

# Date\_Night\_2

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After their last date night at the library, Stephen thinks that Alex should live out one of his fantasies and puts together a scenario that takes an unexpected twist.



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â You canâ t be fucking serious!â

â Oh I can be, baby, and I am.â He said plainly.

â Stephen! I canâ t wear this shit outside! Itâ s one thing when you and I are playing around in the house, but not out there. What if someone sees me?â

â Whoâ s going to recognize you in that? No one. Besides we agreed.â

â No we didnâ t agree! You made up the rules and then said we didnâ t have a choice in following them. Thatâ s not an agreement! Besides, when is it my turn to host date night, huh? When will you have to do something that you donâ t want to do?â

â As soon as you come up with something.â

â Shit!â I said defeated, throwing the clothes on the chair beside the front door. Stephen smiled and walked out heading to work.

â Iâ ll see you at 7:00 pm sharp. And donâ t be late. I donâ t pay for my boys to be late,â he laughed at me when he saw my outrage and hurried down the hallway out of the range of my venom.

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*I canâ t believe Iâ m doing this.* I thought to myself as I huddled in my car. Looking at the clock it was time to go, but I held back as long as I could. For the hundredth time I checked all of my mirrors and windows making sure no one was around to see me get out of my car. The coast was clear, I had parked in the alley half a block away from where Stephen was suppose to pick me up in two minutes. *Well itâ s now or never!*

I opened the door and stepped out into the darkness. The cool air immediately hit my naked legs as I stepped out of the car and stood. I threw my coat inside the car and locked it, shoving the keys into my tight shorts.

Stephen had told me date night this week entailed me playing the part of a male prostitute and waiting for him at a downtown street corner. He would cruise by and pick me up, but I had to play the part. He provided me with a pair of hot pink, skin tight shorts that showed more of my butt cheeks than I was used to showing outside, a white â what can only be described as rubber â tube top that went from my armpits to just below my lowest rib, leaving my stomach And shoulders exposed, and a pair of white high top canvas Converse shoes, with which I couldn't wear any socks. To say I felt exposed was an understatement, but I knew that if I did this, Stephen would fuck the hell out of me and I wanted him badly enough to do it. I topped off the look, and to be truthful I did this to make myself less recognizable, by putting gel in my hair and spiking my short blonde follicles into what felt like the spines of a hedgehog. Coupled with the dark eyeliner that I used to use as a teenager in my emo days, and I had a look that spoke desperate street urchin. Stephen was right in one respect, no one I knew would recognize me, and for that I was grateful.

Throwing my shoulders back I prepared to give it my all. If my lover wanted a rent boy, I would be the best damn rent boy I could imagine. I strutted my ass down the cold alley toward to light of my corner.

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West Hastings and Howe Street didn't normally see this kind of action and the looks I got were genuine horror to outright laughter. I put on the confidence I didn't feel and gave some woman the finger after she sneered at me. If I was going to be a hooker that bitch better not disrespect me. I felt a sudden camaraderie with all walkers of the night and knew I wouldn't be as judgmental as I had been in the past.

â Hey sugar!â I turned to see a woman in her late fifties as she started eying me up.

*Please sister, you haven't got a chance!* I said this in my head as she looked like she could take me. I kept walking and spotted the store I was supposed to stroll my ass in front of.

I knew Stephen would be by any moment so I practiced in my head how I would turn him down first. The smile on my face did a bad job of hiding the joy I felt at being able to tease him a little before I gave into his advances. *How much should I ask him for?*

â Hey baby, what's the price for that sweet ass?â I turned and looked at a thirtyish guy walking down the street toward me. He stumbled a little and got just a little too close for comfort. He smelled like alcohol.

I groaned and rolled my eyes. *I do not need this right now.* I tried to get rid of him. â Look buddy, take a hike, I'm waiting for a date.â

â I can be your date baby,â he drawled and almost fell onto to me in his stupor.

â Buddy you couldn't afford me.â

â Ya,â he practically shouted, â how much huh? How much for the pleasure?â

I started to look around as he got louder. I was hoping not to draw more attention than I already had. Stephen would pay big time for this. Not knowing what to say to the guy I said the first thing that came into my head. â Two thousand a night pal, now fuck off!â

â Works for me he said and reached inside his coat pocket. He pulled out his wallet and flipped it open. Expecting him to flash me some cash I was stunned somewhat by the gleaming badge that he showed me. â You're under arrest for solicitation.â

â What!â I was horrified by what I heard. *Oh my God! I'm being arrested?* â I'm being arrested?â I asked incredulously. â For what?â

â Turn around and put your hands on the wall pal.â The officer spoke in a very clear way, no intoxication at all in his voice.

â You tricked me!â I screeched at him as he grabbed my arm and turned me forcibly toward the wall.

â Ya that's what they all say. Now turn back around.â He forced my arms behind my back and held me there with one hand while his other hand secured a plastic band around both of my wrists binding them together. I felt my anger rise.

"You are under arrest for solicitation for the purposes of sex, do you understand?â

â I understand you're making a big mistake here sir.â I said with as much authority as I could muster in my rubber tube top and pink shorts. I shook my head as I tried again, â Can't I just explain what happened? I am waiting for my boyfriend!â

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“You have the right to retain and instruct counsel without delay,” he interrupted my plea. “We will provide you with a toll-free telephone lawyer referral service, if you do not have your own lawyer. Anything you say can be used in court as evidence. Do you understand?”

“Listen, if we just wait here for a minute he will be by right away!” My frustration was getting the better of me and I knew I had to calm down.

He couldn’t care less about what I said. “Would you like to speak to a lawyer?”

“No, but can I use your phone to phone my boyfriend?”

He looked at me blankly and then looked out to the street and waved a police car down. I was out of words and still shaking my head in bewilderment bordering on anger when he sat me in the back of the police car.

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“Hey Sargent. I have a booking for solicitation here.”

“Do you have to yell it across the room!” I cringed sitting on the wooden bench he pushed me into when we arrived. He had been talking with someone until the officer he called Sargent had come in across the room.

“Put him in number 5, there’s a wait for finger printing him. Williams should be ready for him in about 30 minutes. There’s another guy in there, but he’s harmless.”

“Ok buddy, lets go. You’re gonna wait here for a bit and then Officer Williams will come and collect you.”

“Can’t I phone my boyfriend?” I asked.

“Not until you are processed. For now, you wait.”

I hung my head defeated and resigned to my fate until I could get myself out of this. Stephen would be worried sick about me as it had been at least 40 minutes since I had been arrested. *God I have never been arrested before!* I wasn’t going to let myself cry here, so I held back.

The officer led me down a hallway with metal doors. It wasn’t like any jail I had ever seen on TV. There were no bars and no men shouting cat calls at me as I walked by. It was rather quiet. We stopped at a door with a big, blue, number 5 painted on it. He unlocked the door and shoved me through. He looked at the guy laying on the one cot facing the wall.

“Hey pal,” he shouted at the occupant, “you’re outta here in 30 minutes, so be ready.” And with that he shut the door locking me in.

I looked out of the little window and the officer slid the metal shield over the window making my seclusion complete. I turned around and looked at the guy still facing the wall and lying on the bed.

“I shouldn’t be here long,” I said, “this has been a big misunderstanding.”

He shifted and turned, swinging his legs down on the floor, but remained seated on the cot. My mouth dropped open when I saw him. “Stephen! What the hell are you doing in here?”

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He smiled at me and it hit me before he said a word.

â You son of a bitch, you set this whole thing up!â I practically yelled at him.

â Shhhhhâ !.â He shushed me. â I did it for you baby.â

â Don't shush me! And what did you do for me? You bastard I was arrested! They put me in handcuffs and drove me here in a police car!â

â I know, that was Terry, remember I told you I met a guy named Terry at the gym? And his partner, Adam? Terryâ s a cop, he helped me work this out.â

I was confused. â Why? Why did you do this?â

He looked at me in a way he reserved for the bedroom. â Oh no you donâ t!â I said recognizing where this was going.

â Oh yes I do, this is date night and you canâ t refuse. You told me two months ago that youâ ve always had a fantasy of being arrested and having sex in a cell of a police station. Now youâ ve got you your wish and we have 30 minutes to make that fantasy come true.â

He looked at me and I didnâ t know what to say, I was speechless. He had other plans though. He slowly removed his shirt and swayed a little back and forth like he was dancing. He approached me and grabbed both of my hands from my sides and brought them up to his chest. Keeping his hands over mine he continued to sway back and forth and rubbed my hands in circles over his chest.

My dying anger was getting caught up in the swell of my heightening arousal. I took control over my hands and let them roam over his chest and across his stomach. He started swaying with more exaggerated movements and brought his arms over his head exposing his whole chest and underarms to me.

My breath caught, as I smelled his scent. It was all him, the smell I know from our bed. The aroma of his clothes, the faint smell of the soap he used in the shower to clean his beautiful body. It was all there, assaulting me in a small concrete cell inside a police station and my cock responded by exerting an extreme amount of pressure on my skin-tight shorts.

I continued to gently rub his body with my hands and brought my face close to his nipple, using my tongue to run over the circular ridge on his taught chest. He gasped as I continued to run my tongue right into the heat of his armpit and I clamped my mouth on his soft hair and bit him playfully, his whole armpit in my mouth. I used my tongue, dripping with my own saliva, my mouth watering profusely as his smell and taste overwhelmed me, to bathe his armpit while he bucked underneath my attention. I clutched him around the back so he couldnâ t get away.

He began to put his arms down, but I quickly brought my hands to his arms and forced them upward once again. I took my mouth from his armpit and looked him in the eye.

â Donâ t,â I warned him quietly and he willingly returned his arms above his head, knowing I was in control. â Youâ re going to fuck me, like youâ ve never fucked me before, is that clear?â My voice was deadly serious.

He nodded obediently.

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“Good, but first we have some thing to take care of. Give me your wallet.”

“What?”

I slapped him across the face, not hard, but enough for him to suck in his breath and bring a hand to his cheek.

“Your wallet,” I demanded quietly and in my most threatening voice.

He reached into his back pocket, pulled out his wallet, and handed it to me. I opened it and took out a nice collection of bills. Not needing to count them as I knew he usually carried a few hundred dollars on him, I stuffed it in the tight front pocket of my shorts. “You think I come cheap?” I asked him seriously.

He shook his head.

“You’re right. I don’t.” I threw his wallet over my shoulder and it hit the cold floor with a slap. I saw the faintest glimmer of a smile on his face before he looked at me again with his obedient eyes.

“Now then,” I continued. “Undress me.”

He looked me over and tentatively brought his hands to my face. He lightly covered my eyes with his fingers and slowly let them drift down my features letting each finger caress me in its journey downward. He drifted over my face and I leaned my head back, my eyes still closed as his fingers, trembling slightly now, moved down the contours of my neck, over my Adam’s apple and down to the small hollow between my collar bones. He spread his hands wide and moved each one outward; hesitantly stroking my shoulders and running his hands softly down the length of my arms. His fingers teasing my skin and bringing goose bumps to the surface forcing me to shiver as I stood with my eyes closed and my head leaned back.

He interlaced his fingers with mine and squeezed a little before his hands continued their exploratory journey. He left my fingers and I felt sad when his touch left mine. Gently he brought his hands to my exposed waist and stroked by abs and my let one of his fingers move over and into my navel. Not staying there long he grasped the lower part of my rubber shirt and peeled it upward. I held my arms high to facilitate its removal and let myself inhale deeply when it was no longer constricting my chest. He tossed the garment onto the thin cot and brought his hands back to my chest, stroking my nipples until they stood waiting eagerly for him.

Bringing his mouth to bear on the left one, I arched and groaned as he sucked powerfully on my chest. I felt my skin stretch under the suction of his mouth, and his tongue worked to ravish my erogenous button. I was gasping when he moved to the next one and moaning loudly under the crushing pressure of his arms wrapped around my body, clutching me to him as if he was hanging on to me with the intension of saving my life. In an eight by ten foot concrete cubicle, with the impenetrable steel of the door behind me, I never felt safer in the arms of my lover.

He released me and kept his mouth on my chest moving lower, his tongue darting in and around my navel got me gasping in pleasure once more. His hands found the top button on my shorts and released the pressure as it popped open. He slowly undid the next button, then the next, and the next, and finally the last. Having no room for underwear, as they would have easily been visible given the meager length of the shorts, my shaved pubic patch was exposed, and my stiff member pressed firmly against my leg and still encased in its pink prison.

Stephen brought his hand to my cropped pubic hair and gently ran his fingers through its coarse patch causing me to writhe in ecstasy. He knew what I loved and he ran his fingers through it over and over again as my breath became racked with desire.

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He grabbed the now open flaps of my rent boy shorts and pulled ever so slowly to release my pent up love. He worked the shorts over my sockless feet still covered with the Converse sneakers. My cock sprung to life and he moaned as he grabbed me with both of his hands and slowly caressed the entire length of my shaft. He was on his knees and brought my ridged cock to his cheek. His face was smooth, having recently been shaved, and he rubbed my stiffness over his entire face. Watching him engorged the head of my cock with more blood than I thought possible and he continued to love the feel of my cock on his eyes, his nose, his lips, his cheeks and forehead, down his neck and finally he returned it to his mouth and swallowed my entire length in one slow, smooth, wet, agonizingly warm gulp. I expelled my entire breath in one exhale at the sheer exquisite agony he had me in. His head bobbed up and down on my shaft so slowly, so lovingly, so beautifully. He finished each retreat with a swirling tongue around the head of my cock and every time he brought me closer and closer to my inevitable conclusion.

My breath got louder with each forward plunge, and he pulled my balls tighter and tighter in his grasp as they tried to claw their way into my groin to release their building cargo. Harder and harder he sucked on my cock and louder and louder I cried until I could stand it no longer. I grabbed his hair with both hands and brought my cock to the very edge of his mouth, to the tips of his lovely lips. He looked at me desperately and held my gaze as my body prepared to unload. His eyes locked on mine, never once leaving me and telling me he wanted all of me, he opened his mouth and swallowed every thing I had to give him. I had to hold my gasps back from getting too loud as I watched his eyes bore into mine as he continued to swallow. After he squeezed the last drop of cum out of me and ran his tongue across my entire length not leaving a drop of semen, he returned to my mouth and still locked to my eyes he allowed me the pleasure of tasting myself on his breath and his tongue as it wrestled with mine in both of our mouths.

He had exhausted me, but he wasn't finished yet and he would pay me in full before he left this cell.

â Fuck me.â I told him with no room for argument.

He nodded silently and turned me gently to face the cot and bent me over at the waist until my hands rested on the plastic covered mattress. He was on his knees again behind me this time and his hands were all over my ass, grabbing me, kneading my soft cheeks and fondling my balls from behind. Without any warning he plunged his tongue into the heart of my ass and moaned as he slobbered and licked his way through to my soul.

Time stopped for me as he claimed me as his property. He knew where every nerve was, how every sensation felt to me, how every molecule of oxygen rushed to feed my life force only not to be needed, as I existed in that moment only to feel what he was doing to me. Clear cum leaked from the tip of my cock. Ropes of it ebbed their way slowly from its tip and he caught it in his hand and used it to rub my member to hardness once again. The roughness of his hand against my bits was juxtaposed against the softness of his tongue on my hole. I was ready to die, but he wouldn't let me leave this place, and I wasn't quite ready to let him finish yet.

â Do it now.â It was more of a plea than a demand. I didn't have the force left in me anymore. He drained every ounce of fight I had, but he responded just as quickly and I saw him release his fantastic cock from his strained and sopping jeans.

We were both wet enough that he didn't need any extra lubrication. He aimed his magnificent handful at me and pushed with all he had against my small, eagerly waiting pucker. It never felt so right before, never so perfect. He slid inside of me with an ease that could only be natural. He was built to be inside of me. We both felt it and as he buried himself within me as far as he could, he shuddered with pleasure and leaned over me bringing his chest to my back and wrapped his arms protectively around my waist and chest.

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“ I love you,” he said, “ and I’ll do anything for you.”

I couldn't speak as the tears ran down my face, and either from pure emotion or absolute bliss, they continued as he pounded into me, each thrust harder than the one before. My insides clung to his invading flesh, he melted within me and the muscles in my tiny ring contracted so forcefully that he cried out in wonder as he exploded inside of me. I felt his orgasm, it added to the softness and the warmth spreading through my body, he continued to thrust and gave me everything he had left of himself. He collapsed on my back and once again clung to me. I held his arms to my stomach and cherished the feel of his weight on my back.

His essence began to drip from my body and he reached over to the bag that he had on the cot and grabbed a small towel. He cleaned me lovingly and turned me toward him, looking deeply into my eyes, he told me again what I never get tired of hearing from him.

“ I’m yours. I will always be yours.”

The tears sprung to my eyes again and we plunged into a kiss so deeply we almost ignored the pounding on the door and the voice of the police officer telling us we had five minutes.

Reluctantly pulling apart, we hurriedly wiped up and Stephen took out a change of clothes for me that he brought with him. He wiped the eyeliner off of my eyes gently and kissed each one in turn. Then he packed everything away, and looking like two presentable guys we waited until the door opened.

The officer that arrested me, looked in and smiled at the two of us. “ You two ready to go?” he asked quietly. Stephen and I looked at each other and smiled, then nodded together. “ Okay, play along as I walk you out.”

He led us down the corridor that he had taken me before and into the large room where I was sitting earlier contemplating my future as an arrestee. “ Sarge,” he called out, “ I’m releasing these two on notice to appear.”

The Sargent looked up, and too busy to worry about what we were doing, he waved his officer through and returned to the people he was dealing with.

“ It seems odd that he would just let us go,” I remarked to Stephen as we made our way to the door.

“ Oh that’s Adam, Terry’s partner,” he offered.

I looked back to see Officer Terry smiling at us. “ You owe us dinner Stephen.”

“ Don’t worry,” I said to Terry, “ Stephen pays his debts, I make sure of it!”

We laughed as we said goodbye and Stephen opened the door of the cab that was waiting for us as we exited the police station. In the cab he had his arm around me and I snuggled into him, my arm draped across his stomach.

“ Alex?” he asked quietly.

“ Ya babe?”

“ You’re plotting against me aren’t you?” he said warily.



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“With every waking minute and every breath I take, I swear to you I will have my revenge.”

We locked eyes and he saw the sheer determination in the words I had just spoke. He broke into a large grin followed by my own.

“I can’t wait!” he said and we both laughed in the cab as we headed home from another date night.

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