

# Confessions of a Piss Pig

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# 1 Confessions of a Piss Pig

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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## Piss

There is a substance on this planet that I love more than anything else it is the golden elixir of another man's piss. The feel of torrents of golden urine rain down on my body and into my waiting mouth is the only sensation that excites me. I find myself doing and saying the strangest things to taste the piss. I suppose I am a piss pig.

By way of description, I am a handsome athletic young man. I am about 6' 2" with dark brown hair and blue eyes. I am 26 and I work as a bank teller most of the time. I have managed to land a couple of modeling jobs for local retailers. You may have seen me in a recent spread in San Francisco magazine.

## How it Started

I found myself loving piss a few years ago. I never fit into the gay scene here in San Francisco. I was finishing my first modeling job when the photographer asked if he could photograph me for a unique exhibit he was putting together for a rich collector. The photo shoot would be closed except for me, the collector, and the photographer. I was "perfect" according to the photographer for the shoot and could easily make ten thousand or more, all in a cash payment, for a few hours of my time on Saturday.

I agreed.

The photographer—Christopher—handed me a folded slip of paper with a street address in the Seacliff area of the city. From the Castro area of the city—where I live—to Sea Cliff on MUNI requires a couple of transfers and a slight hike by foot into the Seacliff district itself.

At the house, I rang the door bell as Christopher greeted me. "Come in, come in"

I was ushered into a gorgeous entry and then quickly lead upstairs to room that Christopher had set up for the photo shoot. The room was brightly lit with photo cans and the like.

Christopher handed me a wad of cash saying, "I showed your picture to my collector and he agreed to pay you twenty-thousand. Here's ten for showing up."

I slid the wads of bills into my pocket.

Christopher then said, “Ok, I need you to put on the jeans and white T-shirt on the floor there, no underwear.”

I took my clothes off and changed into the required clothing. I started to take in the room and noticed a bathtub in the center of the room. At that moment, I could not imagine what the tub was for. Christopher then asked me to lay in the tub so he could take some pictures.

I found myself tremendously at ease in the old style tub. The cold porcelain felt nice against the thin T-shirt I was wearing and Christopher was talking to me softly asking me to relax and enjoy myself in the tub.

“Just relax,” he said. **SNAP** “Beautiful, close your eyes for a bit and savor the tub.” **SNAP**  
**SNAP WHIR SNAP** “Perfect, now open them but look calm.” **SNAP**

“Are you a virgin,” he asked.

I was so relaxed I answered, “yes I grew up in the midwest and I guess I have always been waiting for the right person.”

“Gay?”

I admitted it, “yeah.”

All the while, the camera was whirring. I did not even notice a forty-something year old man enter the room—the collector. Suddenly, my host spoke, “He’s perfect.”

I was so relaxed from laying in the tub that I did not even jump from the surprise of the stranger in the room.

Christopher made the introduction, “Jason this is your host and benefactor, Mr. X. The photos we will be taking will include him and will never be seen outside this house, ok?”

I nodded.

Mr. X stripped naked and came over to the tub. He was not handsome or even my taste in guys, but he stood hovering over me. His cock was mostly flaccid and wrinkled against his body and he was slightly overweight. Christopher’s camera was whirring. Capturing the older man hovering over me.

I thought to myself, “this is ok.”

Then suddenly, Mr. X started peeing on me inside the tub.

The sensation was weird, warm rivulets of piss streaming onto my white T-shirt. A salty, intense odor filled my nostrils. Instead of jumping out of the tub and running out the door though, I found myself transfixed by the sight of the older man peeing on me.

My cock stiffened in the jeans. My T-shirt was now transparent and soaked in urine and Mr. X turned to the jeans and soaked those as well.

Christopher switched to using a strobe light set up to capture the piss in action and I found myself totally absorbed in the moment. I wanted my host’s piss and I wanted more of it.

My host was metering his piss onto my body and I found myself talking suddenly: “Please in my hair and mouth SIR.”

My host smiled and Christopher had me get on my hands and knees in the tub so I was looking up directly into Mr. X’s cock. Then Mr. X unleashed a two minute stream of piss into my hair soaking it thoroughly and I treated his piss nozzle like a shower head running my face through the stream and letting it trickle into my throat. Inside the jeans I was throwing a massive boner.

When the piss stopped, Christopher instructed me to run my fingers through my hair like I was shampooing with the piss. It felt so good and the taste was so wonderful.

I was hooked.

Mr. X left another wad of cash next to my street clothes and left the room. Christopher finished up the photo shoot by having me pull my pants down and piss myself. He captured my self-piss with the strobe and then encouraged me to shower and change down the hall.

I wanted to find Mr. X and get more piss but decided that I should take the money and run, for now.

I cleaned up quickly in the shower and then went back to the room where the photo shoot had been. Christopher was already packed up and I took my money and he asked if I wanted to see him develop some of the pictures at his place. I agreed and he drove me to his home in Sausalito.

I was now “stranded” across the Golden Gate Bridge.

## **Darkroom**

Christopher had a large section of his modest—but multi-million dollar—house devoted to photography equipment and a dark room.

On the ride over we had not talked and when we arrived at his house, he had immediately disappeared into a small film changing room to remove the film from the rolls and transfer it for development. I took the opportunity to wander around and look at some of his photographs from his modeling jobs on the walls: all beautiful young twenty-something guys.

He stepped out of the film changing room with several canisters. “I give the negatives from shoots like this one to the collectors so you won’t find any evidence in here.”

I nodded.

“You seemed to enjoy yourself,” he said casually.

I must have blushed.

“First time,” he asked.

“Yeah, I mean if you had told me I wouldn’t have gone, but fuck it was hot.”

“Good,” he said, “Mr. X really enjoyed you and there is a message that he would like to see you again next weekend. He takes special diuretics every Friday night for these Saturday sessions. You are the third boy he has had through and the only one he wanted prints from or to see again.”

“What was wrong with the other two?”

“They were not virgins and he also could tell they did not enjoy the experience. He said you were a natural ‘piss pig’ though,” Christopher continued.

Somehow it seemed to me like the phrase piss pig took on a life of its own in that statement and I found myself quite horny to see the pictures of my humiliation.

Christopher took his time developing the film and then of course they had to dry before contact sheets could be made. It was already five o’clock in the afternoon and he announced that I would be staying the night or walking back to the city.

I started to protest and he instructed me to go sit–naked–in his bathtub. The thought turned me on so much I just stripped right there and ran for the tub. Christopher kept me waiting and I stroked my cock in the tub. I was hooked on piss.

Christopher was handsome and probably in his late thirties. He finally entered the bathroom and I got on my knees and pleaded with him to piss in my mouth like a toilet.

“Oh, you really are a *piss ~pig*,” he said as he unzipped and aimed a massive torrent of the yellow elixir into my mouth and I struggled to swallow it all. I knew then I was a total *piss ~pig*.

He then ordered me to get dressed without showering and to get in the car with him. He took me back to my house and gave me another slip of paper with a different address and said, “Saturday 10am.”

My housemates were surprised to see me so late and seemed to catch that something was afoot. I quickly showered, but I wanted their piss too. I wanted everyone’s piss. In fact the only thing in the whole universe I wanted was piss and lots of it. Mr. X had unlocked me to a world of piss.

## Shoot 2

I was at a doctor’s office this weekend. The office was dark and I found myself standing outside the lobby for about five minutes before Christopher came to the front and let me in.

“Good, glad to see you again,” he said.

We were in an exam room and the table had been lowered and I was stripped naked. Christopher positioned a cold metal speculum to pry my asscheeks and fuckhole open. **SNAP SNAP**

Then Mr. X entered and began pissing first into the opening of the speculum. The feel of his piss landing on my puckered open fuckhole was intense and my cock was rock hard.

Then after a few minutes, I was asked to lay on the floor and Mr. X walked from head to toe peeing all over me as I moaned and pleaded for the piss in my mouth. He was loving it too and gave me quite a good bit in my mouth to swallow.

I wallowed in his piss over my skin and at Christopher's urging when Mr. X stopped peeing, I ran my hands over my body spreading the piss into my pores and rubbing it through my hair. Mr. X shot a load of gism into my chest and I mixed it with the piss and swallowed that as well. Then I peed myself and Christopher had me work that into my body as well.

Mr. X left saying he was satisfied. As left, he left me about fifty-thousand and whispered something to Christopher.

Christopher helped me up and said there was no shower and that I would have to take a bus back smelling of piss. I was so embarrassed and turned on I peed the floor again and wanted to lick it off the floor but Christopher made me get dressed and leave the office.

I decided to walk home since I was too aroused and humiliated to take MUNI in my present, piss drenched state. It took me about forty minutes to walk home and I managed to dodge my roommates and get to the shower without revealing my *piss ~pig* ways.

That weekend was the last time I saw Mr. X.

## **Private Party Piss Pig**

Fast forward to the present. I had answered an online ad for a San Francisco based piss pig for a private, men's party. I showed up at the Noe Valley house around eight o'clock at night as requested. The host was handsome and about my age. He explained that he was going to be having about twenty close male friends over and he wanted a piss slave as toilet.

I stripped as requested and bent over for a butt plug and then leather shorts were locked on my body to keep my ass virgin. My hands were restrained behind my back and then I was led to a downstairs play room where a child's inflatable pool was set up. My host helped me kneel down in the pool and said simply, "stay."

Over the next hour about three dozen hot men of all races showed up. As each got a tour of the house, I was introduced as "the piss hole."

A handsome black stud was the first to use me that night and he rammed his massive cock into my mouth choking me slightly and then unleashed a torrent of piss into me so quickly that I could not possibly swallow it. Instead the salty elixir trickled out and fell down the sides of my body.

I was in heaven.

Over the first hour of the party about twenty different guys used me thoroughly as a piss pig. I was drenched with urine and my bladder was quite full and I was erect as well with the butt plug still fucking my ass.

Urine was everywhere and a thin layer of the golden material was on the bottom of the

inflatable pool. My host stopped downstairs and pushed my face into the floor of the pool and in front of all of the guests made me lick the floor of the pool and roll around in the piss. I was in heaven.

Six guys surrounded the pool as I was rolling and showered me with golden liquids. I rolled from side to side in the pool and tried to move my mouth to capture as much of the falling golden rain as possible.

The guys took turns showering me for the next twenty minutes as some three dozen guys made me their human piss toilet. The feeling was incomparable to anything that had come before.

Around two in the morning, my host came down and told me that I was to spend the night since many of the guests would want to pee on me in the morning. My body was caked with drying piss and my nostrils filled with the stench of urine. I nodded and pissed myself inside the leather shorts.

The urine could not easily escape the shorts and so there was a bulge of urine in my pants and my hands were still restrained. I did my best to sleep.

Four times in the middle of the night, guys came downstairs to piss on me. The hot streams of urine felt wonderful against my skin and I would wake up for each guy.

In the morning though I was treated to the full onslaught of every guy's morning piss at full force. Thirty guys unloaded massing morning loads of piss onto me.

Then my host finally unlocked me. Took the leather pants off. Removed the butt plug and had me shower.

My host drove me home and told me that he holds a party once a month but I was the first true *piss ~pig* that had every held up the whole time and really loved it. I promised to make myself available every first Friday for his private parties.

## **Write the Author**

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at [toplegal@yahoo.com](mailto:toplegal@yahoo.com).

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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