

Rent Boy

By Ian Kovnats
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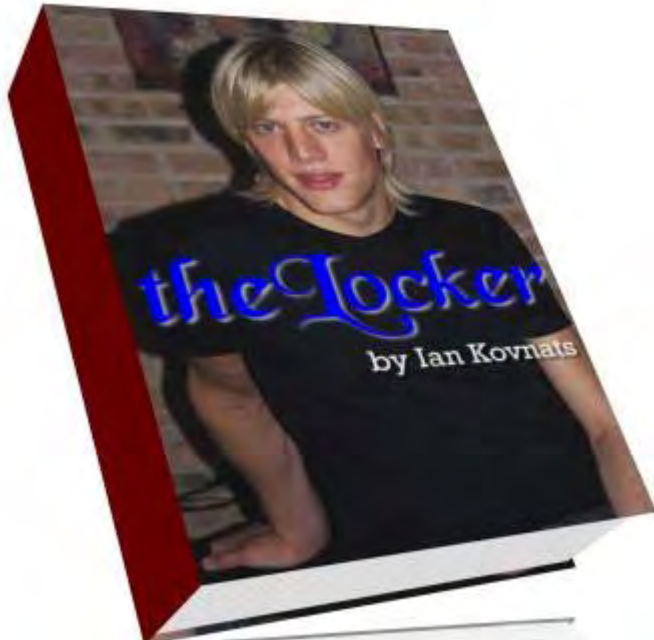
All Zack wants is to experience the press of another boy's lips on his. To just feel what it would be like to have someone show just some affection.

Trouble is, when in school you just don't broadcast you are gay, least not if you want to survive the year without being beaten up.

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The Locker

The words on his locker last year were bad enough but now he was going to have to share it with some new kid. He doubted if that would last though, still he wished life could be different for him.

For once he'd just like to be accepted for being who he was and not what he was.

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Chapter 1

Josh sat there, his eyes carefully watching the changes in Darren's facial expressions. He watched the way Darren looked everywhere but at him. Josh had certainly dropped a bombshell onto Darren's plate, but he couldn't keep it a secret from him. He had no choice, and Darren had pressed it. He waited, with a sinking heart as Darren's face showed the struggle going on within.

As he waited, his brain went back to over 7 years ago. He didn't think he looked much different now as he did then, except maybe he was more filled out. He still was a good looking 6 foot tall blond, his body maybe was more defined, more muscular, but he still only weighed a solid 170 lbs, and he did work out every day.

That was a far cry from when he left the farm 7 years ago, on his 18th birthday. He grimaced slightly as he remembered that 1st year on the road, all alone and abandoned, so to speak. It was funny how the brain went back in time, while you waited for your future to explode in your face.

Josh looked at Darren, saw his green eyes glazed over as he was digesting all that he had just been told. He watched the way his lips were, sort of jutting outwards now, trembling a little, and yet he knew that it wasn't from excitement, but from the inner struggle going on. His own eyes, a piercing blue, were now distant as his brain dredged up old news. He could see flashing before him that cold October day when he left his family and headed off from the farm down the road towards where he was now.

He sat back in the cushioned dining chair, waiting for Darren's struggle to end. As he did, he leapt backwards in time to that day, seven years ago, as he strode down the road past the old mailbox, past the weathered fence that he had mended time in and time out ever since he was old enough to pound a nail. He could see the long trail down the highway as he walked in his old tattered jacket, waiting for some traffic to try and hitch a ride so his escape would be quicker.

He must of been walking for several hours before the first sign of ride came barrelling down the old highway. It was an old style 5 ton truck and as it went past, he managed to stick his thumb out for a lift. The truck, with a tired old

squeal of brakes and dust, stopped a few hundred feet up the road. Josh ran forward, and climbed up to get in.

"Whoa there partner," a deep southern voice called out.

"Where are your manners?"

"Uh, sorry, I am Josh."

"Yeah well, that's nice there Josh, but where you heading?"

"Anywhere that's away from here," he replied.

"Uh, huh, so you heading anywhere, well you prepared to pay the freight there kid, this is no free bus service," the driver answered.

Josh, his hand still on the open door, looked at the driver of the truck. He was about in his mid 30's, a scraggly beard covered his face, but his eyes were a steel grey in colour and they stared hard at him. He suddenly realized that those eyes weren't looking at him, but instead were concentrated firmly on his crotch.

"Well there Mr. Josh, you gonna answer, I got me a schedule to keep, so you want the ride, you gotta pay the price, what's it gonna be kid?"

"I don't have any money," he replied, trying to buy himself time.

"Money? No, but you got something else you can pay with."

"I don't do that," he said, his voice shaking somewhat trying to figure a way out.

"Then you don't ride kid, so make up your mind, first time for everything."

"Uh, well, what exactly do I have to do?"

The driver looked at Josh, taking in his young body, the way his clothes hung on him, and that lovely sweet basket of his. He liked his job, driving the back roads instead of the super highways always brought him some entertainment. He specially loved those young farm boys, running from home. Their milk was always sweet and they never caused trouble. This one looked really inviting, and he could almost taste that young fresh virgin dick buried in those faded jeans.

Josh waited, his heart beating. He had to get away from this place, and yet he really didn't know if he could let some stranger into his pants. He knew he preferred men, but his

experience, to say the least, was limited to his own fantasies in the bathroom or privacy of his bedroom. He could feel himself blushing as the driver stared at his crotch.

He was scared, but his dick didn't seem to mind the staring, as it was feeling pretty hard in his jeans as the driver kept his eyes on his crotch.

He knew he was going to have this kid, the way the kid was still hanging on the door and not running. Funny how that worked, how some of these farm boys were so anxious to get away they would do anything, and this one was no exception.

"Well for starters kid you can get in and undo those jeans and let me see just whether or not you got anything worth giving a ride to."

Josh took a look down the long empty highway, the eerie rustling of the trees in the light wind, all of it telling him of no other way out. A coldness flew threw his body, he shivered as he climbed into the truck cab. He kept his eyes to the ground, looking at the dirty floorboards. With a deep sigh, and a heavy heart he reached over to his pants, and popped the button.

His heart was beating fast as he undid his jeans. The zipper went down easily and as he reached inside to pull his shorts to one side, his cock popped out, exposing a long 8 inch cock, glistening in the day's light. Josh pushed his jeans apart, lifting himself slightly, to get his whole dick out, for inspection.

The driver watched Josh push his zipper down. He licked his thin lips in anticipation, and when the hard cock came out, he almost let out a long sigh of appreciation. He had seen lots of young dick before, but this was a real treat. His mouth drooled as he envisioned that large cock wedged between his lips and he looked up to Josh, seeing the boy with his eyes closed shut. He smiled to himself, thinking how easy this was.

"Well, guess that'll get you somewhere up the road Kid, now you just leave it out there while I get us going some ways, and then we'll see how much further you can really go."

Josh just sat there, his head now turned to look out the window, his pants down to his knees, his hard cock bouncing in the air as the truck roared down the old highway. He was feeling dirty with each passing mile. He had hoped this wouldn't be how his first time would be, but

he had no choice, at least so he thought. He had to get away, and fast. Small tears formed in the corner of his eyes, but that wouldn't help him, and he shrugged them off, setting his jaw, and his heart.

The truck bounced along the old highway for awhile and then at a small clearing, the driver pulled the truck off to the side. He set the brakes and turned the old thrashing engine off. Josh tensed as he saw the truck swerve off the highway into the clearing. He knew what was coming next and he wished that it would be over already. His mind kept telling him he had no other choice, now if only his heart could believe it, and his stomach would stop churning, he might get through this.

Josh jumped as he felt a strong hand caress his crotch and while he kept his face pressed to the window, he knew that the truck driver was about to collect his payment for the trip. He felt a chill in his body as the hand reached down, patting his pubic hair, then starting to lightly touch his penis. He breathed in quickly as the fingers gently rubbed his semi hard penis, bringing it up to being fully erect in seconds.

How could he be enjoying this? He didn't like the guy, and he sure didn't excite him physically, yet his cock was as hard as he had ever felt it. Guess it just was the excitement of the moment, he thought, as the hand continued to play with his dick.

As the hand moved around his cock, his breathing became harder to control, and he closed his eyes tight, trying to shut out the feelings running through his body, but he couldn't deny the sensations that were travelling up from his cock to his body.

The driver pushed Josh's legs open wider, to give him more of a look at the young manhood dangling between those two firm legs. He reached down and started to rub the soft blond pubic hairs, teasing them and watching the 8 inch dick respond by growing to its full extension. This was gonna be a treat he thought, too bad the kid couldn't show how he enjoyed it, cause the driver knew he did, otherwise he wouldn't be letting him, now would he?

The driver pushed the legs wider, exposing the heavy balls and he cupped them in one of his hands, gently squeezing them which brought a small groan from Josh.

Yeah the kid was into this, he thought.

He bent down now, his prickly beard scratching the stomach of Josh, as he kissed the smooth blond pubic hairs, tasting the salt from the skin.

Josh couldn't fight it any longer, he had to give in to the feelings that were running through his body. He liked the touch of someone's hand on his cock, he enjoyed the thrill of having someone fondle his balls, even if it was some stranger, and besides which, at least it was helping get him out of the hell he called home.

He could feel his heart rate rise as the truck driver's expert hands caressed his erect cock, the other hand gently squeezing his full balls, and now his mouth was kissing his pubes, something that thrilled him, making him squirm under the pressure. He let out a small groan, finally giving in to his feelings.

He could feel the kid's attitude change, as his mouth kissed the long thick cock shaft, near the pubic hairs. He had thought he was about 18 or 19 but now, now he wasn't so sure, maybe he was younger, but it didn't matter to him, he just wanted to enjoy that fresh cock.

Slowly he realized that he wouldn't have the time he wanted. This kid was ripe now, and he moved quicker so as not to waste any of the expected explosion. The driver moved his mouth up the long thick shaft, licking the underside of the cock, tasting the pulsating vein underneath, and as his mouth found it's way up to the head, he could feel the full balls tighten up under the cock. He quickly licked the head, once, then twice, tasting the first oozing of pre-cum as his tongue circled the now throbbing cock head.

He moved his hands to the side, gripping the young firm ass cheeks in his fingers, strengthened by years of holding a large truck on the road, and he dug them in, getting a small cry from the boy as his mouth slowly covered the red hot cock head, his lips moistening the hot flesh, holding it firmly in his mouth, then he moved his head downwards, his lips tight against the hot flesh. Down he moved, feeling the excitement in his own loins, feeling the pleasure course through the young body under him.

His mouth moved down the long throbbing penis, until his scraggly beard pushed hard against the young crotch, digging into it. As his mouth touched the soft blond hairs, his fingers continued to dig into the ass cheeks, pushing them open. Advancing his hand now, he moved his fingers

down the thin quivering ass crack, seeking the warm pink hole of the pinned young man. His mouth sucked on the huge cock, buried in his throat, and his tongue was busy licking the underside of the throbbing dick. Josh was quivering and shaking as the truck driver manipulated his cock in his mouth. He could feel a warmth go through his whole body and he knew that he was being taken whole. His cock was gyrating inside the mouth, yet it couldn't move, the lips holding it firmly in place. His ass was pushed up, he could feel the strong hands digging into his flesh, pushing his ass cheeks wider, spreading his legs as his cock received a tongue washing while inside the hot mouth.

The driver could feel it getting close, and he started to move his head faster, one second his mouth was clamped tight against the base of the thick cock, then it was around the huge cock head, then sliding back down. He could feel the balls swinging underneath and he could feel the body beneath him quiver.

As it began to shake, his fingers found the warm pink hole, and without any hesitation, he circled it once, then plunged his hard long index finger deep into the hole, splitting open the tight sphincter, causing Josh to cry out in pain as the mouth closed harder on the huge throbbing penis.

Josh's whole body was in pain, his ass ached from the harsh insertion of the finger, but it only made his cock jump and jerk harder in the clamped mouth. He groaned loudly now, the shaking increasing, his legs started to feel like rubber.

The driver knew it was time, and with a great deal of strength he pushed his finger hard inside the warm asshole, digging it in further into the soft anus of Josh, at the same time his mouth moved down fast on the throbbing cock pole, his tongue licking it and his face ground hard into the crotch, and as it did, he was rewarded with a loud shout from Josh and then a huge load of sweet virgin cream came flooding into his mouth from the cock.

He swallowed the first load quickly, not even allowing himself time to taste it fully, then he waited as a second equally large load came exploding out of the throbbing cock. He could feel the stickiness of the cum as it bounced against the back of his throat before sliding down his gullet, to be tasted, to be savoured by the driver. Josh's whole body was in spasm as he shot his first load of cum into another's mouth. He was thrashing his arms around against the truck door and the seat, as his body convulsed in the pure rapture

of his feelings. His brain reeled to the range of emotions being transmitted to it, from his cock, his crotch, his balls, his anus and every other part of his body.

He groaned again and again as his cum came flying out, washing down the bile in the driver's throat, making him still as he swallowed it all, only small drops escaping to run out of the corners of his mouth.

Josh had never felt this way before, even when he had jacked himself off to his dream men, this was something totally different and totally exciting.

"Where are you?" a distant voice asked him.

"Huh? Oh sorry, I was thinking back to an earlier time," Josh replied.

"Earlier time? You looked so pained, is it something else you haven't told me?" the voice asked.

"There is lots I haven't explained Darren, but I have told you the important parts."

'Maybe I need to hear more, you just drop this on me, and then you sit there, looking like you expected nothing more, but hoped for everything more. You owe me at least more than just, 'Hey Darren, I love you but you should know I turn tricks,' now don't you think?"

Josh looked across the table, past the now empty wine bottle, past the desert plates, and into the eyes of the person across from him. He put his hands together, looking at the face, the one that had so captivated him only a few months earlier.

"Yeah, I suppose I do, but here isn't the place, and I don't know if this is even the time."

"No, this isn't the place, but it is the only time we got, isn't it? I mean you seriously don't expect me to just keep going as if what you said didn't matter, do you?"

'No, I guess not, but we can't talk here."

"You're right Josh, so you pay the bill, and we'll go back to my place, fair enough?"

"Why do I get stiffed with paying the bill?"

"Cause you are the one who wanted this dinner, and frankly, you probably make more money than I do."

"You can be such a bitch at times Darren. Fine I'll pay the bill, but you had better pull out the good stuff when we get to your place."

"Maybe Josh, maybe."

Darren looked at Josh, seeing the blond who had captivated his heart a few months earlier. Funny how that had happened, and how involved they had become. He remembered that day as he started to gather his coat and head for the front of the restaurant.

Darren had met Josh at a fancy art party thrown by Gordon. Gordy was a harmless sugar daddy, and he had helped a great many younger kids who came to the big city for fame and money. Most didn't last, but some, well some did become successful and a part of their success was due to the interest that Gordy gave them.

He was 'old' money and he was a pretty successful banker, or at least that was the story. He was retired when Darren had met him, and if it wasn't for Gordon's help, he would never be where he was now, a rising young lawyer in a prestigious law firm.

Funny, he thought about how Gordon had introduced Josh to him. He had said, 'here is one of my favourite young men, and he made it all on his own without any help from Uncle Gordy,' and that was his introduction to Josh.

Darren had thought about that introduction, and in light of today's revelations, it seemed to take on new meaning. He looked at Josh differently now, wondering just exactly what had he done, he looked successful, and according to some he certainly was. He owned a small book store, dealt in exclusive rare books, and was damn smart. He could hold his own with anyone, including the older, more successful of Gordon's friends.

There was so much he didn't know about Josh, and he needed to know more; he had to find out everything, and with his mind made up, he opened the taxi door for Josh, deciding that, yeah, he was bringing out the good stuff.

The drive to Darren's apartment was mostly in silence, each was lost in their thoughts. Darren's kept going from those of hurt, to curiosity and everything in between. He didn't know how anyone could sell their own body, and then expect to have a serious relationship; but then again, the few months that he had been dating Josh he couldn't complain at the way Josh had treated him. He was tender, cuddly, and very,

very passionate, so?

Josh sat in silence, his heart torn between wanting to simply reach out and cuddle under Darren's strong arms, or to simply stop the cab and get out and leave before he got hurt any more. Well that was pretty much the story of his life wasn't it? Fall for someone, get hurt and get left in the gutter, but it shouldn't have to be that way, should it?

With a jolt, Darren realized that they were at his place. He paid off the taxi and headed out to the front when he noticed Josh was just standing by the curb, looking at the building.

"What? You having second thoughts about coming up and talking?" he asked.

"No, I was just remembering the first time you brought me here, and how we both were like school boys on a first date that night."

He shivered slightly and started to walk up to the building, his mind racing with various thoughts, his heart heavy with thoughts that this might be his last time here. If only he could have kept his past buried in the past, but he would never be able to do that, it would always pop up when he didn't want it to. Besides, it would be better to get it out now and at least the pain of rejection wouldn't be so painful now, as it would be later on.

Darren watched him walk up to him, his own heart aching and his instincts wanted him to reach out and hug this man, this man who had captivated his heart and soul and who was also tearing it apart, or was he? His eyes watered a bit as Josh came up to him, to walk inside.

There was an awkwardness between them. Neither of them was willing to start what could be the most important conversation of their two young lives. Both had feelings that were turning them upside down and sideways. Finally Darren went and opened up his liquor cabinet, and taking out two brandy snifters he reached down into the locked cabinet and brought out his pride and joy, a large bottle of aged brandy that had cost him dearly.

Josh watched as he reached for the bottle wondering how this was going to play out. He was nervous, more than that time with the truck driver years ago when he had left the farm. He waited as Darren handed him his drink, then started to pace around the room. Finally he stopped, sitting on the edge of the big lazy boy chair, looking into his glass

as if the answers were on the bottom of the glass. He watched the way Darren just sat there, as if trying to make up his mind about something.

"Well, you wanted to talk Darren, so go on, what is it you wanted to ask?" Josh finally said, his own voice soft in the quiet of the room. He looked at Darren, barely able to keep his eyes on him, his heart sinking with each passing second.

"Tell me about it, tell me everything."

"What? Tell you everything about what Darren?"

"You know, all of it, I need to know it all."

"You don't want to hear it all Darren, why can't you just let it go, I sold my ass for money, okay? What more do you need to know?"

"I need to know the why's, the when's, the where's. I don't know why but I need to hear it all Josh."

"No Darren you don't, it isn't nice and what difference does reciting all of the sordid details do?"

"I don't know, all I know is that I love you Josh and I need to know it all, I need to know about when you started this, this trade, and why and what you did, I just do."

"If you love me, then why can't you just accept what I did and let it go?"

"Do you love me Josh?"

Josh was taken aback by the question. He did love Darren, and yet he had never really told him, had he?

"Yes, I do."

"Then tell me, tell me it all Josh."

"I, I can't Darren, it, well it isn't something you can just talk over a drink and then, shit what difference is it going to make? Your mind is already made up, why bring up all the details?"

"Is that what you think, that my mind is made up?"

"Isn't it? Isn't all this tell me all merely to ease your mind for ending us?"

"You say you love me, and yet you think I want to know the details so it will be easier to dump you?"

"Isn't it true?"

"That is what you plan to do, isn't it?"

"No, I don't know what I want. Wait, that isn't right. I do know what I want. I want you, have ever since I first saw you and conned Gordy into making an introduction, and I don't want this to end, but I have to know the whole story, can't you see that?"

"No I can't Darren, what is it going to accomplish? Telling you how this guy sucked me off for \$10 or that one fucked my ass for a \$100 or about the guy who wanted to tie me up and burn my nuts for \$200, how is any of that going to make you accept the past? HOW?"

"Will it help? I don't fucking know, but hear me out Josh, I need to know, to know who you are, what makes you, and yes, telling me the gory details isn't going to be fun to hear and it isn't nice stuff, obviously; but if you love me, and I think you do, then you have to tell me, for both of us, if you want to make this work, do you?"

"Yes I do, but I can't, you don't understand do you Darren? I, this whole past is just that, I put it behind me, I don't want to bring it up again."

"Then why did you tell me about it, if it is the past, if it doesn't matter? Huh? Tell me that!"

"I, well, because, I guess it might come up, when you don't expect it to, and well, I couldn't go on with you, without telling you, you had that right."

"Sure I have the right to know you sold your ass, but not the why's or to who or what, hey?" "Well, all right, yes you do have the right to know all that, but

Darren, it isn't going to help, it won't make it any easier."

"Are you sure? I think it will, and not to condemn you, I want you so badly Josh, but we can't have secrets, not these kind anyway."

"It isn't a secret, you know about me now, so why do we have to go through it all? I don't see how that is going to change anything."

"You know, when you said you wanted to go out for dinner tonight, cause you needed to talk to me, this isn't what I thought it would be. I thought you were going to confess your undying love to me. Instead you tell me you used to be

a hustler, and now..."

"Now what? Now you think I am hiding more from you? You think I am still turning tricks is that it?"

"No, well, I don't know, I don't know why you did what you did, so how can I know now? Don't you see I love you so much, I have to be a part of it all, I can't just let it go, I don't want to lose you Josh, and I can't just walk away from this, can't you at least see that?"

"You say you love me, you want me, well this is who I am, my past is part of that, and if you can't accept that, well then maybe you don't love me like you thought."

"That's unfair Josh, you don't think I love you? You think I am looking for an excuse to dump you? You are wrong, oh man are you ever wrong, I want you more than ever, but I need to know who I love, not just the pretty packaging and I thought I did know you, until tonight."

"I can't just have a drink or two, tell you a few tales, and then leave it at that Darren, you want to hear about seven years of hell and pain? Cause that is what it has been, a life of pure crap, until lately, and even now that is going, if not gone."

Darren could see the pain in Josh's eyes, and he was almost in tears. The conversation was at a stand still. He loved this boy, this man who had been hurt so much, and he didn't know how to make him understand that he loved him more than anything else.

He rose from the chair, to stand over Josh, and he bent down, sitting next to him, looking at the lowered head, the tears running down the cheeks. With a soft touch, he reached across and wiped the tears away, lifting up Josh's head to look into his eyes.

"I do love you Josh," and he reached into his pants pocket, pulling out a small square box.

"I was planning to give this to you earlier, but you should have it now."

Josh took a deep breath, looking at the velvet covered little box. He couldn't believe it. Gently, he reached out one trembling hand, to take the box, to hold it in his hand, feeling it, afraid to open it.

He looked up again, into Darren's eyes. He saw the pain in there, and wanted to reach out and wipe it away, but he

had too much pain of his own, and who would wipe that away? Would Darren?

"I can't open this, not yet. You want to hear the details and after you hear them you may want this back Darren."

Josh had tears running down his face, he was on the verge of crying openly for the first time in almost 12 years. The last time he had cried was when his real father had died. He took a deep breath, to calm himself and stop the flow of tears.

"I hope you have more than two bottles of this brandy. It is going to be a long night, at least if you really do want to hear my life's story."

"I do, and I don't expect I will ever want to take that box back, I just hope you never want to give it back.

"Here, let me get some more brandy, I think we both could use a few drops more."

He took Josh's glass and his and refilled them, and as he returned to the sofa, to sit next to Josh, he knew that he was about to enter a world he never knew, or bothered to know, and he was scared.

Josh took a long pull of brandy from his glass. He looked over to Darren, sitting next to him, their knees touching. He could feel the apprehension going through Darren's body, yet he felt the love there too, he could tell that Darren was struggling deeply with this, and maybe, but no, once he told his story he knew it would be time for him to move on, to just go on.

"I don't know where to start, I mean you know about my wonderful life on the farm, how the step dad thing went, so I guess there is no need to go there, so where do I start, there is so much and yet really it is all pretty much the same."

Josh leaned back into the sofa, his head against the back and he closed his eyes. He travelled back in time, to that ride with the truck driver that took him away from one nightmare into another.

The driver sat back up into his side of the truck. He was grinning as he started the truck back up and got it rolling back onto the highway. He didn't say anything and Josh was glad for that.

He pulled his pants back up, trying to cover himself and yet

he felt so dirty. This wasn't how he thought sex would be. He liked it at the time, when he was shooting his load, and the touch of someone's hands on his private parts sent a chill up his spine, but now, well now he just felt dirty. He wanted to get out and find a bath and sit in it for hours, to clean himself but he also knew that the dirt wasn't on him, but in him. Small tears ran down his face as he kept himself pinned up against the passenger side door. Glad for the silence, and yet hating it as it gave his mind time to think, time to condemn him for being a slut.

They had driven for a few hours and Josh could feel the driver's eyes glancing back to his crotch frequently. He knew that he would have to feel those strong hands on his dick again, and he wasn't thrilled.

He didn't know how guys did it, selling their ass. All he could think of was getting out, getting somewhere that had a hot bath so he could try and wipe the feeling away. He didn't feel so hot shit right now; and yet the idea that someone found him attractive enough to want him, even for a price, was appealing to his young mind.

The truck drove into a shabby looking truck stop. It had a small café and gas bar. The driver opened his door, and as he started to get down, he turned to Josh.

"Well, if you want to go any further, you'll have to ante up again once we hit the road, otherwise you get off here kid. So, what's it going to be?"

Josh had no idea where here was, but he knew that he didn't want those hands around his naked body again. He also didn't want that mouth to taste his milk anymore. The guy made him feel dirty and at least he was far enough away that he could take some time.

"I'll get off here, thanks."

"Suit yourself kid, but if you change your mind, let me know. I'm grabbing some hot food and then heading off. You got time to consider my offer."

The driver was disappointed. He had hoped he could take this kid all the way. He looked at him, and licking his lips he wondered if he could maybe find another way to do the kid? Well, he'd see after he had some food, maybe he would even just fork out some money for the kid. That might work, but let the kid think on it first, it might still work out, it usually did with these young one's.

His stomach gurgled and he felt rather dizzy as the smells from the café wafted over to him. He was starved, and he had a few dollars, but he wanted to save what little money he had. Maybe if he talked to the truck driver, and he threw in some food, well, maybe he would do it one more time.

He stood up and started to walk towards the café when he spotted the truck driver. Josh was about to call out to him when he noticed that he was heading towards the bushes with another person, a tall thin looking guy with long hair.

Well, guess that's out, he thought. There wasn't much doubt what they were heading off to do. He went and sat back down at the curb side, wondering what he should do next. He needed a ride, that was for sure. Well, at least he had a better chance of getting one from here.

He was dozing off, the warmth of the café made him relaxed and the hot coffee that he had grudgingly indulged in was helping too. He knew he couldn't just stay here, and he shook himself awake. Surveying the parking lot, there weren't many options.

Slowly he got himself together, flinging his back pack over his shoulder. He paid the bill and headed outside, to stand by the roadway, and see if he could hitch another ride to somewhere.

He thought about the truck driver who had already left. He didn't even notice him return or anything but he saw the truck pull out and his heart sank. If he had only been faster, he might have been able to wangle some food out of the guy and be on the road again. So what if he had to have that guy suck him off, at least his stomach wouldn't be growling now, and he wouldn't be heading to stand in the friggin cold, waiting for a ride.

An old battered blue pick up truck pulled away from the gas pumps. Josh watched it slowly turn around, and pull up to the exit bay. He saw a long hair figure inside, and noticed the plates were out of state.

The truck pulled onto the highway and came up to where Josh was standing. It pulled in, and the door opened, a voice boomed out from within.

"Hey, where you heading man?"

"As far as I can go from here."

The voice laughed, and told him to climb on in. As he did,

he saw the figure was a young man, long flowing hair and a thin build. This was the guy he saw walking away with the truck driver earlier. His heart sank a bit, but he was glad to get out of the cold weather.

"Name is Billy, what's yours?" the driver asked, as he stuck his hand out to shake Josh's.

"Uh, Josh," he replied, shaking the hand that was firm and he looked into the face to see warm brown eyes gazing at him. Billy had a nice smile on his face that highlighted his long face.

"So you new to the road?"

"Yeah, first day out, you?"

"Nah, been on my own since I was 14, now just heading back to where its warm."

"14? How old are you now?"

"21, you?"

"18."

"Hmm, farm boy?"

"Uh yeah, you?"

"Not for a long, long time. Not since I was maybe 12 or so, those were good times though."

Billy seemed to lose himself for a moment, his driving was mechanical as he was recalling a time long past.

"Uh, so what do you do now? I mean, to get by with?"

Billy laughed as he looked more closely at Josh. He saw a young 18 but someone with brains. He wondered what his story was?

"Well, you could say I get by on whatever it takes to get by on."

Josh looked at Billy as he spoke. He saw his eyes, and how they seemed to cloud over at times and other times seemed to be so warm and inviting. He was a handsome looking guy, good strong features that gave a slight stir to Josh's crotch. He certainly was more like what Josh had hoped his first man would be.

They drove on, the miles passing by quickly. Billy liked country music, and the cd player was going as they drove

on. Conversation didn't happen much as they made their way west. Josh was able to nap some, and he felt more at ease. At least he didn't have to have some old geezer digging in his pants this time around. Mind you, he wouldn't mind so much if Billy wanted to. He was cute and Josh loved his smile and his eyes; they were so intriguing, he found himself staring at them often as the hours flew by.

He woke up with a start. For a second he didn't know where he was and then he realized he was in Billy's truck, but as he came more awake, he noticed that it was cold inside, and they were parked. He looked out to see that they were in a parking lot, another truck stop. He could see the blinking sign and smell the diesel fumes. Night had fallen and he could see that it was getting colder. Josh wondered where Billy had gotten to, and he shivered some. He hunched up into his jacket, trying to keep warm and wondering if he should maybe go and look for Billy, but decided the risk of being left behind wasn't worth it.

The night wore on, and his stomach growled something fierce. He thought about getting out and checking out a sandwich or something, but he wanted to hold onto his money for as long as possible. He also was afraid that Billy would return, find him gone, and take off. He liked Billy, and so far, well they just seemed to click. He looked outside, staring off down the parking lot when he saw a truck door from one of the huge rigs open and a figure jump down. He thought it looked like Billy but wasn't sure. The figure looked around then headed for the café. Josh stayed put, looking out at the clear night, the stars blinking above and the din of trucks running their motors while their owner's either slept or ate.

He was feeling miserable as the night seemed to drag on. He was cold and hungry but he thought he might as well get used to it until he could get to a city, get a job and earn some money. He jumped as the truck door opened, and Billy's face peered in.

"Hey you're awake, well take this stuff while I get this beast gassed up, help yourself to some coffee and there's a burger inside for you."

Josh was stunned. He was grateful for the hot coffee and he drank it slowly, savouring not its flavour but the heat. He was hesitant about rooting around for the burger, even though his stomach seemed to be more insistent. No one had been this nice to him for a long time. Small tears formed in the corner's of his eyes, which he wiped away

quickly, before Billy could notice them.

Josh thought about Billy, he was different. He didn't look like he was gay, and he certainly didn't act like it, yet there was no doubt he was doing something for those truck driver's that had to be sexual. He was curious, but afraid to ask. Billy finished filling the beast with gas, paid the attendant, and walked back to the truck. He could see Josh's silhouette and he smiled. Now, there was a real cute one, and so damn innocent too. He might make a good partner, someone he could rely on, and who knows, maybe even care for?

He watched the way Billy moved around. He seemed so confident the way he walked, his shoulders upright, his back straight, and he didn't keep his head down. He walked proud, that was it, like his dad used to until cancer lay claim to him. He walked proud.

"So, how's the food?" Billy asked as he climbed inside and got the truck started.

"Ah, I don't know, I, well, I waited for you."

Billy looked over at Josh. No one ever waited for him, at least not long, and certainly not for the reasons that Josh did. He smiled at him, and dug into the bag and handed him a burger and took one for himself.

"That was nice of you, generally don't have company when dining," and he laughed.

"Thanks," as he took the offered burger. He was famished and had half of it eaten before Billy had even gotten his unwrapped.

"Don't you have any family or that or friends?" He watched the way Josh wolfed his food down. Must of not eaten today. He knew how that felt as he ate slowly, thinking over Josh's comments.

Billy finished his burger and started to drive off. He got onto the interstate and headed west. He thought about it, and decided that if Josh was going to come along for the ride, he might as well get put into the picture. Better now than later.

"Look, Josh, we don't know each other, and my guess is, you are taking off from a place you couldn't wait to get away from, right?"

"I suppose so."

"Look Josh, how far do you want to go? I mean, you obviously don't have any money, or if you do, not much, right?"

"Uh huh, I have some, about \$50."

"Yeah, well I have been down this road before, like I said, since I was 14, so you want some advice?"

"Sure, I mean, if you don't mind."

Billy looked over at Josh, and decided to take a chance. He liked the way he looked and besides it was a long time since anyone ever really made his heart skip a beat.

He stared straight ahead, guiding the truck along the roadway, watching the traffic and he started to speak in a flat tone of voice. It hid the pain and anguish of his life or so it seemed.

Billy told him about life on the streets, how you had to make hard choices, how you had only really three choices out there. One was to sell your ass, the second was to peddle drugs, and the third was to steal whatever you could in order to survive.

He told him how every dollar you earned was sacred and how it was easy to lose yourself into drugs and booze, not for the fun of it like all those kids in school thought, but to help deaden the pain and keep reality away for a few short minutes or hours if you were lucky.

His voice recited the various degradations one had to endure in order to just be able to eat a decent hot meal every now and then, and how some people took pleasure in trying to rip off street trash.

The tone became colder with each recital of facts, how they were hunted by the cops because the merchants didn't like them pestering the customer's and yet those same merchants turned up at night for your company. He talked bitterly about how the system ignored you and left you to the mercenaries who prowled for young meat and he didn't even get into the real world of the drug dealer.

Billy's voice trailed off as he recited the rules of the street, telling Josh about how your best bet was to find a small group to hang with, to make part of your family and how without that gang, you stood no chance of surviving for long. You had no one to watch your back or keep you safe while you slept. Slowly he just stopped talking.

Josh listened to the voice, the soft flat voice as horror after horror was told to him. He shrank back into the old seat, and his mind reeled to the descriptions of life alone and on the street. He was scared as more and more of life on the streets was detailed graphically to him.

He looked at Billy, looked at someone who looked so confident, so secure, so proud, and yet now he could see that it wasn't that way. He saw the small outline near the right eyebrow, a scar from some broken bottle?

Before when he looked at Billy, his strong chest and muscular legs and thought how nice they were, now he wondered if the shirt hid other scars or worse. Instead of dreaming what it would be like to see him naked, he wondered if his legs hid other secrets. Josh thought of that firm ass, and now he wondered just how many old men had pawed at it, or poked it or touched it. Tears welled up in his eyes, and his heart ached, not from the stories but for Billy.

The silence was deafening to Billy. He stared ahead as he drove on, small tiny flakes of snow were starting to fall and he concentrated on his driving. He heard a small sniffing sound every now and then, and knew his monologue had hit some hard spots. He wanted it that way, maybe Josh would be one who would not get eaten alive by the streets.

Josh's heart was in pain. He didn't know Billy, and yet he felt like he should. He was attracted to him and his thoughts weren't of just having sex, but of being with him. There was a difference in his mind. He knew it was most likely puppy love or some type of infatuation, but this guy had picked him up, fed him, and now tried to warn him off of taking a hard road in life. He also felt admiration for Billy. He had survived those horrors, and it didn't look like it had scarred him too badly.

"You okay Josh?" he asked softly.

"I didn't mean to upset you, but you look like a nice enough guy, just thought you should know, that's all, come on, you all right?"

"I'm okay," he replied.

"I didn't mean to cry, it is just that, well, you seemed so hurt and all, and I, well, I don't know how to comfort you. I sort of, well, feel so helpless, how... I guess I am just not used to this," he finished lamely.

Billy's head spun as the words came quietly from the far

corner. He was crying for me? No one cried for him, not for a long time if ever. His hardened heart started to ache and he glanced quickly over at Josh, saw the innocence in the blue eyes, the concern written all over his fresh young face. He was telling the truth, as unbelievable as that seemed.

Josh watched different emotions wash across Billy's face. He wished he could reach out and hug him, but he knew that would only makes things worse. He wanted to show Billy that he cared, and he wracked his brain for a way.

As he was thinking, his hand, acting on its own, stretched outwards, and rested on Billy's leg, just sitting there, barely touching. A strange warmth seemed to flow through his body as his hand made contact with Billy.

Billy felt a sudden charge of electricity. His body quivered slightly as he felt Josh's hand touch his leg. It was like being hit by lightning. He hadn't felt this way in a long, long time, and never like this.

He slowed down, his eyes became clouded from small tears forming. This wasn't happening, it couldn't. He had spent a lifetime making sure it wouldn't and now, out of the blue here it was. Billy glanced over to Josh, and he saw something he had only dreamed of, and then it was a long time ago. He saw compassion and honest concern for him.

There were no words, nothing would come from his mouth. He was taken aback by the sudden rush of emotions that flooded his brain. He reached down with his own hand, placing it on top of Josh's. He felt the warm hand, and a prevailing sense of peace started to flow up from his hand. His whole body gave a small shudder as he felt the soft skin of Josh's hand.

The sounds of the road were muted as they drove on. The swish of the wipers was no longer clear and distinct. The snowy slush being pushed aside by the tires no longer invaded their space. The silence was different, more charged, more alive, as if it was merely an interlude to something far more intense.

Billy didn't know what to do. His whole body seemed to scream at him, to stop and kiss this young blond that had invaded his space and pierced his thick armour plating. He wanted to, he knew that, but for the first time he felt his loneliness, his fears and he was afraid.

Josh didn't know why his hand had moved to Billy's leg, but he was glad it had. He had never felt so much inner warmth

as he was feeling now. The ache in his heart seemed to ease as his hand found comfort in resting on Billy's leg. He could sense the struggle going on inside of Billy, and he lightly squeezed the leg, as if to reassure the tall stranger that had found him.

Billy drove on. His brain was working over time as he tried to sort the emotions running through out him. He hadn't felt this way before. It scared him but the ache in his heart and his groin made him search the road ahead for signs of a turn off or rest stop. The snow continued to fall, adding its beauty to the feelings pounding in his chest.

A sign indicated a rest stop a few miles ahead. He angled the truck into the far right lane and watched intently for the exit, and as it approached he finally spoke.

"I think we need to rest up, we'll turn off here and see if we can rustle up some shelter for the night, okay with you Josh?"

"Yeah sure," he replied, his heart suddenly increasing its beat. His stomach became tight and his throat felt dry.

Funny, he never felt like this before and he eagerly peered out into the wintery night searching for a spot to pull into.

A flashing blue and red sign ahead caught Billy's attention and he headed the truck to it. As they approached they saw it was a rather tired looking motel that had seen better days and yet it seemed to still maintain its dignity. It looked warm and inviting as they pulled up to the front. Billy wondered how much this was going to cost but he didn't care, all he wanted was to hold Josh in his arms, and feel his warmth and his breath on his face.

Billy parked near the front office and ran inside. The weather had turned bad, the snow was starting to fall faster and harder. The flakes were large sticky ones and the wind had picked up, blowing the large flakes every which way.

Josh waited inside the truck, wondering what the night was going to bring. He wanted Billy badly, and he was scared. Billy was an expert, and he was afraid that he wouldn't measure up. His cock was hard inside his faded jeans but he still had doubts. What was he supposed to do? Would Billy even want him to? He thought he did, but maybe he was reading more into this sudden desire to pull off and he would make an ass out of himself. Tiny beads of sweat were forming on his forehead as his brain came up with thousands of scenarios and his heart beat rapidly inside his

chest as he waited.

"This is our lucky night," Billy said as he climbed into the truck and drove down the driveway.

"The guy was ready to shut down, cause of the weather and he only charged us \$18 for the night."

They parked at the far end and ran to the door, rushing to get out of the cold wind and snow.

Billy threw his stuff on the big queen size bed in the middle of the room. He walked around checking out the room. There was a small coffee maker on the table in the corner and he checked out the bathroom to find not only a shower, but a real honest to goodness bathtub. He exclaimed loudly his find and asked if Josh wanted to shower first cause he was going to soak in the tub.

"Sure, I'll have a quick shower first then, and here," he said as he handed Billy a five and four crumbled up one dollar bills.

"What's that for?"

"Well, you shouldn't have to pay for all of the room, besides you bought me dinner, and well I want to do my bit, ya know?"

Billy looked at Josh, seeing the blue eyes, seeing the way his blond hair pulled to the right, the small curls at the ends, the way it flowed down his back and around his ears.

"Okay, but you don't have to, I have enough to last us for a bit yet," he said, taking the crumbled bills. His hand touched Josh's, lingering there as he spoke.

"I want to," Josh replied, not wanting to move his hand away. He felt all tingly and warm when he touched Billy. It was a strange sensation for him, one he wanted to keep for as long as possible. He had goosebumps on his arms as his mind kept turning over the 'us' part of Billy's words. If only it would be, he thought, if only it would.

"Go have your shower, I am dying to get into that tub," Billy finally said, removing his hand and gently pushing Josh towards the bathroom.

He sat on the bed, as he listened to the water running in the bathroom. This wasn't good, was it? He was falling for Josh and that meant danger, at least for someone like him. How could he expect Josh to understand all that he had done,

the sex, the stealing, hell even the drugs, but there was something about his fresh country face and the way he felt each time Josh touched him. His heart ached for this kid, and his brain told him no. Well for once he was going to listen to his heart. Fuck the brain, he was going to live, even if it was until the trip ended somewhere.

Billy put the two back packs on a chair, and he took shirt off. He wasn't all that bad looking for an old guy of 21. Life on the street hadn't begun to show in his body, but it would eventually. One day he would have to get a real job, but he didn't have the education to do much. Well, he would just make do, tonight he would indulge himself. He heard the water shut off and waited for Josh to come out so he could go and soak in the tub. A luxury he wasn't used to either, well tonight was going to be a night of luxuries. He smiled and the face in the mirror looked like a 16 year old for a brief time.

Billy thought he heard the water turn off, and he waited for Josh to appear. He wonder if he would come out dressed or in a towel? He hoped a towel, and he stopped himself. Man, he was falling hard for this kid, that wasn't his way of thinking but tonight, well shit he would indulge himself.

He looked towards the door and heard the water running again. 'Hmm, guess he missed a spot,' he thought as he looked around the room. It wasn't a flea bag, just an old place that had seen better times. The old guy at the desk had been nice, he wasn't your usual desk clerk and he acted like Billy was his grandson. Funny how that thought just popped into his mind.

The door opened and Josh stepped out.

"Hey, thought you might have drowned in there," he said as he turned to look at Josh. He was standing at the bathroom door, a small towel wrapped around his waist.

"Sorry it took so long. I uh, well I got your bath ready and all, so

uh, if you want, it's all yours."

Josh looked over to Billy, a small smile on his mouth as he talked. He kept staring at the floor, glancing up towards Billy, to see his expression.

Billy could feel small tears cloud his eyes as he looked at Josh standing there. His milky white skin shone in the glow of the bathroom light and his demeanour was so sweet and

innocent looking, it made his heart skip a beat or two. He couldn't believe that he had taken the trouble to try and do something for him. It wasn't every night that he got to have a peaceful bath or that a hot looking blond drew it for him. He smiled at Josh as he got up. Yeah, he was falling hard, and man was it worth it!

"Thanks man, that's great," he said as he walked past him into the bathroom. He tapped Josh on the shoulder as he said it, and he felt so warm. He closed the bathroom door and went to lock it when he stopped.. That was his normal routine, locking the door, but no, not tonight, and he stripped quickly, then opened the door a bit before he climbed into the steaming hot bath.

Billy let the hot water soak into every pore of his body. His muscles relaxed but his brain kept turning back to Josh. The way his head moved, the way his face lit up when he smiled, and above all, the way he made his own heart quiver when he looked at him. He closed his eyes as he thought about Josh, and he could tell that there was more to him than what he knew, and he desperately wanted to know more.

Josh stood by the partially open bathroom door. He had heard Billy close it, then change his mind and open it slightly. He wondered if maybe that was a hint, maybe he should go in, or at least knock and see if there was anything he wanted? He stood there until he heard the splashing stop. It was like a light suddenly going on in a dark abyss.

"Can I come in for a second?" he asked as he knocked on the door.

The knock on the door and hearing Josh's soft voice woke him up. He panicked, as he lay in the tub, his cock sticking straight up in the air out of the water, as it reacted to his dreams of Josh.

"Uh, yeah, sure okay" he finally managed to speak out. He reached down with the wash cloth and hunched himself up, trying to hide his erection from Josh. He didn't know why he was so concerned, it wasn't like he hadn't been hard in front of guys before, and he chuckled at that as Josh entered the bathroom.

"Uh, Billy, I uh was uh well wondering if maybe, uh, well, would you like me to wash your back for you?"

Billy stopped his pretence of hiding; the request threw him for a loop. He looked over at Josh, standing just behind him,

his head twisting every which way but at him. He could see that he was nervous and scared, and he smiled.

"Yeah, that would really make this a perfect bath, Thanks Josh."

Josh exhaled as Billy's gratitude made him feel all warm and happy. He bent down immediately, his towel dropping from his waist, to kneel beside the foot of the bathtub. He took the wash cloth that Billy handed him and dipped it into the soapy water and started to gently rub Billy's back.

Any idea of concealing his erection was now impossible. Billy leaned forward slightly as Josh's hand touched his bare back. He was thrilled by the touch, and he trembled as the hand gently moved along his back. He could feel his heart race forward, his breathing became irregular as the hand moved around him, reaching down to gather more hot water. He felt like he was on a cloud, and closed his eyes.

Josh almost recoiled from the intense jolt that went through him as his hands touched that bare back of Billy. He never had experienced such a sudden jolt of emotion before. His mind was thrown into a spin, and his heart was beating so loud he thought Billy would comment on it for sure. He loved the way the skin felt against his hand, and he realized that the cloth had dropped into the water awhile earlier. He was washing Billy's back with his hand and nothing else.

Billy realized that Josh had lost the wash cloth but he didn't care.

His hand on his back felt so damn good, he was enjoying his back rub /back wash that he just wanted it to continue. He smiled as he realized that for the first time in years someone was actually exciting him about sex. He looked over and saw a glazed look in Josh's face.

He knew that Josh was feeling the same. The way his hand moved, so slowly, so gently, he was definitely feeling the attachment and the excitement.

Billy suddenly rose up from the tub. He stepped out, surprising Josh. He reached down, taking Josh's hands into his own, then he silently took him to the bedroom, dripping as he led him out of the bathroom.

Josh was surprised by Billy's move. He watched as Billy rose up in the tub, his naked body clearly visible. Josh stared at the rippling muscles in his back and then at his firm ass. He saw the way the flesh wiggled as he stepped out, his

muscular legs clearly defined by the dripping water. He saw the small curly hair coming up from his between his ass cheeks, up his backside.

He looked up to see Billy standing up over him. There was a softness to Billy's face that made him smile as he saw him reach down for his hands. He gladly let himself be raised up, and as he rose, he noticed that Billy had a large erect penis.

Willingly, he followed Billy out of the bathroom, into the bedroom. His own penis was fully erect, his heart pounding inside his chest, as he was guided over to the bed. He lay there, looking up at Billy's smiling face. Billy leaned down, his face smiling, his body still dripping water, and he kissed Josh lightly on the lips, then rose up again.

Josh almost passed out. The touch of Billy's full lips on his was like a thousand watts of power entering his body. He twitched with the touch, and his heart almost broke free from its cage. His eyes blinked and fluttered as his mind tried to keep everything in balance.

He looked up and Billy had disappeared from his view. He blinked again and saw the bathroom light go off. He raised himself on his arms and there was Billy, with two towels. He dropped one by the bed, then he took the other and started to dry himself off, standing in front, so Josh could watch. He had the biggest smile on his face that only made him more desirable.

Billy wrapped the towel around his backside, gently pulling it back and forth to dry off his back. As he did, his whole body moved and Josh stared, transfixed by the motion and by Billy's body. He saw a small bright pink scar along his left nipple, and another one by his right thigh. He looked at the slightly deformed nipple to the right, and he saw the way some of his pubic hair seemed lighter than the other.

Josh stared as Billy continued to dry himself off. He watched the long thick cock move from side to side between Billy's legs. He couldn't take his eyes off that large cock. The way the head stood out, glistening in the room's light. With his heart pounding he licked his lips as he thought of actually tasting his first real cock.

He wasn't in a hurry as he dried himself off. Billy took his time, letting Josh enjoy his body. Most of the time he kept his eyes closed as he rubbed himself off, but when he did open them, he found himself gazing into a pair of wide eyed blue orbs that shone with desire. It quickened his heart

beat.

Josh couldn't believe the way his body shook. This was an entirely new feeling for him as he watched Billy dry himself off. His heart was pounding and he thought he would pass out from lack of air. His chest heaved as he saw the way the large cock moved and he reached down to feel his own throbbing cock. He could feel the pre-cum oozing out from his tip already, and he knew that he would be shooting his load very quickly.

Billy could tell that Josh was losing his control. He didn't understand how his body could have such an affect on him, but then as he dried his own genitals off, and felt his own pre-cum, he jumped back a step. It dawned on him, that this was the first time that he was going to be having sex with someone that actually mattered. This wasn't a show or a business deal, this was real and he now understood why Josh was close to his first orgasm.

He dropped the towel, and reached across to turn off the light by the bed. As he did, he moved in closer to Josh, laying there, and his penis touched Josh's arm. It was like being hit by a thunderbolt, and he started to tremble as his body absorbed the energy from that touch. He could feel his balls suddenly rise up, tightening under his throbbing penis. His heart was skipping beats every few pumps, and his chest started to feel very tight and he became short of breath, and all this was from a light touch of his dick against Josh.

The light was off, and he sat down on the bed. Only a small table lamp burned over on the table by the door, but he didn't want to go and turn it off. It cast a pale yellow glow into the room. The bed creaked as he sat next to Josh. He stared down into those eyes, and that innocent face. He bent himself down, to kiss the mouth, and as he did, Josh raised his own arms upwards, to place them around Billy's shoulders.

He pulled him down towards him, and slowly their lips met. Sparks seemed to fly between them as their lips touched and Billy's mouth opened to take in Josh.

He kissed him firmly, and now he pushed his tongue inside. It gently licked the lips, then with more pressure he pushed those lips apart, and then pried them open to force open the mouth. Josh could feel it all, and more. He felt Billy's racing heart against his own chest and for the first time, he smelt the odour and scent of another man.

Billy had tasted many a man, but this was something totally different. His head spun with the feelings that were awakened inside him. His body shook as his tongue tasted the fresh innocence held in that mouth. He could feel his body tighten, his muscles tensed up and he knew that he too was close to coming.

Josh felt the warmth of Billy's skin as he held him close to himself. He could feel the touch of his skin against his and as their lips touched, he felt his cock jerk wildly between his legs. His heart skipped a beat as Billy's tongue pushed inside, tasting him. He felt the sudden urge to cum, but he struggled to keep it under control. His body trembled as the tongue worked its way deep into his mouth, tasting every part of him. A small groan escaped his lips. Josh's body tensed and every muscle in his body tightened.

Billy was laying next to Josh, their bodies touching where ever possible. He wrapped one leg over Josh's legs, and had one arm around the waist, as he kissed him deeply. This was a totally new experience for Josh. He felt strange, next to Billy. He couldn't understand the different feelings that were running through his mind as every nerve in his body seemed to be sending different signals to his overwhelmed brain.

He had been with lots of men in his few years on the street. It had always been mostly for money, and even the few he had been with for free had never felt like this. His heart had never beat so fast as it did now. His body never ached like this, and no one had yet touched his balls or dick. A small tremor raced through his prone body, and he could feel it travel from him to Josh.

Josh felt the tongue wiggle inside his own mouth. His heart was beating fast, he could feel his blood draining from his legs and arms to rush towards his pulsing cock. This was totally freaky, the way his eyes could no longer focus, instead blue and green dots pushed out at him. His breathing was so tight and hard, he was sure he was having a stroke as his cock started to ache, demanding its release.

Billy had prided himself that no trick had ever made him cum unless he wanted to. There were dozens of times that he had been able to will his cum to stay, and yet now, no matter how much he wanted to hold on from cumming, he couldn't. He could feel himself losing the struggle and it made him confused. He groaned as he gave up trying to keep control and instead he found his hands reaching down and under to search for Josh's throbbing penis. His body

ached as he felt a tightening in his chest and his limbs. There was no doubt that he was about to cum, he groaned loudly as his body fought to keep control, for just a few seconds more.

His whole body shook as he waged a tremendous battle for control, and he was losing it. The touch of Billy's hard cock against his thigh was driving his mind crazy. His body tried to arch itself sideways, towards that hot solid cock.

With a loud groan of pure pleasure, Billy could feel his cock start to shoot his load of hot cum, just as his fingers found Josh's cock. Just as they touched, his own penis jerked hard against Josh's thigh, and his cum came flooding out against the warm flesh.

Josh yelled as he felt the light touch of Billy's fingers against the side of his cock shaft. Suddenly he felt a hard jolt against his thigh then a warm sticky feeling as Billy started to cum against his leg. His mind suddenly snapped and his own cock jerked hard against the pressing thigh of Billy. The fingers reached out to grab his throbbing dick, but they were too late as his own hot sweet virgin cum came pouring out in a steady stream.

The two cocks were pouring their cum out. Each one was jerking hard and often, as the two bodies thrashed at the sudden release of pressure.

Billy groaned loudly with each shot of his cum onto Josh's thigh. He shook with the release. His heart was pounding so loudly he heard nothing but a distant roar in his ears. He thrashed around, his body jerking wildly with each tremendous shot of cum.

Josh almost passed out. His mind shut down and his body was quivering all over. His arms were flaying around, banging against the bed in an uncontrollable spasm. His legs jerked hard against Billy's one leg, making it almost fly up into the air. His whole body seemed to be moving, as if in an earthquake. Tears were flowing from the corner's of his eyes, and he could see nothing but large flashes of red.

Josh couldn't believe what had just happened. While the blow job from the truck driver had been different, the after effect wasn't. This was something else then again. He hadn't even been really touched and he had felt so much excitement and now, now he was feeling totally different, totally alive and vibrant.

Billy lay exhausted next to Josh's quivering body. This

couldn't be happening. For the first time in ages, he had an orgasm without even being touched. He looked across to Josh's body, and his heart leaped and he felt his dick start to move once again from its limp state to that of an aroused one. Impossible, he had just shot a week's worth of his cum, and here it was getting hard once again, and all because he looked at the naked trembling body of Josh. His heart started to beat faster, once again.

Josh could feel Billy looking at him, and it made him feel special, not dirty or unclean, and he knew he had found what he had been dreaming of for years. He smiled as he looked over towards Billy.

There eyes met and sparks flew between them. Josh licked his lips as he spoke.

"Oh my gawd Billy, that was unreal and yet, I feel like I want more, now." He rolled onto his side, his arms now wrapped around Billy's lower body.

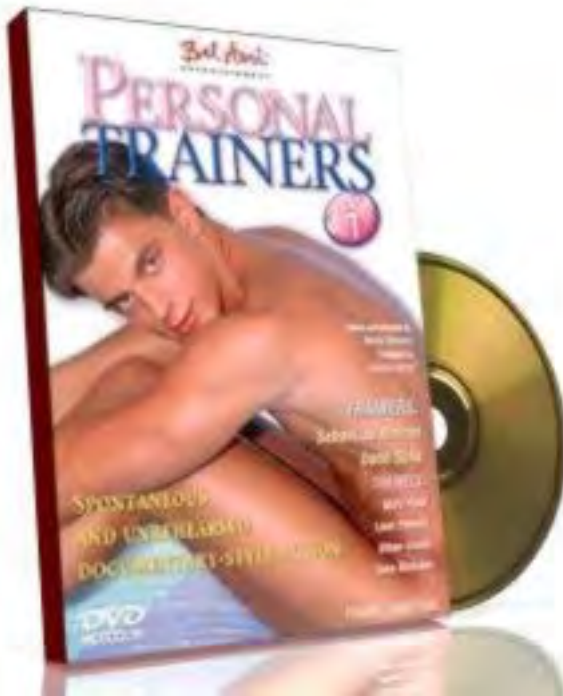
He burst out laughing, taking Josh by surprise. He rolled onto Josh, and reached down to grab his face in his two hands, squeezing the face as he bent down and kissed it hard on the lips. He laughed hard as he sat astride of the tall blond.

"Horny bitch aren't you?"

"Damn right stud."

Josh started to laugh too and squirmed under the weight of Billy.

He reached up and grabbed Billy's waist and tried to twist him off. The two boys rolled around on the bed, wrestling and laughing.



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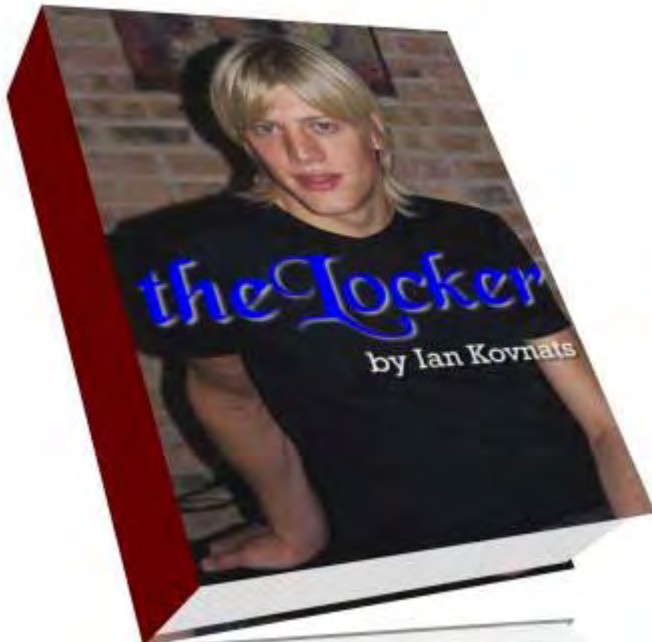
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