

An Anniversary Gift

A Valentine's Day story by

Jude Mason

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“*J*ax, Trev, come closer,” the Lady Ebony commanded from her place at the head of the table.

Jax glanced at Trev, the man he loved more than life, and nodded. Together, they dropped to their knees and approached the dining table where Ebony and three of her friends sat waiting. The rough stone scraped his knees and the palms of his hands, but he didn’t complain. He was dry and well-fed, he never had to deal with the acid rains, and his lover was always close to him. What more could a man ask for?

Jax stopped when he was within easy reach of their mistress and Trev moved in close beside him. Their sides touched and he smiled when he looked up at Ebony.

Her beauty amazed him, and the soft roundness of her stomach reminded him of how soon their child would be born. He’d be a father, although that meant little in the society he was in. If it was a female, she’d be raised as her mother had been; a male would be sent to the crèche and raised as a breeder.

“You’ve been here a year.” Ebony got to her feet and stood very near the two men. “I’ve decided that seeing as you’ve given me a child, you will have a full day to yourselves.”

Jax’s heart raced. It had been months since he’d been alone with Trev, and even then they’d both been under order not to climax as their lady wasn’t impregnated at the time. It had been hell and blissful at the same time. He remembered straining to please Trev, yet knowing he’d be punished if he pleased him too much. The texture of the man’s cock pressed against his lips was etched into his thoughts and he often dreamed of it.

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“You may choose which stall you go to. You have the night.” Ebony reached down and stroked them both, cupping their chins, lifting their faces so they must look into her eyes. “You are both free to climax.” She smiled, her face beaming.

“Thank you, Milady,” Jax whispered. Beside him, Trev echoed his words.

They turned and, still on all fours, crawled from the room.

Jax led the way, his lover’s nose pressed to the crack of his ass, tongue flicking across the back of his balls. His cock thickening, Jax moaned as he made his way through the corridors, finally pushing his way into the stable and into his own stall. A wet tongue flicked across his buttocks and down the length of his ass crack. Slick wetness probing his anal ring stopped him cold. He couldn’t move, or breathe, or see. All he could do was relish the sensation of the man’s tongue driving him insane with lust. Hot breath against his bottom made him shiver. The gentle pressure of a tongue entering him made him sob his need, his desire to give as much pleasure as he was getting.

“Trev. Fuck. I need...” he tried to continue, but the words faded as his climax neared. “Not yet. Fuck. Trev. Please.”

It had been so long since he’d come, he wasn’t sure he’d last more than a few more seconds. His cock pulsed, tapping against his belly, each time his heart beat. Trev knew it, he must have been in the same situation, yet he relentlessly toyed with Jax, nudging his knees wider, wedging his face more firmly between his cheeks.

“Yes, fuck me,” Jax urged, desperation making his voice gruff. He moved, swayed back and forth, clenching his anus around the diligently tormenting tongue.

Suddenly, Trev pulled away. Jax glanced over his shoulder and growled. *More, I need more*, he wanted to scream. He reached beneath himself and tugged on the

engorged length of his cock. The pre-come oozed over his fist, easing the stroke.

Trev straightened up behind him, his erection dribbling its clear nectar, a long ribbon of it oozed down the crack of Jax's ass. Trev winked and grinned, his own cock held firmly in hand. "You want this? You want me to fuck you now?" He looked down at his hand, drawing Jax's attention to his fingers slowly sliding up and down his shaft. "Course, I could just keep this up, until I come all over your ass. I love seeing you bent over like this. Your ass open, your eyes pleading."

"If you don't fuck me soon, I'll come without you," Jax growled.

Trev leaned to the side and saw what Jax was doing. "Take your hand away. I know you're going nuts, but I want to make you come."

Forcing his hand away, Jax, again on all fours, lowered his shoulders to the floor and raised his ass, hoping to encourage Trev to fuck him. Spreading his knees, he clenched his ass, feeling his hole open and close, as if beckoning his lover to use him.

The silent, lewd message worked and in a flash, Trev shuffled closer, the soft head of his cock pressing against Jax's anus.

"Yes, do it," Jax urged and pushed his bottom back. "You know you want to. Think about how hot it is inside my ass. How much you love it when I clench and hold you tight inside me. Come on, grab my hips and ram it in. You know you want it."

"Yeah, fuck," Trev whispered in a gruff voice. He rubbed the pre-cum slick head of his cock around Jax's opening, spreading the moisture around and inside. He spat, and Jax felt the cool saliva slithering down his ass crack.

Trev eased his cock in, stretching the outer ring of muscle just enough for the head to pop in. Before the pain took hold, he backed out and spat again, the globule a direct hit on Jax's widespread anus. Again,

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Trev pushed in, gently, determinedly, the depth of his cock head and perhaps a little more. He grabbed Jax by the hips and held him tightly in place. Then he rammed ahead, slamming his belly into Jax's ass, his cock deep into his rectum.

A rush of air exploded from deep inside Jax. There was no pain, just an amazing euphoria as Trev's cock rubbed against his prostate. Buried deep, balls pressed against balls, Trev ground himself against Jax until he couldn't hold on any longer. Withdrawing, he stopped for the length of a single breath before slamming ahead, filling Jax one more time. He pulled out almost immediately, but drove ahead again as soon as his cock head kissed the outer rim of Jax's hole.

The rhythm came quickly, practice and lust a good teacher. Trev read him expertly, and slowed when Jax's gasping foretold an impending release. Time stood still, yet his heart raced. His cock expanded and his ball sac shriveled as his testicles rose high, his climax a breath away. Sweat poured off him. He gasped and sobbed. Vision blurred as the cock buried deep in his ass swelled, and a shot of heat blasted into him.

"Yes, fuck yes," yelled Trev, whose fingers had grown painfully tight. He backed out and drove in hard again, sending another stream of cum deep into Jax.

His own climax hit, come splattering the straw beneath him as his cock pulsed and slapped against the sweat slick skin of his own belly. With short sharp jabs, Trev completed his own release and then lay across Jax's back.

Gasping, ready to collapse, Jax said, "Gotta lay down. Damn! Trev, hang on, lover, I'm done here." He let himself down carefully, not wanting to lose his lover's cock still held deep inside his ass. He turned his head and looked into Trev's eyes. "I love you." He pressed his lips to the tip of his sexy stud's nose.

"I love you, too." He smiled and tightened his abdominal muscles, making his cock pulse.

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Grinning, Jax clenched tight, squeezing Trev's shaft. "Think if I keep at it, I can get you hard again?"

"I bet you could, but how about we find somewhere a little softer, a little easier on the knees?"

"Good idea. But, you'll have to pull out, just for a few minutes."

Easing out of Jax, Trev sat back on his heels. "All night. She must be feeling very good."

"She knows we care for each other. She also knows a happy stud is one who will please her better."

Jax crawled into his stall and pushed the pile of straw together and spread his blanket out on top. "You want to get your blanket, too? I have a feeling we're going to be here for awhile."

A huge grin splitting his face, Trev nodded and then rushed for his stall. A moment later, he was back and his cock was beginning to rise.

About the Author

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

If you'd like to keep up to date on what she's up to, visit her website at www.my-haven2001.com. To join her mailing list, please send an email to jude.mason@yahoo.ca.