

... 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?”

The bare boy wriggled on top of the man against his belly. A red hot rock hard pubescent penis branded Chris's skin. His legs straddled the waist of the man.

Chris twisted the lid off the Vaseline and let it drop to the floor. He dipped a middle finger into the greasy jelly and scooped out a finger load. He swung that finger round to the boy's pucker and applied a dab. John writhed at the cold sensation and then gently pushed back against the finger. The tip of the finger entered the boy for the first time that day and quickly surged into knuckle deep. John wriggled his hips to try and entice the finger deeper into him, though really he wanted the hot man erection that pressed against his belly. Each stroke of the finger served to convince the boy that what he wanted was so right. They kissed each time as the man pressed his finger home. After a few minutes of this fingering and kissing Chris stopped and whispered in John's ear.

‘Can you turn and kneel facing the other way? Wank me real slow.’

John shuffled round in the dark. He was kneeling over the man, his penis touching the other man's erection. Resting on one hand he used the other hand to grasp the big erection below him. Chris gasped as he felt the small hand wrap round him. There was loads of pre-cum so he was already slippery. He grabbed another finger load of Vaseline and worked it into the boy's ass. By now he had two fingers going full length into the boy. Using circular rubbing motions he was gradually stretching open the virgin ass. He had on a couple of occasions slow the small hand that was wanking his cock he didn't want to cum yet.

After another five gentle minutes he realised that the boy's ass, though tight, was comfortably taking two fingers. John was making a cooing noise with each inward stroke with his body bathed in sensations. Chris

paused to scoop some more Vaseline and then returned with three fingers. There was a sharp intake of breath from the boy but he stoically pushed back inviting Chris to continue.

‘John, are you sure about this? You don’t have to do it. I don’t have a condom.’

He did not hear a response from the boy. There was just a physical response from the boy. He stopped wanking Chris. Then he leant back and grabbed the man’s erection. He had many times read about how to do this on the internet.

Brushing the fingers away from his ass hole John guided the cock head to the now small but gaping hole. Chris stopped him briefly and applied a scoop of Vaseline to his own penis. Guiding the boy’s hand to smear the greasy substance over the length of the shaft started to guide the plum shaped tip to the small orifice. The tip was leaking a steady stream of sticky goo.

‘Sit down on it gently John. Don’t rush, let yourself adjust to the size slowly.’.

He felt the downward pressure increase on his rod as the boy started to try and force the monster inside his bowels. To John it felt though something the size of a tennis ball was pushing against his hole and ass cheeks. He maintained the pressure, gradually increasing with tiny jerks of his hips. His ass hole felt so tight and stretching. Chris felt a band of tightness slipping over the moist head of his cock. He had never ever felt his penis so hard. It wanted to burrow mercilessly into the boy and plant its white creamy seed. Chris had lost all track of time. Nothing else existed other than the need to be inside the boy. He held the boy’s hips with his hands providing support, trying to prevent him rushing. After a series of tiny jerks against his knob Chris felt the band of tightness rush in increasing acceleration over the head of the shaft and lock tightly behind the rim of the glans.

‘Arggh’ John briefly screamed at the lance of pain inside him. He hadn’t realised it would hurt like that. He held his breath at the intense pressure inside him stretching him wide. John briefly tried lifting off but that

just sent intense spikes of pain rippling through him. His jaws were clenched. He held where he was, hoping that the pain would stop. He could feel tears gathering in his eyes. He wondered why he had done this. How could he stop it?

‘John try and relax don’t fight it.’

Gradually the pain reduced, replaced by a feeling of pressure and swelling in his ass chute. He could feel Chris gently wriggling below him making tiny tiny movements with the monster erection that was tearing him apart. John could feel the weight of his body slowly oh so slowly pushing it deeper into his body. John could feel the pulse of Chris’s heart make the erection throb inside him. His crouched legs were aching at the tension of suspending his boy weight.

‘Ahh ah ow ow Aaah oww oo’ were the little cries emanating from tense slim body of the blond 13 year old boy.

Chris had never felt anything so tight around his erection squeezing it like some circular vise, but his excitement was fighting back with the blood pressure in his cock. He so wanted to thrust in hard and deep then fully claim his prize. The sensation was incredible. He hoped that boy was not damaging himself but it was too late now. The vise like pressure was gradually inching its way along his erection as he sunk deeper into the boy. Releasing one hand from the boy’s waist he stretch round and felt the boy’s cock and balls. It had gone soft with the pain and distraction. Chris gently massaged the penis. Bringing it back to life and hardness.

The pain had almost gone from the boy, just intense pressure and stretching inside him. Without thinking he relaxed his leg muscles, but there was no sudden movement and pain. He realised that the man’s pubic hair was pressing against his ass. He had “gone all the way”, he was no longer a virgin. He was really being fucked.

Chris could feel the weight of the boy resting on his pubis bone. He wanted to stroke the naked boy all over his body to cuddle and kiss him but the massive tension

on his erection kept him down.

‘John, you did it. Has the pain stopped? Can you move yet?’

‘Oh Chris that fuckin hurt like hell, but it feels ok now. You cock feels massive inside me. I haven’t hurt you have I?’

‘Ok, when you feel ready try moving up and down a bit. Don’t hurt yourself though? You are not too sore are you?’

John responded with a few tentative up and down movements. It still hurt a little bit if he moved suddenly but it did feel good to feel Chris’s cock moving inside him. Gradually he increased the movement feeling Chris groan in ecstatic response. Soon the motion changed to the centuries old fucking between boy and man bodies in synchronized action. Like some kind of slow motion jockey the boy rode his man.

Chris all the time was masturbating the boy and he soon got the rhythm in time with the fucking. All too soon the boy felt the tingle surging through his body as his young sperm desperately sought to escape his body. He groaned loudly and repeatedly as he arched his back pressing hard against the invading penis. Streams of white young cum sprayed out covering his chest and the legs of the man.

Chris almost came when the young teen shuddered so violently on him. The boy’s ass clamped hard down onto his erection trying desperately to suck the man juice out of him, but the man had other plans. He gently lifted the semiconscious naked boy off his cock and wriggling round lowered the boy face down onto the sofa that was his bed. John moaned in protest at the emptiness in his ass but snuggled cozily into soft surface. He barely registered the man lifting his tummy and pushing a pillow under him, raising his ass into the cold air. Chris knelt straddling the boy’s hips. Gently parting the bum cheeks he felt and found the entrance to his prize. Carefully he gently reinserted his cock into the boy and thrust in deep. John came fully awake at the renewed invasion, but this time it did not hurt as the man moved in and out of him.

Gently Chris lowered part of his leg and upper body weight on to the boy's body while he continued to slowly fuck in long deep strokes. His hips pushed down against the slim boy hips. He wanted this to last as long as possible and be memorable for the boy. There was no sense of time but this fuck must have continued for 15 minutes or more. Every so often Chris would pause to avoid an orgasm and then continue fucking. Young John made a quiet "ooh" noise each time that the man thrust into him. Finally and suddenly Chris could no longer fight off the orgasm. Hot semen shot uncontrolled from his balls through his penis where it erupted deep inside the boy. John had felt the man pause and thrust as deep as he could before the penis throbbed and expanded inside him. He knew that this was it, the moment when he was first filled with man cream.

Chris shuddered several more times before he was finally drained. He collapsed allowing his weight to press down on the boy.

'Oi I can't breathe'

'Oh sorry John. Wow that was fantastic. Do you feel ok? Is that what you have been wanting all evening? I know I did.'

Chris rolled off the boy, but taking a final opportunity to stroke the naked back and cute bum cheeks.

'Yeh it was great. You ready for another now? Doesn't feel like it.'

John had found and tweaked the man's soft sticky penis.

'No I have to rest first. We'd best get some sleep. Maybe in the morning, if we get the chance.'

'OK'

The boy rolled over and snuggled into the sofa bed.

‘Sorry John, but you have to go back to your own bed. Your dad could wake and come down anytime.’

‘Oh ok, but you promise we’ll doing in the morning ok?’

The naked boy slipped out of bed, stumbled around and picked up his dressing gown and slipped naked out of the room. As he climbed the stairs to go back to his bedroom he felt a cool sticky trickle down the back of his leg.’

Downstairs Chris quickly rebuilt the bed on the sofa and settled down to sleep. Almost immediately he fell into a deep sleep.

Awake in the dark Neil Crandon lay awake in his bed for a while longer. He had been disturbed by the sound of his son creeping down the creaking stairs to visit the man sleeping downstairs. He could guess that something was going on between those two, but it was clear that it had been consensual. When he had taken the boy’s school trousers for washing and pressing, ready for the next school day, he had noticed and smelt the cum stain on the seat of the pants. He smiled as he realised that his son was more sexually advanced than he had been. He had lost his virginity at the age of 15 years to a local farmer in a hay stack. When he heard the shriek and groans downstairs he had been left in no doubt what had happened. Neil had been tempted to follow his son into his bedroom on his return, but had already cum twice masturbating himself as he listened to what had happened downstairs. He was not worried about his son giving his cherry to the stranger, it clearly what John wanted to do. There would be no long term complications as the man lived so far away, but he would have a word with his son to remind him about safe sex. It would also give him the chance to tell John that he had no problem if his son discovered that he was really gay. With those thoughts he drifted off sleep.

The sound of the farm tractor engine suddenly woke Chris. “Wow that was some dream” he thought to himself before he realised that he was actually on a sofa bed in a farm house. He turned his head and noticed the Vaseline tub next to his pillow. Checking his watch he discovered it was 8am. He looked around and

saw propped on a chair a letter addressed to him. He opened it.

*Dear Chris,*

*I'm sorry to be a poor host, but I have to take John to school. The local farmer tells me that he thinks that the floods will be down enough for cars to pass by about 10 am. The farmer is taking us on the tractor. Feel free to help yourself to breakfast. I've left fresh towels and a disposable razor in the bathroom if you need to freshen up.*

*Just pull the front door locked when you leave and once again thank you for looking after my son like you did.*

*Regards,*

*Neil Crandon.*

Chris had a long slow showered and then cooked himself some breakfast. As he sat at the table drinking coffee and listening to the radio he made several phone calls on his mobile phone to rearrange his day. He tidied the lounge where he had slept and picked up his belongings then left the house, locking the door as requested.

He drove slowly thinking of what had happened to him during the last 24 hours. When he reached the flooded section he could see that the water level had dropped substantially and he drove through the shallow water without any problem. After a few minutes he was back on the major roads and driving quickly. A call came through on his hands free phone system. It was his boss.

‘Hi Chris, I here you have had quite an adventure. Look I need that forecast report within the next 30 minutes for a meeting. Can you email it to me?’

‘Sure no problem Walter. I'll park up and send it via my

mobile phone. It will take about 10 minutes.'

'Ok that is perfect.'

His boss hung up on the call. Within five minutes Chris had stopped and had grabbed his laptop bag. As he pulled the laptop out of the bag a folded note dropped to the car floor. Chris picked it up.

*Chris,*

*Check your GPS I'll call your mobile at the weekend.*

*Love*

*John*

*ps check your bag I've left a present for your son.*

Chris checked the other pockets of the bag and found a small parcel. He opened it and found a pair of boxers. He checked the tag, they were for a 13 year old boy. The cum on them was still damp.