

The Cold Ride

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I did not think this ride would cost me anything.

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I live in the outskirts (25 Miles) of a very small town in North Dakota, in the middle of nowhere. It was the 15th of January, the day after my birthday, and my parents headed into town, which is a labored task here, due to the heavy snowfall the previous night. I was home alone, and decided to walk to my friend's house, which is about a mile away. Due to the cold (a high of 8 degrees today), I had to dress very warmly. I don't have a difficult time finding clothes. I'm 5'9", with a slim frame. I'm told I'm pretty pale, and have medium length blonde hair. I don't have a girlfriend, and have a difficult time, because what girls are attractive have the jocks to pick from, but I don't give up. That does not help my sex life, because I'm still waiting for my first girl, and am not going the other direction. I've had comments from the older men in town about how I could be a good substitute for the women in this really small town, so I try to be really careful where I go. When I ever get to town. On my way to my friend's house, it had started to snow again. The wind had started to blow, and I had hoped my friend would drive me home, being as I had no car. Walking beside the highway, it would be nice to get a ride from anyone. Or so I thought. A van was making it's way down the road. It was slow making your way down these highways, because it takes time for snowplows to reach this distance from town. The van stopped, and I was offered a ride. There were two black men in their mid thirties, and I was thankful for the ride. I opened the sliding side door, and stepped up in, sitting on the bench seat in the back. It was a delivery van, with the seat mounted makeshift, with a screen and sliding plastic window between the front and the cargo area, which was where I was. The two men were in the front. I asked if they would stop at my friend's house before I got in, and they agreed. As the van passed his house, I guessed they forgot. I informed them they missed my stop, and they just ignored me. I told them I didn't have any money, but I offered my wallet if they would let me out. The door latches on the inside were removed, with no windows. The man in the passenger took it, and him and the driver laughed, closed the door between me and them, and he tossed it out the window. I got really concerned, because I couldn't get out. The van drove in the other direction from town, and I could not tell the direction, due to the enclosure of the van, and the weather. It had gotten dark, and the snow was really coming down. We must have driven for an hour, when we turned off the highway, making it's way down a unpaved road for about 15 minutes. I had no idea where I was. The van stopped outside an old house, with a early 90's sedan outside. It was very cold inside the cargo area of the van, due to the

window separating me from them. The driver told me I could spend the night in the van, or I could come in the house where it's warm, leaving me little choice. I agreed to come in, and I was told to pass my boots through the window. I did so, and they opened the door, and I had to walk quickly due to the freezing ground. The door was opened, and I stepped in. It was warm inside, and I was told to sit on the couch. The driver turned the deadbolt from the inside with a key. That just concerned me even more, because they had also locked my boots inside the van. I was given two plastic zip-ties, and told to zip tie one around my ankles, and the other around my wrists, pulling the latter tight with my teeth. I was introduced by the driver as 'A', and his partner as 'B'. 'A' told me I would have to pay for the ride. I repeated I didn't have any money, and they offered to give me a lift. They insisted I pay them, and I asked them how. Their response was "With some of your little tight white ass." I kind of guessed this, but didn't expect it. I was informed I could give it willingly, or they will get anyway, and the former would be healthier. I considered them both, and figured I would have a better chance of surviving the night to just give in. They seemed very happy of my decision, and cut my ties off with a very sharp knife. I was told to undress completely, as they both sat on a worn sofa. I took them off, and folded them up, to buy a little time. They told me to get on the sofa, lean over the back, and spread my legs, as they chuckled with approval. 'A' took a tube of KY out of a drawer, and wiped it all over his middle finger, and started penetrating me. I groaned as he worked his finger in me, and he commented to his friend how tight I was. He kept sliding it in and out, as 'B' started informing of the ground rules. As I being loosened up by 'A', I was told I would earn my clothes back due to the performance I gave. If I dedicated myself fully, I would get them all back. If I didn't do well, I would get my underwear, and was told it would be a long walk back to the highway. I figured they were going to get it anyway, and told them I had no experience in this, and have never even been with a woman. They both just seemed to shout with joy. 'B' told me, "Well, you're gonna get your cherry broken tonight." They argued with each other about who would go first, and that 'A' got the last one. I guess they have done this before. My clothes were carried out to the van, and locked away, as 'B' led me to another corner of the house. This was the bedroom, and in it was an old fashioned metal framed bed, like my grandmother's. There were leather straps at the head and the foot, I guess for the 'unwilling participants.' As 'B' undressed, I was told to get on my knees. I could already tell as I undressed both of them were rock hard, with seemingly enormous cocks. I winced when I noticed, because I knew what lay ahead. 'B' revealed a huge black erection. There was a Camcorder mounted, and he turned it on. I have seen my friends cock before, and I guess every guy wonders what it would be like to suck one. I got almost to the point of asking him during a sleepover, but backed out for unknown reactions. I thought about it a few times, and even masturbated a few times on the thought, especially my friend. I figured the better show I put on, the better chance I had of surviving the evening. So, before 'B' even said anything to me, I asked him "May I please suck your big black cock?" With no experience, he pushed my head down on his enormous hard-on. He stroked it as I sucked it hungrily. He sighed with pleasure. I knew the more times I could get him to come this way, the better off I would be. I placed my hands on his thighs, pulling him further into my mouth, as I tried to work him, barely being able to fit much more than the head in it. I could taste his semen already, as I kept up my

pace. Finally, he shot his load in my mouth. It was such a great load, it went down my throat, almost gagging me. It filled my mouth, ran down my chin, my neck, and down my chest. I drank of it thirstily, putting on the act they wanted to see. When his hard on slackened, I continued to suck him. I then got on the bed. It was cold in the room, but I knew it wouldn't be for long. I laid on the bed with my legs spread, knowing it was going to happen anyway. I said "Will you break my virgin white cherry?" Immediately, 'B' turned from slack to standing straight up. I pulled my legs back and wide, as I had seen online. He climbed on top of me with his muscular black body, and positioned his huge black cock against his target. I could feel it was still wet with my saliva, as he started to work himself inside. It was so big, but he seemed to take his time, maybe because I looked willing. His body wedged between my legs, keeping them spread, and back, in a perfect position to use his weight to ease it in. When he finally got it in, the mass of flesh inserted in me made me short of breath. I closed my eyes, remembered my role to play, and cried "Fuck me, fuck me," between gasps. I was hoping motivating words would make him come faster. He continued to slip himself deeper in me slowly, and I felt he reached his maximum depth when I felt his pubic hair against my bare skin. He then started his piston action, as I struggled to breathe, slowly picking up rhythm. I could feel him exhale every stroke, along with the fleshly contact sounds between us. I could also feel his balls slapping against me, evidence of a full stroke. The ancient bed kept time with his efforts, the metal squeaking as 'B' picked up his intensity. I continued to shout those words as his pace quickened. The constant battering pushed me against the forward frame. He grabbed my hips for leverage, and with a firm grip, pushed himself in to a depth that made me cry out. Then I felt it. An unexpected, high pressure rush of heat shot inside me, filling me up. The coldness of riding in the van had chilled me, but this seemed to warm me up inside, as I felt more spurts inside. He was holding himself at his deepest, until he was empty. I couldn't believe how hard I sighed after he came, and after he went slack, he dismounted me, and stood beside the bed. "You really seemed to enjoy all this," said 'B'. "Are you sure you have never had it before?" I told him I always wanted it, as I tried to catch my breath. "Well, I gave it to you, but it ain't over yet." as he pulled his pants on. 'A' must have been standing just outside the door, because as 'B' opened it, 'A' rushed in, already down to his underwear. He quickly peeled them off, and crawled on top of me. The huge gaping hole left by 'B' was quickly filled by 'A', the former semen acting as a lubricant, as the piston action quickly started with intensity. I was being pushed down into the mattress with the thrusting, my gasping, his labored breaths, and the slapping of flesh again keeping timing with the fatigue, the motion so great, the bedframe started to make contact with the wall. I gasped for breath as the thrusts quickened, and 'A' ejaculated with a tremendous force. Again I sighed loudly, as the sperm was injected into my bowels. He seemed to recover soon, and started the same assault, with longer, slower strokes. I looked down, and could see him pumping me with force, gripping my hips for leverage, as his muscular black body continued to work his huge cock inside. I continued to gasp for breath, and shouted out "Fuck me harder." I then felt his final large shot of sperm in me, another enormous load, filling my abdomen with his hot sperm. He pumped me until he went limp, pulled on his pants, and left the room. I could hear them in the next room, talking excitedly about the experience, and how much I wanted it. They also commented on the

tightness, and the encouraging remarks I made. I heard 'B' wanting an encore, but 'A' reasoned with him, and I could not hear the rest. My whole bottom felt like one huge bruise. The amount of semen during the events started pouring out of the cavern left in me, feeling like gallons. I was laying in a lake of sperm, soaking my hips, and lower back. I had great difficulty moving my legs, being forced in that extreme position for a long period of time. I looked at my watch, and what seemed forever, was only 45 minutes. I lay there, trying to gather myself for a few minutes. Then the door opened, and my 'two new friends' came in the room, holding my clothes. They told me I really earned them back, and they forgot to turn the camcorder off. I dressed, and the whole room smelled like semen, and my lower back, hips and crotch was still wet. I figured I should put them on before they changed their mind. I staggered into the other room, as they rewound the tape. They wanted me to watch some of it, and they asked why didn't tell them I wanted it that bad. I told them I would ruin the moment. I guess the act worked. I was taken out to the van, and was given the ride home, with every road bump causing me great pain. They gave me their cell phone number, and was told I could call them if I was in the mood again. I was even dropped off at the door, and as I staggered inside the house, the answering machine reported my parents are staying the night in town due to road conditions. I went upstairs to take a shower, and had to peel my pants and underwear from my skin, glued by semen. I hurt for over a week. I continue to convince myself that I did not enjoy any part of it, but cannot help the feeling of that thick, hot, powerful volume of sperm erupting inside me. Every time I remember it, I get an erection.