

Changeling Press

Lena Austin
level
UP

Level Up Lena Austin

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Level Up

Lena Austin

Leveling Up means taking a big risk, but is Megan asking too much of Dave this time?

Megan's late again, and David's getting tired of waiting on her. However, Megan and her roommates Jared and Michael are going to make it up to David in a big way. They're hoping he'll level up his domestic situation and join them in a never-ending foursome.

Chapter One

David flipped over the two thick pork chops now that one side was perfectly caramelized. He breathed in the savory scent and added the onions. Rather than risk one drop of sweat ruining his creation, he wiped his forehead on his sleeve. A clean towel connected with his face.

Jared held hands with his partner, Michael, and they both grinned at Dave. Both were dressed in the very latest 2045 fashions of minimalist jumpsuits and formal blazers for their evening out, right down to the highly polished ankle boots. "Here, Dave! We have plenty. We'll probably be out super late. Some of the other BOC's will be meeting at Panama Hattie's Grill after the show."

The almost-as-pretty-as-a-girl Michael winked up at David. "Give Megan a kiss for us, okay?" He put a hand over his heart. "If I were straight, I'd fight you for her, but since I'm hooked on Jared here, you've got our girl and our apartment all to yourself. Enjoy!" He batted his big brown eyes at David and preened when he got the laugh he'd wanted.

"Drama queen." David threatened them both with his spatula. He wouldn't admit he was getting kind of fond of his girlfriend Megan's nutty roommates. All of them were poor as poor could get and not be on the government dole. Good roommates were hard to find. "Get out of here before you're late to the show. You saved up half a year for this one night, so don't waste it."

Both sniffed appreciatively at his cooking, but Jared was the one who practically drooled into the sherry sauce. "Are you sure we can't persuade you to come join our happy band?"

“Quit pushing. Geez, you’re so...” He threw up his hands, as usual lacking the vocabulary to make his point. He normally preferred to let his food do the talking, even in a noisy professional kitchen. “Stop being a salesman for a few hours.”

Jared allowed his lover to lead him out of the kitchen and toward the entrance of the apartment. “Aww! We don’t have time to cook! Dave cooks like a dream, and...” The door slammed closed on his words.

Dave chuckled and plated up the chops before deglazing the pan and making short work of the sauce. He glanced up at the clock. Megan should have been off her shift as a waitress and on her way home, unless her boss had conned her into working more hours.

That was the biggest pain in the ass about Megan’s job -- the hours. The rest of the staff was a bunch of unreliable twits who called in because they were too hung over (or worse) to even wait tables. Megan often ended up pulling double shifts just so there’d be coverage, and falling asleep on the transit belt before she got home.

Dave, a short-order cook working his way through culinary school, often got off on time and rarely had to do extra work except bus a few tables or maybe run a load of dishes when things got so bad even the old fart they had running the dishwasher couldn’t keep up.

This time, he’d gotten off an hour before she was scheduled to do so. Rather than return to his parent’s home where he still lived until he graduated in two more months, he’d gone straight over to Megan’s.

Well, he’d stopped at the grocery for a small bag of freshly purchased salad greens, two expensive pork chops, and all the ingredients for a planned night of food and frolic. Often, one of Megan’s favorite movies played on the vid screen to cover the sounds of their fucking. He fingered the gift he’d brought her in his jeans pocket nervously.

Right on cue, his cell phone rang. The caller ID announced it was Megan’s cell, so Dave answered. His heart sank. Megan would only call if his dinner were about to be

ruined. He sighed into the phone to let her know his annoyance. "How late are you going to be?"

"Oh, baby, please don't be like that." Megan's voice was as sweet as her nature, despite the way she looked. No one could say she wasn't a sexy package with lots of tit and ass to make sure the whole world knew she was female. Some might have said her short spiky hair and snapping green eyes were a bit too rough trade for them, but her attitude was why Dave loved her. She was no buttons and bows sweetheart but a woman who chose to be with him. "It's going to be at least two more hours before I can get there. Don't start dinner until I call, okay?"

Dave counted to ten silently. He'd known better than to start dinner before she actually walked in the door. This wasn't the first time she'd been late. It was his fault. "It's already done. I was ready to plate."

"Damn! Damn! Damn!" Megan's cursing was muttered, even though she was likely at the break table in the back of the restaurant where no customer could hear her. "Look, I'm really sorry! I should have called as soon as I knew, but they gave me a ten-top --" That was waitress-speak for a table of ten diners, Dave knew. "-- and this was the first chance I've had. Put it on the warmer. Janelle just called in again, and the new girl just up and quit. Billy's in a real bind. I'll be there as soon as I can. I promise." She hung up.

It took him a few minutes to salvage what he could of the sauce and throw everything he could into the warmer. By the time he was done, Dave had a raging headache. He rummaged in her bathroom for an analgesic and decided to lie down on her bed until the pain went away. Almost as soon as his head hit her pillows, he was asleep.

The sound of voices half-roused him at one point, but his body, too worn out from his own shift in the restaurant, refused to do more than allow him the opportunity to turn over, taking Megan's comforter with him. Then it was lights out again.

When next he awakened, the clock on the bedside table read ten minutes before midnight. Frustration and anger rose in David, but he didn't know what to do about it. For the moment, they were both stuck in dead-end, poverty-level jobs.

He'd been offered a position in The Sphinx Hotel's famous Amarna restaurant after graduation, but he'd still be the lowest chef on the roster for at least another couple of years. There was nothing to be done until they could afford the tax penalties of pairing off. He might as well go home and beat off in the shower.

The vid screen blared a little loudly, playing some Jazz Era hits from the cable company's selection of music channels. Dave wondered if Jared and Michael had come back early. They often curled up on the couch together to read while listening to music and then fell asleep there. No matter what, they'd get a notice from the property manager's office for noise violation if they left the music up that high.

Dave tiptoed toward the screen's control panel. He'd just turn down the sound a notch or two on his way out, and then leave. Quietly, so as not to disturb them if they were asleep, Dave crept softly over the carpeted dining area, then froze in his tracks.

On the floor, Michael and Jared were busily pleasuring one another in a mutual sixty-nine. Naked, with the lights of the fractals on the screen reflecting off their bodies, both men were even more beautiful than he'd thought possible.

At first, Dave didn't know what to do. The front door was across the living room, and he'd have to step over them to make it to the door. He could of course return to Megan's room and simply wait there, but he didn't do that, either. His boots seemed rooted to the floor, his eyes glued to the tableau in front of him.

Dave stood fighting his morals and the wish to give the men he'd begun to call friends the privacy they deserved. Instead, he wanted to watch. He licked his lips. Maybe more. He mentally slapped himself.

Sure, they should have been doing the nasty back in their own bedroom instead of out on the floor of the living room, but Dave understood how sometimes location didn't matter when things got hot. Really, how easy was it to forget Megan could be home at any moment and that Dave had been asleep on Megan's bed? Well, okay,

maybe they'd never checked the back bedrooms. They were going to have to bolt like a pair of rabbits for the room just as soon as they heard Megan keying in her entrance code.

However, Dave continued to stand right in the entrance to the hall, blocking their way to the bedrooms of the apartment. His gaze remained riveted on the two of them, and his feet refused to listen to the fading voice of his morals demanding weakly for him to go back down the hall. The sight of Jared and Michael giving each other the slow suck, tenderly teasing each other, gave Dave one hell of a woody.

Jared was on top, as usual. He was the more aggressive and outgoing of the pair, cocksure of what he wanted in life and how to get it. His short brown curls winked in the lights of the fractals on the screen, and in time to the slow, moody beat of the jazz.

Why hadn't Dave ever noticed how the dude was in shape, with not one ounce of spare fat on him? Even his ass was smooth and firm. Jared lifted his head to suck slowly upward until his lover moaned beneath him.

Michael was almost sleekly feminine, especially when his longer blond hair was spread out on the carpet like a sacrificial maiden or something. Dave felt a kinship with Michael, who was a professional baker. While Michael mainly made the breads for the bakery, at home he often indulged his artistic side with decorated cakes worthy of weddings and events. Even now, his long, delicate fingers kneaded Jared's ass until Dave could see the pink-brown hole pucker before Michael's hands manipulated the smooth globes closed over it again in an erotic game of peek-a-boo.

Hell, Dave wasn't innocent of the games men played. He'd indulged once or twice during those adolescent explorations in school. Girls were more his thing, but Dave couldn't deny that he'd enjoyed himself.

Dave's hand crept over to rub his hard-on through his jeans. Megan was good, but even without experiencing the blow job himself, Dave knew Jared was an expert. Michael was no slouch at the sword-swallow routine, either. Dave just forgot one thing. From where Dave stood, his reflection would show up on the glass of the screen, clear as day.

Jared lifted his head from Michael's cock with a soft pop. His green eyes glittered in the reflected light of the fractals as they exploded and changed to the next song before they focused on Dave over his shoulder. "If you want to watch, then you might as well come in and make yourself comfortable." There was no malice or hurt anger in his tone, just a mild amusement, like he'd just invited Dave to dinner instead of a peep show.

Dave's face heated up, so he knew he blushed like a girl. This was worse than being caught by his mother looking at porn on the vid. Mom had laughed at him and cuffed him for not having the protections set higher, but Dave had still been caught literally with his pants down. This time wasn't much better. "I'm ah... well, um... Sorry. I didn't mean to intrude. I was waiting for Megan and um..."

Michael released Jared's cock from his mouth and gave it a lick before rolling his head back until his chin rested between Jared's balls.

Dave wondered what having a five o'clock shadow rubbing your sack felt like and got harder. Then Dave realized he'd started to rub himself again and snatched his hand away like his zipper was on fire.

Michael winked one big brown eye. "Megan called a little while ago. That's probably what woke you up. Said she'd been asked to stay even later to close up and then clean up after the big party left. Said the extra bonus money, not to mention her tips, were too good to pass up." Deliberately, he rubbed his chin across Jared's ball sack.

Jared laughed and rolled away. "Stop that, you mean bitch. It tickles." He jumped up, ignoring his nakedness and the thick erection jutting from his body. "Just for that, you get to cool off. I want a drink."

"You're on." Michael rolled over and bounced to his feet. "Come on, Dave! Want your usual rum and Coke?"

Oh, hell, yeah, Dave needed a drink. He had an erection from hell from watching two guys mouth-fuck, and him with no relief but his own hand. Megan wasn't likely to feel like anything after pulling a double, but Dave remained hopeful she'd give him a helping hand at least. Dave stepped forward eagerly. "Fuck, yeah. I need one bad."

Jared poured him a double and slid it across the breakfast bar. "I'll bet you need more than one."

Yeah. Dave did. In fact, he needed them both like he'd never needed anything before, but he didn't dare admit it.

Chapter Two

David did his best to hide a need he didn't want to express. Even if Megan weren't in the picture, being gay was still something that would make his family very unhappy if they knew. He'd just been provisionally approved for genetic reproduction and didn't want to throw all the pain-in-the-ass testing down the recycler.

Yet he wasn't ill at ease with either Michael or Jared. They were all in the same age group, more or less, and all had about the same education level of tradesman specialty. There was nothing to dislike about the pair and much to like. However, there was still the matter of Megan. He refused to be disloyal to his strong-minded choice of lifemate, even if he didn't dare make a formal pact with her for another couple of years.

Michael and then Jared sauntered back to the couch, both still sporting impressive erections. Apparently, they'd lost none of their ardor for one another. They gave him an uninhibited view of their unapologetic enjoyment of each other, from the hardened brown nipples to their shaved genitals, and all well displayed against the backdrop of the royal blue microfiber sofa.

Dave tried to avoid looking at either of their stiff pricks and sipped his drink with an air of casualness he didn't really feel. The huge amount of rum was enough to steal his breath away, and he gasped for air. He'd forgotten Jared made drinks that could sit up and bark unless Dave closely monitored the amount of intoxicants mixed in. This time however, Dave appreciated the extra kick of alcohol. Now he felt somewhat awkward, though still mostly embarrassed for having interrupted their intimacy. He took the chair across from where they sat on the couch. If he finished his drink quickly, he could just go all the sooner.

Jared reached over and stroked Michael's cock unabashedly. He grinned defiantly at Dave's widened eyes.

Michael even winked at Dave before returning the favor. "Sort of hot to have someone watch you while having sex." He leaned into Jared's embrace when the darker man tugged on his shoulder.

Jared settled his blond love against the hollow in his shoulder, but didn't stop stroking Michael's cock. "We saw you standing there for several minutes, and even whispered about telling you we saw you there. Then we decided against it until you began to stroke yourself." He set his finished drink on the designer knock-off end table.

"Yeah, that's when Jared decided to ask you if you'd rather be more comfortable while actually watching us." Michael grinned over at Dave, his eyes half-closed with arousal. "Or..." He left the alternative dangling unsaid.

Dave cursed himself for taking the bait he could see but couldn't resist. "Or what?"

Michael made a very impish face, and his tone was full of sensual mischief. "Or you watch us finish that sixty-nine, and let us enjoy watching you while you stroke yourself off. That's pretty damn hot too."

Carefully, Dave sat his drink down on the table next to his chair before he bobbed the drink all over the mismatched green carpet. Again, Dave was speechless. Part of him choked on not knowing what to say, and part of him couldn't decide how he felt about the suggestion at all. He had no difficulty accepting the fact that he'd gotten aroused in the first place, but taking it to the next level seemed like walking on shaky ground. There was no time for a full analysis of himself and his feelings. They were waiting on his answer.

Maybe Jared sensed Dave's confusion and hesitation. He stopped fondling Michael and ignored the annoyed and frustrated look his lover shot him. "It's not that big of a deal, Dave. An audience turns us on. Even Megan has watched us several times."

The strangled "What?" that came from his throat startled Dave. His brain froze up more solid than a Canadian winter at the image of Megan sitting in the chair where his butt presently rested. He could easily see her placing one long, strong leg on each

plush blue arm and spreading herself wide to play with her pussy. Now that was hot enough to make him wonder why the chair didn't spontaneously combust.

Michael rolled his head to the side to look at Dave directly. "We're gay, so get any thoughts out of your head about us doing anything to Megan. She's not our type, and we're fairly sure she's not in the least attracted to us, anyway. Still, it's arousing to have an audience while we have a bit of fun on the rug. Guess we're exhibitionists at heart." He smiled up at Jared. "Right, lover-dude?"

Jealousy wasn't his issue, and Dave didn't feel in the least threatened by either man. He wasn't confused about that at all. What whirled around in his brain was his own response to what the guys were doing to each other. His cock twitched at the possibility of some action. Dave hadn't done anything more than get a few blowjobs with other men. He'd tried to give one once, but had been turned off by the way the guy seemed to get off more on Dave being "mostly straight" -- like his attempt was a notch on the dude's belt instead of an honest mutual attraction.

Yet one thing still worried Dave more than anything else. "What if Megan comes home?" He glanced at the digital clock on the wall between the kitchen and living area. She could, at any moment. What would she think to see Dave beating his meat while her roomies played the skin flute with each other?

"So?" Jared tossed his curls like a teenaged girl. "What's the big deal with you pulling your pud while we play? She watches. She plays with herself, and she thoroughly enjoys the show, let me tell you! Seriously, Dave."

Now Michael chimed in while he moved the sturdy wooden coffee table out of the way so Dave would have a clear view of the show. "So, like we said, you're welcome to watch or not." The blond winked at Dave with cheerful good humor. "We're horny, and whether you decide to stay, go, or hide in Megan's room and wait for her there is up to you. But I've got a dick that needs sucking, and I'm hoping for more action than is dreamed of in your philosophy." He tugged gently on Jared's dick until Jared slid to his knees on the carpeted floor.

Jared moaned softly when Michael guided Jared's cock into his mouth with practiced ease. Jared leaned forward until he could return the favor and swallow Michael's impressive length with slow, stroking sucks. They settled back into the classic sixty-nine position, but this time where Dave had a better view.

Michael's eyes closed, and he tilted his chin up to allow all of Jared's hard cock down his throat. He wriggled a moment until he was comfortable before becoming lost in the sensations.

A reverent and envious, "Oh, God, that's hot. Let me join the party," almost wrenched from Dave's throat, but he choked it back. For a few moments, Dave just watched the men pleasure one another. He trembled to his shame with the need for release. His balls ached. Fortunately, he'd been invited to do the very thing that would give himself a little relief.

Michael returned to massaging Jared's ass, slowly stroking the sculpted globes and teasing the asshole with lightning quick flicks.

Dave glanced once more toward the entrance door and bit his lip. Hard. He had to jerk off or he'd never be able to cover such an erection while riding the beltway home. His cock was just as hard and straining to be free as theirs were. To his own amazement, Dave stood and unzipped. His jeans fell down around his ankles, and he toed off his shoes to strip until he was naked from the waist down.

"Ooh, he has a nice, sleek, long one." Michael's comment was awed and impressed, which fed Dave's ego.

Jared looked up and licked his lips hungrily. "Yeah. I want some of that kielbasa. However I can get it."

Dave felt a little shy, although his arousal rapidly overcame whatever inhibitions he might have had. His hand crept to the base of his shaft and gripped his cock.

Jared nodded and kept his gaze trained on Dave's hand. "Do it, Dave. Let's see how you enjoy playing with that nice, hard, stiff prick of yours."

"Yeah." Michael squeezed Jared's cock and produced a fat thick droplet of pre-cum, which he smeared about the head. It glistened in the light of the changing fractals. In time with the music, Michael used the slick moisture to stroke his lover.

Jared bent forward to return to his work, pleasuring Michael with a soft moan of pleasure.

"Oh, doesn't this look great, Dave?" Michael spread more pre-cum all over Jared's cock. "Let's see you produce a little juice for us. Go on, milk your dick for us to see and admire."

Dave did, and found stroking himself quite easy to do at the moment. It was hot as hell watching other guys do each other, and even hotter that they were watching him do himself. He pulled at his cock, his hand sliding until he was lost in the delicious sensations.

Warm, soft hands slid around him from behind. A pair of firm breasts pressed against his back. Megan leaned into him and joined her hands with his in giving him pleasure.

"Megan?" Dave's body went rigid with shock, disbelief, and a bit of embarrassment. "How long have you been here?"

Even Jared and Michael froze, but they had smiles on their faces. Maybe they weren't as easily embarrassed.

"Maybe twenty minutes. I came home, saw you were asleep on my bed." She peeped over his shoulder and stepped around, grinning. Her hand didn't release his cock.

Dave stared at her with total confusion. "But, that means you were here when I awakened, right? Why did you hide?"

"We..." Her free hand swept to include the guys on the floor. "...talked about it and thought maybe we'd surprise you to see what you thought, did, and how you reacted. I've been waiting back in their bedroom." She grinned at her roommates. "We wondered if you'd be comfortable with what went on here in the apartment on a regular basis. Like they said, we've all enjoyed watching one another. I mean, I certainly

do.” Her nipples were hard points doing their best to drill right through her white uniform shirt. Dave bet himself she was so wet, her thighs glistened.

Jared nodded eagerly. “We had a bet on. She didn’t think you’d have a problem, but Michael and I weren’t so sure. So she bet us ten credits you’d like it, and might even find it exciting. Guess she was right.” He shrugged and didn’t seem all that sorry to have lost his money, not with a wide grin on his face.

There was no point in denying it, not with his cock still hard enough to rival marble. He did find all this exciting, and reluctantly jerked his chin down once in begrudging agreement. Dave felt the heat flush his face.

Megan was an observant woman. “Oh, for heaven’s sake, Dave! It’s not like I haven’t been with a few girls myself before.” She lovingly stroked his cock. “I just can’t give all this up, and I don’t plan on it anytime soon.”

“We shouldn’t mention strap-ons, should we?” Michael said sotto voce.

Jared shushed him, but sniggered as he did it.

“Men!” Megan rolled her gaze skyward. “Even gay ones! Sheesh!” She focused her intense gaze on Dave. “So tell me and be honest about it. Have you? Have you ever been with a guy and liked it? Or even considered the possibility?”

To pretend he didn’t understand seemed futile. Not when he’d been stroking himself off while watching Jared and Michael together. “A few times I have.”

“So, it’s not something you’d absolutely refuse to do, then?” Megan’s expression bordered on hungry and mesmerizing.

Michael and Jared’s expressions were both cautiously hopeful. Jared didn’t even bother to hide his eagerness.

“No, it’s not something I’d refuse, okay? I just didn’t consider the possibility. I got -- apparently incorrectly -- the impression you were exclusive, baby. You’ve said it yourself that you didn’t like sharing.” Dave squirmed a little inside, but Megan still had hold of his nearest and dearest.

Both Michael and Jared’s bodies relaxed. Michael bit his lower lip.

Megan's eyes glittered with pure delight, and her whole face lit up with a smile. "I don't like sharing with other women. It's a girl thing to be just a little concerned the other female is better than you and will steal your man. I'm not at all territorial about other guys." She shrugged. "So, have you ever sucked a man's cock before?"

Dave swallowed a frisson of fear and -- he dared say it to himself -- anticipation at the thought. "No. Have I been sucked? Yes. A few times."

All three of them grinned with sheer delight.

"So, which one of us would you like to try first?" Jared's tongue flicked out eagerly. Even his nipples were tight and hard.

"Yeah, while the other sucks on you!" Michael chimed in.

Instantly, the vision of tasting Michael's cock while Jared performed the same service on Dave flashed through his mind. Dave licked his lips and frowned, unable to make a decision for once in his life.

Megan jumped up and down like a cheerleader, or a little kid at Christmas. "Oh! Let me choose! That way, there's no hurt feelings! I've always wanted to be in charge."

Jared's smile turned a shade evil. "Oh, a little domination to go with our first time, hmm? Okay. I'm game."

Michael contented himself with a nod.

Dave looked in Megan's eyes. Did he trust her this much? Well, if he had plans to make her his lifemate then, by all that was holy, this was one way to find out for sure. He yanked Megan to him. "Long as it's understood, you're still my primary. Got it? Good." He took a deep breath and sank to his knees. "I'm ready..." He paused for effect. "Mistress."

Chapter Three

Megan's eyes glittered and half closed. She got that look when she was so aroused she'd practically attack him. She pointed back to his chair. "Shirt off. Sit. Spread your legs."

He'd play along with this game. It made her happy, and for once he didn't have to do anything but obey. This was a game of trust, and Dave felt he could handle what she could dish out. Dave took off his shirt and sat on the edge of the chair with his knees apart.

Both Michael and Jared must have felt the same way. Jared rolled off the sofa and hit his knees first. "Where would you like me to be?"

Michael more gracefully sat up, then knelt a foot behind his lover. He waited his turn with a half-smile of anticipation.

Megan considered the options. She tapped her finger against her chin. "Jared, you suck Dave."

The curly-haired brunette crawled the couple of feet necessary to position himself between Dave's legs. Initially, he gently fondled and caressed Dave's balls.

Dave shut his eyes and let the sensation wash over him when Jared's mouth softly surrounded his erection. The intensity of the arousal that surged through him was almost enough to make Dave moan, but he clamped down on any sound. He ventured a peek at Megan.

Megan wasn't so inhibited. Her soft "Mmm!" came from deep in her throat. Already one hand dipped under her waitress' apron and into her uniform slacks. "Now you, Michael. Feed Dave your cock."

Michael obediently climbed up to stand with his feet placed on the seat between Dave's thighs and the arms of the chair. He leaned in carefully, unsure of his balance, until his thick cock approached close enough to be swallowed.

Without hesitation, Dave accepted the gift. He tasted the flesh of Michael's prick, the firmness of his erection, and found it not unlike his own. In his need to explore further, Dave wrapped his hand around the shaft, slowly stroking it while he sucked on the head. As he did so, he tried to memorize the feel and familiarity.

Jared's work on Dave's cock mirrored everything Dave did, so Dave assumed Jared was either imitating him or... Then Jared scraped his bottom teeth gently along Dave's shaft.

Dave got the message of "try this." He did his best to perform the same motion, and was rewarded with a groan from Michael.

Megan didn't say a word, but she stripped out of her uniform like the cloth was on fire, eager to play with herself and enjoy the show. Her white cotton shirt -- tie still attached -- flew over his head and in the general direction of the bedrooms. One shoe rattled down the hall like a tumbleweed and disappeared out of sight. She flopped on the couch and made use of a fish-shaped pillow to rest her head.

Every motion Jared made, Dave tried to do to Michael in return. When Jared nursed and suckled on the head of Dave's cock, Dave performed the same action.

Michael swayed, and Dave grasped both his ass cheeks to keep the younger blond steady and upright. In return, Michael grabbed the top of Dave's head and trembled, probably with the urge to face fuck, but politely restraining himself.

"Now switch!" Megan commanded from her position on the couch.

Swiftly, Jared and Michael changed positions.

Dave remained seated, understanding that Megan was giving them all time to take a short breather. He needed it. Jared had been too much the expert at the art of the blowjob, and even the few seconds it took before Michael's mouth enclosed Dave's dick was enough to calm himself.

Jared's slightly shorter and thicker cock was the same as Michael's, yet different in subtle ways. The taste was slightly more... something that defied description.

The increased arousal Dave felt continued to heighten. He enjoyed the feel of Jared's cock inside his mouth as he licked, sucked, and jacked it in a mirror of whatever Michael did to him. In their own way, they were teaching him to please them and be pleased by them, all at once.

Jared threw back his head. "Man, I need to fuck. Now." He pulled away from Dave's mouth, panting like a racehorse. "I'm too close to blowing my load."

Dave swallowed to moisten his suddenly dry mouth. He wasn't sure he was ready for being fucked. Not yet.

"Michael, on all fours. Prepare to be fucked," Megan panted from the couch with her eyes half-shut. Her fingers were buried deep in her own body and moving furiously.

Jared proceeded to cover his cock with a condom and lube up with a bottle of clear liquid pulled from one of the end table drawers. Then he lubricated Michael's ass.

Michael accepted the gel and the tufted shark pillow for his face that Megan threw him.

Dave had never seen this careful preparation before and, despite his arousal, watched with keen interest. He didn't need to be told what his role would be. Jared would fuck Michael's ass while Dave continued to suck on Michael's cock. This he was quite willing to do.

Jared eased himself inside Michael, taking his sweet time. Even Dave understood that Michael's body needed time to stretch and accept the intrusion. Jared bit his lip, and his neck muscles tightened under the strain of fighting his instinct to thrust until his cock was buried all the way down. "Now, Dave."

Willingly, Dave slid beneath the two of them to take Michael's rock hard cock into his mouth once more. This time, he knew what would pleasure Michael the most, having been taught by Jared what to do. There was no denying the pleasure Dave felt, and now shared with Michael.

Michael's cock throbbed with every push of Jared's cock in and out, the reverse of how a man fucked a woman. The slow, careful entrance and the fast and furious withdrawal to caress the male prostate became clear. It was perhaps the most erotic thing that had ever happened to Dave.

Above him, Jared's cock slid in and out of Michael's well-lubed ass, and his tight, firm balls bounced for an instant at the bottom of the downstroke. Dave couldn't resist. He reached up to grasp Jared's balls and kneaded them gently.

"Oh, fuck! That does it!" Jared pumped furiously inside Michael's ass, unable or unwilling to control himself further.

Michael reached down and removed his cock from Dave's mouth.

Appreciating the courtesy, Dave pumped Michael's cock to jerk him off, and was rewarded with a shower that spattered them both in the chest. Dave continued to work, milking Michael's cock until the blond was at last satiated. Michael took his cock from Dave's hand and rolled away, taking Jared with him.

Jared cuddled his lover, panting like a winning racehorse. His skin was flushed and sweating, his eyes still glazed over from the massive orgasm.

Megan practically leapt off the couch and did a banzai dive for Dave's cock. Her nipples were hard as diamonds, and she had that "won't be denied the prize" look of a she-wolf pouncing on prey. "Your turn, Dave. It's all about you now."

"Oh, hell, yes!" Michael grinned over his shoulder. "Fuck her for a few minutes to give us time to recover, Dave. Then we'll all three give you all we got."

"Her?" Megan's eyes narrowed. "I'm not a third-person nobody, here." She was all but laughing aloud, so Dave assumed she was teasing. "He wants my body, don'tchaknow!"

She spread her legs and rubbed her dripping wet pussy all over his cock. "Well? What are you waiting for, Dave? Come and get it."

"More to the point, get it and come!" Jared put in his two credits, but he was busy removing the condom from his cock.

Dave not only touched, he grabbed. He squeezed Megan's bare ass cheeks in his hands while she rubbed the cock she had made so hard with her scheming. Dave was determined to make her pay, just to remind her he wasn't a man she could easily control. Their relationship was built on mutual strengths, and not one bulldozing over the other. "You want this, baby? Do you?"

Megan moaned and tried to wiggle into position so Dave's cock would slide into her willing and wet body, but Dave's hands prevented the correct angle of her hips. "Aw, come on! Stop teasing a poor girl! Don't you want to fuck me?"

Where he found the strength Dave had no idea, but without a conscious plan on his part, Dave picked her up and put her lovely ass on the edge of the coffee table.

Her upper body fell back on top of some magazines on the table, but she kept her muscular legs ready to wrap around his waist. She moved her hips up and down, using her bottom to propel her until she was at the very edge of the table. She was more than ready.

So was Dave. He knelt between her legs and let them wrap around him. She was ready to scream, and Dave wasn't far from exploding, himself. He let his cock head jerk against her clit. "Tell me what you want, baby."

"I want that cock! Oh, for Chrissake, fuck me, Dave!" Her legs caressed Dave's hips, and her eyes weren't sane. That was the signal he had been waiting for.

Dave's hands stroked her soft ass before gripping each cheek to hold her still enough so his cock could nudge into her wet opening. With one quick push, he was all the way inside and sliding all the way down.

Megan moved and moaned to show him just how much she loved having his cock buried in her, and her muscles clenched tight to show her appreciation. She was more than halfway to tearing up the finish on the coffee table with her bare nails.

Dave had forgotten about Jared and Michael, but they hadn't forgotten him.

Michael slid beneath the coffee table and began to play with Dave's balls with lube-slicked hands.

There was something so maddeningly erotic about the feeling, Dave cried out and threw his head back to gulp air in hopes of remaining sane just a few minutes more.

That was when Jared moved in. With one hand full of lube, he caressed Dave's crack and anus without penetration. His lubed fingers teased with expert precision, knowing just when to promise and when to withdraw.

Dave thought he'd lose his mind. Fucked, fucking, and having his balls played with simultaneously? This wasn't just great sex, it was a mind-altering fantasy come to life. Dave never thought he'd be the center of a four-way. He was in sensory overload and pumping into Megan on rapid-fire.

Megan's ass trembled in his hands, and then she came so hard, Dave thought she'd milk his cock totally dry.

Dave merely wondered if he'd live to remember the experience. He didn't need Michael's hand massaging his balls. The force of his orgasm was so strong he thought he was being turned inside out. He didn't even care when Jared's finger slipped just a little way inside to complete the supernova of pleasure.

Megan collapsed back on the coffee table, the intensity of her orgasm still rippling through her in waves.

Dave and Jared fell backwards into a heap on the carpeting, and Michael crawled out to make it a Dave sandwich. How long they all lay there was anyone's guess. The fractals changed several times before Dave even stopped trembling and got his breath back.

Michael managed to stir first. He crawled on all fours and used a bar stool to heave himself upright. His hands shook like a crazed junkie's, but he managed to pour four strong drinks and make it back to the puddle of bodies on the floor.

Megan sat up with a groan and knocked half of her drink back in a single long gulp. She didn't care for the taste much from the grimace and shudder that followed, but that didn't stop her from finishing the glass before the three males at her feet could sit up and take their first sip.

"Now what?" was all she croaked out.

Jared and Michael glanced at each other.

Michael nodded.

"I still need to get fucked." Jared pleaded with his eyes. "Are you up for it?"

Chapter Four

Dave did a quick internal assessment. Was he ready for that? His cock answered for him. Incredibly, it seemed more than willing and rose to the occasion for another session. Geez, where had this horniness been hanging out? He was a normal guy who liked -- hell, loved -- sex, but this was over the top even for him.

"Guess he is!" Michael chuckled and nudged a grinning Jared.

Megan winked at Dave, but seemed disinclined to object. He'd have to fuck her into a coma more often. Dave had food fantasies, being a chef in training, of decorating his lovely girl like a garnished extravaganza. He wondered if Michael could bake something special to go with that kind of feast. Dave bet he'd make a mean bread dildo.

Jared handed Dave the lube. From the lively sparkle in his eyes to the quirky smile on his face, the man with all the mischief was looking forward to his impending time on a new spit.

Dave couldn't resist clowning a little. He dangled the bottle of lube and put on a fake French accent. "First, we must rub ze marinade into ze roast before we place heem upon ze spit, non?"

Seconds later, the shark pillow hit him in the face, courtesy of Michael. "Oui!" Smart-ass. Dave should have known the pastry and bread chef could speak French.

Jared looked at Megan shrugged. "Were they referring to me? No one is putting pepper in my ass, thank you very much!"

Megan croaked out, "Rubs on the outside, dude. Marinade on the inside."

"Oh. Then the roast had better get ready, huh?" He shoved at Megan. "Budge over, babes. My turn."

"Okay, okay! Don't get pushy!" Megan rolled over, laughing like a loon. "Don't be so eager."

Jared shoved the coffee table out of the way and pulled over an ottoman that also served as an end table. He snatched up the shark pillow and plopped it on top of the ottoman. "There. That looks comfy!" He flopped down with his sculpted but lily-white ass in the air. "Come make the most of my meat, Dave."

Drunk on the sex, not to mention the booze from earlier, Dave laughed at his little joke. "Good thing I don't need to carve this hunk." Dave spread Jared's cheeks. "It's already half-butterflied."

"Very funny. Go for the chef's knife, and I run like a rabbit." Jared put his chin in his hands and let Dave lube him up.

Dave stood and softly rubbed Jared's firm ass cheeks, just to get him used to Dave's touch. Dave wasn't sure what he was doing, but he knew the lube needed to be generous.

Michael decided to give Dave a hand -- or, rather, a tongue. He crawled in front of Dave and planted his face right between Jared's cheeks. Dave understood what the blond was doing. He'd heard of rimming, but he'd never seen it performed.

Jared's drawn-out moan spoke about how pleasurable it was. Dave's roast wasn't holding still and letting himself be marinated. Eventually, Jared's body relaxed.

Michael caught Dave's eye and signaled it was time for the switch-off. He quickly lubed up Jared's ass.

Megan slapped a condom in Dave's hand and caught the lube bottle Michael tossed. In moments, she made sure Dave was one slickly oiled skewer.

Dave crawled over behind Jared and grasped his slender hips. The curly-haired brunet looked back at Dave with teasing eyes and moved his bottom back and forth, taunting Dave with his ass.

Dave didn't hesitate. He couldn't. He had to get his cock in that ass. Dave pulled Jared back to his loins and stabbed at his anal opening.

Jared did the rest. He twisted his body so it took Dave's cock in at his pace. He pushed back, slowly.

"God!" Yeah, it was a "praying fuck." Dave's cock felt like a velvet anaconda was throttling it. Dave moaned aloud and clenched his hips tighter. "Feels so good."

The so-called roast echoed his moan. "Yeah. Does. More."

Dave dared to push a little more, pausing when Jared told him to, pushing when Jared said he wanted more. Forever was slower when Dave's body wanted to ram home and take, but Dave fought the urge until he was fully embedded in Jared's ass.

"Now! Now!" Jared himself moved away, just enough to give Dave the full experience of fucking another man.

Who'd have thought he would ever have his dick buried in another man's ass and be ready to howl to the moon for the joy of it? Dave would have decked the first guy who suggested it.

Dave had no idea how long they fucked each other dizzy. Jared had Dave's cock in a stranglehold, and fantastic control of every muscle, it seemed. Dave pumped up and down until Dave thought his cock had pounded Jared's ass to tenderized perfection.

Michael and Megan attacked Dave's nipples, one on each side.

That did it for Dave. His whole body arched up and slammed so hard into Jared, Dave feared for a moment he'd hurt the smaller man.

Jared combusted. His body went crazy, squeezing down on Dave's cock and wrapping him in searing heat.

Dave froze in mid-stroke, but it was too late. He came, hot, hard, and completely. He feared the condom might explode, but it held up like a champ. Dave wasn't so strong. He fell forward onto Jared's back, only saving himself from smashing him into the ottoman by catching his hands on the edges.

How long they lay there panting, Dave had no clue. Eventually, he softened and slipped out of Jared's body. Someone -- probably Michael -- removed the evidence and disposed of it. Dave was grateful, because he couldn't move. Even a slight stirring in the air made Dave's spent cock twitch mercilessly.

They all fell into Michael and Jared's massive bed and cuddled in a giant puppy pile. Dave only knew Megan was the one behind him because of her soft tits on his back. No one cared, not then. Not ever.

In the morning, Dave was one of the first to awaken. While he lay there trying to convince himself he really, really needed the bathroom, someone else stirred and left the bed.

Whoever it was did an excellent job of stealth. That meant definitely not Megan. Her feet always hurt after a night of working, so she was clumsier than a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest first thing in the morning.

A few minutes later, the distinctive gurgle of a coffee machine beckoned like a siren. With that sort of incentive, Dave was down the hall in less than five minutes, much relieved and more than a bit chilled. Dave made a beeline for his clothes.

Bleary-eyed Jared handed Dave a mug as soon as he crossed the imaginary threshold into the kitchen portion of the apartment. Dave liked his morning brew hot, black, and mean. Since they'd spent many a morning trying to get brain cells to fire with the application of hot caffeine for the past year, they could drink with no awkwardness.

Jared did give him one wary look, like he half-expected Dave to hit him. Maybe he did. After all, some nominally straight guys wouldn't like themselves in the morning, no matter how great the sex was the night before.

However, Dave felt differently. He pretended to take a long sip of his brew and did a fast check on his feelings. Other than a case of nerves for other reasons that had only a little to do with last night, Dave felt light as a feather and even a little giddy. Yeah, he was fine. Mostly.

So Dave felt obligated to reassure Jared. He winked and grinned. "Great time last night. So you can stop worrying, okay?"

The tension flowed out of Jared's whole body. "Thanks. Some dudes would be a little pissed off the morning after."

Dave's hand stole to a little package in the pocket of his jeans. His fingers closed around the hard acrylic box. "I have more important things to worry about than mind-blowing sex, my friend."

Dave waited until Jared's eyes showed he'd registered the comment and curiosity had set in. "We are still friends, right?"

Michael appeared and stole sleepily over to Jared and snuggled in his lover's free arm. His mumble was typical for Michael, who was two-years-old until he had coffee. "Friends with benefits. Coffee, please?"

"Oh, move over! Let a professional handle this." Megan barged in, shouldered past them all, and expertly poured coffee for herself and Michael. She grinned up at Dave, put coffee within Michael's reach, and put her face up for a kiss from him. "Friends with benefits works. Right?"

"Nope." Dave knew he was dropping a bomb in the middle of their tea party, but he saw his opening and jumped into the abyss. "Not enough." Dave drew out the little acrylic box from his pocket, but kept it hidden in his palm.

Three sets of eyes goggled at Dave in stunned and pained surprise. "Huh?"

"In stereo. Impressive." Dave couldn't keep from ginning like he held a winning lottery ticket. He flipped open the box with his thumb and presented it flat on his palm in front of Megan's surprised face. "I think I'd like a little commitment."

Reverently, Megan took the ring from the box. "This was your grandmother's wedding ring, wasn't it?" She held the intricately carved Black Hills gold ring to show Jared and Michael. It also just happened to match the rings on the guys' fingers from their commitment the year before.

Michael held his ring up to show her how much they matched, but couldn't manage anything but a strangled gargle.

Jared was a little more vocal. "Holy shit. Holy shit."

"Shut up." Megan put the ring on her finger so slowly Dave thought she was reluctant until she had to twist it past her work-hardened knuckle. She was being gentle. "I'm afraid of breaking it."

"You can't break gold, dim girl." Jared ducked. "Now hurry up and say yes so the man can level up and come live with us!"

"Yes! Yes!" Megan launched herself in his arms. "Yesyesyes!"

Then Dave was at the bottom of a large puppy pile. Again. Right where he wanted to be.

Lena Austin

Lena Austin is a “fallen” Southern Belle with a checkered past. She has been a licensed minister, hairdresser, and Realtor, radio DJ, exotic dancer, telephone service tech, live-steel medievalist swordswoman, BDSM Mistress, and investment property manager. Not necessarily in that order. She never finished that degree in archaeology, but did learn to scuba. After a life like that, writing about it is pretty restful. Of herself, Lena writes, “I’m tall, and I look like an unholy mating between an Amazon and a librarian. Everything else is subject to change on a whim.” She presently has over thirty books written, and has no plans to stop “until they pry my cold dead fingers from the keyboard.”

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