

# THE TRICK



**I**t was January in San Francisco, the first clear day after weeks of dreary storms. The rain that was keeping me Muni bound had finally let up, and I was itching to have my bike between my legs again. I was restless and sleepless even after spending an hour jerking off to Daddy/boy porn, and 2 o'clock a.m. or no, I knew there had to be some action somewhere.

It was the contrast the caught my attention first. The boy looked so out of place it jarred the eye. On a nice, quiet, tree lined street, the elegantly restored Victorian stood framing in its well lighted marble stairway what can only be described as a degenerate farm boy.

Oblivious to the chilled air, bare feet nonchalantly stuck out of ragged baggy overalls. The large frame leaned into the wall, carelessly showing the lack of shirt under the leather jacket. Tousled blond hair framed the sun-freckled boyish face, as lips puckered gently to accept a cigarette from a meaty callused paw.

Not wanting to distract the boy from its oral delights, I drove slowly past and parked on the corner. Walking back, I wondered what was possessing me, true, I am into other butches, the bigger, the badder, the better, but generally the only thing on my mind is dropping to my knees and sucking them off, or just getting the shit kicked out of me by a butch who enjoys the work. This, however was pure boy. I wanted to make it wallow in the mud and beg, bend it over my bike and fuck it, force it to its knees and . . .

My thoughts were interrupted by movement, stopping I realized I was adjacent to the child, caught in the shadows across the street. Quickly I looked over to see if it had noticed me. No, the boy didn't see me, couldn't possibly, noticing with a smile what movement it was that had caught my attention. The boy adjusted his position, with one leg propped up on the stair, his back wedged in the corner, one hand guiding the cigarette back to those soft full lips, the other hand disappearing into the coveralls. Ah, that is the movement that catches my eye now. A slow pumping action filled the baggy overalls. The cloth fell over something stiff, billowing and collapsing in a hypnotic rhythm, a rhythm that might seem foreign to

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anyone other than another of our ilk. The rounded fullness escaping from the top of the overalls

added to the incongruent picture. My eyes filled with voyeuristic wonder as I watched her jack off. She tossed her head back, a small smile dimpling her face. Her eyes half lidded regarded only inner fantasies. Cigarette, forgotten, dangled from her hand. Her mouth awaiting some other oral pleasure opened slightly and glistened in the light. Back arching, eyes closed, the boy came with a moan that seemed to echo along the quiet street.

The hand did not leave the confines of her clothing, as the boy restlessly looked around. Taking a chance that she would not be satisfied with her performance, I emerged from the shadows and walked slowly across the street. The boy startled, looking more guiltily than afraid as a slow flush suffused her face. I noticed with delight however that when she saw what was approaching, the hand returned to its place. "That's right boy, continue what you're doing. I just want a closer look," I say amazing myself with my audacity. Blushing even harder the boy hung her head but continued the pumping slowly. I watched for a moment or two before smiling slyly and saying, "Ah, you're very sweet, but you look a bit lost, do you need any help? Maybe I could give you a ride somewhere," looking down at my bike. The boy, looking increasingly flustered glanced quickly at my bike, back to the house, and then shyly looked at me and said, "Uh, I'd need to be back before they wake up, but, uh OK." Excitement and daring lit up her baby blue eyes as they met mine, sending a jolt racing to my cunt. Looking pointedly at her feet, I told her to get her shoes on and meet me by the bike. She turned and headed into the house, looking like she expected me to disappear. Hurrying to the bike, I checked my saddlebags for my 'emergency kit' and smiled when I noticed I hadn't unpacked from my last date. Everything I could need was neatly secured in my bags, and what wasn't there was already in my pants. I quickly took out a pair of handcuffs and the gag, and stuffed them in my pocket. Hearing footsteps, I turned and watched her approach. Moving with a grace unexpected for a big girl she sauntered towards me trying desperately to appear cool. Jacket zipped barely restrained her cleavage. Her soft full belly escaped the confines of the jacket adding fullness to the overalls. Big broad shoulders and large working arms contrasted the softness of her torso. Her hands jammed into pockets, she self-consciously stopped in front of me. Smiling, with what I hope is my most innocuous grin, I motioned for her to hop on. As she swung up behind me, her face looked poised to ask a question, so I smiled again and revved the bike, not giving her a chance to speak.

I headed the bike to the SoMa area and a seedy little alley I knew of. The boy clung to my back like someone who's never ridden a bitch, but moved with the turns like a pro. Making sure to keep her occupied at every stop light, I groped and fondled her legs and whatever else I could reach. She seemed nervous, but her grip was firm on my leather, and she started self-consciously caressing my back and sides. We rounded the corner to the alley and I turned off my lights so as not to startle the fags, who were already busy. I parked the bike behind a dumpster, on the sidewalk, and hopped off the bike. Turning around I looked expectantly at the boy. He sat on the bike scanning the alley with a puzzled look, wondering I suppose, what in the hell he was doing in a strange alley, half dressed, with a bitch he doesn't even know. Without giving him a chance to change his mind, I grabbed his jacket front and hauled him off my bike and used the momentum to throw him into the wall behind me. Clamping my mouth onto his to prevent any protest, and using my body weight to pin him to the wall, I slapped the cuffs on. I thrust my leg between his, pushing his balls into

his cunt. His body relaxed, his weight sagged onto my leg. I reached into her pants and grabbed the dick with one hand and the other I placed around her throat. "So, what were ya thinkin' about, pretty boy?" I said, mimicking his pumping action from the earlier performance. My hand engulfed the dick and pumped it hard against his clit. "Standing there, jerking off in the middle of the night, what was going on in that pretty little head of yours?"

The boy tensed again as he struggled to get the blood back into his head. Blushing and hanging his head he whispers, "Something like this, Sir." A feral smile appeared on my face as I say, "Oh, you flatterer, are you implying I'm a dream come true?" I moved my hand from her neck to her chest, lazily, almost absentmindedly, I caressed her abundant cleavage, working my way to her nipples. "If I wasn't so concerned about putting my dick in that pretty little mouth, I'd ask you to be more specific," I say as I grabbed her nipple pulling down and twisting, using my leg behind her knee to help her take the hint. I dropped her to her knees. "But you've given me such a hard on boy, lets see if you can use your mouth as well as you can use your hands." Stepping back so I could look at her face, I slowly unbuttoned my fly, watching for anything resembling rejection, as I pulled my dick out, a small smile crossed her face as her eyes stayed on my dick. "You want this don't cha boy, you want to feel this dick in the back of your throat, Tell me boy is this what you want?" I said standing just out of reach. Never taking his eyes off my dick, the boy mumbled, "Oh, yes Sir, please." Moving closer so my dick just touched the edge of his lips, I grabbed his hair and forced his face to look up at me, "I thought so, you're just a regular little fag aren't cha, so desperate for dick that you'll go off with a total stranger, just so you can get some. Do you realize boy, you don't even know my name?" Before the boy had a chance to respond, I shoved my dick into his mouth. The boy's lips wrapped around my dick, I pushed into his mouth until I felt resistance, then I held still. "You look real good hanging off my dick, pretty boy, you look like you belong there, on your knees in some seedy little alley with a dick between your lips, is that where you belong?" The boy nodded his head as vigorously as possible while keeping my cock in his mouth. I felt his throat relax and started slowly pumping into his mouth. Reminding myself not to get too enthusiastic, I kept myself to a nice steady rhythm. A guttural moan escaped from my throat, and the boy responded by picking up the pace. I felt my eyes start to glaze, as my blood raced to my clit, and tried to pound through to fill the silicone. I leaned back into my bike for support, and grabbed the boy's head more firmly. I held his head steady, as I slowly started fucking his face. His face turned red as he struggled to find a breathing pattern but he didn't gag as I sank my dick to its base. My voice sounded husky as I said "You're quite the little faggot aren't cha boy, this isn't the first time you've sucked cock, is it?" The boy groaned, but shook his head no, as I continued to fuck his face. "You want to feel me come boy?" "Can you take it?" Without giving him a chance to respond, I started pounding into his throat. My body tensed, knees locked, as my hands started shaking on his head. The orgasm rocked through me almost knocking us both over.

**"You're just a regular little fag aren't cha, so desperate for dick that you'll go off with a total stranger, just so you can get some."**

I yanked his head off my dick, and pulled him to his feet. Tears were running down his face, and I caught a few in my hand and licked them. "Since you're such a good boy, I'm gonna fuck you now. can you take that big dick in your ass, boy?" Smiling shyly at me the boy said "Yes Sir." "Good." I said reaching into my saddle bags. I grabbed the lube and condoms, and put them on my dick, as I watched the boy self-consciously drop his overalls. I pulled the gag out of my pocket and buckled it onto his head. I grabbed his arm and roughly threw him over the bike. I cleared his harness out of the way and dribbled some more lube on his ass. "Put your hand here boy, let's put some lube on that dick of yours so you can jack off nice and proper while I fuck the shit out of your ass." The boy awkwardly moved his handcuffed hands so I could reach them and I dribbled lube into them. As he smeared his dick with the stuff, I nudged the head of my dick slowly into his ass. He groaned, as I felt the ring of muscle melt and allow the head of my dick to enter. The boy, obviously an avid ass fucker, bucked back into me, taking my dick to the halfway point. Slowly the boy started fucking himself on my dick, and not being one to pass up an opportunity, I just relaxed and watched. The boys nice full ass caught all the light this dim little alley had to offer, and seemed to glow framed between his jacket and my pants. His head turned to the side so I could see his mouth stretched around the ball gag and his brow creased in concentration. His arms moved in a rhythm to match his hips, disappearing underneath him. Moans escaped the confines of his throat, and reached my ears, causing mine to match. Moving together now, his ass filled with my dick, as my hips slapped against him. Waves of pleasure seemed to bounce between us increasing in intensity with each thrust. The tempo increased until I was fucking him so hard the bike started rocking. The boy trembled, and a low loud moan filled the night air, sending me over the edge. We came together as my hips crashed into his butt for one final thrust. The boy's knees buckled, as I fell onto him, across the bike. With lethargic determination, I stood up and slowly pulled my dick out of his ass.

The dawn(having snuck up on us), illuminated the alley, as the boy and I pulled our clothes and selves together. "Well, sweet boy, looks like I should probably take you back." I said as I tucked my dick back into my pants. I climbed back onto the bike and watched the boy finish pulling himself together. I ruffled her hair as she smiled at me, and climbed up behind me.

The boy cuddled close on the trip home, and as I pulled onto her street, squeezed hard against me. I pulled over in front of the house and turned off the bike. As she hopped off, I snagged her arm and spun her toward me. Pulling her against me I kissed her long and hard, my tongue managing to reach in and pull out one final orgasm. I broke off the kiss, and held her face so she looked into my eyes, "My name is Alex, boy, what's yours?" Grinning widely, she replied "Tony, Sir, and thank you."