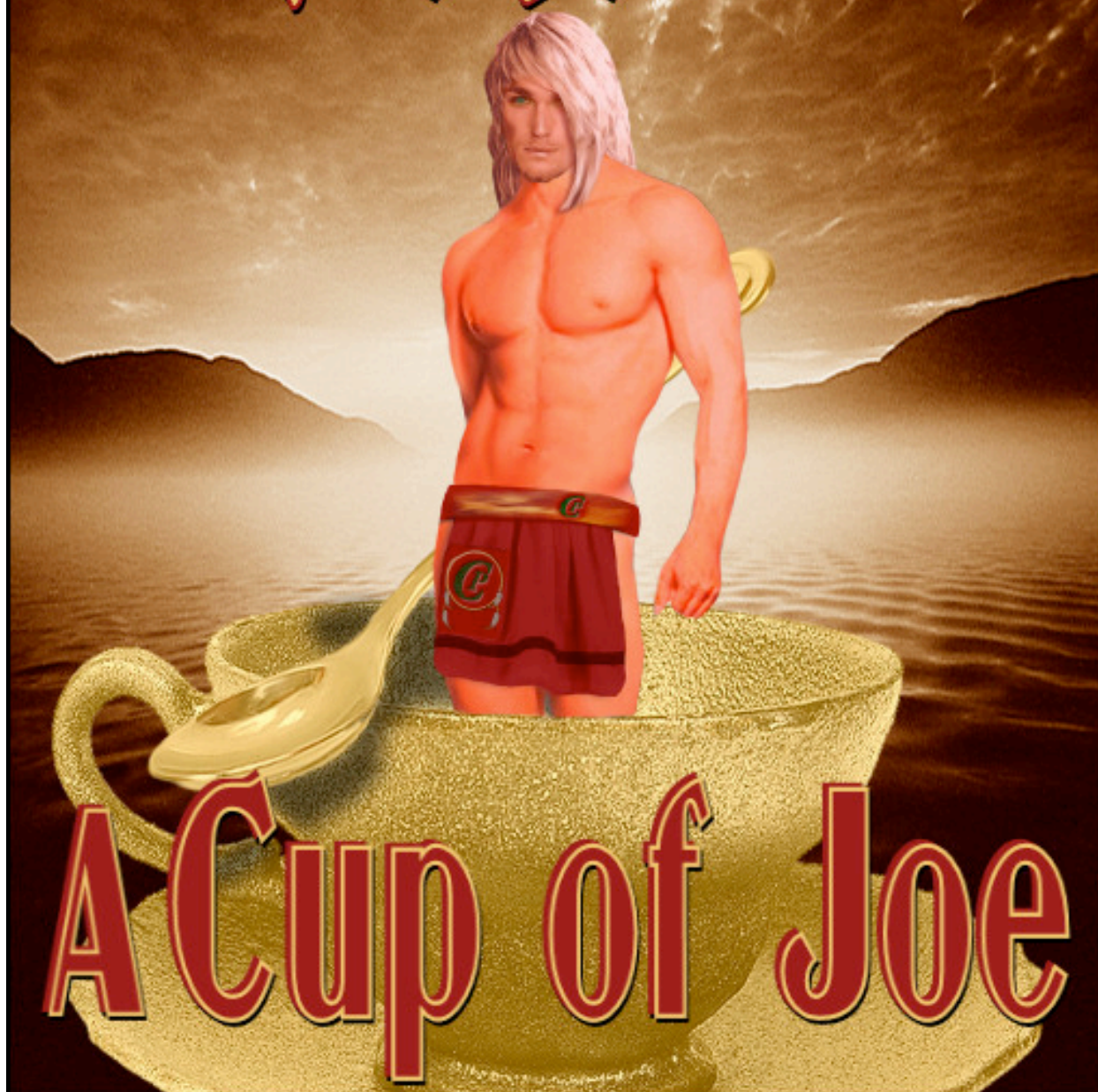


Chippewa Publishing Adult

Carly Shields



 www.chippewapublishing.com

A Cup of Joe

by

Carly Shields

A CUP OF JOE

A Chippewa Publishing Publication, April 2006

Chippewa Publishing, LLC.
678 Dutchman Drive, Suite 3
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 54729

Available Formats:
Adobe Acrobat Reader (PDF)

Other available formats:
Palm Doc (PDB), Rocket/REB1100 (RB), Pocket PC 1.0+ Compatible,
Franklin eBookMan (FUB), hiebook (KML), iSilo (PDB), Mobipocket (PRC),
OEBFF Format (IMP), Microsoft Reader (LIT), (HTML).

A Cup of Joe Copyright © 2005 Carly Shields
Edited by Ricki Marking-Camuto
Cover Art by Djinn
Proofed by Brandy Overton

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book may not be reproduced in whole, or in part, by any means, without the written consent of the publisher.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination, or are fictitiously used. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

WARNING: The contents of this book are intended for mature audiences 18 years of age and older only. Language, violence, and sexual situations may apply.

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Cup of Joe

"I know who you are," Joe whispered into the phone. "Please, leave me alone."

"How do you know me? You can't even see me."

"I know. I just know."

The truth was, Joe didn't know. Also, he didn't really want the man to stop calling him. His voice was incredibly sexy, yet very familiar; it called to him every night before bedtime, bringing him dreams of primal pleasure.

Lately, all Joe could do to contain himself was masturbate like a madman. Sometimes, he did it while the stranger soothed him from the other end of the line, but other times, he waited until he was alone.

"Are you thinking about me again, Joe?" The stranger's voice deepened and his breath grew heavy.

Joe used the rhythm of his caller's breath to strengthen his erection. With every exhale, he lathered the lotion around the tip of his cock and slid his hand down to his sac. He imagined the tight, warm sheath of his caller around his shaft while his hand slid up and down his eleven inches.

"Go for it, Joe. I can feel your electricity through the phone.

Yes...don't...oh...God, yes! Oh, so fast, Joe. I came so...no, too fast."

Joe bit down on his bottom lip while he pumped his hand up and down over his cock. When the stranger let out the last moan of defeat, Joe exploded—white streams of cum layered his stroking hand.

"Good night, Joe. Thank you, again," The stranger whispered.

"Wait! Who are..." Joe heard a click on the other end and then the dial tone.

"...you?"

He cleaned up his cum with a tissue from the box sitting beside him then looked over at the package that arrived at his house earlier that day. When he opened it, he was surprised to find a small vibrator and a note.

We will meet soon, you and I. I want you to find yourself first, learn about your true self before we meet so I do not scare you.

He put the vibrator back in the box then picked up the lotion that came with it. The lotion worked well—it warmed him when he lathered it on—but would he use it with the wand? Would he even use the sex toy? Hell, it was strange enough that he was talking to a stranger on the phone about sex and allowing the man to sweet-talk him into an orgasm.

The calls had been going on for a month before the package arrived. Joe shook his head. He knew this was wrong and he knew he should be careful. For all he knew, the stranger could be psychotic. He couldn't help himself, though. The stranger's voice was so hypnotic and so addicting; it brought him to an orgasm every time.

He capped the lotion and put it back in the box. Maybe next time he would try the vibrator.

* * * *

Joe awoke the next day with the sun shining in his eyes. He quickly showered and threw on a pair of tight, bleached blue jeans and a tan tank top, finishing the outfit with a white, long-sleeved shirt. Then, he admired himself in the full-length mirror. The contrast of the light colors complimented his tanned skin. He knew he was gorgeous and often wondered where he got his looks.

His mother and father were both red-haired and fair-skinned. Both parents stayed far away from the California sun, for even the smallest rays blistered their skin something fierce. Unless his unknown heritage skipped a few hundred years and latent genes were coming out in him, Mom and Pop certainly were not his biological parents.

With water splashed over his short and wavy blond hair and a touch of light cologne, he slipped on his boat shoes then strolled out the door. Nothing was going to stop him today. He might not know the stranger in person, but he was definitely falling in love with him.

* * * *

“Well, you’re here early today, Joe. Something special going on?” Felipe Hill, a large Mexican man, asked from behind the counter. The clanging of clean coffee cups echoed in the coffee shop as he placed the warm mugs on their trays.

“Yes, Mr. Hill. Things are looking up for me.”

“You’re in love, son. I can see it all over your face. Who is the lucky gal?”

Joe laughed and shook his head. “You don’t know hi...er...her. Hell, I don’t even know!”

“You don’t know her? How in the hell do you know you’re in love?”

“I just do.” Joe smiled, put on his brown apron, and tied the long strings in the back. As he picked up a tray of clean cups, a deep, familiar voice spoke from behind him.

“Hello, I’d like a cup of joe.”

CRASH!

Joe looked down at the smashed cups he just dropped and then up at the customer. Those eyes...he could get lost in those deep brown eyes. And what about that voice? Goodness, it was almost as if...nah, it couldn’t be.

“Coffee, please. Hey, are you okay? I’ll wait if you want to clean that up.” The patron winked at Joe and smiled.

“Um...okay.” Joe knelt down and scooped up the shards of broken cups with two folded newspapers. He stalled for a moment and thought about the man’s voice. It was so deep and soothing. It was so *familiar*.

“Hey, Joe! You okay there?” Mr. Hill came huffing out of the kitchen with a mop in one hand and a rag in the other. “Don’t you worry about it; I’ll take care of it. You just take care of him.”

Joe looked up at the man. When he did, the man offered a gorgeous smile.

“Ah, okay.” Joe straightened up and strolled toward the counter. “What can I get you, sir?”

“A cappuccino, please...and call me Kyle.”

“Do I know you?” Joe placed a bowl of complimentary house chocolates in front of Kyle.

“I don’t know. Do you?” Kyle smiled and dipped a long, elegant finger in the bowl. His scavenging produced a long, chocolate-covered pretzel.

Joe watched as Kyle slowly slid the pretzel between his lips. He didn’t dare move, for if he did, his growing erection would certainly show. For a moment, he was taken by the full, pale lips wrapped around the salty morsel. He jumped when Kyle bit into the chocolate piece.

“Ow...uh...wow, you like those pretzels? We have more in the back.”

“I bet you do,” Kyle smiled and looked at the clock. “I’ve really got to hurry. Can I get it to go?”

“Of course,” Joe smiled back.

* * * *

Kyle watched Joe with amazement. Every elegant move the man made was

pure elf, yet he carried his human side very well. Did he have any idea who he was? Obviously not.

“What is your name?” Kyle asked as he took the cardboard cup of latte from Joe.

“My name is Joe. Careful, that’s hot.”

“Hi, Joe.” Kyle pushed his hand toward Joe who took it and shook. Kyle held his breath while he allowed Joe’s magic to take over his body. His pants suddenly felt extremely tight.

“You have quite a powerful punch of magic there, Joe.”

“Magic?” Joe scoffed, “I don’t believe in magic.”

“Ah, but you should, fair chap. It is strong within you.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m a devout Irish Catholic. Magic is a sin.”

“Well, then, so are other things that you crave, dear boy.” Kyle smiled when he noticed the sudden lustful look in Joe’s eyes.

“That will be three-fifty.” Joe wiped the counter with a rag as his customer picked up the cup.

Kyle handed him a five. “Keep the change, Joe.”

Joe took the five and leaned over the counter closer to Kyle as if hiding a secret. “Wait...how did you know?”

“What, that you’re magic?” Kyle smiled and took in the sweet smell of Joe’s sweat mixed with expensive cologne.

“No. Not magic. Know that I’m not exactly straight.”

“Oh. I just know. Maybe I’m magic.” Kyle chuckled and took one last whiff of the man then quietly adjusted himself under the counter.

“Yeah, magic. I don’t believe in magic, but I know I’m not normal.”

“Whatever normal means.” Kyle stepped away from the counter and walked out the door.

* * * *

Joe waited in anticipation for the phone to ring. It seemed the longer he stared at it, the longer it took. The stranger usually called by now, yet it was getting late and still no call came.

He tried to stroke himself to life, but without the help of the soothing voice, it seemed almost impossible. Joe reached for the magazines under his bed and looked at the naked women, trying to get a rise out of his cock, but even the sleaziest picture didn’t work. It wasn’t until he turned the page when he felt himself twitch in his red boxers.

He stared at the hard body in the picture standing behind the kneeling woman.

The man was glistening with oil and had one hand over a gorgeous, engorged cock and the other cupping his sac. Joe knew by the way the man's shoulders curved forward that he was stroking himself in the picture. He watched his cock pop free from the constricting underwear as he moved the fabric from his thigh. He had never felt so hard in his life and had no idea why tonight was different.

His thoughts went to Kyle and he immediately knew why he was suddenly so hard. What was it about this man that drove him crazy? Could it possibly be that he really wanted to be with a man? Could Kyle be the one?

What about the stranger?

The phone echoed through the darkness in the bedroom. Joe rushed into the bedroom, stubbing his toe on the leg of the bed before reaching the nightstand.

"Hello," he whispered.

"Starting early?" the familiar voice laughed in the receiver.

"You're late," Joe laughed back. "Wait, how did you know?"

"I can hear it in your voice." The man sighed. "I can hear a lot of things in your voice."

"I swear I thought I met you today. A man came in and..."

"Should I be jealous?"

"Well no, nothing happened. He just sounded a lot like you," Joe stammered.

"What are you doing right now, Joe?"

"I'm stroking myself. God, it's so fucking hard tonight," Joe sighed.

"You're going to have to face it sooner or later, Joe: you're gay, as gay as the sun is hot."

The voice soothed him and bathed him in lust. It massaged his mind in places that he didn't know existed. His hand moved up and down his lengthening shaft as he listened to the deep voice on the other end.

"Did the man turn you on today? Did he get you hard?"

"Um...will you be mad if I answer that?"

Silence.

"Well, would you?" Joe stopped stroking.

"No. It would turn me on."

Joe stroked harder and let out a slight moan. He tapped the red speakerphone button on his phone and hung up the receiver.

"Are you still there, Joe?"

"Yes."

"I thought you hung up on me for a second there." The breathing grew heavy on the other end.

"No, I put you on speaker; I needed my other hand."

"Oh, are you going to use the package I sent you?"

"Yes, I think I will." Joe took the vibrator and lathered the lotion on it.

“Be careful, Joe. Go slowly. I don’t want you hurt.”

“How can you say that? You don’t even know me.”

“I think we know each other well enough for me to worry about you.”

Joe listened to the voice and closed his eyes while he lay down on the bed. The phallus was slick and ready, yet Joe wasn’t sure he was. He gripped his sturdy cock with one hand and managed to push the tip of the vibrator inside his ass—just enough to bring a rush of pleasure to all of his senses.

“Yes, that’s it, Joe. Oh, gawd, that’s it!” the voice breathed heavy on the line.

Joe stopped and thought a moment. He glanced around the room and noticed his curtains and bedroom door were closed. His computer and camera were off as well.

“How do you know? Can you see me?”

“I can feel you, Joe. Don’t you know that by now?”

“How did you know I had the stick in me?” Joe pushed it in a little further until his tight muscle told him to stop.

“I told you, Joe, I can feel it. You’re magic, you know.”

Joe stopped and pulled the vibrator out of his ass. He stared hard at the phone in silence.

“You’re the second person to tell me this today.”

“Really?”

“What do you mean that I’m magic?” Joe stroked his cock, not wanting it to fall.

“Yes, keep doing that.”

“What am I doing?”

“You’re stroking that sweet rod of yours. How I’d love to feel it inside of me. It’s so very big.”

“How do you know?”

“I told you: I just know.”

“Can you see me?” Joe allowed the anger to build. His veins burned with pain and his head began to hurt. His cock, however, began to swell to an unbelievable length.

“I can feel you. I can see you in my head. Be careful, Joe. Don’t get so large or you will hurt yourself.”

“What’s happening to me?” Joe watched his cock continue to grow and turn a deep purple.

“Quick! Focus on the light. Look at the light. Redirect it, Joe.”

Joe glanced quickly at the dimmed light in the closet area. Sparks flew as the light burst and the glass shattered. Joe looked down at his aching cock and watched it fall down to its normal size.

“Phew, that was close!” the voice sighed on the other end.

“How did I do that?” Joe shook his head and covered himself with his underwear.

“I told you, Joe: you’re magic. You have powers that you do not understand—someone needs to show you.”

“Will you show me?”

“Maybe, but you need to be ready. Remember how I told you not to throw away the box that your new toy came in?”

“Yes.”

“There was a good reason, Joe. In the bottom of the box is a map. I didn’t want you to see the map yet because you’re not ready, but you need to know.”

“Need to know what?” Joe asked as he took the box from the dresser and began to look under the thin piece of cardboard.

“You need to know who you really are, who your parents are. There is a presence out to steal your powers, one that you have already met. He is out to seduce you and learn about your magic.”

“Kyle,” Joe whispered.

“Who?”

“A man at work today. He was concerned about who I was and he knew things about me.”

“Yes...Kyle. So that is his name...” the stranger mused.

“You didn’t know?” Joe suddenly felt betrayed.

“I knew of him. That thieving little bastard.”

“Why? What did he steal?” Joe asked as he pulled a piece of paper from the box. He stared at the paper for a moment until he realized what it was. The paper was obviously old: a little yellowing at the corners and hand drawn. It was a map of the creek at Goat Rock by the ocean.

“He stole your heart, dear Joe. Ah yes, finally. Thank you for letting me see that map, dear boy.”

“What?” Joe crumpled the paper in his hand.

“Did you think I did all this for fun? Getting you off every night? I did it for me, you bumbling fool.”

“But I thought...you...”

“You thought wrong, dear Joe. Thank you for the phony fucks. I can read your mind, but I can’t see through that box that dear Kyle sent you. Now let me see that map again; I didn’t see all of it.”

“Kyle? Huh?” Joe stammered and thought about the man in the store.

“You fool! I wanted you to go with me but you’re obviously smitten with him. I saw enough of the map to get me there. Magic will lead the rest,” the stranger scoffed as he hung up the phone.

* * * *

Joe tossed and turned all night long. When he had enough of his restless sleep, he cleaned up the broken glass with an old broom. It took a raw potato to pull the broken light bulb out of the socket. He had just stepped in the corner of the closet to grab a new light from the shelf when a pain stabbed through his foot. He fell to the floor. Blood flowed down his toe to his heel. Slowly, he pulled the glass from his skin and squeezed the wound shut for a moment. The blood was still oozing from the surface as he stood and limped to the bathroom. With a damp rag, soap, and the water from the sink, he washed the cut then bandaged it. It hurt, but he knew he couldn't be late for work.

When he arrived, Kyle was waiting for him at the counter. Joe slinked by his suitor and then limped to the back of the counter.

"Have you been helped yet?" Joe looked down at the wood, not able to bring himself to look at Kyle.

"No. I wanted to wait for you. What happened to your foot?"

"I got angry."

"Did you kick a door?" Kyle laughed.

"No, I broke a light bulb."

"Ah, magic at its best. Let me help you."

"How?" Joe shifted his weight to his left foot. The right foot was beginning to throb like mad.

"In the bathroom."

"Yeah, right. After the shit I went through last night, I'm not going in anywhere with anyone."

"What do you mean, Joe?"

"I mean that I was mentally raped by someone that might as well have been you!"

"Look, Joe, I don't know what happened to you, but I sure as hell would never hurt you. Come on in the bathroom and I'll help you out."

"Mr. Hill, I'll be back in a bit," Joe reluctantly called out to his boss as he limped to the bathroom behind Kyle.

"Yeah, okay," his boss responded.

"Sit on the counter," Kyle commanded as he pulled out a piece of cloth from his jacket.

Joe obeyed and leaned back against the mirror. He let Kyle remove his tennis shoe as he watched the man's intense features. He was gorgeous in all meanings of the word. His soft, black hair was wavy at the ends and fell loosely around his stern face. His chin was strong and square, almost like one of those cartoon characters on Saturday morning television.

A small pain stabbed his toe as Kyle removed the bandage. "Ow, be careful!" "Shhh...I'll have this fixed in no time." Kyle rubbed the soft cloth around the toe.

Soon, the pain subsided. Joe looked down at his foot and noticed the cut had completely healed. "What the hell?"

"Magic, dear Joe. You have it in you, too." Kyle pushed a lock of Joe's hair from his face and stared deeply into his eyes.

"You're the one!" Joe gasped.

"Who?" Kyle laughed.

"The one who sent the box. I thought it was that guy who called me, but it was you."

Kyle caught Joe's lips with his own and grasped the back of his head. He moved Joe's legs apart and pressed against his body. Joe felt the heat from Kyle's crotch invade his own through the thick jeans and his cock immediately responded.

"Quick, lock the door," Joe rasped.

Kyle looked at the door and it locked on its own.

"How did you do that?"

"You can do it, too. I will teach you in time should you choose to learn."

Kyle captured Joe's lips again and kissed him with more force. Their tongues tangled and twisted while their groins pressed hard together. Kyle fumbled with the apron tied around Joe until finally he gave up and pulled the cloth over his head. He unbuttoned Joe's light blue shirt and slid his hands inside. Joe gasped as he felt Kyle's smooth hands around his waist then press firmly against his chest. He groaned when Kyle's fingers pinched at his hardened nipples.

"Should I stop?" Kyle managed to say between quick gasps.

"No, please don't." Joe pressed his hand between their bodies and found Kyle's rock-hard cock. With an unknown skill, he fumbled one-handedly with the zipper of Kyle's suit pants, letting them fall to the ground. Through the cloth of Kyle's red, silk boxers, Joe grasped Kyle's cock and squeezed as he would his own.

"Oh, Joe, you don't know how long I've waited for this."

"Nor you, I." Joe cried out as he began to stroke his suitor.

Kyle unzipped Joe's jeans then pulled them, along with the tight, white underwear, down and off his legs. He gazed at Joe's hard length and then at Joe's begging eyes. He groaned when Joe tightened his grip around his shaft when he bent over to take Joe in his mouth.

Joe's manhood jerked as Kyle's soft lips covered the smooth tip. He rested the back of his head against the mirror and pulled his legs up on the counter. Kyle grasped Joe's cock with one hand and cupped his hand around Joe's sac with the other.

He released Joe from his mouth with a little pop and laughed, "Is this what they

mean by a cup of Joe?” He smiled up at Joe as he squeezed his sac once again.

Joe watched a bit of pre-cum escape from the tip of his cock and sighed. Kyle licked his lips and put his mouth around Joe’s shaft once again while grabbing a tube of lotion from his jeans. With a middle finger lathered in lotion, Kyle slowly slipped it inside of Joe’s ass. Joe squeezed his cheeks together and grunted as the pressure of the long finger pushed against his walls. He almost came when Kyle’s finger touched his prostate and his thumb massaged it from the outside.

“FUCK!” Joe cried as he tried to pump inside of Kyle’s mouth.

Streams of cum jetted from Joe’s cock into its warm captor. Kyle moaned while his mouth filled with Joe’s juices. His cock begged for release and pointed right at Joe while Kyle took all of him between his lips.

Joe reached down and squeezed Kyle’s cock. “Take me,” he moaned. “Fuck me now. Please, oh God, please!”

Kyle lifted his head and audibly swallowed. Carefully, he laid Joe’s cock down against his stomach and squeezed some lotion into the palm of his hand. Slowly, he worked the lotion around Joe’s pucker with his fingers until he slid two inside.

“More,” Joe whimpered.

“Yes.” Kyle groaned and slipped a third finger inside. He worked Joe’s ass until it was smooth and elastic enough to take him.

“If this hurts, please tell me; I don’t want to hurt you.” Kyle slowly pushed the head of his cock inside Joe.

At first, Joe tensed, but when the sharp pain turned into equal pleasure, he welcomed more. Kyle pushed deeper as he stared into Joe’s eyes. It was then that Joe knew what he was. The question of his existence disappeared as the past one hundred years of his life came into play in his mind. Kyle smiled as the images flooded Joe’s soul.

“I am an elf?” Joe laughed at the thought. “I though elves were tiny little guys.”

“Those are pretend elves, silly. You’re a real, magical elf. You’re my lover from days gone by. When you died from the bite of a diseased wolf, I thought I lost you forever.” Kyle pumped harder.

“I remember now. I was attacked by a wolf in The Forest of Elders and left to die by Marcus. That man...Marcus. That man who tried to steal the map was Marcus!”

Kyle pushed his arms under Joe’s underarms and wrapped them up and around his shoulders. He stood on his toes and pushed harder and deeper until Joe’s cock began to rise. The couple pressed their upper bodies closer together until Joe’s cock ached at the pressure and friction upon it. The rocking motion and slick stickiness of sweat made him feel like he was embedded deep inside of Kyle.

“I’m coming, Joe!” Kyle cried in pleasure.

“So am I.” Joe felt his cum release between their bodies as Joe filled him deep inside.

Kyle started to move backwards to release his cock from Joe’s sheath, but Joe stopped him. “Wait, I want to feel you for a moment. I don’t ever want you to stop.”

“We must stop him, Joe. We can’t let him find Elf Rock Bay. He will expose us and kill all of us.”

“Then let’s get him!” Joe pushed Kyle aside and began to wash the stickiness from his body.

“I love you, Joe,” Kyle said as he cleaned himself.

“Likewise,” Joe winked at Kyle.

* * * *

The men drove for two hours across the rocky cliffs of the Pacific Ocean until they reached the northern beach of what the Californians called Goat Rock. The Elves knew better for it was their home. They jumped out of the car and waded in the water toward the rock.

“Can we make it? This surf is pretty cold and deep.” Joe looked around nervously.

“Warm your body with thoughts; think about nothing else but warmth. You’ll survive the cold and beat the undertow.”

Joe followed Kyle’s instruction and before he knew it, they were at the rock. The ocean water lashed against their hips and Joe suddenly realized how cold the water really was.

“Follow me,” Kyle said as he motioned toward the rock.

“There’s no door!” Joe yelled, afraid the winds would muffle his words. He watched as Kyle’s hand melded into the rock and Kyle disappeared. Frightened, Joe looked around and began to wonder if he could really do it.

“It’s okay, Joe. You can do it. Follow me and think of doing nothing else but entering our land.”

Joe filled himself with thoughts of his home and pushed inside the wall. Suddenly, all around him was a land of lush green grass and, unlike the dark, dreary fog of the Northern Pacific Coastline, a beautiful blue sky.

“Wow,” he sighed. “It’s like no other place.”

“Yes! All the more reason why we should hurry. Quick! I see him.” Kyle grabbed Joe’s hand and they ran toward a man in a long, black cape.

The man turned and his red, piercing eyes burned inside Joe’s head like lasers. “Kyle, it hurts!”

“Block it out, Joe!” Kyle screamed.

Joe closed his mind to the stranger and began to run faster.

“Ah, little Joe,” the stranger called in a mesmerizing voice. “How many times did you get off for me? How many times did I for you? Did you learn something about yourself?”

Joe ignored the man who had tricked him. He thought about Kyle and the love Kyle showed him. He now felt his power take over his body and with his hands stretched out in front of him, he let out two green pulses of energy that hit the stranger and knocked him to the ground.

“You!” The stranger mocked him and stood again. “I own you; your body is mine.”

“You can’t claim him, Marcus. His love is mine.” Kyle screamed.

“Fool! How young you are, Kyle. He gave me his powers the moment he gave himself to me over that human telephone.” Marcus shook his head and lowered his hood. His long, black hair billowed from the back of the cape. His whole essence was evil, and Joe felt the pull of his life force through the man’s outstretched hands.

“Joe, fight it!” Kyle yelled and sent pulses of light toward Marcus.

Joe began to fight alongside Kyle. With their powers combined, the men built a force field around Marcus. A great wall formed in a translucent green shine around the evil man. He pounded at the walls and screamed in pain as his hands caught fire from the energy.

“You forgot that giving oneself includes love, Marcus. Joe loves me and he gave his love to me. We are one.” Kyle laughed and pushed the circle tighter around Marcus until Marcus’s body burst into flames. The ashes streamed up through the vortex and into the sky.

“We’re all safe now.” Kyle hugged Joe and fell to the ground, exhausted. “We have a lot to catch up on.”

“I guess so,” Joe laughed and sat down next to his new lover.

* * * *

Joe packed all his belongings and, with the exception of the keepsakes from his beloved adopted parents, gave everything to charity. After the trucks left with the donation, he waited for Kyle.

“One last time in my home?” he looked at Kyle with begging eyes.

Kyle laughed and nodded, “Yes, but this time I receive and you take.”

Soon, their clothes were in piles on the floor and Joe had lotion creamed all over his fingers. He layered the lotion around Kyle’s rosette and pushed his fingers inside. Kyle groaned as Joe rubbed his finger around the tight hole and stretched it out.

“I’m ready.” Kyle cried out.

Joe moved in and stretched his body over Kyle’s. He pushed his cock slowly inside until he filled him fully. Kyle moaned as his cock twitched between their bodies. Joe pushed in deeper and deeper until he could go no more. Both their bodies rocked hard as they suckled one another’s tongue.

Joe loved the feeling of Kyle’s sheath around his engorged cock. The silky muscles pulled him in deeper while Kyle’s shaft thrust into his belly. It wasn’t long before both men were groaning each other’s name in pleasure.

The End

About the Author

Carly Shields

Carly Shields, also known as Ella Scopilo, lives in the mystical woodlands of Western Wisconsin with her cat and family. She loves to write using her Macintosh™ laptop under the stars or by hand during thunderstorms. You will often find Carly riding horses or enjoying a strong French Roast by the lake.

You can visit Carly online at <http://www.scopilo.com> where she actively chats with her readers and holds various contests and website fun!

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

You can write to Carly here:

Carly Shields
c/o Chippewa Publishing, LLC.
678 Dutchman Drive, Suite 3
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 54729



Chippewa Publishing

Catching Your Dreams of Fiction!

<http://www.chippewapublishing.com>