



Overtime

(MM, reluc, 1st-gay-expr, work)

By Michael (phoenlxarizona@aol.com)

I'm not really gay. By that I mean that if given a choice I would always choose a woman's cunt over a man's anus, hands down. But the event I'm about to describe wasn't about choice, or if I had one I didn't resist all that much.

It all started on Saturday; I was an inventory clerk for Wal-Mart during their growth spurt in the 80's and I found that I was always having to work overtime on Saturdays because we could never seem to get the job done during the week.

I was usually the only one working in the office because I was the newest in the department and that was just the way of things. I was 24 at the time and this was my first real job, others having been less of a career, like a life guard at the municipal pool during the summers, or as a Kentucky Fried Chicken cook.

Anyway, there was this guy named Sid there who was always pushing me around. He was a big tough looking shaved headed kind of guy who just looked mean and he liked to intimidate me. His job was running one of the fork lifts in the warehouse, and that weekend he was working the same project I was. I was supposed to coordinate with him on the loading of several trucks that needed to be ready for Monday.

When I clocked in that Saturday morning my heart did a little skip when I realized that I was partnered up with Sid. I knew he would be his surly self and I hoped we could get through the day without an unpleasant incident.

Of course it was not to be.

Before the first hour was up Sid was in the office and leaning over me at my desk as I punched the keys of my computer trying to get the paperwork in order. He didn't say anything but he made his presents felt by touching my shoulder with his chest and breathing his garlic breathing into my ear.

"Well cunt boy, got my paperwork ready yet. You're costing the company money if you keep me waiting."

I didn't respond, I just hoped that he would get bored and leave me alone. I tried to type faster but kept hitting the wrong keys and had to go back and correct my mistakes.

"Man, you are nervous aren't you?" Sid chuckled over my shoulder.

I was getting a little pissed, he was my problem and he didn't seem to be going away anytime soon, so I screwed up my courage and responded with, "Listen Sid, you're the one slowing things up, I keep making mistakes filling the order because you make me nervous."

Sid didn't say anything for a moment than I felt his big paw gripped my neck and his fingers bite into my flesh, "Well cunt boy, if I make you nervous I guess I should do something to help you relax, shouldn't I?"

That was obviously a rhetorical question because he didn't wait for an answer, he just spun my chair around and leaned over me gripping my shoulders with his big maws and looked into my eyes. "Yeh, I know what'll make you more relaxed."

He grabbed my shirt and yanked me out of my chair. I stood there with my heart in my throat, I knew he was going to hit me, I looked at those big hands with those huge scared knuckled and knew then and there that I was doomed.

But that wasn't what Sid had in mind. Without saying word he pulled the material of my shirt with both hands, his fists tangling up in the material until the buttons popped off, flying every which way.

I closed my eyes, this violent attack made me sick to my stomach, I knew that even if I reported his violence to the company on Monday, I would probably be missing a couple of teeth and be in a lot of pain.

But Sid surprised me again. My eyes flew open as I felt his fingers tugging at the button of my trousers. He yanking the button open and ripped the fly open and yanking my pants down with my undershorts. He stepped on the mass of material that had puddled around my ankles and then yanked my shirt the rest of the way off.

There I was. Standing completely nude with my pants trapping my ankles and this hulking shaved headed mean guy looking down at my flaccid pecker, grinning. "Yeh, I know what'll relax you alright."

That's when he pushed me down onto my back on the desk and began to jack me off with one hand and gently massaging my balls with the other. I was speechless. All I could do was make little inarticulate sounds as this menacing man wanked me into a hard-on. I was beyond action, I had no idea what to do.

My mind went completely blank when I felt Sid's mouth sink down onto my stiff pecker. What the fuck was happening to me? My mind screamed. I couldn't believe that his big mean looking guy was holding me down just so he could suck me off.

When I say that Sid went to town on my cock, that was just what he did. He gave me the most energetic blowjob I'd ever had in my life. I'd had a few from girlfriends before, but in comparison those previous experiences were like a child's tea party.

I just lay there with Sid's mouth and throat taking my full length. The only sound was my gasping breathing and the sound on my cock sinking into Sid's throat. The sound of that was kind of like, "Nnngugh," over and over again.

If someone had walked into the office right then we would have made quite a sight. My clothes were strewn all over the floor and I was lying naked (except for my socks) on top of my desk with Sid sucking my prick like some kind of \$20 whore.

In my defense, there was nothing I could have done about this, he was much bigger and tougher than me, frankly, he could do anything he wanted and I couldn't stop him. But even still, he was making headway on me because I knew that I was going to be cumming pretty soon.

Although I wasn't exactly turned on by Sid's attack, my 24 year old body had to respond to the stimulation caused my an energetic set of lips and tongue as Sid bobbed his face over my crotch, taking my prick balls deep, over and over again.

When he shoved his finger into my anus and wiggled it, I came! My body stiffened in outrage as his finger pushed into a place that only doctors had been before, and they,

only one or twice in my life.

But to my amazement I balls exploded, rushing gobs of cum into Sid's grasping mouth. I grunted with each gush of cum that expelled from my body, my mind numb with the intense sensations caused by this forced orgasm.

In all too short a time my intense cum slackened and I was lying there with my knees up, panting for breath as Sid pulled his mouth off my dick and looked down at me, his cum-slicked lips forming a devilish smile.

Then he licked his lips and said, "That should relax you a bit cunt boy. Don't you think?"

I could only lie there gasping for breath.



Then Sid said, "Now I think I could use a little relaxation." I was shocked by the image of me sucking his dick. I couldn't even imagine that. I began to struggle, but it was no use, Sid was just too strong for me. He flipped me over face down on my desk and positioned his slimy pre-cum slickened dick-head against my anus.

I begged, "No Sid, please!"

But he could care less what I said, he had only one thing in mind, he wanted to fuck his little cunt boy and there was nothing I could do about it. "C'mon cunt boy, you know you want it. You were ready to shoot all your spunk when I shoved a finger in there, so now you'll get to know what a real dick feels like. Hey," he said as if it was a good thing, "this way you'll have an idea what your girlfriends feel when you're doin' them. Cool huh?"

I moaned in agony as he began to shove his pre-cum-slicked prick head into my anus, it was like someone shoving an iron pipe up my butt. I gritted my teeth and gripped the edge of the desk as I felt him slither deeper and deeper into me. It almost felt like taking a shit in reverse.

Then the son of a bitch was humping my ass. Through the tears I could hear his grunts of pleasure as he used my like a woman. The tearing sensation began to numb as his sickened prick hit a faster and faster pace, then suddenly I felt his cum lubricating my anus. It was hot and slick and I was actually enjoying the feeling, the slimy presences of his huge sausage see-sawing inside me.

It was weird, but I realized in that moment that I was about to cum again and as Sid's grunts of pleasure began to subside, I felt my body go ridged and I jerked several times as my cock emptied its contents onto the rumpled paperwork atop my desk.

As I lay there, gasping for breath I heard Sid's breathy whisper in my ear, "You liked that, didn't you cunt boy?"

All I could do was mumbled in same faced embarrassment. It was true, I had obviously liked what he'd done to me, otherwise, why had I just cum twice?

I felt Sid's bodyweight lessen as he pulled out of me and stood. In a daze I climbed down from my desk and stood shame-faced in front of the big man. I clasped my hands in front of my flaccid dick and looked at down toward my feet. What could I say, how could I live this down?

Then Sid said, "Well honey, the next time you're tense and start making a lot of mistakes, we'll know what to do, won't we?"

I just looked up at the big muscular man and nodded, hoping that we would be on the same shift next Saturday.

END

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