

Young Perps.

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Young Perps.

by [xgoangiveittoya](#)

Summary

Briarwood is only known for a few things; one of them is about how peaceful a community it is. Bearing one of the lowest crime rates in the state *and* in the country, it is not a place that sees much action often. There is a reason for that.

[*Young Perps* is an anthology story - aka, each chapter featuring different characters and situations - set in the town of Briarwood, home to some [other familiar](#) faces]

Notes

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For reference: [Neal](#) | [Deputy Martin](#).

The Hole In The Wall.

“Shit. Shit, shit, shit, *shit*”, Neal hissed, as he ran through the woods as fast as his legs would allow. Not too far from where he was, he could hear the sirens approaching.

This time, he had been had.

“I gotta find a way out of here”, he muttered, looking around. “I just need to think.”

The problem was, of course, that Neal was not the thinking kind.

Neal Faraday was what we generally refer to as a *petty thief*. At the age of fourteen, he already had a criminal record – stealing, carjacking, jaywalking, pickpocketing, identity theft that one time. He had escaped unscathed for the most part, because while charges were brought against him, they were hardly ever proven. They could never catch him in the act.

This time, however, it seemed to be the exception.

He had hit a store truck, after hearing about those new shoes coming out. He figured, since he couldn't make knock-offs, he could snatch them beforehand and sell for a pretty penny. He laid a trap on the road for the truck, knocked out the driver, packed a bunch of shoes and was about to take off on the truck when the cops came in. With a tire blown out, he had to run on foot.

Neal had made it pretty far, too; most of the other bastards had already gotten tired of chasing him. The only one left still on his trail was Officer Martin – his old nemesis. Martin had been trying to nail Neal for months now, but the boy always slipped away from his fingers. He had even given him a nickname: Neal the Eel. Quite catchy.

This time, though, Martin wasn't letting him escape. Neal had to act.

He ran through the trees, until he spotted the walls of the Andino Manor growing in the distance. Once upon a time, the Manor had housed the great and noble Andino family, one of the founders of Briarwood; now, it was a decrepit piece of history, that mostly served for the teens in town to host raves on the weekends.

The walls were pretty high, but Neal could see a hole nearby – not too big, but maybe enough for him to slither through. He was, after all, slippery.

But, sadly, not slippery enough.

He threw the bag of stolen shoes over the wall, before throwing himself into the hole, hoping his skinny frame would slide to the other side. That was almost what happened; but when he got to his hips, it... Stuck.

*Oh, you have **got** to be kidding me*, he groaned, trying to wiggle out, but no luck. He couldn't pull back, couldn't push forward.

He was stuck.

“Well, well, well. Look what we got here”, Deputy Martin said. He had finally caught on the trail of the convict, in time to see his daredevil act fail spectacularly. Now, he was staring at the boy's ass as it swung back and forward, trying to escape. “Seems like you're in a tight spot.”

“Fuck you, asshole!”

“Hey, show me some respect, or I will leave you here. How long do you think you will last, all alone, in the woods, with no food or water?” the man teased. He pretended to walk away, just to see the boy trashing some more.

“Hey! Hey, come on! Help me out!” Neal cried out.

“And why would I do that for? So you can go back to stealing and causing trouble?” he asked, folding his arms.

“I promise – I promise I won’t! I swear!”

“I know your type, Neal. You’re a bad boy.”

“No, man! I swear! I learned my lesson!”

“You don’t even know what the lesson is!” He said, smacking the boy’s ass with his flashlight. Neal whined, and his butt wiggled.

And, in that moment, Deputy Martin realized he had an opportunity.

There was nobody around. Not for miles. They were right into the woods. Neal could make as much noise as he wanted, and nobody would hear him... Martin could do whatever he wanted with the boy.

The boy who’d been his nightmare for *months*. The little devil. Always one step ahead. Always escaping conviction. Everybody knew he was the one stealing stuff and selling it as knock-offs, but who could prove it? Someone had to get him off the streets. Someone had to *do* something.

And that might as well be him.

“Hey! Hey, what are you doing back there?!” Neal shouted, when he felt his pants being pulled down. The cool breeze blowing between his legs sent shivers running up his spine, though that also could have been the sudden realization that he was helpless and naked in front of his biggest foe.

“It’s time you learn your lesson, little man”, Martin said, spreading his cheeks. Fuck, the kid had a nice ass. Tight, pink little rosebud. You’d think a kid living in the streets would’ve used his hole for his advantage already, but he still looked cherry.

Martin had always been an ass man – his porn search history proof enough of that. He never got enough of that at home; his wife was too uptight for anything other than missionary. He had fucked a few whores during those undercover police bursts they did once in a while, but a thoroughly used hole didn’t compare to a virgin boypussy.

“What the fuck, dude! Stop it! Stop it! What the fuck are you – oh, God!” There was another shiver up Neal's spine, but neither cold nor fear this time: Martin had kneeled down and gotten his tongue into the boy’s ass. A surprise invasion that knocked the wind right out of his lungs; Neal wasn't sure if he should be disgusted that someone was tongue-fucking his asshole... Or if he should be enjoying it.

Martin didn’t care, either way. He licked and sucked and fucked the boy’s ass, trying to get as much of his tongue inside of him as he could. Neal’s attempts to evade his assault only turned him on more. He liked it better when they struggled.

“Stop it – please – stoppp–” the boy whined, his legs already feeling woozy. To his surprise, Martin let go of his cheeks; for a moment, he thought things were starting to look up for him.

But then he heard a zipper being lowered, and the sound of pants hitting the floor.

“No! No, no, no, no! Don’t do this! Please!” He cried out. Martin wasn’t paying attention: he grabbed the sides of the boy’s hips, aligning them to his hard cock. It was just a little over six inches and not too thick, but for an unexperienced hole, it would feel like a train.

And that, for him, was what mattered.

Neal’s screams echoed through the forest, scaring away the birds in the trees. He choked on his own tears as he felt his hole being stretched wide in one rapid thrust.

“Relax. If you relax it will end quicker”, Martin said, even though he had no intention of going for only one round.

Buried to the hilt on the boy’s ass, he thrust his head back to look at the sky, thanking whatever deity had allowed for that once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Neal sobbed through the pain, his nails sinking into the walls to keep himself steady. It felt like his entire body was getting split into two; the pain was blinding him, and turning his stomach inside out.

And yet.

Every time Deputy Martin’s dick dragged against that magic spot inside him, it made him gasp out loud. His eyes watered and his mind went blank. “Please... Don’t do this... Stop... Please... Don’t... Stop....”

“If you want me to stop, why is your dick so hard?” He asked, tugging at the hard 4 inches between the boy’s legs. Neal pushed back by reflex, tightening up around his shaft.

Martin fucked harder, deeper, faster. Faster. Faster. His skin slapping against the boy’s ass, sweat dripping from skin to skin. Neal’s cries were long since muffled, and that was left were the moans he so desperately tried to hold back; his dick leaking against the wall.

He whimpered when he felt Martin push into him one last time, the feeling of cum filling him for the first time overwhelming his senses.

“Now that’s a good boy”, he said, slapping the boy’s ass. Just then, his radio went off.

“106, this is dispatch. Where are you?” Asked the man on the other side of the line.

“Dispatch this is 106. I’m in pursue of–” he paused. “Actually. Can you send a unity over to my GPS location? I need back up.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah”, he said, stroking himself hard again.

“I’ll see if there’s anyone in the area...”

“Hurry, we can’t let the perp escape”, he almost chuckled, his hard cock gliding back inside the still *oh so tight* ass.

“What – what the fuck are you doing – you said – I’ve learned my lesson!” Neal cried out.

“I don’t think you have”, Martin said, picking up the pace. “I think you need some more teachers to really – hmmm – really nail it in.”

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The night in Andino Manor was busy in a way it hadn’t been since the original fire that took the family out. Almost every unit in town stopped by at some point – reports would called it a ‘hostage situation in progress’, though the news wasn’t informed, and no official statements were given.

By morning, Deputy Martin – the overseer of the hostage negotiation – called in some of his buddies in the fire department to help free the boy out; of course, the two firefighters who arrived also had to, hmm, help with the situation.

They couldn’t, after all, let the cops have all the fun.

After each fireman took their turn, Neal was finally freed from his enclosure. The paramedics took him to the ambulance, but a quick view of his state showed that while he needed some rest, some fluids and some ointment, he was gonna be just fine.

One of the paramedics couldn’t help but notice, too, that while the boy had taken cock of all shapes, sizes, colors and girths... His mouth was still fair game.

And the shoes... They’d stay there, for when Neal wanted to pick them up. Martin made sure the hole in the wall would stay there, too.

License and Registration.

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For reference: [Kyle](#) | [Deputy Dylan](#).

Not many roads lead in and out of Briarwood. They were safe to travel, of course: well paved, well maintained, the mayor made sure to do his job well.

That didn't mean there weren't crimes happening, of course. Every once in a while, you'd get a speedster.

That was what Deputy Dylan was there for.

He kept an eye on any funny guy going above the speed limit – even 55 on a 50 was enough to get his hands itchy. Truth was, with the lack of crime in town, most of the time the police officers had to come up with something to meet their quotas for bonuses. It was either that or – *urgh* – getting a second job.

So he sat and he waited. And waited. Usually, nothing came out of it.

But then, sometimes, he'd also get lucky.

In that Saturday night, specifically, as his car was parked near the woods, a black Audi sped by. Said Audi was being manned by Kyle Emmerich.

It was Kyle Emmerich's fifteenth birthday, and his father had just given him a brand new car. Now, anyone could argue that giving a car for someone so young, who couldn't even have a driver's license yet, was surely an odd choice, but the gift was more of a peace offering than anything.

See, the Emmerich were among the richest family in Briarwood, and as such, their name carried some weight. The same weight, however, could crush anyone under it – as was the case when Mrs.

Emmerich decided to call it quits on her marriage, choosing to ditch her husband and marry a man half her age. She, also, decided to take half of her husband's money along with it, and there was very little that Mr. Emmerich could do about it.

Things got worse when the custody for young Kyle was involved, as neither his father nor his mother were that interested of taking care of a child. Neither one of them had done a very good job at that before, and neither saw the point of trying now.

So instead each parent had been trying to buy the kid's affection, in the hopes of convincing him to pick the other side when the time came. The word 'boarding school' had been suggested a few times as well.

His father had upped the ante by giving him the car, but he had made the boy promise he wouldn't touch it until he got his license. He could get the chauffeur to drive it, maybe or even do so around their property, but he wasn't allowed to go out into the world.

The thing, though, was that Kyle wasn't a very good listener. And he loved to piss off his dad. He just didn't think of the consequences for either of those things.

So he took the car for a joyride late at night, after getting a little tipsy, and found himself with the window rolled down, feeling the breeze rush down, completely ignoring that the car was already well over the speed limit. That was when the sirens came and he was forced to pull over.

"License and registration, please", Deputy Dylan asked, tapping the roof of the car. Kyle had been trying to keep calm up to that point – he repeated to himself that it was fine, really, his father was an important man, what could they do to him? But now that he was looking up to the officer, a flashlight shining on his face, things were different.

"Right, well, uh, see, officer, about that..." he stuttered, gripping the vehicle tight.

"Step out of the vehicle, son, please", the officer demanded.

The boy did as he was told, tripping on his own feet; but he didn't know if it was because of the alcohol or fear. Either way, he could barely stand straight.

"How old are you, kid?" Deputy Dylan asked.

"Eighteen, sir."

"Right. And I'm Elon Musk." he scoffed. "Let me see some ID."

"I, uh, I don't have any on me, sir."

"And the car's?"

"Don't got that, either."

"Have you been drinking, boy? Smoked a joint?" the officer flashed his light on the boy's eyes, making him tumble back.

"Just – just a little. It's... it's my birthday."

"Stand over here, hands in the roof of the car. I'm gonna do a body search."

"What? What for? N-No, I'm fine! I'm fine!"

Kyle tried pulling himself away from the officer, but Deputy Dylan grabbed him, slamming him face-down on the car. Dylan told himself it was out of necessity – the boy wasn't collaborating – but he knew damn well that wasn't the case.

The kid was cute as a button. He didn't see a lot of those around.

He patted the boy, from the arms down his torso and his legs; Deputy Dylan took especial care in the boy's calves. Was he a runner? They sure felt nice and strong.

"There's, hng, there's nothing there. You don't need to look there", Kyle complained, when he felt the officer cup his groin over his clothes.

"You sure? Looks to me you're packing", the officer joked. He moved his hands to the boy's ass, firm and round, but also where he noticed something peeking out.

Fuck, Kyle cursed to himself, when Deputy Dylan fished his student ID out of his back pocket.

"See, you *do* have some identification on you", he said. His face almost immediately went white when he saw the boy's name, though. "You're Mr. Emmerich's kid?"

"Uh, yeah. See, this is all a big misunderstanding."

That was usually what his father said whenever he needed to get rid of a parking ticket or a speeding violation. Sadly for Kyle, he wasn't his father – and he certainly couldn't bribe his way out of this one.

"Right, yeah", he said, pinning the boy to the car when he tried to move. "So you, rich kid, weren't driving over the speeding limit, drunk off your ass?"

"I wasn't – I'm not that drunk", Kyle slurred. Dylan smacked him in the back of the knees, to make his knees buckle.

"Seems pretty drunk to me. Now, what do you think the media would say if they heard about this? Do you think your father would get in trouble? Because I think he would...I think he would get in a lot of trouble. Do you want your father to get in trouble?"

"N-No..."

"Then we can come to an agreement."

"I don't – I don't have any money with me", Kyle sobbed.

"That's okay. We can work out other ways for you to pay up."

In one swift motion, Deputy Dylan spun Kyle around. Another knock to his legs and the boy was on his knees, eye-level to the man's crotch. "Put your hands behind your back", the officer commanded. "And open wide."

He pulled his cock out of his pants, seven hard inches of dick with a big, purple mushroom head. The boy twisted his face away, in disgust. "I'm not gonna suck you off, dude."

"Yes, you will", he said, slapping his dick against the boy's cheek. "Either that or I'm gonna take you back to the station and hold you there until every news channel in town come and take your picture."

"My father, he's..."

“He’s gonna have to come get you out, and *then* they’ll take his picture as well. More humiliation. Is that what you want?”

The boy bit down his lower lip. Of course he didn’t. He didn’t want to disappoint his dad. He loved his old man – or at least he thought he did. They never saw each other very often, but dad always gave the best gifts.

Maybe... maybe just this once, he could return the favor.

“I’ll do it, and then you’ll let me go, right?” Kyle asked, looking up to the officer with pleading eyes.

“We’ll see.”

Dylan presented his dick again, and this time Kyle didn’t reject it – just closed his eyes and tried not to think of the taste as the man pushed his entire length into his mouth. He balked when it hit the back of his throat, but the officer kept him firm in position, holding his head in place with both hands.

“Just let it in”, he commanded, pulling back an inch, just to thrust two more forward. “Fuck yes. Make daddy proud.”

Kyle tried *not* to think of his dad while Deputy Dylan fucked his throat. The officer leaned over the hood of the car for support, delighted in the feeling of his dick dragging over the boy's tongue.

There was no better feeling to him than making a young boy gag on a cock for the first time. It’s special – a rite of passage, almost. The younger they learned to do it, the better. Even the occasional tooth scrapping added to the glory of the experience.

“That’s it. Good boy”, he goaded, pushing deeper, his balls slapping against Kyle’s chin. “Don’t worry, I’m not gonna cum in your mouth. Gotta save that load for somewhere special.”

Kyle looked up to him, his eyes clouded with tears, and he felt his blood run cold.

With ease, Deputy Dylan picked Kyle up and threw him onto the seat of his car. The boy tried to get away, crawling towards the door on the other side, but the officer’s grip on his legs kept him in place.

“Please... please, we don’t have to do this”, he begged.

“You know what the alternative is”, Dylan said, pulling the boy’s shorts off.

“If... if you go home with me I – I can get you some money.”

“You think what I want from you right now is money?” the deputy scoffed.

“W-What if someone sees us?”

Dylan looked around. There were no cars for miles and miles – it was always pretty quiet that time of night – but the boy did have a point. What if someone appeared suddenly? The alternative could be to take the boy into the woods, but then that could be even more suspicious; if someone passed and saw two cars, one of them being a police vehicle, they would surely be alarmed... may even try to investigate.

“We just gotta be quick, then”, he said, with a smirk.

Dylan spit on his hand, rubbing it over his cock for lube. In any other occasion, he'd have taken the time to eat the boy out, at least try to make him feel good; the time for that, unfortunately, had come and passed.

He put the boy in all fours over the seats, pressing the tip of his cock over his tiny entrance. "It's – it's too big, it's not gonna fit", Kyle cried out.

"Don't worry, baby. I... can... make... it... fit!"

He pushed, and pushed, and then pushed a little more, prying open the boy's sphincter until his cockhead popped in. Kyle jolted forward, screaming, but Dylan held on to him. Fuck, the kid was tight. *So* tight. And warm. Hmm. So warm. And the more he struggled – the more he tried to push him out – the better it fucking felt.

With no time to let the boy adjust, he thrust the rest of his cock in, impaling Kyle on his seven inches. The boy yelled; cried; begging him to stop. Trashing and trashing until he couldn't trash anymore.

"TAKE IT OUT. PLEASE. TAKE IT OUT. IT HURTS. IT HURTS. PLEASE. Please. Please, take it out. Pleassssee."

"Relax, honey, it gets better", he said, though he probably just meant for him, anyway.

Kyle could feel every inch of the man pulsing inside him. So deep. It hurt so bad it made him see stars. He buried his face on the passenger seat of his brand new car, his tears soaking into the leather, the words of his father echoing in his ears – telling him not to take the car out – mixed with the moans of Deputy Dylan, every time he slammed his dick in.

Long, deep, endless stabs. Every time he pushed in, Kyle felt incredibly full; completely stuffed. When he pulled back, it was an emptiness he had never felt before. That he didn't want to feel again.

Over and over, the cycle repeated, until the tears were gone and in its place, the wetness in the seat came from his drool as he moaned, his hips pushing back against the invasion almost involuntarily.

It hurt.

It was awful.

It felt so good.

Feeling the boy squeeze around his dick, milking him with his insides, pushed Deputy Dylan right over the edge. Kyle gasped when the man shot inside of him, suddenly discovering another unexpected feeling.

Deputy Dylan would've stayed in that moment forever, but he knew he had to hurry. He withdrew his dick from the boy's ass, taking only a brief moment to watch as his cum leaked out of Kyle's well-fucked hole, before putting his pants back up.

"D-Does this mean I can go now?" Kyle asked, still lying face-first on the seat.

"Yeah. But don't let me catch you driving around again", he said, with a good slap on the boy's rear. "Or better yet, do. I'm sure you're gonna get *real good* at paying speeding tickets."

Caught Red-Handed.

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Make sure to drop a line on my [Twitter](#), if you like my stuff. As always, comments are much appreciated.

For reference: [Michael](#) | [Alexander](#) | [Riz The Security Guard](#).

“I don’t think this is a good idea, Mickey”, Alex said, as they stepped inside the chilly, bright department store.

Michael, leading the way ahead, barely skipped a step. “*Of course* it is a great idea. We’ll step in, try out some clothes, and then we’re off.”

“With your mom’s credit card? Which she explicitly told you *not* to use anymore or she’d have your ass?”

“Yeahhhh, but by the time she realizes I made some purchases, I’ll have already tamed the beast.”

“You say that every time.”

“And I’m right every time.”

“Why do we even need new clothes anyway? The clothes I have at home are fine.”

“*Because*, pumpkin pie, it’s Kyle’s big stupid party, and we need to look our best.”

“You mean we need to outshine him on his own birthday?”

“*Someone’s* gotta do it, why not us?”

Alex had a dozen reasons as to why not them – including the fact that Kyle Emmerich was a rich asshole, who was not so much as ‘liked’ as he was ‘feared’, and who could easily turn their lives

into nightmares if they crossed him. Michael would probably not hear any of that – once he got stuck with an idea, he had to see it through.

Even if that idea could get them into trouble.

Still, Alex went along with him – because he loved him, perhaps, or because he loved the occasional rule-breaking. Either, or both. Feelings are the kind of thing that is hard to understand, and when you are at the tender age of fifteen, that's even worse.

They had been together for a few months now, and going strong. In secret, of course – neither of their parents could know about it, or they would blow a fuse. Alex's dad specially. He was a military man, he couldn't have a queer in his family! Or at least that was Alex thought he meant whenever his old man thanked God for not having 'one of those things' at home whenever he saw two guys kissing on TV.

The thrill of keeping it a secret also added to the experience.

The prospect of getting yelled at – again - by Mickey's mom, on the other hand, was less exciting. "You don't need to buy me anything, though", he insisted.

"Nonsense. We have to match!" Michael insisted, looking around the male section. "What do you have in mind?"

"I, uh, I don't know. Everybody always wears the same thing anyway."

Always whatever the hot new Insta model was selling.

"Exactly! We have to stand out! Be bold, be brash, be –"

"Gay?" Alex bit his tongue. "I thought we agreed not to come out yet."

"Obviously, yes, but that doesn't mean we can't make a statement", he said, passing through the rows of plain, boring shirts. "Something like – kinda like Harry Styles does."

"Isn't Harry Styles gay?"

"No, he dresses like that to pick up girls. Come on, a guy like that hasn't sucked a dick in his life."

"Neither have we", Alex noted.

Not for lack of wanting, Mickey thought to himself, though he chose not to say anything. He respected his boyfriend's right not to want to do sexy stuff yet, even if he himself was tired of jerking off four times a day and three more at night.

Sometimes he worried that Alex was still trying to decide whether or not he really liked dudes. Maybe it *was* just a phase to him.

Michael liked the idea of bragging about hooking up with a straight guy in the future, but he was also hoping to have something a little more long-term with Alex. Maybe not getting married, but who knew – maybe they could bunk together in college and see where that would lead.

He didn't know what the future held, but he was hoping Alex would be with him along for the ride.

"How about we do something a little more retro? People say the 80s are back", Alex said, scratching his chin.

“What are you thinking? Is it more of casual 80s or preppy 80s or casual 80s? Are we going for a Stranger Things vibe, a Heathers vibe, or a Jason Lee Scott in the first seasons of Power Rangers vibe?”

“First of all, you know Power Rangers was set in the 90s. That’s its whole thing. Second of all, if you went dressed like the Red Ranger, people *would* know you’re gay.”

“Fair point. He was kind of a muscle bunny. I do like the idea, though. Some booty shorts and some crop tops...easy enough to take off if it turns into a pool party. Speaking of which...”

He grabbed a speedo with a floral pattern from one of the racks, holding it up over his face.

Alex groaned. “I am *not* wearing that.”

“Absolutely you are. What’s the point of you working out if not to show off? Especially the package. Make all the other guys jealous”, Mickey winked. “Come on, I wanna see if this one fits me.”

“Uh, I don't think you are allowed to try on underwear, babe.”

“Says who?”

“That sign over there?” He motioned towards the lettering next to the changing booths that read ‘please do not put on underwear before purchasing’.

“Ugh, relax, nobody is going to know about it”, he assured, stepping inside. Alex stood guard, looking around to see if anyone would spot them; the store was mostly empty at that time of the afternoon. It wasn’t like a lot of people came to Briarwood Mall in the middle of the week, anyway.

Well, there was a rumor of a cruising spot on the bathroom of the third floor, but he never had the guts to check out. Guys would probably think it was a ‘to catch a predator’ kind of situation.

“I think it's a little too tight”, Mickey said, from inside the booth. “Come check it out.”

Alex looked around again, before stepping inside. Mickey was standing there, doing a Wonder Woman pose with his hands on his hips; the pair of swimwear was definitely one size too small, stretched over his crotch in a way that was almost obscene.

The fact that he had a noticeable hard on didn’t help, either.

“I think I need to take care of this before I try any other on”, he said, rubbing his crotch.

“Yeah, well, you can do that at home.”

“Nooo, let’s do it here! You can help me”, he pleaded, grabbing Alex’s hand towards his crotch.

The boy hesitated. “Come on, Mickey, we’ve talked about this...”

“It’s just a handjob, babe. We used to jerk off together all the time before we started dating, didn’t we?”

Alex took pause. That was true. Besides, doing it in public... It was kinda fun.

He pushed Michael’s speedos down around his ankles, taking his boyfriend’s hard four inches into his hand. Mickey moaned and folded his hands behind his back, thrusting into his fingers to the

rhythm of his strokes. He tried keeping his voice down, but not *that* hard.

Wouldn't have mattered, anyway. They had already been spotted.

"Well, well, well," came the voice, just as one of the mall guards stepped into the cubicle. "Look what we got here."

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"You boys are in some serious trouble, you know that, right?" Security Guard Riz asked, leaning against his desk. He had taken the boys to his office – which was really just a small room in the far back of the store, where no soul dared to wander. There were several confiscated items from would-be thieves, expired merchandise, and behind his table there were pictures of old people in what could be assumed to be all the people he excommunicated from the store permanently.

The two boys sitting shyly in front of him didn't even dare to look up.

He shook his head. "Not only did you disrespect store policy – which will get you banned for life – but you *also* committed a felony."

"What?! No, we didn't!" Mickey jumped up to his feet.

"Yes, you did. Public indecency is a serious crime."

"We didn't do anything. You can't – you can't prove we did anything."

"I have footage of your little friend over there giving you a handjob", he said, leaning back to turn the monitor of his computer towards the boys.

'A picture is worth a thousand words' had never been more true.

"Now, how about you guys tell me your names so we can see how we'll handle this?" he asked.

"We don't have to tell you jack, shit or fuck", Michael spat out.

"That *is* true. Guess I'll just call the cops, then."

"Hey! No! Come on! You don't gotta do that", Alex intervened. "My name's Alexander Sanders, and he's Michael Skyler."

"Dude!"

"What? I don't wanna go to jail, Mickey!"

"You know what happens to cute guys like you two in prison", Riz scoffed. "You guys are dating, or just fooling around?"

"He's my boyfriend", Alex said, hesitant.

"Cute. Tell you what, Alex and Mickey – why don't you guys show me some of the stuff you were up to in that booth, so I can decide whether or not to turn you in?"

Mickey squinted. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Drop your pants, I wanna watch you two jerk each other off.”

“Are you crazy? I'm not doing that!”

“That’s fine. I’ll just call your parents, then. Explain the situation to them... I’m sure they will be very proud”, Riz smirked, leaning back on the table. “Not to mention, imagine what would happen if this footage somehow got leaked... Can you imagine what all your friends would say? Not to mention that... you know, what’s on the internet is there forever. You could even use this as your college applications.”

Had the boys been a little smarter – or at least a little less freaked out – they would have realized all the flaws in that argument; for starters, why would a changing room have a camera on it? Not to mention, the security guard would be in much more trouble if that footage was to be released.

They, of course, were not thinking of any such details. They were more worried about what would happen if any of that came to pass – if their parents saw it, if Mickey’s mom found out about the credit card... There was good reason to be terrified.

“If you do this, you’re gonna let us go, right?”

“Alex!”

“We don't have any other choice, babe.”

He stood up, dropping his pants. Even though there were only them three in the room, with the door shut, he still felt exposed in his white briefs. It was like suddenly the whole world could see him.

It also made him feel a little funny on the inside.

Mickey stripped down, too. He was still wearing the speedo, though his boner had long since gone down. Riz couldn’t help but notice they both filled up their packages nicely enough.

“Come on, touch each other”, he urged.

The boys shared a worried look. “It’s okay”, Alex assured, slipping his hand inside the other boy’s underwear – even if he himself wasn’t sure of that yet.

With their undies around their knees, they took each other in their hands – awkwardly and unsurely at first, but it didn’t take long before they were growing tall and proud. Alex’s six inches pointed upwards, skinny and veiny, while Mickey’s chubby four inches did not yet peek out of his foreskin.

Riz licked his lips. Uncut boys were hard to come by these days. “You Jewish?” he asked.

“N-no...” Mickey managed to stutter out; he couldn't keep himself from thrusting into Alex’s hand, eyes closed, teeth ground together.

“Well, congrats to your family, anyway”, he chuckled. “Yo, blondie. Why don’t you get on your knees and service your man?”

“Don’t – don’t talk to him like that”, Mikey said, even though Alex was doing as he was told.

“It’s alright. We'll be done soon”, his boyfriend assured him, holding the base of Mickey’s dick towards his mouth.

He had never done it. Had dreamed of doing it, almost every day for the last five years, but never had the courage to actually do it. And now he was doing it with an audience.

Riz couldn't pull his eyes from the scene – the boy, kneeling down, licking around the tip of the other boy's dick; unsure how to suck, but still trying anyway. That wasn't the kind of thing he got to see every day.

Sometimes he caught up with some horny teens on Chaturbate, but those were fewer and fewer as the time went by – and they hardly ever came in pairs. Neither did the ones he sniffed out on Periscope, and they always got deleted very quickly.

Now he was watching it, all in front of him, the real deal. A hundred times better than any birthday gift.

It didn't take long before Alex was bobbing up and down Mickey's crotch, taking his entire dick in his mouth. By the strangled moans coming from the boyfriend, and the way he had sunk his nails into his palms, it wasn't gonna take long before he blew a load, either.

“Alright, then, time to switch up”, he said, snapping his fingers.

“What? No, you said – I thought –”

“You don't wanna pay your boy back? Is he always like this, blondie?” Riz asked, pulling Alex's head away from Mickey's crotch. “Only wants to get sucked but not return the favor?”

“We never... Never actually done it before”, Alex muttered, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Riz whistled. Fuck. That was even fucking better! Two cherries for the price of one. He was gonna do more than watch them suck each other, for sure.

“Come on, now. Get to it”, he urged, grabbing his crotch.

Michael fell to his knees just as Alex turned towards him, and Alex's dick slapped against his lips, leaving a trail of pre-come behind.

Mickey swallowed dry, closing his eyes and opening his mouth. He felt Alex's fingers brushing through his hair as his tongue made contact with the underside of his dick for the first time – the first taste of what he had long sought after.

Just like that, something inside his head clicked into place. He knew exactly what to do.

“Damn, look at him go. Bitch's a natural”, Riz laughed, watching the boy suck and lick and kiss and worship the other boy's cock, his tongue lapping at it like his life depended on it.

A beautiful little cocksucker. Born to be on his knees.

Alex thought so, too, though he wouldn't dare saying it out loud. Hell, he probably even couldn't; his mind was clouded by the sudden new feelings – nothing that could compare to sucking or jerking off. Did this always feel like that? Why weren't they blowing each other earlier?!

He was brought back to reality when the voice of the security guard resonated in his ears, like a sharp whip. “Okay. Time for you two to show me what you learned.”

Michael looked back at him. “What's that supposed to mea– HOLY SHIT!”

Riz reached inside his pants and pulled out his own throbbing hard dick – nine thick, fat inches of cock, its head already glistening with pre-come.

“I’m not sucking you off, dude!” Mickey barked, even though the thought made his mouth water. “That’s not part of the deal!”

“The deal is that you do whatever the fuck I tell you to do, or I’ll send your ass to a jail cell. Right now, I want those pretty lips around my dick, or else...”

“Let’s just... Let’s just do it”, Alex said, grabbing his boyfriend's hand. “Let’s just get this over with.”

“But –”

“Please. You know – our parents can’t find out about this.”

“Listen to blondie, pretty boy”, Riz urged, slapping his dick on his own hand.

The boys crawled towards him, one on each side. He leaned back against the table for support, closing his eyes and letting himself enjoy the moment – the feeling of two inexperienced yet so eager mouths caressing every inch of his meat. One sucked on the head while the other traced the length with his tongue; they took turns sucking on his balls, feeling the weight of them on their mouths, heavy with cream, just for them.

There was no more incredible feeling than that of two boys kissing each other with your dick between their lips, or holding their heads in place while you slid the full length back and forth between them.

While Mickey was a little more eager – telling himself still that he was only doing it so he could go home faster, even if he knew that was no longer the truth – it was Alex that tried being more daring. He took the cock into his mouth, deeper and deeper until the sixth inch started making him gag.

“Damn, that's fucking nice”, Riz moaned, fucking his dick straight into the boy’s gag reflex. “Bet you’re never gonna hear him choke on your toothpick, eh?”

“Stop it! You’re hurting him!” He cried out, when the tears started flooding the corner of Alex’s eyes.

“So what? Huh? You wanna take his place instead?”

He pulled his dick out, wet and slick with spit, pushing it towards Mickey’s face while Alex struggled for air. Michael tried to back away, but a strong hand on the back of his head kept him firm into place.

“Open wide, pretty boy”, Riz demanded. “Breathe through your nose, let daddy get in there.”

And he did. Mickey grabbed onto the man’s waist, let him slam it home – all the way in, to the hilt. No stopping, no gagging. Riz’s knees almost gave in to the feel of his cock stretching that young throat out, to the shock of both of them.

The boy really was a fucking natural.

“Fuck yeah. Damn. That’s it, baby, that's fucking it. Goddamn. Take it all”, he groaned, tugging at the boy’s hair while his cock slipped in and out of his throat. He pushed in deeper, so Mickey

could bury his nose on his pubes. “You seeing it, blondie? That’s how your boyfriend likes to get face-fucked.”

Alex was seeing it. He couldn’t *stop* seeing it. By reflex, he was touching himself, watching the whole mammoth disappear into Mickey’s wanting mouth, his throat bulging around the fat shaft.

Holy fuck. How could he even compete with that?

“That’s it, boy, nice and deep”, he goaded, slapping the side of Michael’s face. “Get it all wet so I can stretch your boyfriend’s pussy.”

Mickey pulled back, chocking on his own tongue. “You’re crazy. It’s too big. You’re gonna kill him.”

“Let’s put that to test. Blondie, get on the table.”

“Come on, hey, that wasn’t part of the deal.”

“Come over here. I want you to hold his cheeks while I eat his cunt,” Riz ignored him, pushing Alex down so he was lying with his chest against the wood, his ass proper up at the edge of the table.

Mickey swallowed dry. He wanted to say no. He should say no. And yet, he found himself standing up and circling the table, his hands spreading Alex’s milky white cheeks apart.

“I’m sorry”, he whispered. It was all his fault, they were in this situation – and there was no coming back now.

Alex wanted to say it was okay. They’d be able to figure it out. They’d come out stronger than ever after this. He could not articulate any of that, however, as his mind went completely blank the moment Riz’s tongue made contact with his hole.

His body arched back and he moaned, loud, feverishly; a wave of pleasure spreading through his body, all the way to the tip of his toes and fingers, making them curl. There were noises – girlish almost, and certainly not dignified – coming from his mouth as he backed out against Riz’s face, trying to get his tongue as far into him as possible.

He had come, without even touching himself, his dick pressed between the table and his stomach. Alex buckled back every time he felt Riz’s beard scrapping against his sensitive skin, as if sparks were shooting straight into his spine.

He wanted – needed – more. More. God. *More.*

Riz, on the other hand, was taking his time with the tasting. Fresh boypussy; tender, soft, pure. Best fucking flavor in the world – too bad it couldn’t come in a can. He’ wanted some since God knew when; but aside from some jailbait street hustlers, he had never had the pleasure.

But this – preppy boypussy. Smooth and sweet. A whore could never compare.

He lapped at the boy’s tight ring, fucking his tongue in and out of him. Riz could’ve come just listening to the boy heaving.

But he had other plans.

Riz spit on the boy’s hole, watching it wink at him, wet and sloppy. He stood up, slapping his hard

slab of cock against the boy's ass.

“You're gonna hurt him. You – you're too big. You're gonna hurt him”, Mickey whimpered.

“You think so? 'Cause I think he's gonna love every inch of it. Won't you Lexie?”

Alex let out a long, throaty moan, rocking his hips back on the fat knob pressed over his pucker.

“Open up for daddy, baby. Let me in.”

He pushed, and the head popped in. Alex jolted forward, his body shocked by the sudden invasion; he wanted to scream, but his voice wouldn't let out. He gripped onto the edge of the table, grinding his teeth together.

Riz, on the other hand, made no effort on being less vocal. “That's it, baby. Tight little pussy, open up for me. Good boy. Such a good boy. You like this cock, blondie? You – come here.”

He grabbed Mickey's face, pressing it down over Alex's back, so he could watch closely as the nine throbbing inches slid, in and out, of his boyfriend's ass.

“You think you can ever get this deep inside him?” He asked, his thumb pressing over the boy's cheek. “You think your little toothpick dick is ever gonna make him feel this good?”

Mickey bit down his lip. He could feel the tears flooding the corner of his eyes, dripping down onto Alex's back. This was supposed to be him, he thought; this was supposed to be their special moment.

And now all he could do was listen to Alex moan on another man's cock.

Alex tried to hold back his voice, but the deeper it went, the harder it was for him to focus on anything other than the feeling of Riz's cock dragging across his prostate, over and over and over. Every thrust a new, earth-shattering wave of pleasure that made him see white.

“It's so b-big, Mickey”, he moaned, reaching back to his boyfriend. “H-he's s-s-so b-big.”

It was not a complaint, and Mickey knew it.

Alex grinded his crotch, back and forth onto the table, his dick hard and aching again. He could feel another orgasm building up, faster than he could control it, his entire body shivering with anticipation.

He whined when Riz grabbed his hips and slammed it all in, and louder when he pulled out to the tip. So full. So empty. So much. So sudden.

Alex squeezed Mickey's hand tight, as did his ass around Riz's shaft. His second load joined the first one, all over the table and on his chest.

Riz almost came, too, but he pulled out at the last second. There was still another boy to satisfy.

“Look at this pussy, so stretched out”, he said, spreading Alex's cheeks so Mickey could see the damage. Alex whined. “You think yours is gonna look just like that, pretty boy?”

“I don't – I don't want to”, he said.

“Yeah? Then why is your dick so hard?” He laughed, slapping his dick down. “Liar. Come on, sit your ass down on the table. Let daddy see what you got.”

Shyly – still, somehow – he scooted close to Alex, lying down next to him. To his surprise, however, Riz turned him over, so that he was flat on his back, his legs pushed against his chest to expose his hole.

“Hold them for me, baby, be a good boy”, he instructed Alex, who was quick to obey. They made eye contact for a moment, but the look on Alex’s face was... Indecipherable. “Now this is a hole made to be fucked, isn’t it?”

He kissed the rim of the brown hole, basking on the little strangled noises the boy made as – just like his boyfriend – his body was overcome with new sensations. His boypussy fluttered against Riz’s tongue, like a flower blossoming, and thoughts of Alex were the furthest thing from his mind.

With his legs spread wide, Mickey reached forward and grabbed onto Riz’s hair, pulling him deeper into his hole. His moans filled the room, louder and louder as he felt Riz introduce a finger, then two, then another; if he weren’t so focused on fucking his way into the boy’s heart, the security guard would’ve worried about someone overhearing them.

But not to worry – they were far in the back, and nobody could hear Mickey whimpering, practically begging for more.

“You ready for this cock, pretty boy?” Riz asked, spitting on him.

Michael groaned, hiding his face behind his arms. “Just do it already.”

“Do what?”

“Ugh, come oooooon.”

“No, no, no. I wanna hear you say”, he demanded, teasing his dick against the boy’s entrance.

“Just – just fuck me already!” Mickey begged, pushing his hips back.

Riz smirked. “Good boy. That’s what I like to hear.”

He ground his teeth as his cock sunk into the boy, velvety insides opening up to welcome him home. Mickey gasped, eyes rolling back into their sockets; the world was blinking around him, full of color and sound, and he had never felt more alive.

Riz pushed the last inch inside of him. By reflex, Mickey wrapped his legs around the man's waist and pulled him closer, so they could – finally - be joined at the hip. He could feel every inch of the man’s cock pulsing inside of him, digging into him, tearing him apart and making him whole again.

He bucked up and down, fucking himself deeper into Riz’s dick, his own dick bobbing along, aching for release.

When he reached out to touch it, however, the security guard slapped his hand away. “Come on, pretty boy. Your boyfriend came without touching himself, you can do it too.”

“N-Nooo, p-please.”

Riz leaned over him, the weight of his body pressed onto the boy. Mickey’s dick, sandwiched between them, felt ready to explode.

He pulled Michael's head towards his by the back of his neck, slipping his tongue into Mickey's mouth. The boy struggled at first against the invasion, but even in that his body betrayed him; he draped his arms around the man's neck, grinding his body against his as they kissed, the knowledge that his boyfriend was watching making it even hotter.

Mickey sucked on Riz's bottom lip, their eyes locked onto each other. He twitched when he felt Riz's thumb stroking his nipple, the final spark that sent him right over the edge.

He came, hard and fast, coating both their stomachs with his load. Riz pulled out he had his own load squeezed out by the tightness of the boy's hole, backing away from the table.

"Time for the finale, boys", he said, stroking his dick. This time, they did not need to be told twice: both Alex and Mickey slid out of the table and onto their knees in front of the man, their tongues sticking out towards the tip of his cock.

Fuck. Two desperate little cocksuckers, eager for his load. Who was he to deny them of that?

He shot – so much – so hard – he thought he'd gone blind for a second, covering both those pretty faces with his jizz. The boys swallowed as much as they could, licking the mess he'd made out of each other's faces; they made out, willingly now, with the tip of his cock between their lips.

Fuck yeah. He could've come a second time just from the sight of that.

"Now you kids can go home", he said, grabbing his pants from the floor. Mickey and Alex looked up to him, as if what he was saying was in a foreign language. "Don't forget to pay for the stuff you got. Don't want to arrest you for stealing, now, do I?"

"That...that's it? We just... go home?" Alex asked, unsure if he should – or even could – stand up.

"I suggest you clean up in the bathroom before you head out. There's cum all over your hair", Riz winked.

"What about – what about the video?" Mickey asked.

"I'll delete it, don't worry. Your secret, like your cherries, is safe with me. Just don't let me catch you getting handsy with each other around here again."

Or do, he thought to himself, as the boys got dressed and left. *I'd love to have a round two.*

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Things were... weird, after that, to say the least.

Neither of them knew what to do next. Alex certainly didn't; he didn't know how to behave after seeing what he had seen. He didn't even know how to look Mickey in the eye after...

God.

That had been illegal. So illegal. So wrong. They could have that man arrested! He checked it. *They* could throw his ass in jail for the rest of his life. How was that for a change? They could get him into some real trouble!

But they wouldn't.

Because Alex hadn't been able to stop thinking about it.

Almost every minute of every aching day, but especially at night; he had practically been walking around with a giant boner everywhere. Every time he touched himself, images and sensations came back to him, aching like a phantom limb.

It had been wrong. So wrong.

But it had felt *so good*.

And that was the worst part – how good it felt. With that man. Was it ever gonna be as good with Mickey? What if it wasn't? What if they set themselves up for disappointment? He couldn't face that. He didn't even know how to face that. He had avoided his boyfriend since the moment they parted ways at the mall, with a kiss on the lips that was practically fraternal; they had both avoided Kyle Emmerich's party, and neither had made the effort of calling the other.

Neither knew what was supposed to happen next, but Alex knew one thing – he needed more than just his fingers pushing against his prostate.

That was why, seven days later, he found himself knocking at the door of the security guard's office, trembling on his boots.

He almost turned around and left when there was no response, but then he heard the knob turning and the door cracked open, with just a little of the man's face peering out. His confused expression turned into a wide smile when he saw who it was.

“Well, well, well, blondie. What do I give the honor of your presence?” he asked, opening the door a little more.

“I – I just – I came because – because...”

“You got a taste, and you couldn't get enough of it, isn't that right?” Riz smirked. “Like I told the other one, I'm surprised it took you this long to come around.”

“The – the other one?”

Riz opened the door, to reveal Mickey already lying, butt-ass naked (and hard as a rock) on the table. The security guard himself was barely holding his pants up.

“Your boyfriend arrived just a few minutes ago. Why don't you come in and say hi?” he said, gesturing for him to step inside.

Alex did so, his pants hitting the floor even before the door was done closing again.

How Old Do You Want Me To Be?

Chapter Notes

This is a work of fiction. All characters are creations, not based on any real person, living or otherwise. Any resemblance and similarity to real life events and people is purely coincidental.

This story involves topics that may be considered extreme, including rape and underage sex. You have been warned. No opinions or facts expressed here are meant to represent the author's real-life point of view, or condone it in any way. What happens in fiction stays in fiction.

Make sure to drop a line on my [Twitter](#), if you like my stuff, or check me out on [baraag](#). As always, comments are much appreciated.

For reference: [Evan](#) | [Brian](#)

The night was cold and dark. Meteorology had predicted a few inches of snow to start off the holiday season, but that had not come just yet – instead, citizens of Briarwood had been met with a cold front that was sending chills up anyone's spines.

Still, not *everybody* seemed to be affected by the low temperature. Standing on a corner of Lowe and 5th, a young man – a boy, really – was leaning against one of the historical buildings, a lollipop stuck between his lips, a pair of shorts that was definitely too short and a wife-beater that had seen better days.

Anyone else in his position would've been shivering, but like they say – a hoe never gets cold.

His presence there did not go unnoticed. It was a few minutes before midnight when a car pulled over. Old. Fiat UNO. Dad car.

The man fit the description.

“What’s a boy like you doing in a place like this?” He asked, leaning over the passenger seat to look at him. “Shouldn’t you be at home, little fella?”

“Not a lot of fun to be had at home”, he said, popping the lolli out of his mouth. “Are you looking to have fun, mister?”

The man hesitated. “Depends. What's your name?”

“Ethan.”

“I’m Brian. How old are you, Ethan?”

“How old do you want me to be?”

Brian opened the door, making space for the boy. “Let’s get you warmed up.”

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The car stopped next in a seedy motel, a few blocks away; definitely not the kind of place a dad would show up at.

Or, one could argue, exactly the kind of place a respectful head of a family would show up at.

Brian sat in the bed, feeling it creak under his weight. With his knees pressed together and the way he played with his thumbs, while he waited for Ethan to finish his shower, one would’ve thought he was the child – not the other way around.

“Your first time?” Ethan asked, coming out of the bathroom while drying his hair. He was naked and wet, his body smooth and glistening with water droplets. Brian swallowed hard, pressing his legs together tighter.

“In a way”, he said.

“Don’t worry, it will be fun”, the boy assured. “You want something to drink? Make you relax?”

“That would be fine.”

The boy bent over to check the mini fridge, while the man fidgeted with a loose seam of the mattress cover, not daring to lift his head.

“There you go”, Ethan said, returning with two freshly open coke cans. He handed one to Brian. “Bottoms up.”

“Is that what your motto?” the man asked, bringing the can to his lips.

The boy took a gulp of his drink. “My what?”

“Never mind.”

“You’re a funny guy, Brian,” Ethan chuckled. “Now, have you decided on what you want tonight?”

“The, uh, the full package”, he said. As they had discussed in the car – \$20 for a handjob, \$50 for a footie. \$100 for a blowie. \$300 for an hour of anal. \$500 for the full package.

“Alright, then. Can I see the dough?”

The man reached into his wallet, leaving a few bills on the nightstand.

“Okay! Finish your drink and we – uh, we c-can – we can get –”

He let the can slip from his fingers. His sight, turvy and out of focus, soon slipped into darkness.

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When Ethan woke up next, it was to find himself still in that same bedroom. Things were slightly different, however: he was on the bed, his arms twisted behind his back. Handcuffed.

He struggled against the metal, but it wasn't one of those shitty, plastic types. It was actual cuffs. Professional stuff.

Brian was sitting next to him on the bed. He had loosened the buttons on his shirt and rolled up the sleeves. He didn't look like a dad so much, anymore – more like a mean principal.

“So glad you could join us back in the land of the living”, he teased, no longer meek and shy.

Ethan wasn't having it. “Dude, what the fuck?! What the fuck is this? Did you drug me?! This isn't what we agreed on! You know kinky shit is extra!”

“Oh, no, I'm not –” he laughed. “I'm just taking a page out of your playbook! This *is* how you run your scheme, isn't it, 'Ethan'?”

The boy blushed. “I have no idea what the fuck you're talking about.”

“Don't you, now? 'Cause, see, I have in good authority that you've been a very naughty boy”, Brian said, running his fingers through the boy's hair. “You bring those men to some nasty motel, or to their homes if they are stupid enough, and you drug them up and rob them blind. A very smart play.”

“So what? Is it illegal?”

“No, but prostitution is. Very serious crime.”

“You a cop or something? You don't look like a pig.”

“I'm a detective, actually.”

“You gonna arrest me, Mr. Detective?” He asked, struggling against his restraints. “Shouldn't you be going after the perverts trying to fuck a kid instead?”

“And are you a kid?”

“Obviously!”

“Really? I thought you could be whatever age I wanted. What if I want you to be an adult?”

“It's not how this works, old man, and you know it! You can't even arrest me, I'm a minor.”

“True. But what I *can* do is send you to juvie. By the time you come out, you're gonna have a record. Won't be able to get a job. Will have to go back to hustling. Probably will acquire a drug addiction. At which point, I *will* take you to the big house. How does that sound?”

The boy had gone pale, and rightfully so. It sounded grim – but also, unfortunately, like a real

possibility. That was the part that Brian hated the most.

Truth was that he didn't particularly give a shit about some kid tricking a bunch of sweaty old pervs out of their money – more power to him. Most of these guys never even reported they had been robbed; they knew they were in the wrong. If they were willing to shell out half a thousand bucks to fuck a teenager, God knew what shit they had on their computers and stuff.

The problem was that one of those same pervs had been a friend of the chief of police, which meant that finding the little weasel had become a priority.

Well. Priority was not the right word. Punishment more like it.

Brian was quitting the Force. After all the shit that had gone down with the bank robbers the year before – not to mention the protests in the rest of the country – he couldn't see himself supporting the system anymore.

So he'd try to quit, but his boss wouldn't let him. He'd put him in this one last case - *one last case*, he'd insisted – because somehow a goose chase after some twink was the thing that would keep Brian in the job.

Or, at least, stall him.

It had worked, to an extent – none of the 'victims' wanted to spill the beans, there was very little photographic evidence of the boy anywhere, and no pattern to where he would strike.

As luck would have it, however, there was one person who knew something: one of the owners of those shitty motels, one that the boy had visited more than once, had let go of information in exchange for some big bills; he gave out a rough description of the boy, and the state the men left after an encounter with him – out of it, but not in a fun way.

It wasn't hard to assume the drugging part.

"I'll tell you what, 'Ethan'... Why don't we play a little game? I'll ask you a few questions, and if you are honest, I'll let you go. If not..." he shrugged.

"Okay. Okay. Fine. What do you wanna know?"

"Let's start with an easy one. What's your name?"

"It's Ethan."

The boy yelped as he felt a hard slap on his bare ass.

"What did I say about being honest?" Brian insisted. "What is your real name?"

"I told you, it's Eth– GOD!"

Another hard slap. The boy jerked himself away. His bubble butt wiggled.

"Some of the aliases I gathered from you were Chris, Jill, Albert, Leon, Carlos, Jake, now Ethan... Those are Resident Evil characters. What is your *real* name?"

"It's... It's Evan."

"Evan what?"

“Evan. Just Evan. No! No, I promise! I promise it’s true!” He shouted out, when Brian raised his hand again.

“You an orphan?”

“Yep. Never met my folks. Just been bouncing around from Foster home to Foster home. Nobody really wants me.”

Brian felt a node grow in his throat. He'd been there. Thank God he'd been lucky enough to find a family who loved him. “What happened to your last Foster parents?”

“Uhh. I don’t know. The guy tried to drag me to his basement to make some home movies with his seven year old daughter, so I kicked him in the nads and bolted. Haven’t been there since.”

Brian made a mental note to check the system for that, just in case. “Where have you been living?”

“Shelters, mostly. When I get money from those dunces, I rent a place for a few days. I can get by like that.”

“No way to live, is it?”

“Not a lot of alternatives. Can I go, now? I answered all your questions.”

Brian hesitated. His eyes trailed down the slope of the boy's round, firm, perfect ass – smooth, tight, with no blemishes, save for the redness of his slaps. He'd never seen a nicer ass.

And it was right there. Defenseless. Propped up for him. The sight of it alone made the man struggle against some dark thoughts.

Sometimes the dark thoughts won.

His hand hovered over the boy’s ass. He’ heard about this kind of thing happening before – cops having their way with prostitutes before bringing them to the station.

Those were usually women, though. And he doubted that they were quite as pretty as this boy.

It didn’t help that he hadn’t had sex in forever. He had always been too busy with work to go out on dates, and more recently, the answer he usually got on his profile was ‘fuck 12’. The only guys who still hit him up were white supremacists or guys with weird fetishes.

Sometimes both.

Before Brian realized it, he’d climbed up on the bed, his hand palming and spreading Evan’s cheeks. “Dude, what the fuck are you doing?!” the boy shouted, struggling to pull himself.

“Just showing you what could’ve happened one of those days”, he said, popping his pants open. “What if you didn't get to drug them in time? What if they were stronger than you? What if it didn’t work, or they forced themselves on you still in the car?”

“I get it! I get it! Come on, you don’t have to – man, dude, please –”

“I’m not going to hurt you. Don’t worry. We’re both gonna feel real good.”

“No! No, please, don’t! Please! I won’t do it again, I promise! Please! Please, I –”

The words died out in the back of the boy’s throat the moment Brian’s tongue made contact with

his pucker. Cries of complain melted into strangled moans as the man dove into his asshole; sucking, lapping, slobbering over the tight ring until it relaxed, letting his tongue in.

The boy had cleaned up nicely. Maybe part of him wanted to make sure he'd at least be nice and ready in case things went sour.

A good boy is always ready.

Evan rocked his hips against Brian's face, the noises coming out of his mouth goading him to dig deeper. He had one hand on the boy's hip and the other trailing up his back to keep him steady.

"Oh God... Please... Don't.... Stop..." he whimpered, though Brian couldn't tell what kind of release he was looking for.

The way his toes curled and his legs spread out whenever he felt a jab at his prostate was a good clue, however.

He was heaving when Brian pulled his mouth away, even if just for a moment; just long enough to admire his art work. The boy's hole was pink and puffy and practically gaping for him.

Brian stroked it with his thumb, while kissing down Evan's balls. Carefully, he pulled the boy's cock back, dragging the flat of his tongue up and down his shaft. He could've flipped the boy over and sucked him off properly, but there was something to be enjoyed about seeing Evan *aching* for release.

Evan's whole body twitched when he felt Brian taking his cockhead into his mouth. The man felt the warmth of the boy's load on his tongue before he had the chance to process it.

He liked his lips. Bittersweet. But still delicious.

"I – I learned my lesson. Can I go now?" Evan asked, breathing heavy against the sheets.

"Not yet. Remember, I'm paying for the full package", he said, giving the boy's rear a good slap.

Evan whined, but he didn't put up a fight when he felt Brian's strong hands grabbing him up and hoisting him over his legs. The man was sitting on his knees, while the boy had each foot planted over one of his thighs, crouching down on the tip of Brian's dick.

"Relax. Take a deep breathe. Let me in", he instructed. Evan did as he was told; although *relaxing* was not among his capabilities.

Still, Brian powered through anyway.

He thrusted, again and again, until the pressure of his cock pushed through Evan's resistance. There was a loud, guttural yelp, and then a brand new world was born for both of them.

Evan sank, inch by inch, sliding down Brian's pole until his ass was planted on the man's lap. His face was frozen, half-way between a scream and a moan; eyes closed, hands clenched firmly.

There was pain. So much pain. Pain he didn't even know existed; searing through him, tearing him apart from the inside out. More pain than a person – a boy – a *child* - should endure.

And yet still, through all of that, there was... pleasure.

It came from deep inside – like a wave. It spread through him, all the way to the tip of his toes. Took his breath away. Every time he felt Brian's fat eight and half inches pave the way inside him,

deeper and deeper each time, dragging across his prostate; new and electrifying, clouding his mind in a way only a good, hard fucking can.

He bounced, up and down, letting Brian's cock slide all the way to the tip and then back inside, rolling his hips on the man's lap.

Brian kissed his back, nibbling on his shoulder blades. He could feel every gasp, every moan, every tremor travelling across the boy's body, the softness of his skin in friction with Brian's rough one.

His hands traveled up Evan's body, and every touch felt like their bodies were on fire. He teased the boy's nipples, making him arch his chest out, his dick hard again, already twitching for relief.

Brian stopped him before he could come again. He unlocked the cuffs and spun the boy around, so he was sitting on his lap facing him. Evan threw his arms around the man's neck and picked back the pace.

They stayed in that position, so close their noses could touch; in a moment of mutual epiphany, they both considered crossing that invisible bridge, but neither took the initiative to bridge the gap between their lips.

Instead they stared into each other's eyes, never breaking eye contact, neither daring to blink; they stayed and rode together through each wave of new feeling, until Brian couldn't hold out anymore.

He came, first, unloading every drop he had to offer. Evan gasped, filled up for the first time, a secret of the universe unlocking before him.

The boy came, too, almost right after, his dick sandwiched between both of their stomachs. Brian hid his face on his chest for a moment, trying to collect his thoughts.

He wasn't sure how he could even begin to process what had happened.

He wasn't even sure he should.

After what felt like forever, but was probably just a couple of minutes, they broke apart. Evan lay back down on the bed, tired but satisfied, while Brian hurried to put his pants back on.

"You leaving already?" the boy asked, chewing on his bottom lip. "Thought we could go for round two later."

"I... No, I gotta get back. Gotta come up with a story to tell the chief."

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Gonna tell him a John Doe with your description was hit by a car on the way out of a motel at the edge of town. Case closed."

"That's a little morbid."

"Better than me taking you in, isn't it?" He sighed. "You gotta stop turning tricks, though. Otherwise I'll be in trouble and... Well, the next guy they send after you may not be as kind to your ass."

"I'll think on it", Evan said, nuzzling a pillow. "Did you pay the room for the hour?"

"No. You can stay the night. Just make sure you don't drink anything from the mini fridge that isn't

water – it’s all spiked.”

“Oh, yeah, I was gonna ask how you managed to do that! Thought you had magic powers or something.”

“Nah, just a few needles and a whole lot of patience. Had to drug everything – didn’t know what you were going to choose.”

“Clever.” Evan smirked. He watched the man put on his shirt and shoes; taking his time, practically dragging his feet.

Before he left, Brian took a pen and a piece of paper from a drawer in the night stand. He slipped it under the 500 bucks still there.

“I’m gonna leave you my address”, he said. “My apartment has an extra room. It’s not a big place, but... You shouldn’t be out there on the streets, Evan. Come over, you can stay whenever you want, for as long as you want.”

“Not sure if that’s a great idea, old man”, the boy said, looking away.

“Maybe not, but it’s the best one I got”, he said, closing the door on the way out.

- - - - -

The temperature in Briarwood kept dropping. A couple of inches of snow turned the streets white, and meteorology warned that it was just getting started.

It was the perfect weather to stay under the blankets, cozy and asleep. That was Brian’s plan for the day, anyway.

Well, that and spanking one out.

That was pretty much all he had been doing since his encounter with Evan. It had been five days, but a moment hadn’t gone by where he hadn’t thought about the boy’s face... His lips... His ass...

Especially his ass.

He knew it was wrong – rape, even, some would say – but it had been... Incredible. Yes, incredible was the closest word he could come up with to describe it.

Amazing. Incredible. Every minute he spent without reliving the experience was a minute wasted.

Still, he knew the opportunity had come and gone.

The chief of police had swallowed the story about the John Doe and the car accident; he probably didn’t care either way, and was just happy to get his friend out of his back.

He had done his own research on Evan – Evan Acker, as it turned out. His story checked out, even down to the last Foster parent being a perv; the guy had been busted the month before with enough child porn to feed a small country.

But the boy had no relatives. No registered parents or cousins or uncles somewhere – his name,

he'd gotten from one of the nurses who took care of him as a child.

No wonder the kid even knew he had one. Too bad he would never get to tell him that.

Or so he thought, anyway.

Brian had just shoved his hands down his pants for a quickie when he heard knocks on the door. And then more knocks. Was it his landlord, already looking for the rent pay? Maybe the little boy next door, who kept misplacing his cat? Or one of the Red Cross guys looking for donations who still somehow managed to get into the building?

No. It was neither of them. "Evan?" He almost shouted. The boy was standing at his door, on the same outfit of when they first met, holding on to a plastic bag with a handful of his belongings. "What – what are you doing here?"

"You said I could come over if I wanted to."

"Yes...yes, of course. Of course! I just – I didn't think you would."

He stepped back, letting the boy inside his apartment. Evan came in, looking around the room. "Nice place."

"Thanks. I'm glad you're here."

"The shelters are full, and the money you gave me didn't last long... They always jack up the prices of the rooms this time of the year", he shrugged.

"You're welcome to stay for as long as you want. You don't ever need to get back out there on your own. You can... You can start a new life here, if you want to."

"What?" He chuckled. "You want to adopt me or something?"

"I wasn't, uh, I wasn't thinking like that, but... I could talk to some people. Pull some strings. Get you a proper home here."

The boy looked away, trying to hide how flustered he was. "I don't know... It would hurt my street cred, living with a cop."

"I'm not a detective anymore. I was already going to quit before, but this finally gave me the push to, uh, take that leap of faith."

"Huh. And what are you gonna do, then? I don't wanna come live here just so you can get kicked out on the streets a week later."

"I have savings. Enough for six, maybe eight months. And then... I have a bachelor's in Social Work, and a friend of mine has been offering me a job on the field for a while, so..."

"That's ironic, all things considered", Evan laughed. "So if I do move in here, and I'm not saying I will, won't people think it's weird? You know, no son in a moment, then boom..."

"I'll just tell them you're an unruly nephew sent to me so I can straighten you out. It won't be hard to convince."

"What about your family?"

"The couple that adopted me passed away a few years back. It's just me, now. And you."

The boy definitely couldn't keep himself from turning pink.

“But, if you *do* stay, we gotta have some rules”, he said, watching the boy toss his plastic bag aside while looking around. “First, like I said, no more hustling. I’ll get you everything you need – a new wardrobe, maybe a phone – but I don’t want you to put yourself in danger again. Also, you will have to go back to school...”

“Ugh, really?”

“Yes, really!”

“Fine”, Evan rolled eyes. “Where is the bathroom?”

“End of the corridor. Your bedroom is to the left.”

“What about *your* bedroom?” The boy asked, already peeling off his clothes. “Bet your bed can fit two people.”

“It *can*, but it doesn't have to. Evan, I’m offering you this place, but you don’t... You don’t need to do anything to pay it back. I’m not trying to –”

“You really think I came all the way here just for a place to sleep?” The boy laughed, throwing his dirty underwear Brian’s way. “Tell you what – you were sleeping when I knocked, right?”

“Yeah.”

“So I’m gonna take a shower, and then *after*, we’re gonna cuddle in your bed like we didn’t get to do last time, ‘cause I wanna fall asleep with you inside me.”

The boy was bold. He knew what he wanted. He knew what he needed.

Brian wasn’t gonna deny him of that.

He crossed the distance between the living room and the bathroom in a flash. Standing before Evan, he cupped the boy’s face in his hands and leaned down for that kiss they had both denied themselves of before. A kiss to wake up even the dead.

“I want you”, Brian whispered, pulling him closer.

They stumbled into the bathroom, casting their clothes along the way. The world out there was cold and lonely, but inside those four walls, it could not have been steamier.

The Bark Is Worse Than The Bite.

Chapter Notes

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Make sure to drop a line on my [Twitter](#), if you like my stuff, or check me out on [baraag](#). As always, comments are much appreciated.

For reference: [Lester](#) | [Mr. Jenkins](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m not sure we should play over there, Les...” Aaron said, sticking the ball under his arm.

“Come on, you wiener! What’s the worst that could happen?” Lester teased. The field where they usually played had been taken over by the mean older kids, but there was still somewhere nearby where they could play.

The problem was that this empty field was behind old man Jenkins’ house. Mr. Jenkins was the local grouch who didn’t like kids, noise, laughter, or anything that was good.

The positive thing was that, it being Saturday, he probably wasn’t home, so he couldn’t complain.

The back of his house was just a short wall with a window. It was, Lester thought, safe enough for them to play.

Lester was wrong.

The two boys played for about thirty minutes, dribbling and goofing off. Then Lester started to get a little bolder; he started showing off. Kicking harder. Flexing his skills.

And then he kicked the ball through Mr. Jenkins’ window.

“You IDIOT! What did I tell you?!” Aaron shouted, slapping his friend on the side of the head. “Now what the hell are we supposed to do?”

“We grab the ball, duh!” Lester said, trying to muster a confidence he didn't have. “We climb through the window, grab the ball and bounce. This way he'll never know it was us.”

“Or maybe we just leave the ball there and bounce!”

“You wrote your name on it, stupid!”

Aaron slapped his forehead. There weren't a lot of Aarons in the neighborhood, and his mom would certainly recognize his handwriting once Mr. Jenkins went a-knocking in their house looking for someone to pay for the broken window.

His mom wouldn't believe it wasn't he who kicked the ball, and even if she *did*, he'd still get a good half dozen licks of her belt anyway.

“You do it, then”, Aaron said, pushing his friend forward.

"What? Why me?"

“You broke it!”

“It's *your* ball!”

“That *you* kicked!”

“Ugh. Fine. But if I die in there, Imma haunt your ass.”

“Deal.”

The boys shook on it, and Aaron gave his friend a hand to climb up. Since the glass was broken, he stuck his hand inside and unlocked it, pulling it up – better than to crawl through the glass.

The broken window led to Mr. Jenkins' bathroom. Why did someone have a window up their bathroom? That was weird, right?

While climbing inside, Lester did not stop to consider how exactly he was gonna climb back up and out; he was more worried about finding the ball.

It had apparently fallen inside, rolled *out* of the bathroom and to the man's kitchen. Okay, cool. Kinda strange, but fine. The strange part was that it wasn't in the kitchen, either.

He searched around the big old house, all the way to the living room. That was where he found out exactly where the ball was.

In his haste, Lester had forgotten about Mr. Jenkins' dog, the big black rottweiler, Rex.

He and the dog made eye contact. Rex still had the ball in his mouth; his sharp teeth had popped it, and it deflated. Les looked at the situation, and he knew that both him and the dog were thinking about that being his head, or perhaps one of his limbs instead.

So the boy backed away, slowly, never doing any sudden movements. Once the dog was out of sight, he rushed back to the bathroom, only to realize, then and there, that there was no way for him to climb back up and then fall out without some serious injury.

Okay, so change of plans. There probably was something to climb onto in the backyard, right? And there was a door there in the kitchen. He just needed to get outside.

He ran, already hearing the dog coming towards him. The door was locked, but there was another, smaller one – the doggy entrance. If Rex could make it through there, he was sure he could too.

Lester stuck his arms out first, then his head, then half his torso. It was only after passing his belly button, when it got to his pelvis, that he realized the lower half of his body couldn't make it through.

Oh, *fuck*.

He tried to wiggle himself through, but all he managed was to scrap his hipbones against the metal. Behind him, he could hear the dog coming. He braced himself for a big bite, maybe losing a leg.

To his surprise, however, he found himself being... sniffed.

Could Rex be picking up on the scent of the (female) dog he had at home? Lassie wasn't in heat, but he had been playing with her before Aaron called him over. Did she leave her scent all over him?

Rex was getting agitated. Smelling a bitch but not seeing one. He gnarled at Lester's pants, trying to pull them out of the way, until the boy heard the distinct sound of fabric ripping, and a sudden breeze hitting his butt.

“Stop it! Stop it! Bad doggie!” He shouted, struggling, but the dog didn't relent. Rex ripped past his pants, then his underpants, pawing and chewing them out of the way.

Lester made another futile attempt at escaping. He was scared, but he wasn't sure of what anymore, since he was sure the dog wouldn't bite him. What, then, could happen next?

He was about to find out. And it would change his life.

Les, at age thirteen, was right at the cusp of adolescence. His dad had taught him the birds and the bees. In a few months, he and his friends would discover girls.

But nothing that he ever did with a girl would ever compare to the intense, mind-blowing sensation he felt when Rex dragged his long, rough, sloppy-wet tongue over his butthole for the first time.

He yelped. His entire body shivered up. Hair was raised in places he didn't even know there was hair yet. His three-incher stood straight up, still confined to the remnants of his undies. His hole clenched, winking, inviting Rex to do it again.

The boy wanted more; and he was about to get it.

He rolled his hips back and forth against the dog's cold muzzle, feeling his tongue lash up and down his ass, from his butt to his balls and back again. Every time just as good as the past one.

He groaned loudly when Rex started jabbing his tongue inside, his paws scrapping against the sides of his body. He wasn't sure if Aaron was still out there waiting for him, or even if he could hear him from across the wall. Wasn't even sure if he cared. The assault on his hole was leaving him in a haze, and all he could think of was how the friction of his dick over his undies was about to make him cream himself.

Before he could, though, Rex had other plans.

The dog adjusted himself, mounting the boy like a bitch – a wet, panting bitch who didn't know what he was in for. “Hold on, boy, wait – wait a moment –” Lester tried to say, while the dog's

nails sunk onto his flank - albeit he quickly realized Rex's paws were the least of his concerns, when he felt the tip of the doggy dick pressed against his entrance.

"Rexxy, please don't do this", he whimpered, even if his hips were pushing back, spreading themselves, inviting him in. His mind fearing the oncoming pain - his body looking forward to more pleasure.

The red rocket pushed and pushed and pushed until it breached his stratosphere, making young Lester see stars. He managed to cover his mouth with one hand, but even that wasn't enough to hold back the scream that ruptured out of him; loud and visceral, ripping through his chest just as Rex was ripping through his sphincter.

His cries of pain seemed only to entice Rex more. The dog thrust fast and frantically into him, drooling all over the boy's back; his cock slamming in and out of the boy, gutting him from the inside out. Lester's tight hole squeezed around him so good, pulling him in more and more.

The pain was blinding. It was exhilarating. It was too much - it was not enough. Every twitch of the doggy cock resonated through his insides, and it jabbed *just* right into the boy's prostate, sending shockwaves throughout his body until he could barely speak.

There were noises coming out of him. Dirty, naughty noises. Noises a boy his age should not be making.

Oh, but what beautiful noises those were.

Lester came all over himself, his watery jizz seeping through his undies and all over the floor. Still, he was rock-hard; harder even than before. Bucking his hips, begging for more.

Rex felt like it was still growing inside him - expanding, pushing deeper. Stretching him out.

The dog too felt their connection strengthen. His knot pulsed, trapped inside Lester's little hole. Rex tried to yank it out, but all it did was pull him deeper in.

"I-It's o-okay, Rexxy. It-it's alright. Y-You're almost there", he stuttered out, the words barely making sense in his head. Rex's agitation was only making the pressure inside of him build faster, his cock jammed right and proper into his prostate.

The boy was so lost to the rush of feelings, he didn't hear when the front door opened. Mr. Jenkins came home whistling a high note, only to almost drop his bag of groceries when seeing his dog mounting a preteen boy stuck to his backdoor.

A first time for everything.

"Well, look at we got here", he said, kneeling down next to them, as far as his knees would allow. "Aren't you the Rowell's kid?"

"Y-Yes, s-sir."

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I-I'm sorry, sir. I - I kicked a ball through - through your window and - and - and when I try to re-recover -"

"Let me guess. Rex caught you red-handed, you tried to escape, and things didn't go as planned."

“Yes. Yes. Yesss”, the boy hissed, his toes curling up.

“You know breaking and entering is a crime, right? You could get in a lot of trouble for it.”

“I’m s-s-sorry.”

“I can tell you are. And I can see Rex is giving you the proper punishment.”

Mr. Jenkins patted his dog in the back. Rex whined, the familiar touch of his owner relaxing him enough to pull the trigger; he came, deep in little Lester's bowels, filling the boy’s tummy with his thick load.

Lester's eyes widened, the sensation of being bred for the first time shaking him to his very core. He came for the second time, without even realizing it.

Mr. Jenkins did, though. He noticed the mess the two had made. Since his kids had moved out, he missed the smell of freshly fucked boy in his home.

Once the knot deflated, Rex dismounted him, and Mr. Jenkins helped pull Lester back from the dog door. The boy sat on the pool of his and Rex's cum, feeling the most of it leak out of him.

“Am I gonna have puppies now?” He asked, rubbing his stomach.

The man laughed. “Dogs and boys can't have puppies together. But I’ll bet if you came around every once in a while to try, Rex wouldn’t mind.”

Lester looked over to where Rex was, lying down on the floor, chewing on the flat ball who’d started the whole chain of events. The boy could already feel himself getting the funny feeling in his tummy again.

“...but you can’t tell anyone about it”, he said, at last, turning to Mr. Jenkins.

The man smiled. “Of course not, son. It will be our little secret.”

And for several of the years that followed, it was.

Lester came over to the man’s house almost every week. The excuse he gave was that he had to do chores to pay for the broken window, and later that he was being paid to help out around the house, since Mr. Jenkins was a certain age.

Not that he was *that* old, but people bought it.

He was also not as bad as people made him out to be – sure, grumpy, but not the Grinch. He even taught the boy how to do some wood work, which definitely impressed Lester’s shop teachers.

Mr. Jenkins didn’t join Les and Rex often. He mainly liked to watch. Lester himself wasn’t sure if he was into guys – unless the guys walked in all fours and had a tail.

In Rex’s last years, he came over mostly to give him some handjobs or blowies. It also allowed Lester to explore girls more often, though none had ever made him feel as good as his time with the

rottweiler.

Rex passed away a month before he left for college. By the time he returned home for winter break, Mr. Jenkins was gone as well, and his three kids were fighting for his inheritance.

After that, he decided to put his dog-fucking days behind him, and focus on being 'normal' (even if he got a tinge of jealousy whenever he saw some dogs mating on the street). He graduated college, got a nice job, a beautiful wife, great home, and even a son, Philip. Life was good.

And then Phil started asking for a pet.

To avoid temptation, he gave the boy a turtle called Jennifer Slowpez. She lasted four months before escaping her vivarium and meeting a tragic end under the wheel of his car.

(He never told the kid what happened to avoid the trauma. It was best to let him think it had escaped.)

Eventually he caved in and bought the boy a German shepherd puppy, Baxter. He figured, well, he wouldn't be around home often enough, anyway; might as well let the boy have this one.

...then he broke his leg, finding himself all alone at home, bored, with a doggy that was just *begging* to be trained.

And you know what they say: old habits bark hard...

Chapter End Notes

Lester and his son continue the tradition over there at [Kinktober](#) :p

The Five-Finger Discount.

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For reference: [Andrew](#) | [Mr. Cameron](#) | [Bart](#)

“Alright, Andy my man, you can do it”, the boy said to himself, trying to hype himself up. His hands were shaking a bit. He was trying to keep it cool, but his heart was beating so fast against his chest he was sure anybody within a mile could hear it.

It was hard to pretend like he wasn't nervous. Did everybody about to commit a felony feel like this? If that was the case, how did people still commit crimes?! Andy had already decided to himself he would never ever do anything like that ever again. He just needed to get this done this one time, and then he would repent.

But doing it the first time was where the problem laid.

Andrew had gotten a Switch for his birthday a few years back, and with a lot of patience (and saving), he had managed to buy the games he wanted. The problem was, of course, that by the time he actually managed to buy the games, all his other friends had already played it and moved on to something new. It always felt like he was getting left behind.

He had tried to plead with his mom and dad for a raise on his monthly allowance, but after mom got fired from her job, money was a little tight. They had suggested maybe he could budget his money a little better, but hey - there were movies to go to, gatcha games to invest on, new clothes and sneakers to buy... Andy wanted to have it all. In his mind, he was entitled to it. He deserved it, even if the universe thought otherwise.

The problem now was that he had just burned the last of his allowance going to watch the new Marvel movie, twice. And now the new Pokémon game was coming out. By the time he saved

enough to buy it, his friends would have probably completed the whole Pokédex, and wouldn't want to trade anything cool with him. He needed to get his hands on that game.

And for that... Sacrifices had to be made.

Moral sacrifices – which are the worst kind.

For his little sleight of hand to work, he had to first scout the joint. He had considered going to Walmart or another big-name store for this project, but he figured the chances of getting caught by the cameras were higher; he'd gone to the *Panopticon*, the game store downtown, several times, and he knew they didn't have cameras there. He also knew that Bart, the guy behind the counter, didn't really pay attention to you once he knew you long enough.

Yes, it was terrible that he would exploit his friendship with the guy to steal from him, but Andy had convinced himself it was okay, because it wasn't Bart's store, anyway; he was just a minimum wage worker. It wasn't *his* loss of profit.

He also knew that the best time to act was in the late evening. Earlier, the kids coming from school would flock there, and while it would be easier to blend in, the chances of someone ratting him out were higher. In the late evening, it was way more chill – especially around the time when Vivian, the girl who worked in the perfume shop down the block, left her shift and came over to talk to him.

She always wore that tube dress that made her tits pop out while leaning over the counter to flirt with him. The fact that Bart hadn't taken her to the back of the store and laid pipe on her yet was a mystery Andy could not solve.

Not yet, anyway.

Andy greeted them when he came in, before the two went back to chatting up. There was no one else in the store but them and this other guy browsing the shelves where the Gundam toys were. Handsome older guy. Andy was pretty sure he had seen him around the store before, but he had never paid much attention. He gave him a nod when they made eye contact, and Andy answered with that uncomfortable half-smile with lips rolled back that white people know how to do so well.

It was time to get started.

He did the same thing he'd been doing all the other times he'd come over, before devising his thieving plan – look around, take a few pictures, check out the new releases. This time, as he browsed, he turned over and used his backpack to knock out a few titles off a nearby stand; he had practiced that move to perfection at home, exactly for a moment like this.

“Sorry! Sorry! My bad!” He shouted, hurrying to pick up the boxes from the floor. He had left his bag open, and while leaving it on the floor, used the opportunity to slip in a copy of the game.

Since the opportunity was there, he snatched a copy of *Metroid Dread* too. You know, when in Rome...

“You need help, bud?” Bart asked, looking over the counter.

“No, no, I'm fine! Sorry!” He said, quickly standing up straight. He threw his bag over his shoulder, adjusting himself as if nothing had happened.

The next part was the tricky one. He had set up an alarm for his phone so he could pretend he was getting a call and rush out of the store. It was set for five minutes, and those five minutes seemed

to be taking forever.

Not only that, he had to sell the theft. Act like nothing was going on. Especially to Bart.

He approached the counter, next to the beautiful blonde Bart was still overlooking. “What’s good? What are you guys up to?”

“I was telling him about this clothing-optional beach me and my friends are planning on going to”, she said, with a sigh. “We’re still missing one person to complete the group.”

“Hey, maybe I could go!” Andy asked, and for a moment he almost forgot his current task at hand.

Vivian laughed. “I think you’re a bit too young for that.”

“I’m thirteen and half!”

“Weren’t you just saying it was open for all ages?” Bart asked, arching an eyebrow.

“I – yes, but – I don’t think his parents would –”

“Hold on, my mom is calling”, he said, feigning a grimace. “Shit. I gotta go. I’ll see you later, Bart!”

“See you, little man.”

Andy rushed out, as fast as his skinny legs would allow. He crossed the threshold of the entrance, letting a gust of wind hit his face when he stepped outside.

He was home-free.

Almost.

The boy had barely taken a few steps down the street when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder. “Aren’t you forgetting something?” asked a voice he didn’t recognize.

He turned around, to see the well-dressed man from the store walking next to him, with a cigarette stuck between his teeth.

He swallowed dry. “Sorry?”

“Are you gonna pay for these games you put in your backpack, or are you using the five-finger discount?”

“I – I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He tried to move away, but the man’s grip on him was firm. “Hey, let me go! Before I start screaming!”

“Maybe you should. Maybe you should start screaming, so everybody can come over and see you’re a *little thief*”, the man said, through gritted teeth. He cast his cigarette aside, squashing it under his boot.

Andy could feel all the blood dropping down to his feet. If they were a little louder, Bart would hear. He’d take the games back. Ban him from the store. Tell all his friends. Call the cops. All the awful things he’d been thinking he would do.

Now he was screwed.

“Please – please, I didn’t do anything”, he said, his lips trembling.

“Yeah, you did”, the man said, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye. “But that’s alright. I know a way we can settle this.”

“What? How?”

“Keep walking and I will tell you.”

- - - - -

The man’s name was Cameron, and the way he intended on settling the matter... well, it just made *Andy* unsettled.

He led the boy down another street, and then took a sharp turn right, into a dirty back alley with nothing but an old dumpster and some bags of trash in it.

It was dark and the moon was already out. The light of the lamp in the street didn’t quite reach behind the dumpster, towards where Mr. Cameron was pushing him.

“Get on your knees”, he said.

“What? What for?”

“What do you think for? A whore only gets on their knees for one reason”, he said, grabbing his crotch. “To suck some dick.”

“I’m not gonna do that! I’m not a whore!”

“Not yet, anyway”, the man said, taking his belt off. “But if you don’t do what I tell you, I’m gonna take you back to the store. We’re gonna call the cops. You’re gonna go to juvie, and then...” he laughed. “Then you’re gonna be *everyone’s* whore. A pretty little thing like you... Everyone is gonna wanna a turn.”

Andy bit his lips. He didn’t want to get arrested. He didn’t want any of these things to happen. He didn’t even want his parents to find out.

Maybe, he figured, he’d have to sacrifice more than just his morals this evening.

“If... If I do it, will you let me go?” he asked.

“I’ll even let you keep the games”, the man assured. The boy took a deep breath.

“Fine.”

It couldn't be that bad, after all, right?

He squatted down in front of Mr. Cameron, his back pressed against the side of the dumpster. The man lowered his zipper, pushing his pants down around his thighs; his seven and half inches flopped out of his underwear, already hard and leaking.

Andy had never seen a dick so up, close and personal, before. Not even his dad’s. It had a big pink

head and a long vein that pulsed, begging for attention.

Tentatively, Andy reached out, wrapping his fingers around the base. It was heavier than it looked; had a strong, pungent smell, too. He closed his eyes and leaning in, brushing the fat cockhead against his lips.

He didn't know what to expect.

But he was certainly not expecting to like it.

It didn't really taste like anything, and yet the moment it made contact with his lips, Andy couldn't get enough of it. It was like something had unlocked in his brain – something buried there by his ancestors. Like a baby's first instinct to swim when thrown in the water, his was to take the cock into his mouth and give it his best.

His tongue swirled around the cockhead, licking it like the tastiest lollipop in the world, while his hands stroked and played with the rest of the shaft. He teased the piss lit and massaged the underside of the crown, tasting every bit of his new favorite pacifier.

The man moaned, grabbing onto the dumpster to keep himself steady. Fuck. Goddamn. That was a nice little mouth. Wet and welcoming. Just the way he liked it.

It had been a while since he had broken in someone so young. A straight boy, no less! But when he saw the boy's quick fingers at the store... He knew it was the perfect opportunity.

God, he loved being right.

Andy opened his mouth wider, letting more and more of his cock in. His tongue danced around his mouth, tasting every inch as it sank further and further into him. When it reached the back of his throat, the boy swallowed hard, letting it past his uvula and into the promised land.

“Oh, God. Oh, *fuck*. Jesus. That's fucking *nice*!” He moaned, leaning against the dumpster. There was nothing like looking down and watching a little boy struggle to take his cock. The puffy, stretched lips. The teary eyes. The realization that that was exactly where they were born to be.

He pulled back, before thrusting forward again. And again. A little deeper each time. His cock glided over the boy's tongue, in and out, right into his gullet.

A grown man's dick down a little boy's throat, just the way God intended.

He pressed Andy's face against his crotch, grinding his pubes into the boy's face. The kid held onto the back of his thighs for support; he could feel it pulsing, growing, claiming more space down his throat. Andy knew what was coming up next – he had been having wet orgasms for two years now.

He closed his eyes and prepared himself for a mouthful, only to find himself being yanked back on his feet again. “Is that it?” he asked, wiping the precome out of his lips. “Can I go now?”

Mr. Cameron laughed. “Come on, kid. You know better than that.”

He turned Andy around, pressing his chest against the dumpster. When the man tried to pull down his pants, he struggled back. “Hey, hold on – hold on, I thought you just wanted a blowjob!”

Mr. Cameron grabbed both his hands, pinning them on his back, while pushing the boy's pants down with his other hand. “It would be a waste to cum in your mouth when your boypussy is

begging for cock, baby.”

“No! No, please – please – I’ll give the games back – please! I don’t wanna do this!”

“You said the same thing about sucking dick, and look how well you did that”, he chuckled.

Cameron spit on his fingers, using it to lather the boy’s entrance. The boy shuddered when he felt the man’s touch against his ring; something inside his tummy moved. Fear, perhaps. Or... something else.

The man pushed the boy’s legs apart further. Such a perky ass... he’d have loved to bury his face between those round mounds and make the kid see heaven with his tongue, but it was getting late, and soon enough little Andy’s mom would start to worry about her kid’s whereabouts.

Time to get the fun started.

“Relax”, he said, letting go of the boy’s hands. “It will hurt more if you don’t relax.”

“It doesn’t have to hurt! Please, please, just let me go!” the boy pleaded, though he made no effort of trying to escape.

“Just take a deep breath and relax”, the man instructed, thrusting his hips up.

The tip of his cock brushed against Andy’s hole. So tight, so small. The boy grabbed hold of the dumpster, bracing himself for... he wasn’t even sure what. he just knew it was gonna hurt like a bitch.

And he was right.

Mr. Cameron pushed. And pushed. And pushed. The boy’s hole fought back against the invasion; adamant on not letting him in. Mr. Cameron slipped his hands up the boy’s shirt, until he found Andy’s nipples. He knew, from experience, that that was a weak spot.

He, too, was right.

The boy let out a loud, guttural moan. Jolts of electricity ran through his body, making his eyes pop out of their sockets; in that moment, his defense slipped, and Mr. Cameron pushed in, popping the cockhead inside the boy’s chute.

He covered Andy’s mouth before the boy could let out any more sounds. There were cars passing down the street. Someone was walking on the other side of the sidewalk. It was dark enough for them to be hidden, but if someone came to investigate...

“Just take a deep breath”, Cameron said, in the boy’s ear. “The worst part is over.”

That wasn’t true, of course, but the boy didn’t need to know that.

Cameron held on to him, letting the boy sob in his hand. His cock was lodged inside the boy’s tight cunt, squeezing him just the way he liked it. He could have stayed in that moment forever – tearing open a thirteen-year-old virgin straight boy. Nothing could be better than that.

The boy stood at the tip of his toes. Every time he shifted his weight, he could feel the man’s cock slid in a little more; a little deeper. The pain shot up his spine making him gasp for air. It felt like it was crushing his lungs. Breaking him apart at the seams.

And yet...

The friction of their bodies made his hair stand on end. The further it went in, the more it dragged against that spot inside him – a spot he didn't even know he had. A spot that made him feel... weird. That made the pain feel weird. That made him want to feel... more.

It didn't take long before his body relaxed, letting more and more of Cameron in, until his pubes were planted against the boy's ass. Andy groaned; he could feel the man's heartbeat every time that big vein throbbed inside him. It was heaven and hell and everything else in between.

His toes were not touching the ground anymore. He was impaled, to the hilt, onto Mr. Cameron's cock. At his mercy.

Just the way the man liked it.

“Can I start moving?” he asked, nibbling at Andy's earlobe.

The boy let out a barely discernible grunt. He took that as a yes.

He pulled back a few inches, and then drove it back inside him, just so he could hear the boy whimpering; his defenses melted away every time he felt Cameron's cock gliding against his prostate, his own three-inch dick aching for attention.

Andy kept his eyes shut. He wanted – desperately – to fight back against his own body's reactions, but the more he resisted, the more it felt like his senses were trying to betray him.

It couldn't feel good. It shouldn't.

And yet...

Mr. Cameron was thrusting in and out of him. Slowly at first. Then at a pace. When he pulled back, Andy felt empty in a way he couldn't describe; when he pushed back in, it set his synapses on fire. Over and over and over again.

It felt like he was about to go crazy.

Mr. Cameron was loving his reactions – nothing like seeing a respectable boy turned into a moaning bitch – but the louder he got, the higher the chances someone was gonna spot them.

“Keep your voice in, baby”, he instructed, pinching the boy's nipples. “You don't want them to hear you, do you?”

The boy quivered.

“Oh, you do?” he asked, in a whisper. Just then, two men passed by, chatting loudly enough not to hear them. “You *want* them to catch us? You *want* them to see you like this, all stuffed up and begging for cock?”

“N – *hng* – n-no...”

“I think you do. I think you want them to join us. I think you want to jerk their cocks and suck their big dicks while I fuck your pretty little boypussy. Is that what you want?”

Andy didn't answer. He closed his eyes and tried not to think about it. About big cocks rubbing all over his face... in his hands... sliding down his throat... being exposed and used like that by a bunch of big, strong, faceless men... with no hole left unfucked...

“It *is* what you want, isn't it?” the man insisted, delighted with the revelation. He could feel the

boy squeezing around him, his own watery precome dripping down onto the floor.

“Y-Yes...”

“What is that? I didn’t hear you”, he insisted, jabbing his cock deep into the boy.

“Yes! Yes! Yesss!” the boy cried out, rocking his hips up and down the man’s pole.

“You want that, huh? I thought you weren’t a slut”, Cameron teased, wrapping his hand around the boy’s erection.

“I am. I am! I am a slut!” Andy cried out, the contact of the man’s hand being too much for him.

He came first, his cum splashing against the side of the dumpster while the man’s load splashed inside him; he milked Cameron’s cock out of every drop, filling him up to the brim.

Mr. Cameron held on to him while their breathing settled. His heart was beating so fast he thought it would pop out of its ribcage. Andy was seeing stars. They could’ve been caught in that moment and neither of them would’ve minded.

His cock softened, slipping out of the boy. Andrew let out a groan when he felt the cum start leaking out of him – but after that pounding, he couldn’t clench his butt enough to keep it in.

“Now that’s what I call a good fucking pounding”, Cameron joked, pulling his pants up.

Andy groaned. “My butt feels weird.”

“Don’t worry, it’ll get better after a while. Next time you do it, you won’t feel a thing”, he assured.

“There’s not gonna be a next time”, the boy groaned, even though they both knew he was lying.

“Whatever you say honey. But listen –” he pulled a card out of one of his pockets. “Next time you need a game, you don’t need to steal shit. Just give me a call. I can make it worth your while.”

“Keep it. I’m never calling you.”

“Never say never, chump. Especially because I heard there’s a Kirby game coming out in just a few months. I get the feeling that that’s right up your alley.”

Begrudgingly, Andy took the card. To his surprise, he recognized the man’s name – Malcolm Cameron. Of course. That was why he had seen his face before in the store. He was *the owner!*

Now he knew he had avoided some serious trouble. The owner had caught him with the hand in the cookie jar. He could’ve gotten way worse than just a sore asshole.

Still, he played it cool, trying to act like he wasn’t surprised or interested. He shoved the card into his back pocket, telling himself he was never gonna use it. He was never gonna call him.

He would be able to keep that promise.

At least for the next two months.

But, like they say, the flesh is weak, and video games are expensive...

Andy threw his backpack over his shoulder and ran off, disappearing down the street. Mr. Cameron finished redressing himself before he lit another cigarette and headed back to the store –

just in time to catch Bart closing.

“Where did you go? You left in a hurry”, the younger guy said.

“I had to make some calls, and then I was smocking”, he said, promptly throwing away the cigarette. “I know you hate it when I smoke. Besides, you were busy with your little *girlfriend*...”

“Ugh, don’t you start.”

“I’m just saying. You like the attention. And she has nice tits”, Cameron said, pushing his back against the glass door and taking his mouth into a kiss.

Bart struggled. “Come on, not here...”

“Why not? Afraid someone’s gonna see us?” he joked, grabbing his boyfriend’s crotch. “I remember the times I used to eat your ass at the register while you tried to keep up with the clients.”

“I remember us almost getting caught a bunch of times.”

“I remember how that turned you on even more.”

Bart groaned. The worst part was that that was true.

They had been fucking since Bart started working there part-time when he was sixteen. Five long years. Cameron was proud to say he had fucked the bi-curiosity out of him and made the boy a full-fledged homo.

Mr. Cameron loved him, as much as he could love any person, but he had to admit Barty wasn’t as smooth and tight as he used to be. Still, he didn’t want to break things off. Maybe they just... needed to add some new blood to the mix. Let Bart’s perv side truly flourish. And he had just the right idea how.

“Let’s go home”, he said, grabbing Bart’s ass and pulling him along towards his car. “There’s some stuff we gotta talk about...”

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