



## Queerly Twisted Tales: Beast in the Alleyway

By Magnus L. Alexander

It was now the early hours of Saturday morning in Leeds, the clubs had closed by that time for the most part and Caleb was heading home, slightly tipsy and horny as fuck.

He'd been on the prowl for most of that evening looking for someone to bang with but it had a poor selection of potential partners to choose from. Sure, he'd made out with a couple of guys, even got to the point where their hands had started to wander freely about, but nothing more had come from those boys. All in all...it had been a bit of a wasted night that nothing of significance had really taken place.

Such a pity...he'd spent some time before going out getting ready; cleaning himself up; choosing the perfect cologne; and douching his ass to prepare for a good fuck. Oh well Caleb thought Can't be helped. Sometimes it's just like that.

Deciding to call it a night he wandered around the club one last time, dropping by to say goodbye to his friends still out on the town. Grabbing his leather jacket from the cloak room he headed out into the brisk, cool air of the waning night. Fishing out his phone he checked the Rider app to see if there were any available taxis nearby. Sadly there was nothing and by the looks of it it'd be a while before any transportation would be able. Mentally shrugging Caleb decided to start walking home and see if there was a taxi available in a little bit. After all it would do him some good to get some fresh air after all the stale, heavy atmosphere of the previous hours spend indoors.

By this time of the day it was really quiet around the central station area where the LGBT bars and clubs were mostly located. Although there was still several venues open and the odd individual or small group of people out here and there these were the exceptions to the rule. The surrounding urban landscape was for a time dark and silent, a brief slumber before the usual bustling activity of Leeds reassumed with the new day's dawn. The city never truly sleeps...but it does get a little doze Caleb thought to himself with a lazy smirk.

Although the cold air was refreshing and had done much to clear his drink-addled senses the horniness that had drove the young man to go out on the town that evening hadn't abated. Deciding to chance it Caleb got out his phone to see if there was anyone still around on Woofdr. The app scanned for any active users in the nearby area and used a colour code system to show what 'mood' those people were in. There were a lot of red and orange lights tonight, with only a few random greens scattered about. Frowning he studied the few possibilities with an increasingly resigned air, seeing either familiar faces or being just too far away to be a worthwhile trip...

'Hey kid. You looking for a fuck?'

The sudden, unexpected offer startled the young man and made him turn around a bit more sharply than he would have liked to admit. It came from a stranger that was leaning against the wall of an alleyway whose entrance he'd just been passing by. So engrossed was Caleb in his search for a shag that he hadn't been paying attention to anything else, let alone someone lurking within the low-lit gloom of a nearby passageway. The speaker was casually puffing on a cigarette present at the corner of his mouth, the occasional whispers of smoke rising out of the hood that obscured most of his features in shadow.

'How'd you know I was looking for something like that?' Caleb asked casually, sauntering over closer in the stranger's direction but not quite closing the distance between them.

'Recognise the look. Plus saw you're on that app', the reply came, cool and unflapped as a gentle breeze.

Having come closer Caleb could now vaguely make out the face beneath the hood; a man around a couple of decades older than him, with fairly tanned skin and a fulsome shaggy blond beard that covered most of his lower face. There was no doubting the rich amber eyes that were watching him, calmly and unwaveringly. The dark clothes he was wearing were worn but clean and he didn't give the impression he was living rough. On the hoodie he was wearing there was a faded logo across the front; a furred paw with huge, hooked talons reaching towards an open sky with a slogan in italics, *Filius Ferox*. Must be some sort of rock, indie band Caleb thought to himself. This guy seemed

'Got a spare?' Caleb asked as he closed the distance between them. His new companion didn't respond verbally; instead he pulled out a slim packet of fags from a back pocket and thumbed one in his direction. Once it was in Caleb's fingers he offered the young man a

light, the tiny flicker of flame flashing to life for the several moments it took to light the stick.

'Thanks', Caleb said as he took a long draw, enjoying the familiar rush as the nicotine hit his system and gave it a little kick. Turning his attention back to his new companion he casually said. 'Not seen you around here before. Have you been out in the clubs tonight?'

'Clubbing isn't really my scene,' The blond stranger replied shortly, seemingly not interested in the idea. 'All those people, packed in together and with noise and lights banging against their senses...no, give me the outside any day. You can get more personal out here in the open, where you can actually talk to someone and get some fresh air.'

'Isn't that the truth?' Caleb replied, leisurely enjoying his cigarette. All the while he was puffing away he was checking out this stranger, looking over his demeanour, how he was acting, and the like. Coming to a conclusion he finished up the stick and ventured. 'So you were offering something else before, other than just a smoke?'

'If you're up for it kid. What do you say?' The stranger put it out there, cool as ice.

Caleb took a brief moment to think it over. He wasn't normally the sort to just accept getting hit on by some randomer, especially when they were lurking outside in an alleyway in the morning's early hours. Still, luck hadn't shined on him any better over the course of that evening and there was something hot about the idea of just doing it with a complete stranger outside in a spur of the moment.

Fuck it he decided with a mental shrug. He was right in the mood and at least then this night won't be a total waste.

'Well that depends', Caleb teased out the encounter a bit, following on with, 'Show me what you're going to give me and I'll make up my mind.'

Not replying the stranger reached down and unzipped the fly of his jeans, allowing the member inside to flop out. It was a sizable pale cock, uncut with a mass of fizzy blond pubes clouding around the base.

'That'll do', Caleb smirked, already imagining how it would feel in his rear. 'You got any condoms? I have some with me,'

'Those thin wrappers aren't worth shit. Got my own.' From his back pocket he pulled out a black wrapped condom between two fingers and showed it to the younger man.

'Reinforced extra strength. Well, ain't that a statement', Caleb grinned, flicking the butt of his fag away. 'Well then, let's get to it.'

Falling down onto his knees he grabbed the flaccid cock. Despite being soft it felt heavy within his palm, as though the weight of it was more than he expected. There was no pause as he went right into taking it in his mouth and sucking away. It tasted slightly salty, while the potent scent of the stranger's musk went straight into his nose, so clear and strong. To some smelling such a rich, manly odour might have been off-putting but not for Caleb. In fact it was a real turn-on to inhale that musk so deeply, the scent of a real mature man.

It spurred the boy on and he devoured the cock, allowing himself to go crazy sucking it in wild movements. It was a bit of a messy blowjob to be fair for he was still a little buzzed by the drinks he'd had earlier that night. That didn't matter much at the moment, for the enthusiastic way he supped and licked all over the knob went a long way to make up for the lack of finesse.

There was a low growl from the stranger as Caleb blew him, almost like that of the snarl of a wild beast. The unexpected noise gave him a bit of a shiver but in a good way. Massaging his own hard prick through his jeans he concentrated on bringing the dick he servicing to a full hardness. Already he could feel it bulging inside as it swelled and there didn't seem to be a limit to how much it was growing. By now it was a proper mouthful, more than he had expected to be, and he was struggling to keep it in...

'Get up, back on your feet. I'm going to fuck you now', That primal tone made Caleb quiver a bit in anticipation. Just how rough was this guy going to get with him? He could hardly wait.

He had his answer the next instance when he stood as he immediately grabbed and turned bodily around, pushed against the aged brick wall with no sign of gentleness. The next second his slim jeans were yanked down with a fierce tug, exposing his naked bum cheeks to the night's chill air.

'Oh!' Caleb grunted in surprise as he experienced a hungry tongue pushing its way right into his crack and lapping away. It worked itself around his hole with an enthusiasm as if it belonged to a wild dog. 'You're really eager for this aren't you?'

There was only an answering growl and the tightening of strong fingers pressing into the soft, plump flesh of his ass cheeks. Hearing the stranger make those noises was such a turn-on for the younger man, whose own cock had a fine dribble of precum now hanging off the edge of the foreskin.

The tongue soon vanished, for it was clear the stranger had little patience or time for any foreplay. Sure enough there was the sound of a zipper going down and a rough hand then manhandled Caleb's ass, prying apart his cheeks wide. It was swiftly followed by the familiar sensation of something hard and warm smacking right down in the middle of his crack.

'Oof!' Caleb grunted as the cock found his hole and the tip pressed into the hole. It's length was slippery to a degree from the amount of spit that had been applied to the rubber-clad

shaft. There was no slowing down as the hard prick was being pushed right in, opening the way through persistent effort. Thank god that he'd done so much prep earlier that evening otherwise he won't have been able to so easily just take it like that.

The hardness sank a good way in before it started to come across some resistance from the depths of Caleb's ass. Without pause it started rutting it's way in further, ploughing with a forceful yet experienced rhythm. A hand went around his waist while another covered his mouth, muffling the sharp moans he had started to make as the cock roughly opened up his rear through repetitive penetration.

'Oh fuck yeah,' he groaned into the rugged palm, words muffed by it.

From behind there were no words, just a constant series of low growling noises from the man fucking him. In fact those noises were gradually rising in tone, until they become an undercurrent to their shagging. By now the dick was being rammed right up inside the younger man and it was not so much thrusting as humping that buried length further in, testing the limits of how far it could go.

As their fuck continued the stranger's actions were getting unruly, primal. The hand left Caleb's mouth and slammed down against the wall flat, steadying the man as his hips bucked faster and with some irregular movements. Caleb didn't mind it being so uncontrolled; after all the way he was being pounded had a lot of energy and passion which made it extra hot.

He did notice though that something else seemed to be happening; he could feel that his rear was starting to feel more stretched, as though it was struggling to accommodate a dick that was still becoming erect. That couldn't be though, for the stranger's cock was already fully hard. Even as that thought crossed Caleb's mind he could feel still swelling inside, pushing in deeper despite the base of the shaft being right up against his cheeks.

As Caleb was trying to make sense of this, in amongst the barrage of pleasurable sensations from being continuously banged, he became aware that the stranger was leaning forward, closer now to his back. No, that wasn't quite it. The stranger wasn't so much leaning as he starting to tower over his hook-up. Caleb was aware of a further shifting happening down in his ass; the position of the embedded cock was rising higher, pulling his bum up with it. The pressure as the position changed brought forth a deeper groan from his lips. There was the sharp sound of tearing fabric from behind, as though cloth was being forcibly torn apart.

What the hell is going on? Caleb thought to himself. The weirdness of the situation was making him too hesitant to look behind and it was difficult to concentrate through the haze of intense pleasure. That was the other thing; despite what was happening their shagging hadn't pause and it was so primal, so exciting that it was difficult to care about anything else going on.

Swiftly Caleb found himself completely enclosed within the shadow of the stranger. There was no doubt about it now...the man behind him was getting bigger and continuing to do so. The ripping he had heard before was his clothes coming apart as they struggled to contain his new size. Daring to look up a bit, towards the hand laying flatly against the wall near his head, Caleb almost couldn't believe his eyes. Where had once been a normal, callused hand was now a massive paw close to three times the proportions of the former, covered in a dark brown fur with thick digits ending in stubby, talon-like nails.

Caleb was suddenly scared, surprised and very uncertain. So acutely aware of the massive presence standing behind him, he felt like a small rabbit with a predator lurking behind him. It seemed the stranger sensed his mood, for it slowed down until they paused, stilling all movement. There was a long second of silence in which they remained locked together, the monstrous cock within Caleb's ass now surely at least double in size if not more from its previous state. Heart hammering in his chest, he couldn't help but wonder just what this being wanted or what he was going to do.

His unspoken question was answered the next instance as the stranger began to bang his bum again, only this time with the increased length and girth it was now hitting all sorts of untouched deep places inside. It caused Caleb to make an involuntary whimper, a noise that only caused the stranger to pick up the pace and rut harder.

It was clear that despite his mysterious nature there was something the stranger had in common with any other fella; that as a man he clearly had needs and was satisfying them in just the way that Caleb liked. A cock was a cock after all and this one was certainly giving him just what he needed the young man thought to himself, even as his body and voice reacted on their own accord to the ravaging that was taking place.

Wanting to show just how interested he was in continuing their romp Caleb backed his ass down onto the massiveness, meeting it's thrusts midway. That itself made him cry out a bit, for it caused the sizable shaft to feel like it was punching right up into his gut.

'Fuck you're a big one aren't you?' Barely able to get the words out, Caleb was in a world of his own as he was mercilessly rammed. It was prodding right against the pit of his stomach, going into places he'd never been fucked in before. There was only an answering growl from overhead.

It seemed that the Stranger's whole focus was working towards getting his self-gratification. This wild abandon with how Caleb was being fucked...he was pretty sure it was going to wreck his ass out of shape. He wasn't being physically pinned against the wall but he might as well have been, for such was the power and force of the fucking it was all he could to keep standing upright, although it made his legs shake to do so.

The growling from behind was becoming louder, more fierce. Shorter and sharper was the humping now, like frantic jabs deep inside. Their close, physical contact meant Caleb could feel the shaft was palatably trembling within his ass, becoming tense and rigid in readiness.

The stranger let loose a literal howl as his orgasm overtook him, his cock exploding with a force beyond anything that the boy had ever experienced. Caleb couldn't hold back the scream as he made as he felt the shaft expanding within him, engorging and tangibly spasming so much that he could feel it shifting around inside wildly. The sheer amount of seed it released, far more than Caleb had seen with another man, caused the condom to break and made his insides feel bloated as though they were being flooded.

Such an overwhelming sensation caused Caleb to come without touching himself, his cock swinging about and firing off wide bursts of cum.

'Oh fuck!' Caleb felt himself going light-headed from such a powerful ejaculation. The world shrank down until all that could sense was how much his insides were straining under the immensity of the load that had filled his rear.

They remained locked together, the breathing of the mysterious stranger coming out in great billows that spread heat all over Caleb's back. He could feel the sheer tension down in his rear from the volume of seed within and of the still hard cock nestled in there. With a grunt the stranger began to retract his cock, causing Caleb to grimace as his used ass clamped involuntary around the retreating cock tightly, not wanting to let go. So slippery and such volume of the cum though the withdrawal went unhindered and so it came out with an audible pop. The boy couldn't help the gasp that he made at the uncontrollable feel of emptiness that struck him or the way he could feel a steady stream of hot liquid dribbling out of his ravaged hole.

With no strength remaining in his legs Caleb slumped down onto his knees, leaning against the wall for support. The overpowering sensation that seized him, beyond the weakness brought on by exhaustion, was how his hole was twitching and spasming without restraint. Even when he'd experimented with fisting in the past with an ex he'd never felt his bum lose control like this. The leaking continued unabating, creating a small puddle on the ground beneath him.

Somewhat dazed by the whole experience it took Caleb a little while to realise that his mysterious fuck buddy was gone. Blinking, he looked around the alleyway, seeing it was utterly devoid of anyone else. 'Hey?' he called out, voice croaking a bit.

There was no reply and not a sign of where the stranger had gone. Somehow the big hulking figure had stealthily slipped away without a whisper, a feat which Caleb was only able to wonder about later when his mind was less fuzzy and able to think properly again.

Reaching down he scooped up some of the cum leaking out from his wrecked hole, feeling even now how unbelievably stretched it was. As he brought it up to his eyes he could see it wasn't white but a rich golden colour, almost like honey. There was no mistaking that scent though, so tantalising familiar to that of other men. That smell kindled his hunger and he lifted his fingers up to his lips, sampling the seed. It had a tangy, strong yet sweet flavour, a taste that made him tremble.

Still, his ass was sore and was starting to throb a bit. He knew it would be days if not longer before he felt up for getting fucked again. After a while he was able to muster enough energy to crawl back onto his feet and slowly get himself straighten back up. There was nothing he could do though about the copious amounts of cum that continued to leak out of his ass and to trickle down his legs. Such a leakage stained his underwear and jeans as he left the alleyway and began to stagger homewards, the first glow of the new morning appearing on the far horizon.

After that night Caleb never forget his experience with the stranger, the most memorable random fuck he had ever had. He would always keep an eye open when he was out on the town, in case he happened to pass by a hooded figure in a shadowy alleyway, the glow of a lit cigarette showing a familiar set of rugged features.