

It normally took John Crandon 30 minutes to cycle the 8 mile distance from his school in the town to his home in the small village. He could do it more quickly, but in his school uniform he would get too hot. He'd tried riding to school in his racing lycra but he became embarrassed by the comments about the bulge in his groin as he walked through the school to change. The bulge had grown a lot in the past few months and he often had uncontrolled stiffies. So now he stayed dressed in school uniform and relied on cycle clips to prevent his grey school trousers being chewed up in the cycle chain. Keeping his speed down meant that he didn't overheat even in his black blazer. In the summer he might have to brush insects from his white cotton shirt, while in the winter rains he'd give in and catch the school bus. Even at 13 years old John was a dedicated Green Warrior and wanted to do his bit to reduce Carbon emissions and hated travelling in the school bus. His mother had argued that it was dangerous to ride those country lanes and the school bus would be burning the same fuel even if John wasn't on it. Even as she said these things she knew that against the twin demons of stubbornness and puberty she would not win against her son and sighed as she agreed. As much as she adored her slim blond blue eyed son she knew that she had to let him have some independence. She would like to drive him to school herself, but her busy job as a manager meant that it was sometimes 7pm or later before she arrived home. Her husband James was often away as an oil industry engineer. Even after several months of John cycling to school she was still nervous that he might be injured in an accident and had him call her when he arrived home after school or went to hang out with friends.

On the hot Friday afternoon summer when John set off cycling from school he wished that he had shorts or was wearing thin lycra. He slipped his black school blazer in the cycle pannier bag and rolled up his white cotton shirt sleeves. The air was hot and humid. He knew that he would be sweating heavily along the route. Tonight he decided to take a slightly longer route but he knew it was more shaded by trees and for part of the journey the quiet back road ran alongside a cool stream. He knew that his parents would not

be back home for ages so he had plenty of time to complete the journey. He should even have time to stop and look for fish and animals in the stream.

Chris Rogers was sweating in his company estate car as he drove from the IT Exhibition at the National Exhibition Centre. He had made the choice between stuffy chilled air conditioning in his car or fresh air with the windows wound down. He had been travelling along the motorway towards London. It should have been a two and half hour drive, but his GPS system flagged up a traffic report that delays of over an hour were ahead at some road works. Not caring where the road took him he left the motorway at the next junction and reset the GPS to find a new way home that avoided motorways. The recalculated journey time was three and a half hours so he hadn't gained much, but at least he would be driving through pleasant countryside and would not be stuck in a hot stop start of a traffic jam and other angry drivers. He planned that if he saw a good looking pub en route he might stop and have a meal. If he was going to be delayed he might as well enjoy the journey. Chris was a 35 year old IT Manager who amongst many other tasks in his demanding job had to attend the major business exhibitions to keep track of the latest developments. He had set off at 5 in the morning and had spent most of the day visiting stands at the exhibition.

He pressed the microphone button on his hands free mobile phone system in the car and issued a command as he drove.

“Call HOME”

“CALLING HOME”

There was the sound of the phone ringing at the remote end. After a few seconds he heard his wife answer the phone.

“This is 133 2247 How can I help you?”

“Hi Darling, I've left the exhibition early but it

looks like the traffic is bad on the motorway. I've taken a slower route so I guess I won't be back for at least three hours. I might stop along the way and have a meal."

"Oh ok John. That's bad news and you were up early as well. If you are not back by 6 O'clock I'll take Nick to the Scout Hall. He's being awarded a couple of badges tonight so at least one of us should be there. You will be back by 9 o'clock won't you? He's sure to want to show you the badges."

"Yes I should make it no problem. If there's any more delay I'll give you a call."

"What's the weather like your way? I heard on the news that there might be some thunder storms. That would be good to clear the air."

"The clouds are getting a bit heavier, but it's still pretty sunny."

"Look I have to go. I can see Mrs Wilson coming to the front door. She probably wants to collect those old clothes for the Charity. Have a safe trip. Love you darling."

"Bye Dear."

With that he pressed the microphone button again to disconnect the call and concentrated on driving the car fast round the bendy country road.

John looked up at the clouds above. They were getting darker. It looked like it might rain later in the evening. At least a breeze had picked up and was beginning to move the air around a bit. It helped to cool him a little more, but his school shirt was sticky with sweat. He undid the buttons at the front of his shirt and let it gape open as he rode. He loved riding along this road. It was a lot quieter and rarely had cars or trucks on it. In places there was even grass

growing in the centre of the road way where it was uncrushed by vehicle wheels.

Soon he reached the section of the road where the stream ran closely along side the country road. The water was not deep maybe two feet at the most. There were patches of gravel surrounded by weed. John could resist it. He stopped and leant his bike against the railings that separated the road from the stream. No one else was around so he slipped off his shoes and socks. Then he undid his school trousers, slipped them off and hung them over his bike saddle. Wearing just his shirt and white cotton briefs he slipped between the bars of the fence into the water to wade looking for fish and other such things in the cool water. The water felt cold as it rose to half way up his bare thighs. Letting the sediment settle in the flow of the water he could see small trout flitting around in the clear water. The gravel crunched between his toes as he shuffled his feet looking for other stream life. It really felt so nice and cool. As the excess heat left his body he began to explore the stream. He could recognise many of the fish as he had spent many days fishing in similar streams and larger rivers with his dad. He even saw some crayfish. Approaching carefully and bending to provide shade he was able to capture one of the mini lobster-like creatures. It waved its whiskers and snapped its claws at the boy when he pulled it from the water. Knowing that these creatures were getting increasingly rare in the country he carefully dropped it back into the water. His eyes followed the escape path of the crustacean as it flipped backwards to a hiding hole.

He played for a while longer in the stream until he realised that the sun had gone and the heat was reducing. The breeze was turning into a wind. He looked up and noticed that the clouds had become much heavier and darker. Realising that it might soon rain he decided it was time to continue his trip home. He waded towards his bike, gasping when his foot stepped in a hole in the stream bed causing the water level to rise up legs and have the cool stream soak his testicles inside his briefs.

“Buggar” he exclaimed.

Well, he didn't want to ride home in wet underpants so when he reached his bike he slipped the briefs off and used them to scrub off excess water from his legs and feet.

"I hope no one comes along the road at this time. That could be very embarrassing" he thought to himself.

He scrunched up the now damp undies and stuffed them into one of the side pockets of the cycle pannier bags. Then he pulled his school trousers on over his slightly damp bare legs. It felt a bit strange wearing no undies, but no one would notice and he could change as soon as he got home. He struggled a bit getting his socks onto his damp feet but then succeeded. Brushing road gravel from the bottom of his feet he slipped his school shoes on and tied the shoe laces in bows.

He jumped back onto his bike and set off riding a little faster than before to ensure that he missed the rain. He reckoned he should be ok because the clouds didn't seem to be coming his way. He noticed that riding his bike in trousers but no underpants felt a bit weird in a nice way, but didn't worry as no one was around to see his stiffy.

He soon built up a comfortable speed on his bike and made good progress in getting home.

He didn't notice it until he had ridden over it and heard a sudden double bang and hissing noise as his cycle tyres deflated. Suddenly the softness of the ride on his bike became very harsh and he could feel every stone in the surface. He leapt off the bike and inspected his tyres and found a large gash in each tyre. He looked back up the road and saw a rusty piece of barbed wire laying on the road. Even though he had a tyre repair kit in his pannier there was no chance of repairing such a big hole. It would mean the purchase of new tyres.

“Oh double fuck” he thought, realising that he was now going to have to walk and wheel his bike back home. It would probably take at least an hour and a half to get home. It was a good job that his parents would not be home for hours. If they were home they might set out looking for him along his normal cycle route and would panic if they couldn't find him. He knew that there was a farm house a couple of miles ahead at the side of the road. They might let him call home and leave a message. They might even give him a lift home. He was relieved that the clouds had reduced the air temperature and the wind was keeping things cool. Sighing he set off walking with his damaged bike along his route home.

As Chris drove further south he noted the fine specks of rain falling on his car windscreen. Ahead of him the clouds were black and ominous. A few miles away he could see ghostly grey sheets of rain beneath the clouds. It looked as though he would be driving into rain ahead. He was glad that he was on a country road rather than being on the motorway driving in heavy rain. Suddenly there was a bright flash about half a mile ahead as a large thunder bolt struck down to the ground followed two seconds later by a large crash of thunder and the noise of the echoes rolling around the clouds. Shortly after that lightening torrents of heavy rain rattled on his windscreen greatly reducing visibility even though he had the screen wipers turned on to a fast setting. He decided that it would be a good thing to find a pub or hotel where he could sit out. Behind him the sky looked light in the evening sun, ahead was just the darkness of a massive storm. He reduced his speed a little as he peered through his screen to look ahead. Suddenly as he rounded a bend in the road he could see that the road was blocked ahead. A tree was partially fallen across the road, but totally blocking it. It had been struck by lightning. For a while he thought about trying to see if he could find a way round the tree, but it looked impossible. He knew that he would have to find a new route. He programmed his GPS system to “FIND A WAY ROUND ROAD BLOCK”. After a short period of recalculation the system announced that it had worked out a new route. About a mile back there was a side road which

rejoined this road about 5 miles ahead. Finding a gateway to a field he turned his car and headed back to the newly chosen side road. When he got there he saw that it was a minor country road, but he thought that he would take a chance. He would keep his eyes open in case the GPS system decided to direct him into a river or a dead end farm yard. The rain was still heavy as he found his way along the road in places it narrowed to a single track with even grass growing in the middle. The road was deserted as he drove along, he passed a small farm but even that looked closed down.

Suddenly ahead in the rain he saw a small old man wheeling a bicycle along the road. He was not wearing any rainproof gear. Chris marvelled how these country folk seemed able to be happily out in the rain without protective clothing. Steering carefully to avoid splashing the man from the large puddles he drove past the walking cyclist. As he cruised by he realised that the man was in fact a boy who was about the same age as his son Nick. The boy looked absolutely soaked with wet hair stuck to his forehead. The tyres on the bike were both flat. On a sudden impulse he stopped the car and waiting until the boy caught up with him. He wound down the car window and shouted across to the boy.

“Hey, it looks like you have got problems. Do you need a hand?”

John remembering the constant warnings from his parents and teachers about not accepting lifts strangers yelled back:

“No its ok thanks I’m soaked anyway and it is not too far to home.”

Even so the the boy knew that he would love to accept a lift in a dry warm car and come back and pick up his bike later. The man waved to the boy, wound up his window and drove on. He’d not travelled more than 100 yards along the road when another sudden bright flash of lightning occurred behind him immediately followed by a

very loud clap of thunder. He stopped and looked in car mirror. He could see that the boy was ok and still wheeling his bike. Chris decided to wait until the boy caught up with him and wound down the window:

“Look are you sure that I can’t give you a lift? It’s really not so safe out here with this lightning. It looks as though this storm will last for a while.”

“Yeh ok mister. I’ll leave my bike here and pick it up later with Dad.”

“No, it will fit in the back of this estate car if I put the back seats down.”

Chris grabbed a large golf umbrella and jumped out of his car. Flipping the back seats down he helped the boy load the bike into the back of the estate. The man could help noticing that the boy was absolutely soaked. Even his school trousers damply clung to the outline of the boy’s cock and ass crack. His white shirt just hung sodden. He waved the boy round to the front passenger seat of the car. A little water wouldn’t cause any damage to the cloth seat covers. He jumped back into the car himself. It was totally steamed up with the moisture from the rain and the soaking boy. John shivered and sunk into the comfortable seat.

“Hi I’m Chris. I was just travelling back from an exhibition and got diverted along this road. Where can I take you? I really should get you out of those wet clothes, but I don’t have anything dry.”

“I’m John, I was just coming back from school when I got a puncture and then got caught in the rain. I was hoping to find some shelter at the farm, but it was all shut up. Can I use your phone to leave a message for my parents? They won’t let us have ‘phones at school.”

“Sure John, no problem at all. I guess you know

how to work this phone. Just dial the number and then press the green button.”

As the boy called home Chris noticed that the wet school trousers of the boy outlined his cock and balls clearly, it was like the boy was wearing no underpants.

“Hi Mom, Dad, just to let you know that I’m ok. My bike got a puncture and I got caught in the rain. A nice guy stopped and is giving me a lift so I’ll be back home soon. Just a minute...”

“Hey Chris what is your car plate number?”

Chris was a bit surprised but told the boy who added it to the end of the phone message, then handed the phone back to the man.

“Thanks Chris, sorry about the car number. It’s not like I don’t trust you, just automatic I guess. They have told us so many times at school about taking lifts from strangers. They told us to tell someone the car registration number. Stranger danger and all that, but you are my hero right now.”

“It’s no problem John, I’ve got a son about the same age as you we tell him the same kind of thing. If you want to put your seat belt on we can get moving. You still need to tell where we need to go. Is it far?”

“No, it’s only a couple of miles. You just follow this road and turn left when it reaches the bigger one, then I’ll tell you the final bit.”

The man started the engine of his car and turned on both the air conditioning and the heating to help clear the fogging from the wind screens. He looked at the boy and waited before pulling away.

“Seat belt?”

“Oh yeah sorry.”

The boy turned and reached for the belt. When he gave it a tug it would not extend from the wall pillar in car.

“Oh sorry, it does get stuck sometimes, you need to give it a pull.”

The man leant across the boy and gave the seat belt a firm pull releasing it. As he leant across the boy he without thinking rested his hand on the damp upper thigh of his slim leg. John noticed though! He realised that the man's hand was only 3 inches from his cock. The warm pressure felt a bit like a pleasant electric shock. He suddenly remembered that he was alone in a car with a stranger. He felt his balls give a little twitch and a pulse. As soon as the belt had freed up the man sat back in his car seat removing the pressure on the slim thigh. As Chris started to drive down the road John was beginning to wish that he had kept his briefs on. He realised that if he got a stiffy now it would be plainly obvious to the man. “No, I must not think about erections or else it will happen. No think about maths homework or something else”. To his dismay he felt the perverse hot tube of flesh grow hard against his leg. It was clearly showing the shape under the wet grey charcoal of his school trousers. He quickly moved a hand to cover his embarrassment. Chris noticed the movement of the boy's hand, but he had other problems on his mind.

The steering of the car felt strange and wobbly.

“Uh ho”, he grunted as he stopped the car and unbuckled. He jumped out with his golf broolly and went and inspected the front and rear of the vehicle. He slipped back into his driver's seat and sighed before picking up the mobile phone. He flipped through the directory on the phone to call the rescue services. After waiting for the Call Centre to answer he spoke.

“Hi this is Chris Rogers I'm afraid I have double

punctures in my car and need someone to come out and help me.”

He reached into his wallet and pulled out a plastic card and read the membership number to the Call Centre assistant. He then read details of his current position from the GPS system so that they could locate the car. Putting the phone away he turned to the boy.

“Look John, I’m sorry about this, but as you heard we’ve got punctures and this car is going nowhere for a while. They reckon that it will take about an hour for a rescue vehicle to arrive. I must have driven over some thorns or something. Maybe it was what gave you the punctures. I can keep the engine running so we stay warm.

What would you like to do? Will your folks be worried?”

John felt a bit guilty that he had not stopped and removed from the road the barbed wire that had caused his punctures on his bike. In away it was his own fault that Chris’s car now had punctures.

“I might as well stay here Chris until it stops raining or they fix you car. It’s going to be hours before my parents get home. So if you don’t mind I’ll wait here. I might even dry off a bit in the warmth.”

Chris leant forwards and turned up the heater control.

“If you want to you can try the radio and get some music.”

Without thinking the boy leant forward and lifting his hand reached forward to tinker with the radio controls. The action clearly exposed the shape of his erection under the thin cloth of the school trousers. Chris glanced down and stared at the shape pointing along the boy’s leg.

John saw the direction of Chris's glance and blushed pulling his hand back to cover. Chris averted his gaze.

"Don't worry John that kind of thing often happens at your age."

John sat with his head down wishing his erection would go down. He thought that maybe he should walk away now, but he was starting to dry out and it was still raining hard outside.

Chris looked above his steering wheel out through the rain streaked windscreen. He suddenly realised the intimacy of the situation that he had arrived at now. He realised that he wanted to look at the boy's crotch again. He could feel blood beginning to pump into his own penis.

"Here John, let me help you with releasing that seat belt. It sometimes needs a bit of help to reel back in."

This time as he leant over he deliberately rested one hand on the 13 year old thigh. Higher up this time, closer to the boy's crotch. When he leant back in his driving seat he left the hand in place gently resting on the boy's thigh. He guessed that the boy would push his hand away. He felt his heart begin to race as he held his breath waiting for a rejection reaction.

John stared at the hand resting on his thigh. He may only be thirteen, but he knew enough to realise that the man was making a sexual move on him. It actually felt quite good. His traitor cock enjoyed it even more flushing hard with blood and its tip pushing hotly further down the leg as if seeking the questing fingers. Unconsciously John spread his legs a little as though granting further access.

Chris noticed the subtle movement of the boy's legs, but kept his hand gently in place on the thigh for a whole eternity of a minute. He knew

he was already in trouble if the boy began to protest. He had to take things slowly. Then gradually the man let his fingers creep across the slim thigh until they made contact with the tip of the boy's erection under the thin trousers. At that contact the boy gasped.

"Look if you don't like this just tell me to stop. I'm not going to hurt you. It will just make you feel good."

With that he gently slid his hand up the boy's thigh. His fingers gently slid over the cloth covered erection. It sent shivers through the boy. He had never felt such a nice sensation. He knew that he should stop this. It was so gay and he wasn't queer. The questing hand made another pass along the erection, this time feeling more carefully the shape. More sensation rippled through the young body. He looked down at the man's crotch and could see the bulge of an erection. He hoped that the man wouldn't fuck him, but the current sensations were so nice. Nobody needs to know that this has happened.

Chris saw the boy looking at his crotch. Briefly pausing the thigh stroking he lifted one of the boy's unresisting hands onto his own erection. For the first time John's hand made contact with another person's erection. He didn't pull his hand away and started to feel the shape of the head. The older man groaned at this delicate sensation. Chris moved his hand back to the boy's erection and further caressed the erection that strained down the leg of the school trousers.

"John, this feels so nice can I see it please?"

The boy responded by urgently without thinking unzipping his trousers, lifting his bottom in the car seat and pushing the confining trousers down his legs. His rigid pale cock sprung into sight and slapped against his exposed belly. He had never felt so hard. Chris's hand returned to his now bare thigh and gently stroked upwards. His fingers gently brushed against the boy's scrotum causing more tingles through his body. The hand stopped as its fingers gently grasped and

encircled the boy's erection in it's first ever sexual contact with another person.

John's back arched a little as he thrust into the man's hand. He wanted to be jerked off hard by this man. He wanted to gain more excitement and spray cum all over his belly. He lost all embarrassment and worry. He just wanted the man to take him to orgasm. It felt different, so nice when someone else was doing it. He felt the hand jerk his uncut cock a couple of times and then move away from him. He looked up at the man.

"Look John I really shouldn't be doing this to you. I'm taking advantage of you in a trouble situation. Look you had best pull your trousers back up and we'll stop now."

The boy's response was to lean over and grasp the man's erection through his suit trousers.

"Chris, I'm not stopping you. This thing isn't lying. You are so right I don't want to do this. It is so gay. I don't want it but I NEED it. Please don't stop."

Chris felt a vibration in his crutch as the boy unzipped his suit trousers fly and fished for the erection. Suddenly he felt the hot smooth fingers wrapped around him. At that point he lost all sense of reason and responsibility. He groaned as he loosened his suit trousers and pushed them down past his knees. The boy helped relieve him of his boxers. Soon his seven inch erection was throbbing against the car steering wheel. The young fingers could barely reach round the swollen member.

"John, can I please see you totally naked. Your body looks so gorgeous. I want to touch it all."

The boy knew he shouldn't be doing this. It was so gay and he was afraid that the man would fuck him with that massive cock. However he didn't hesitate to slip his shoes and socks off. He slipped his slim feet from the trousers bundled on the car floor pan and then wriggled out of his

damp white shirt. He didn't know why, but he gathered his clothes and chucked his clothes into the back of the car. It was a bit like he had removed his escape route and didn't want to back out at the last moment. Then man groaned as he saw the beautiful slim pale body. He slid his hands over the pale flawless skin as he stroked the boy's legs. Then he leant over and took the head of the young cock and sucked it into his mouth. Right down to the back of his throat. Then he lifted his head, looked at the swollen glans under the foreskin and pulled the restricting skin back over the cock head and proceeded to suck the cock harder.

To John it felt as though electric shocks were coursing through his body. He wanted to push his raging cock deep into the man's throat and fuck his face hard. After a couple of minutes the sensation stopped as the man lifted his head.

"Look can you turn and kneel on the car seat with your ass facing to me?"

Shock rushed through the boy. He knew that the man was going to fuck him now with that massive erection. He wondered how he would get in. Would it hurt a lot, like he had read on the Internet? He did not hesitate to scramble up and turned his back to the man kneeling on the seat, his hidden throbbing cock swaying in front of him out of sight of the man.

"Bend over and show me your ass hole. Don't worry, I wont hurt you."

He obediently bent over kneeling knowing that the most private part of his body was exposed. He hoped it was clean. He felt the slightly rough fingers caress his smooth ass cheeks and gently spread them a little. He jumped a little as he felt a dry finger touch his ass pucker. It pressed gently against the locked hole. Another electric shock of sensation ran through the boy. He could feel the man shifting in the driver's seat getting ready to do it.

To be continued....

Comments and flames to
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