

toy box dildo



a torquere collection

Table of Contents

Definition and Etymology	-2
Playing for Keeps by Sean Michael	- 3
A Dark and Stormy Night by BA Tortuga	- 12
Jade and Copper by Julia Talbot	- 20
Contributors' bios	- 28

Definition: *an object resembling a penis used for sexual stimulation*
Source – Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary

Etymology: *The word "dildo" originally referred to the phallus-shaped peg used to lock an oar in position on a dory (small boat). It would be inserted into a hole on the side of the boat, and is very similar in shape and function to the modern toy. It is highly likely the toy takes its name from this sailing tool, which also lends its name to the town of Dildo and the nearby Dildo Island in Newfoundland, Canada. Others suggest the word is a corruption of Italian "diletto" (for "delight"). The term first appeared in English language print when Ben Jonson's 1610 play, *The Alchemist*, was published in 1616. William Shakespeare used the term once in *The Winter's Tale*, also believed to be from 1610, but it was not printed until the First Folio of 1623. The phrase "Dil Doul," referring to man's penis, appears in the 17th century folk ballad "The Maids Complaint for want of a Dil Doul". The song was among the many in the library of Samuel Pepys. Signior Dildo is a 17th century poem by notorious libertine John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester.*

Source -- Wikipedia

Playing for Keeps

By Sean Michael

Fuck, Kody's thighs ached where the denim was pressing into them.

Sam'd given him a chance to take them off, but he'd been in the middle of a giant snit about something and he'd missed it until it was too late. Sam had listened for a while, then had grabbed him, pulled his jeans down to his thighs and plopped him over a padded bench before binding him and patting his shoulder. "Take an hour. Breathe. I'll be back to fix you up."

All he could see was the blue carpeting and the bottom of the bench, which sure as hell wasn't doing anything to distract him from the way his jeans were starting to cut off his circulation.

God only knew what Sam had planned for him. Oh, that thought made other things ache. And maybe he was about to find out; he could hear Sam's key in the door, heard it close again, Sam's boots dropping onto the mat by the door. He swore he could hear Sam's stockinged footsteps coming closer after that.

These games they played were something else, something that sorta blew his fucking mind.

"Mmm... would you look at that? All trussed up and nowhere to go." Sam chuckled, and suddenly the warmth of his lover's hand slid over his ass, the touch gentle at first, and then more firm.

He shuddered, tried to move. "Hey." It was pretty fucking hard, to be belligerent like this.

Sam crouched down next to him, fingers on his cheek, beneath his chin to tilt his head up. Sam's pretty brown eyes stared into his own. "How are you feeling?"

"The jeans are biting into me some." He had been starting to get a little concerned, honestly.

"Yeah?" Sam's eyes twinkled and then his lover twisted to look, mouth suddenly hot and wet on Kody's skin, tongue dragging along just above where his jeans were digging into his skin.

"Stubborn slut."

"Am not." Fuck, that word gave him such a fucking rush. Perverse bastard.

Sam laughed and stood, took a step back so he could watch as Sam slowly undid the buttons of his green shirt. "Love your ass, Kody. So fucking pretty."

Kody could feel his skin flush dark, feel his cock start to fill. "You're the fine one, huh? Gonna untie me?"

"I will. But not yet, babe." Sam shrugged off the shirt, and oh yeah, his lover was fine. All muscles, with Celtic armbands around both upper arms, and a round tribal tattoo over his heart, big enough Kody's palm didn't cover it, when he could touch. A damned stud, that's what Sam was.

His own ink was on his lower back, his thigh, one shoulder -- all of them Native American and earth-toned, less striking than Sam's, but pretty, nonetheless.

Sam's fingers popped the top of his jeans open, tugged down the zipper. Sam moved nice and easy, slowly as if he had all day and nothing to do... "Those jeans cutting off your circulation yet, Kody?"

"Working... working on it." His fingers curled in the heavy carpet, his breath starting to come faster.

"I guess I should do something about that." Sam pushed his jeans down and stepped out of them, tugging white socks off with them. Damn, the man was going commando, his prick hard and curving up toward his belly like it was pointing out Sam's six pack. Like Kody wouldn't have noticed.

He only had a moment to admire, though, before Sam disappeared. Fucking turned, giving him a flash of a gorgeous ass, Kody had to admit, and then walked away. It was only a moment later before Sam was back, opening and closing the pair of scissors he'd retrieved.

"These are my jeans, man." Fuck. Fuck, that was hot.

"I know for a fact they're not your only pair, Kody." Sam grinned at him, snipped the scissors in the air again, and then knelt behind him. It was even hotter when he couldn't see them anymore, but could still hear that snipping noise. The scissors were carefully worked between his skin and the jeans, cold against his skin, and then suddenly the pressure eased as they cut, splitting his jeans open.

"Fucker." His heart pounded, his skin tingling as his cock throbbed.

"You know it." His jeans were cut clean off, and then his T-shirt. Then came Sam's fingers, gentle against his thighs. "Poor skin."

"Sam." Kody groaned, eyes dropping closed. Oh, that fucking *touch*...

"All red and abused." Sam kissed his thigh. "Makes your ass look really pale. I mean really." Sam's hand slid up from his thigh over his ass, fingers squeezing, digging in.

"Doesn't get much sun." Oh, damn. More. He couldn't believe that he was here, again. Trussed up. At Sam's mercy. Asking for this.

"Needs some color, but not from the sun. No, I'm thinking a handprint or three." Sam's hands stilled, just resting on his ass.

Shit.

Shit, he. Fuck. His fucking cheeks were burning, but his ass pushed up, rubbing against that hand like a cat in heat.

"Oh yeah. You want that, don't you, Kody? Want to feel my hand on your ass, hard enough to feel every finger, to leave a print." Sam hummed and leaned against him, prick hot as hell against his leg. "Just one and then I want you over my lap."

"Sam." He humped the bench as best he could, eyes damn near rolling back in his head.

"Sorry, babe. Sorry. I didn't mean to tease." And then, finally, Sam's hand left his skin and came back down, the smack hard enough he *could* feel each of Sam's fingers.

He grunted, the sting sweet as fuck, the burn left behind even better.

"Oh, Christ, that's fucking sexy." Without any warning, Sam's hand came down again.

"Sam!" His cock rubbed against the soft velvet of the bench, thighs going tight as boards.

Another smack landed on his ass, and then Sam came around and undid the ropes around his wrists. "Over my lap," Sam ordered, voice rough.

"Help me. 'm stiff."

"I sure hope so," Sam teased, hands sliding beneath his arms and helping him to stand. Sam took his weight as he stumbled, arms wrapping around his waist, hands grabbing onto his ass, making it sting. "Careful, babe."

"Uh-huh." They got settled, his cock rubbing and sliding on Sam's legs.

Sam hummed, hands moving on his skin, fingers tracing the ink on his back. "Gonna do this, and then I'm gonna fuck your ass with that new dildo."

"Need you to fill me up." Fuck, he needed to feel it.

"Over and over again, babe. This first."

It was all the warning he got before Sam's hand came down on his ass again and again, smacking him good and hard. Kody groaned, riding the sting, groaning at that sweet, deep fucking burn.

The smacks stopped long before he was ready for them to, Sam's fingers rubbing his skin. "Now there's a pretty color, Kody. Real fucking pretty."

His thighs spread wider, his moan loud and shocking. "Fucking hot, honey. Please."

Sam leaned over a bit, arm stretching to the floor, and then he heard the click of the tube of lube

being opened. Damn, when had Sam brought that in? Then it didn't matter because one of Sam's fingers, slick and cool, pushed into his ass, no teasing or playing; it just pushed right in.

"Oh, fuck me, yeah." That touch made him fucking chatty, words just pouring out of him.

"Love your mouth, Kody. Almost as much as your ass." A second finger pushed into him along with the first, Sam working his ass. Each time Sam's fingers pushed deep, the rest of Sam's knuckles rubbed against his abused skin.

"More. Sam. Honey, fill me up, goddamnit." He needed, for fuck's sake.

"Pushy little bottom." Sam's fingers disappeared and his ass was given another smack.

"Sam!" Fuck, that burned so good.

"I'll fuck you with this when I'm good and ready." 'This' was a dildo, Sam smacking *it* against his ass as well.

"Bitch!" Okay, that was damn near embarrassing. A man shouldn't be able to make noises like that.

Sam just chuckled and teased his hole with the dildo, rubbing the cool, hard latex over his skin.

"Jesus fucking Christ." His body arched and jerked, everything in him trying to get that sensation.

Sam moaned. "Oh, babe... you move like you're made of liquid. It's so fucking sexy, the way you want." The dildo smacked against his ass again, and then rubbed the tops of his thighs where his jeans had bit into his skin.

He grunted, tempted to lean down and bite the living hell out of Sam's leg. "Stings, bastard."

"And you just *hate* that." Sam rubbed his thighs with fingers that were long and warm and still slick from the lube.

"I'm gonna kick your ass, Sammy, I swear to God."

Christ, that husky laughter was sweet, and told him just how turned on Sam was. "Promises, promises. Now stop being so pushy and let me do you right."

"I'm trying." He grinned, rubbed his cheek on Sam's leg. It was hard for him to just give it up. Though God knew, nobody made him want to like Sammy did.

"I know, babe, that's what makes it so fucking sexy." Sam's fingers slid over his thighs and then two pushed back into his hole, spreading, curling and poking, and finding his gland, pegging it fucking hard, too.

"Oh..." His belly went tight, his throat working. "Sam. Sammy." Oh, right fucking there.

"Yeah, just making sure I know where I'm aiming." Sam hit it a couple more times and then his fingers disappeared again, leaving Kody empty, his ass clenching, needing. The damned dildo nudged his balls a few times and then slid up along the skin between them and his hole. "Trust me, babe. I'm going to make it so good you're going to scream."

"Promise?" He needed it, needed this. That's why he'd called. It was why he always called.

The teasing dildo stilled, and Sam's fingers fluttered over his tattoo and then up his spine to slide through his hair. "I promise, Kody."

Then Sam's legs pressed together, holding his prick as the dildo returned to poke at his hole, to rub against the sensitive skin. Every few passes, Sam would press the tip against him, almost but not quite pushing in.

Oh, fucking bastard. Teasing him. Touching him. Driving him fucking crazy. Kody loved the evil son of a bitch.

When the dildo finally breached his hole, it was without warning. One minute Sam was teasing the hell out of him, the next that fat latex prick was spreading him wide. Jesus. Yes. Please. His teeth clacked together, head snapping back as he started moving, pushing back on that wide shaft that was so fucking hard, so unforgiving.

Sammy, God damn the bastard, moved with him, tugging the dildo all the fucking way out, and then pushing it back in again, but just a bit, controlling it, not letting him take in more than a couple of inches. "God, just look at you."

"Teasing evil motherfucker."

"Mmm... love you, too, Kody." And with that, the dildo pushed in deep, burning as it spread him wide.

"Love..." His entire body went still, shuddering as he just went all white-hot and needy.

Sam's legs pressed together harder, making a tighter tunnel for his cock to slide through. Then Sam tugged on the dildo, drawing it out slowly so that he felt every single inch. Kody's eyes rolled back up into his head, a long, deep sound dragging out of him.

"Yeah, that's it. Feel it. I know you love it."

The dildo pushed back into him just as slowly, and then out again. Then in a little faster, a little harder, going deep. Kody started babbling, groaning and jabbering, begging and telling Sam how fucking good it was. All of it. His cock slid through Sam's legs, the tip rubbing as he pushed his ass up high, eager for every push of the dildo. The unyielding latex warmed quickly, but it didn't hold the heat of a real cock, and stayed alien, foreign. Impossible to ignore.

"Such a pretty ass. Covered in my fingerprints."

"Fucking needed you. Needed this."

"Mmm... always give you what you need, babe." Sam shoved the dildo in deep, pegging his gland hard.

"Yeah." He bucked, entire body shuddering as his balls drew up tight.

"Hold on to it, babe. We're not ready to be done here yet." Of course that rigid fake prick banging up against his prostate again told an entirely different story.

"Sammy. Sammy, I can't." His toes curled, ass muscles drawn up in knots.

"You telling me this little fake cock is going to get the best of you?"

It sure was if Sam kept slamming it in like that, spreading him open again and again, hitting his gland hard.

"Sammy. Sammy..." He almost lost his balance, his cry just ringing out.

"So fucking sexy, Kody. A fucking wet dream. I could come from watching you." Sam's legs tightened some more around his prick, the friction increasing.

Okay. That worked. That so...

He came so hard his teeth clicked together, a scream winging out of him.

Sam worked the dildo inside him through his orgasm, just barely nudging his gland with it again and again. Kody finally melted, loose and shaking, entire body shuddering with pleasure.

"Mmm... you look good." Sam slowly pulled the dildo out, wriggling it a bit on the way.

He just moaned, not even jerking at the pleasure.

"Such a sexy slut." Sam's hand slid over his ass, rubbing the abused flesh. "You ready for me now?"

"Uh-huh." Kody nodded, moaning low.

"Back over the bench, babe. I want that ass. Now." Sam slapped his ass again.

"Pushy bastard." Bench. Right. Moving. Good.

"And you love it." He got another smack, the sting going through him.

Then Sam came back around, and grabbed his face, bringing their mouths together in a hard kiss. Oh, hell yes. He wrapped his arms around Sam, pushing into the kiss, giving Sammy all he was. Sam took it, sucking on his tongue and wrapping long fingers into his hair.

Fuck, yeah. Loved this man. Loved him.

The kisses went on and on, becoming more desperate until Sam finally broke their mouths apart, leaning their foreheads together. "Need you now, babe."

"I'm yours, honey. All of me." Every single inch.

Sam's thumb slid across his lower lip, and then Sam took another kiss, deep and hard and quick. "Okay, that ass is mine."

Settling in behind him, Sam gave him another smack. "Such a pretty ass, too."

"Bitch." He groaned, skin just burning.

Sam snorted, and the hot, wet tip of his cock pressed against Kody's hole. Oh, yeah. That was what he needed. That heat. That pressure.

Groaning, Sam slid into him in one long, smooth motion. "God, I love how you feel after I've opened you with a dildo."

"More. More, lover. You fit so fucking good."

"Demanding slut," Sam accused. Still, Sam took his ass with one long stroke after another, the hard heat so different from the latex, so damned good.

"Yes. Yours, honey. All yours." He'd given up all his playing, tied his wagon to a hard-assed son of a bitch.

With every thrust, Sam reminded him of just why he'd done that, of how good it was, that thick cock slamming into him time and again. The pleasure was like an explosion inside him, starting in his ass and working its way out.

Kody arched, started pushing back, started giving Sam something to slam against. "Come on, honey. Gimme."

"Such a fucking slut, babe. I love it." Sam's hands wrapped around his ass and tugged him, added that little bit more force for each thrust. Goddamn it was about as close to heaven as a man like him was likely to come.

"Love. Love it." Shit, he was going to feel that tomorrow.

Sam groaned, somehow dug deep and moved faster, harder. Grunts and moans filled the air, along with the sound of their skin slapping together, wet and sharp.

"Kody. I. Unrng." Oh, fuck, that was something, Sam without words.

He clenched tight, squeezing Sam's prick, fighting to send the man over the edge.

"Babe..." The hard rhythm faltered, Sam's hips jerking into him a few more times before Sam pushed deep and heat sprayed inside him.

He moaned, relaxing onto the bench, just exhausted, sated, balls to bones.

Sam pulled out with a groan, one hand staying on his skin as Sam sort of half tumbled, half sat on the floor. His lover chuckled. "Damn, Kody. You need a bed in here. Or a mat or *something* on the floor."

"Uh-huh." Sure. Something on the floor. Right.

Laughing outright now, Sam wrapped those big old hands around his waist and tugged him down onto the beautiful body, all those muscles working and shifting before settling beneath him. Sam's fingers slid on his arm, rubbing back and forth almost absently. "I've been thinking, babe."

"Mmmhmm?" He leaned in, eyes dropping closed. Warm bastard.

"First you kept calling me. Then you gave me a key." Sam shrugged, chin rubbing against the top of his head. "Just seems to me we're wasting a lot of time on commuting, babe. That's all."

"You thinking you'd like to stop that?" He wouldn't do it if it was all one-sided.

"I would. The commuting that is," Sam specified. A low chuckle vibrated against him. "The rest of this can keep on keeping on."

"Yeah. I'm... I'm all about keeping on." Kody caught himself grinning like a damn fool.

Sam rolled him suddenly, body pressing down against him, the floor hard against his back. Maybe Sam had a point about needing something. "You sure?" Sam asked, brown eyes starting into his own.

"I know what I want, honey." He always did.

Sam's smile started in those brown eyes and slowly spread, lips pulling up until Sam was damned near grinning ear to ear. "Well then. Hi roomie." Sam's mouth descended on his own, the kiss eager.

Yeah. Yeah, hey lover.

Hey.

Sam's hand slid beneath his ass and squeezed.

Hey lover indeed.

A Dark And Stormy Night

By BA Tortuga

"Goddamn it, Jack. You get those kegs down here. Now!" Shane slammed his hand down on the bar, wincing as a pair of tongs went windmilling out of the maraschino cherries and slapped against the chest of a big, leather-daddy, growly type.

Fuck him raw.

He opened his mouth to apologize when the big fucker started hollering, the tongs bouncing off the top of his head.

Goddamnit.

The jukebox changed songs, something loud and driving trying to drill into his temple as he bent down and grabbed the tongs from the floor, pondering driving them through that big son of a bitch's throat.

He was saved from having to by his favorite bouncer. That long, tall, drink of water grabbed the big biker and spun him around. He could hear that growly voice telling the biker off even over the music. Then Galen came right on up, smiling at him and leaning on the bar.

"Hey, you."

"Hey, Len." Those dark eyes looked him over, top to bottom, and Shane didn't know whether to growl or to preen.

"Looks like you're having a night, darlin'." Those sloe eyes glinted. "How about pouring me a whiskey?"

"You know it." He grabbed a glass and the Jack Daniels and poured two fingers, snarling a little as Jack bumped him on the way by. "I'm considering setting the place on fire."

"Well, don't do that. They might arrest you and I got plans. There's a storm coming in."

"Yeah?" Oh. Dude. He liked to. Well, there was a shitload of things he liked to do, but he liked to play with Galen in the rain. He liked the ideas Galen got when the wind started blowing.

"Uh-huh. We had a talk once..." Galen winked, fingering the little shot glass before upending it, strong throat working.

Shane's eyes were caught by that Adam's apple, bobbing up and down. Lord, his lips were dry. "We did?"

"We did." Lord, that smile was purely wicked. "It involved a little special something for you. You trust me, don't you, darlin'?"

"Haven't I always?" Oh, fuck him raw. Everything in him went *sproing*. Hell, he was so busy watching Galen that he didn't scream at whoever bumped him. Again.

"Yep. I tell you what, Shane. It gives a man a happy." Len looked fine as all fuck, all done up in faded jeans and a black button up shirt and his black hat on. He'd even trimmed his little beard.

"Uh-huh." Shane poured himself a shot, just needing to wet his whistle, to focus on something besides Galen's long, lean body.

One of the biker's friends came on up to the bar, fixing to snarl, and he got to concentrate on Galen's ass when the man turned around, planting those up to his neck legs and glaring, hands flexing. Oh, growly.

"I will come across this bar and beat your fuckheaded friends to death while I watch him rip your arms off, man." Oh, that sounded nice and threatening. Go him.

He got a sideways kind of smile from Galen, and a happy nod. "You bet he will, too. He's had a bad night and needs to go home."

"You know it. Y'all get the fuck out of my place." There was a fucking storm coming.

It took some more wrangling, and one well placed kick to someone's ass from Galen's black shit-kicker, but the rowdies finally left. Hot damn.

"Boys, y'all think you can handle things?" Shane's hand was clenched tight around the neck of that Jose Canseco.

"We're safer with the bikers than you, boss." Shithead.

Galen hooted, though, grinning at Jack. "Y'all take care. We're out of here. Come on, darlin'."

"Pushy redneck." He followed though, didn't he? Yes sir, he trailed right behind, the wind already starting to pick up when they hit the door. Good thing he hadn't brought Goober. That silly mutt hated to get wet, and it was sure as shit gonna rain. Later.

Galen grabbed him just about the time they got in between his Jeep and Galen's truck, kissing him like there was no tomorrow. Lord, that was still the hottest fucking thing, just like the first time, where Galen'd blown his goddamn mind.

"Mmmph." Galen pulled back, panting. "Got to get to home, darlin'. I really do have a plan."

"Uh-huh. I'll bring you in tomorrow night." Oh, man, a whole twenty-four hours with an excuse to go nowhere... shit, yeah. Galen grabbed his hand, bringing his fingers up to kiss before hauling him around to shove him in the passenger seat of the truck.

His cock was hard as Chinese algebra and he settled back, set to rubbing himself through the denim.

"Jesus, Shane. Gonna make me hit a tree or some shit." Galen always drove like a bat out of Hell, but when he was wanting, he took that twisty road out to their little piece of swamp on two wheels at a time.

"You better not. I need you in one piece." He rolled down the window, hooting as he leaned out, let the wind hit him in the face.

"I know. You, too..." Galen glanced over, smiling at him, just looking good with the world.

"That wind's got a bite to it; smells good." His cock throbbed, aching in his jeans.

"Uh-huh. Gonna be even better, I promise." The last, long curve came into sight, and they took it at maybe eighty, the tires screaming on the pavement, revving his heart right up.

"Fucking love the way you drive." His blood was fucking racing, the whole growliness from work turning into o-fuck-me-now.

"Love the way you look at me when I do. Out." The truck rocked to a stop, whipping him up and back, and Galen was on the ground in a flash, watching him through the window.

Shane slid out of the truck, boots hitting the gravel with a crunch. Galen grabbed him, spinning him around. Not toward the house, but to the opening in the trees where their little swamp met the bigger lake.

"Where. Where're we going?" Shane followed, rubbing against Galen the whole way.

"You'll see. I got you something. Something you've been wanting." Huh. Well, that was an awful funny way to present a gift, but who was he to argue?

Oh. The world opened up over the lake, and the rain started to just pour down on them. Shane lifted his face to it, just laughing away. His t-shirt got plastered to him, his nipples going rock-hard against the rings.

"Jesus. Jesus, darlin'." Galen all but tackled him, pulling him up against that long body to kiss him until he was all bruised up.

Oh, yeah. Shane climbed Galen's legs, hands wrapping around Galen's head. Tongue pushing into his mouth, Galen rubbed against him, bracing to hold him up. His very own jungle gym, that Galen Frost.

They humped together, the rain making things slick and the wind making them shudder. They didn't even get the least bit naked. Galen tugged at his nipples through his shirt, twisting his rings.

He could feel Galen's cock against him, even with the cloth. And that rough voice? Oh, it told him things... like how close Len was to exploding.

He nodded, pushing into Galen's hand as he shot, his cry lost in the crack of thunder. Galen shuddered, staggering with him, and each jackhammer thrust of Galen's hips slammed right into him. Fuck a duck.

"Fucking love you." He bit Galen's neck, that corded column just begging for him.

A soft chuckle brushed his cheek, feeling weirdly dry in the rain. "Love fucking you. Now we've got the edge off, you wanna see your present?"

"Uh-huh." Galen wasn't his present? Dude.

He was kind of amazed he hadn't seen it before, once Len led him to the last little finger of solid land that stuck out from the swamp. He blamed the rain. And Len's hotness. But man, was that shiny and tricked out.

"Oh, man. Look at that..." Shane grinned, fingers sliding over the Harley, dancing over the leather and steel and chrome.

"You like it? You said you'd always wanted one." Galen stared at him, eyes black in the gloom of the storm, hat gone... somewhere.

"It's sexy as all get out." Shane grinned, stripping off his shirt to try and wipe off the seat. Didn't work, but he tried.

"Don't worry, we'll have it detailed tomorrow, get the wet out. Tonight I don't mean for us to go anywhere on it. Get naked, darlin'." There was a deep, dark note to that fine voice.

"Out here?" He worked his belt open, his cock pushing against his fly.

"Uh-huh. No one's gonna see, and this storm ain't that cold." It was cold enough to make him shiver, but one look from Len had him burning up.

He got his jeans off, and his boots, standing there in the wet, just proud as anything.

"Goddamn, you're something. Now, get on the bike, darlin'. Wanna see you on it." Man, Len was all pushy and shit. But he didn't mind. It was hot. And a little kinky.

Shane grinned and mouthed 'perv' as he straddled the seat. The leather was cold on his balls and he jerked up a second, shivering.

"Don't worry. You won't have to sit-sit." Before he could even look over his shoulder to see what the hell Len meant, Galen was right there, digging in the saddlebag for a moment, then leaning him forward. Tying his wrists to the damned handlebars...

"Len?" Lord have mercy, he had to look like the biggest kind of slut, stretched out like that.

His ass wouldn't touch down, now, the angle Galen tied him at making it stick out, making him bend like he was on a crotch rocket, not a Harley. His balls dangled, his butt wiggled, and it felt... decadent. And horny.

The rain kept coming down, sliding down his skin, down his crack, into his eyes. Fuck, he'd bet he was goddamn steaming.

Galen ran a hand down his back, over his ass, down to cup his balls. "Beautiful fucking man."

"Y...yours. Damn." He pushed back, jonesing on it.

"Yup. Mine all over. Here to here." His balls got another little squeeze before wet fingers found his ass, thumb pushing in a little.

"Uhn." He squeezed, doing his damndest to tease back.

"Mmmhmm. Yeah. Hot and tight, darlin'. So ready for me already. But I got something else for you."

Shit. Could he take much more?

"Something else?" His nipples ached, and his cock tapped the leather seat, over and over.

"Uh-huh." That damned big bastard knew, too, because he felt Len's chuckle, felt those hands move around to pinch and pull his nipple rings.

"Len..." He shuddered, tugged good and hard against the ties. Oh, fuck yes.

"You're so fucking hot, darlin'. Just wait." Len's warmth moved away and he heard more rustling, but even craning he couldn't see. Then something hard and broad pressed against his back, sliding down between his asscheeks.

"Oh. Oh, fuck." His fingers wrapped around the handlebars, ass cheeks clenching.

"That's the idea, Shane. Now hold still." That dildo, because Lord knew that was what it had to be, pressed right up against his hole and slid in, as big as Len if not bigger.

His eyes felt big as saucers, his body stretching around the hard cock, his whole body still as he took it in.

"That's it. That's it, darlin'. You like it? I told you we'd play sometime. I was just a little busy." Man, when Len went all out, the man went all out.

"Galen. Damn." Shane could fucking feel everything, anything, right now.

The rain and wind made it all dangerous, somehow, made it feel like he was riding the Harley as fast as it would go, even though it sat still. When the broad base of the toy stopped just outside his ass, he felt stuffed, overheated, and ready to pop.

He turned his head, stretching out as far as he could and looking at his own personal demon. Christ, he was gonna just blow.

Galen's mouth slammed down on his, tongue pushing in until he figured he was never gonna breathe again. But what a way to go. One broad hand nudged the dildo in his ass, sending off fireworks.

It was a good fucking thing Galen'd taken the edge off, otherwise he'd've just lost it. As it was he shuddered and shook, whimpering and begging in Galen's lips. He got another kiss, then another, just hard and deep as anything. Galen was moaning, rubbing against his thigh, the wet denim scraping his bare skin.

He needed. Now. So fucking bad it hurt. He pulled away from the kiss, heart just pounding. "Touch me. Fuck. *Please.*"

"Where, darlin'? Where do you want me?" Galen nudged the goddamned plug again, making him squirm, holding him so his cock couldn't quite hit the seat.

"Goddamnit. I need." He almost growled, ass working the plug for all his was worth.

"You got me, darlin'." He could hear the thump of wet cloth landing in the mud. Then Galen was pushing him up to slid behind him on the bike, thick cock sliding beneath his balls. They hung there a moment to get their balance before Len grabbed his swinging cock and started stroking.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Galen. Yeah." The bike rocked and creaked on its springs, both of them humping away as Shane's eyes rolled back in his head. Just like that. Just. Like. That.

Galen worked down, cupped his balls and rolled them up against his cock, working the whole mess like nothing going. All the while those hard hips pushed him, pushed the dildo into his ass like Galen was fucking him with it.

"Galen!" The thunder boomed as he hollered, his brains shooting right out the tip of his prick.

Galen grunted against the back of his neck, teeth sinking in hard. The warmth of Galen's come was almost shocking compared to the cold of the storm, coating his balls and the tiny patch of skin behind them.

Sweet Christ, he was.

Yeah.

Just.

Yeah.

He nodded, pressing back against Galen as best he could.

Kissing the spot he'd just bitten, Galen hummed against his skin. "So, how do you like my presents, darlin'?"

"Uh-huh." Yeah. Good. Good man.

Galen petted him, up his chest, tapping his nipples a little before stroking along his arm to untie his wrist. Then the other. Then Galen sat back on the seat of the Harley and pulled Shane back into his lap, kissing the side of his neck.

"Uhn..." His stupid prick actually jerked as the dildo nudged him deep. "You're gonna kill me."

"I don't want you dead, darlin'. Just having fun." Yeah. Galen used to be all about the fun. Looked like he was having a relapse. Those fingers were back on his nipples, pulling, zinging him good.

"Gonna leave this in at home, too. Get your chain out to go with it. What do you think?"

"I think I'm going to be walking bowlegged tomorrow." He thought it'd been too fucking long.

"You know it." Yeah, Len had to agree with that, because the man was getting hard again already.

"Fucking A." Galen tweaked his nipples again, made his toes curl. Fuck, he was wet.

"God, I love these." Catching the little rings again and again, Galen turned and twisted until Shane was almost too sore. But not quite.

"Got them for you." He leaned his head back, throat working.

"Yeah. I even got to see one..." Laughing, Galen bit at his neck, teeth just grazing now, not sinking in. Galen's hips kept moving against him, that cock rising up like nothing going. "Want me to fuck you, darlin'?"

"God, yes." Had there ever been a time, once, where the answer to that question was no?

"Lift up a little." Galen helped him, pushing him up just enough to get the dildo out. He had no idea where Len put the thing, but it disappeared, only to be replaced by the heavy head of Galen's cock.

"Galen. That's fine. Christ." So fucking good and wide, so hot. He could just ride that forever.

"Yeah. Oh, fuck, darlin'. Make me so goddamned hot." Galen thrust up, thighs bunching under him, hips punching up.

He nodded, bracing himself and pushing right back. Goddamn that was. Uhn. And also, yeah.

The sky seemed to open up, raining harder, the drops stinging his skin, but it only added to the pleasure. Galen was so hot against his back there was no way he'd get chilled, and that hand finding him again to pull and stroke. God, it was gonna burn him up.

They kept moving, that sweet bike underneath him bouncing away, helping Galen fuck him good and hard, pushing that sweet cock deep. Galen was grunting, dragging him up and down, stroking him, just going to town. That man was one strong bastard. He really was. And kinda babbling. Which was also fucking cool because babbling meant Shane wasn't the only one that'd lost his mind. When Len got chatty? Oh, yeah. He was totally into it and roaring toward the finish. Hell, Shane could feel it in the way that cock throbbed in him.

"Soon. Soon. Len. Love." Galen's thumb dragged over the tip of his prick, burning him balls deep.

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Jesus, darlin'. Now." And just like that, Galen was coming for him again, shooting hard in him, heating him up from the inside.

His own spunk poured out of him, just like Galen'd pushed it out, filled him up.

Galen murmured against the back of his neck, happy little sounds, slumping against him a minute. Then one big hand patted his belly. "We ought to get in, huh? That wind is howling."

"Yeah. Yeah." They could take a hot shower, open the windows and get in the bed.

"Come on, honey. You get the clothes and I'll bring the bike in." Galen moved, holding him steady so he could get off the bike and find his land legs again. They walked the bike up to the house, putting it under the carport, and Galen slung an arm around him.

"Like my presents, darlin'?"

"Fuck yes." He shuddered, leaning back against Galen just happy as a pig in shit. "Let's go in and I'll show you how much."

Galen laughed, pulling him right up the steps, and Shane figured if he had to put up with a bad night at the bar to have a good night at home? Well. He could live with that.

He surely could.

Jade and Copper

By Julia Talbot

"What on earth is that?" Daniel asked him, arms akimbo as he stared in askance at the box Michael held out to him.

"A gift for you. Why must you always doubt my motives, Calhoun? I vow, you think I am out to poison you or some such. How long have we been together?" Michael St. James could not help but bait his longtime love. 'Twas his favorite pastime. Aside from making love with Daniel, that was, and he had dearly hoped this gift would lead directly to such.

"Too long, I swear." Daniel sighed, unbending enough to take the intricately carved cherry wood box and stare at it some more.

"Ha. Very well. I will leave you to it and give you a rest from my onerous presence."

"Get your well-shaped backside back here, St. James," Daniel growled, the sound boding well for their eventual play. "I shall open it now."

Michael tried and failed to hide his delighted grin. "Excellent. I think you will like it very much."

Daniel harrumphed at him, but opened the box nevertheless, pulling away the layer of unbleached linen. His dark brows drew straight down over his prominent nose. "Good Heavens, St. James. What am I to do with... this?"

"This" was a carved piece of jade, glowing green in the soft light that came in the windows of their small farm house. A farm. Really, sometimes it still amazed him, the bucolic gentility of his life. Only for Daniel Calhoun would he have become a bumpkin. Luckily, Daniel kept him well occupied most of the time.

"What does it look like?"

"A cock."

The bald words made him snort with laughter. "Well, yes. That is the idea. Isn't it lovely?"

A disbelieving stare turned upon him. "Oh, indeed. I shall put it in the mantle and when Jane comes I shall show it off proudly. What in the name of Hell were you thinking?"

Michael pursed his lips, tapping them consideringly with the thumb of the hand he tucked under his chin. "Well, I was not thinking to show it as art, if you must know."

"Then what..." He could see the wheels turning, and knew the moment that Daniel figured it out by the way the man's ears went a deep, dark red. "Surely not."

"Why not?" They had used any number of things in the past, including pearls and a whip handle.

Why not something more suited to the job? "I think it will be a perfect fit."

"For whom?" That growl. Oh, Michael could sustain himself for days on that very sound.

"Why, for you, naturally. I know how you love such stimulation."

"You are obscene. I will not."

But Daniel had picked the thing out of the box and was rubbing his thumb up and down, from just under the ridge of the carved head to a spot halfway down the shaft. It was a lovely piece of work, carved from a single piece of stone, and smooth as a baby's bottom.

"No? Still, I would hate to waste it. I suppose I shall have to take it to my bath..."

Since watching him bathe was one of Daniel's greatest joys, he knew that would make Daniel's cheeks heat, his eyes going such a dark green as to be almost black.

"Will you, indeed?"

"If you do not wish to help me break it in, then yes." Michael moved close to Daniel, reaching out to trail a finger down the length of the cool shaft of the toy. He stood close enough to hear Daniel's breath catch, to smell the intense musk suddenly rising from Daniel's skin. Someone wished to help him. Daniel still had many untapped depths of perversity that he was not even aware of. Michael felt it his solemn duty to pull them out of the man, even after all their years together.

"I would not want you to bathe alone. You might drown..."

"Ha! I am far more likely to drown with you in my bath than not." Daniel had tried to strangle him in the bath once. It had ended in such explosive lovemaking that Michael's arse had ached pleasantly for a week.

"Disrobe, you idiot, and I shall pour you a bath."

Michael eyed Daniel speculatively. "Are you saying you wish to watch?"

"I am. I think it would divert me nicely." Daniel stroked up and down the length of the jade cock, hands fondling it, warming it. It made Michael squirm.

"But I bought it for you."

"I know. And this would please me most in using it." Up. Down. Daniel's fingers wove a mesmerizing maze all over the cool stone.

"I love to please you."

That got him an ironic tilt of walnut colored brows. "Oh, of course. Come along, love. Undress."

He was missing out on a chance to be nude with Daniel, in the bath. What on earth was wrong with him? Gads, he must be getting old. His fingers started working ties and hooks, his loose blouse and tight trousers falling to the floor. When he stood bare he turned this way and that, showing off for his curmudgeon. "Better?"

"Indubitably. Now, you take this and find some oil while I draw a bath."

They had learned over the years (with few or no servants to avail themselves of) to always have water heating. In fact, Daniel had created them a marvelous contraption for the stove, a well that they must only fill once a week perhaps, one that stayed perpetually warm. Their own hot springs.

Michael found the oil, then stood with it and the phallus in his hands, watching as Daniel went back and forth to fill their copper tub. Daniel loved to watch him bathe. Michael loved to watch the play of muscle while Daniel carried water.

The bath was finally filled, steaming gently, and Michael tested the water with his toes. Ah. Perfect. He stepped in, sinking down, and handed the jade phallus and oil to Daniel. "You wanted to help, my dear?"

"I did." Knees hitting the floor, Daniel grabbed the thing out of his hand and unstoppered the oil so quickly that a bit of the precious stuff plopped on the floor.

"Careful, lover. That cost the earth."

"Oh, yes. Only the best for you, St. James."

He made a moue, splashing water up over his arms and chest. "Do not ruin the tableau, Calhoun."

"Never think of it." The oil slid down the shaft of the jade toy, pooling at the base of Daniel's thumb. Oh, how that made him shake, just to watch and imagine what would come.

"Are you nearly done?" Michael asked, letting his hips roll up under the water. The wet heat was like a caress on his aching prick, and his buttocks were already clenching, just thinking of the hard jade inside him.

"Very nearly," Daniel said in a husky tone. "It warms nicely to the hand."

"Does it?" He swallowed hard, the game turned neatly on him. "Please, Daniel. Love."

He reached to stroke himself, but stopped at a single glare from those beautiful eyes.

"Do not touch yourself yet. Put your feet up. On the sides of the tub."

The position was only uncomfortable enough to remind him of his utter vulnerability. Perhaps to anyone else it would have been humiliating. To Michael, with Daniel eyeing every exposed part of

him, it was explosively arousing.

The jade slid into him easily, oddly hard and straight where Daniel would normally be, but it never pained him, not under Daniel's gentle guidance. No, indeed, the thing pushed straight in, all the way back to the spot inside him that never failed to make him cry out when Daniel hit it.

Michael felt the tub creak and groan when he lifted his hips to take more, and Daniel growled for him, the sound grating across his nerves deliciously. He took the toy all the way in, his body grasping at it, and then Daniel slowly pulled it out until just the very tip remained in him.

"Damnable tease," Michael groaned.

"Did you not intend to tease me, love? I think turnabout is only fair play." That smile held only wicked pleasure.

Michael's muscles trembled, trying to hold him. "Daniel, I cannot..."

"Let me help you."

Huge, callused hands moved him, shaping him like a potter with clay. Daniel lifted his feet back into the water, helped him to curl forward on his knees instead, his arms crossed on the lip of the tub to protect his head. The toy protruded from him obscenely the whole time, the knowledge of what kind of supplicant he must now appear making him throb.

"Yes, Michael. Oh, yes." Sighing, Daniel moved closer still, mouth descending on the back of his neck, pushing his queue aside. "Have you any idea how beautiful you are? What a fine choice of gifts you give me."

"I wanted to see you..." he trailed off when the jade hit that spot within him once more, Daniel's other had coming around to slap the underside of one ass cheek. Michael moaned, letting his hips rock back and forth in wanton abandon.

"And now I get to see you. I love you like this, St. James. Love watching you lost in your passion." Daniel was still no more given to words than he was all those years ago, but he had learned to drive Michael wild with them at times like this.

His backside stung where Daniel smacked him, then smacked him again, making his muscles jump and clench around the jade phallus.

The feelings had him groaning, his cock swinging through the water before him, his teeth sinking into his own arm.

"More, love?"

"More."

The jade moved faster within him, making him jump, his opening clenching hard. Yes, he needed more. He needed Calhoun.

“You. Please, love. You in me, instead.”

“Perhaps as well as, rather than instead?” His body stretched impossibly as Daniel slid one finger in alongside the phallus.

His toes curled, his prick gave a sharp jerk, and it would have been over had Daniel not grabbed his sac and pulled down with the hand not otherwise engaged.

“I cannot bear it, Calhoun.” Was that his own voice, sounding so torn and hard?

“You can and will. You will wait for me.” Such command. Such rough, sweet command.

Michael writhed, twisting and turning, moving Daniel and the toy within him when Daniel refused to. For his trouble he got a squeeze to his balls that left him gasping, stars blooming behind his closed eyelids.

“Tell me what you want, sweet. Tell me now.”

“I want you. Your prick, not this fake thing!” He tossed his head, pushing back hard enough to belie his words, but they were the truth nonetheless. It was the feel of Daniel’s strong finger that was pushing him to the abyss. Not the jade, lovely as it was.

“Then brace yourself.” As quickly as that, Daniel nudged the jade prick out of him, letting it fall into the water by Michael’s knees. He had a fleeting thought that it would be well ready to use on Daniel soon, but was distracted by the big body that settled behind him.

Years of hard work had made Daniel solid, muscled, and perfect in every bloody way. Michael liked to think it was his own diligence that kept one part of Daniel in shape, however. The part that nudged his backside, in fact.

“Yes. Now.” He moaned it out, needing so badly that he feared he would cut his palms where he gripped the tub.

“Indeed,” Daniel agreed. “Now.” One heavy thrust put Daniel in him, seated so deep he felt it everywhere inside, as if Daniel would push to his very core. To his very heart.

Not that Daniel did not already own that, lock, stock and barrel.

“Move, damn you,” he demanded, and Daniel bit his shoulder for his impertinence, moaning about what a pushy rotter he was, that thick cock beginning to spear him over and over.

Of course he was pushy. He had Daniel. Who would not be the greediest man on earth with such a feast?

Daniel moaned for him, all pretense of coolness gone as the man settled firmly behind him in the tub, rocking them so that water sloshed about. Chest to his back, Daniel moved, the hair there abrading him, Daniel's thighs cradling his stinging backside until he wanted to scream.

His prick felt on fire, and Michael pried a hand off the edge of the tub to try once more to touch himself, only to have Daniel stop him once more.

"No. Mine."

"Then do something with it! Damnation, Calhoun, I am about to expire."

"We cannot have that." Daniel fished about in the water and came up with the jade phallus, rubbing it up along the underside of Michael's prick. Hard, now cool, it was completely unexpected, completely foreign.

It excited him beyond thought.

Michael became a ball of heightened sensation, feeling everything Daniel did to him, wanting more and more with every thrust, every touch. His lover was tireless, pushing him to greater and greater heights, slipping the phallus down to lift and roll his balls in their sacs.

He heard himself chanting, saying, "Please, please, please," and he felt the worst sort of wanton, the most needy sort of harlot.

Daniel began to talk to him, rough words in a torn voice. "Michael. Beautiful. So tight. So ready for me. I love your gift. Need you so."

"Your... your hand. Please."

Daniel knew what he meant, once more dropping the jade toy into the depths of the tub and finally, finally circling his prick with one immense hand.

Yes. Oh, yes. Michael strained into Daniel's hand, pushing his prick as hard as he could through the rough circle of thumb and fingers and palm. His hair prickled on his scalp, his balls drew up even tighter, and Michael cried out, spending himself in great, uncontrollable jerks.

Seemingly made of steel, Daniel kept pushing him, stroking into him with long movements, that sweet prick finding the tiny spot within him that made his poor spent prick jerk.

"Calhoun. My dear, I am not sure I can again..."

"Silence, if you please, St. James. I am busy."

Daniel moved in him, around him, steady and even, if fast. The continuous friction had him moaning, his head hanging down between his now braced arms, his back arching as he began to

rise once more. Impossible, but true.

He moaned, moving his bottom back against Daniel's hips and thighs, his balls aching, his cock moving as it came back to life. Who could have known his toy would inspire Daniel to such heights?

"Next time I shall watch you suck it, St. James. I will watch you put it in your mouth to get it ready for me. Then you may use it as you intended."

Oh. Dear God in Heaven. The very thought of Daniel's moss colored eyes watching him as he licked and sucked to wet the thing before putting it in Daniel's body...It drove him on, higher and higher.

The water was cooling, easing the steamy heat of his own skin, and Michael rode Daniel's impalement like a man born to it, viciously erotic words falling from his lips.

"Yes, love. Yes, I shall put it in you and push it in and out until you beg for me. You beg so prettily, Daniel. You fight it and fight it but you give me what I crave."

Slamming into him, Daniel made him cry out, hitting his tiny gland over and over. "Who is begging now, my love. Who is begging now?"

"I am." His body shuddered, so oversensitive that even his fingernails and teeth seemed to tingle. "I am. Please, Daniel. I need you to fill me."

"Soon, love." Daniel was trying to soothe him, but that voice was so deep and hard that it only made things worse.

"No, now. I am ready."

"Are you?" One more thrust, two, and Daniel cupped his cock again, pulling at it. "Show me."

Michael screamed right out loud, his body quaking, his balls throbbing weakly as his poor body fought to spend a second time.

As if that was the only signal he waited for, Daniel moaned so deep in his chest that Michael felt the vibrations along his spine. And when that big body seemed tight enough to snap in two above him, Daniel came, filling Michael all the way to the hilt and spilling hot seed into him.

All of Daniel's weight came down upon his back, and Michael buckled under it, splashing down into the bath.

"Damnation!" Daniel exclaimed, sitting up, slipping out of him. Hands under his arms, Daniel hauled him out of the tub, wrapping him in a bath sheet and pulling him to sit before the fire. "Are you well, St. James?"

“Quite.” Michael could not hold his head up, but he was certainly well enough. Pleasantly sore, and a bit in awe. But well.

“I feared I had broken you.” Daniel sat with him, wrapping him in those brawny arms and pulling him close.

“Hardly. You simply... bent me some.”

A loud chuckle sounded just below his ear. “You were bent far before I met you, St. James.”

“I suppose I was. You adore me for it.”

”I adore you for many reasons, not least of which is your perversity. Shall we dine before I get back to the business of the day?”

“Ah, my gentleman farmer. All work...”

“Yes, well, you will simply have to find a way to entice me back to the house this evening to play some more.”

“Ah, yes. Well, I suppose I can do that.” Michael kissed Daniel, a long, slow meeting of lips. “In fact, I think I can give you something of a show to watch. As you requested just now.”

The hitch in Daniel’s breathing had him hiding a smile, and the clench of Daniel’s hands had him stifling a moan.

“That’s a promise I shall keep you to, St. James. After all, you most likely spent a fortune in my money on that silly thing. We might as well get some use out of it.”

Making a mental note to oil the stone well when he rescued it from the bath, Michael nodded, patting Daniel’s buttocks and laughing. “Oh, we will, my dear. Indeed we will.”

Contributors

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Often referred to as "Space Cowboy" and "Gangsta of Love" while still striving for the moniker of "Maurice," Sean Michael spends his days surfing, smutting, organizing his immense gourd collection and fantasizing about one day retiring on a small secluded island peopled entirely by horseshoe crabs. A long-time writer of complicated haiku, currently Sean is attempting to learn the advanced arts of plate spinning and soap carving sex toys. Barring any of that? He'll stick with writing his stories, thanks, and rubbing pretty bodies together to see if they spark.

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M. Rode

M. loves winter, being a canuck and watching boys of all sorts rub together.

Julia Talbot

Julia Talbot resides in the Southwest of the United States with her dog, several houseplants, and has finally quit her day job. She has a penchant for blank books, gay porn, and big, ugly hats. She can most often be found in coffee shops and restaurants, scribbling in her notebook and entertaining other diners with her mutterings. Julia cut her reading and writing teeth on purple-prosed romance novels, and as a result decided that boys were much more interesting with boys. Intense study of her subject and as much firsthand research as possible figure heavily in her writing adventures.

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B. A. Tortuga enjoys indulging in the shallow side of life, with hobbies that include collecting margarita recipes, hot tub dips, and ogling hot guys at the beach. A connoisseur of the perverse and esoteric, BA's days are spent among dusty tomes of ancient knowledge, or, conversely, surfing porn sites in the name of research. Mixing the natural born southern propensity for sarcasm and the environmental western straight-shooting sensibility, BA manages to produce mainstream fiction, literary erotica, and fine works of pure, unadulterated smut. BA's latest projects include ongoing work on a novel set in the old west.

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