

Vincent Andrews

I spent the next several months trying to go out with my new friend and dodging all the signals I got wherever we went. I fought hard to throw away the past, and my old habits along with it. It was like coming off of a drug and trying to leave an old world behind to enter a new one. After going through this experiment in my own life, I had found a new respect for addicts who cleaned up their lives....

Suddenly the door to the restroom swings open, and there in the mirror's reflection, I see the hustler I met earlier in the evening. Now he seems to have a more confident look on his face, a greater presence, and he gives a much stronger sense of control. He's either sobered up, which was most likely not the case, or he's finally built up the nerve he needs to confront me.

The hustler stumbles toward the urinal next me, blatantly looks at my meat in my hand, and whips out his own. I don't move. Why should I give the bitch the satisfaction of any reaction?

He's not pissing, just jerking his own meat in hopes I am too. I can tell that he's sure that I will look down at his. I don't stop looking forward, but all the while I keep him in my peripheral vision. With my lack of interest obviously passing, it's only a few brief seconds before he reaches over with the intention of grabbing my meat from my hand.

"Boy?" I speak calmly and coolly, "Don't you fucking think about it."

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He stops his advance and turns his body to face me, his cock still in hand.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" I hear him ask. "Are you sssshhy?" he slurs.

I respond with a smirk.

Even more frustrated by this, he looks into my eye and slurs again, "Look I jus' wunn may you happy, Daaaaddy."

"Oh, really?" I asked him. I'm finished pissing, and I turn toward him, my own meat still in my hand. He gazes down for a second and then flashes his eyes back to mine. A drunken grin crosses his face.

I look at him with a steady stare, and in the same detached voice I say, "Then be a good boy and get down on your fucking knees."

The hustler's eyes blink and then widen, as if he has just been handed an invitation out of the living hell he knows as his life. He wets his lips with his tongue and slowly drops to my knees as if he expects to be knighted.

I dance my cock head across his lips, and with one singular motion he's taken my cock deep within this throat. The warm, wet spit from mouth creates a tingle that goes up my spine and to the top of my head.

I feel him feeding off me like a suckling pig. That's all he is, all he could ever be for me – a fucking pig, hungering for nourishment from my milk. He wraps his hands around my hips to

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brace for the assault of thrusts I am about to launch in his face. I look at this trashy whore on his knees before me, and my cock swells in his mouth.

He looks up at me almost innocently, waiting for the exchange of appreciation or ecstasy that he's had from his other tricks. I look back down into his eyes as I run my hand slowly down his expanded jaw. He takes this as a gesture of comfort – a mistake on his part.

He closes his eyes and resumes nursing on my flesh. I run my hands under his jaw and place my fingertips right at the joints on either side of his face, where it hinges. My hand continues to travel up and slide his hat to the piss-coated floor behind him, and then I firmly grasp a handful of his hair.

One hand grips his jaw; the other tightens on his hair. Tighter and tighter. All the while I shove my cock into this pig's throat – deeper, harder, and faster. He starts to try to pull his head back off my cock. He opens his eyes to look at me, his gaze a bit uncertain.

I grin and continue my stabbing my cock down his throat. The pig actually tries to pull from my hips and starts choking. Saliva flows from the sides of his lips and runs down his jaws.

Quietly, almost tenderly, I ask, "What's the matter, little boy?"

I enjoy his choking. I revel in his distress. He couldn't clamp his jaw down on me if he fucking tried; I would dislocate his jaw before he had the chance.

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"I thought you wanted to make Daddy happy?" I smiled.

His eyes are bulging red. His eye sockets turn purple. He starts slapping my legs and beating at my thighs with his fists.

"Pathetic little pig. I could snuff your faggot ass out any time I want," I inform him.

There it is, flashing before me! The look of fear in his eyes as the possibility of death approaches. That's the rush I longed for and wanted, you little fucker.

Again he tries harder to pull away from me. His choice is clear; it is obvious he would rather gasp clean air than continue to nurse my cock for my seed. I release him and push him off of me. He falls on his back and lies there, gasping and staring up at me in disbelief. He is still choking on his own saliva and gasping for air. He is speechless.

"And you call yourself a hustler?" I growl at him in disgust, "Get the fuck up and get out of my face."

His useless lips begin to move just enough to form words. "You, you almost killed me, you sick bastard! I'm gonna fucking call the cops on you and fucking put your ass away!" he threatens.

I put my cock away and button my jeans as I look down at him. He's still lying on his back on the bathroom floor. I lean down on one knee until I'm almost squatting.

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His eyes try to hold my gaze. He's shaking from his new experience. A more normal color is returning to his face, although he's still gulping air and wiping the spit from his face.

I stare deeply into his eyes and slowly tilt my head, searching deep for that beloved spark that I so long for. It isn't there. My expression sours at the absence. I could show more interest in a cockroach squirming on its back on the bathroom floor than I can for this gasping, drooling waste of flesh.

I reach out, grab a handful of his hair, twist it in my fingers, and pull his face to within inches from my own. Now I feel his staggered huffs of breath my face, and he feels my calm and steady breath on his.

He can only stare mutely. I imagine he's wondering what I am going to do to him next. He doesn't have a clue. I'm enjoying the moment, and the futility of his guessing games.

I rivet my eyes on his, my mouth shapes itself into a smile. Through clenched teeth, I speak. "If you say anything, I can promise you will never make it to the next trick. Now get up and get the fuck out of this bar, and don't ever come back here again!"

Still holding his hair, I fling his head back, pull myself up to my full height, and stand towering over him.

"NOW!" I shout.

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I watch as he scurries to close his pants and grab his hat. He stumbles against the door with his full weight. The door gapes open and he runs out in the bar night air. I'm smiling.

The door slowly creaks shut. I stand there basking in the glorious feeling of taking a man the brink of death. Ah! What a feeling to feel that whore's life waning, and to feel his fear build in my hands. I could live on the feeling of that hunt forever.

I reach down and adjust my crotch, placing my cock back in its proper position. I exit the bathroom and head back into the bar night air where my audience awaits.