

To Walk with Strangers

I got a sudden call of nature and needed to take a piss badly. Grandpa would always tell me to go over into the woods and piss so as not to scare the fish – or worse, make him have to deal with it anywhere around his fishing area.

I got up and excused myself, telling him where I was going. He nodded briefly but continued to sit on the bank, staring out into the river's waters, waiting for that tug of the line or shot of a fish jumping into the air. I wandered off into the wall of trees behind him in search of a place to release my bladder.

I always enjoyed the trees and foliage. I liked all the green and brown, and the mystery of what hid deep in the forest's bowels. The air was always so much cooler, and the wind in the foliage became a chilling reminder of fall that was destined to come.

I stomped through the brush, making sure I was a good distance away to pull my cock out and go piss. I suddenly heard the sound of kids, and decided I had better press on further to make sure nobody saw me. The last thing I wanted was a bunch of kids pointing and laughing, or a girl running to her mother telling what she had seen.

I trudged deeper into the woods, until I was sure there was nobody to see me, and started fumbling with my pants and zipper. I stood there letting out a day's worth of fluid as I pissed into the brush below and closed my eyes to hear the sounds of nature, including my own.

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Suddenly, I heard a “snap.” My heavy stream abruptly cut to a silent trickle as I whipped my head around to look in the direction of the sound I had heard. There was nothing there, not that I could see anyway. I looked back down at the brush, and my heavy stream resumed as I relaxed again, closing my eyes to the sounds of nature.

Again I heard movement behind me. My eyes quickly opened and my heart started to pound. I couldn’t move. I didn’t want to turn around this time. The sound came closer, and I could recognize a pattern of footsteps. I was quite done with pissing, but I stood frozen, with my organ in my hand and my chest pounding with fear. I wanted to say something, but like in a nightmare, all I could do was open my mouth in silence. And then I heard it from behind me, the husky sound of a man’s voice....

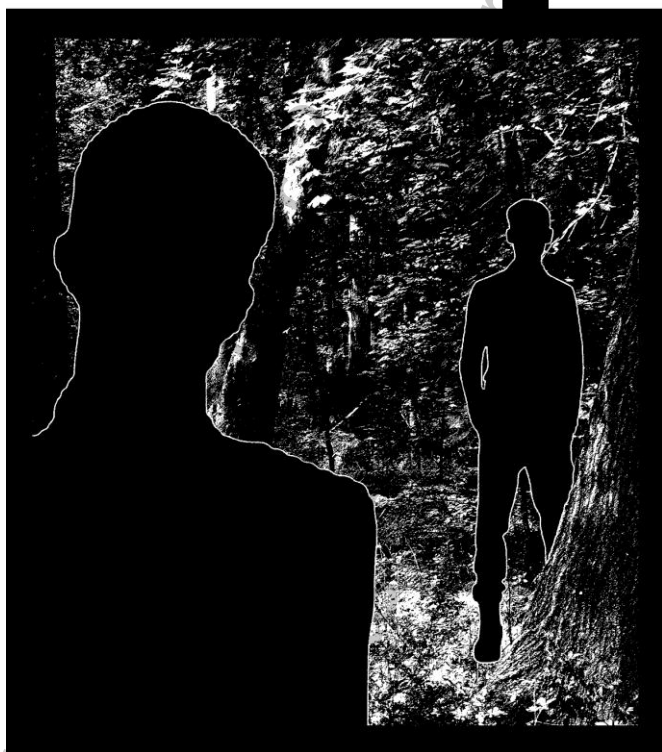
“Get you another beer, man?”

I wake from my reverie and jerk to look in his direction. “No, I’m good.”

The bartender smiles at me with a crooked grin and turns away to go back to his other patrons. My pants are bulging with excitement. That fucker, he interrupted my memory....

I heard the husky voice say, “Aren’t you just a pretty boy.”

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Since I knew it was a man and not a beast, I slid back into my pants and turned as I zipped them up. I faced my newfound stranger, and my heart stopped as I noticed something in his right hand.

It was his exposed cock.

My blood froze and my breath was gone. I was in complete shock that this man was standing there with his button fly open, cock in hand, waving it at me. My mouth opened, but again there was no sound.

"You like what you see, boy?" He gave it another shake at me, and it began to grow from the excitement of my shocked face.

"N ... n ... n ... no." Those were the only words I could manage to spill from my mouth. I couldn't take my eyes off of it, though; I couldn't look him in the eyes. I just kept staring at his fistful of flesh.

"Yes you do, I know you do." He gave it slow strokes, causing it to swell in his hands. "How 'bout you come over here and touch it?"

He reached out to me with his left hand. I was stone still and couldn't move. My heart was thrusting at my chest now, and I was scared that my grandfather might come, scared of what this man would do to me if I screamed or tried to run.

"Come on boy," he pressed, "come here a minute. It won't hurt you, I just want you to feel it."

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I finally decided that I had no idea where to run if I wanted to. And also, I did want to feel it. If I touched it, would he hit me? If I ran, would it be my last dash? I didn't know what to do.

I finally made the choice to start walking over to him. I took his hand and he pulled me closer, placing it upon his hardened flesh. The skin was loose around the shaft, but it appeared so damned hard. The skin ran over the top of his cock, and I was entranced by it as I tugged at it.

"That's right, boy," he moaned, "make Daddy happy." His cock began to ooze, precum stringing from the tip of his cock to the brush below. I watched his face as he closed his eyes and relaxed his body at my touch. I had control of him. For the first time in my life, I felt what it was like to control another person. I also realized I could get away from him at this moment if I wanted. I decided to take advantage of the situation, and gave him a few more tugs for good measure. Then I let go and took off running.

"Hey!" I heard him shout behind me. I didn't stop, though, just kept running. I didn't know where I was going; I just knew that I wanted to run. Was it instinct, or did I want him to chase me as true prey? I will never know.

"Gotcha!"

My predator grabbed me from behind. He pushed me down to the ground. I squirmed to get away, my heart pounding, but he held me down, covering my mouth with his left hand. I felt his hot breath on my neck and cheek as he struggled to pull my

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pants down below my ass cheeks. He slipped his legs over mine and, using his ankles, forced my legs to spread enough for his cock to access me. Once he locked his knees, I had nowhere to go.

I turned my head to the side, only to see him spit into his right hand and smile at me. That crooked grin brought comfort to my struggles; he wasn't going to hurt me. But I wanted to know what was next. My struggles dropped to mild movements to keep him on top of me where I liked him.

The next thing I felt was a wet cold feeling on my asshole. I braced myself for what was next. I felt the pressure of his cock-head smashing up against my tight hole.

"Just relax, boy," he grunted in my ear, "it's only gonna hurt for a second, and then you're gonna love it."

Without another word, he forced his way into me. I almost thanked God that he had my mouth covered, or the world would have heard my innocent cry echo from the trees.

He kept thrusting into me, harder and harder. I felt the pain of him stabbing at me while he blocked my mouth and nose with his giant left hand. Then the strangest thing happened. I felt my body grow warm, and my fear turned to excitement. I suddenly found myself experiencing pure pleasure. I closed my eyes so I could hear him grunt more clearly.

I could smell his breath wrapping my face through his dirty fingers. The puffs of hot air in my ear made me fall into a trance of absolute ecstasy. I relaxed my legs and pushed my plump ass