

A shirtless man is shown from the waist up, standing in a gym. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. His right hand is placed over his left chest. The background is a blurred gym setting with various pieces of equipment. The lighting is warm, highlighting the man's physique. The text 'RICK R. REED' is overlaid in the top right corner, and 'POTTERY PETER' is overlaid at the bottom.

**RICK R.
REED**

**POTTERY
PETER**

POTTERY PETER

...I was wrong about Dale. It took until the end of the summer to find out. I was almost ready for my last day of work and the beginning of the fall semester when I caught Dale.

Caught him beating off.

It was one of the few times, I guess, when it was unavoidable for us both to be in the basement at the same time. But I had no idea what a scene I would run across! For a while, I watched silently from behind a stack of molds. I knew his cock was big, but I never imagined how big. Erect, it almost seemed to be touching his chest. Rising from a mass of pale pubic curls, the rosy plum of its tip oozed pre-cum. Dale had slicked his hand with spit and was running it up and down the shaft, then quickly over the knob of its head.

Quietly, I took out my own cock and began pumping it. I closed my eyes, imagining the taste of Dale's pre-cum, the slight gagging sensation as the head of his dick nudged the back of my throat. I guess I got a little dizzy, because the next thing I knew the stack of molds I was standing behind toppled over. There was a crash, a lot of white dust and several of the molds broke.

I was left staring at Dale with my dick throbbing in my hand. For sure, I thought, this is it for me, imminent death. I grinned anyway, sure I was in for a good left hook to my face.

But he grinned back at me. "College boy, I never had you figured right. I thought you were Kevin's boy. We missed a helluva lot of fuckin' this summer..."

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VGL Male Seeks Same

POTTERY PETER

BY

RICK R. REED

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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POTTERY PETER
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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ISBN 978-1-60272-535-5
Cover Art © 2009 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: Elemental Alchemy

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

For Mr. Hall

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You want to talk hot, talk a pottery in August. We're not talking some artsy-shitsy place where housewives spin lopsided ashtrays on pottery wheels. We're talking a big fucking factory. One where they make dishes, pitchers, decanters, and shit like that for hotels and restaurants. We're talking sweaty men, dressed in sleeveless T-shirts, biceps glistening and bulging as they hoist heavy molds and liquid clay.

I remember that place so well: Wall China, back in 1979. A long red brick building that solidly presided over a small western Pennsylvania town, Wall China was my introduction to the world of industrial potteries. To the west, steel mills belched smoke into the yellow sky; to the south, the Ohio River curved. But the pottery seemed unaware of other industries or natural wonders. It was

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almost a world unto itself. Enter Wall China and the place was redolent with the smell of clay, its dust heavy in the air, motes of it floating in the light.

The air was always thick with clay dust, cigarette smoke, and profanity. Men and women talked among themselves as they dipped, waxed, and formed pitchers, platters, plates, cups, saucers, and more. They had to shout to be heard over machinery like the mechanical jiggers and the blast of a kiln that was as long as a city block. My ears would redden and my dick would stiffen in my jeans when I heard things like, “I got nine inches and when I put it in her, she screamed.” I couldn’t help myself; when I heard something like that I could never fail to keep my gaze away from the worn denim stretched across the round bulge between the speaker’s legs.

I was between my freshman and sophomore years of college. I needed money to pay the outrageous cost of another school year; my parents’ savings were nearly tapped out. I was lucky to get hired on at the pottery, where the work was tough, but the money was good. Three months at Wall China would cover at least my room and board, with maybe even a little left over for spending money.

I was a skinny kid and remember how scared I was on my first day. I didn’t have much to say, but my grin was always quick to show I was one of the team. I was nearly six feet, but weighed only around a hundred and forty pounds. Gangly, my mom called me. I had black hair from my Irish heritage that was poker straight and always falling down over my eyes, which were pale blue like ice and framed with embarrassingly long lashes that any girl my age would have killed for. Those same girls would have also killed for my peaches and cream complexion that somehow had missed the

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acne curse of many of my brethren. That summer, I shaved only intermittently, letting my black five o'clock shadow flourish around the clock, so that I might at least give some illusion of toughness. I didn't want the other guys—seasoned, hard-nosed, hard-working veterans of the factory—to make fun of me. I could already hear the college boy disdain before I even approached the time clock to punch in on that first day.

But I soon found out that my job at the pottery was one that promised to be a crash course in body building, a perk I hadn't realized I'd take away from the job and one which I wasn't adverse to in the least.

As the weeks passed, I was happy to see that promise being fulfilled, as my chest filled out and my upper arms developed definition and size. My particular job that summer was working with the casters, men mostly, who actually crafted pottery, using liquid clay called slip that they pumped through hoses suspended from the ceiling. The casters would fill their heavy white molds with slip and a few hours later, a piece of pottery would emerge. The molds themselves were heavy, heavier, and heaviest, depending on what the target piece of pottery was...a mold for a big urn, for example, could weigh close to a hundred pounds.

The casters had assistants to set up their molds for each job and that was where I came in. Every morning, I would get a list of molds and the casters they went to for that day. I would spend most mornings in the pottery's cavernous basement, gathering the molds I would need on a cart. I liked the alone time and the relative quiet of the basement. I also liked thinking about all the other young muscled men who had gone before me in this job, down here in the privacy of the basement. Who knew what a couple of them could have gotten up to?

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It seemed like back in those days, I was always fantasizing about sex. Sex with men, hot, well-built, dominant.

And in those days, I was always hoping there were no mind readers in the near vicinity. If you think being gay is a struggle today, it was much more of one back in 1979, at least for a small town boy like me.

I was lucky I got to spend most of my days in the basement of the pottery, where it was cool. What with the heat of a western Pennsylvania summer (sticky and tropical, if you can believe it) outside and things like a giant kiln inside, Wall China was like an oven most days that summer, so the basement was a welcome break. Down there, they stacked molds for different pieces of pottery in numerical order. I would descend using a rickety freight elevator with a list firmly in hand and fill a cart with various jobs I needed for that day. By August, my biceps had doubled in size and I was easily able to lift things that had been unbearable and grunt-inducing at the beginning of the summer.

The basement was where I met Dale, the other “delivery boy.” Immediately, I had the perception that Dale was no college kid out to make money for school. He seemed too rough around the edges to even imagine him in some collegiate setting, with ivy-choked towers and tweed-coated professors in the background. No, the pottery was Dale’s life.

I learned that he was nineteen. His shoulder-length blond hair was kind of angelic, but the cragginess of his features—strong nose, a face that was all smooth planes and nearly squared off corners—and his “Def Leppard” tattoo told another story, and not one that had anything to do with angels. His everyday uniform consisted of ripped T-shirts, tight jeans, and Converse high tops. He had broken his nose at one point, and somehow, the accident

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didn't detract from his handsomeness; it made him look only meaner and more masculine, something that was very pleasing to my eyes.

There was nothing angelic about his body, either. Well, maybe a more queenly sort might call it heavenly or divine. Six-two, Dale was packed almost head to toe with hard muscle. His chest and shoulders were broad and smooth, narrowing down to what must have been a twenty-nine inch waist.

I remember watching—well, maybe *staring* would be a more honest word—Dale lift the heavy molds onto his cart, as his glistening biceps bunched and extended, the muscles along his back rippling with each movement. My jeans would start getting tight in the crotch and I would turn my back, busying myself with loading my own cart. From the look of things, it was plain that Dale never wore underwear. Underneath his threadbare jeans was a long snake of a cock that hung down half the length of one thigh: I could even make out the ridge of its head through the denim. It was hard not to stare, slack jawed, at the treasure Dale seemed to have no idea he was putting on display.

For several of those early weeks, I was so mesmerized by Dale that I never got up even a smidgen of courage to speak to him. I was rendered totally thoughtless by his presence. The manly, hard quality he exuded with every movement held me at bay, tying my tongue up and filling my head with things I could do with that same tongue once I got it untied. I suppose you might say I worshipped Dale and thought he'd only scoff at me if I ever dared take the initiative and actually speak to him. I mean, come on, I was an English major! Dale had probably never even read any of the books I did in my first semester of Freshman Lit. What would the two of us ever find to discuss?

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Although it's painfully obvious, I'll say it anyway: I wanted Dale. You might think from the description above that I was firmly in the closet and that word so hated by boys of my age, straight, bi, or gay: a *virgin*.

Even though my freshman year had offered me my first taste of cock in the basement of Hull Library, I remained reluctantly chaste. But note that I did say "offered." It's an important distinction because I ran from the men's room, heart pounding and sweating with fear.

I can still recall how I stumbled into that notoriously cruisy basement john, completely unaware of the kind of things that went on there. My face heated up as I thought back to the crude words and drawings that crowded the marble partitions between the stalls. One day I was staring at a giant, spurting dick drawn in red Magic Marker and looking, open-mouthed, at all the come-ons for both oral and anal sex advertised freely on the walls, when a pair of lean, muscled thighs slipped between our stalls, the thick uncircumcised cock rising up from between them, its head purple and glistening with pre-cum. It was enough to jettison me from the toilet, dashing out of the men's room and barely taking the time to pull up my corduroys.

I've regretted that day ever since, using that memory for meat-beating fodder. I wondered when I'd get another chance to wrap my virgin lips around a piece of man-muscle.

Maybe with Dale?

Hah! If ever anyone looked up "straight guy" in the dictionary, they'd probably find a picture of Dale. If he had any idea of the kinds of things I imagined us doing when I sat outside on a break, or alone in my room at home, I'm sure he would have punched my lights out. Dale did not seem the type to suffer homosexuals

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gladly. I imagined Dale's weekends were filled with downing sixers of Iron City beer, smoking pot, and bagging as many chicks as he could get his hands on. And looking the way Dale looked, I imagined that not too many girls would mind having his hands on them. I could tell from the condescending way he looked at me that he knew I was nothing but a college kid and he wouldn't even want me for a friend.

Who knows? I thought early into the summer, maybe he senses I'm gay.

I was wrong about Dale, though. But it took two months to find out. And in the course of that humid summer and its white-hot days, Dale *did* find out about me...

* * *

My boss, Kevin McPheran, was a big Irish guy. He had a laugh that was huge. People all over the pottery would grin when they heard that booming laugh, knowing it was coming from Kevin. He must have stood around five-eight or -nine, but his shoulders were massive, wide and pumped up with muscle that he liked to show off. He had a shock of red hair, green eyes, and a thick red beard. His chest and back were covered with thick corkscrews of scarlet hair.

Although he was the boss and usually showed up in the mornings wearing a shirt and tie, both usually ended up on the back of his chair by nine a.m. When I remember Kevin, I remember him wearing a ribbed sleeveless T-shirt that showed off his muscles to good advantage. I would imagine those tufts of red hair disappearing into the green army fatigues he typically wore. And I would imagine what the stiff olive drab fabric hid.

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See, one-track mind. It's a wonder I got any work at all done that summer.

Kevin had a big basket and one morning when he was giving me an assignment for the day he caught me looking at it. He stopped talking, put his hand on his thigh and looked into my eyes.

I felt burning heat rise to my cheeks. Kevin appraised me coolly, a grin playing about his lips. Had he caught my stare and obvious interest? Was he about to tell me that they didn't need any of "my kind" around the pottery? I just wanted to back out of his tiny office and head for the nearest exit. Jesus, why couldn't I keep my mind off sex for a few hours a day?

"What you lookin' at, Josh?" He grinned more broadly and I couldn't tell if it was malicious or genuine. His green-eyed gaze met mine.

I fidgeted, shifting my weight from one foot to the other, hoping I was just being paranoid. "Nothing. Could we finish up here so I can get started?" I looked anywhere but at Kevin.

"Get started doin' what, Josh?"

Kevin's grin broadened into a smile and he reached down to grasp himself, outlining his cock with his fingers. Maybe things weren't going so badly after all. I looked back down and could tell from the way the dick strained against the green fabric that it was hard. Could this really be happening?

Nervously, I glanced behind me and out of Kevin's office door, almost expecting a group of the casters gathered round, ready to laugh and jeer at the new queer college boy who had had the nerve to come and work with them.

But it was business as usual on the pottery floor. Nervously, I flicked my gaze back at my boss. What was going on? This guy was married with five kids, coached football. Maybe he was testing

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me, maybe he'd suspected all along and he'd...

And then he did something that made me suck in my breath. I felt his hand on my thigh, moving up toward my cock.

I instantly got hard, feeling my face flush even more than it already had. I moved toward him, letting his hand stroke the erection flattened against my stomach.

Kevin paused, his playful grin now broadening beneath his red beard. He winked at me, walked to his office door, shut it, and drew the blinds.

Kevin returned to me and replaced his hand on my crotch, alternately gripping and squeezing the rock hard cock beneath my jeans, then stroking it up and down. I feared coming in my pants, but there was no way I could stop him.

"That blush on your face sure looks pretty, Josh. Come here."

He stood and gathered me up in his massive arms, crushing me against his chest. He reached up to run his fingers through my hair and then moved the same hand down to squeeze my ass. His mouth—even early in the morning—tasting of cigarettes and beer, covered mine. His tongue snaked into my mouth, dueling with my own tongue and exploring the roof of my mouth. His beard was rough against my skin.

I was growing more and more afraid I would come in my pants. I moaned as his tongue moved to my ears, my neck. He bit gently on my ear lobes, licked inside my ears. Shivers were coursing through my body and I bucked uncontrollably against him. It was a good thing he had such a tight grip on me, otherwise, I might have dissolved into a puddle on the floor.

He pulled my shirt over my head and licked, then bit, my nipples. The pain brought tears to my eyes, but I wouldn't have stopped him for anything. He moved his mouth up to my pits,

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breathing in the scent, and then licking until the hairs were wet.

“Let’s see what you got, Josh.”

He unbuttoned my fly and with one swift motion, pushed my jeans below my knees.

Kevin shook his head. “That sure is pretty,” he said, getting a firm grip on my throbbing cock.

I closed my eyes as I felt my dick slip into his hot mouth, those Irish lips surrounded with beard hair. “Mmmmmm,” he moaned, his head bobbing up and down on my cock.

He stopped, squeezing near the base, just as my dick started twitching, ready to explode. He looked up at me.

“Not yet. You’ve been a very bad boy. Good boys keep that nasty thing in their pants.” Kevin pulled down his fatigues and sat back in his desk chair. “You know what bad boys get when they don’t behave?”

I wanted so much to reach down and stroke myself off, but instead I said, “What?”

“They get a good, hard spankin’, that’s what they get. Come here.”

I looked at Kevin’s short but very fat cock, rising out of a thick mat of bright red pubic hair. I didn’t even know where the urge came from, but I wanted to sit on it.

Instead, he turned me over on his knee. “Bad fuckin’ boy,” Kevin said as he slapped the cheeks of my ass. “Bad, bad, bad,” over and over until my ass stung and my dick dripped pre-cum on the floor.

“Suck my dick,” Kevin grunted and pushed me to the floor between his spread thighs.

I looked at his cock just before I went down. I’d never seen a dick so hard, practically ready to explode, the skin stretched taut,

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exposing every vein. A drop of clear liquid was poised at its tip, ready to roll down the veined shaft with any movement. I took a deep breath, grabbing his cock and staring at it. Then, I swallowed it all the way down to his balls, feeling my eyes tear. I almost gagged, but reminded myself to breathe and just relax and savor the sensation of his fat cock resting against the back of my throat.

Was this really happening? Or would I awaken in my twin bed at home, my white briefs stained with goo?

No, this was real.

Kevin grunted once, placed his hands on the back of my head to hold it there, and pumped my mouth relentlessly, drawing himself almost fully out, then plunging back in, forcing me to swallow him down to the root. I was surprised that I could take it so well and had a fleeting thought of Kevin assuming that I was surely no virgin. I think just the fact that I had been starving for so long for this meal made any inhibitions or uneasiness about what I was doing vanish.

I gobbled him, my spit leaking out of my mouth to cover his shaft and balls. I could hear his breath quickening and his balls drawing up closer to his body. I shut my eyes, wanting whatever he would give me, burying my face in the fiery curls of his bush. He grunted and pumped my mouth full of hot cum. I could barely breathe—let alone swallow—as his cock spit out what seemed like an unending load. Oh my God, I thought—greedily gulping down his cream and savoring its starchy taste—this is what I’ve always wanted.

Suddenly the door swung open. I felt a rush of air on my naked flanks.

“Can’t you knock? Get the fuck outta here!” Kevin shouted. He almost tipped over in his desk chair, desperately trying to right

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himself. He knocked a stack of orders on to the floor.

I turned and saw Dale's retreating figure. I scrambled, like Kevin, to pull up my pants and get myself to a standing position. I watched Dale walking briskly away from the office, his blond hair swinging behind him. I thought how remarkable it was to go from the heights of ecstasy to the pits of despair in a matter of seconds, all prompted by bad timing and the opening of a closed door.

After that day, Dale avoided me, making sure he was never in the basement when I was. If he saw me in the break room, he would leave. If our eyes met, he smirked. And in spite of myself, I felt a blush rise to my cheeks. I wished he would just call me a fag and get it over with.

But as I said, I was wrong about Dale. It took until the end of the summer to find out. I was almost ready for my last day of work and the beginning of the fall semester when I caught Dale.

Caught him beating off.

It was one of the few times, I guess, when it was unavoidable for us both to be in the basement at the same time. But I had no idea what a scene I would run across! For a while, I watched silently from behind a stack of molds. I knew his cock was big, but I never imagined how big. Erect, it almost seemed to be touching his chest. Rising from a mass of pale pubic curls, the rosy plum of its tip oozed pre-cum. Dale had slicked his hand with spit and was running it up and down the shaft, then quickly over the knob of its head.

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crash, a lot of white dust and several of the molds broke.

I was left staring at Dale with my dick throbbing in my hand. For sure, I thought, this is it for me, imminent death. I grinned anyway, sure I was in for a good left hook to my face.

But he grinned back at me. "College boy, I never had you figured right. I thought you were Kevin's boy. We missed a helluva lot of fuckin' this summer." His voice was raspy, already scarred by too many cigarettes.

"You serious?" My voice cracked; he could have been teasing me.

"No." He stood, his long, fat pole jutting out like a club. "*This* is serious. And it needs some serious suckin'."

I closed my eyes, feeling my own dick twitch in anticipation. I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth, forcing him to come to me. Jeans around his ankles, he waddled to me, holding the blood-engorged cock level with my mouth.

Once again, I closed my eyes, this time when he shoved it in...all the way. No priming, no licking, just nine inches of hot, pulsing man-meat snaking all the way down my throat. I held my breath, felt my eyes water, but I didn't choke. Slowly, lubricating his dick, I slid my mouth back up to the tip, swirled my tongue around it and scooped some pre-cum out of the piss slit...and then went back down. My nose was buried in the matte of curly, light brown hair, taking in the smell of his sweat, his manliness. I grabbed his ass cheeks and bobbed my head up and down, up and down. I lowered my head all the way to the base of his shaft and paused there while my middle finger found the warm, pulsing bud of his asshole. Slowly, I slid my finger in through the ring of hot muscle. It felt like Dale's asshole was gobbling every inch of my finger.

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“Damn, college boy, you know how to make it good.”

Dale wiggled his ass, swallowing my finger down to its base. I resumed bobbing up and down, slicking his hot dick with my spit, which was now dribbling out of the corners of my mouth. I felt Dale’s hand on the back of my head, stroking my hair. He stopped.

“Lay down on your fuckin’ back, college boy.”

Dale got into position over my face and crammed his dick into my mouth. He started doing push-ups above me, thrusting his dick deep in my mouth, then withdrawing it all the way to the tip before forcing it back down my throat. I closed my eyes, letting him fuck my face. After a while, I looked over to watch his sweating biceps constrict, bunch and tense with each thrust.

“If I’m not careful, I’m gonna shoot down that college boy throat...and I can think of a lot better place for my scum.” He pulled his dick out of my mouth and I reached out for one final taste.

Dale threw my legs in the air and spit on my asshole. His dick was already dripping with his pre-cum and my spit. He poised the head of his dick against my sphincter, then slowly shoved in, deeper and deeper, invading that dark, dank manly hole.

“Ooooh—I believe this is cherry ass,” Dale sighed, “so...fuckin’...tight.”

With that, he gave a savage thrust that buried his tool so deep in me his balls slapped against my ass. I bit my lip, carried away by pain and pleasure. My own dick was twitching, slapping against my stomach, aching to come.

He held my calves against his shoulders while he thrust, grunting. In the air, there was the sound of our thighs slapping together with each thrust and the thud of the machinery pounding above us. He plunged all the way in, then almost all the way out,

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until I felt myself open completely. “That’s it college boy, give me your fuckin’ hole.”

I felt the cum building in my balls. I shut my eyes and bit my lip, willing it not to happen. But in seconds, without even touching myself, I felt the first hot splash of splounge on my chin, then my neck, then all over my chest.

“Yeah, that felt good, huh?” Dale ran his hand along my torso, skimming the cum with his hand. He brought it to his mouth and stopped thrusting long enough to lick it off his fingers. “Fuckin’ sweet, man,” he said and began thrusting again.

Five more minutes and his body tensed, then shuddered. I looked up at him, watching him shake almost convulsively, the tan muscles in his arms swollen, his face a mask of pleasure. I felt the first jet of his jizz shoot in my asshole, then another and another. I cried out in the still basement.

“Ooooooh—fuck, man, fuck,” Dale groaned, burying himself deeper into me.

He stopped for a moment, panting. His dick grew smaller inside me, but it still felt huge, filling me up. Tenderly, he pulled it from my ass and lay down on top of me. His tongue tasted sweet, with a distinct flavor of my own cum. I wrapped my arms around him, grinding my hips into his, tasted the salty sweat on his neck.

“You goin’ back to school, college boy, goin’ back and show ‘em what Dale taught you?”

I squeezed him tighter against me, already feeling the first stirring of another erection in both of us. Oh, how easy it was at age eighteen, to fall in love. Suddenly, the thought of going back to school held no appeal against the charms of lying in Dale’s arms. Impetuously, I said, “I’m not goin’ anywhere,” I said, fighting to catch my breath. “I can learn all I need right here.” I reached down

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and gave his cock a squeeze.

The next step I'd have to take was a hard one...asking Kevin if I could stay on, instead of going back to college. But I thought I knew just how to handle this big bear of a man and I got Dale to help me.

We waited until the final whistle blew and everyone had punched out. Both of us knew Kevin often worked late, filling out paperwork.

I dressed carefully for the meeting: a midriff Ocean Pacific T that showed off my washboard stomach and faded black cargo pants. I skipped the underwear and just wore a jock. Dale would stay outside the office until an opportune moment.

When I entered Kevin's office, he was on the phone, talking to his wife, I gathered from what I could hear.

"Yeah, honey, I know he needs braces, but he's just gonna have to wait until...what?...no, I don't think so." He motioned me to a chair in front of his desk. I sat down, spreading my legs far apart so the fabric rode up, framing my balls.

Kevin hung up. He took a long time looking at the basket I presented, his red brows furrowed in concentration. He had taken his shirt off and cracked open a beer. "Last day, right?"

"I wanted to talk to you about that." I brushed my hand across my cock and watched as his eyes followed. "I've been doing a lot of thinking and I decided I kind of like it here. Think you'd have room for me to stay?"

Kevin tore his eyes away from the rapidly expanding bulge between my legs. "I'd sure like to have the extra help, but there's no work for you here, Josh. Things slow down after the summer. I thought you understood that when I hired you."

I slowly licked my lips. "I can think of some things I could

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work on. Some real *big* things.” I knew how ridiculous the line sounded, but this was all part of the plan.

Kevin threw back his head and laughed. His deep, booming laugh filled the office. I wondered what Dale, who was waiting outside, would think. “You’re a little slut, aren’t you?”

“Damn straight.” I stood, peeled off the T and sat back down. I began twisting one of my nipples. “Couldn’t I stay? Please?”

Kevin shifted in his desk chair. I knew I was getting him hot. He had this sort of worried, but aroused, look on his face. One of his hands disappeared below the desk. He took a deep breath. “Boy, you’re begging for trouble. I’d like to give it to you...but good. But you gotta understand, I can’t give you a job just because you give good head.”

“Good? What the fuck do you mean...good? I give *great* head.”

With that, I knelt and wiggled under his desk, surfacing between his wide-spread thighs. I pulled down his zipper and took out that thick pillar of cock. With one swoop, I swallowed the whole thing, then slowly slid my head back up, swirling my tongue around it. I stopped to dive down and take each of his hairy bull balls in my mouth, sucking just hard enough to make him tense and groan. Kevin slid back in his chair so my head could bob up and down on his man muscle without it hitting the underside of his desk.

“Damn. That feels good.” He reached down and fingered my ears, ran his fingers through my hair.

I managed to squirm out of my pants and jock without missing a stroke on his cock. I could taste pre-cum flowing freely and I swallowed some. Kevin lifted his hips to meet my strokes and the whole thing was working in perfect rhythm. His breath quickened

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and I knew it wouldn't be long before he grabbed the back of my neck and made me eat all of his scum.

But I wasn't about to let that happen. I wanted him to see just how indispensable an employee I could be. I stood, dropped my pants, and kicked them into a corner. My cock jutted out and I contracted my muscles, making it bounce. "Hungry now?" I let my blue eyes delve into Kevin's green ones.

In reply, he grabbed my hips and brought me to him. My dick was engulfed in a warm, hairy hole. Kevin slurped up and down on my cock, making a lot of noise and stroking his own dick as he sucked. I threw back my head and let out a huge groan. The groan was Dale's cue.

The door swung open. Dale stood, filling its frame. He had stripped to a black jock strap and he looked huge standing there, the top of his penis jutting out of the cup. "Christ, you guys were getting me hot out there."

Kevin stopped sucking long enough to grin at him.

Dale said, "Doesn't this boss man do a lot of desk work?"

Kevin looked at him, not sure what he meant.

Dale patted the desk's worn top. "Climb on up, boss man. It'll make it easier for me to get my cock inside you."

Kevin did as he was told, quickly getting on all fours on his desk. I placed my throbbing, veined dick back in his mouth, and Dale pressed himself close to Kevin's ass, grabbing his fuckpole with one hand and aiming it at Kevin's rosebud. Kevin took his mouth off my cock long enough to gasp as Dale's big piece pierced his asshole. Then, as Dale slid it home, Kevin resumed sucking and slurping.

I watched Dale's face as he pounded into our boss's ass. He smiled at me and we leaned toward each other and tried to kiss, but

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could only meet our outstretched tongues above Kevin's back. Kevin was sweating, moving his ass back toward Dale with each thrust and not missing a beat on my cock.

Looking at Dale's perfect chest, the way the pecs moved up and down as he fucked, I felt the cum gathering in my balls. I reached out and twisted one of Dale's nipples. With my other hand, I grabbed hold of Kevin's beard.

"You want it?"

Kevin grunted in response, lowering his mouth to my pubic hair.

"Then take it," I gasped.

I closed my eyes and threw back my head as the semen jetted out of me, filling Kevin's mouth. I could feel Dale's hand on my tit, twisting my nipple as I cried out my pleasure into the empty pottery. Finally, I pulled my cock out of his mouth, hanging half-erect between my tan thighs. It was shiny with Kevin's spit and my own cum. I took his beard once more and lifted his head up to kiss him. I could taste my cum.

Dale was still plugging, ramming it in Kevin's ass, with a grunt, pushing his nine inches of meat into him as deep as it would go with each thrust. I left Kevin to go around and help my lover get off.

Kneeling behind Dale, I took one of his ivory cheeks in each hand and spread them apart. There, nestled amid a halo of brown curls was the sweetest little rosebud I had ever seen. It winked at me with each thrust. I stuck out my tongue and gently licked and tickled the ring of muscle, then wormed my tongue inside, tasting all of him.

"Uuuuuunnn," Dale groaned, quickening his thrusts. Finally, he threw back his head and howled. I knew he was spraying Kevin's

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bowels with his spunk and I quickened my licking of his asshole, thrusting my tongue deep inside as Dale came.

We all stopped for a moment. I stood and saw the day's production orders covered with Kevin's jizz. Dale was just pulling his pole out of Kevin's ass. A line of cum connected the head of his dick to the ass he had just fucked.

I looked up and saw Kevin's ass, open and spilling some of Dale's seed. I put my mouth to that just-fucked asshole and sucked out a taste of Dale's sweet nectar. Then I stood, turned, and kissed him.

Kevin took a deep breath and sat on the desk. He grinned at us both. After shaking his head in disbelief, he rose without a word and put his pants on. He sat back down in his chair.

He looked up at us, standing there naked before him. "Shit. Aren't you guys gonna get some clothes on? If the night watchman comes in here, he's gonna wonder what the fuck's goin' on."

I picked up my pants, pulled them on and slid my shirt over my head. Dale disappeared to slide into his own jeans and T. He came back in and put his arm around me. We waited.

Kevin shrugged. "What do you guys want from me?" He laughed. "Wasn't that good enough?"

"It was great," I said. "Just think how good a steady diet of it would be."

Kevin smiled and stood. He pulled me toward him, wrapped his arms around me in a bear grip and kissed me. The kiss hurt. It was hard, his tongue sliding halfway down my throat. I sucked on his tongue and looked at Dale, who was watching.

After what seemed like two or three minutes, Kevin pulled away. He held me at arm's length.

"Yup...I think you'll do." He stroked his beard and nodded.

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“Yeah, I think we can make things work out just dandy.”

I smiled, relieved. I was looking forward to coming to work as much as any man ever could. Looking forward to finishing the day with Dale’s cock in my mouth and Kevin’s stub of a love pole up my tight ass, or whatever combination we could come up with.

But I tensed at what Kevin said next. “Yes, I think you’ll do real well. Dale, I guess I just found a replacement for you. We won’t be needing your services around here anymore.”

“But...”

Kevin cut me off. “So Dale, I guess you can just get your sweet little ass back to the university where you came from.”

I looked over at Dale, realizing suddenly that he had started the job a year before I did, and realizing that next year, some other college boy would be taking *my* place.

I glanced down at the bulge in Kevin’s pants and thought, “Hell, there are worse breaks I could take from school.”

RICK R. REED

Rick R. Reed's horror/suspense fiction has been referred to as "a harrowing ride through cutting-edge psychological horror" (Douglas Clegg, author of *The Attraction*) and "brutally honest" (*Fangoria*). His most recent books include *Bashed*, about a gay hate crime and its aftermath; *IM*, a thriller about a serial killer preying on gay men through internet hook-up sites; *In the Blood*, a tragic vampire love story, and *Deadly Vision*, about a small town single mom who begins having psychic visions into a series of murders of teenage girls in her small Ohio River town; *High Risk*, a sexy thriller about a bored, promiscuous housewife who brings home a very handsome—and very psychotic—stranger; and *Orientation*, a paranormal love story about reincarnation, love, and sexual orientation. Other published work includes *A Face Without a Heart*, a modern-day version of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Published in Dell's acclaimed Abyss horror line, *Obsessed* and *Penance* together sold more than 80,000 copies. All three novels were re-released in 2006. Rick's short fiction has appeared in numerous anthologies and magazines. A collection of his short horror fiction, *Twisted: Tales of Obsession and Terror* was published in 2006. Rick lives in Seattle with his partner, Bruce, and is at work on a new novel.

You can read more about Rick and his various titles at:

<http://www.rickrreed.com>

**Don't miss *VGL Male Seeks Same*
by Rick R. Reed,
available at AmberAllure.com!**

Poor Ethan Schwartz. It seems like he will never find that special someone. At age 42, he's still alone, his bed still empty, and his 42-inch HDTV overworked. He's tried the bars and other places where gay men are supposed to find one another, but for Ethan, it never works out. He wonders if it ever will. Should he get a cat?

But all of that is about to change. At work, Ethan hears about a website that promises to deliver more than just the tawdry hook-ups associated with so many other sites. Ethan wants romance, and although he's always been a little shy about the whole cyber-dating scene, he figures he has nothing to lose.

Well, maybe he does have something to lose: his self-esteem. After he posts his profile, he gets zero responses. But Ethan realizes one thing about the cyberworld that isn't true in the real one: Online, Ethan can be anyone he wants to be.

And a new persona is born. The new Ethan is handsome (with someone else's pic) and the sudden recipient of dozens of online come-ons. What Ethan doesn't count on, however, is finding—among the propositions and the flattery—his one true love. Not just a gorgeous man, but one who suits him in almost every way.

How does Ethan turn his budding cyber love into a real one? And can he hang on to his mystery suitor without turning him off with his deception?

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