

He obediently bent over kneeling knowing that the most private part of his body was exposed. He hoped it was clean. He felt the slightly rough fingers caress his smooth ass cheeks and gently spread them a little. He jumped a little as he felt a dry finger touch his ass pucker. It pressed gently against the locked hole. Another electric shock of sensation ran through the boy. He could feel the man shifting in the driver's seat getting ready to do it...

The man's warm hands grasped both of the smooth pale hips of the young boy. They gently lifted the hips a little in height. The soft pale soles of the young feet were resting over the edge of the car seat. The toes were clenched in tension. The man shuffled round into a kneeling position in the cramped confines of the driver's seat. His trousers still round his ankles were restrictive, but with a little wriggling he gained some movement space. His seven inch erection stretched out throbbing and glistening wanting entry to the soft pink pucker.

John shuddered as he felt the red hot tip of the man's penis touch briefly against his right buttock. He was a little scared of the unknown. Was it going to feel good or just agony as the man took him? Would this make him gay?

"John, just relax a little. I'm not going to hurt you. You will love the feelings. Just tell me if you want me to stop and I will. It won't feel so good if you are all tensed up."

He felt the strong hands reposition his hips a little and more red hot contacts from the man's penis on his legs as the lusting man shuffled closer to the prize. Then the man's hands changed from holding to stroking. They stroked his ass cheeks, his back and his upper legs. John felt some tension ease in his tight leg muscles. He felt a hot dry hand wrap around his own 4 inch iron hard knob stroking it gently and fingers caressing his balls. This stroking carried on for a few minutes.

Chris didn't think he had ever felt so horny in his

whole life. His cock was oozing pre-cum waiting for he chance to fight its way through the tight sphincter of the young boy. It wanted to burrow deep into the tight young love chute ready to pulse hard and long to leave the seed of life deep inside. He knew there would be howls of pain but that soon his pubes would be pressing against soft resilient buttocks of the boy. Every touch of his exposed purple helmet against the tender skin of the boy's legs inflamed him further. He could feel his heart pounding.

He leant forward lifting the boy's ass.

John suddenly felt the first touch against his pucker. It was hot and gentle, but he couldn't resist tensing his body a little. It wasn't hurting yet. It was a gentle tickling swirling feeling round his ass hole. He looked back to see the man's head down by his ass.

"My god he is licking my ass hole" thought the boy to himself though it gave out as a hissing sound. The sensation increased as the man licked more firmly. John felt the tension around his ass relax just a little as the tickles of sensation flowed from his ass pucker to the rest of his body. He felt the tongue try to burrow deeper into his ass. Swirling and pushing against the pink flesh the tongue felt a little easing in the protective tension. The tongue was oozing saliva as it started the sensuous delicate task of burrowing into the boy. It continued until eventually there was a small ring that allowed the tip of the tongue entrance into the boy.

John sighed as he felt the insistent tongue overcome his defences. Little by little he felt it burrow deeper into him. It felt so big for just a tongue. There was no pain at all just his whole body sensation focussed on the invading tongue. All too suddenly the wonderful sensation of the tongue was removed. His body squirmed in protest. The delicate lapping of the tongue was replaced by the feeling of something starting to push into the opening in the pucker. It was harder giving more pressure.

"Don't worry John it is just a finger. Does it feel ok?"

“Wow it is big for a finger. It hurts a little but keep going.”

Chris removed his finger and moistened it in his mouth before returning it to the boy’s ass. With a gentle circular motion he slowly, oh so slowly widened the hole and worked the finger in deeper. It would be so much easier if he had some proper lube. His cock throbbed in protest wanting to be allowed to get on and do its job in the tight tunnel of flesh.

After some minutes of work John had a whole finger fully inside the boy with his knuckles pressing against the firm buttocks. Changing the type of motion he began to finger fuck the boy with deep long slow strokes. The boy’s body was now producing some moisture so the finger was gliding easily. Whilst John’s anus was snug against the finger it was no longer desperately tight. Chris felt the young boy begin to start pushing back with his ass flexing his hips urging the finger to go more deeply. He adjusted the finger to massage the prostate on each inward motion. With his other hand he seized the rock hard 4 inch penis and began to stroke it in synchrony with the motions of his finger.

“Do it harder Chris, deeper” gasped the boy as he flexed his body trying to multiply the sensations. He groaned as the man removed the needed finger from his ass. He turned his head to watch Chris slurping two fingers in his mouth coating them with saliva. When the boy felt the pressure of the fingers against his ass he immediately pushed back to encourage entrance. It hurt a bit with his puckered ring feeling pain at the extra stretching from the second finger. John wanted to get back to where Chris rubbed the special place inside him. He groaned as the fingers spread stretching him open. He jerked his ass back to signal that he needed to be finger fucked. Soon both fingers were smoothly gliding in and out of the boy. The sensation was rapidly building throughout his body as he could feel the sperm begin to boil in his testicles and shoot around his tubes inside his body. Tremors shot vibrating through his body as his arms and legs spasmed and hot boy cum shot out from his hard knob coating the car seat below him. As he crouched on the seat gasping he wanted the man to never take his hands away from his body, but his cock was too sensitive as the hand pumped it a little more to milk the final juice free. He squirmed to

indicate that the man should release him.

He felt so empty and needful when the two finger were slipped out of his ass. He groaned at the loss. Then he suddenly jumped as he heard and felt the man spit saliva at the entrance to his anus. Chris shuffled forwards in his seat and pulled the boy's hips back towards him. John felt the pressure of a hard hot knob start to press against his now shrinking pucker. It was slightly off target so the boy reached behind himself to grasp the rod and better guide it into himself. It felt massive, there was no way that it could fit in his boy's ass. It was damp from saliva. It was pushing harder. John felt himself begin to stretch down there as the purple head found an opening. He pulled his ass cheeks apart to try and ease the pressure. Chris saw this movement and realised it was a signal of acceptance by the boy. He thrust a little harder against the boy and held the slim hips firmly. Finally he began to feel the opening stretching across the top of his hardness. The feeling was intense.

“Ow fuck that hurts too much”.

The kneeling boy pulled his hips forward away from the man, releasing the pressure on his anal ring, but immediately he came back. Feeling behind himself John reguided the erection back against his ass and pushed back against it. Chris tried again gain entrance, but soon realised that this was not going to work. He knew that if he wanted to he could force his way in, but at what cost to the beautiful young boy in front of him. He pulled back and tenderly kissed the boy on his naked lower back.

“No John, lets not force it. I really want to fuck you, but like this I'll hurt you. To do it properly I need some lubricant to get my cock into you. I don't have any here. Thanks for trying anyway. I don't want you to hate your first time.”

The boy turned in the car seat and lounged naked as he with one slender hand gently worked the throbbing erection of the man sat next to him. There was no fear and the boy was fascinated as the motion of the man's flesh and the reaction to his strokes.

“I’m afraid I’ve made a bit of a mess with my spunk on your car seat it’s all soggy under me. I don’t think that I’ve ever cum so much before.”

“Don’t worry I’ll clean it up when I get home. You can stop stroking me now. I’ve kind of gone off the boil now. It will take me ages to cum. We’d best get some clothes back on in case someone comes along here.”

Chris groaned as the cheeky boy leant over and kissed the top of the seven inch erection. The smooth pink tongue licked around the head and the lips slipped over the head. The man wriggled his hips as the boy bobbed his head up and down. Resting his hand on the cute bum of the boy and his arm along the slim naked back he groaned in ecstasy. John was surprised that the cock tasted good, not at all dirty. He had read about cock sucking on the Internet. It just seemed so right now. He tried to swallow the cock down his throat but just gagged and had to stop. He looked up at the smile on this stranger’s face and went straight back to sucking. He wanted to make the man cum, but was a bit worried that it would shoot in his mouth.

After several minutes John was beginning to tire wondering if the man would ever cum. He knew that he was doing it right because of the groans and the little thrusts back from the man. He stopped sucking for a while and wanked the man instead. His own cock was rock hard so he guided the man’s hand to it. They were pleasuring each other in a rhythm of ecstasy both heading toward a crashing orgasm.

“Oh Fuck, John get your clothes on quick. I can see a lorry coming up the road. I think it’s a rescue vehicle.”

A naked streak of flesh dived over the seat back to recover his clothes from the back of the car whilst the man hurried pulled up his underpants and trousers. As soon as he finished buttoning his shirt he looked over to see the precious boy erection disappearing under the school uniform trousers. The boy bent and struggled his shoes on to his feet then leant over and patted the man’s erection now hidden under the suit trousers. The lorry pulled up in front

of the car, its yellow flashing hazard lights sprung into life. A guy jumped out of the driver's door in the truck clad in fluorescent yellow storm gear, came to the car window and tapped on it indicating that Chris should lower the window.

“Mr Rogers is it? I think I can see your problem straight away.”

He looked down at the tyres whilst the blonde headed boy look at Chris's crotch and giggled.

“It is some really foul weather out here Sir so I'll see what I can do to fix it without making you guys wait out in the rain. With both tyres gone we can't just use your spare.”

He went back to the truck and retrieved a large jack and popped it under the car. After raising the wheel off the ground he spun the tyre and checked the damage. That process was repeated with the other damaged tyre. Returning the jack to the truck he came back to the car window.

“Ok Sir, I think I can do a temporary repair with some tyre sealant. There is no obvious damage to the tyres so I guess you must have hit some barbed wire. I've seen that happen before in this road. I don't think that the farm is none to careful with his fencing. If you keep your speed below 50 mph the repair should be good until you reach a tyre repair store. If this doesn't work I'll have to tow to a garage and by the time they are done it will have taken a few hours.”

“Ok thanks, let's try the tyre sealant. I need to get this young man back to his home.”

The rescue man glanced at the young boy sat in the passenger seat with an unbuttoned school shirt and messy hair and appeared to sniff the air from the open car window.

“Ok Sir, I won't be a moment I'll just get some stuff from the truck. Won't be a moment” he said with a

grin.

As he left Chris glanced at the boy to notice a white shirt tail poking from an unzipped trouser fly.

“John, quick do your trouser fly up!”

With a giggle and a blush John restored himself to a proper state of dress.

The rescue man returned with two pressure cans of tyre sealant and applied them to the damaged tyres. After some fiddling with the air tyre pressure he came back to the car door with a raincoat

“Ok that looks as though that will hold just fine Sir. Remember to keep your speed below 50 mph and get to a tyre repair company within a day or so. Would you mind coming over to my truck so we can complete the paperwork. You will need your membership card.”

Chris followed the man over to the truck leaving John in the car. He hopped in on the passenger side of the truck. The rescue man typed some details into a laptop computer, checked the membership card and asked Chris to sign a completed work sheet.

“What is your route from here Mr Rogers? I only ask because it looks like there may be some flooding soon on the main road not far from here with all this heavy rain.”

“Oh we are just going home, it is not too far from here” said Chris, neglecting to mention that his own home was a lot further away.

“Anyway, thanks for coming out in this foul weather to get us going again.”

“No problem at all Sir, I’ll come with you to the car to take back the raincoat.”

The driver pulled the truck to one side as Chris started the engine and then drove away.

“Well John I’d best be getting you home. Thanks for doing that stuff with me. I didn’t really intend to do it when I picked you up but it felt really good. I will remember it for a long time. You are a really nice boy. I hope that you liked it as well?”

“Yeh it was a bit weird at first. I thought you were some kind of pervert at first when you touched me but it felt really good. I was worried that you were going to rape me, but you stopped when it was hurting me. That’s cool. You could have done it you know I mean you could have fucked me. I kinda wanted it to go in. Does that make me Gay wanting that?”

“No just enjoying sex with another guy doesn’t necessarily mean you are Gay. It just means that you enjoyed the sensations is all. You may be gay when you are older, you might be straight or even Bisexual. It’s kind of a bit early for you to really know. There’s nothing wrong in experimenting when you are young.”

“Am I gonna get AIDS because of what we did? You didn’t wear a condom.”

“Don’t worry John. I’ve not done gay sex for ages. Only had sex with my wife for years so I’m pretty sure that I know if I had any diseases.”

“Does that mean you did some gay sex before?”

“Well I did mess around a bit when I was your age.”

“Chris, turn left here now and my house is about quarter of a mile ahead. I think you will need to take this route onto the next town anyway.”

They both sat in silence until the car reached the front gate of John’s house. They unloaded the bike and his school bag, under the shelter of the golf

umbrella. Wheeling the bike through the gate the boy dashed towards his house.

“Thanks for rescuing me Chris, have a good trip home.” He yelled back as he ran.

“Are you going to be ok? The house looks empty.”

“Nah I’m fine. I do this every day, remember? “

With a wave, the boy disappeared out of sight into the house. Chris returned to his car and set off on the way home. As he drove he relived the moments of excitement that had happened earlier in the car. He hadn’t thought that he was gay at all just a happily married man with a young son. It was just that it was so erotic in the car it seemed so right at the time and the boy enjoyed it too by the sounds of things.

He switched on the GPS system and noticed the route home was missing so he reprogrammed the destination to home. It confirmed that he needed to continue along this road to the next town. He drove steadily, no more than 50 mph when suddenly as he rounded a bend in the road he came across a large farm tractor almost blocking the road. A man standing on the back of the tractor in a long dark brown rain coat flagged him down. He stopped the car alongside the tractor and wound his window down.

“Sorry mate, but you won’t be able to get your car through the road ahead. It is flooded and too deep for cars unless you are a big 4 x 4. I had to hitch a lift on this tractor to get across. I left my car back there. If you follow this road in the other direction you should be able to get around it is only an extra 8 miles or so.”

“Err, OK thanks mate, I’ll do that I’ll find somewhere to turn and go back.”

The man banged on the roof of the tractor and it set off along the road away from the flooding. Chris annoyed at the extra delay thought that he’d drive on

the way he'd planned and check to see the flooding. However after a mile drive down the road he reached the flood and it became obvious that there was no safe crossing. Cursing he turned the car and reversed his route.

He drove for a while in the rain. The thunder had now totally stopped it was just steady rain and the evening darkness was beginning to gather. Then ahead in the road about a mile away he could see the blue flashing light of a police or emergency vehicle coming towards him.

At that point his hands free mobile phone rang. He pressed the speaker button and responded:

“Hi, this is Chris Rogers”

“Hi Mr Rogers, I am Neil Crandon. John's father. He told me about this afternoon....”

To be continued.

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