

STREET KID

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In a dark, dank, railway tunnel, my back pressed hard against the cold damp brickwork, soaking into the green slime. The stench of his lager mouth pressing against mine made me want to vomit, but I didn't. He was hungry to satisfy his lust.

I moaned, urging him into action, eager to be free from the stale sweat of his armpits, from the foul smell of his body. I probably didn't smell much better, no bath, bed, food or punters in a week. Only half a bottle of stale plonk and a quarter tab of 'E' to help take the edge off things, help me to remember, to forget.

His rough hand searched, found, fondled. A builder's hand, I reckoned. It didn't matter. I'd have let a gorilla have sex if it paid me, if it meant I might feed myself or get another fix, whichever seemed important when the time reached.

My pants came down, bare buttocks against the green slime, his greedy mouth manoeuvring. I think he took his teeth out or didn't have any. I wanted to puke again but let his mouth work, rubbing his balding head, feigning excitement, pretending I desired him. He knew I didn't but couldn't care. Running with the cash was an option but he'd only given me half. I needed the other tenner.

I wanted to come quickly, instantly. I wasn't even hard. Sucking his cock was more likely. I'd already said I wouldn't. Made no difference really, money dictates!

I was getting hard now. Coming? A long way off. Him? I didn't even know if he was wanking. I didn't care. Couldn't care. It took as long as it took. One second was too long.

His gums worked hungrily, bulging my helmet, tongue darting deep into the eye, mopping up my pre-come, searching for the thicker stuff. He was tossing himself now, rubbing fiercely.

Our bodies shook, mine from cold and hunger, mostly. He might come first, he might.

He took all of my cock, down to the base, to the pubics, and coughed. A hair in his throat, I guessed. He could have been my dad. Might have been for all I knew.

I took the Poppers eagerly and jammed them into my nostril, sucking in their sweetness, sucking in some stimulation, sucking in some sort of sanity from this sexual wasteland.

My brain spun as the chemicals hit. My thoughts went haywire. I'd lived a lot of lives in my few years on the street, and died as many deaths. The place was littered with youthful bodies, all with dying souls.

I could come now, my young balls lifting high into their hollow sockets and ready to propel the liquid meal into his lusting mouth. My stomach muscles tightened in spasms, forcing firepower into the delivery.

Suddenly his head pulled away. I fell forward and he steadied me. My creamy liquid shot over his angry face. I inwardly cursed as it splattered over him. I'd blown the trick.

He appeared taller than before, more powerful, more aggressive, more threatening! My face met the brickwork when he spun me around and forced my feeble body forward. I shoved a condom into his hand. I think he used it. It was for his protection, not mine.

For some there is no mercy. His penetration was painful, powerful and cruel. If I was lucky and remained in one piece, then I could thank the God, in whom I didn't

believe, and continue with my insignificant existence. If I were really lucky, a train would flatten us both.

He worked angrily at my buttocks, his big hands squeezing my waist and gripping my nuts. A stiff slap, then another, harder this time, and they flexed, firming around his prick.

A gasp. A couple more slaps. A really deep thrust, slamming me into the brickwork, and it was all over.

I was sick, violently so. My nose was bleeding and my stomach ached from the fisting it had received, not the sex. I curled into a ball, cold and crying. He'd taken back the tenner and the fifty pence I'd found. Frightened and freezing, I drifted into unconsciousness.

The perfume was the sweetest I'd ever smelt. I could have lived a lifetime on the price.

He soaped my blond hair. The water ran like mud over my saddened face. I felt ashamed. I had more life on me than in me.

I wanted to bathe alone but he wouldn't let me. Cleansing is a personal thing, especially so if you carry half the City's grease and grime beneath your crotch.

Gently he lathered shoulders, back, buttocks and cock, mostly cock. My embarrassment subsided with each soaping as the water began to clear. For a moment, I wondered if he had cleansed me of my sins. I even let him shave my pubics. I guessed it was so my body matched his, or perhaps he thought the creatures living there unsavoury.

He laid my pristine-clean body onto soft, pink sheets, circling it with arms of love, or of pity. It mattered little. Either way, affection is a precious gem, a treasured prize on a pitiless planet.

He looked good for his twenty years, even younger than me. The warmth of his naked body against mine was comforting. Unashamedly, I gathered him into my arms, absorbing his love. Selfishly, I would have drained him of every ounce, saving it for later use, for the lonely days and nights on the streets.

We swallowed each other's sexes, not greedily but pleasingly slow, soft lips, hot palate, soft lips, thoughtful movements, deliberate depths, deliriously desiring our delicate flesh, searching for our seeds, teasing them into the safe sachets.

I never knew lips and mouths could be so electrifying, so sensitive, so loving. We swapped tongues as he slid over me, two in his mouth, two in mine. I wanted to cry. I would only understand why. You can only know heaven if you've known hell.

I think I did. We did.

I'd always thought there was no such thing as good, only evil in varying degrees. I now thought that maybe I was wrong. The streets can strip you of your self-esteem, senses, even sorrow. Only love rebuilds. He knew this, reminding me that I'd forgotten. Reminding me with caresses, cuddles and kisses, things I thought that were reserved for pets, not for the likes of me.

Suddenly this stranger called love lay me open, made me feel defenceless, lapped at the wounds of the vulnerable child within. Even so, I offered the guy my soul. Offered him the only thing I had to give, that precious gem, myself.

But it was I who entered him; into the blissful realms that I had never entered before. And for the first time in my life, I had been given something freely.

But the pain of his kindness cut me like a dagger and I hated him for loving me so, but at the same time loved him even more.

I believe we were one body, one mind, one soul, a universe unto ourselves, as we faced each other and made love, tenderly, affectionately but for me, desperately!

He took me deeper and deeper, taking me into depths of delirium, depths of desire I never knew existed. But then he told me he loved me and I wished that he hadn't. I'd heard it so many times before, so many places. Giving it meaning was difficult, painful, impossible.

When he came, he cried, "I love you." For a microsecond, I believed he actually did.

The street bustled and busied itself with shoppers as the sun shone its life-giving rays across the hemisphere. My stomach ached with an unbearable pain. I wasn't sure of my whereabouts. My head felt like shit and my nose was surely broken.

I coughed, yawned, scratched my balls and rubbed my sleepy eyes. As I slowly opened them, the pleasing pallet of a young man's face formed before me.

His perfume was the sweetest I'd ever smelt. I could have lived a lifetime on the price.