



I  
Dreams  
Delivered

Jaxx Steele

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

**Phaze**

[www.phaze.com](http://www.phaze.com)

Copyright ©2009 by Jaxx Steele

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

## **CONTENTS**

[Dreams Delivered](#)

[Dreams Delivered © 2009 by Jaxx Steele](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[About the Author](#)

\* \* \* \*

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

Published by Phaze Books

Also by Jaxx Steele

Papa Knows Best

This is an explicit and erotic novel

intended for the enjoyment  
of adult readers. Please keep  
out of the hands of children.

[www.Phaze.com](http://www.Phaze.com)

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

## **Dreams Delivered**

A homoerotic short by

JAXX STEELE

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

**Dreams Delivered © 2009 by Jaxx Steele**

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

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

A Phaze Production

Phaze Books

6470A Glenway Avenue, #109

Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

To order additional copies of this book, contact:

[books@phaze.com](mailto:books@phaze.com)

[www.Phaze.com](http://www.Phaze.com)

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

Cover art © 2009 Skyla Dawn Cameron

Edited by Stephanie Balistreri

eBook ISBN-13: 978-1-60659-018-8

First Edition—April, 2009

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Warning: the unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in prison and a fine of \$250,000.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter One

*Mitchell Donovan rearranged the bowls of chips, salsa, and dip, then added a little more ice to the bucket of beer on the table. The chips were in small cereal bowls because he knew there would be more drinking than eating, there always was. He looked at his watch and then there was a knock on the door. He smiled and moved towards it.*

"What's up, Mitch?"

"Hey, Jack, how's it going?" Mitch replied, slapping him five as he walked in. With their hands still clasped together, they knocked their shoulders together. It was what passed for a hug between men.

"You know how it is, Mitch. Same shit, different day."

"Hi, Mitch."

Mitch turned to hug the woman who entered next. "Hi, Barb. Are you keeping my brother on his best behavior?" he asked and kissed her cheek.

"It's a daily struggle, but one can only try, Mitch," she said with a chuckle.

Mitch laughed with her and looked out the door. "Where's Luke?"

"He's coming. We had to park down the way a bit. There were no spots close to the building, so he dropped us at the door."

Mitch nodded and closed the door, but before it closed all the way, it was pushed open. "Damn, dude, you were going to slam the door on me?"



"Sorry, Luke, I didn't see you coming." He slapped him five, did the shoulder thing to him, and then closed the door behind him.

"All right, everyone is here, let's get this party started!" Jack screamed from the living room.

Luke and Mitch filed into the room and joined them at the table. In front of each seat was an opened bottle of beer. Jack grabbed the deck of cards and started shuffling them.

"So, are we going to play the same old game of Spades or are we up for something new?"

Mitch, Barb and Luke looked around the table at each other and then back to Jack.

"Why, what do you want to play instead?" Luke asked with a raised eyebrow.

Jack shrugged. "I'm just saying, we've been getting together at one of our houses every Friday night the entire summer to play Spades."

"And drink," Luke added, raising his bottle.

Jack chuckled. "Yes, and to drink. I just wanted to know if you guys were up to playing a different game tonight."

"What's on your mind, baby?" Barb questioned.

Jack smiled. "How about playing a little game of Truth or Dare?"

Luke laughed. "Truth or Dare? You're not serious?"

"Wow, I haven't played that since I was a kid, Jack," Barb admitted.

"Barb, I have never played that game." Mitch laughed with Luke.

Jack continued shuffling, unaffected by their laughter. "So does that mean you guys are too chicken to play? Are you saying you may have secrets you're afraid to let out of your closet? Oh, no, that couldn't be it." His tone was meant to tease them.

"I don't have any secrets," Mitch said smugly.

"Well, duh! We already know you're gay, what else could you possibly be hiding? Might as well play then, huh?"

Luke and Barb laughed and Mitch rolled his eyes and shrugged. "Whatever."

"Good, what about you guys?" He watched them nod their agreement and he slapped the table. "Good! Let's play, then."

"Just exactly how is this going to play out, Jack?" Mitch asked.

Jack shuffled once more before putting the cards on the table with a thud. "We're playing high card."

"So, whoever pulls the lowest card has to tell the truth or do a dare?" Mitch clarified.

Jack nodded. "Yup, and we'll go clockwise on who asks the questions."

Barb nodded as Mitch looked around the table. If his small dinette table was the face of a clock Barb sat at six o'clock, her husband sat at nine o'clock, he was at twelve and Luke sat at three.

"I'm game! How do we determine who goes first?"

Jack looked at her. "Why don't you go first, sweetheart? You're the minority at the table." He looked around the table to confirm with his friend and brother and they both nodded.

Barb shrugged and cut the deck pulling the card on top. "Yeah! A red lady!" she announced flashing her card to everyone.

"I'm next." Jack copied her movements and then smiled. "King me!" he proclaimed and slammed his card on the table.

Luke grabbed the cards next. "Not too bad, I got a nine," he said, turning his card over in front of him.

Mitch lifted the whole deck and pulled the bottom card. "Boo yow! Ace of spades." He flashed his card to each of them.

"Shit!" Luke said. "All right, what do you want to know?" he asked no one in particular gathering the cards to shuffle them.

Everyone looked to each other and then Barb rolled her eyes with a huff. "I have a question. I heard that you had a crush on my sister, Danielle. Is it true?"

Luke took a long swig from his beer bottle before answering. "Your sister has a, umm, a nice personality, but she is not my type. So that's a no."

"A nice personality? What the hell does that mean?"

"That's code for 'she's ugly as hell, so hell no I don't like her!'" Jack explained and the men at the table burst into laughter.

Barb gasped. "Luke!"

"I didn't say it, Jack did," he said through his laughter as he shuffled.

Barb rolled her eyes. "Whatever. Who's next?"

"I am," Jack said, trying to swallow his amusement. He pulled his card when Luke put the deck on the table and flashed a ten. "Damn."

Mitch pulled a jack and his brother scoffed. "That's my damn jack, Mitch."

"Just because it's your name doesn't mean you're entitled to all the jacks, *Jack*."

Luke chuckled and pulled his card. "Yeah! That's what I need, a queen," he announced showing them the card.

"Okay, so I need to beat a ten, huh? Let's see what I can do," she murmured as she pulled her card. "Yea! An ace!" Barb squealed bouncing in the chair.

Jack rolled his eyes and threw his card on the table. "Okay, okay, ask your question."

"I got a question for you, Jack," Luke said.

"Nah uh, I get to ask the question, Luke. We said clockwise so that means the person to your right asks the question to the loser."

"Well if that's the case, Barb, why did you ask me the question? Mitch should have asked."

"Because they were sitting there stuck on stupid so I asked to get the game started."

Luke threw his hands up and then gestured her to continue.

Barb smiled smugly and turned back to her husband. "Here's my question: do you have any unfulfilled fantasies that we haven't done?"

Jack's eyes widened over his beer bottle darting to his brother, who turned away from him to hide his laughter. He

swallowed a gulp of beer and looked to his friend. Luke was snickering behind his hand. Finally, he brought his attention back to his wife. She gave him an impatient look and he put his beer down.

"Of course not, sweetheart. All my fantasies have been fulfilled by you," he replied dutifully, giving her an extra large smile and a kiss on the hand.

Luke and Mitch's laughter grew and Barb twisted her lips and snatched her hand away.

He laughed with them and waved his hands. "Okay, okay, there is one fantasy I have that we haven't done."

"Why not?"

"I didn't think you would be up for it, Barb. That's why I haven't told you about it."

"Well, tell me, I may surprise you."

Again Jack sent a quick look to Mitch and Luke and shrugged. "All right. I want a threesome with me and two other women."

"Oh. Well, yeah, I don't think we'll be doing that one," she answered.

Jack leaned over and kissed her. "No worries, baby. I didn't have the chance to do it when I was single so it stays a fantasy."

"Hmm, that does sound like a really good fantasy to do, though," Mitch murmured.

Everyone at the table turned to look at him, each with a variation of shock on their faces.

Mitch glanced at each of them. "What?"

"Dude, I said a threesome with two other women," Jack repeated.

Mitch chuckled. "I know I heard you the first time."

"But Mitch, you're gay," Luke whispered as if it were a secret.

Mitch turned a sardonic look to him. "I know that, man. What are you saying? Gay men can't have fantasies?"

"No, no, that's not what I meant. I mean, if you're gay why would you be fantasizing about a threesome with two other women?"

Mitch released an impatient breath. "Dude, the fantasy I had in mind for *me* would be a threesome with two other guys."

"Oh. Well, yeah, that makes more sense, then."

"You would do that?" his brother asked, taking another swig from his bottle.

"Yeah, why not? You want two women. Why can't I have two men?"

"You can, but I was just wondering," Jack began, "I know how I came up with that fantasy for me, how did you come up with yours?"

Mitch shrugged and finished his beer. "I think it had something to do with those corny jokes everyone used to tell back in school. Those black man, white man, and Chinese man jokes, you remember those?" He got nods from everyone and continued. "Well, I always wanted to know what it would be like to be with a white man and a Chinese man since I am a black man."

The room exploded in laughter as the three other people looked around the table at each other. Jack shook his head and Mitch shrugged again.

"Wow, leave it to my little brother to be thinking about fucking while someone was trying to tell him a damn joke," he said through his laughter.

Mitch let a few laughs slip out as he stood up. "Whatever. I'm getting another beer, who else wants one?"

Jack raised his hands and Luke downed the rest of his before raising his hand, too, but Barb shook her head. "No thanks, I'm good."

"Here, Mitch, pull a card before you leave." Jack held the deck out to him.

Mitch pulled his card and frowned. He let out a disappointed groan as he flipped it over revealing a four of diamonds before walking out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

In the kitchen, he grabbed a few bottles out of the refrigerator and kicked the door closed as the phone rang.

"Yeah, hello."

"Hey Mitch, what's up?"

Mitch's brows knitted in confusion as he searched his mental Rolodex for the voice. "Barry?"

"Yeah, man, how are you?"

"Barry, wow, hi. This is a pleasant surprise. Not to sound rude or anything, but how did you get my number?"

"Well, I ran into your brother in the elevator at work. We talked for a while and I mentioned to him I'd like to get in

touch with you. I thought that we kind of hit it off at the company cookout a couple of weeks ago. I just wondered if we could take some time to get to know each other so I asked him for your number. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, no, I don't mind. I was just stunned, that's all."

"So, do you have time to talk?"

"Umm, actually, no. I have company right now, but can I call you when they leave?"

"Sure, that's fine, and no time is too late, okay? I'll be here."

"Is this your home number on the Caller I.D.?"

"No, it's my cell number. I don't have a house number."

"Even better. I'll give you a call later then."

"Great! I look forward to it."

Mitch could almost see the smile on Barry's face as he spoke and it put a smile on his own face. "Yeah, me too. Bye."

Mitch hung up the phone and pumped his fist in the air before picking up the beers again.

\* \* \* \*

Still wearing the smile, he returned to the table and passed out the beers.

"Guess who was on the phone, Jack?"

He shrugged. "Like I know who calls your house."

"Your boy, Barry, was on the phone."

"Oh, damn, my bad, Mitch. I saw him the other day and gave him your number."

Mitch scoffed. "Thanks for the heads up."



"Oh, don't be like that. I saw how you two were all cozied up in the park that day. I was trying help you out, man," he said with a wink as he leaned over and nudged him. "What are big brothers for?"

"We'll see how much help you were. I'm going to call him after you guys leave. So, who got the low card?" Mitch asked as he sat.

"You did!" Luke informed him with a grin. "And we were just thinking of something really good for you to do."

"Uh-uh, you can't say. Jack is supposed to ask."

"Oh, I am, it was just a joint effort," his brother confirmed.

"Great," Mitch said rolling his eyes. "What is it?"

"Who did you have a crush on in high school?"

Mitch's eyes widened. "What?"

"You heard me," Jack said smugly, wrapping his arms around his chest.

Mitch sent a quick irritated look to Luke before he mimicked his brother's movements. "I'm not answering that," he said stubbornly.

Luke shook his head and laughed. "I told you he wouldn't answer that, Jack."

Jack laughed with him. "Well, I guess that means you will be doing this dare then, huh?"

Mitch threw up his hands. "Oh, *hell no!* You guys set me up! You knew I wouldn't answer that question and thought up something stupid for me to do!"

They continued laughing and Barb joined in.

"Call it what you want, little brother, but the name of the game is Truth or Dare? So what will it be, the truth or the

dare?" Jack pointed at him with his bottle as if daring him to back down

The vein on Mitch's forehead throbbed as he pressed his lips together into a thin line taking several deep breaths. "What's the damn dare, Jack?" he finally asked through clenched teeth.

Unmoved by his brother's reaction, he smiled and spoke calmly. "You have to go outside in your drawers and put your initials on all the red cars."

Mitch's mouth dropped open and Luke and Barb's laughter began again. When Mitch regained control of his speech, he shook his head vigorously.

"Nope! Out of the question. I'm not writing on anybody's car. Too far, that's too far."

Jack rolled his eyes and threw his hands up. "Fine! Don't use a marker or anything like that, use," he paused to think and then smiled. "You can use a posted note. I know you have some around here somewhere. Go outside in your underwear, look for all the red cars and leave a posted note with your initials on them," he explained with a curt nod.

Mitch looked over to his sister-in-law and friend for help, but their continuous amusement told him that he would get none from them.

This wasn't the first time his brother had him do something dumb for his amusement. When Jack was sixteen and Mitch was twelve, Jack had gotten a telescope for his birthday. Mitch had no idea Jack and his friends were scheming at the time, so when Jack said he could look through his telescope at the clouds he had no clue it was painted with shoe polish.

Dreams Delivered  
by Jaxx Steele

He made sure to have Mitch peek through with both eyes to get a good look. He ended up with two black rings around his eyes until their parents came home from work and brought it to his attention, later punishing his brother. Apparently twelve years doesn't diminish the lure of humiliating one's younger brother. Luckily, they were at his house this week so witnesses to his humiliation would be at a minimum. It was already after nine o'clock and the people in his building were not party animals, most likely they were already in bed.

Without a word, Mitch rose to his feet and walked to his room. He returned without his shorts and t-shirt, tugging on his navy blue boxer briefs and waving a pad of yellow posted notes. He pulled the door open and turned around.

"For the record, this will be the last time we play Truth or Dare, got it?" Mitch said and slammed the door behind him.

\* \* \* \*

"I think he's a little angry," Jack said through his laughter.

"He looked mad from here, man. Mitch has been way too uptight lately. He can't even take a joke." Luke wiped his eyes as he calmed his laughter down.

"Maybe he just needs to get laid."

Both Jack and Luke stopped laughing instantly as they turned to Barb with a gasp.

She shrugged. "Well, he hasn't had a boyfriend in two years. I like this guy Barry, and it sounds like it may work, but that's just starting out."

"So what are you saying? No sex with Barry any time soon?" Luke asked.

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

Barb looked at Luke and sucked her teeth, rolling her eyes.  
"You sound like you have an idea, baby. Do you?"  
She smiled. "Oh yeah, I sure do."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Two

The weekend couldn't go by fast enough for Mitch. He arrived at work with pep in his step and whistled his day away. When the day was done, he rushed home, showered, and checked his watch as he carefully redressed. He and Barry had spoken several times on both Saturday and Sunday, mostly idle chitchat to feel each other out, but they were meeting for a drink at eight o'clock. He had felt really comfortable talking to him about various topics, but sex had failed to come up. Mitch wasn't sure they should even go there if they were going to be just friends, and Barry hadn't mentioned anything about them being anything but friends.

Mitch didn't know what Barry was really looking for. That hadn't come up in their conversations. They spoke of current events, favorite foods, color, their jobs, but nothing on a real personal level like what they were looking for in a man. Mitch figured he could be happy with friendship status with Barry, he seemed nice enough. He would find out tonight if Barry was hang-out worthy, but did he really need more friends? He had a few close friends and his family helped to fill that void in his life. What he really wanted was a lover, someone to fill the parts of his life that his family and friends could not.

*Well, whatever is going to happen, will happen,* he told himself with a shrug.

Mitch looked at his watch again and stepped back into the bathroom. He brushed his hair and goatee, then slowly trimmed away the rough hairs around his lips framing them

perfectly. Turning his face to and fro, he grabbed his cologne splashing a little Obsession in his hands and hitting both sides of his neck before leaving the room. Stepping in front of the mirror on the back of his bedroom door, he smoothed the black t-shirt over his chest tucking it into the white linen pants then slipped a white shirt over it. Sliding into a pair of black sandals, he looked himself over one last time before he smiled and snatched his keys from the dresser.

Barry chose the spot for them to meet, a club not far from Mitch's home called Flames. Mitch was familiar with the area and the place although he had never been there. He pulled into the parking lot and took a deep breath before going inside to look for Barry. He wasn't really sure if he remembered what Barry even looked like, it had been weeks since he'd seen him.

Mitch stood in the doorway looking around and felt the burning gaze of everyone's eyes on him. It was so unnerving that he almost turned on his heel and left, but someone caught his eye. The man stood and waved Mitch over. Mitch nodded and walked to him getting a better look the closer he got. His bright, light brown eyes shone happily at him as he smiled. Oh yes, this was Barry. He remembered the strong Roman nose, sensual bow lips, and sandy brown hair that ended in a Superman curl on his forehead that he liked the first time he saw him. Mitch smiled when he reached the table and gripped the hand that was extended.

"Hey, Barry, long time no see."

"Yeah, it's been a while, Mitch. Almost a month, right?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"Sit, man, sit. You want a drink?" Barry asked, waving a waiter over.

"Yeah, I'll take a Bud."

"What can I get you, Barry?" the waiter asked, pulling out his pad.

"Bring us two Buds will you, Ron?"

"Will do," Ron said and walked away.

"So you're a Bud man, that's cool."

Mitch shrugged. "It's the king of beers."

They were silent for a moment as Mitch looked around the room. Barry followed his gaze and chuckled.

"Sorry, Mitch, I hope they aren't making you too uncomfortable. You look so damn good tonight they're just wondering who you are. That's why everyone is staring at you. I guess they aren't used to seeing me with such a fine ass man."

"You come here that often that they know you like that?"

"Often enough. I know the owner so I volunteer a free night of the month when he's short on help and on Inferno Night. In return he feeds me and when I come to hang out I don't pay for my beers."

The waiter returned placing two bottles in front of them. "You want me to run a tab for your handsome friend, Barry?"

"Yeah, that would be great, thanks."

Ron nodded and winked at Mitch before leaving the table again.

Barry shook his head. "Anyway, since I don't pay for my beer, I'll buy yours," he finished and picked up his bottle.

"Really?" He watched Barry nod and smiled picking up his own bottle. "Well, in that case I'll take another." Barry laughed as he sipped his drink and Mitch decided he liked the sound. "So, what is Inferno night?"

Barry took a few gulps from his bottle before answering. "It's a theme night here at Flames. Max, that's the owner, let's lots of wild and crazy stuff go on, but only on that one night of the month. It's a good crowd almost every night, but on that night it's almost a fire hazard," he explained in an amused tone.

"Really? Sounds like fun. How wild does it get?"

Barry's grin had a devilish gleam to it as he leaned across the table. "Oh, it gets pretty wild."

Mitch leaned in to meet him. "Uh-huh, and do you participate in any of that wildness?"

"Unfortunately, no, I am usually working behind the bar."

Mitch rested his arms on the table. "And if you weren't working?"

Barry looked around conspiratorially and covered the side of his face before answering. "I would definitely be down for a little wild and crazy ... *if* I had someone special to be wild and crazy with."

"Mmm, I'll have to remember that."

"Do you want to come by on Inferno Night? I'm sure I can get the night off. I do know the owner you know," he added, moving closer to brushing his nose and lips against Mitch's.

Mitch couldn't stop the soft moan that left his throat at Barry's words and actions, but he muffled the sound with genuine happy laughter.



"I like you, Barry. You're all right."

"Does that mean I have achieved friendship status?" Barry asked in a teasing tone lifting his beer again.

"Absolutely, in fact, I'm considering moving you past friendship to qualify you as possible lover," Mitch said, toasting him with his beer before taking another long gulp.

Barry grabbed his chest in faux surprise. "No! You don't say?"

Mitch smiled and played along. "No, no, really. You seem to be a prime catch, Barry. As far as I can tell you're handsome, intelligent, funny and witty."

"What? That's it? That's all you can think off?" Barry asked with a raised eyebrow.

Mitch's tone was amused. "Sorry, that's all I got for now."

"Well, I'm just going to have to work on that. There are a few more words that I would like to hear from you when you describe me."

Ron reappeared with two more bottles of beer for them and quickly disappeared again. Mitch pulled his fresh bottle of Bud closer to him.

"Really? And what words would you like to hear?"

Barry leaned on the table and shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe words like sexy, sensual, lover, good lover, perhaps even *great lover* coming from you soon," he added with a sly grin.

"Hmm, I look forward to learning those meanings from you."

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

Mitch raised his beer and Barry clinked his bottle to it. Mitch's eyes never left Barry's as they drank simultaneously and the possibilities went through his mind.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Three

Mitch hardly ever worked on Saturdays, but he had leftover business because he left early on Friday to get to Luke's house for the card game on time. He quit just after lunch, wanting to use the rest of the day to catch a nap and do some things around the house. He had plans to meet up with Barry tonight. It would be their fourth date. He had a good time with Barry and they had a lot in common. They had spoken every day since their first date. Barry's adventurous spirit called to him and so did those sweet little bow lips.

Pulling into his parking lot, he took his keys out and walked inside of his building just as someone came up from behind him. Caught off guard, he stumbled forward and his dropped keys made a loud clank on the floor. He turned to fight and opened his mouth to scream, but the scream never left his lips. A large hand covered his mouth and nose with a damp handkerchief. Mitch's arm was wrenched up behind him and his face pressed into the wall.

*What the fuck!*

Mitch struggled against his assailant's arm with his free hand trying to breathe, but he was losing and fear started to creep into his consciousness. Mitch was not a small man. He stood six-foot-two-inches tall and weighed close to two hundred and twenty pounds. For this man to manhandle him with such ease, he had to be just as big or bigger. Mitch could tell the man was his height when his back pressed against the man's shoulders during the struggle. Mitch reeled back,

knocking his head into his attacker's face in an effort to dislodge him. He heard the man grunt in pain, but he didn't release him as they stumbled against the far wall. The man was unyielding and would not go down.

He forced Mitch back across the hall against the wall near his door and wrenched his arm behind him, smashing Mitch's other arm between him and the wall. When Mitch tried to reel back again the man forcibly held him flat to the wall as the handkerchief slipped away from Mitch's face. Pressing his body against Mitch's and giving his arm a jerk, the man held Mitch in place against the wall again. The man let out a pleasing sound against Mitch's neck and his cock was hard against Mitch's ass.

*Is he rubbing his cock on me?*

Mitch was breathing hard and the handkerchief was still close to his face. His strength was weakening. The mugger didn't have to work as hard to hold him against the wall and he readjusted the handkerchief on Mitch's face. Mitch could feel the man's face press against his neck as he ground on his ass again.

*Is this guy enjoying this?*

Suddenly Mitch's world started to spin. His heartbeat was thumping hard in his chest, his head was banging and his knees started to buckle. Instead of releasing his captive, the man tightened his grip to assist Mitch as he slid down the wall to the floor. As Mitch's struggles ceased he heard a soft soothing voice whispered in his ear before the darkness claimed him.

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

"Yes, that's it, Mitch, it will be all right. In fact, it will be better than all right. This just may be the start of the best night of your life."

\* \* \* \*

Mitch woke up in bed. It was soft and satiny and a spicy smell wafted around him. He blinked a few times, but couldn't manage to keep his eyes opened. He had a horrible taste in his mouth and his head was hurting. He groaned as he grabbed his forehead holding it in a tight grip, as if to stop his brain from spilling out the front of head, and then forced himself to a sitting position. He grabbed a few pillows and dragged them up behind him to help prop him up against the wall. He blinked a few more times and finally was able to open his eyes and keep them open. Once his eyes adjusted to the dim lighting he looked around and realized it wasn't his room.

"What the hell?" he said on a whisper.

The room was huge. It was at least twice as big as his bedroom. The walls were covered in a deep, dark red paint. The bed sat against one wall and on each of the other walls long swatches of satin dangled from the ceiling. They swooped up and tied off so that they would resemble curtains at the theater. Hanging in the spaces on display were pictures of men in various positions in black frames.

To the left of the bed, the man in the picture laid on a sandy beach as the water from incoming waves crashed over his naked figure. His face was turned away from the camera and he lay on his stomach. His shoulders were muscular and

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

well made, as was the rest of his back and butt. His legs were strong looking and long. Mitch admired the picture as the banging in his head started to ease. He adjusted himself on the pillows and turned to his right.

On the right wall was a picture of another man. He was stretched out across a weight bench just barely hanging onto it. Half his body hung off it, but what a body it was! It looked chiseled and solid from years of working out. The corded leg muscles were taut as the right leg gripped the bench. The firm muscles of his gluteus maximums cried out to be slapped. Mitch had a sudden urge to run his hands up and over that solid delicious looking muscle and right up that wide solid back. The shoulders of the man in the picture were tense as they held the bench. The other half of his body lay loosely against the floor. He was all power and relaxation at the same time.

The last picture hung straight across from the bed. It was on a smaller wall as it shared its space with the door. His eyes opened wider as he looked upon it. Two men stood naked facing each other on a beach as the sun set behind them. They held each other closely around the waist, a lover's embrace. Both men solidly built with thick tree stump like legs, wide sturdy trunks, and hard cocks that stood at attention between them crossing like swords. They stood nose to nose as their lips barely touched. The shadow the setting sun cast over them left their facial features in darkness, but did not take away from the eroticism of the scene.

Mitch slid from the bed drawn to the picture. Standing in front of it, he let his fingers play over the pinks, whites,

yellow and blues in the sky behind the lovers. He had never seen such a beautiful picture before. He wondered if it were a real photo or digitally put together with Photoshop or something like that. Then the door suddenly swung open and he pulled his hand away from the picture as if it had burned him.

A man walked in and, not seeing Mitch on the bed, he stepped in further and gazed to his right. When he saw Mitch standing along the wall he smiled.

"I'm so happy to see you're awake, Mitch."

The man who addressed him was beautiful. There was no other way to describe him. He wore nothing but a pair of snug fitting faded jeans. His slender body was hairless like most Asian men he saw in pictures. He slowly turned his sleek body and started moving closer to Mitch with the grace of a stalking cat. He was shorter than Mitch by several inches and his long, jet black hair was pulled back into a silky ponytail that hung past his shoulders. He was so handsome that Mitch stumbled on his words. But then all that had happened rushed back to the forefront of his mind now it was clear of the thumping.

"What the hell is going on? What am I doing here? Don't you realize that kidnapping is against the law?"

"Relax, Mitch, I can explain everything."

His voice was sultry and soothing and as much as Mitch wanted to be furious with this man, he found his anger fading under the warm heat of desire. He stopped right in front of him and lifted his head so they could maintain eye contact.

His slanted chocolate eyes gleamed with lust that called loudly to Mitch's baser needs.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am called Kato," he said with a slight bow. "You have been kidnapped, that is true, Mitch, but we mean you know harm. We are only here to pleasure you."

*Pleasure me?*

Mitch swallowed loudly. "We who? Only you are here."

Kato smiled. "For now. You have nothing to fear from me, Mitch. I will not hurt you ... unless you ask me to, that is." He moved closer, forcing Mitch to move back until he was against the wall. His small hands glided over Mitch's chest, flicking his nipples beneath the thin material of his shirt. A pleasurable shudder passed over his body. Kato boldly gripped his cock.

Mitch gasped. "What are you doing?"

"I'm doing what you want to have done," Kato answered calmly.

Kato released Mitch's cock and pulled Mitch's Polo shirt over his head, revealing his muscular chest.

"Mmm," Kato purred as his fingers played over the dark letters trimmed in red on his left pectoral muscle. "I am surprised, Mitch. I didn't peg you for a Greek. Are these Kappa letters?"

Mitch nodded, unable to form any words. Kato's hands felt so good on his skin. His feathery touch seared every inch he stroked.

"You are a beautiful man, Mitch." His tongue traced each of the Greek letters. "It has been a long time since I have touched a body as beautifully defined as yours." He moved



down and sucked on the nipple just below the letters and then moved across and did the same to the other. "The fullness of your pecs, the light dusting of darker hair across your dark chest and your sensitive nipples all add to your beauty," he added, giving his nipple a little pinch before he slid his fingers down Mitch's stomach. "I especially like this trail of hair that leads me down to the place that I really wish to explore more. It is extremely sexy," he hissed. "Right now I have the overwhelming urge to touch and taste you more than anything else in the world."

Kato's words were incredibly sensual and so was his touch. Together they were making Mitch's dick harder by the moment. Kato unbuckled Mitch's pants and rubbed his crotch. When he was at full erection, Kato freed his cock of the confining underwear. Mitch's head fell back, hitting the wall with a dull thump. He felt Kato lower himself to the floor before him and just as he thought he would burst from Kato's touch, he felt the softest brush of lips across the tip of his raging hard-on. It bounced toward Kato's face, begging for more. A soft laugh drifted up to his ears.

"Look at you, Mitch. Already you're ready to feel my mouth on your cock, aren't you? It's a good thing that my need for your cock in my mouth is just as great." Mitch murmured something inaudible and Kato chuckled. "I didn't understand a word you said, but your body is telling me everything I need to know."

Kato licked up and down the underside of Mitch's dick and played with his swollen balls. Kato moved smoothly in his movements between the long, sleek licks on the underside of

Mitch's cock and the hungry aggressive sucking on the solid, brown head. Mitch moaned loudly from the sensation in obvious enjoyment. He didn't know if Kato's blowjob felt so good because he was good at it or because he was starving for it. He really didn't care which it was, he just prayed Kato would never stop.

Kato kept up the glorious licking concentrating on Mitch's balls as he pumped the head of his cock with his hand. The combination turned Mitch quickly into a shaking mass of sensations. He felt his knees start to give way and he leaned heavily against the wall. Kato stopped sucking Mitch's balls long enough to dip the swollen head into his mouth and started that wonderful sucking again. It wasn't long before Mitch was begging for mercy.

"Oh, God, it feels so good! I don't want you to stop, but if you don't I'm gonna come," he muttered, and gasped for air.

Kato changed his movements at Mitch's declaration working his cock slow and deliberate. When Mitch regained some control over his breathing, Kato slid Mitch's cock from his mouth gradually and replaced it with his hand, keeping with the same erotic pace. He licked at Mitch's inner thighs and moved his kisses upward until he was on his toes by Mitch's ears.

"Oh no, Mitch, you won't come ... not yet, anyway. I won't let you. You're not ready yet." He paused to lick his ear. "I'm going to fuck you, Mitch," he whispered. His voice was breathy and hot against his neck. Mitch moaned in response to it. "Would you like that?"

Mitch nodded frantically as his body shook with desire. "Oh, yes, I would." Mitch hoped Kato could hear him because he barely heard himself.

Kato smiled and continued to stroke Mitch's steel rod. "Good. I just wanted you to know that. Oh, and after I fuck you, the real fun will start, but first—"

Kato left his sentence unfinished as he returned to his knees and started to suck Mitch's cock again. Mitch didn't think he could get any harder, but with the capable hands and mouth that Kato possessed, he did. Kato pushed Mitch's pants down from his knees to the floor and removed his feet. Kato's warm hands moved around Mitch's narrow hips and gripped each of his butt cheeks. His fingers dug into the firm flesh as he pushed Mitch's cock deeper into his mouth. Each firm push brought Mitch closer to eruption as slow shuddery moans left his lips.

It was the beginning of the end and Kato knew it. He pressed two of his fingers against the small space underneath Mitch's nut sac and Mitch's cock head exploded inside his mouth. Kato's small movement intensified Mitch's orgasm tenfold and he screamed toward the ceiling as the orgasm rocked his body. Kato gripped his ass tighter and continued sucking Mitch's erupting cock milking every drop from him.

Limp and exhausted, Mitch started to slide down the wall. Kato's firm grip moved to his lower back and guided him gently to the plush black carpet. As Mitch lay on the carpet catching his breath, Kato wiggled out of his jeans and climbed on top of him, placing soft kisses along his jaw line, down his neck and across his chest. Kato's cock lay long, hard, and

slender against Mitch's stomach as he moved back up to his ear.

"Mmm, you felt so good in my mouth, Mitch. I swallowed every drop you gave me, too," he said between kisses. "I could suck your cock all night," he added with a soft growl. "But I'm so glad I didn't. I want you to come again when I'm buried up to my nuts deep inside your ass."

Kato positioned his slender body between Mitch's long, well built legs and pushed them apart. Mitch's breathing was still harsh and raspy and his legs still felt shaky. He couldn't stop Kato if he wanted to, and he didn't want to. It had been so long since he had been fucked that he thought he would die if Kato didn't hurry up and do it. He opened his eyes to see Kato gripping his pale cock with the dark red tip. He pressed it forward to slide it up and down the crack of his ass, teasing the tight, puckered hole within. Mitch pressed his lips together and let his head fall back to the carpet.

"Mmm, oh, God, that feels good." Mitch gasped, his words barely a whisper.

Kato chuckled. "Oh, Mitch, you are like a starving man who has just been given a cracker. The slightest bit of pleasure feels good to one who has not felt that type of bliss in a long time."

Mitch nodded and wiggled his ass against the tip of Kato's cock. Kato was probably right, but he didn't care, it felt good just the same and he wanted more. Kato continued to press the head against Mitch's asshole letting Mitch enjoy the pleasurable teasing for a little longer.

"So tell me, Mitch, how long has it been since your ass was filled with a hard cock?"

Kato's teasing and carnal question had Mitch's spent cock jumping to life again. He was glad it was a rhetorical question because he couldn't find his voice to answer him. Kato held his cock stable as he pressed it forward into the tiny hole between Mitch's cheeks. Kato pushed slowly at first, piercing the hole with the head alone. Using long steady strokes, he continued pushing the head inside until it slid easily in and out of him and then pushed his cock to the hilt. Over and over Kato shoved his steel rod into Mitch, his grunts of pleasure started to fill the room. His balls swung rhythmically beneath him, tapping against Mitch's ass as Kato's movements filled Mitch with renewed desire. Kato pushed Mitch's knees to his chest and started grinding into him. The exquisite combination of having his ass being rode again mixed with the soft plush carpet tickling and teasing his back was incredible.

"Yes! Fuck me, Kato!" Mitch growled, grabbing his cock stroking it to match Kato's intoxicating rhythm.

Kato's grip increased as he held onto Mitch's shins for balance. Mitch looked in Kato's face for the first time. It was the epitome of sexual bliss and it made him even more handsome. He continued to pump inside of Mitch and his strokes became more forceful as his journey toward ecstasy started to come to an end. His breathing was harsh and quick for a while longer, and then with a long drawn out groan of pleasure Kato came. He pressed his cock as far as he could into Mitch's tight hole as it jerked, emptying his seed. Mitch

continued to look into his face as it contorted with the joy of his orgasm. He stroked faster and faster and then he let out a low groan and shot his own seed onto his stomach. Kato stayed in place until his breathing returned to normal.

"Damn, you got a sweet ass," Kato said, resting his forehead on Mitch's chest.

His voice was still shaky as he spoke. He pulled his spent cock from Mitch's ass with a small pop as he released Mitch's legs. They fell slowly away and then he eased himself onto Mitch's chest. Mitch's body still shook with his latest orgasm. He could barely keep his eyes open or even catch his breath. He never had a sexual encounter so intense before. Kato was kissing him again but although it felt good, he could barely stay awake to enjoy it as exhaustion finally began to take its toll.

"Rest, Mitch, you're going to need it. Your wildest fantasies are about to come true," was the last thing that heard before the darkness claimed him.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Chapter Four

Mitch woke a couple of hours later feeling a little sore, but sexually sated. His head rested on someone's lap. Whoever it was caressed his head and face lovingly. He stretched leisurely, waking fully.

"Welcome back, Mitch. How do you feel? Are you okay?"

He looked up into Kato's handsome face and saw his sexy smile beaming back at him. "I feel great. That was amazing, *you* were amazing."

Kato kissed his forehead. "You haven't felt amazing yet, sweetheart. That was only the beginning."

"I probably should have asked this before we had such amazing sex, but what the hell is going on? Did you kidnap me just to have sex with me?"

Kato chuckled. "Something like that." Kato laughed again at the confused look on Mitch's face. "Trust me, Mitch, all of your questions will be answered soon. For now just enjoy all the wonderful things we are going to do to you."

Mitch searched Kato's eyes for any malice or ill intent, but he saw nothing but the fires of lust still burning in the sparkling chocolate pools. With a sigh, he nodded his agreement and Kato smiled. He lifted Mitch's head off his lap and laid it gently on the bed and then pulled Mitch's hand to him by the soft scarf.

*What the hell? Why are there scarves tied to my wrists?*

"So tell me, Mitch, are you a man that likes his relationships to be one of equality, no one more dominant

than the other?" Kato asked nonchalantly, tying the satin scarf to the bedposts.

The question stunned him to silence. No one had ever asked him that before. He never even thought about it before.

Kato continued speaking as he leaned over to the other post to tie Mitch's wrist to that one. "To me you look like the dominant type, and we were told you were as well. That is why we decided to take you the way we did, by force."

"What are you doing, Kato?"

Kato ignored his question and continued talking. "It has always been my belief that dominant men need to be dominated every once in a while. They need a time where they can be allowed to give up control and let others give them pleasure. It keeps the balance."

Mitch looked up into Kato's eyes. Within the sparkling brown color unspoken need and desire burned brightly as Mitch listened to words that immobilized his body. Kato lowered his face down to his and placed soft kisses on Mitch's lips, chin and jaw line.

"I am beginning to enjoy seeing you stretched out, naked and ready to be handled."

Kato slid down Mitch's body and pulled two more scarves from the foot of the bed to tie his ankles in place. Licking up the inside of Mitch's thighs, Kato left wet kisses in his wake. He lingered for a moment at the juncture between Mitch's legs giving the hanging sac he found there long, luxurious licks. He played with the dark hair at the base of Mitch's semi-hard cock for a while and then his licks traveled up the



thick, throbbing vein on Mitch's cock. Kato moved Mitch's cock from side to side, nuzzling it and adding soft kisses up and down the shaft. It bounced before his face getting harder. Seeming pleased with the results, Kato gripped the base and flicked his tongue around the head in a more aggressive move. It sprang to life in his hand, causing Mitch to moan out loud.

"Such an impressive and beautiful cock you have, Mitch. We are going to bring it great pleasure." He flicked his tongue around the head of his cock. "I'm sorry we had to go to such strange lengths to get you here, Mitch, but you will understand why later, I promise," he explained as he continued to suck on the head of Mitch's cock. It swelled to full length in Kato's mouth and Kato moaned his approval on it.

Mitch's eyes drifted closed as he tugged at the scarves on his wrists. He sent his own moans up, drowning Kato's out. He bucked his hips off the bed trying to shove his cock deeper into Kato's mouth. Kato was merciless as he sucked and licked Mitch's bulging erection, swallowing him whole with each pass. Over and over Kato's hot wet mouth covered and released him as he rubbed Mitch's nuts at the same time. Suddenly another tongue attacked his tight, sensitive nipples. The electric currents of pleasure intensified and shot throughout Mitch's body threatening to make his head pop off ... he just didn't know which one would go first.

"Oh, shit!"

His eyes flew open and he bucked against his restraints shocked at what he saw. Another man was in the room! He

played and sucked on his nipples elevating the sensations that Kato was giving him.

"Relax, Mitch. This is my friend Kyle. He will join us now," Kato explained between licks. "I hope you don't mind."

The sucking on his nipples stopped. "Kato, if you keep sucking his cock like that he won't last long enough for us to bring him to the next level."

Kato slowed his licking, giving Mitch a chance to catch his breath. He gradually stopped, then replaced his mouth with his hand.

"Yes, Kyle, perhaps you're right. Why don't you get undressed before we create the ultimate orgasm for our guest?"

Leaving a soft kiss on the dark letters on Mitch's chest, he nodded and backed up off the bed. Kato moved from between Mitch's legs so he wouldn't block his view of Kyle. Sitting next to him, he continued to lazily stroke Mitch's still hard cock.

Kyle stood at the foot of the bed, looking back at them. Mitch raised his head so he could see better just as Kyle removed his shirt. He was as tall as Mitch. His shirt moved upward, revealing a well defined six-pack and large pectoral muscles that were free of hair. He threw his shirt off to the side, exposing intricate tribal bands that circled both his large biceps. Mitch watched intently the vision of Kyle—he didn't need Kato's stroking to keep his dick solid.

Kyle lowered his pants to the floor and freed his already hard, ruby-headed cock. He stood proudly before them, his pale body and cock rigid and at attention as Kato and Mitch let out sighs of awe.

"Just look at him, Mitch. He is the embodiment of eye candy, isn't he? The good thing is he taste as good as he looks, trust me on that."

Mitch agreed with a low growl that left his chest as he took in Kyle's esthetic beauty.

"I'm so sorry the first time you felt his body pressed against your own it had to be to take you by force and bring you here."

Mitch gasped at the meaning of those words.

"Perhaps we can replace those memories with new ones," Kato offered and called Kyle to them with a nod.

Kyle smiled as he joined them on the bed. He lay on top of Mitch and kissed him. The kiss was deep, passionate, and forceful. His tongue probed every part of Mitch's mouth and sucked on his tongue suggestively. It was the most sensual kiss he'd had in a very long time. He could have come from the kiss alone and the feel of his hard body pressed against his. Their cocks crossed like swords about to battle between them, but then he felt Kyle's hand reaching beneath him and the undeniable pressure of a finger pushing its way between his cheeks into his asshole. He flinched at first from the sensation, but then moaned into Kyle's mouth.

"Please accept my apology for our first abrupt meeting," Kyle said putting soft kisses around his face and neck as he teased the tiny hole. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Between the exquisite teasing and the sensual kisses, Mitch could barely comprehend Kyle's words, but he managed to shake his head.

Kyle kissed him again, eating hungrily at his mouth. "Good, that is not the way I'd like you to remember me, Mitch. I can't tell you how happy I was when Kato asked me to join him in bringing your fantasy to life. It would give me the chance to redeem myself. My plan is to remove that memory from your mind before the night is over." He returned to kissing his neck as he continued finger-fucking him.

"Although, I will tell you that even then, when I was sent to collect you, wrestling with you and holding you in my arms as you fought back ... Mmm, I loved every minute of it. The feel of your ass on my dick as I pushed you up against the wall, mmph!" he rumbled as he ground against him and put a lust bite on Mitch's shoulder. "This feels like make-up sex." He removed his finger and held himself so that he could look down at Mitch.

Mitch looked up into Kyle's brilliant blue eyes. They sparkled with pent-up animalistic passion. He wanted this man to fuck him so that he could feel that kind of passion in action. As a small smile touched Kyle's lips Mitch knew that Kyle knew exactly what he wanted. He leaned down and gave Mitch the softest, sweetest kiss he'd ever felt, one much more erotic than the previous kisses.

"Do you forgive me, Mitch?" he asked, brushing against his lips.

Mitch could hardly think let alone speak, but he managed to pant out a few words. "You are forgiven."

He smiled again and addressed Kato. "I want to taste him. Was his cock good?"

"Oh, yes, it will fill your mouth completely at its full length. You will not want to stop sucking it. See for yourself."

Kyle moved to take Mitch's semi-hard cock into his mouth, but hesitated on spotting a pearly drop of pre-cum glistening at the opening of the beautiful cock before him. He sent a quick look at Mitch, who was staring down at him and straining against his bonds. A sly grin spread across Kyle's handsome face and a twinkle sparkled in his eye before he lapped it up hungrily. Mitch's head fell back and another groan escaped him.

"Mitch is incredibly strong and lustful, Kyle. I've sucked his cock to completion and fucked him, too, and both times he's come. Yet he manages to get hard for you while you're sucking his cock again. He is extraordinary, isn't he?"

"Mmm hmm," Kyle agreed with his mouth full of Mitch's rock hard dick.

"Watching you like this, Mitch, is more erotic than I imagined it would be." Kato began softly, stroking his own hardening cock. "It makes me want to push deep inside that tight ass of yours again."

"Mmm, mmm," Kyle said loudly, shaking his head with Mitch's cock still in his mouth.

Kato chuckled and leaned over to caress Kyle's face. "I know, baby, the next time Mitch feels a cock deep inside his ass it will be yours." He raised Kyle's face off Mitch's cock long enough to kiss his red swollen lips, and then he went back to sucking.

"I have shared men with Kyle before and his stamina is unmatched," Kato continued. "He has even fucked me before

and I found it extremely enjoyable. He is young and strong and will show your body no mercy as he brings it insurmountable pleasure."

An excited shudder passed over Mitch's body as Kato's words sunk in. He thrashed in obvious pleasure tugging on the silken scarves.

"My cock is so hard for you, Mitch," Kyle said between each mouthful of Mitch's gloriously, unyielding cock. "The thought of fucking you is driving me crazy!" he growled and attacked the delicious cock again.

Mitch groaned and raised his ass off the bed. "Please, please. I can't take it anymore. Someone fuck me," Mitch pleaded, his words coming in raspy gasps.

Kato leaned forward and devoured Mitch's mouth. His tongue danced around Mitch's mouth tasting his tongue. He sucked on Mitch's full lips pulling on the top, and then gently bit down on his bottom lip. When he released him, he smiled down into Mitch's face.

"You are still in a hurry, Mitch. Sometimes you need to savor the moment and the experiences before moving to the next one so that they have a chance to sear a place in your mind."

*Somehow, I don't think remembering this scenario will be a problem,* Mitch thought to himself.

"This is what you've always wanted. We will make this a night you will never forget," Kato explained and then he addressed Kyle. "Flip him, Kyle."

*Huh, flip me?*

Kyle slid off Mitch's cock, letting it fall against his stomach. He reached down excitedly, pulling free the restraints that held Mitch's feet in place while Kato pulled free his wrist restraints. Mitch relaxed his arms and legs to the bed and started to speak, but his words were lost as Kyle slid his hands underneath him and flipped him in one smooth motion onto his stomach. Mitch's shock immobilized him. He was overly excited and stunned at the same time. Kyle's strong arm was around his waist again, lifting him onto his knees and hands holding him in place. A shudder of anticipation passed over him, leaving his heated skin covered in goose bumps. He had no clue what was going to happen next, but he wanted it more than he'd ever wanted anything else before.

"So, Mitch, tell me, how long has it been since you've had a hard cock in your mouth?" Kato asked.

Mitch looked up. Kato was on his knees in front of him with his cock rigid and inviting right in his line of sight. His mouth watered instantly. A picture of what might be happening formed in his mind's eye and his cock jumped ready for it. Kato's cock was long and slender, and bobbing before him—calling Mitch to suck it ... and he wanted to. He leaned forward to take it in his mouth, but Kato moved back.

"How long has it been, Mitch?"

"It has been too long," he admitted breathlessly. "Let me suck you, I want to suck it so bad," Mitch begged.

Kato smiled and moved within his reach. "Then do it, Mitch. We are here to please you, remember?"

"And while you suck Kato's beautiful cock, I will suck you again," Kyle interjected.

Mitch gasped as he took Kato's cock into his mouth. He didn't think he could concentrate on Kato's cock if Kyle was sucking his. He sucked on Kato's cock hungrily, enjoying the feel of a dick in his mouth again as Kyle slowly pulled open Mitch's firm butt cheeks and stuck his tongue inside.

"Oh!" Mitch exclaimed with his mouth full of young Asian cock. His arms and legs felt wobbly at the intense feeling and slipped on the satin sheets.

Kyle's tongue licked slowly at the tight hole that had been finger-fucked just moments ago, and then he ravaged it more aggressively, nipping and teasing it. Kyle's expert tongue lashing sent Mitch into frenzy, causing him to suck almost violently on Kato's cock. Kato's screams of delight filled the room. Mitch shared the spasms of pleasure that rocked Kato's body as he shot his load into Mitch's mouth.

Mitch sucked on Kato's cock until his orgasmic screaming ceased and then released him. He ground his hips, pressing his ass into Kyle's face, wanting more of the pleasurable torture the licking was giving him. Kyle's apparent hunger to eat out Mitch's ass became more intense.

"You like the way I eat your ass, Mitch?" he panted between licks.

"Oh, God, yes! Please, Kyle, fuck me! I'm ready! I'm ready!"

Kyle obviously couldn't take any more than Mitch could. He rose and positioned himself behind Mitch and guided his cock into the hole he had made wet and slippery. His cock pressed



once to test the hole, and then he slid in to the hilt. Kyle and Mitch moaned their pleasure together.

Mitch saw that Kato's cock had not gone down although he had tasted salty, sticky cum on his tongue. He took it back into his mouth, missing the feel of it, and moved into rhythm with Kyle. Together they found their niche and moved as one. As Mitch leaned forward to suck Kato's cock he moved off Kyle's dick. He pushed back to impale himself on Kyle's hardness again and slid off Kato's delicious cock. He controlled the movements and the pace and it was incredible.

This was his fantasy! It was more erotic than he ever could imagine. The moans of the men were a sound he would never forget. The orgasm he would achieve with Kyle and Kato tonight would be more than satisfactory to live off of. Suddenly he felt Kyle fall over his back digging himself deeper into him.

"Kato, suck his dick. I can't stroke him from this angle."

Without a word, Kato backed his cock out of Mitch's mouth. Kyle gripped Mitch's shoulders and continued grinding into his ass. Kato scooted sideways on his back between Mitch's arms and legs. Mitch could feel Kyle's dick slid effortlessly in and out of his ass and his balls swaying back and forth as he pounded him. Mitch's cock bobbed from the force of his body rocking, then suddenly was engulfed in wet heat.

A loud moan of ecstasy escaped him as Kato's tongue whipped around his engorged head. Kato moaned and hummed his pleasure on his cock. Mitch's body shook and his mind threatened to explode from over stimulation. "Oh, God,

you both taste so good! I can't get enough of you," Kato said beneath them breathlessly, lapping at both the nuts and cock in front of him. Both Kyle and Mitch screamed blissfully.

"Fuck! Stop, Kato!" Kyle screamed shaking his head from side to side. "Dammit! I don't want to come like this!"

"My apologies, Kyle. I got carried away." Kato backed out from underneath them.

Kyle nodded and reluctantly pulled himself free of Mitch's delectable derrière with a groan. Once free, he sat at the edge of the bed with his legs wide and his excited penis resembling a compass pointing due north.

"Come, Mitch, sit in my lap," Kyle panted, giving him the come-hither finger. "Have you ever been fucked like this before?"

Mitch came to him quickly. "No, never," he admitted as he straddled Kyle's creamy white lap with his back to him. He pressed Kyle's cock back into his waiting ass with a joyful moan. "You have no idea how badly I want this," he muttered, his voice shaky with his excitement.

"Good, because I want it just as bad. Kato, take your place in front of him. Now, Mitch, we will let you come," he said burning Mitch's skin with sultry kisses along his shoulders and back. "Is this your ultimate fantasy, Mitch?"

Mitch nodded moving slowly on his cock.

"Mmm, we will give you an orgasm like you have never had. Your time is almost up with us."

Kato kneeled before him and took Mitch's cock into his mouth again. His sucking returned Mitch to his wave of bliss for him to ride to completion.

"Oh, God, yes!" Mitch ground his ass onto Kyle's hard pole while Kato's head bobbed up and down on him.

"This is your dick tonight, Mitch. Ride it!"

Kyle's carnal words set him on fire as he ground down wildly, wanting more of the delicious cock and guided Kato head for more of the wonderful sucking.

"Yesss, let my cock make your ass feel better than it ever has before." Kyle reached around and pinched Mitch's nipples.

Incoherent noises came from deep within Mitch's throat as Kyle's pinching made chill bumps rise on his skin. His head hung loosely on his shoulders and he looked down at the erotic vision of Kato sucking his dick. Mitch continued to grind his ass into Kyle's lap, enraptured by the feeling he and Kato joined to give him. No matter how he moved, the liquid heat of Kato's mouth would not yield. A shudder of electric heat quickly overtook Mitch's body and he froze as if in a trance. He could no longer move, but Kato and Kyle could. Kato continued to suck his rock hard cock pushing him over the edge of ecstasy. Kyle grasped Mitch's hips lifting him on and off his steel rod ending Mitch's journey towards oblivion.

Mitch pushed his hips down pressing Kyle's cock as far into him as he could and held Kato's head down as his cock exploded. Mitch raised his voice one last time, letting out a cry of uninhibited rapture as his orgasm gripped him. It shot through his body with white hot force, locking his limbs in place. He screamed until the dizzying waves passed over him and his throat was raw. Mitch could feel Kyle kissing him across his back and shoulders softly as his own dick jumped inside his ass shooting its load.

Kato continued to suck on Mitch's cock until it was empty. Mitch fell back against Kyle's strong chest and Kato stood before them. Kyle took Mitch in his arms and lifted him from his lap. As Kyle stood, he put a soft kiss on Mitch's forehead and Kato did the same before he turned and pulled the sheets back on the bed. Kyle laid Mitch down and climbed over his spent body and then scooted up behind him. Kato took his place in front of Mitch. He lay close enough for Mitch's sleeping cock to rest against his butt and pulled his arm around him.

"What is this place?" Mitch panted as the darkness of exhausted sleep began to take him.

Kyle placed a delicate kiss on his neck and whispered, "We will always be here for you, Mitch, for as long as you need us."

"And remember, Mitch, as wonderful as it was being with you, you can always bring a friend," Kato added.

Kato wiggled his slender body closer to him as Mitch's grip tightened around his waist. Kyle's arm slipped around Mitch's waist and brought them both closer to him as Mitch finally drifted to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch woke slowly, feeling incredibly serene. Opening his eyes slowly, his hand went to his head as it pounded again. He was sitting in his car in the parking lot in front of his building. His brows knitted in confusion.

*Was all of that a dream? Kyle? Kato? The incredible threesome?*

Dreams Delivered  
by Jaxx Steele

He shook his head, he just didn't know. Blowing out a frustrated breath, he laid his head back again and his hands fell to his lap and touched a silver business card.

*Thank you for choosing*

*Dreams Delivered*

to have all of your fantasy needs fulfilled.

We hope that you were satisfied with our efforts.

If ever you need your dreams to become a reality

Please don't hesitate to call upon us again.

*555-910-5000*

"Dreams Delivered," Mitch whispered running his finger over the raised black lettering. "How did they—" There was no need for him to finish the question. There really was only one way he could have ended up at Dreams Delivered. He had never voiced his fantasy out loud until last week at the card game. His evening flashed in his mind and a small smile touched his lips. "And I can bring a friend..." he murmured. His cock jumped at the thought, and then a rap on his driver's side window made his whole body jump. His smile widened as he lowered the window.

"Hi, Mitch, am I early? Did you just get here?"

"No, Barry, I, well, hmm, well, I don't know how long I've been here," he said with a small chuckle.

"Well, we agreed to meet at your place at eight-thirty, remember?"

Mitch nodded. "Yes, yes, I remember. Is it that late already?"

"Are you all right?" Barry asked with a raised eyebrow.

Dreams Delivered  
*by Jaxx Steele*

Mitch slid the silver card into his shirt pocket and swung the door open. "I am wonderful and very happy to see you. Come on, let's go inside. I need to call my brother and thank him for something and then I have so much to tell you."

"You look tired."

"Yeah, I'm a little tired, but I'm good," he said cheerfully.

"You seem to be in a very good mood, Mitch. What's happened?"

"Have you ever heard of a place called Dreams Delivered?" he asked, taking Barry by the hand.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

### **About the Author**

Born and raised in Brooklyn, Jaxx Steele now lives in Indiana with his partner and their cat. When not writing Jaxx loves to travel and find new and wonderful places to incorporate into his stories.

---