

The boy was hot. No denying it. He was thick and full in all the right places, with muscled arms and broad shoulders. He wore his jeans slung low, stretched snug across his ass. His tight T shirt had precisely cuffed sleeves. His carefully-cared-for boots were not too shiny for his perfectly weathered belt. You could tell without looking that his hands would be well manicured, but not too well. He stood out in the crowd of LL Bean-clad straights. I was overcome with the desire to pull him into the alley and wrestle him till he was pinned to the wall. In the midst of this early evening summer crowd I wanted to come up behind him all of a sudden and growl in his ear, "I know what you want..." while I pressed up close to him, felt the bulk of his body and my own familiar stirrings of response. So I did just that. I came up behind him in stealth mode. Reappearing at his curb side shoulder I took his upper arm and elbow firmly from behind, "Dirty boy, I know what you want." The way he gasped told me he was ready for whatever came his way. Or so he thought.

I directed him to the alley on our right. Just past the dumpsters I turned him around. Taking him in from head to toe, I was drawn to the curve of his beautiful belly and everything that lay above and below that equator. I wanted to be an explorer and lay my claim on all latitudes and longitudes of this boy. With close cropped hair and sunglasses he made quite a sight – sleeves rolled up just so, leather vest just so, levis full at the crotch just so. I walked up to him real slow, allowing him to get a good look at me. He held himself so beautifully, solid and strong. He was not gonna give an inch until he absolutely had to. Just the kind of boy I like to torment.

I circled slowly behind and enjoyed his response to my intake of my breath just before I swung my arm around his neck. Putting more and more pressure on his airway, I whispered in his ear, "This is what you want, boy, isn't it? Oh, dear, you can't answer when you can't breathe. That's quite a predicament, isn't it?" I felt his knees go out from under him and let him fall to the ground. Gasping, he scrambled to get up, trying not to let his good jeans get fucked up. Little prima donna. I'd show him.

As he got to his knees I pushed him over again, laughing. I pulled him up by his leather vest and got right in his face. He was so mad he couldn't think straight. Like a cat suddenly thrown into a bathtub, he struck out wildly, spitting in my face. I dropped his ass down on the ground again and kicked him in the gut. While he lay on the ground moaning, I wiped his spit off my face and goatee, trying to look tough and pissed off. (Really I was thinking about how it would feel to have him spit like that right on the head of my cock, or on my spread open cunt, or on my face...but I digress.)

I picked him up from the ground and muscled him against a grimy wall, all the while telling him how I knew exactly what he wants, even if he doesn't know what that is yet. My hands took control of his body. Across his chest I found treasures and some land mines. (He told me with his body where I could touch safely.) With my hands, my breath and my dick I listened for his sounds of pleasure. Working his nipples roughly, I described all the things I would do to him if we were at home: How my belt would feel landing on his already cherry red ass; How my fist would feel slamming into his chest; How the cane would zing through the air to welt and bloody his ass. The dirty talk sent him flying; his resistance was down.

That's when I reminded him of his earlier bad behavior. "Boy, you were on the right track until you spat at me. Do you have any idea how disrespectful it is to spit at me? Don't shake your head," I snarled. He showed a hint of attitude so I slapped him across the cheek and then spat in his face. He looked astonished until the back hand landed and he felt my hand grab a handful of his hair. I covered his nose and mouth with my free hand and told him to keep his bodily fluid to himself unless I directed otherwise. His eyes showed what I was after - the recognition that he had been caught by someone trickier, meaner and stronger than he was. He nodded and I released him to breathe again. But not for long.

Smiling, I pushed him down to his knees in a puddle of dirty water and begin to unbuckle my belt. I swear I saw him wipe away some errant drool that made it down his chin. He practically came when I pulled it out. From behind the dumpster but I could see down the alley and onto the fancy store-lined avenue. People were streaming by, totally unaware that this luscious, round boy was about to take my dick down his throat.

Before I let him have it, I told him to work my nuts a little. With his head resting on my thigh he cupped my nuts in his palm and pulled, twisting slightly, till I moaned. Then he kept working them like that while my dick twitched in front of his lips. Involuntarily his tongue snaked out of his mouth and licked at my slit. His hands roamed up over my belly around my hips and up to my tits. He worked my nipples while I fed him my reddening cock - inch by inch it slipped between his lips. My view was amazing - his head sliding over my cock, the movement of his ass while he sucked me off, belt glinting in the sun. He got really into it. "I told you I knew what you wanted...I was right, wasn't I?" He nodded, his head on my dick, swallowing the last inch down his throat, gag reflex repressed. It was delicious, but I was saving my come for something else.

I eased him off my dick and pulled him to standing again. He looked dreamy from the cock sucking - lost in a throbbing, salty daze. I brought him back to reality with a fierce slap across the face. And a back hand to match. I tell him, "Boy, it was your ass that caught my eye walking up the street. The way you advertise it like that, with your belt and your good underwear and your falling-down-just-so-jeans. I'm going to have it now. Gonna take your ass right here in this alley, you don't even know my name and I'm going to cum inside your ass." He just moaned.

I pushed him against the wall face first. "Don't fuss and you won't get hurt," I promised. "Unbuckle your pants and drop them to your knees." He complied. "God, what an ass!" He filled out those 501's and the x-rated Hanes boxer briefs bellow. I ran my hands down his back and over his ass, easing his boxers down. I took a deep breath and started to drool, hungry to feel my dick slip into his tightest little hole. I spread his cheeks and twirled a finger into his hole, gauging experience.

I held his cheeks apart and spat on his pucker hole. The feel of the cold air on his ass, the awareness that he was about to get nailed, made him gasp and moan. With my dick in hand, I located his asshole with my thumb and then slid the head of my cock in. I popped it in and out, enjoying his moment of struggle each time. I directed the boy to work his own bits, "It'll make it easier to take my cock," I say, "It's rather wide." Without waiting for him to comply I slid the next inch and a half in and started to work his ass for real. With each stroke I moved a little deeper. Every 20 strokes or so he spread his legs a little more, working his dick/clit. He moaned, moving back to meet me and letting me know in all kinds of ways that he could come like this - dirty, in the alley, with my dick up his ass. So I told him to come while I fucked him. I knew the sound of him coming and the way his ass was going to tighten around my cock would make me come, too. I spread his cheeks to get that last couple of inches of dick in there. With him moaning and moving, I started fucking shallower but faster, working my thick dick, stretching his hole wide. I told him how dirty he was for taking it up the ass by this busy street. I reminded him that I kicked him around earlier, that when he came it would be because it pleased me, because it increased my arousal. His frantic words ran together: "I know, Sir, I know.... please, Sir. Oh, God. Sir, can I just come for you? Please? You were right; you did know exactly what I wanted. Thank you for showing me, Sir. I'm sorry I spat on you, Sir. So sorry. Please. Please, can I come? Please?" And I finally told him, "Yes, boy, come!" I stroked my last three deep strokes and right after his orgasm washed over his body I let loose with a hot, full load right up his ass.

Before he could catch his breath I spun him around, pushed him gently down, and made him lick my cock clean. I ruffled his hair and walked away. I felt his eyes on me and I didn't look back. 🐣