

A boy's life less ordinary

DISCLAIMER: This is a story about a young, underage boy, getting sexually active with several grown men and other young boys. If this type of story offends you or is illegal in your jurisdiction, please back out now. Although the story takes place in 1997, before the Euro was the official valuate in Europe, I didn't bother to work with the old BFR system to make things easier for the reader. Also it's all calculated in prices anno 2009, to avoid the same problem.

ANY similarity with existing people is completely coincidence. This story has only taken place in the mind or the writer. The locations and names of locations are accurate to the city layout of Antwerp, to make the story more fun to read if you ever been there, but is, also, purely fictional regarding the actions that take place in there.

part 1

"So that was it", Henry thought as he saw the house getting swallowed by the flames, as three fire fighter trucks were trying to put down the inferno. The boy could feel tears welling up in his eyes. Although he had always known there was a big chance that something like this would ever happen to his family, the fact that now indeed it has occurred, he was a little more emotional than he had expected.

His father had explained him many times what to do if this would happen. Both his parents had been on protected witness program, as was Henry. The boy knew perfectly well that he had to take the first intercity to Brussels, there he would need to find mr. Wilson at the police head office, give him his passport, and he would take care of business, and make sure Henry would end up in a foster family far away, get a new identity, and make sure he'd be safe.

As the fire fighters were doing everything they could to get the fire under control, although everyone on the scene realized all help would have come too late for the people inside, Henry grabbed his bike, put his backpack on, and scooted off to Amsterdam Central station without looking back. The wind was freezing cold, and he could barely keep his eyes open from the frost on his eyelids. But the boy was determined, and had always been used to bite through, no matter how tough things would get. Something he had from his old man.

As it was Sunday night, febr. 2nd 1997, one of the coldest days of the year, it was now, at sunset, almost -13° Celsius, and would probably get even colder during the night. Henry realized that, if he made it to Brussels, he would have to spend the night somewhere, as the police officer for sure would not be in his office on a Sunday. But he'd take care of that for later. First things first, and at this time, his priority was to get out of Amsterdam as soon as possible, and make sure that he would be untraceable for the people who had did this to his family.

35 minutes later he was sitting in the warm train Amsterdam – Antwerp, where he would get a connection towards Brussels 12 minutes after arrival. His thoughts were flying through his mind just as fast as the white landscape was flashing by outside the damped window.

He quickly wiped his first tears away, as he remembered his parents, now both gone forever, leaving him alone on a cold winter night. Alone... there were no relatives he had known about, not even close friends. Nobody would probably look for him anyway. He had never been the target of this organization, and probably they even waited for him to get out of the house before blowing the place up. His thoughts were running as fast as the Belgian intercity he was on, as he started to realize what would happen if Mr. Wilson got his hands on him. He would be placed in a foster family somewhere far from Amsterdam. His new parents would, of course, mother on him, treating him like the little kid he was. But Henry had learned a lot from his father when growing up. He perfectly knew how to protect himself, take care of himself and most of all, defend himself. During the last four years his parents had taught him a lot about how to survive on his own. His mother had mentioned a zillion times how mature he was for his age, and how proud she was that he would seem to make the best out of each situation.

Henry's mind was made up, he would never, ever, go to Brussels to let himself be placed in a family he didn't want. No way.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are approaching Antwerp Central Station. All travelers to Brussels please note that the train has been cancelled due to a frost problem on the rails on the track. NMBS will be providing busses to make...."

The rest of the female announcer's voice disappeared for Henry, his thoughts took over. This was a sign, he was meant to stay in Antwerp. Although he was not too sure what it was, he knew somehow he would find happiness in this town. Of course the grief over his parents was there all the time, he was now feeling some warm glow in his body, as he knew for a fact that Antwerp would be his new hometown. Henry was a clever boy, and 100% sure he would work things out. He still had his emergency money from his account. 2500€ would be enough to live from for a few weeks here, and get some new clothes and stuff. He would also need a new backpack to put them in.

As he left the station building, there was a cold wind hitting him. He pulled up his collar, and realized he must get out of the street as soon as possible. It was getting dark, and the station neighborhood didn't seem to be the safest one to hang around at night for a young boy. He just walked straight ahead, realizing his stomach was starting to grumble, and he hadn't eaten anything since he had left his house to the pool that morning. He would need to find a hotel, at least for tonight, tomorrow it would be Monday, so stores would be open and he could find some alternative. He could not afford to spend all his money on a hotel, it would run out too fast. He needed to find a cheap place to live, and then find some sort of job in the neighborhood to make a living. Maybe he could work at a bar or something, although he was legally too young, he didn't really bother about that. He would need to find a fake ID anyway, if he wanted to be able to make it on his own in this city.

After he'd been walking for about ten minutes, just wandering through the streets, he saw a hotel named Carlton. The hotel looked decent, and lot of business people were, although was Sunday, walking in and out of the hotel. It was right across some large city park, where Henry could see a skate ramp, where some young teens were showing off in the yellow shine of the street light. The park however was not too inviting to spend too much time at night, but the hotel would do for now for sure. He looked at

the price chart in the lobby, and was pleased to see he would be able to book a single bedroom for only 34,95€, including breakfast. This was great. Although the young male at the reception was pretty surprised to see this young a boy book a room by himself, he handed him the electronic key to his room, and winked at him, asking him if he was new in Antwerp. Henry answered that he had only been here as a little kid, and was pretty new to the city indeed, but intending to stay a while though. The boy at the counter, who looked about 19, maybe 20, smiled, and introduced himself as Dennis.

"Nice to meet you Dennis, I'm Henry" the boy spoke, shaking the uniformed guy's hand. The touch made the boy feel a little tingly in his tummy, as he looked into the sparkling blue eyes.

"Nice to meet you to man" Dennis replied. "So erm, I can show you the city if you'd like too? I'll be off in at eight, so I can show you the Sunday nightlife in town, what do you think?"

"Cool" Henry smiled broadly, this was getting even better every minute. "Just let me take a quick shower and freshen up, and maybe you can pick me up at my room, I guess you know where it is" he winked back at the older teen.

"Ok dude, see you in twenty then"

Henry was getting thrilled by the young man's offer as he entered the room. It was perfectly cleaned, and smelled like fresh flowers. The bathroom was immediately on the right as he entered, and a little further was his single bed, a small table with, of course, some red roses, a white easy chair, and a small closet to put his stuff in. It wasn't much, but for now it would do.

He dropped his bag on the bed, and started to get his stuff out. First of all he hung up his soaking speedo at the side of the bath tub, and then realized he had all his shower stuff with him from earlier that day. It reminded him of his bathroom back home, or what once his home used to be. Once again the abandoned teen felt tears coming up behind his eyes, but he quickly overcame the feeling, wiping his eyes, and stripping down to get into the shower. At the moment his boxers hit the floor, his cock was already rock hard, and leaking precum.

The boy was happy as he looked himself in the large mirror, his young naked body showing off perfectly. For almost 15 years old, he was quite developed. The last few months his shoulders had been starting to grow, as well as his legs muscles, and of course, always active young genitals. He had already developed a nice patch of pubic hair, but he preferred to keep hit trimmed really short. His balls and ass were completely shaven smooth, as were his armpits. His lower legs showed a few hairs, just enough to recognize them as boy's. As he softly stroked his hardened penis, feeling happy about the way it looked. Uncut, 7 inches, not too thick, just normal. The penis bent hard upwards, pointing almost at the ceiling as he was aroused, and his balls hang loose in the smooth sack they were protected by. From the tip a long string of clear liquid was oozing out, almost falling down, when Henry intercepted it with his finger, and smeared it over the tip of his tongue.

Henry let his soft hands roam over his body, touching his tight buttocks, as the right hand grabbed his hard teenage cock, and started stroking it up and down slowly. The boy now closed his eyes, and his

mind drifted off to Dennis, the guy he had just met, and expected to pick him up for a city exploration night in Antwerp. His smile had Henry feel all funny inside, and right now, he was way more interested in showing Dennis how slutty he could be, rather than exploring the city. His left fingers found their way to his well stretched hole, and soon he fingering himself hard, legs slightly spread, as his hand flew up and down over his glistening shaft, smearing his salty precum all over it, making it a little slippery as he slid his foreskin back and forth over the swollen pink head.

“Hmmmm” he moaned. Even though Henry was a young sex addict, he perfectly knew that putting off his orgasm a few times made the experience more intense. So here he was, enjoying the feelings travel through his smooth teenage body, three fingers now up his bottom, as he was sitting on his knees on the floor, furiously wanking his hard wet dick, leaning forward.

“Hmmmmppfffff FUUCCCCKKK” he yelled, firing upwards, now leaning back, his ass between his feets resting on the ground, arching his back, and firing his load as he drove his fingers all the way against his own underage anus. Seven jets of thick, creamy sperm flew through the air, over his knees, landing in the open bathroom doorway, as he was rocking his hips back and forth, his eyes still closed, cum now dripping over his trembling fingers, as he leaned back onto his bended legs, putting his arms onto the floor behind him, while his hard cock was still leaking like crazy onto the white tiles on the floor.

“Damn man, that was fucking great” he thought, as his senses were coming back. He’d better hurry up, Dennis could be here any minute, how long had he been masturbating?

Henry was just about to get up, when he heard the knock on the door. “Hey mate, you ready to go?” Dennis’s voice was like a thunderstruck, as he realized he was stark naked on the floor, covered in his own cum, and the boy he had been fantasizing about was about to enter his hotel room, and he had forgotten to lock the door. Panic, excitement, and then action!

He jumped up, and wanted to close the door and shout to wait a second, but he failed. The floor was slippery from the pile of fresh semen he had just shot, and the teen slipped getting up, falling hard against the floor with his shoulder. His head hit the side of the bath, and for a moment he passed out. He could hear the door opening, and then, darkness, nothing more.

END OF PART 1

Not very much sex yet, but please stay tuned to find out what happens to naked cum soaked Henry after passing out on the hotel floor.

Please keep reading and sending comments:

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