

YOU MISSED A SPOT, BIG GUY

*The road to ecstasy is sometimes lined with straight looking
dads, big brown construction boots...and great big hammers.*

RYAN FIELD

Scanning, uploading and/or distribution of this book via the Internet, print, audio recordings or any other means without the permission of the Publisher is illegal and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, events and characters are fictitious in every regard. Any similarities to actual events or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

You Missed a Spot Big Guy

Copyright©2011 Ryan Field

His and His Kisses Edition

Cover art and design by Dawné Dominique

All rights reserved. Except for review purposes, the reproduction of this book in whole or part, electronically or mechanically, constitutes a copyright violation.



Published by

loveyoudivine Alterotica 2011

Find us on the World Wide Web at

www.loveyoudivine.com



YOU MISSED A SPOT
BIG GUY

By

Ryan Field

*The road to ecstasy is sometimes lined
with straight looking dads, big brown
construction boots, and great big
hammers.*



YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

*D*avid J. Schenck was tall and lean and strong. His black hair was cut short, and if you looked closely enough, you could see the beginnings of white specks popping out near his temples. He had a heavy, dark beard, with five o'clock shadow surfacing almost two hours after a clean shave. When he stretched his forearms, the muscles were long and sinewy; they were so well defined and prominent, you could actually see the peaks and valleys where one muscle ended and another began.

All this was a combination of genetics and his job in construction, and people who knew him

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

knew he was very proud of both. When David built or renovated something, it was unsurpassed, according to his own expert opinion. And when he mentioned his last name, he took pride in letting people know it was pronounced “Scank” and not “Shenk” or “Shank.” As awful as the name sounded to outsiders, he’d smile and raise his eyebrows as though he’d been born a Vanderbilt.

He rented a nice house on Union Street, in the little town of Hot Springs, New Jersey, and he’d been hoping to buy something soon. But all the money he made seemed to disappear on large payments for his black, extra-large, extended pickup truck (with custom gold lettering on both sides that read “David J. Schenck Custom Building”). He was good at making money but not so good at holding onto it.

His wife of fifteen years, Dena, could attest to that fact better than anyone. She had a good job of her own, too, but they always seemed to be struggling to find enough money to pay for her addiction to indoor tanning beds and her love of overproduced manicures and high-end hair product.

RYAN FIELD

But if you asked Dena about the money situation, she wouldn't have complained much. It was David's apathy toward sex that drove her to the indoor tanning beds every night (her way to relax, so she claimed to anyone willing to listen). She was an extremely attractive woman, with warm brown hair, a shapely figure and a penchant for tight jeans.

She knew men noticed her but couldn't understand what was wrong with her husband. They'd been together fifteen years, had one child, and she could count the number of times they had sex each year on one hand. David didn't even complain when she suggested she start sleeping in the spare bedroom because he snored (and they'd only been married about five years by then). No matter what she did, he just didn't seem interested in her large breasts or her long, tanned legs. His idea of a fun evening at home consisted of eating a frozen TV dinner while watching great chefs prepare exotic foods on the cooking network.

David thought life was perfect until he came home one afternoon in the late spring and found

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

Dena's letter: "Please take care of little David. I can't live like this any longer. I'm turning forty and I need more," was all it said. She'd run off with a co-worker (David found out later) and only took her clothing, hair products, and her brand new Nissan Pathfinder.

About a month after that, while in the process of filing for divorce, David placed an ad in the local newspaper for a part-time housekeeper. Though Dena had always let the dusting go until you could write your name on the tables and she never cleaned the toilet unless there was a reddish-brown film in the bowl, David soon discovered it was cheaper to pay someone to wash his dirty underwear and grimy sweat socks than it was to keep buying new pairs.

That's where I come into the picture. I answered the ad on a Friday morning in late June, and we agreed on an interview the next morning. I made it clear that I was in college and could work any hours David needed during the summer months, but come September, I'd have a full-time schedule, and he'd have to work around it.

RYAN FIELD

He also mentioned that the house was slightly messy, and I told him not to worry about it. But nothing could have prepared me for what I saw that first morning I went there. You couldn't see the kitchen counter. It was covered with hard-crustured dishes and pots and pans with burn marks on the bottom. The sink was filled with dirty glasses and wet garbage that smelled like sour milk. On the dining room tabletop, there were newspapers and empty fast-food bags; half-filled soda cans and water bottles lined the end tables in the living room. When David led me toward the sofa, I had to push a pair of dirty sweat socks off to the side to sit down. He sat in a leather chair opposite me and spread his long, hairy legs as wide as they would go. He wore baggy cargo shorts and a plain white T-shirt.

"I'm David. I need someone to come in and keep house on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.". He held his chin in his palm and kept staring at the ceiling.

Maybe the ripped jeans and skimpy black tank top I'd worn that morning had been a

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

mistake. I knew he must have noticed that half of my tight, tanned ass was hanging out and ready for some guy to slip a hand up and grab a piece. I just figured I'd better show him right from the beginning that I liked to dress a certain way and that I wasn't going to change for anyone.

"Ah, I mean, if those days are okay with you, that is," he added.

I smiled. He was still staring toward the ceiling when I noticed that I could see his white briefs through the right leg of his short pants. He had large hands and long, thick fingers; I figured his dick matched them. "Well, I guess I should start today then. From the looks of things around here, it's not a minute too soon either. And my name is Rick." I'd only been joking about the house, but when he lowered his head and creased his brows, I was sorry I'd made the comment. He evidently knew the place was a mess and didn't need me to tell him.

"Ah well, I'm not much of a housekeeper. My wife left me and my son, you see, and I work in construction and don't have the time to deal with any of this."

RYAN FIELD

“You have a *son*?” I asked squaring my chest. I was good when it came to cleaning, but taking care of a child was not part of the plan.

“Ah, yeah. But he’s usually with his grandparents, my ex-wife’s mother and father. You won’t see him much.”

While we discussed money and when I’d get paid, I noticed his strong, hairy legs; his hands were large and flat when he pressed them against his bare knees. I’d always had a thing for guys who worked in construction and a fetish for anything related to construction workers. When David spoke, his voice was soft but deep and strong, too. It occurred to me that David, though he had to be at least fifteen years older, was the man of my dreams...rough and messy, a guy who worked in construction, a man with blisters on his palms and big, strong legs that could leave black and blue marks on the backs of my thighs.

I sent him a warm smile and lowered my chin. “If you want me, I’ll be happy to start today, David.”

“Ah, that would be good. I have to go out for a while to look at a new job, but I’ll be back by

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

three.” His expression remained pensive, with his mouth turned down at the corners and his eyebrows creased, as though he hadn’t smiled or relaxed in years.

We both stood, and David reached out to shake my hand. His grip was rugged, and when he squeezed my palm, I felt the lips of my anus twitch and tighten. If he’d pushed me down on the floor and ripped off my pants, I would have begged for more. But I smiled and said, “Don’t worry about anything. I’ll have this place in great shape by the time you get back.”

I worked hard that first day, sniffing his dirty underwear and construction sweat socks before I tossed them into the washer, vacuuming every room and organizing the small kitchen so that you could actually see the sink and countertop once again.

And when he came home that afternoon, he smiled and placed his hands on his hips as though he were in shock. “I can’t believe you did all this in one morning,” he said.

“Well, it really wasn’t all that bad,” I said (a bold lie: my back ached), shrugging my

shoulders. Then I lowered my eyes and smiled. “It was just a little messy, but you’re a busy man who doesn’t have time for unimportant things like house cleaning. That’s what I’m here for. I’ll take very good care of you.”

He sent me a quick smile, paid me for a full day’s work, and thanked me too many times without looking directly into my eyes. And while I slowly walked out the front door, I had a feeling he was staring at my ass the entire time.

The next week I began a regular routine of showing up on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, always making sure I wore something very skimpy and tight. On the third Saturday, I decided to wear a pair of tight white shorts you could practically see through, a loose fitting black tank top that scooped down so low you could almost see my nipples, and a pair of black boots with a chunky three-inch heel. A slut suit for sure. The last time I’d worn that outfit to a gay bar, three guys from out of town bent me over the hood of my car, spread my shaved legs, and took turns fucking my brains out until there were bruises on the backs of my legs.

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

When I went into the house that morning, David was still sitting at the kitchen table sipping a cup of coffee. “Hey, Rick. I’ll be around today while you work. I’m finally getting around to fixing that back door that won’t open and close right.” He laughed and took another sip. “The landlord doesn’t like to deal with these things and she gives me a break on the rent when I do minor repairs.”

I slowly turned and bent down to tighten my bootlace so he could see my ass. I had a feeling we were going to have a little fun that day but didn’t want to be the one to make the first move. I knew I wanted him even if it meant losing my job. The way I felt about David and his big, heavy construction boots laced with dried mud didn’t happen to me often, and when it did, I was prepared to suffer the consequences. “Cool, would you like me to make you breakfast?” I spoke with a low, sultry tone on purpose.

He raised his hands in the air. His legs were spread, and he was sitting on the edge of the kitchen chair. “Oh no, just this coffee and I’m going to start working but thanks.”

I stood and leaned back against the counter, but when I pressed my ass up against it, I felt something strange, as though I'd backed into a mound of soft clay. When I reached back to touch my ass, I realized I'd just backed into a glob of something soft and sticky. I looked at my hand, now smeared with warm, purple grape jelly.

"Oh well," David said, holding his fist to his lips. "My son must have forgotten to clean that up this morning. I told him to clean it before his went to his grandparents."

I've never been one to miss an opportunity. So I turned around and showed him my ass. "Is it really bad, David?" I wiggled a few times and arched my back. I couldn't have planned that grape jelly on that counter any better myself.

"Ah, well, it's kind of all over the place. It's a mess. I'm sorry."

At first, it occurred to me that I could ask him to help me clean it off; he could get my ass all wet and soapy. I wanted his big, strong hands rubbing and stroking me. But then I had a better idea. "Do you mind if I just slip out of these shorts and work in my underwear today? I can toss them

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

into the washing machine with your underwear and they won't stain."

"Oh my, well, I guess that's okay," he said. But he was staring at the ceiling again, as though the thought of me walking around in my underwear was too much to handle.

So I slipped out of my shorts as quickly as I could and stood there wearing nothing but the scoop tank top, a white silk thong, and a great big smile. I had to concentrate as hard as I could to not get a full erection and act as though I were just another guy changing his clothes in the locker room.

I turned toward the sink and began to rinse the stained shorts with cold water. My bare ass was now facing him; I spread my legs a little and arched my back when I reached for the dish soap. "You're sure this is okay. If I'd known I'd be working in my underwear today, I would have worn something a little more conservative than this skimpy, little thong. You're not uncomfortable with me walking around this way, are you?" I used the innocent voice this time, as if this were all perfectly natural.

“Ah, well, I guess you’re okay like that. I’d better get to work on the back door,” he said.

When he stood, he banged his big knee into the Formica table and knocked the table out of place. He couldn’t look at me and didn’t seem to know where to put his hands. He wore loose tan cargo shorts, a white t-shirt and his usual crusty construction boots with white socks that morning.

As he walked toward the laundry room where the back door was located, I said, “If you need anything or want anything, just let me know. I’m here to please you.”

“Sure thing,” he said, waving his arm. His eyes darted all over the room. But I suspected he couldn’t get away from my naked ass fast enough.

About an hour later, while I was down on all fours washing the kitchen floor, I heard a loud bang and then a yell. And then David came rushing through the kitchen and crossed over to the sink. He’d banged his right index finger with the hammer and needed to run it under cold water.

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

I stood and rushed toward him. “Is it bleeding?” I rested my fingertips on his forearm very gently.

“No, I just hit it pretty hard.” He pulled his arm away and looked down at his hand.

Then I turned on the cold water, gently grabbed his hand and said, “Let me take a look at that.” I shoved it under the ice-cold water and began to massage and relax his entire hand. “Is that better?” I worked very slowly, taking my time massaging between his thick fingers.

“Oh yeah,” he said, “That feels really good. You have a light touch.” He still wouldn’t look at me.

His fingers relaxed, and I began to massage his wrist, working my way up his rock-hard forearm. “You’ll feel better in a few minutes, sweetie. You poor guy. I guess this is one of the hazards of working in construction.”

But he didn’t reply. Instead, he leaned forward and reached for my ass with his left hand. He placed his palm right on my ass crack and grabbed a handful. While he squeezed and

jerked my ass cheek, I arched my back and continued to massage his thick fingers, letting him know I was a good sport and willing to submit to anything he wanted.

A moment later, I pulled his hand away from the sink, pressed his wet, bruised finger to my lips, and began to lick and suck it gently. While I sucked and rolled my tongue up and down the base of his right index finger, I sent him an upward glance and smiled.

When I did this, his left middle finger found the lips of my anus. He moved the thong string to one side and began to work the tip of his middle finger into my hole.

I spread my legs wider and sucked harder on his finger.

With one hard thrust, he slid his thick finger all the way up.

I sucked hard on his other finger and began to moan with my eyes closed.

He slowly circled the inside of my ass, exploring all the right places.

My nipples became rock hard and my cock went rigid and began to jump on its own.

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

“How’s that?” he whispered with a deep, raspy voice.

His breath was hot and smelled like spearmint. But I could barely utter a word. My mouth fell open and all that came out was, “Ahhhhh...to the left a little; you missed a spot, big guy.”

He laughed and then probed to the left with his finger. My eyes rolled to the back of my head when I realized how uncomplicated this was. He didn’t even ask for permission to finger me. He just moved forward and took control as I moaned and begged for more, whining and grunting in soft whispers.

Evidently, he needed to get off badly, so he pulled his finger out of my ass and immediately began to drop his short pants. They fell to his ankles and he stepped out of them and kicked them across the floor with clumsy jerks and heavy stomps. He wore pale blue boxer shorts; a huge cock with a large, round head popped from the open fly.

From experience, I instinctively knew and understood that because he was such a straight-

acting construction guy (what I liked most about him), he'd probably keep his boots and shirt on and wouldn't bother to undress completely.

Some of the guys I'd had in the past only pulled down their zippers, slapped my ass, and bent me over. But I also knew they liked me to be completely naked and on my knees in front of them. So I released his hand, and I stripped down to nothing right there in the middle of his kitchen. When I was naked, I looked up and smiled.

"Ah well," he said, gazing up and down, "You have a great chest and a really thin waist." He cupped both my chest muscles in his palms and began to squeeze and play as though molding clay, pushing them up together to form fake cleavage, pinching my nipples so I'd beg for more in a soft whisper.

I moaned and pressed my palms against his wide chest. When he leaned forward to bite my chest muscles, I ran my hands up his chest and rested them on his shoulders.

"I work my chest hard at the gym," I said, trying not to stammer. I didn't mention that I

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

starved myself to keep a twenty-nine-inch waist or that I did leg squats until my legs were raw so my ass would bubble and be round like a basketball.

“And not a hair anywhere on your entire body,” he said, biting my chest now.

“I’m not very hairy.” I lied about this. I didn’t bother to mention I shaved...and sometimes waxed...every last inch of my body so guys like him could get off.

When he was finished playing with my chest, I went down on my knees. I spread my legs, leaned forward, and wrapped my right hand around his shaft. I gazed down at his dick and took a quick breath, admiring a few bulging veins. Then, without asking for permission, I sucked his nine-inch dick all the way down my throat. It tasted salty; he’d been sweating while fixing the back door. His crotch smelled a little like cinnamon and wet towels. I sucked gently but with intensity and never missed a beat. He spread his legs and stood as though he were about to take a piss in a urinal in a men’s room. The head of his cock was about to explode; I could tell he

hadn't been sucked off in quite a while. I reached down between my legs and began to jerk my own cock while I continued to slurp away on his. I had a mission: keep it wet and suck it with the same even rhythm.

In the beginning, I'd been hoping to suck him off for a few minutes and then eventually to finish with him fucking my ass. But he was so excited and so ready to shoot a load down my throat, I didn't have the heart to break the momentum. The wife probably never sucked him off. If I'd had to guess, I don't think he'd ever had a really good blow job. Though my ass was begging for big dick that day, I was thoroughly enjoying the taste of his salty pre-cum. But more than that, I hadn't swallowed a full load of come in a while, so my motives were slightly selfish.

"I'm getting real close. Is it okay if come in your..." he began to ask if he could blow his load down my throat. He didn't have to ask, but I liked that he'd been considerate enough to think of it. Some guys didn't bother.

I nodded, still sucking, that it was fine with me. It wasn't always easy finding a guy who could

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

actually come in my mouth. I felt I'd hit the jackpot with David. So many guys usually like to get sucked off and then jerk off all over my lips. I don't mind a good facial and licking the come off their cocks after they've jerked off, but sometimes it's nice when a guy just shoots a load down your throat without touching himself. For me, it's almost like being rewarded for doing a good job.

While I jerked my cock, I began the final, speedy sucking techniques I'd learned to master over the years.

And he began to moan, "Yes...oh yeah." His legs started to quiver and he grabbed my head in his palms and applied pressure.

I gently pressed one hand to his strong thigh and rubbed it while the head of his big dick began to swell against my tongue; I stopped jerking myself off for a second. I was close and I didn't want to come before him.

"Here it comes," he whispered. "Ah fuck. Ah fuck, man." His eyes were closed and his knees began to bend.

I quickly cupped his large balls in my hand, and he blew his cream into my mouth so hard

and fast, I felt it actually hit the back of my throat. At that point, I touched my cock and shot a full load all over his left foot. After I came, I pressed my palms against his hairy thighs and continued to suck out every last drop.

He wasn't one of those sensitive types who have to pull out the minute they orgasm. David liked to linger, with his dick in my mouth, depositing every last drop. From the way he continued to moan and sigh, I think the after-sucking was the best part for him.

Finally, when his dick was semi-soft against my tongue, he pulled out and I gave it a few final licks to make sure I hadn't let a drop go to waste. And then, wanting to see how he'd react, I bent down and licked my own come off his left foot with long, exaggerated laps. When I was finished, I glanced up at him and said, "I don't like to leave a mess." Then I smiled and cupped his nuts in my right palm for a second, partly because I wanted to stroke him a little and partly because I couldn't keep my hands away from his junk.

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

A minute or two after that, he reached down and took my elbow in his palm so that I could stand again. "Ah, Rick," he said, "I never expected that." His voice was soft and deep; he rested one large hand on the small of my back and pulled me closer.

"Was it okay?" I asked, giving him a helpless, innocent look. I reached down to grab his limp cock and balls and gently massaged them.

"Ah, well, that was pretty good," he said. He wasn't much of a talker, which was fine with me.

I smiled. "Why don't you go lay down on the sofa, and I'll get a wet rag and wash between your legs. It will be relaxing." Though many thought this was cliché, I'd never met a man who didn't enjoy a good warm, wet rag after a serious cock-sucking session.

His eyes bugged and his eyebrows arched at the thought of this. "Okay," he said, "But don't get dressed yet. Stay naked. I like to see you walk around in the house like that." He reached down and cupped my ass with his hand.

I leaned forward and whispered, "Only if you promise to fuck me in an hour or so."

“Ah well, I think I can take care of that,” he said. Then he squared his large shoulders and gently slapped my ass.

When I took his hand and led him to the sofa, I went down on my knees and slowly lowered his boxer shorts. His dick hung low and heavy; I made sure I brushed my lips against it a few times. Then I guided his feet out of his boxers and he sat down on the sofa. I helped him lift his legs and stretch out. His legs were so long, they hung over the arm of the sofa; his cock went sideways, and I reached down to straighten it out and point it down. I patted it gently and leaned over to kiss it one more time.

David adjusted his position and put his arms behind his head. “Why don’t you forget about the wet rag for now,” he said.

I sent him a glance and smiled. “I thought you’d like it, though.”

He patted his flat stomach. “Come up and lay down on top of me. We can take a shower later.”

So I climbed up on the sofa and slowly rested my body on top of his. My arms went up, and I laced my fingers at the back of his neck; his went

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

down, and he rested his hands on my ass. I hadn't expected this. Most guys like David usually wait until the wet rag routine is finished and then get dressed fast and pretend what we'd just done never happened.

But David squeezed my ass with both hands and said, "That was hot what you did."

I rested my head on his chest and said, "The blow job?"

"That was hot, too," he said. "But I'm talking about the way you licked my boot. I've never seen anyone do *that* before."

I ran my fingers up through this thick brown hair. I spread my legs a little more so his fingers could go down to the opening of my ass. "I like the taste of come." I figured there was no point in pretending to be shy about it. After all, I was now on top of him, and his dick was resting against my lower abdomen.

"I hope so," he said. "I have a lot more for you."

I smiled. I'd run across guys like David before. They'd never even consider tasting come themselves. But when they met someone like me who liked the taste of come, they smiled so wide

I could see their gums. "You can jack off in a glass for me."

He laughed, as if he thought I was joking around. "I had a feeling you were a dirty, little guy the first day you came here."

My head went up, and I looked him in the eye. I reached down and held the sides of his face in my palms and smiled. "You're just as dirty as I am."

He smiled and pressed his middle finger into my anus. "I can't wait until we get into the shower."

"Why?" I asked and then closed my eyes as his finger entered my body.

"Because I'm going to put something bigger and harder in there."

I smiled and released his face. As his finger started sliding in and out of my ass, I rested my head on his chest and sighed. I imagined all the things I'd do to him in the shower before he fucked me. I'd soap up his balls, rinse them off, and then suck them into my mouth. I'd bury my face in his armpit and take slow, even breaths.

For the first time in a long time, I had a good feeling about a guy, which didn't happen often. I

YOU MISSED A SPOT BIG GUY

wasn't sure whether or not this would lead to a full-fledged relationship, but I wasn't necessarily looking for that anyway. At that moment in my life, as he slid a second finger into my ass and I arched my back and bent my legs at the knee, I was more than happy to settle for a good, sturdy fuck buddy who wore a tool belt and work boots, a man who didn't shave his balls and didn't care about going to the disco every Saturday night in a new T-shirt from The Gap. And if, by chance, the arrangement evolved into something more emotional, I could picture myself lying naked in David's big, strong arms for a long, long time.

The End

About the Author

Ryan Field is a fiction writer who has worked in publishing for over fifteen years. He has worked as an assistant editor and editor for magazines and non-fiction publishers.

Aside from his novels, his short stories have been published in anthologies and collections by Alyson Books, Cleis Press and Starbooks Press. His short story, "Down the Basement," is part of a collection of short stories in the Lambda Award winning book, BEST GAY EROTICA 2009.

He blogs at www.ryan-field.blogspot.com

Other LYD Titles

by Ryan Field

Young Doughy Joey

"Whatever, Dude"

Capping The Season

Vance's Flames

Down The Basement

Pumpkin Ravioli Boy

A Regular Bud

Strawberries and Cream at the Plaza

Kevin Love's Cowboys

Missing Jackson's Hole

Sir, Yes Sir

Down the Basement II: Santa Saturday

Dirty Little Virgin

Billabong Bang

Jolly Roger

loveyoudivine is dedicated to
bringing you the finest erotic
literature on the web.

You are cordially invited to join us
on a journey of sexual awakening
and sensual passion.



Visit us on the web at:
<http://loveyoudivine.com>

loveyoudivine Alterotica

Alternative Erotica For Your Lifestyle

His and His Kisses

Interracial Romance Fem Erotica

BiLine Erotic Power Exchange

Sugar & Spice EXOTICA

Bedside Manor



TransFix

www.loveyoudivine.com