

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.”

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His heart sank in his chest like a heavy blob of cold lead. He realised that the boy had given the full story to his father and now the police were rushing towards him to arrest him. There was no point in trying to avoid it, they already knew his phone number and the registration number of his car. He knew that he would be spending the night in a police cell.

“Mr Rogers are you still there?”

The driver of the police Range Rover signaled for him to stop.

“Mr Rogers?” enquired the voice from his car phone.

He drew level with the open window of the police vehicle and wound down his car window then leant out and shouted.

“Err, can I help you officer?”

“Yes sir, there is no point in driving along the road it is blocked by a fallen tree ahead. You’d best turn round and go back the way you came.”

“I can’t get through that way the road is flooding.”

“I’ll be able to get through the water in this Range Rover without too much problem. There’s no accommodation along this road. I can give you a lift to the next town if you want. It may be ages before the tree gets cleared what with all the demands on the local emergency services.”

“Mr Rogers?” the voice of Neil Crandon came from the still connected phone speaker. “It is one of the reasons why I called you. If you are stuck on the road I can give you somewhere at our house to sleep tonight. The floods will be gone in the morning.”

Chris really didn’t want to be inside a police vehicle tonight. He felt a clammy cold sweat on his chest and back as he began to realise that young John had told no one about their earlier adventures. He had been sweating heavily. He wiped beads of cold sweat from his brow.

“Err thanks officer, but I’ve just had an offer on my phone of accommodation for tonight just down the road. I don’t need to trouble you for a lift. Thanks anyway.”

“Just down the road? Oh that must be the Crandon place. His son John plays in the same Under 14’s rugby team as my son. Looks like you will be well entertained tonight. I’d best get going then, there will be a lot of activity tonight.”

With that the police Range Rover pulled away into the increasing gloom of the damp evening.

“Err sorry Mr Crandon, thanks for that offer. I remember where your place is I think, I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“No problem Mr Rogers just returning the favour of you rescuing my son from this foul weather. Just bad luck that you have been delayed. Young John didn’t tell me about you until I found the message on the answer phone. He deserves a bit of a telling off. Anyway I was able to do a call back on your mobile phone number. I’ll see you in a few minutes. Just park anywhere on the drive outside of the house.”

Chris terminated the call and slumped in his car seat heaving a big sigh. That had been close. He wondered how John would react to him being in the same house, Before setting off again he pressed the call button on his phone.

“Call home”

“CALLING HOME”

After a few seconds delay the call was answered.

“133 2247 How can I help you?”

“Hi Darling, Look I’m afraid that I’ve become stuck by flooding on the road. There has been a really heavy storm here. I’ve found somewhere to stay, so I’ll be coming back tomorrow.”

“OK Dear. You are alright aren’t you? I was watching the national news on the TV. One place has been hit by a tornado and the houses are damaged.”

“No it’s ok, just heavy rain. I was on a detour and the road became blocked. I’ll tell you all about tomorrow.”

“Ok darling. Be safe. I’ll talk to you in the morning.”

He terminated the call and set off towards the Crandon household. At the gate of the property he saw a waiting boy bouncing and waving from under a large golf umbrella. The boy unlatched the gate and hitched a ride on it as it swung open allowing entrance of the car.

He found a place to park fairly close to the house. The boy rushed over with a spare umbrella to shelter the man from the rain. Chris grabbed his PC bag and left the car locking the doors remotely.

“Hi Chris. It’s cool that you are staying here. I didn’t say anything. Dad was a bit mad that I didn’t mention the rescue. Come on through into the kitchen.”

The house was clearly a large old farmhouse with stone floors and low ceilings. The kitchen door was made from old dark oak and had a heavy metal latch. It creaked open on old iron hinges. A log fire burned brightly in a large open fireplace. Standing next to the fireplace was a man about the same age as Chris. There was no chance of not immediately realizing that he was John's father. The man was holding a glass of beer and eating a roast beef sandwich.

"Hi call me Neil. John go get Mr Roger's a beer and bring him some sandwiches. Roast beef ok?"

He put the beer down and strode over to greet Chris with a firm handshake. He was about six foot two tall and well built with tidy blond hair. Chris realised that it was the man who had been standing on the back of the tractor earlier.

"Please call me Chris. It is good of you to offer accommodation to a stranded traveler and yes thanks a beer and sandwiches would be really welcome."

"No problem it's the least we can do. John's mother is stuck in town with the flooding. She has a hotel room. It was fortunate that I'd come back early from a contract job this afternoon otherwise John would have had a lonely night here. When I heard the message and spoke with John I guessed that I'd seen you from the tractor. Come and pull up a chair by the fire. John has some homework to do up in his room.

At that point the boy returned with a large glass of beer and plate of beef sandwiches. He had changed into faded old jeans and a loose casual shirt on top of a closely fitting tee shirt. His feet were bare.

"Here you are Chris. I put some mayonnaise on the beef is that ok?" asked the boy with a grin on his face.

"Yeh that's great thanks." He took a bite, not used to having mayonnaise in beef sandwiches. "yes thanks John this tastes fine."

"Ok I'd best go do the homework or Attila the Hun will be moaning at me."

With that the boy darted out into the dark hall towards his bed room. The old stairs creaking as he ran up them. It was now totally dark outside and the rain still lashed on the farm windows.

Neil picked up his beer and headed towards another door at the other side of the Kitchen.

"Come on through to the lounge. It is more comfortable there and we can watch television."

The lounge was a large room and like the rest of the farm had exposed dark oak beams in the ceiling. There were comfortable brown leather arm chair and a large sofa. As with the kitchen a large open fire projected heat into the room.

"I'm afraid this is where you will be sleeping. The sofa pulls out as a bed, but it is quite comfortable I'll bring some bedding down later."

The men sat chatting through the evening, watching television and drinking a few more beers. Soon it was after 10pm. Neil stood and stretched.

"Right I best go get your bedding. If you need the bathroom it is at the top of the stairs on the left next to John's room. Don't worry about being quiet on the stairs they always creak, we are used to it. They have stood for 200 years. Do you need to borrow some clothes or a dressing gown? What time do you need to leave tomorrow? I guess the flooding will be down by 9'ish in the morning."

"Thanks. I'll be ok. I'll need to go by about 10 if that is no problem to you?"

Neil pulled the bed sofa out and then disappeared upstairs to find bedding. Chris found his way up to the bathroom. He could see the light under the door of

John's bedroom. He was a bit disappointed that he'd not seen any more of the boy during the evening, but he could see the flickering and noise of a computer game so he could guess why.

In the bathroom he found a towel, soap and toothbrush laid out for him. When he returned to the lounge he found that a bed had been made up for him and coat hangers had been made available to hang his clothes. The room curtains were drawn and a small light was set beside the bed. Chris slipped his clothes off and slipped naked into the bed. Sooner than he realised the tiredness from the day's activities overtook him and he drifted into sleep.

It was still dark when Chris woke. The creak of a door had woken him. He sensed that someone was standing in the dark next to his sofa bed. He could hear the gentle breathing. He heard the soft swish and flumph noise of a dressing gown being removed and dropped to the floor. He felt a cool draught as his bedding was lifted and a naked 13 year old boy climbed in next to him.

"Chris are you awake?" came as a whisper in the dark.

"I am now. What are you doing? What if your father comes in?"

"No he won't wake it's 2pm and he's had some beer, you would need a cannon to wake him. We have got some unfinished business from yesterday. You didn't get to cum yesterday."

Chris's cock surged absolutely rigid at the excitement of having a hot naked boy cuddling against him. He could feel the burning hot line of erect boy cock pressing against his belly. He gasped as a small smooth hand grasped his iron hard 7 inches of blood engorged flesh. They snuggled closer together. He felt a tentative hot kiss seeking his nipple and then his lips. Chris slipped his hands down the boy's slim back to find the tender globes of the young buttocks. He pulled the teen closer into him breathing deeply the smell of sleepy boy.

The young hand stroked the hot penis sending surges of sensation through the man. Chris wriggled his fingers round the buttocks probing for the private pucker of the boy. He wriggled a hand free moistened a finger and return it to push gently against the pucker. John squirmed pushing his hot penis hard against the older belly, and at the same time pushing back against the finger.

Suddenly the boy leapt out of the bed and fumbled for his dressing gown.

“What’s up?” he hissed in the darkness towards the boy.

There was no reply as the boy returned to the bed and dropped a cold object against the man’s belly. Then he grabbed a object and with a twisting scraping sound opened the jar and handed it back to the man before snuggling against the comfort of the heat from the man’s body.

Chris stuck a finger in the jar. The contents felt greasy. He smelt the fingers almost no smell.

“It’s Vaseline Chris I borrowed it from the bathroom. Do I need to tell you what to do with it? I want you to go all the way tonight.”

“Are you sure? I’m probably too big and might hurt you.”

The boy responded by wriggling his back against the man’s belly then grabbing the man’s penis and pulling it round to his tight ass. He spread his legs so the man could have easy access to the exposed pink star.

“Yes, just take your time ok?”

To be continued ...

Should I continue with this story? Will Neil awake?
Will Chris finally make it to his objective. Let me
know: polarlord@hushmail.com