

# Alreon 16



*Story: Frank Romano*

[www.pigking.com.br](http://www.pigking.com.br)  
**Shemale**

*ALREON WAS DRIVING PEACEFULLY IN HIS PINK FUSCA, ENJOYING THE WIND ON HIS FACE AND THE VIEW OF THE DESERTED ROAD.*



SUDDENLY, THE CAR STARTED TO FALTER AND STOPPED COMPLETELY.



THE CAR STOPPED, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a black crop top and denim shorts, is driving a bright pink classic car through a forest. The car is viewed from the side, showing the driver's seat and the steering wheel. The background consists of tall trees and a dirt road.

OH, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

EXCLAIMED ALREON, HOLDING  
FIRMLY ONTO THE WHEEL, LOOKING  
AT THE CAR'S DASHBOARD.


WHY NOW, JUST WHEN I'M ON MY  
WAY TO MY FRIENDS' FARM?

MY GOODNESS, I HAVE NO  
IDEA WHERE I AM.

AND NOW, NO SIGNAL ON  
MY PHONE, ME HERE IN THE  
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE WITH MY  
BROKEN-DOWN CAR.

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO GO THROUGH THAT DARK TUNNEL ALONE. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS.






THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO BUT  
WAIT.

I NEED TO STAY CALM. I'M A HANDSOME AND ATTRACTIVE GUY, SURELY SOMEONE WILL COME BY AND GIVE ME A RIDE.

SUDDENLY, A TRUCK EMERGES FROM THE TUNNEL.





WOW, THAT'S GOOD,  
SOMEONE IS COMING.

[PIGKING.COM.BR](http://PIGKING.COM.BR)





HEY, TRUCK FRIEND! COULD  
YOU HELP ME WITH MY BROKEN  
CAR? PLEASE!

EXCLAIMED ALREON, WAVING FRANTICALLY TO THE  
TRUCK DRIVER WITH HIS ARMS STRETCHED UPWARDS.



DO YOU HAVE ANY TOOLS OR KNOW  
HOW TO FIX A CAR? PLEASE, I'M A  
BIT LOST HERE.

HE ADDED, WITH A SENSE OF URGENCY IN HIS VOICE, WHILE  
HOPPING ANXIOUSLY.




PLEASE, I NEED HELP! IF YOU  
CAN LEND ME A HAND, I WILL BE  
ETERNALLY GRATEFUL.

PLEADED ALREON, MAINTAINING A HOPEFUL SMILE ON  
HIS FACE, WHILE EAGERLY AWAITING THE TRUCK  
DRIVER'S RESPONSE.

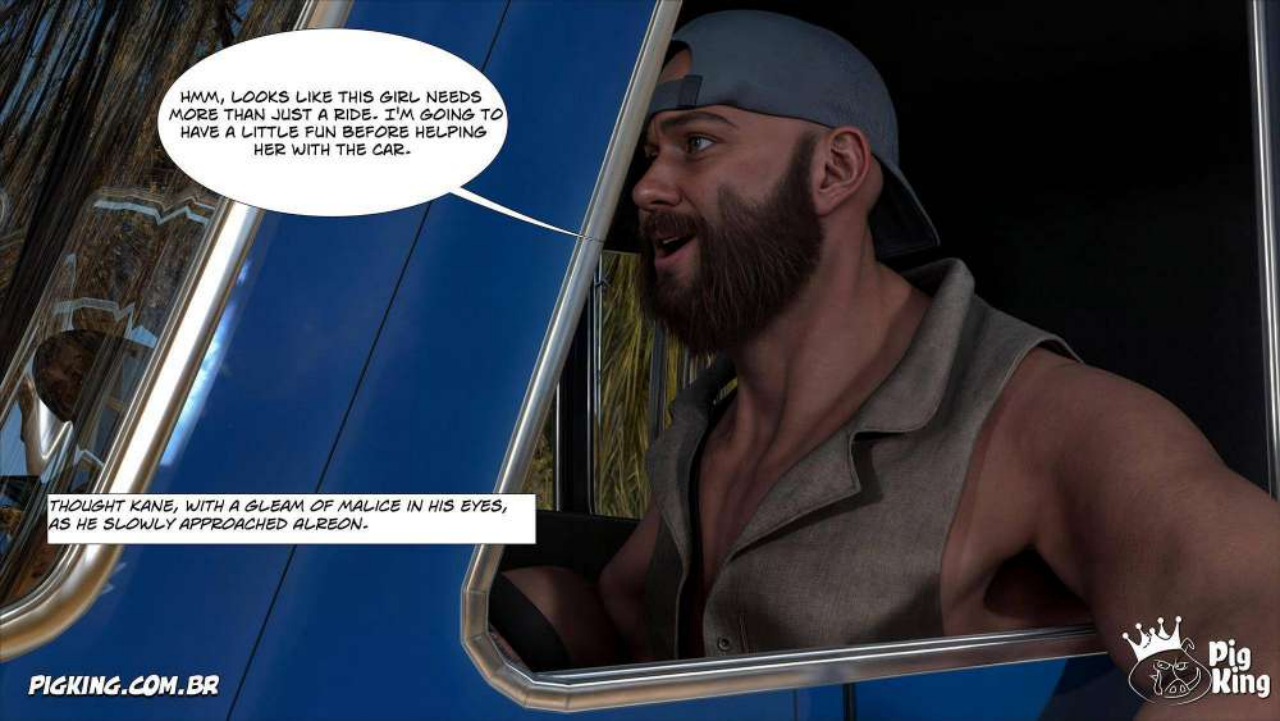
KANE LOOKED AT ALREON PRANCING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND WAS SURPRISED BY WHAT HE SAW. HE SMILED MISCHIEVOUSLY, CONVINCED THAT IT WAS HIS LUCKY DAY TO COME ACROSS SOMEONE SO ATTRACTIVE ON THE DESERTED ROAD.





WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE  
HERE? A SEXY LITTLE GIRL IN  
NEED OF HELP? I THINK MY DAY  
JUST GOT BETTER.

MURMURED KANE TO HIMSELF, WITH A LEWD SMILE ON HIS  
LIPS, AS HE SLOWED DOWN HIS TRUCK.

A close-up shot of a man with a full brown beard and a grey baseball cap worn backwards. He is looking out of a car window with a mischievous expression. The background is dark, suggesting it's nighttime.


HMM, LOOKS LIKE THIS GIRL NEEDS MORE THAN JUST A RIDE. I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN BEFORE HELPING HER WITH THE CAR.

THOUGHT KANE, WITH A GLEAM OF MALICE IN HIS EYES, AS HE SLOWLY APPROACHED ALREON.



PLEASE, SIR, MY CAR BROKE DOWN  
AND I NEED HELP TO FIX IT. COULD YOU  
HELP ME?

SAID ALREON, WITH A HOPEFUL SMILE  
ON HIS LIPS, KEEPING HIS VOICE A BIT  
DEEPER THAN A GIRL'S.




I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, I'M A LITTLE LOST HERE. COULD YOU LEND ME A TOOL OR GIVE ME A RIDE TO THE NEAREST GAS STATION? I WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU COULD HELP ME.

*ALREON CONTINUED, WITH A SINCERE LOOK, TRYING TO COMMUNICATE HIS NEED TO KANE, EVEN IN THE FACE OF THE TRUCK DRIVER'S SUSPICION.*

KANE CAREFULLY OBSERVED THE DETAILS THAT REVEALED ALREON'S TRUE IDENTITY. FACED WITH UNCERTAINTY, HE DECIDED TO ADDRESS THE MATTER DIRECTLY:






HEY, GIRL... OR RATHER,  
BOY. YOU'RE A BOY, AREN'T  
YOU?

KANE QUESTIONED, WITH A SURPRISED  
EXPRESSION AND A NOTE OF DISTRUST IN  
HIS VOICE, AS HIS EYES WANDERED OVER  
ALREON'S BODY, RECOGNIZING  
SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T MATCH HIS FIRST  
IMPRESSION.

THE REVELATION LEFT ALREON SOMEWHAT UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT HE REMAINED FIRM AND RESPONDED WITH SINCERITY.






YES, ACTUALLY... I AM A BOY. MY NAME IS ALREON. MY CAR BROKE DOWN AND I NEED HELP TO FIX IT. PLEASE, COULD YOU LEND ME A TOOL OR HELP ME IN SOME WAY?

ALREON REPLIED, REVEALING THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, EVEN IN THE FACE OF KANE'S SURPRISE.


KANE COULDN'T DISGUISE THE HUNGRY DESIRE THAT SPRANG UP IN HIS EYES AS HE LOOKED AT ALREON. HE COULDN'T RESIST AND ASKED SOME QUESTIONS FULL OF IRONY AND CURIOSITY ABOUT THE BOY'S OUTFIT.





WOW, WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE  
OUTFIT, HUH? THAT TIGHT SHORTS  
AND THAT TOP... CAN I KNOW WHERE  
A BOY LIKE YOU IS GOING DRESSED  
LIKE THAT?

KANE QUESTIONED, WITH A MISCHIEVOUS  
SMILE ON HIS LIPS, AS HIS EYES ROAMED  
OVER ALREON'S BODY.



YOU KNOW, BOY, THAT OUTFIT  
INSINUATES SOMETHING MORE THAN  
JUST NEEDING HELP. I CAN HELP YOU,  
BUT OBVIOUSLY FOR A PRICE TO BE  
PAID.

KANE SPOKE IN A SUGGESTIVE TONE, LEAVING THE  
IDEA OF A DARKER TRANSACTION HANGING IN THE  
AIR.

ALREON, MAINTAINING HIS COMPOSURE IN THE FACE OF KANE'S INSINUATIONS, RESPONDS POLITELY, EMPHASIZING HIS NEED FOR HELP:

I APPRECIATE YOUR OFFER, BUT I DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEANT. MY SITUATION IS REALLY URGENT AND I NEED HELP FIXING THE CAR. PLEASE, IF YOU CAN HELP ME, I WILL BE VERY GRATEFUL.

SAID ALREON, IN A CALM AND RESPECTFUL TONE, WITHOUT LEAVING ROOM FOR INTERPRETATIONS BEYOND HIS INITIAL REQUEST.

FACED WITH KANE'S PERSISTENCE AND SUGGESTIVE APPROACH, ALREON REITERATES HIS REQUEST CLEARLY:

ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING OTHER THAN FIXING MY CAR. IF YOU CAN HELP ME, I WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME AND I NEED TO RESOLVE THIS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.


ADDED ALREON, REINFORCING HIS URGENT NEED FOR MECHANICAL ASSISTANCE.

*KANE, BLUNTLY, SQUEEZES AL-REON'S PLUMP BUTT, MAKING HIM FEEL THE POSSESSIVE AND INVASIVE TOUCH OF THE DEPRAVED TRUCK DRIVER BEFORE UTTERING HIS OBSCENE WORDS.*





IF YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY  
HERE ALONE WITH THE WOLVES,  
YOU BETTER START PLEASING  
ME, CUTIE.

A man with a beard, wearing a blue baseball cap, a tan sleeveless vest over a dark shirt, and blue cargo pants, is standing on a paved road. He is touching the buttocks of a woman with short blonde hair, who is wearing a black crop top and blue denim shorts with lace-up details. The woman is looking back over her shoulder at the man. The background shows a wooded area with trees and a guardrail.

YOU SEEM QUITE HANDY FOR A BLOWJOB, DON'T YOU THINK? OR DO YOU PREFER TO FACE THE RAIDERS IN THE DARKNESS?



*EVEN RELUCTANT, ALREON FEELS KANE'S FIRM GRIP ON HIS BUTT, MAKING HIM TREMBLE WITH DISCOMFORT, BUT ALSO SHOWING SMALL SIGNS THAT HE MAY GIVE IN TO THE INDECENT DEMANDS OF THE TRUCK DRIVER.*




THE THOUGHT OF FACING WILD ANIMALS AND RAIDERS IN THE DARKNESS SCARES HIM MORE THAN THE IDEA OF GIVING IN TO KANE'S IMPROPER DESIRES.





SIR, I CAN'T DO THIS. THIS ISN'T RIGHT. I JUST NEED YOUR HELP TO FIX MY STALLED CAR."

KANE STARES AT ALREON, WITH A WICKED SMILE ON HIS LIPS.



SIR, IF I AGREE TO SUCK YOUR DICK... I MEAN, I AGREE. IF THAT MEANS YOU WILL FIX MY CAR AND HELP ME GET BACK HOME SAFE AND SOUND. PROMISE YOU WON'T LET ME DOWN.

KANE LOOKS AT ALREON WITH MALICE, PROMISING TO HELP HIM FIX HIS CAR.

A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a black crop top and blue denim shorts, is crouching on a paved surface. She is holding a large, pink, pulsating penis in front of the back of a man who is wearing a grey tank top and blue shorts. The man is looking down at the woman with a look of disgust and fear. The scene is set outdoors on a paved area with a white line.

*ALREON LOOKS UP HESITANTLY, HIS STOMACH TWISTING WITH DISGUST AND FEAR AT THE SIGHT OF KANE'S PULSATING MEMBER IN FRONT OF HIM.*

GATHERING HIS COURAGE, HE SLOWLY OPENS HIS MOUTH, SLIDING HIS TONGUE ALONG THE SWOLLEN TIP.

SLIP

A GRUNT OF SATISFACTION ESCAPES THE DRIVER'S LIPS AS ALREON BEGINS TO PUMP HIS MEMBER, HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND CLUMSY.

SUCK

HE TRIES TO IGNORE THE BITTER TASTE AND  
ACRID SMELL, FOCUSING ON KEEPING KANE  
SATISFIED SO HE CAN FIX HIS STALLED CAR.

HAHAHA!

SMACK

HAHAHA!

SLICK

HAHAHA!

SUCK

**HMMMM!**

WELL, YOU LITTLE  
FAGGOT.

KANE TAUNTED, WATCHING WITH  
PLEASURE AS ALREON RELUCTANTLY  
SUCKED HIS COCK.

YOU LIKE THAT, DON'T YOU? I  
BET YOU'RE A DIRTY LITTLE FAG,  
LOOKING FOR A COCK TO PLAY  
WITH.

A WICKED SMILE SPREAD ACROSS HIS  
FACE AS HE GRABBED ALREON'S HAIR,  
FORCING HIM TO SWALLOW EVEN MORE.

**FICK**

ALREON GROANS IN PROTEST, HIS EYES WELLING UP WITH TEARS AS KANE FORCED HIS COCK INTO HIS THROAT.

AMMMMM!



DESPITE THE REVULSION AND FEAR HE FELT,  
HE KNEW HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY IF  
HE WANTED HIS CAR TO BE FIXED AND TO GET OUT  
OF THAT DARK PLACE.



AMMMM!

P-PLEASE, SIR... I'LL DO  
WHATEVER YOU WANT, JUST HELP  
ME GET OUT OF HERE.

FUCK

HMMMMM!

FUCK!

KANE PLACED HIM FACING HIS TRUCK. HE SPEAKS TO ALREON.

**HMMMM!**

SINCE YOU'LL DO ANYTHING,  
THEN LOWER YOUR SHORTS AND  
GET READY, I'M GOING TO FUCK  
YOUR ASS.

**HMMMMM!**

SO, YOU CLOSETED BIG ASS,  
SINCE YOU'LL DO ANYTHING,

KANE TAUNTED, PUSHING ALREON  
AGAINST THE TRUCK.

**MMMMM!**

YOU BETTER LOWER THOSE  
SHORTS AND GET READY, BECAUSE  
I'M GOING TO FUCK YOUR ASS UNTIL  
YOU BEG FOR MERCY.

ALREON'S EYES WIDENED AT KANE'S WORDS. NOT THAT ALREON DIDN'T LIKE GETTING FUCKED IN THE ASS, HE LOVED IT, BUT THIS SITUATION WAS DIFFERENT. HE WAS HAVING TO DO SOMETHING UNPLEASANT, IT DIDN'T TURN HIM ON AND LEFT HIM FRIGHTENED. THIS MAN COULD BE A CRUEL PSYCHOPATH, BUT ALREON DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE.

P-PLEASE, SIR... I'LL DO AS YOU COMMAND, BUT BE GENTLE, YOUR COCK IS TOO BIG.

ALREON FEELS HIS HEART RACING WITH THE VULNERABLE POSITION HE'S IN. KANE POSITIONS HIMSELF BEHIND HIM, HIS HUGE VIRILITY BRUSHING AGAINST HIS BUTTOCKS. HE SWALLOWS HARD, TRYING TO CONTROL THE TREMOR IN HIS VOICE.

AMMM!

RIG



HMMMM!

P-PLEASE, SIR... BE GENTLE WITH ME. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, JUST DON'T HURT ME.

HIS HANDS NERVOUSLY GRIP THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK, HIS BODY TREMBLING WITH NERVOUSNESS ABOUT THE INEVITABLE.

RMMMM!

RDS

THE FEAR OF BEING MISTREATED MADE  
ALREON FEEL REPRESSED.

HMMMM!

RIG

IN ANOTHER SITUATION, HE WOULD BE ENJOYING HIMSELF TO THE FULLEST, BUT THE DISGUSTING TRUCK DRIVER DIDN'T ATTRACT HIM, BUT RATHER FRIGHTENED HIM.

AMMMM!

R18

WHEN THE TRUCK DRIVER FORCEFULLY PENETRATES ALREON'S ASS, ALREON SCREAMS IN PAIN CURSING KANE FOR HIS IGNORANCE IN PENETRATING WITHOUT MERCY.

**HAAAAA!**

**AAAAARG!**

YOU MOTHERFUCKER, DAMN IT, GO SLOWLY WITH THAT COCK, YOU JERK!

**HAAAAA!**

STOP COMPLAINING, YOU LITTLE FAGGOT. TAKE MY COCK IN YOUR ASS, SHAKE THAT GAY ASS REALLY NICE ON MY COCK, YOU FAGGOT!

**FUCK**

**FUCK**

**AAARG!**

ALREON HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY THE RUDE AND DISGUSTING MAN.

AAAAAA!

AAARG!

FUCK

FUCK

ALREON IS A GENTLE AND LOVING GUY. HE HAD NEVER FACED THIS SITUATION BEFORE.

HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

FUCK

FUCK

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALREON'S LIFE, HE WAS HOPING FOR THIS SEX TO END SOON.

NAAAAA!

NAAAAA!

FUCK

FUCK

AND LIKE EVERY BAD LOVER, KANE EJACULATED  
PREMATURELY TO THE RELIEF OF ALREON.

HOOOOO!

SPURSHH!

MMMMM!

ONE MINUTE LATER, ALREON, ALREADY DRESSED, ASKS KANE TO FIX HIS CAR AS THEY HAD AGREED.

NOW, SIR, COULD YOU HELP ME WITH MY CAR?

WITHOUT THINKING TWICE, KANE PUNCHES ALREON AND LEAVES, LEAVING HIM UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND. A COWARDLY GESTURE FROM A SADIST.



ALREON LIES ON THE GROUND, UNCONSCIOUS,  
AT THE MERCY OF ALL THE DANGERS  
SURROUNDING THIS AREA.

I'M NOT GOING TO  
WASTE MY TIME WITH YOU,  
SISSY!

KANE'S PUNCH WAS SO STRONG THAT ALREON FAINTED DEEPLY. LYING AT THE  
ROADSIDE, ALONE, AT THE MERCY OF ALL THE DANGERS SURROUNDING HIM.

NIGHT FALLS AND ALREON IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS. KANE'S PUNCH WAS STRONG AND UNNECESSARY.

THE NIGHT WAS THICK AND SILENT, THE ONLY SOUND BREAKING THE STILLNESS WAS THE ROAR OF A MOTORCYCLE APPROACHING, CREATING AN ELECTRIC ANTICIPATION IN THE AIR.



THE RIDER SPOTTED ALREON UNCONSCIOUS ON THE ASPHALT, HIS VULNERABLE BODY EXPOSED TO THE DARKNESS, STIRRING IN HIM A PROTECTIVE INSTINCT AND AN UNEXPECTED ATTRACTION.

DOUBT HUNG IN THE AIR: WAS THIS MOTORCYCLIST AN ALLY READY TO RESCUE HIM OR A STRANGER WITH DANGEROUS INTENTIONS, POTENTIALLY TURNING THIS NIGHT INTO AN INTENSE AND SEDUCTIVE EXPERIENCE?



WHAT DO WE HAVE  
HERE?

HE MURMURED, HIS DEEP, CAPTIVATING VOICE  
RESONATING IN THE DARKNESS AS HE MOVED  
CLOSER, THE IMPOSING PRESENCE OF HIS HELMET  
HIDING HIS EXPRESSIONS.




WHAT IS A DELICATE FLOWER LIKE THIS DOING IN A THORNY PATCH LIKE THIS?

THE VOICE WAS THICK WITH DESIRE AS THE GAZE LINGERED ON THE UNIQUE BEAUTY OF THE FIGURE AMIDST THE HARSHNESS SURROUNDING THEM. THE TENSION IN THE AIR WAS PALPABLE, AND THE APPROACH WAS SLOW, AS IF WANTING TO UNCOVER ALL THE SECRETS THIS FLOWER HELD.

ALREON LYING ON A ROADSIDE MOTEL BED SLOWLY WOKE UP. HIS EYES  
OPENING TO THE IMAGE OF A POWERFUL, IMPOSING BLACK WOMAN REVEALING  
HERSELF BEFORE HIM.







WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?



YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS, LYING ON THE ASPHALT, BUT I, COMING WITH MY MOTORCYCLE, SAW YOU AND BROUGHT YOU HERE.

ALREON SAT UP IN BED, HIS HEART RACING AND HIS MIND STILL FOGGY.



HE LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF THE  
WOMAN WHO HAD SAVED HIM AND, WITH  
A GENUINE SMILE, SAID:

THANK YOU, YOU SAVED ME. WHAT  
IS YOUR NAME SO I CAN PROPERLY  
THANK YOU?

MARTINI, WITH A MISCHIEVOUS GLINT IN HER EYES, REPLIED,

MY NAME IS MARTINI. AND YOU ARE SAFE NOW.





DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR CAR.

MARTINI SAID, HER TONE SOFT AND CONFIDENT.

I'VE ALREADY SENT FOR IT.



ALREON LOOKED AT HER, CONFUSION MINGLING WITH A SENSE OF RELIEF.

WHY ARE YOU BEING SO NICE TO ME?

HE ASKED, CURIOSITY EVIDENT IN HIS VOICE.

SHE SMILED, A PLAYFUL GLINT IN HER EYES.

I DON'T KNOW. I  
THINK I LIKE YOU. YOU'RE  
SO CUTE.

SHE REPLIED, MOVING A LITTLE  
CLOSER, THE TENSION BETWEEN  
THEM GROWING.

ALREON LOOKED AT MARTINI, FEELING A SLIGHT SHYNESS AS HE PREPARED TO SHARE AN IMPORTANT ASPECT OF HIS LIFE.





I NEED TO INFORM YOU  
THAT I AM GAY.

HE BEGAN, HIS VOICE GENTLE.

HE WAS FLATTERED BY HER ATTENTION TO HIM, BUT HE KNEW THAT HIS BODY BELONGED TO MEN.



MEANWHILE, MARTINI UNDRRESSED.


HOWEVER, WHAT ALREON DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT MARTINI WAS A TRANSGENDER WOMAN, AND THIS WOULD BRING A NEW TWIST TO HIS STORY.





ALREON LOOKED WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE AND SURPRISED.

WELL, THAT CHANGES A LOT OF THINGS.



SO, MY LOVE. DOES THIS PLEASE YOU?



**END**



**Pig King**

**PIGKING.COM.BR**

 **patreon**  
[www.patreon.com/pigking](http://www.patreon.com/pigking)

**CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.**