now-warm, saturated material up and down around his sensitive cock. It was the fact that he hadn't had sexual relief for the last week. Yes, it was even the wet warmth of his own urine, and the way the moist cotton felt like the lovely wet folds of a woman's vagina. It was- God, no! It- it was-

"See, I knew it," she spat, and now her hand was clenching in anger around the massive erection now swelling beneath her touch. "That fucking bitch turns you on, I knew it. You think she's hot, don't you? You like her better than me. You- you-"

And choking on her rage-filled sobs, she rose, leaving her now erect, bound, gagged, piss-soaked, and wild-eyed fiancé staring after her. Only once she was at the door did she turn, her green eyes now cold with hurt and betrayal. "We're not done, you and me," she hissed through trembling lips. "I'm going to get you back, Will. You're mine and only mine. And I'm going to make goddamn sure of it... if it's the last thing I do."

*(To be continued!)*