



“Whatever, Dude”

Ryan Field

loveyoudivine His and His Kisses

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“Whatever, Dude”

By

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It's that cute little blond-boy ass, strutting his wares along Santa Monica Boulevard in his trademark white tee-shirt and torn jeans, that most people tend to imagine when they think of the consummate male hustler. He's usually emaciated from spending his money on drugs rather than food, he has at least one large tattoo on his body, and he knows all too well that just by slightly spreading his legs, or bending his knee in a certain position, or placing the palm of his long thin hand on his upper thigh, he can attract all the attention he desires. It's become so cliché that it's almost laughable, and whether these guys know it or not...or if they even care...the lugubrious expressions on their faces can be spotted for miles.

But no one ever suspects the white-collar guy in his early thirties, who secretly craves things a bit rough and raunchy and who thrives on the element of danger. It's the guy with the perfect haircut and the perfect job as a junior attorney you never wonder about. He drives the perfect sports car to the perfect gourmet food market to buy the perfect hunk of cheese. He pays his taxes, and he lives a responsible life—except for the fact that he likes sex a little too much and has run out of places to satisfy his imperfect needs.

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I know all about this. It happened to me a few years ago, just after I'd left another jaded bar in Hollywood, still hungry for a real man and tired of getting myself off on the Internet. I left the bar and decided to drive south, to a rest stop along a quiet stretch of highway I'd heard was a notorious gay cruise spot. Though I'd never done that sort of cruising before, the thought of it had always intrigued me. And I was ripe for a new adventure. Besides, any gay man who has reached the age of thirty and never cruised a state park, a truck stop, or a public restroom at least once is clearly missing out on an interesting experience. That scene's not for everyone, but it shouldn't be completely ignored.

It was a warm night in late June, and I had the top down. When I pulled off the highway and exited into the rest area, I took a deep breath when I saw only one car parked in front of the restroom and a red landscaping truck parked at the end of the lot, near a wooded area that seemed safe and dark and private. I'd been tapping my fingers on the steering wheel all the way over, worried that the whole place would be swarming with older guys grabbing their crotches and wagging their tongues. I knew that if I saw too much action there, I'd probably drive past it all and go home alone.

I looked at my watch; it was still early. I suspected more guys would show up as the night wore on. So I pulled into an empty parking space, about three spaces away from the landscape truck, and decided to sit perfectly still for a while. The spaces were arranged on a slight angle, so all I could see was the back of the red landscape truck. There were rakes and shovels fastened to the side, and a faded sign on the passenger

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door read “The Everyday Landscaper” in red, white and blue.

I was only parked for a few minutes when I noticed two little old ladies with white hair and large purses come out of the restroom and head toward the parked car: the only car, other than mine and the landscape truck, in the whole dark rest area. They took their time...forever...getting into the car, starting it, and then driving off slowly into the warm summer night.

About twenty-five minutes passed, and it occurred to me that no other car had pulled into the parking lot since I’d arrived. I was beginning to think it had all been a waste of time. And then, as I was about to start my car, the passenger door of the red truck slowly opened, and a Latino guy in his early twenties stepped out. He wasn’t extremely tall, but he had raven-black hair, a sexy, chiseled face, and smooth, dark skin the color of mocha ice cream. Though it was nighttime, I could see that he was wearing a white tank top, baggy short pants, and a pair of those big clunky work boots that only get better as they age.

The man walked to the front of his truck and crossed over to a large trashcan on the sidewalk, not far from my car. He tossed an empty beer bottle into the trashcan with one careful pitch; his arm was thin, but when he raised it up, a large round bicep popped out from his brown skin. As he turned back toward the red truck, he glanced in my direction for a long moment. I smiled and then quickly looked down at my lap while he checked me out. Though my penis was already semi-erect, and this hot guy in his early twenties, with all the amenities of real rough trade, was tempting, I decided not to stare

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at him too long. Just to be safe...though my penis was growing, my heart was beating very fast, and my hands were a little shaky.

The guy slowly walked back to his truck and got into the passenger door facing me. The truck was so large, I could not have seen him if he'd been on the driver's side. He stretched out his arms and folded his hands, as if he were about to rest back on the seat and take a nap. But then he looked in my direction again, rolled down the window, and adjusted the side mirrors so he could watch me sitting there alone in my car. And that was when I knew this would be a give and take situation. This all happened so fast, and it was the first time I'd ever been in a scenario that required such game playing. For a while I simply sat there, staring straight ahead, wondering what to do next.

Another ten minutes passed; he kept looking in the mirror to see what I was doing. So I decided that if I wanted to hook up with this guy at all, I had to make a move, too. I needed a reason to get out of the car; I leaned forward and searched the floor of my car for a piece of trash I could throw into the trashcan, and I luckily found—my car is usually very clean—an old white envelope from the bank that I'd shoved there the previous weekend. By that time, just from watching his face in the side mirror, I was almost certain he was cruising me. But I didn't want to be mistaken and make the wrong moves on some straight, homophobic guy who would beat the hell out of me. So I came up with a brilliant idea to show him my goods, without putting my ass in any danger. One thing was certain: I didn't want to play too many games in that dark parking lot.

I was wearing a pair of low-rise jeans and a white button-down

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dress shirt that night; I planned the whole thing in my head first. I would remove my jeans, my black underwear, my socks and my shoes. And then, in a bold move, I would get out of my car wearing nothing but the button-down shirt, walk across the parking spaces to the front of his truck, and toss the envelope into the trash can. It was the perfect plan, too. I knew the shirt would cover me enough so all he could see would be my legs.

If he wasn't cruising me, he'd think I was just another weary traveler taking a long nap. And if he was cruising me, I knew all too well he'd start to drool when he spotted my firm, tanned, hairless legs walking across the parking lot. I'd always been somewhat of an exhibitionist, working my body at the gym beyond its limits in nothing but a pair of very tight compression shorts and a skimpy tee-shirt so other guys could check me out. I knew from experience I always seemed to attract the rough, thug types—just like the guy in the landscape truck.

While he was staring straight ahead, I slipped out of my pants, kicked off my shoes and socks, and pulled off my underwear. When I opened the door and lifted one naked leg out of the car, I had to clench my fists because my hands were on the verge of shaking. Then I stood up straight, slammed my door hard so he'd hear me, and slowly crossed to the trashcan, wearing nothing but the white shirt. I quickly looked toward the red truck, and sure enough, he was watching me: his eyes were wide and his mouth slightly ajar, shocked that I was walking across a public parking lot half-naked. I was pretty sure I had him in the palm of my hand by then.

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When I reached the trashcan, I crumpled the envelope and made an attempt to toss it inside, but I missed on purpose. The envelope landed on the sidewalk next to the trash can. I looked back; he was still watching, and his eyes were still wide. So I slowly spread my legs and bent over. When I reached forward for the envelope, the shirt pulled up and exposed about half of my smooth, round ass. Hoping he'd like it, I stretched my arm more than I had to, so the shirt would rise up to my waist and expose my entire ass, and I picked up the envelope. I stood up straight again, smoothed out the shirt, and tossed the envelope into the trash. My penis was rock-solid by then; I had to point it toward my stomach and press it against my stomach with one hand so it wouldn't stick out.

As I turned back toward my car, I heard a deep male voice with a Spanish accent. “Hey, Buddy, you got a cigarette?” I turned toward the red truck with an innocent expression on my face and replied, “Sorry man, I don't smoke.” I shrugged my shoulders and spread my arms so the shirt would rise again. My erection pitched a tent beneath the white shirt. The guy was practically foaming at the mouth; he stared at my legs as though they were pork chops; he bit his bottom lip so hard I could see his teeth. When I saw he was holding up a copy of Playmate Magazine so I could see the naked female model the cover, I casually unbuttoned my shirt so he could see my entire body. I knew his type—though they will fuck around with guys, they like their girlie mags, too.

I slowly crossed back to the car, while he sat and watched to see what I'd do next. Being that I didn't get to show off like that very

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often, I decided to give him more. I suspected he'd probably already pulled down his zipper and started to jerk his dick. So I slowly leaned over the windshield of the car, as though I were cleaning off a speck of dust. I stood on my tiptoes and arched my back all the way. As I reached across the windshield with both arms outstretched, my shirt began to rise until it was well above my waist. And then I slowly spread my legs as wide as I could make them go. I couldn't have said it more clearly—*Come on buddy, fuck my brains out, don't be so shy. I want that big fat cock, hard and fast.* I was also counting on the “opposite factor”—when dark, hairy guys like him are attracted to fair, smooth guys like me. The darker they are, the more they want blonds.

Then I stood up again and turned to see if he was still interested. Sure enough, he was still staring, but now his big, dark hand was hanging out the window and waving in the air; he seemed to be holding something and signaling it back and forth. At a second glance, I realized he was waving money. My eyes became wider, and I leaned forward a little. I couldn't tell how much; just a handful of bills. My head jerked, and then I blinked a couple of times. This dude thought I was a male hustler.

Well.

At first, it occurred to me that he was being extremely presumptuous. I was a well-respected professional, after all. How dare he assume I was nothing more than one of those rent boys who hustle to get by? But then I remembered that I *was* standing there practically naked, arching my back and exposing my erection in a public place. So I smiled and put my hands on my hips. Hell, I was

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in my mid-thirties, didn’t know how much time I had left in the looks department, and a hot young landscaper in his twenties was waving money at me. He was actually willing to pay for a piece of *my ass*. And then it occurred to me that I’d never known such an exciting, sexy, astonishing compliment in my life.

“Why don’t you come over here and get in for a while,” he said to me. He tapped the bills on the door of the truck a few times, as if offering me bait.

I didn’t reply. But I did begin to walk toward the red truck, letting the white shirt slide off my shoulders so that I would be completely naked before him. My eight-inch erection bounced and jerked, sticking straight out in the open. His eyes narrowed in on my legs; he pressed his lips together as if he were about to whistle. The boy looked so hungry, and so desperate to get some ass that night. And I didn’t want to let him down. I was just hoping and praying the police wouldn’t drive by, with me strutting my naked ass around in a public rest stop, seducing a guy ten years younger—for money.

But I was willing to take that chance, which made it all the more exciting. When I reached the truck he opened the door with his right hand, and I noticed that his left hand held a big, uncut dark cock. The dark head was round and shiny, with drops of precum oozing from the opening. I tossed my shirt onto the floor of the truck and thought, I’m actually getting paid for this. What the fuck? Should I just lean over and starting sucking him off right now? I could have done that; just taken that big, beautiful penis down my throat and drained it completely.

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But he opened the door wider and reached out to run his large hand up the back of my leg. His hand was dirty, with dark soil marks all over his fingers. He stopped at my ass, and started to feel me up with the rough palm of his hand. The heavy calluses scratched my smooth skin. But I didn't tell him to stop.

He said, as he placed his large hand on my waist, “Is forty enough, little baby? I don't have any more cash.” He was now making his cock jump up and down all by itself; a naughty teaser, so I'd see how massive and thick and hard it was. Clearly, this guy was a stud.

I smiled; he still thought I was a hustler. “Whatever, Dude.” I decided, the less said the better. I assumed Hustlers didn't like too much talking; and this was strictly business.

He tossed the two twenty-dollar bills onto my white shirt. Then he reclined his seat all the way so that he was flat on his back and his colossal penis stuck up straight in the air. He reached toward the center console, opened a small package, and slipped on a mint-green colored condom. “Get in, and ride my dick,” he ordered. He didn't want any cock sucking, or any foreplay whatsoever, and though I would have smoked that big fat cigar for hours if he'd asked—for free—I only did what he wanted me to do; my goal was to please him and give him his money's worth. After all, he was paying for my almost middle-aged ass. I didn't want to disappoint him.

I took his large hand in mine, and he helped me climb into the truck and up to his lap. I pressed my hands against his wide shoulders and spread my legs so that I could straddle his waist. When I lowered my head and leaned toward his armpit, I knew he hadn't showered

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since early that morning. It smelled like raw onions and meat; my toes curled, and I sighed. All my movements were light and gentle; when I touched his body, I made sure to caress his strong arms with care. He reached down with both hands and held my waist tightly to get me into a comfortable position. I knew he'd leave dirty fingerprints. He leaned back a little and reached around my back so he could grab his dick; he slapped it against the crack of my ass a couple of times, and I arched my back. He handed me a tube of lubricant and said, “Here, use this baby.” Then he rested his head against the seat and closed his brown eyes so I could take care of him.

First, before I applied the lube, I lifted the sweaty shirt up over his shoulders and exposed his large hairy chest. I gently rubbed my fingers all around while he moaned in delight. When I leaned forward and licked his nipples with the tip of my tongue, he took a deep breath and slapped my ass a few times. Then I undid his shorts and lowered them down his hairy legs. When they were around his ankles, he kicked them off and spread his legs wider. By then I could feel the tip of his cock hitting the opening of my ass; it was begging to get inside. So, knowing he was ready to explode, I quickly spread lube all over his erection, and then began to work it slowly up my ass. I did this so gently that he threw his arms back, closed his eyes, and continued to moan.

Then, with one quick jerk, I worked the head of his cock past the lips of my narrow opening. It hurt for a second, and then I lowered my body all the way down, until it was totally up my ass. He whispered, “Oh yeah, baby,” while I buried my face in his hairy black armpits and rolled my tongue around, smelling his sweat and

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tasting his funky flesh. I stuck my tongue all the way out, and he raised both arms in the air so I could lick under both his arms.

“Ride that cock, baby,” he pleaded; his accent was thick and a little unclear. “Please ride it. I need to get off so bad.”

I sat up on his lap, arched my back, and began to ride. I bucked my ass back and forth; I went all the way up on my knees, and then all the way down again. My ass banged against his hairy lap with loud slaps and crashes. He opened his mouth and sighed; his tongue was rolling around, and his eyes were still closed. He liked what I was doing so much, he grabbed me by the waist with both hands and began to move me faster, getting himself off with nothing but my tight ass. I tightened my grip on the shaft of his penis, and he began to moan louder; his breathing grew stronger. I raised my arms and folded my hands across the back of my neck, loving every last inch of his huge cock. And my dick was fully erect, too.

“Hey, you like that don’t you, BB?” he asked, somewhat surprised. When he called me “Baby” it sounded like BB. “You like what I’m doing to you, BB?”

“Oh, yeah,” I moaned. I started to run my fingers through the hairs on his chest; he squeezed my waist even tighter, now banging my ass into his groin so hard my head bounced all over the place.

He opened his eyes and smiled. “I like that, BB...I can make you feel real good, BB. You wanna get off too? Most hustlers don’t care.” He bit his bottom lip, and then squeezed my waist so hard I knew there would be bruises there the next day.

And I replied, “Yeah, man, and I’m getting really close, too.

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You’re the best, man...” It wasn’t a lie, either; he was the best I’d ever had...up until then. I opened my mouth wide; he banged me and shoved me around with such force, I had to reach back with one hand and hold on to the dashboard to keep my balance.

“Grab your cock then,” he said, giving my ass a couple of hard slaps as I continued to ride, “and we’ll both get off together, BB.” When it finally occurred to him that I was actually *enjoying* it so much, he became determined to get me off, too. As though he wanted to prove to me that he was a real stud capable of commanding full control and bringing me to my knees.

“Ride that cock, pretty BB,” he whispered. I didn’t bother to let him know he didn’t really have to work so hard; he *was* a real stud, and just having his dick fill my body brought me close to orgasm. But the extra effort he made certainly wouldn’t cause me to complain.

As I worked my own dick, he began to fuck me as hard as he could, with a rhythm and pounding that I’d never known. This guy was better than the two bouncers who once pounded me over the hood of my car behind a nightclub; and he was much stronger than the weightlifter I’d met on Craigslist a few months earlier who nailed me on my terrace. The landscape dude bucked his pelvis from beneath me with a balanced tempo; he slammed into me with steady, firm beats that reminded me of the minute waltz; he kept repeating: one, two, three...bang; one, two, three...bang. I squeezed my ass as tightly as possible, and he fucked harder and faster. Until neither one of us could take it anymore, and we both reached climax at the same time. And when he shot his load, he rammed his cock so far up my

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ass, I thought it might come out of my chest. He shouted, “Fuck, baby, YES!” His voice was deep and loud by then; he wasn’t concerned that we were fucking in a public parking lot.

But more than that, a split second after we both shot our loads—mine actually flew over his head and hit the back seat of the truck—he smiled and made a quick, awkward move, adjusting himself in the seat, with me still clinging to his cock. When his legs spread wider, his dick went deeper into my ass and hit my prostate again; I felt another orgasm coming. “Wow, man, I’m cumming again,” I shouted. I gripped his strong shoulders, and my eyes began to roll around.

“Go, baby,” he said, and began fucking me again. His dick was still hard; he pinched my nipples and squeezed my chest muscles with his dirty fingers. I shot another, smaller, load all over his chest. I think he liked getting me off twice: he kept smiling and nodding his head as if he were cheering me on to the finish line. This guy was a real showoff stud.

When my body relaxed again after the second orgasm, he placed both his hands on my ass cheeks and squeezed them hard. “You got some fucking ass there, BB. Worth more than forty bucks, but that’s all I have with me. To think I was just going to get off, alone, with that titty magazine tonight.” He picked up the magazine from the seat next to him and tossed it into the backseat as if it were trash.

And I said, still catching my breath, “Whatever, dude.” But I was thinking, *I would have given you a thousand for a fuck like that, Stud.* I leaned forward and kissed his rough neck. It was heavy with thick, dark stubble; I stuck out my tongue and gently licked all the

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way down to his nipples, where I’d deposited drops of cum. I completely cleaned his chest; he didn’t need to wipe me off with a tissue; I wanted to do that for him.

And when I slowly wiped off his chest with my tongue, he placed both hands at the top of my ass and went lip. Each time I licked and swallowed, he smiled and rubbed my ass.

“That’s a good BB,” he said, “You like the way that tastes, don’t you?”

“I want you to get your money’s worth, is all,” I said.

“Ah well, that’s good, BB,” he whispered.

I smiled, and then lifted myself from his cock. And strangely enough, when it popped out, I could still feel the monster inside me. I knew I’d have that feeling for a couple of days, if not longer.

He was now flat on his back, and I was still on top of him, with my legs bent at the knees and my back still arched so that I’d continue to look as sexy as possible. I reached back between his legs, pulled off the used condom, and tossed it into a trash container that was hanging from the gearshift. Then I held his semi-erect dick in the palm of my right hand and began to massage it, gently milking every last drop of cum. I looked up at him and smiled, and then went all the way down, sucked his dick down my throat, and drained the few last drops of cum from his body.

“You sure do like it, baby,” he said, acting like a big proud stud. “I’ve fucked my fair share of guys, but I’ve never seen anyone who liked getting fucked as much as you do.” Then he bit his bottom lip and gave me another rough slap on the ass.

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“I guess so,” I said. Then I milked harder, knowing I had all the power as long as his dick was still in my hand.

“You’re different, not like the rest of them,” he said, rubbing my thighs.

“Why is that?” I asked. I was nonplused, but still enjoying his big strong hands all over me.

“Most of the time it’s like the boys who do it for money are doing you a favor, and you’re paying them for it. But with you, well...you really love dick, BB. It’s not an act. That’s good.”

“You’re not so bad yourself,” I said. “You know what to do with that big dick of yours. Not like most of the guys I’ve been around.”

“C’mere,” he said. He pulled my lips to his by grabbing the back of my neck firmly. Then he inserted his thick tongue into my mouth. When my tongue found his, I could taste the stale beer in his spit and his rough stubble scratched my chin. He was one of those sloppy, wet kissers; I stuck my tongue all the way out and let him do whatever he wanted with it.

“I gotta get moving, BB, and you’ve got to put your pants back on,” he said after the kiss. “But you sure were worth it. I thought I’d explode when you walked across the parking lot with that pretty ass. I wanted to get out and fucking pound you right there on the sidewalk.”

“You can watch me walk back to my car,” I said, grabbing my shirt and the forty dollars. I turned toward the window and looked around the parking lot to make sure we were still alone. Then I opened the door of the truck and slowly walked back to my car. I dragged my shirt on the pavement while he watched; I still felt filled

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with his dark brown cock; smelling as though the entire high school football team had just fucked me.

He started the truck and backed out of his parking space. “Maybe I’ll see you around again,” he shouted through the open window; his dark, almond-shaped eyes were still glued to my ass.

I smiled and spread my legs for him one last time. “Whatever, Dude.”

But I never did see him again.

And that didn’t stop me from pursuing my part-time, secret career as a male hustler. From that night on, whenever I feel the urge...usually about three times a month...I get into the car and go out to stalk public rest areas, men’s rooms and truck stops, looking for men who are willing to pay me for sex. And all the money I receive—which begins to add up in time—I donate, anonymously, to a charity that helps young men in trouble: the real hustlers who are forced to suck dick for money in order to survive. It’s sort of a halfway house, in Hollywood, for young guys who know the streets all too well.

But the thing that still surprises me to this day is how thankful the guys are when they pay me for something *I’ve* totally enjoyed. Even the three drunk college guys I sucked off the other night in a restroom couldn’t thank me enough, as they each handed over fifty dollars. Perhaps it’s because the guys like the fact that I enjoy them so much, that I’m only willing to please them, and that I know enough to keep my mouth shut. All they have to say is, “Suck my cock,” or, “Bend over and let me fuck that ass,” and I will respond with, “Whatever, Dude.”

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