

Prep Boy Gone Scally

“Come on! You have to tell me!” The girl whined as her boyfriend led her down the stairs of their apartment building. She anxiously bounced on every step at the thought of where the two would be going on the night of their two-year anniversary.

“Not talking!” the male said with a wink. She leaped at him as he stopped at the base of the stairs. She wrapped her arms around him and looked up at his square face.

“PLEASEEEEEEE!” She sweetly pleaded. Her bottom lip quivered, and her eyes grew wide, begging for an answer.

“What kind of surprise would it be if I told you where we were going?” he teased with a slight tap on her nose. He leaned towards her and left a kiss on her artfully done lips, and pulled away. “Do you really want to know?” He asked. She nodded her head quickly. Her long curly hair bounced around her face with the quick shakes of her head. “Too bad,” he whispered before placing a kiss on her nose.

“You’re a monster!” She huffed as he walked towards the building's front door.

“You love me,” he argued, shouting at her over his shoulder

“I hate you,” she grumbled.

“You love me!” He chorused as he held open the front door, and she glided out into the street. Her pink thigh-length dress flew into the air as a gust of wind traveled down the narrow roadway. Her hair whipped around her, pulling free of the bobby pins that kept it in place.

“WOAH!” she screamed as her hands quickly attacked the edge of her dress. Her hands flapped around rapidly as they tried to down her skirt as another blast of wind traveled down the tunnel of buildings. “Jesus Christ! Brett, why didn’t you check the weather? If I knew it was going to be like this, I would have worn something a little more coverage.”

“Why? I love you in that dress, and we match so well!” Brett responded as he motioned to his pink polo and khaki pants. “If we aren’t going to match Jessica, then what’s the point of even dressing up?”

Jessica silently agreed.

“Anyways, why would I ever not want that view?” Brett snickered, to which Jessica responded with a roll of her eyes. “So which way are we -”

“What?” Brett asked as he followed her gaze across the street. His eyes landed on a male that sat alone on a bench. His shaved head and devilish smirk unsettled them both. His all-black tracksuit just seemed off - unlike anything either of them typically saw in the area. The stranger across the street caught Brett’s eye. He raised his eyebrows, acknowledging their gaze, and his smile grew more prominent.

"Brett, I - OH GOD!" Jessica squealed as the largest gust of wind caught them both unaware. The intense burst threw Jessica's dress up into the air, revealing her skimpy pink underwear and pale smooth skin. Brett jumped to cover herself but did not move in time. From across the street, laughter could be heard from the stranger as he leaned into the bench and enjoyed the sight of the two as they fought the wind together and lost. Brett shot an angry look at the man as he assisted his girlfriend and waited until the wind died.

"Brett!" Jessica cried as her cheeks turned nearly as pink as her dress. He bent over slightly, holding the dress in place. She turned to Brett, silently telling him to handle it.

"I'll handle it," Brett said as he stomped across the street. The man uncrossed his arms and laid them across the back of the bench. His black tracksuit reflected that glare of the sun onto Brett as the man adjusted himself and watched Brett come closer.

"Something funny?" Brett snapped.

"Not at all," the man responded. A British accent thickly layered his voice.

"Seems like you were looking at my girl," Brett said as he stepped closer. The track suit-wearing stranger pulled himself from the bench, surprising Brett with his height and the stench that flooded from him. Brett had seen this look before; the tracksuit, the Adidas shoes, the shaved head. He looked like those guys he had seen when he traveled abroad. The locals called them Scallys. And from what Brett could remember, they were good, just lowlife scum who wandered around the city looking for trouble. But Brett could not remember them smelling so bad!

"God, man!" Brett coughed as he covered his mouth with his wrist. The harsh odor of body odor and sweat smacked him quickly in the senses. "Do you know how to use a shower?"

The boy raised an arm and sniffed under his pit, grunting softly in enjoyment.

"Smells good to me," he said before he openly adjusted his cock. "And I wasn't staring at yah' girly."

"Liar!" Jessica said as she ran across the street. She hovered around her boyfriend like a high-pitched shadow. "I saw you staring at me! You . . . you pervert!" Jessica accused. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Believe me. Don't believe me. That's your prerogative." His eyes transitioned off of Jessica and then narrowed on Brett. His blue eyes swept up Brett's body quickly before he cocked his head to the side. "But I was actually staring at him."

"Me?" Brett asked, dumbfounded. "What are you? Some sort of faggot?" The coy smile of the stranger dropped at the word.

"What if I am?" He asked; his voice remained level even as his eyes knitted together. His forehead scrunched together slightly as his brows showed his true feelings on the subject. Brett puffed out his chest in a show of dominance.

"I think you should leave." Brett threatened. "This area just isn't suited for your . . . kind," Brett added.

“And what if I don’t?” The stranger taunted.

“I’ll make you.” Brett cracked his knuckles as a show of force, but the man seemed not to care. The stranger pursed his lips together as he weighed Brett’s words.

“I hadn’t planned on it going this way, but I guess it can’t be helped.” The scally lad said cryptically.

“My boyfriend’s gonna kick your ass!” Jessica said as he hid behind Brett’s overall body.

“hmmm, no - I don’t think so.” The stranger raised his right hand, and Brett readied himself to fight but froze at the supernatural sight of the man’s hands.

Dark lines moved across his palm like living creatures. The ink formed and reformed into different shapes and images. An eye, a cloud, a sun, different shapes appeared for a brief moment before they quickly disappeared. Jessica and Brett backed away in fear but leaned forward in interest.

What were those things that moved underneath the stranger’s skin?

The boy raised his other hand, and the tattoos came to life. The dark swirls of ink unsettled Jessica and Brett, but their interest kept them stoic - unable to pull away from the otherworldly sight.

“What kind of freak are you - “

Two mouths appeared on the palms of the lad, and he clenched them tightly. Brett’s words caught were ended by the motion, silenced by the otherworldly script that crawled across the stranger’s hands.

“So much better,” the young man groaned as he enjoyed the silence. Brett opened his mouth and attempted to speak, but no sound came out. He coughed and squeaked like a bird as he tried to talk.

“Brett? Honey? Brett say something,” Jessica said as she placed her hands on her boyfriend’s face and urged for him to speak. He continued to screech and grunt like an animal, no matter how hard he tried to form the words. “What did you do to him?!” She screamed.

“Nothing that you will remember,” the scally replied.

“What?” Jessica asked. The man opened a hand and the mouth transformed into an eye. He turned his palm up and blew softly. Jessica’s eyes went blank. Her face went slack as she went under the man’s spell. Her body swayed back and forth while her mouth fell open. Drool formed at the corner of her lips. Brett grunted in fear as he shook his girlfriend aggressively. The man quickly snapped his fingers, and Jessica’s attention came back to reality.

“You can go now.” The lad motioned for Jessica to leave, and she obeyed. She turned on her heel and walked back towards the apartment building. Brett reached out for her, but he was stuck. He looked back at the man and saw an image of a man - a statue - had appeared in his free hand. Brett loudly grunted as he tried to pull his feet from the pavement, but they were stuck to the spot.

“MMmmmmMMm!” Brett groaned as he tried to form the words. The stranger dropped back to the bench, leaning forward with his arms on his thighs. The man released his clasped hand, and the

tattooed mouth vanished from his hand, breaking the silencing spell he placed on Brett. "Jessica!" he screamed.

"Jessica," the man mocked before he laughed again. Brett turned to him. Fear and rage dripped from his eyes as he flared. "And you're Brett?" The man asked with a raised brow. He gave a quick face of disgust. "I don't like it," he said, shaking his head back and forth.

"And what is your name faggot?" Brett said, spitting the word like a curse. The stranger squinted his eyes in annoyance.

"Pat," He responded.

"You think my names weird?" Brett shouted back. "When I get free of whatever you did to me, I am going to beat you within an inch of your fucking life!"

"We need to figure out something to do with that nasty mouth of yours." Pat leaned back on the bench and silently thought while Brett continued to struggle and pull against the spell cast on his feet. Pat's face lit up as an idea came to mind. He opened a palm, and images swirled within the inky spiral until a silhouette of a dog came to the surface. "Be a good boy and follow," Pat ordered.

Pat walked away from the bench, and Brett followed obediently behind him - like a hound following his master.

Brett chose silence as he followed behind pat. The sweaty smell followed behind him like a horrible trail of stench. Brett couldn't imagine what caused such an intense smell within the tracksuit or why someone would even wear something like that this day in age.

"Where are you taking me?" Brett asked, trying to keep his voice level as he moved like a marionette under the puppeteer's will.

"Home," Pat said shortly. "Now no more questions or you know . . ." Pat raised a hand and showed the mouth tattoo appear once more in his palm, and Brett closed his mouth quickly.

Never again, Brett thought fearfully.

The two walked for nearly twenty minutes, traveling further into the expensive part of the city. The apartments and shops that lined the street transformed into multimillion-dollar brownstones, houses that were built dozens of years back and kept by the rich's impeccable tastes. Brett and Jessica were both well off enough to live in their luxurious apartment, but this - this was even beyond their means.

"Welcome home!" Pat said as he hopped up the stoop and raised a hand to the three-story brick building. Ivy and flowers traveled across the front of the building, dancing around the large windows that adorned the front. The movement reminded Brett of the tattoos that covered Pat's hands and made his stomach more uneasy. "Come on, inside we go," Pat instructed, and Brett's body lurched forward. The lavish insides matched the exquisite outsides in taste and expense. Pat brought Brett through the foyer and into the first living area. An oversized red couch sat against the wall, and that was where Pat plopped down.

"You know what? After all that nonsense - you know what I'm in the mood for?" Brett chose not to respond out of fear. His thin lips curled into a manic smile. "A fucking blowie." Pat dug his hand into his tracksuit and shimmed the bottoms lower on his narrow hips, producing the largest cock that Brett had ever seen. The smell of sweat intensified as his cock came free of its cotton prison.

"Time to be a good boy and suck your master's cock," Pat said as he squeezed the hand with the dog tattoo. Brett fell onto his knees and crawled towards him. His mind screamed for him to obey, but whatever power Pat had over him kept him obedient. Pat spread his legs wide and allowed Brett to sit between them. Pat stroked his cock, sliding the foreskin up and down his shaft and over his head. To Brett, it looked as if Pat had stuffed his tracksuit with a dildo and pretended it to be his own. The size was comical, nearly 10 inches in length and the circumference of a beer can. Brett knew there was no way that he would be able to fit it into his mouth, but that didn't stop his body from pushing himself forward with his mouth open.

"No. No. No. No." Brett's mouth opened and took the head of the Scally lad's cock. The sweaty taste assaulted his tongue as he felt the head press against his tongue. "Ughhh," Brett cried as Pat placed his hands on the back of Brett's head and slowly pushed it into his mouth. Inch by inch, Brett cried out as the cock sank into his mouth. The moment the head of Pat's cock pressed into the back of his throat, Brett thought he would gag or hurl onto the lad's lap. Much to his surprise, Pat's cock pushed on without resistance or problem.

"Mmmm," Pat moaned as his fingers ran through Brett's hair. "Love a virgin mouth. So tight. So eager. So fun to play with." He took two handfuls of Brett's hair and plunged his cock into Brett's throat. His eyes bulged as Brett realized the cock not only forced its way into his mouth but also plugged his throat, restricting any airflow into his body. He held his breath for as long as he could, waiting for Pat to withdraw his cock, but the moment never came. Finally, Pat released the lung full of air and realized that he could not breathe - or in fact - he did not need to breathe.

Brett could feel something rearrange within himself as his body realigned to the reality without air. Pat dragged his cock out from Brett's throat, and Brett did not respond with the fresh air he was given.

"Oh, you are a quick one, already learning," Pat teased before he gripped Brett's hair with only one hand and fucked his throat. "Fuuuuuck!" Pat grunted as he pulled his track pants lower, withdrawing his heavy ball sack. Pat repeatedly pulled Brett's face into his massive balls, plastering Brett's chin against them as Pat held Brett's lips tightly around the base of his cock. At its worst, the horrible stench of sweat was when Brett's nose was buried in Pat's pubic hair. The awful smell of unwashed body and old sex was suppressed within the curly blonde hairs of his groin. If the constant pressure of Pat's cock did not activate his gag reflex, then the horrid odor would do it.

"I'm gonna make you my personal toy. My own personal fuck toy. I'm gonna stretch your throat so wide that it feels empty without my cock. I'm going to make you my own personal little cum pet. Make you beg for my loads. Make you hungry for them. God, I can't wait for us to get started. Just think of how far you will fall, Brett. That is my favorite part. Taking some proper little preppy boy and turn him into my foot obsessed, cock sucking, oh fuck - open wide Prep! Here's your first load of many!"