



MARINE LOVE:

WEEKEND LEAVE

Bobby Michaels

Marine Love: Weekend Leave

Bobby Michaels

This e-book is a work of fiction. While reference might be made to actual historical events or existing locations, the names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by

Loose Id LLC

870 Market St, Suite 1201

San Francisco CA 94102-2907

www.loose-id.com

Copyright © November 2008 by Bobby Michaels

All rights reserved. This copy is intended for the purchaser of this e-book ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Loose Id LLC.

ISBN 978-1-59632-800-6

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Crystal Esau and Irene D. Williams

Cover Artist: Croco Designs

Dedication

This book is dedicated to two Marines:

Mike, my Marine lover whom I lost in 1973,

and Donald J. Matocha, Second Lieutenant

D CO, 3RD RECON BN, 3RD MARDIV

United States Marine Corps

Killed in action in South Vietnam 5 April 1968,

whose name and memory are inscribed on The Wall

and on the bracelet I wear every day.

And I would be remiss if I did not thank my two closest friends, Treva Harte and Kate Steele, along with all my readers who keep me writing no matter what life throws at me.

Chapter One

It was three p.m. on a Friday on a beautiful, warm day in late June. Now, most kids are happy when Friday afternoon comes because they are looking forward to what they are going to do on the weekend. Like I said, most kids. It wasn't happy for me, however. All I had was another weekend alone to look forward to. Here I was, finally eighteen years old, and I had just graduated valedictorian of my high school, and according to my mom, I was "cuter than a bug in a rug" (Geez! Mothers!), and my weekend would consist of reading and watching TV.

Don't get me wrong, my mom is great. I mean, she's raised me alone ever since I was born -- no help from anybody. Her parents had disowned her when she showed up pregnant during her senior year of high school. The guy who got her that way was some wealthy asshole who denied having anything to do with "trailer trash" and went off to some Ivy League school and just forgot about her -- and me. Those were the days before genetic testing, and besides, Mom had never told anybody, except me, who my father was. And she had only done that one night when she'd had a little too much wine and I got her talking about him.

I really love my mom, and I always missed her on the weekends. You see, she's a flight attendant. She works for Delta Airlines and works the Delta nonstop flight from Chicago to Milan, Italy. With the layover in Milan, she leaves on Friday afternoon and doesn't return until Sunday evening or Monday morning, sometimes. This leaves me all alone on the weekends. Of course, I'm old enough to be on my own, and my mom trusts me completely. After all, I've never given her any reason not to. I was what you might call a "Goody Two-shoes."

What this really meant was that I had no friends. Well, none my own age. The only people I really knew are the people in our neighborhood, most of whom are almost fifty years older than I am. It's like having a neighborhood full of grandparents and great-grandparents. My mom and I were the youngest people who lived there. It's a nice, older neighborhood with lots of trees and is very quiet. It's a working-class neighborhood on Chicago's north side, where everyone had already raised their kids, who are now adults and occasionally visit, dragging along their own kids to see Grandpa and Grandma.

Mom was lucky to find our little house. It was just two bedrooms but was something she could afford to buy. I think Mom especially liked the neighborhood because she didn't have to worry about me or about the house with her traveling all the time. With all of our retired neighbors, the house was watched twenty-four hours a day. Another reason that I was a Goody Two-shoes. If I ever had done anything, it would have been reported by the "neighborhood watch."

The real reason, however, that I had no friends was because not only was I painfully shy but because as soon as I entered Roger C. Sullivan High School, I had withdrawn into myself almost completely. I didn't talk to anybody -- ever. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible. If I could have been a ghost, I would have. Trust me. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to ever notice me. I just wanted to get through high school alive and in one piece. And for four years, I'd managed to do that. Not a small feat in itself, given that I was that most hated and despised

minority in any public or private high school -- a “fucking queer,” as many of my classmates would have put it.

It was the first day of my freshman year, when we were forced to go through that arcane, male-bonding ritual called “showers” after P.E. class, that I discovered my true nature. Until that time, I knew that when I jacked off, something I’d been doing religiously since I was about twelve, I thought about guys. That didn’t really faze me too much. After all, they weren’t “real” guys. They were models in magazines, athletes, along with some movie and TV stars. But after that first experience of seeing other boys my age naked, those fantasies were now of real boys -- other boys from my freshman class. And if that weren’t bad enough, the next class of P.E. after ours was the seniors, so I got to see some of them naked getting into their jocks and P.E. uniforms. I would be trying desperately to pull on my clothes and not get a fucking hard-on while getting the hell out of there before I got noticed by one of those guys. Some of them also ended up in my fantasies as well.

That first shower had convinced me that there was no way I was anything but queer. Okay, I know the word is “gay,” but trust me, if you’re a high school kid, being queer is anything but gay. Unless you’re such a fucking jock who nobody would ever guess and, trust me, if any of the jocks in our high school were queer, nobody -- especially not me -- ever guessed. I suppose my gaydar was either broken, or just totally undeveloped, or not one of them was gay -- which even I find to be a statistical improbability.

Oh, yeah. I forgot to mention. I’m a “brain.” Roger C. Sullivan High School is a high school in the Chicago public school system that has two magnet programs. One is the Sullivan Medical Career Academy, which prepares students for careers in health care. The other is the Paideia Program that develops critical thinking and expression skills. The program incorporates Socratic seminars, skills coaching, and didactic-method teaching to help academically advanced students read more competently as well as think and write more clearly. The program requires an application and an interview for enrollment. Since I want to be a writer, this is the program I’m enrolled in.

At any rate, at least I was going to earn some money for the weekend. Our next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, were going away for the weekend to visit Mrs. Patterson’s sister in Davenport, Iowa, just across the Illinois-Iowa border. They had two cats, Oscar and Felix, that they’d named after the characters in the old TV show *The Odd Couple*. It was going to be my job to keep an eye on their house and feed the two cats for the weekend. So on my way home, I stopped at their house to get the keys. Mrs. Patterson answered the door.

“Why Robby, thank goodness you’re here. Walter is having a fit about wanting to leave. It’s so good of you to take care of our two furry boys while we’re away,” she said by way of greeting as she opened the door.

I almost laughed at her designation of her “furry” boys. The Pattersons had raised four other boys -- four grown sons, three of whom were now in their forties. Mrs. Patterson had told me about all of them over the four years I’d known them, since we moved next door. The oldest was an attorney on Wall Street. The next oldest was a doctor and lived in California. Their third son

was a hospital administrator in Florida. Their youngest son was only in his early twenties. He'd been a "surprise baby" when Mrs. Patterson had been in her early forties, totally unexpected. He'd grown up almost as an only child from what she'd told me.

I knew about him from school. Rick Patterson was legendary at Sullivan High School. He had only graduated the year before I entered the school. Rick had been a football, track, baseball, and wrestling star who had broken just about every athletic record the school had. He'd been offered scholarships galore but had opted instead to join the Marine Corps after graduation, a decision his parents and older brothers were particularly unhappy with.

There was one other thing I knew about Rick -- he was probably the most incredibly *hot* male I'd ever seen. And I'd seen a lot of him. Not in the flesh, unfortunately, but the trophy case by the administration office was almost like a shrine to him, filled with trophies, ribbons, and medals he'd help the school to win along with at least a dozen pictures of him in his different athletic uniforms. I was particularly partial to the one in his wrestling singlet. It showed off his incredibly muscular body as well as his handsome face and his quite considerable bulge -- something I've always particularly loved about wrestling singlets. They are, without doubt, one of the most erotic and revealing pieces of athletic wearing apparel made -- with the only exception being a jockstrap, another item of apparel I was particularly fond of seeing guys wearing. Actually, I preferred to see guys wearing nothing at all, but if they had to wear something, a wrestling singlet or just a jockstrap got my vote.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Patterson. I just got home from school. I haven't even been to the house yet. I stopped here first," I apologized.

"Oh, that's all right, Robby. Walter is just being cantankerous. We've got plenty of time to get to my sister's. Anyway, here are the keys to the house and the telephone number of my sister in Davenport in case anything happens. Of course, I don't expect it will. You know where the food is and everything?"

"Yes, ma'am. I remember from the last time I took care of them."

"Well, then everything's taken care of. We'll see you on Monday or Tuesday. I'll go tell Walter that we can leave now so he can stop breathing fire."

I left and went over to my house to fix myself a snack and head up to my room to spend the afternoon the way I always did -- surfing the Internet for gay porn and jacking off. I mean, what else was I supposed to do? It was the only sex life I had. Luckily, my mom had put in the Internet connection with no adult controls on it. I guess she just figured that I'd find a way around them anyway.

However, my usual sites weren't doing it for me that afternoon. There were times when the frustration of my sex life being only fantasies and pictures from the Internet drove me crazy. I would have given anything to experience what it was like to have sex with a real-live male, but I figured that there was about as much chance of that happening as there was of my sprouting wings and flying. After a couple of hours, the frustration was just exhausting me so, since I was

already naked, the way I always slept, I decided to just lie down and take a nap. I'd almost drifted off to sleep when the doorbell rang.

I couldn't imagine who the hell would be at the door. I just hoped it wasn't some damned salesman. If it was, I was just going to slam the door in his face. I grabbed my jeans and pulled them on, not bothering with a shirt or shoes. After all, when I found out whoever it was, I was just going to go back to bed.

I went downstairs and opened the door. Then, I just stood there and gaped. Standing on our front porch was a tall, incredibly handsome marine. He was wearing desert fatigues with the triple chevrons of a sergeant on the sleeves, and had an olive green duffel bag leaning against his leg. He was about six feet two inches tall. I was five feet ten inches, and he seemed about that much taller than me. He had dark hair...well, what little hair there was. He wore it in the traditional marine "high and tight," which was basically the closest thing to a Mohawk, except the strip of hair at the top of his head wasn't dyed a garish color and it was less than half an inch in length. The sides were practically shaved. He had crystal blue eyes and a smile that melted my insides. Looking down, I could see that, even in the baggy fatigues, it was clearly evident that he had a very muscular body. It only took a moment for me to recognize him. Of course, the name tag sewn onto his fatigue shirt was a dead giveaway -- "Patterson."

"Rick?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said in surprise. "Uhh...do we know each other?"

He looked at me, obviously trying to place me.

"No. I know you from your pictures. I graduated from Sullivan High. I'm Robby. Robby Trenton."

"Oh, okay. Good to meet you. Sorry to bother you, Robby, but do you know where my parents are?"

"Yeah, probably about halfway to Iowa by now. They went to visit your mom's sister."

"Fuck! I knew I should have called first," he grumbled. "But I only got the pass right before I caught the plane. Now I'm fucked."

"God! I'm sorry. Would you like to come in?" I asked, finally remembering my manners.

"Thanks. I guess I should call a cab to take me back into Chicago and find a hotel. Damn! Shit! Fuck!" He grabbed his duffel and walked past me into the foyer.

"You don't need to do that. I've got the keys to your parents' house. I'm feeding the cats while they're gone."

“Thank God! I really don’t want to have to spend the weekend in a hotel,” he said and then looked at me questioningly. “Cats? What cats?”

“Felix and Oscar. Your parents’ cats. Didn’t you know about them?”

“No. Mom never mentioned them. Oh, fuck! Looks like I’m going to be staying in a hotel after all.”

“Why?”

“I’m allergic to cats. No wonder Mom never mentioned them.”

“Well...I don’t know how you’d feel about it, but you could always stay here.” How I came up with this brainstorm on such short notice, I’ll never know. I guess it was wanting to spend more time with this most incredible example of the male species.

“I couldn’t impose. Besides, your parents might have something to say about that, don’t you think?”

“No, actually not. You see, I’m here all by myself this weekend. My mom is a flight attendant and is on a run to Milan and back. She won’t be back until late Sunday night or early Monday morning. And even if she was here, she’d make the same offer. Your mom and dad have been really good to us since we moved here, so I’m sure she’d agree.”

“What about your dad?”

“Uhh...I don’t have one. He got my mom pregnant and then wouldn’t even acknowledge that he’d done it,” I said realizing I had no idea why I had told him this. I never told anyone.

“Oh, fuck! I’m sorry, Robby. I didn’t know,” Rick said, and he put one of his hands on my bare shoulder.

The weight of his large hand, not to mention the warmth of it, went straight from my shoulder to my cock, and I had a hell of a time not getting a raging boner from it. That was all I needed! Our next-door neighbors’ marine son finding out I was queer. I could think of worse ways for my life to come to an end, but not many.

“It’s okay. You didn’t know,” I said, looking up into his crystal blue eyes, which were as warm as his hand. “But trust me. It’s really okay for you to spend the weekend. Besides, I could really use the company. I’m usually all alone.”

“I don’t know how to thank you.”

Of course, the first thought that went through my head was, “Fuck me!” However, I luckily didn’t say that.

“Don’t think anything of it. Like I said, I could really use the company.” I was now repeating myself because I really didn’t want to say any of the things that were swirling around in my head, like “Fuck me!” or “Can I suck your cock?” or “How about I lick every inch of your entire body?” or at least a dozen equally obscene suggestions I had for how he could thank me. Fuck! If I could just get to see him naked, that would give me masturbation fantasies for at least a month - better than any of the damned porn sites could supply.

Finally I came up with something that wasn’t obscene or illegal in several states. “Hey! Would you like a beer?”

“Yeah, that would be great,” he said, finally, almost reluctantly, removing his hand from my bare shoulder. However, I could still feel the warmth of it there even after he’d taken it away.

It was then that I remembered I was standing there in nothing but a pair of jeans. I thought about running upstairs and putting on a shirt or something, but Rick had already seen my scrawny body. I mean, I didn’t have muscles the way he did. I had always been slender even though, as my Mom always claimed, I could eat like a horse. I just had a very high metabolism evidently; I guess to go along with my high sex drive. I mean, I was used to jacking off three to four times a day to get some relief from my cock, which seemed like the Energizer Bunny -- always stiff as a board and ready to go. Like it was now. Just that touch of Rick’s hand on my bare shoulder had been enough to set me off -- that, and the fact that I hadn’t jacked off earlier.

“Where do you want me to put this?” Rick asked, motioning to his duffel bag.

“Why don’t you just leave it there and we’ll figure out where to put it later,” I said, thinking about where I was going to have Rick sleep.

Our house wasn’t big. It only had two bedrooms upstairs. There was the couch downstairs, but it wasn’t a sleeper sofa, and I seriously doubted that it would fit Rick’s height or his large, muscular body. I also didn’t think it would be right to put him in my mom’s room. That would be an invasion of her privacy. That basically left only one place -- my room. Now Mom had decided when we moved there that I needed more room and more privacy than she did and so she’d given me the master bedroom, which had its own bathroom. The room was also a lot bigger than the bedroom she’d taken. So big, in fact, that she’d bought me a king-size bed for it, saying I was growing and would need more room than the old full-size bed I’d had in our last apartment. So there was plenty of room for Rick to sleep with me. However, the thought of that brought me some real worries. How in the fuck was I going to sleep in the same bed with someone who looked like Rick without having a serious case of blue balls?

Rick followed me into the kitchen while all these thoughts were going through my head. I had him sit at the kitchen table, and grabbed two longnecks out of the refrigerator. This was another indication of how much my mom trusted me. She knew I never drank too much and so she didn’t mind sharing beer with me. Besides, I didn’t have a car, so I wouldn’t be driving under the influence anyway. I never abused the privilege of having a beer every once in a while. After all, I didn’t like the idea of getting drunk. I was afraid of the effects because I didn’t know what I was liable to say or do and I had a fairly big secret that I had to keep.

“So does your mom let you drink beer or is this because she’s out of town?” Rick grinned at me.

Oh, fuck! He had dimples when he grinned. The cutest fucking dimples I’d ever seen. Just what my already randy cock did not need to see.

“Uhh...no. She lets me. I don’t ever drink more than one or two. I don’t like getting drunk.”

Rick laughed. “Shit! I sure did when I was your age. Me and my buddies would get fucked-up every chance we got. But then again, we were jocks and most of the year we were in training so the opportunities were few and far between. Did you play any sports?”

“No. I was in the Paideia Program.”

“Oh! One of the ‘brains.’ Well, that doesn’t mean you can’t play sports. I was in Paideia too.”

“You were? Nobody’s ever mentioned that,” I exclaimed in surprise. Fuck! It wasn’t fair that somebody could be so athletic, so good-looking, and so smart, too.

“Yeah. I figure not. For some reason, the only way people wanted to see me was as Super-jock. And most of the time that meant they tended to treat me like I was stupid as well. Like my folks and my brothers do.” I could hear a lot of pain in his voice as he said this.

“Why does your family treat you that way?” I asked, before stopping to think this was actually none of my business.

“Because of this.” Rick grabbed the material of his uniform between the thumb and index finger of his right hand.

“What? Because you’re a marine?”

“Yeah. They all think I was stupid to join the Corps and turn down all those scholarships.” I could hear disgust and anger in his voice.

“But the Marines are the elite force of all the armed forces. They’re the ones who get called on first any time our freedom is threatened. That’s why they’re called ‘The Few, The Proud.’”

I admit that I had a thing for the Marine Corps. And not just about the hunky, supermasculine image that members of the Corps had. Even though I knew that, as a gay male, I was little more than a third- or fourth-class citizen. My freedoms and my rights were severely curtailed because of my sexual orientation, but I was still very patriotic. I believed in this country and I believed that, eventually, all the wrongs perpetrated against gay people would be somehow set right. Or, at least, an effort would be made to set them right. Just the way the Civil Rights movement had done for blacks. Of course, the hunky, supermasculine image thing didn’t hurt any either, if I were completely honest. After all, one of the hunkiest and most supermasculine examples was sitting right in front of me, causing a wet spot in my jeans from the precum leaking out of my hard-on.

At my words, however, Rick gave me a penetrating stare, almost as if he were trying to figure out if I was serious. Evidently, he must have decided I was because he gave me a shy smile and blushed. God! He was even more fucking beautiful when he did that.

“Thanks, Robby. Maybe you could give that speech to my mom and dad sometime. They and my brothers all think I’m throwing my life away in the Corps.”

“So why did you join?”

“Because, believe it or not, I really wanted to serve my country. I felt it was my duty to do it. Nobody in my family, except my dad’s father, had ever been in the armed services. Grandpa served with the Marines in the Second World War. Plus, to be honest, I didn’t want to go to college. At least not then. I had no fucking idea what I wanted to do with my life, and I figured that I would just be wasting my time going to college, trying to figure it out. I figured that after I got out of the Corps, I’d have a better idea about my life.”

“But that makes perfect sense. So why didn’t your family support what you were doing?” I couldn’t understand how Rick’s family could find fault with his reasoning.

“My brothers all were perfect little clones of each other. Each one dutifully went off to college and became so-called successes because that’s what my father demanded of them. They claim that they’re happy with their lives, but I wouldn’t give you two cents for them. Do you know about my brothers?”

“Yes. Your mom’s told me about them.”

“No, she hasn’t. Not the truth. She’s told you what she wants to believe about them, not the truth. Both she and my dad are in denial about them.”

“Really? So what is the truth?”

“Okay, let’s start with my oldest brother, David. He’s on either his fifth or sixth marriage, I can’t keep track. The last three wives have all been ‘trophy.’ Women who were fifteen to twenty years younger than he was and were eye candy for his arm. They married him for his money, but even they couldn’t stand him for more than a couple of years each,” Rick said.

“Fuck!” I muttered softly.

“Then there is my next oldest brother, Joseph. The Great Healer! I’m sure my mom has told you what a great doctor he is.”

“Well...yeah.”

“Did she tell you where Joseph lives or what kind of doctor he is?”

“Uhh...she said he lived in California. She just said he was a doctor.”

“Yeah, well he’s in California, all right. Beverly Hills to be exact, and he’s a plastic surgeon. My brother is the leading expert in breast implants in the country. My brother makes all his money on boob jobs. That’s what kind of ‘doctor’ he is. And he’s on either wife number four or five; I don’t know which at this point.”

“Damn.”

“And then there’s my last brother, William. I’m sure that Mom has told you that he’s a hospital administrator in Florida. That’s what she usually tells people.”

“Well...yeah.”

“Billy-boy is the ‘administrator’ of the hospital custodial staff in a small, private psychiatric hospital and has maybe three people under him. He can barely hold on to that job because Billy-boy is a major boozehound. He’s a drunk who’s been married three times and divorced each time for physically abusing his wives. But I’m the loser of the family because I’m a marine.”

“But that’s totally fucked-up.”

“Yeah. I know. Why do you think I haven’t been home since I left for boot camp?”

“So why did you come home now?”

“I just got back from Iraq, and I’m being transferred to Quantico for training. My flight was booked through Chicago from San Diego so I figured I would lay over for the weekend and finally see Mom and Dad. To be honest, I was really dreading this. In some ways, them not being here is a relief for me.”

“So I guess you’ll want to hang out with some of your jock buddies this weekend.”

“Why the fuck would I want to do that? I didn’t have all that much in common with them when I was in school. Now that I’ve been away in the Corps for four years, I’ve got nothing in common with them at all. Most of them either went to college and are now married with kids, or they didn’t go to college and are married with kids. And, trust me, the last thing a wife wants is her husband hanging out with some old high school buddy who lives what she sees as an exotic and exciting life. Might give him ideas of what he’s missing.”

“So what do you want to do?”

“Well, what do you usually do?”

“Read and watch DVDs.”

“What? No buddies? No girlfriends? How old are you?”

“I just turned eighteen two months ago. No, I’ve got no buddies and no girlfriends. I don’t have a car so I don’t go any place,” I said, and I could hear the defensiveness in my voice.

“Hey! I’m sorry. That was stupid of me. I wasn’t judging you. I just didn’t want to cramp your style by being here,” Rick said apologetically.

“Trust me, I’ve got no style to cramp. So what do you want to do?”

“I just spent a year eating sand and dust, roasting in the heat during the day and freezing from the cold at night, getting shot at, almost blown up a couple of times, and being scared almost every minute of the day that I was going to go home either on a stretcher or in a body bag. Spending the weekend doing fuck-nothing except vegging on the couch watching movies sounds like the best thing I’ve ever heard.” He gave me another grin showing his dimples.

“I thought you’d want to go out and get drunk or get laid.”

“I don’t need to go out to get drunk. I’m old enough to buy booze and drink here. And the last fucking thing I want is to be in a fucking bar. Totally boring and, since all I’ve got with me are my uniforms, totally stupid. You end up either with some drunken asshole trying to pick a fight with you because he wants to prove he’s a man by beating up a marine, or people ask you really stupid questions like, ‘How many guys did you kill?’”

“Oh...” was all I could say. I’d never realized that. God knows the thought of how many men he had killed over there had been in my mind.

“And as for getting laid, well...to be honest with you, it’s all well and good, getting your nut, don’t get me wrong, but since I came back, I’m not interested in one-night stands anymore. I want somebody who knows me and cares about me. Somebody I don’t have to play stupid games with the next morning, like telling them I’ll call when I know damned well I won’t. Can you understand that?”

“Well...yes and no. I mean I get the part about wanting someone to care about you. But I don’t know anything about the rest of it,” I said quietly, blushing with embarrassment.

“Are you saying you’re a virgin?” he asked quietly.

I looked at him, I expected to see disgust or pity in his face, but the look he gave me was neither of those. It almost seemed like he was glad about it, the way he was smiling gently at me, but that didn’t make any sense to me at all.

“Yeah,” I said, and even I could hear the shame in my voice.

“Hey! There’s nothing to be ashamed of. If you ask me, you’ve avoided a lot of heartache. You might think that getting laid is greatest thing in the world, but a lot of times, it’s just fucking awkward. And it can be really frustrating trying to find the right person. You strike out more than you score -- trust me on that one.”

"I'll bet you don't. Not with the way you look and the body you've got," I said, and immediately thought to myself, *Oh, fuck! That didn't just come out of my mouth. Now he's gonna know for sure that I'm queer.*

Rick, however, didn't seem to notice. He just laughed.

"Nobody scores all the time. Not even me. Like I told you, you strike out more. And a body and a face don't change that. To be honest with you, if I find out somebody just wants me because of my body or because they think I look good, that turns me off for sure."

Oops! I thought to myself. *That's exactly why my fucking cock is bone hard.* But then I thought about it, and I realized that maybe that wasn't the whole truth. Oh, the minute I'd seen him standing at the door, I just about lost my breath over how beautiful he was, but now that I'd had a chance to actually talk to him and get to know him a little, it wasn't just Rick's body or his good looks that was keeping my cock hard. It was Rick himself. If I were trying to describe Rick as a person, the two words I would use would be *honesty* and *integrity*. Okay, I didn't know him all that well, but that's the feeling I got from him and everything he'd said. To be absolutely honest, given half a chance, I knew I could fall deeply in love with him -- all the more reason to keep my hands to myself this weekend.

I guess I have to admit to something here. I'm a fucking romantic. As much as I hate that about myself, I know that what I really want isn't to get laid, though when I'm horny that's about all I can think about. The truth is, what I really want is a guy to love who would love me. I want all that crap you read about in romance novels -- love at first sight, falling totally in love with a guy who is your soul mate, being totally faithful to him because there isn't another male on the face of the planet who could make you be unfaithful. I know how fucking stupid that is, but I just can't seem to help myself. The last fucking thing I needed in my life, though, was to fall for some straight guy -- and a straight marine, no less.

"There is one problem with you getting drunk here. Other than two more bottles of beer, there's not any booze in the house, and there's no liquor store anywhere near here. At least not in walking distance."

"Robby, that's what they make cabs for."

"Yeah, but cabs are expensive."

"Shit! I've got plenty of money. I just spent a year in Iraq. How much money do you think I spent over there, huh? I've got almost a year's salary built up. It's not going to hurt me at all to pay cab fare. Besides, you know what I want more than anything else?"

"No, what?"

"I want to go to the Daily. You know the bar and grill over on Lincoln at West Wilson?"

"Yeah. I know it. Mom's taken me there a few times."

“Well, the whole time I was in Iraq, I kept dreaming about one of their Daily burgers with bacon and blue cheese and cheese fries on the side.”

“Cool!”

“So, let me get a shower and change out of these fatigues and we can head there. You’re hungry, right?”

I was an eighteen-year-old male. That translates to a walking, talking, hormone-driven eating machine.

“Well...yeah,” I said, uncomfortably.

Since I didn’t have a job or anything, I didn’t have a lot of money, certainly not for eating out. Not with my appetite.

“This is on me, Robby. It’s the least I can do for you being so nice as to put me up for the weekend. Trust me, this weekend you pay for nothing. It’s all on me. Okay?”

“Okay.” It felt kind of weird. Like I was his date or something. Not *bad* weird. Actually kind of *good* weird, but weird nonetheless.

“So where do you want me to shower? Come to think of it, where do you want me to sleep?”

“You can shower in my bathroom. As to where you’re going to sleep, well... There’s the couch down here, but I don’t know if it would be very comfortable or long enough for you or...uhh...well...you could just share my bed. It’s a king-size one.”

There. I’d said it. I just didn’t know how he was going to take that, however.

“If you’re sure you don’t mind, I’d rather sleep in your bed,” he said, quietly, looking at me with a stare that seemed to go right down to my soul.

“No, I don’t mind,” I replied quietly.

“Good, then. Let me grab my duffel and grab a shower and then we’ll head out.”

He went out to the foyer and got his bag, and then he followed me up the stairs. He threw his bag down on the bed while looking around my room. He started to unbutton his shirt, and I saw the smooth skin covering his massive pecs. I knew I shouldn’t be standing there watching him strip, but I couldn’t move. He didn’t seem to mind. In fact, he smiled at me.

“You know, Robby? I think this is going to turn out to be a really good weekend.”

Chapter Two

I was doing okay at keeping myself under control until Rick removed his fatigue shirt. That was when his scent hit me. I guess it had been a long time since he'd showered because I could smell the musk of him when his bare skin -- especially his pits -- became open to the air within my room. I practically hyperventilated trying to breathe in as much of the raw, masculine scent of him as I could.

This was something that I had learned really turned me on -- the natural scent of a guy. Especially when the guy in question was hot and sweaty, like my classmates after P.E. class before they showered. In fact, I loved the smell of the locker room with its embedded scent of at least a thousand sweaty boys built up over the years.

But never in my life had I smelled a scent that was so attractive, so alluring, so devastating as Rick's. It was like it went up my nose and then flowed down into my crotch while, along the way, it wrapped itself around my heart. It was a scent that I would give anything to be around the rest of my life. They say that scent is the best trigger for memory, and Rick's scent was a memory that I knew I would always have.

Actually, I was surprised that Rick couldn't hear me deeply inhaling his scent even from across the room. But, if he did, he didn't let on. Instead, he continued to calmly, almost slowly, undress and carefully fold each item of clothing. First came the shirt; then, he sat down on the bed and removed his boots and socks. Then he again stood up and lowered his pants. I stood there, waiting for him to reveal what he wore beneath them -- boxers or briefs. Imagine my surprise and delight when he lowered his fatigue pants and he wore nothing beneath them. Rick was commando, and so I got to see the dark triangle of his pubic hair and, finally his long, thick, uncut cock.

I have to admit to some normal amount of pride at my own endowment. I knew I was bigger, at least soft, than most of the guys who I had seen in the showers. It might be the only legacy I had from the asshole who had gotten my mom pregnant and then denied having done it. If so, I had to admit that I was at least glad for that. However, looking at Rick, I knew he at least equaled me in the cock department and perhaps even exceeded me -- slightly.

Where his cock fascinated me most, however, was being uncut. First of all, that was pretty rare...well...at least from the guys I'd seen. Most guys are circumcised shortly after they're born so seeing a guy who was intact wasn't that common. About the only guys in our school that I'd ever seen who were uncut were all foreign-born guys whose parents had immigrated to the United States after they were born. I had always wondered what it felt like to have that extra skin covering the head of your cock all the time. I wondered if it retracted when he got hard or if he had to pull it back. I, of course, wondered if it helped or hindered sex. Unfortunately, I was so fascinated looking at Rick's cock that I didn't realize how hard or how long that I had evidently been staring at it.

“Yeah. I know. I’m uncut.”

His voice was soft and had kind of a chuckle in it.

I looked up in fright, knowing that Rick had busted me staring at his cock. I figured he’d be pissed off and would know that I was queer. Instead, I found him just smiling gently at me.

“I remember when I was at Sullivan, except for a couple of black guys, I was the only one on any of the sports I played who was. Guys used to really rag on me about it. In the Marine Corps, I found out that it has a lot to do with what part of the country you’re from. Guys from the South and from the West seem to be mostly uncut while guys from the Northeast or California tend to be cut. Guys from the midwestern farming states like Iowa and Kansas tend to be uncut unless they were born in a big city,” Rick said.

I suddenly thought it was rather odd that Rick had done so much study of other guys’ penises, but then again, I guess because he was such an oddity in school, this was probably something that he was interested in.

“So how come you’re uncut? Were you born on a farm?”

“Uhh...no,” he said, and I could see him blush and this look of real shame come over his face. “That’s because of my dad.”

“What do you mean?” I did not understand where his reaction was coming from.

Rick hesitated, like it was some kind of deep, dark secret that he didn’t want to tell me. I started to get embarrassed because, again, I’d asked him something that was really none of my business. I was just about to say this when he spoke again.

“My dad demanded that none of my brothers or me be circumcised. My dad is extremely anti-Semitic. He really hates Jews. He didn’t want any of his sons circumcised because all Jewish males are. He tried, when I was growing up, to make me just like him. He’d pretty well managed it with my brothers, but I didn’t buy into any of that crap. I can’t see hating someone for being born a certain way. It’s not like you get to choose who you get born to or how,” Rick said, his voice gruff with what appeared to be barely controlled anger.

A surge of pride, and of something else, went through me at Rick’s words. It was like I could see Rick fighting back against his father’s bigotry. Unfortunately, I realized the “other” something felt a lot like love. Love for Rick’s strength of soul and character to stand up for people who were despised. And love for him, for being the kind of man who didn’t judge people because of who or how they are born. I had to admit that I began to wonder if Rick would be able to accept the fact that I was queer.

“I never knew that. He never said anything to me,” I told Rick.

“No, he probably wouldn’t. Not with Mom around. She really gets on him if he starts any of that shit with people outside the family. Well, let me take a shower. I’m getting really hungry here. How about you?”

“Yeah. I’m hungry. Mom says that I stay that way.”

“Yeah. Guys usually have two states of being -- hungry and horny. Feed one and the other starts.” He grinned back as he headed toward the bathroom.

That last statement gave me some pause. Did he mean that once he’d eaten, he’d be horny? As hungry as I was, I was still horny, but that came from the fact that I hadn’t jacked off as I usually did, and from being around him -- clothed and unclothed.

I heard the water start in the shower and then it dawned on me -- towels! I went out into the hall to the linen closet and got fresh towels. I walked back into the bathroom to hang them on the towel racks, grabbing the used ones to stick into the laundry hamper.

“I brought you fresh towels. I hung them on the towel rack,” I said, loud enough for my voice to be heard over the running water of the shower.

To my surprise, Rick pulled back the shower curtain partway so that I could see the length of his wet body. What is it about the male body that looks so much more beautiful when it’s wet? It was like the water just accented the planes and ripples of his muscles. And God! Did he have muscles.

“Oh, I thought maybe you’d decided to join me.” He grinned and winked at me as he continued to run his hands over his soapy, wet body.

I must have looked like a deer caught in a car’s headlights at that statement. I was totally and completely stunned. I didn’t know what to say or how to answer something like that. Surely he had to be joking, right? He couldn’t possibly mean he wanted us to shower together.

“Uhh...no! There wouldn’t be enough room anyway.”

It was the first thing that popped into my head. I didn’t know what else to say. After all, Rick was a big guy, and the shower wasn’t all that big.

“Yes, there is. There’s plenty of room. You should have seen how small the showers in Iraq were. And either the water was freezing cold or boiling hot -- nothing in between. Fuck! We used to have to shower together because the fucking water was always running out,” Rick said.

“Well, then this ought to be a treat for you. Trust me, the water isn’t going to run out. Not even the hot water. One of the things Mom did when we moved in here was to install instant water heaters for the bathrooms along with the kitchen and basement laundry room. That way, you can never run out of hot water. She said that she knew how boys liked to take long showers.”

“You mean she knows how boys like to jack off in the shower so it takes them longer.”

“Well, if she did, she didn’t say that,” I said, blushing furiously.

Sex was something that Mom and I had never talked about. I guess she didn’t feel qualified to give me “The Talk,” and she didn’t date, so there were no men around to talk to me either. It seemed strange suddenly, but I realized that Mom and I had never had one conversation about sex. Ever.

“I’m almost done. You should get undressed and hop in here when I am. That way we can get going before we both starve to death. While you’re showering, I’ll call a cab,” he said, stepping out of the shower and leaving the water running.

I didn’t know what to do. While it didn’t bother me to undress and shower in front of another guy -- four years of high school P.E. classes had taken that nervousness and shyness out of me -- at the same time, this was somehow different. Way different. But it almost seemed like Rick was standing there, drying himself and waiting for me to do so. Of course, stripping only amounted to opening my jeans and taking them off, which I did. But it was when I did and went to get into the shower that the strangest thing happened. I glanced over at Rick, and it was quite apparent that he was looking at me. Not just casually looking, either. Really looking at me. And his eyes seemed to be glued directly to my cock -- just as mine had been to his.

I didn’t know what to think at that point. Rick could not be queer. That, to me, was an impossibility. And, certainly, he’d seen enough guys naked. He was an ex-jock and a marine, for God’s sake! So why did I feel like I was being “cruised” -- the term I had learned from gay sites on the Internet. Why did it feel like Rick was measuring me as a sex partner? And the strangest thing of all, why did it feel like I’d passed inspection? Surely, even if the impossible were true, that Rick did have sex with other guys, why would he want me? I wasn’t anything special. Despite having a bigger-than-average cock, I was scrawny by comparison. I had no muscles. I wasn’t a jock. Shit! I was a fucking virgin. I didn’t even know how to have sex, and he knew it.

I got into the shower while my mind was spinning with these questions. Rick, for his part, just sauntered out of the bathroom and into my bedroom. I could hear him on the phone calling a cab as I quickly washed and got out of the shower. I dried off and wrapped the towel around my waist. When I walked back into the bedroom, however, I noticed that Rick had not done that. He’d merely hung the towel around his neck so that, for all intents and purposes, he was still naked. Only now, rather than looking at his cock, I got the treat of looking at probably the most incredible male butt that I had ever seen in my life. The roundness of it, the smoothness of it, the way that it looked like two flesh-colored footballs started to stiffen my unruly cock once more.

I quickly grabbed another pair of jeans out of the drawer of my dresser and pulled them on. I didn’t even bother with underwear. I then pulled out my favorite T-shirt from a Garth Brooks concert that I’d gotten to go to several years before. Yeah, I love country music. I guess that I’m a redneck at heart. That was, of course, something else I kept to myself. I never wore this or any of my other concert shirts to school. I didn’t want to advertise that I loved Garth Brooks, Alan Jackson, Toby Keith, and Kenny Chesney.

“Hey! Garth. I love him! Don’t tell me you like country?” Rick asked.

“Yeah. I do.”

“Cool! We used to listen to him and Toby Keith over in Iraq all the time.”

“They’re two of my favorites. I also love Willie Nelson. Do you know that song that he did with Toby Keith called ‘Beer For My Horses’?”

It was like Rick just stopped dead. He looked at me and I could see incredible pain in his eyes. I had no idea what I’d said that would have caused that. All of a sudden, he just sat down on the bed and just stared off into space. I didn’t know what to say or do at that point. Without even thinking, I went over to the bed and sat down next to him. It was like I wasn’t even there. It got no reaction from him at all. What finally did get a reaction was when I reached up and put my hand on his bare shoulder. It was then he turned and looked at me, the pain still emanating from his eyes.

“Rick? What’s the matter? Did I say something wrong?” I asked quietly.

It was then he seemed to come out of whatever it was he was lost in.

“No. No, Robby. You didn’t say anything wrong,” he said, his voice very rough with emotion. “It’s just that...that song. It was my best buddy Dean’s favorite.”

“Yeah?” I asked softly, afraid that I knew what was coming.

“Dean didn’t make it back. He died in Iraq. He was killed by a roadside bomb. I should have been on that patrol with him that day, but I’d gone on sick call that morning because I had this horrible case of jock rot. Can you imagine? I would have been either wounded or killed, but I was saved by jock itch,” he said, his voice clearly filled with the pain he felt at the vagaries of fate and his buddy’s death.

“I’m sorry. I know that’s a lame thing to say. I guess I don’t really know what to say. But I really am. I’m sorry you lost your friend.”

Rick’s eyes softened as he looked at me. He reached over and put his hand on my leg. “I know you are, Robby. I can see it in your eyes. You remind me some of Dean. He was slender, like you. We used to kid him all the time about it. But he was one fucking brave marine. His size didn’t matter. He’d volunteer for the worst fucking assignments. And, except for that morning, he always came back.” Rick’s voice was still husky.

“I’m not brave,” I said, quietly, looking away.

I was thinking about hiding who I was from everybody for the last four years. I didn’t have the guts to admit the truth about myself. I only wanted to survive and so I took the coward’s way out.

“It isn’t always a good thing to be brave, Robby. Sometimes it’s better to survive,” Rick said quietly, almost like he could read my mind.

I looked back at him, almost expecting...but I didn’t know what I was expecting. Rick gave me a soft smile.

“We better finish getting dressed. That cab’s going to be here any minute,” he said.

With this, he got up, started rooting through his duffel bag, and pulled out a pair of olive green fatigue pants and a shirt. With startling quick efficiency, he was fully dressed in moments. I pulled on my shoes and we headed downstairs. Just as we got down there, I heard a car horn honk. I opened the door and, just as Rick had predicted, there was a cab. I grabbed my keys and locked the house while Rick went down to the cab. I followed and got in as I heard Rick telling the driver to take us to the Daily Bar and Grill.

When we got there, the place was busy but we found a table. True to his Iraq fantasies, Rick ordered a Daily burger with bacon and blue cheese and an order of cheese fries. I figured that was fine with me and ordered the same. Rick ordered a beer and I ordered a Coke. The waitress went to put in our order.

“She didn’t even card you,” I exclaimed in surprise.

“They never do. They see the uniform and they don’t even question.”

“So how old are you?”

“I’m twenty-two, but I’ll turn twenty-three next month.”

“Yeah, I kind of figured that, even though at times you seem a lot older.”

“War does that to you. You see guys killed and wounded; it changes you.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want to make you think about that again,” I said, horrified at the direction the conversation had suddenly gone.

“No. It’s okay, Robby. It’s not you; it’s me. It’s hard not to think about it. I’ve only been back from it for about a week now.”

“You’re kidding! That soon?”

“Yeah. I was rotated back with my unit and then the orders came through sending me to Quantico.”

“So what are you going to study there?” I asked, trying desperately to find a subject that didn’t remind him of Iraq.

At this, Rick seemed to get embarrassed. He blushed, and I wondered what the hell that was all about. Either I was making him sad or embarrassing him. *Way to go, asshole!* I thought to myself.

“They’re sending me to OCS,” he said quietly, not looking at me.

“What’s that?”

“Officer’s Candidate School. I was recommended by my CO.”

“And a CO is...”

“Boy, don’t you know nothin’ ’bout the Corps?” Rick said, with a decidedly Southern accent, grinning at me.

“Not a damn thing except that they must be one hell of a great group of men if you’re any example.”

For the second time in less than an hour, I saw Rick absolutely speechless. Only this time, it wasn’t in sadness. He looked at me with that same deer-in-the-headlights look I must have given him when he asked me if I was going to join him in the shower.

“I don’t even know what to say to that, Robby. That’s about the nicest thing that anybody has ever said to me,” he said, quietly, pinning me with those crystal blue eyes of his.

“You could just say, ‘Thank you’ because it’s true. You’re just about the greatest guy I’ve ever met.”

“Then you haven’t met a lot of guys,” he said quietly, looking away.

I knew that I’d embarrassed him again, which wasn’t my intention, so I changed the subject.

“So what is a CO?”

He looked back at me and gave me a gentle smile. “That’s a commanding officer.”

“Oh. So your CO recommended you for OCS. Well, that at least should make your parents and your brothers proud of you.”

“I doubt it. I don’t think I could do that if they named me Commandant of the Marine Corps or Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.”

“Rick, they must love you.”

“If they do, they’ve got an awful funny way of showing it. Do you know that the whole fucking time I was in Iraq, the only one who ever wrote me was my mom? And, in all her letters, all she did was complain about me going off to the Marine Corps and ending up in Iraq, making her worry about me. It got to the point that I’m glad she didn’t write very often. As to my dad and my brothers, I didn’t hear from them once. I guess I can’t blame them though. I’m not a ‘success’ like they are. I’m just a fucking jarhead.”

“Okay! That’s enough of that. I think your family are complete assholes to treat you that way, but there is nothing to be ashamed of about being a marine. You do a hell of a lot more for this country than some fucking Wall Street lawyer or a boob salesman. You’re honest and you’re loyal and you’ve got way more integrity than all of them put together,” I said, not knowing where all the anger I was feeling inside was coming from.

Rick looked at me and his mouth was hanging open in shock. I guess it should have been. I don’t think anybody’s seen or heard me that angry in my whole life. But here was this guy, probably the greatest guy I’d ever met, somebody that I could love for my whole life long, and his own fucking family couldn’t see how wonderful he was.

That’s when it hit me. Totally against my better judgment, even knowing that there was absolutely no chance of those feelings ever being returned, I was starting to fall in love with Rick. Of all the stupid, lame-brained things that I had ever done in my life, this one really was in a class by itself. The stupid class.

After that little outburst, however, my first thought was to run out of the restaurant and get as far away from Rick as I could. There was no way he couldn’t know now that I had feelings for him and not the kind of feelings that one guy is supposed to have for another. Rick must have realized my desire to run away because he grabbed my arm as he continued to stare into my eyes.

“You have no idea,” he said with quiet intensity, “how much I needed to hear somebody say that. I’ve been beating myself up for a year now, telling myself what a fool I’d been to join the Corps. I’d actually started to think that my family had been right. That I was just a loser.”

Now it was my turn to look at him in shock.

“How could you even think that? My God! Have you ever seen the trophy case at Sullivan? It’s like a fucking shrine to you. You won everything that was possible to win. You haven’t been a loser in your whole fucking life, and you sure aren’t one now, not unless you let them get to you. They’re the losers, and they’re just trying to drag you down to their level,” I said with the same intensity.

“Robby, you don’t even know me. Not really.”

“The fuck I don’t. The Paideia Program teaches us critical thinking and how to make judgments based on sound observations, or have you forgotten that? I knew the minute I met you that you were something different, somebody special, and nothing has changed my mind on that. Nothing

you've said, nothing you've done. You are everything I've always wanted to be and couldn't." Now it was my turn to be bitter.

"No, Robby. You're wrong about that. You are very special. You've got a huge heart and more compassion than I could ever dream of having. And anybody who can't see that is fucking blind -- including you," Rick said, still holding on to my arm. "Remember? I was Paideia too."

I looked down to avoid his eyes, which were looking right through me, as I blushed furiously.

"To quote you: 'You don't know me. Not really,'" I said quietly.

"Oh, I think I do, Robby. A lot better than you think," he said, and when I looked up at him, he was smiling at me.

I don't know where this would have gone, but at that moment, the waitress came with our order. It was like we called a truce in order to feed. My mind was whirling like a dervish over what Rick had said. He couldn't possibly know that I was queer or that I had feelings for him or he'd never have said those things to me. But, at the same time, he was wrong. I was the loser, not him. I was losing everything, but especially my heart, to a guy who would probably despise me if he ever knew the truth about me.

As my mind continued to swirl with these kinds of thoughts, Rick's voice intruded.

"So what kind of movies have you got?"

"Huh?" I looked up at him, having not really heard what he had said.

He grinned. "What kind of movies have you got?" he said slowly, enunciating every word like I had to read his lips or something.

"Uhh...just about any kind you want."

"Do you have any old ones, like *Blazing Saddles* or *Young Frankenstein*?"

"Do I!" I exclaimed, not believing he'd asked for those. "I love Mel Brooks. I've got every movie he ever made that's come out on DVD."

"How about *History of the World* or *The Producers*?"

"Got 'em! And *To Be Or Not To Be* and *Spaceballs*. About the only one I don't have is *Silent Movie*. I haven't been able to get that one yet."

"That's okay. You've got all my favorites. Let's finish eating and get out of here. All I want right now is to curl up on your couch and laugh my ass off."

I thought to myself, *If you laugh it off, can I have it?* But, of course, I didn't dare say that. We finished wolfing down our food, and then Rick had the waitress call a cab for us. Rick told the cab driver to take us somewhere he could buy some beer, and then we headed back to my house.

Chapter Three

"So, which one next?" I asked, getting up from the couch to pop the DVD out of the player.

"God! I can't take another one. I've laughed so much my sides hurt."

We'd been having a Mel Brooks marathon for the last six hours. We'd gone through *Blazing Saddles*, *History of the World: Part I*, and *The Producers* so far. I'd made a huge bowl of popcorn that was now gone except for some "old maids" at the bottom, and I'd drunk four beers to about eight for Rick. I was feeling no pain, but Rick didn't appear to be even fazed by the ones he had. Somewhere along the line, we'd changed out of our clothes. Rick had changed from his uniform to this tiny pair of shorts he called UDTs, while I had pulled on an equally small pair of gym shorts.

Something that had bothered me at the beginning was that when we sat down on the couch, I'd sat on the end and expected Rick to take the other end. Instead, he'd sat down right next to me. So close that I spent the whole time feeling the warmth from his bare body and smelling his scent, which was driving me nuts, especially when he spread his arms across the back of the couch and I could smell the sweaty scent from his pits. It also bothered me because it was like the arm behind me was almost around me -- something that I would have given anything to actually happen.

"So what do you want to do?" I looked back at the incredibly magnificent male spread out on my couch.

"How about we hit the rack? I am in serious need of some shut-eye."

"Sure. That's fine with me. It's way after midnight already."

We headed upstairs to my room where I drew back the covers on my bed. It was at that point that I remembered that I slept naked. I figured that I'd better get a pair of briefs out of my drawer, but when I looked back, Rick was sliding off his UDTs and climbing into bed naked. He looked at me questioningly.

"Uhh...I hate sleeping with anything on. Does that bother you?"

"No. That's the way I always sleep."

I slipped off my gym shorts and slid into bed next to him as he held up the covers for me.

“You don’t snore, do you?” Rick asked me, grinning.

“How would I know? I’ve never slept with anybody before.”

“Never?”

“Never.”

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to take my chances then.”

“How about you? Do you snore?”

“Not unless I’m drunk.”

“Well, I don’t think you’re drunk.”

“Not hardly! You tryin’ to insult me, boy? Marines can outdrink anybody. I could drink twice that number of beers and go out on the range and score like a sniper.” He grinned, speaking in the same Southern accent he’d used at dinner.

“I just bet you could.”

We were lying there on our sides, turned toward each other, looking into each other’s faces. Suddenly his face changed. A soft look came over him I hadn’t seen before.

“Good night, Robby. Thank you so much for letting me be here with you and for one of the best nights I’ve had in a very long time.”

“Thank you for being here. Trust me, this is about the best night I’ve ever had.”

“And we’ve got the rest of the weekend to make things even better.”

“Is that a promise?”

“That’s a promise. And Marines always keep their promises. At least this one does.”

“I’m sure you do.”

I turned over so that I was facing away from him. I didn’t want to take the chance that he would see the hard-on that I’d had since I got into bed with him. I thought I’d never get to sleep with it, but I was almost immediately out like a light. I just wasn’t used to having that much beer.

A fact that was proved a couple of hours later when I woke up and had to piss like a racehorse. I stumbled to the bathroom, where it felt like I had to stand there for an hour while every bit of

liquid drained from my body, and then I stumbled back to bed. I noticed in the moonlight streaming across my bed that Rick was sleeping on his side facing me, so I got into bed and rolled onto my side with my back to him.

I had almost drifted back to sleep when I felt him move close to me and suddenly felt his arm come around me and pull me closer into his body. His body melded to mine, and I could feel his rock-hard cock pressing against my butt while I could also feel the warmth of his breath on the back of my neck. His other arm slid under my pillow so that my head was actually lying on it with the pillow between my face and his arm.

I didn't know what to do. I figured he was asleep and that he was dreaming about a girl or something and had moved toward the warmth of another body in the bed, thinking I was her. What I wasn't prepared for, however, was when his hand started moving down from my chest to my groin, gently stroking and feeling me the whole way, until his hand rested on my very hard cock. Of course, at the first touch from him, I'd boned harder than I ever could remember. I just lay there, frozen in fear. I figured he would wake up at any moment and be really pissed at me for finding us this way, even though I had had nothing to do with it.

Instead, what I felt next was him gently kissing and licking at the back of my neck and the top of my shoulder while his hand gently began stroking my hard-on. I couldn't help myself at that moment, and I let out a loud groan as feelings that I'd never had before began to rush through my body. It was then that his mouth left my shoulder and moved up to where I felt his warm breath tickling the inside of my ear.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Oh, God! Yes!"

"I thought you would."

"Are...are...you sure you want to do this?"

"More than anything in the world. Don't you?"

"More than anything I've ever wanted in my whole life. But...but...I...thought..."

"You thought I was straight, right?"

"Yes."

"Surprise." He chuckled in my ear as his hips pushed forward, pressing his hard cock harder against my ass for a moment, and then moved back.

His hand left my cock and he released me from his arms. I didn't know what was happening for a moment until he spoke again.

“Turn over. I want to look at you,” he said, and I could hear a thrilling huskiness in his voice. A huskiness that sounded like a man who was lost in desire and lust.

I quickly turned over and his arms reached out for me again, pulling me close to him while his mouth moved toward mine and gave me a gentle kiss. His arm beneath me held me close while the other arm rose up and his hand gently stroked my cheek.

“Robby, Robby. Eighteen and never been kissed.” He grinned at me.

I blushed furiously at this. We both knew it was true. What Rick held in his arms was a very scared little virgin. I could barely meet his eyes, not as much from shame as from the intensity of his stare. It was like he could look down into my very soul and know everything about me. Every hope, every dream, every carnal fantasy that I’d ever had.

“Look at me,” he said softly but, for all its softness, it was an order -- not a request.

I looked him fully in the eyes. His crystal blue eyes were darker, more intense somehow than I had ever seen them. They radiated such strong emotions that they almost frightened me in their intensity.

“Don’t be scared. I’m not going to hurt you.”

Then, his mouth captured mine again. This time it was no gentle little kiss. This time it was hard, deep, and passionate. His mouth opened and his tongue pushed its way into my mouth. I tasted him for the first time, moaning into his mouth as I succumbed to the passions tearing through me. Our bodies pressed close together, our hard cocks rubbing against each other on the wet lubrication of our combined precum. I locked my arms around his neck, holding on to him as his hands began to explore my body.

“Mmm...you feel so good,” he said, pulling his mouth away from mine so that I could finally breathe. “I’ve been wanting to touch you like this since the moment I first saw you.”

“You’re joking, right?” I said stupidly.

I couldn’t believe that anyone, much less somebody who looked like Rick, could want me.

“No. I’m not joking. Why would you think that?” He pulled back slightly, his eyes boring into mine with a look of incredulity in them.

“You’re...you’re so...what would you want with me?” I looked away from his intense stare.

“I’m so what, Robby? I’m so ugly?”

“God! No! You’re so beautiful,” I exclaimed as I looked back to him.

“Oh. You think I’m so beautiful so there’s no way that I would want you. Is that it?”

“Well...yeah!”

“Did it ever occur to you that to me you’re beautiful?”

“No. Why would it? I’m nothing like you. I’m not tall, I don’t have muscles, I don’t look anything like you.”

“That’s just it, Robby. What am I supposed to do, make love to myself? Why would I want somebody who looked just like me? Wouldn’t that be just a bit narcissistic? Not to mention egotistical?”

“Well, yeah. I guess. But why me?”

“The way you ask that, it’s like you’re saying you don’t think you’re good enough for me to want.”

At this, I looked away again. That’s exactly what I thought. That’s what I knew. I wasn’t anyway good enough for Rick.

“Robby. Look at me.” Again, he said it softly, but it wasn’t a request.

Slowly, I looked back at him.

“Remember all those things you said to me at the restaurant about me being better than my family?”

I nodded.

“Well, you’re better than you think you are. I wasn’t lying to you when I told you that you had way more compassion and heart than I did. I told you I didn’t want another one-night stand. I told you I wanted to make love to somebody who cared about me. That means way more to me than how somebody looks. And I’ve never met anybody who cared about me the way that you do.”

I looked at him in surprise. How did he know? I thought I had covered it up better than that.

As if he was reading my mind again, Rick grinned and said, “No, you didn’t hide it at all well. I could see it in your eyes. I could hear it in your voice. I could feel it just now in the way you kissed me.”

“But...but I thought...”

“You thought that I would run screaming for the hills if I found out that you were falling in love with me. That the last thing I needed was some lovesick eighteen-year-old. Is that about it?”

“How the fuck do you do that?” I was getting angry now. “How do you know what I’m thinking?”

“Don’t ever play poker. You couldn’t bluff your way out of a wet paper bag. Everything you’re feeling is written all over your face. I don’t need to read your mind. I just have to look at you.”

That stumped me. So he’d known all along.

“But if you knew...then you wanted this to happen?”

“More than anything. I’ve been looking for someone like you for a long time. I thought I’d found it once but I was wrong.”

Then it hit me.

“Dean?”

He looked at me in shock.

“Now who’s reading minds? Yes...Dean. How did you know?”

“Want to play poker? When you talked about him, I just had the feeling that he was more than a buddy.”

“Well, to some extent. Yes, he was more than a buddy. We were fuck buddies.”

“What’s that?”

“That’s a friend you have sex with. But it never went any further than friendship. We got along great, but I never fell in love with him, and he never fell in love with me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I’m sure. See, Dean wasn’t gay. He was bi. He liked girls, too. More than he liked guys.”

“What about you?” I asked, afraid of what his answer might be.

“No way! I only like guys. Trust me.”

“But you’re a marine. You can’t be queer!”

Rick threw back his head and laughed at this. It was a deep, masculine laugh. A sound that went through me and caused my cock to tingle.

“What the fuck makes you think that? Trust me, there are a lot of marines who really only like other guys.”

“There are?”

“Yeah. There are. And the word’s gay -- not queer. Only straight guys who can’t deal with their own sexuality call us that.” I could hear the disgust in his voice as he said this.

I looked away from him. My own feelings were different. I’d always thought of myself as “queer.” Both the insulting connotation of my sexuality and the original meaning of “deviating from the expected or the norm, as in behavior, eccentric,” I knew I *deviated* from the *norm*. Physically, emotionally, and in every way I could think of. In my own personal lexicon, it also referred to my being inferior, for that is how I’d felt most of my life.

“Robby, you don’t really think of yourself as ‘queer,’ do you?”

I couldn’t look at him. I didn’t want to see the disappointment that I knew I would see in his eyes. It didn’t matter, however. Just by not looking, I’d confirmed what he thought. I felt his fingers pushing on my chin so that, slowly, I was forced to turn back and look at him.

“You are not ‘queer.’ There is nothing wrong with you, except for this whole self-hatred thing you’ve got going. Who the hell’s been telling you that you’re so awful? Does your mom say that to you?” I could see fire in his eyes.

“No. Mom is always telling me how wonderful I am. But she has to say that. She’s my mother.”

“No, she doesn’t. My mother sure as shit doesn’t say that to me. So I want to know, who’s been telling you that you’re so horrible?”

“Nobody had to tell me, okay? I know. I can see how different I am.”

With this, it was like all of my emotions, all the pain and loneliness that I’d felt all my life, welled up inside me at once, and I did the most embarrassing thing possible. I started crying. Right in front of Rick. I started bawling like a little baby, and all I wanted to do was to crawl away somewhere and die from the pain and embarrassment I felt.

I tried to pull out of Rick’s arms and get out of bed, but he held on to me and wouldn’t let me go. God! The fucker was strong. Even through my tears, I noticed that. It was like trying to escape from King Kong, only without all the hair. Rick not only held me there, he pulled me toward him until my face was pressed against his muscular chest and I was held tightly in his warm and muscular arms.

Rick didn’t say anything, he just held me. I do remember him gently stroking my head with one hand. I remember that because, even through my tears, I was surprised at how gentle someone that muscular and strong could be. I just lay there, my face pressed to his chest, crying. I was crying because of the pain of hating myself, and I was hating myself because I was crying and I would make Rick hate me now as well.

Finally, either I didn't have any tears left or I just exhausted myself, but I stopped crying. Rick continued to hold me, gently stroking me. However, the hold he had on me was firm. There was no chance that he was going to let me go anywhere. Finally he started speaking to me. I could hear his deep voice as it rumbled in his chest against my ear.

"There is nothing wrong with you, Robby. You are not any of the awful, horrible things you're telling yourself that you are. I would say that your mom was exactly right. You are wonderful. You've made me feel alive and cared about again. I haven't felt like that in a very long time. Living in war, scared out of your mind every day is going to be your last, watching your buddies getting wounded or killed, knowing that everybody at home thinks you're an asshole to have gotten yourself into the situation to begin with -- after a while, you just want to give up and die yourself just to get away from it. I don't even know why I held on as long as I did. I guess it was because I kept telling myself that if I ever got home, I could find someone who would care about me. Someone who wouldn't think that I was an asshole or a loser. Someone who would understand why I had to go and do the things I did. And you're that person. Don't you get that? How the fuck can you cause yourself all this pain when you've done so much to take mine away?" He then rested his chin against the top of my head.

I didn't know what to say. I had no idea what I had done for him. After all, I couldn't understand anyone ever being mean or hateful toward him. I couldn't understand anyone feeling anything about Rick except love and admiration. Nor could I really believe all the things he was saying about me. I'd spent my whole life telling myself what a loser I was, how if anybody ever got to know me, they'd despise me. Now, here was somebody who knew more about me than I'd ever let anyone know and he's telling me how wonderful I was. It just didn't make sense to me. None of it.

"I get it, Robby. We all grow up watching everybody else discovering their sexuality just

as we are discovering ours. The difference is that ours is not acceptable to the majority that runs everything. We can't bring a date to the dance or hold hands during lunch or show any kind of affection for one another. We're told that we are sick and perverted until we finally come to believe it. And it starts early. I'll bet you've been hearing the word 'queer' since you were in grade school long before you ever knew what it meant. By the time you finally do know what it means and discover that you are one of them, you've already been taught to hate 'queers' and that means you've been taught very well to hate yourself."

That's when I had this blinding revelation. I don't even know where the fuck it came from but all of a sudden, this thought went through my mind, *Maybe he's right. Maybe he's right and I've been wrong all this time.* I didn't really believe at first that it was possible, but then I suddenly flashed on this quote I'd memorized when I was a little kid. It was from my favorite books, *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. It said, "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." Rick didn't see me with his eyes; he saw me with his heart. He didn't talk about what I looked like or about me being a "brain" or anything. He talked about what I was inside. He said that he cared about me because of my heart and my compassion and about how I made him feel.

I pulled my head up and smiled at him. He looked at me expectantly.

“I’m having a hard time believing this but I think I’ve been wrong all of my life. That’s a pretty startling thing to realize. I’m thinking that maybe I should let you tell me about me -- rather than trying to do it myself. You seem to know me better than I do.”

I can’t adequately describe the grin that came over his face. It was blinding in its intensity.

“I would love to tell you about you. I don’t know if I have the words, however. Maybe I have a better way of telling you what you mean to me.”

I looked at him questioningly as he pulled me closer in his arms and, all of a sudden, I felt his mouth licking and sucking at the sensitive skin on my neck. I moaned at the feeling as he continued to use his mouth to move all over my neck and shoulders before pushing me back on the bed and climbing on top of me.

He kissed me gently on the lips but pulled away quickly to move down my body. His tongue did devastating things to me as he licked across my chest and then began licking and sucking at my nipples. I nearly rose off the bed at the intensity of the feelings that shot through my body. I had no idea that my nipples were that sensitive. I knew that women’s were, but I hadn’t realized that a guy’s were as well. I could hear Rick chuckling deep in his throat at my reaction.

“Didn’t know they felt like that, did you?”

“No!”

“I’ve got lots to teach you about your body.” He smiled as he dipped his head down to worry at my other nipple.

I groaned at the feeling as he went back and forth between the two of them for a little while. My cock was so hard and rubbing against the hard ridges of his abs that I was afraid that I’d come before he ever got any farther than my tits, but he finally moved on. Down. Down my stomach, leaving a wet trail of saliva that felt warm and then cool against my skin. He then used his tongue to explore my belly button, making me giggle as I learned for the first time that I was evidently ticklish there. At the sound of my giggles, his head rose until he was once again looking into my eyes.

“Sensitive there, huh?”

“Yeah. I guess. I never knew.”

“We’re just getting started on the things you never knew. By the way, speaking of things you do know, how many times can you come?”

“I don’t know. Two or three times at least. I haven’t...uhh...haven’t gotten off today so...”

“Good. Neither have I. I can tell from how hard you are that you’re really close. I’m gonna get you off so that we can slow things down, okay?”

“What about you?” It just didn’t seem right for him to be getting me off but him not getting off too.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll get off. Trust me on that.”

“Uhh...do I get to get you off?”

“Oh, yeah! You get to get me off.”

And with that, he moved even farther down to where he was between my spread legs and his face was pressed up against my nut sac. At first, I couldn’t tell exactly what he was doing but then I heard the deep breaths he was taking and could feel the slight draft of air rushing against my balls. He was snorting my balls! He was inhaling my scent, just like I’d inhaled his -- only I’d done it from across the room.

“Mmm! Fuck! You smell so good!”

“You...you like my scent?”

“Oh, fuck yeah! I love the way a guy’s body smells,” he said, pulling his face out of my groin and looking up my body at me.

“Really?” I asked, surprised that we shared this kink that I had thought was mine alone.

“Robby, did you really think you were the only guy who got off on another guy’s scent? I mean, I was afraid you were going to hyperventilate this afternoon when I went to take a shower. I really considered not taking one from the way you were snorting all my funk -- from clear across the room.”

“You noticed that, huh?”

“I couldn’t miss it. Trust me, it was a real tough decision whether to go get something to eat or take you to bed right then and there. But I figured you needed more time to get comfortable with the idea of having sex with me. Was I wrong?”

“No. You weren’t wrong. I wanted you, but if you’d come on to me then, I think I would have totally freaked out.”

“Are you okay now?”

“Well, I guess I’m still freaking a little but that’s probably just from this being my first time.”

“Well, just hang on. There’s still lots more coming.” He grinned and then, lowering his head again, he began to take long licks of my nuts, which were tightly scrunched up against the base of my cock because I was so close to coming.

“Ahh, fuck!” I groaned as Rick continued to lick, suck, and nibble at my nut sac.

I knew I wasn’t going to last much longer. I had been needing to come since this afternoon when Rick had arrived, interrupting my afternoon jack-off session. Rick evidently knew it as well because he soon moved from licking my balls to sliding his tongue up the length of my very hard cock. I was so far gone that there was a puddle of precum on my stomach, which Rick quickly lapped up before going for the source -- the head of my cock.

His tongue wrapped itself around the very tip of my cock, licking off the precum that was still streaming from the opening. I groaned at the intensity of the feelings that tore through my body as his mouth began sliding down my hard cock. It was all it took. I couldn’t hold back.

“RICK! I’M GONNA COME!” I screamed out as I felt the first rush of orgasm hit me.

I thought that Rick would pull off my cock, not wanting to take my load in his mouth, but instead, he buried my cock all the way in his throat. I couldn’t hold back at that point and just let go, firing volley after volley of cum into his sucking mouth. I don’t know how many times I shot, but it was the single most intense orgasm I’d ever had -- at least up to that point in my life. Rick just stayed with me, holding me deep in this throat, while his muscles worked around my cock until I stopped shooting and collapsed on the bed.

I think I might have blacked out, at least for a few seconds, because the next thing I remember was Rick leaning over me and his mouth coming down on mine. I don’t know what I expected at that point, but what I got was a very deep, passionate kiss from him with an added surprise. When his tongue entered my mouth, so did a large glob of my cum that he’d held in his mouth. I had tasted my own cum before -- I guess just about every guy has at one time or another -- but it never much turned me on. Somehow though, tasting my cum from Rick’s mouth turned me on all to hell. I loved it! Rick later told me that it was called snowballing -- kissing someone and passing their cum to them in the kiss.

I lay there, floating on the feelings of the afterglow of my orgasm. Rick was gently stroking my face when he leaned down. I thought at first that he was going to kiss me again. And he did, but not on the mouth. He kissed each of my eyelids and then the tip of my nose. After doing so, he literally rubbed his nose against mine in an Eskimo kiss. I don’t know why, but this sent very warm, loving feelings through me. Then I realized something. I had gotten off, but Rick hadn’t. I immediately felt guilty and tried to rise up, but that’s awfully hard to do when you have this huge marine on top of you.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked, smiling down at me.

“I want to get you off.”

“That can wait for a while. You just lay there and relax. I happen to like the feeling of you being under me, and I want to enjoy it awhile longer.”

I grinned sheepishly at him.

“You do?”

“Yeah. I do. I suppose it ought to bring up really bad memories. I can remember laying on top of guys a couple of times who were wounded to protect them from enemy fire, but this is different. I feel like I’m not just protecting you, I kind of feel like I’m possessing you as well. Like you truly belong to me. I don’t know if that makes any sense to you?”

“It makes incredible sense, because I feel the same way. I feel so safe with you like this, and at the same time, I feel like I belong to you. I only wish I did.”

“What makes you think you don’t?”

At first, I thought he must be kidding but his voice and his facial expression were extremely serious.

“Rick, you’re only here on leave for the weekend. You’re going to leave and who knows when or if I’ll ever see you again? You told me you’re going to OCS. You’re going to be a Marine Corps officer. As much as I’d love to, I can’t belong to you. I can’t go with you, and what would the Corps say anyway about one of its officers having another guy as a lover?”

“Robby, let me ask you something, and I want a serious answer from you. Do you really want to belong to me?”

“Yes. Of course I do. But I know it’s not going to happen.”

“Robby, do you trust me?”

“Yes.”

“Then trust me that it will happen. I’m going to make it happen.”

“How?”

“I don’t know how, but I promise you, it’s going to happen. Now that I’ve found you, I am not about to let you go. I know how crazy this sounds since we’ve only just met, but I really know that it’s you that I want. Now, if you don’t feel the same way, it’s okay. I’ll understand. After all, you haven’t ever been with another guy. You probably want to wait until you’ve had a chance to have more experience than just me to decide on somebody to belong to.”

“Uhh...did you need more time?”

“What?”

“To decide whether you wanted me to belong to you?”

“Well...no. But I’ve had enough experience to know what I want.”

“And I haven’t?”

“Robby, you’ve never had sex with anybody before. How would you know?”

“You told me this wasn’t about sex. That you weren’t interested in just sex. So what does how much sex I’ve had have to do with it?”

“I don’t know. I just thought...that...wait a minute. What are you trying to tell me?”

“I’m trying to tell you that I don’t need to have sex with anybody to know what I want. I don’t need anyone else. Whoever they would be, they wouldn’t love me and want me to belong to them. I have a news flash for you. I don’t want just sex either. Not when I can have someone who loves me as well. I mean, I was so horny I probably would have probably had sex with almost anybody, but that doesn’t mean that’s what I wanted. Now that I know what it’s like to have you hold me and kiss me and love me, I don’t need to experience anybody else.”

“So what you’re saying is...”

“That I already belong to you. You can leave, but nothing will change that. I’m going to go right on loving you no matter what. You don’t get a choice in that.”

Chapter Four

After that statement, Rick took me into his arms and kissed me very deeply. With his kiss, I boned hard almost instantly. I was surprised because I can’t ever remember getting off and then getting hard again so quickly. It was like Rick’s kiss was an aphrodisiac. Well...that, and the scent of his smooth, muscular body surrounding me. His muscular arms held me so firmly and so gently that I had a feeling of safety like I had never known in my life.

“I want to get you off. I want to give you the same pleasure that you gave me. But I don’t know how. Will you teach me?” I asked.

“There isn’t a whole lot I need to teach you. The wonderful thing about having sex with another guy is that you don’t have to wonder what to do. You just do the things that make you feel good and, for the most part, they’re the same for him,” Rick replied.

That idea had never dawned on me. But of course, Rick was right. We had basically the same body even though his was far more muscular and beautiful.

“I’m only going to warn you about two things. First, be careful of your teeth. They are very sharp and don’t feel good on the soft skin of a cock. Second, don’t try to take the whole thing like I did. It takes a lot of practice to deep throat a cock like that, and you’ll just end up gagging on it,” Rick said.

I knew exactly where I wanted to begin. I pushed his arms up until they were above his head and his pits were open to me. I climbed over him, straddled him, leaned down, and buried my face in his left pit. I began taking deep breaths of the sweat and musk I found there. But smelling him wasn’t enough. I wanted to taste him as well. I began licking through the sparse hairs and could feel Rick tense. Evidently, this was a tender part of his body as well. But the taste of his salty sweat and his tangy musk were too good for me to stop.

Once his left pit was soggy with my spit, I went to move to his right one, but Rick stopped me.

“Aren’t you going to share?”

I looked at him in confusion. He reached out and grabbed a hold of my neck, pulling my face down to his. Then, he proceeded to lick my mouth and kissed me deeply, tasting himself. If this was what he meant by sharing, I was more than happy to share.

He finally let go of me, and I proceeded to his other armpit, smelling and tasting it as I had done the first.

After finishing with his armpits, I slid down his body and began to lick across his broad, muscular chest. Here, too, was the slight taste of saltiness from his sweat and something else that I began to recognize as the unique taste of Rick. His nipples were small, about the size of a dime, but when I sucked on them and caressed them with my tongue, they became hard, like little pencil erasers, and Rick began to moan. Again came the awareness that his body was just like mine. My nipples were more sensitive than I ever realized and so were his. I kept going back and forth between the two of them until I could feel Rick’s cock thrusting up against my abs in an uncontrollable reaction to what I was doing. I knew I needed to move on before he came before I wanted him to.

I slid down and completely off his body until I was lying at the foot of the bed between his spread legs, my face right at his groin. Here, there were more intense smells, smells of a man fully aroused and in rut. I could smell the sweat, musk, and Rick’s personal scent rising from the heat of his groin like some kind of erotic incense. I leaned forward and began to breathe deeply of the scent of his scrotum. But like Rick’s armpits, I was quickly drawn to tasting what I was smelling. I slowly and gently began to lick his balls. Rick, in the meantime, was moaning out orders to me of what he wanted done.

“Oh, fuck yeah! Lick my balls! Suck on my nuts! Nibble on the sac!”

I gladly did it all. I nibbled on the sac, and I sucked his nuts. I just had to suck them one at a time because they were too big to get both of them in my mouth at once.

I could've lain there for hours, licking and sucking on his balls and smelling the essence of his groin, but it soon became apparent to me that Rick was getting very close to orgasm, so I knew I needed to move on to the prize I had sought from the beginning: his beautiful cock. It stood there hard and proud at a slight angle above his abs. I could see below the head a puddle of precum. Either Rick leaked heavily or he was very, very close to getting off. I moved up, allowing my tongue to slide along the length of his hard, thick cock. When I reached the head, I took my hand and moved his cock out of the way so that I could get a puddle of precum. I eagerly lapped it up, tasting the sweetness of it. It didn't taste like mine at all, which was somewhat salty. Rick's precum tasted more like honey.

After lapping up all the precum I could find, I turned and slowly began taking the head of his cock into my mouth, being very careful to cover my teeth with my lips so that I wouldn't cause him any pain. I very quickly understood why he told me about taking too much into my mouth at once. Rick's cock was so thick that, at first, I could barely get the head inside my mouth. As I worked at it, however, my jaws relaxed, and I was able to take about three inches of him inside. I moved up and down his cock like he had done to mine, constantly using my tongue to bathe the sensitive tissues of his cockhead.

Despite my inexperience, I must've done something right because Rick was soon screaming out while he unloaded volley after volley of pungent cum into my mouth.

"Oh, yeah! Fuck, yeah! Suck it down! Swallow my load!"

I eagerly did what he said, swallowing like my life depended on it because it almost did. I didn't know when Rick came last, but from the load he blasted down my throat, it had to have been a while. Either that, or he shot the biggest loads of any man on Earth. I swear he kept pumping more and more cum into me for at least two minutes.

I continued to suck gently on his cock even after he stopped coming. He finally pulled his cock from my mouth explaining that it was too sensitive after he came to have anyone sucking on it.

He pulled me back up into his arms, kissing me deeply and tasting his own cum.

"Damn, boy! Are you sure you've never done that before?" Rick asked.

"No, I swear! I just followed your directions and did to you what you did to me."

"Well, you're really quick learner."

"No, you're a very good teacher."

"So what else do you want to learn?"

“Everything!”

“Everything? Are you sure?”

That made me stop and think for a moment. What was it that Rick was holding back on? Then it dawned on me. The one thing I was afraid to try -- anal.

“If I’m going to belong to you, then all of me belongs to you, including my ass -- so, yes. Everything.”

“Fucking isn’t everything. We’ll wait until tomorrow for that. I know I’m big and I could hurt you, which I don’t want to do. I want the chance to open you slowly so there will be less chance of pain.”

“So what else is there that you can teach me?”

“Well, have you ever heard of sixty-nine?”

“I’ve not only heard of it; I’ve seen it.”

“Where?”

“On the Internet. The Internet has been my whole sex life up until now.”

“Well, from now on, that’s going to change. Your whole sex life is going to be me.”

“And is your whole sex life going to be me?” I asked.

“Of course it is. I wouldn’t ask you to be faithful to me unless I was willing to be faithful to you. There’s just one thing that worries me though.”

“What’s that?”

“I just feel in some ways that this is unfair to you. You’ve never had sex with anyone else. I just don’t feel it’s fair to ask you to be faithful to me when you’ve had no experience of anyone else.”

“Will you stop with that already!” I fumed. “I’ve already told you I neither want nor need anyone beside you. It’s you I love, it’s you I belong to and nothing is going to change that.”

“Okay, okay! I do know one thing. You know all those trophies in that case at school? Add all of them together, all the experience of them, and it doesn’t even hold a candle to the experience of making love to you.”

I looked at Rick in shock. Here I was, an inexperienced little virgin, and yet Rick found more pleasure in me.

“Don’t look at me like that. It’s true. What you don’t understand is that I’m as much a virgin at this as you are. Oh yes, I’ve had sex before, but I’ve never had the chance to actually make love to someone in my entire life. I never was in love with any of the guys that I slept with. You’re the only one. Making love to you is the most singularly frightening experience of my life.”

“Why frightening?”

“Don’t you understand? I’m scared to death I will do something wrong, something that hurts or disgusts you and you will be turned off to me. What the fuck would I do then?”

“That’s not going to happen. You would never intentionally hurt me. And as to disgusting me, I’m willing to try just about anything, especially if I know that it turns you on. If I’m going to be the only sex that you’re going to have, then I want to be the best sex that you have ever had.”

“You are already that. I have never felt with someone else what I feel with you.”

“Are you sure? Am I really going to be enough for you?”

“Yes, I am very sure. You are way more than enough for me. But what about you? Am I enough for you?”

“Trust me, you’re not just enough, you are everything I ever dreamed of. I’m very grateful for that trophy case with all the pictures of you in it.”

“Why?”

“Because the last thing I do every afternoon before I leave school is look at your pictures and then I go home and jack off. And who do you think stars in all my fantasies?”

“You’ve been jacking off over me?”

“How do you think I recognized you so easily at front door?”

“Well, I’ll be damned! You little horndog!” Rick laughed.

“Of course, I never really expected to ever see you in the flesh, but I can tell you this -- the pictures don’t do you justice. Not anymore. The Marine Corps has changed you. In those pictures, you were a boy. Now you’re a man. And an even more beautiful man that you were a beautiful boy.”

“I’m not beautiful.” Rick blushed.

“Yes, you are. Especially to me. But I’m not looking at you with my eyes; I’m looking at you with my heart, and trust me, you are the most incredibly beautiful male I’ve ever met in my life.”

At this, Rick tightened his arms around me and kissed me passionately all the while sliding his hands down my body until they were cupping the cheeks of my butt. His rehardened cock pressed against my own, and I figured we might not be waiting until tomorrow for him to fuck me.

Rick's fingers gently slid up and down my trench and tenderly massaged the opening to my body. I groaned into his mouth at feelings he was giving me.

"You like that, huh?" he murmured, pulling his mouth from mine.

"Oh fuck yeah!" I groaned. "It feels so good!"

"Well, if you like that, there's something else that feels even better. Why don't you roll over on your stomach and spread your legs?"

I did as he told me to, wondering what he was up to. He said he wasn't going to fuck me tonight, but I began to wonder if he'd changed his mind, especially when he moved over on top of me with his hard cock lying in the crack of my ass. However, he no more got on top of me before he began to move down my body, kissing and licking my shoulders and back as he moved down toward my ass. As he began to lick all over my ass cheeks, I shivered in anticipation of what I thought he might do next. Something I had only seen done in movies on the Internet. When I felt him peel apart the globes of my ass and then felt something rough and wet sliding through the trench between them, I knew what he was doing. It was something called rimming. In the movies, guys often did it to each other prior to fucking. While I had no idea what somebody would get out of doing it, I very quickly understood why someone would want to have it done to them. I also understood why a guy would do it to another guy before fucking him. As Rick licked my ass, concentrating on my hole, seemingly trying to shove his tongue up inside of me, it set off an incredible desire to have something bigger pushing inside of me. Suddenly, Rick began sucking at my hole, while at the same time, I could feel the tip of his tongue pushing at the opening. I don't know why I did it; I guess it was that feeling of him sucking on me, but I began to push out with my ass muscles.

This caused an amazing thing to happen. It seemed to loosen up and open my hole to Rick because the next thing I knew, I could feel his tongue sliding up inside of me. It was a most incredible feeling. Rick began to slide his tongue in and out of my hole, fucking me with it. I now understood why, in all those films I saw on the Internet, guys getting fucked, even with huge cocks, all had looks of such ecstasy on their faces. My entire world was completely focused on my asshole, and my mind was filled with only one thought.

"Rick! God, please, fuck me!" I begged.

"You're not anywhere near ready yet. Please, wait until tomorrow. The last thing I want to do is hurt you."

"But you know what you're doing. You won't hurt me."

“Look, Robby, I’ve fucked plenty of guys, but they were all experienced at being fucked. I’ve never fucked a virgin before. I’ve never been a guy’s first time.”

“Couldn’t you at least try? If it doesn’t work we can stop.”

Rick didn’t say anything for a few moments. From the look on his face, I could see that he was brooding over a dilemma in his mind. I can only guess that he wanted desperately to fuck me, but at the same time, he was afraid. Finally, he spoke and I could hear in his voice a horny huskiness that had not been there before.

“Okay. I’ll try to open you up enough that you can take me, but if it doesn’t work, if it causes you too much pain, we’re going to stop. No arguments, okay?”

“Okay.”

However, what I didn’t say was that there was no way in hell that I was going to show any pain. I didn’t want him to stop. I wanted to feel him inside me. I wanted to feel a part of him. I wanted him to take possession of me totally and completely. I desperately wanted to do this for him. I somehow knew that this is what he really wanted, and I was bound and determined that I would give it to him.

“Do you have any lube?” Rick asked.

“In that drawer there by the bed.” I pointed at the nightstand.

Rick slid over and opened the drawer. He pulled out the jar of Vaseline that I sometimes used to jack off. He also turned on a bedside lamp so that we could finally see each other clearly.

“Is this the only lube you’ve got?”

“Yeah, I just use it to jack off with sometimes.”

“Hang on a minute,” Rick said, getting up off the bed and walking over to his duffel bag.

He rooted around inside the bag until he pulled out a plastic bottle with a purple top and some kind of clear liquid inside.

“This is Astroglide,” he said, showing me the bottle. “This is the best lube ever made. It’s slicker than hell, and it washes off with water. Vaseline is about the worst lube in the world. It’s not slick, and it’s hell washing it off your body. From now on, only buy this for lube.”

“See,” I said. “You know all about this. This is going to work. I just know it is.”

“Yeah, maybe. At least, that’s two of us who want it to.”

Rick poured some of the lube on my hole.

“Oh! That’s cold,” I exclaimed.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m going to warm it up in a second.”

The next thing I felt was Rick slowly inserting one of his fingers in my ass. Now I had done this often when I was jacking off, but Rick’s fingers were a lot thicker and longer than mine. In fact, it felt like he had two of my fingers up me. What surprised me was how much better his fingers felt than mine. He was sliding it in and out so easily. I guess he was right about the lube. I swore right there and then that I would never use Vaseline again.

Next, I felt him slowly insert two of his fingers all the way up inside me. He started moving them around seemingly searching for something. I didn’t know what, but his fingers suddenly bumped up against something inside of me. The feeling exploded in my body, and I felt like I was going to come.

“What the fuck was *that!*”

“That’s your prostate. Some guys call it their ‘joy button.’ I’ve also heard it called the male G-spot. If a cock rubs against it just the right way, it can make a guy come just by fucking him, without him even touching himself.”

“Well, I can believe it because I almost came.”

“It’s really difficult to do though. I’ve never had it happen to me. Not with any guy. Not that I’ve gotten fucked that often. I want you to try and remember what I’m doing so that you can do it when you fuck me.”

“You want me to fuck you?” I asked, not believing what I was hearing.

“Of course I want you to fuck me. Did you think I was going to fuck you and not let you have my ass?”

“Well...yeah, I did. I mean...I mean...you are so...”

“I’m so what? A big butch marine that would be only a top?”

“What’s a top?”

“In gay sex, the guy who is doing the fucking is called the top. The term actually comes from straight sex. When a guy and a girl fuck, especially in the missionary position, the guy is on top of the girl. There are some gay guys who will only fuck, who never get fucked, and they are called tops. I feel sorry for them because they are so limited. They never get to feel how incredibly wonderful it is to have another guy’s cock up their ass. So yes, I want you to fuck me. Besides, there is another more important reason that I want you to fuck me.”

“What’s that?”

“Robby, if we’re going to truly belong to each other, then not only is everything you have mine, like you said, everything I have is yours. And that includes my ass as well. This is not a straight marriage. Between two guys, it has to be an equal partnership or it will never work. Guys are far too dominant to be able to stand anything else for very long.”

“Yes, I can see that. I guess I didn’t think it all the way through or I would’ve realized that. However, you realize that the idea of fucking you scares the shit out of me.”

“Why would that scare you?”

“I’ve never done it before. What if I’m no damn good at it? You’re promising never to have sex with anyone else and you’ve just told me you love getting fucked.”

“Robby, I realize you don’t believe this, but every guy knows how to fuck very naturally. I admit that there are some slight differences when it’s two guys, but even then, sometimes those differences don’t even matter.”

“What kind of differences?”

“From what I understand, from guys I’ve talked to who also fuck women, most times you don’t have to enter their pussy slowly. But with most guys, you can’t just go slamming your cock in their ass without causing a lot of pain. Now I’ve met guys who like it like that but not many.”

“Yeah, I guess that horse cock of yours slamming into their holes would really hurt.”

“That’s exactly why I’m taking my time in opening you up. I don’t want you having any of that pain. And, to be honest, I’ve got a really selfish reason for that.”

“Let me guess. You want me to really love you fucking me because you want to do it a lot.”

“Give that boy a kewpie doll! He’s a winner!”

I giggled at this, which caused my ass to tighten around his fingers. My ass muscles locked down on them, and pain shot through me.

“Fuck! Don’t make me laugh. That hurt.”

“That’s why I’m trying to go slowly.”

Rick continued to work his fingers in and out of my ass. I felt him spread them apart stretching my hole. Finally, he added more lube, and I could feel him trying to insert a third finger. My ass was resisting, though.

“Push out with your ass muscles like you were trying to take a dump. I know it’s counterintuitive, but pushing out against my fingers actually opens your hole farther because it forces the muscles to relax.”

“That’s what I did when you were trying to shove your tongue up me.”

“Yeah, I know. I could feel it when you did. And it worked, didn’t it?”

“Yeah, it did.”

“Okay, so do it again.”

I pushed out with my muscles just the way Rick told me to do, and slowly but surely, I felt his three fingers slowly sliding into my ass.

“Oh God! That feels so good! I can’t wait until it’s your cock in there. I’m sure this is going to work and that I’m going to love it.”

“I don’t know how to put this exactly, it’s not an insult or anything, but you’ve got about the hungriest ass I’ve ever seen.”

“What does that mean, exactly?”

“It means your ass was obviously made for fucking. Believe it or not, you’re taking my fingers far more easily than I ever imagined. I’m beginning to believe that this really will work.”

“Then can I have your cock now? Please!” I begged.

Rick gave a low chuckle, which sent vibrations through his fingers, and I could feel them in my ass. The vibrations felt really good.

“Yes, horny boy, you can have my cock now.”

Rick moved up to his knees and I watched as he lubed up his cock. He put a lot of lube on it and then added more lube to my hole so that I was drenched with it. He walked on his knees forward until I could feel the head of his cock gently kissing my hole. He reached out and skimmed back his foreskin until I could see the shining head of his cock. He took my legs, wrapped them around his waist, and then moved his body down over mine, resting on his elbows. His mouth came down on mine in a deep, passionate kiss. I could feel his cock pressing against my hole seeking entry. My hole, however, resisted. Then I remembered to push out with my muscles, and for the first time in my life, I felt a cock slowly sliding inside of me.

Even though Rick had used his fingers to open me up, I knew his cock was a lot longer than they were. I half expected that there would be some pain when his cock reached a point in my ass that was beyond where his fingers had been able to reach. But then I felt the head of his cock slowly slide across my prostate and my body just opened up to him as if I’d gotten fucked every day of my life.

Before I knew it, I could feel something tickling the outside of my hole, and I was astounded when I realized it was Rick's pubic hair. His entire cock was inside me. We were finally totally joined and were a part of each other.

Rick broke the kiss and looked down into my eyes.

"I'm all the way in you."

"Yes, I know."

"Are you okay?"

"I'm way better than okay. I feel like I'm finally a part of you."

"I feel exactly the same way," he murmured. "I'm just going to rest here and let your ass get used to my being inside of it."

As we lay there, I could feel the muscles in my ass loosening even further until finally Rick began to withdraw his cock. I moaned at its loss.

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere. See what I told you about having a hungry ass?"

I blushed at my own wantonness.

"Have I told you how beautiful you are when you do that?" Rick said softly.

"No."

"You just about drive me out of my fucking mind every time you blush."

"Have I told you that you do the same to me when you blush?"

"No," he murmured.

Rick's mouth came down on mine again, and there were no more words between us. He began slowly stroking his cock in and out of my ass and, with each stroke, gently pressing against my prostate. This went on for quite a while until I was going crazy. I wanted him to fuck me harder and faster, but I didn't know if I should say something. Finally, I was going nuts.

"Rick! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Fuck me faster!"

"Your wish is my command!"

And with that Rick he rose up until he was leaning on his hands, his arms straight and began to slam his cock harder and faster into my ass that I thought was possible. I couldn't believe the power and stamina he had. I looked down between us and watched the muscles in his arms and

chest expand and contract as he slammed his cock into me. A sheen of sweat broke out on his body, accenting the ridges and rills of his muscles almost like they were all oiled.

As I lay there, it was like electric jolts of pleasure were flowing through my body from Rick's cock. I could only lie there and groan and babble incoherently. Finally, just as Rick had told me, I began to feel that tightening in my balls that meant I was about to come, even though neither one of us had touched my cock!

"Rick! I'm going to come! I can't stop it!" I practically screamed the words.

"That's it! Come for me! Come on my cock! I'm right behind you!"

At that point, I let go and fell over the precipice into the most incredible orgasm I ever had. I screamed as my cock pumped out load after load of cum. Some of it splattered the headboard above my head, while the rest of it covered my face, neck, and chest.

At the same time, my orgasm must have triggered Rick's because I could feel his cock jerking in my ass as he unloaded his cum deep inside me. We were both groaning loudly, almost screaming in the pleasure that we found in each other.

Finally, Rick stopped coming and collapsed on top of me. The weight of his body, rather than being uncomfortable, felt incredibly comforting. I knew now that I totally belonged to him. He had marked me as his with the life-giving essence from his body into mine. Now it felt like he was claiming me as was his right. I lay there gently stroking his back with my hands. I could feel the heat of him, and I could smell the scent of him as well as the scent of cum and our fucking. It was a heady mixture of scents, one that I would come to love more than anything.

"Is it always like that?" I murmured.

"I don't know. I've never made love to someone that I was truly in love with before. I can tell you this; it was way beyond anything I've ever experienced in my life," Rick said, his voice still showing the strain of his exertion.

Suddenly, all my emotions seemed to rise up in me at once, and I found myself with tears flowing out of my eyes. Rick must've felt them because he raised his head and looked down at me.

"Robby, what's wrong? Did I hurt you?" he asked, his voice showing his distress.

"No! Not at all. Nothing has ever felt that wonderful in my life."

"Then why are you crying?"

"I guess because I'm so happy that I can barely stand it. I wanted so much to do that for you. To make you feel that way. To hear you say that I succeeded just...just..." I couldn't go on.

“I understand. I feel the same way. I so wanted to get you off by making love to you that I went just about crazy when you came.”

“Can we do it again?” I asked quietly.

“Oh shit! I’ve created a monster!” He chuckled. “Yes, we can do it again, but we have to wait until I can build back up the strength to fuck you. Besides, there’s something else I wanted to do first.”

“Something else?”

“It’s something I think you’re really going to love.”

He slid down my body until he was between my legs once again. He reached under my knees and lifted them back until they were almost pressed my chest again.

“Hold them back for me, please.”

I did as he asked and the next thing I knew his face was buried in my ass and he was eagerly licking and sucking on my hole. At first, I couldn’t understand what he was doing, but then I realized that he was sucking his load of cum from my ass. At the same time, his tongue and lips were soothing the well-used and somewhat sore lips of my asshole. He stayed down there quite a while. I lay moaning at the tremendously good feelings that were flowing through my body from what he was doing. Finally, he rose again and laid down on top of me. His mouth found mine, and when I opened to him, I felt something warm and slimy flowing into my mouth. It was his cum. While it probably should have grossed me out that this was his cum, which had been up my butt, for some reason it didn’t at all. First of all, because it tasted really good and secondly, it was such an incredibly intimate act that it moved me deeply.

“Now, you truly belong to me,” Rick murmured, pulling his mouth from mine.

“I’ve got a part of you inside me forever,” I answered. “Even when you leave, that part of you will stay with me no matter what.”

“And I want a part of you to take with me but, to be honest, I think that’s going to have to wait till tomorrow. I’m really getting sleepy.”

And as if to emphasize this, his mouth opened in a wide yawn.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

“You don’t have to apologize. I guess fucking really takes it out of you. I know I’m pretty tired too,” I replied.

Rick leaned over and gently kissed me.

“Good night, Robby. I love you.”

“And I love you.”

And with that, Rick wrapped his warm, muscular arms around me and we drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Five

When I awoke, it must have been a number of hours later because sunlight was flooding the room. I could feel a large, warm body spooning me, and a muscular arm around me holding me close. I realized immediately it was Rick. The joy at feeling him close to me and remembering the night before when he had made love to me almost brought tears to my eyes. I would give anything if I could to wake up that way every morning for the rest of my life. But I knew that once this weekend was over, Rick would be gone and I would wake up in my bed alone again.

I also felt something else. Something that wasn't comfortable. Something that was poking me in the butt. It didn't take much to figure out that it was Rick's hard cock. I didn't know what to do about it, but I shifted my hips and suddenly it slipped between the cheeks of my butt. That, of course, gave me an idea. I didn't know if it was possible for me to do it, but I was damn well going to try. I figured that there was still enough lube and Rick's cum up inside me to make it possible. I moved back feeling and felt his cock slide deeper between my cheeks until I could line it up so that it was touching my hole. Then I pushed out with my ass muscles as Rick had taught me and began pushing back against his cock. At first, it didn't seem like it was going to work, but then I felt Rick's hips push forward with enough strength that the head of his cock popped into my hole. I pushed back until all of his cock had slid deep inside me. I didn't know what to do at that point because I was sure that Rick was still asleep. But suddenly, I felt him begin to slide his cock slowly in and out of my ass. Even in sleep, Rick's body knew what it wanted -- me.

“How the fuck did I get in your butt again?” I heard Rick's voice from behind me, groggy with sleep.

“It was poking me so I figured I'd put it where it could do some good.”

“Are you okay? It doesn't hurt?”

“No! It feels wonderful.”

I heard a deep chuckle from behind me.

“I told you that you had the hungriest butt I've ever seen.”

“Well, it’s very hungry now.”

“And what do you think we should do about that?”

“I think you should fuck me.”

“You do, huh?”

“Yes, I do. Please!”

“Well then, I guess I’ll have to.” Rick let out a fake sigh of exasperation.

He began sliding his cock in and out of my ass with stronger and stronger thrusts. He soon had me on my stomach with him on top of me reaming my ass with hard and fast strokes. I thought, perhaps, with all we had done the night before, it would take some time for me to get off. But very quickly, the effect of Rick’s cock slamming against my prostate had me coming all over the sheets with Rick not far behind me, flooding my ass with his cum. He collapsed on my back, breathing hard.

“Is that what you had in mind?” he murmured in my ear.

“Yes, that’s exactly what I had in mind.”

“Waking up with your ass wrapped around my cock is about the best way I’ve ever woken up in my life. I only wish I could wake up that way every morning.”

“I wish we could wake up that way every morning too.”

“One day we will be able to, I promise you that.”

“And you always keep your promises.”

“Always.”

Perhaps this discussion would’ve gone further, but at that moment, Rick’s stomach growled rather loudly.

“Sounds like somebody is really hungry.”

“Starving. Especially considering the fact that I’ve had nothing but beer and popcorn.”

“Well, I guess we’ll have to do something about that. But you’re going to have to let me up so that I can get to the kitchen.”

“I will in just a minute. There’s something I want to do first.”

Rick slowly pulled his half-hard cock from my butt as he slid down my body. After last night, I could guess where he was going. And I was right, because the next thing I felt was him spreading my ass cheeks apart and locking his mouth hungrily to my hole, sucking out his load from my ass. Again, the feelings practically drove me crazy, they felt so good. When he was done, he moved back up the bed and I turned to him. He took me in his arms and kissed me, and I could taste some of the cum that he held in his mouth.

“Well, that’s a start of breakfast but it’s not nearly enough.”

“Then I’ll go downstairs and fix breakfast for us.”

“Do me two favors,” Rick said.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Stay naked and start the coffee first.”

I grinned at him as I got up off the bed. I stayed naked as I went downstairs to the kitchen. This was actually not unusual for me. I spent a lot of time naked when my mom wasn’t home. I really never cared much for clothes and felt much more comfortable without them. As Rick had requested, I started a pot of coffee for him. Then I pulled out the frying pan and got the eggs, bacon, and a package of frozen hash browns from the refrigerator. I also pulled out a red and a green pepper along with an onion and began chopping them up. Next, I pulled out a block of extra sharp cheddar cheese and began grating it for the omelets I was going to make. I had just broken six of the eggs into a bowl when I felt strong muscular arms go around my waist and the warmth of Rick’s body against my back. My cock immediately started getting hard.

“Now if you start that, I’m never going to get your breakfast cooked.”

“Okay, but after I eat breakfast, I want to eat you next.” I could feel his warm breath as he murmured in my ear.

“I think I would love that.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Yes, pull some bread from the breadbox there on the counter and start making toast.” I pointed to the breadbox.

I saw that the coffee was done brewing, so I reached up in the cabinet, grabbed two mugs, and poured a cup for each of us. “I don’t know how you like your coffee.”

“Cream and lots of sugar.”

“Is that what makes you so sweet?”

“Marines are many things but never sweet,” he growled at me.

“Well, that may be true, but you are.”

“Remember what I told you about your heart and your compassion? You are the only one in this room that’s sweet.”

“I remember. What is it, part of your Marine Corps training that makes you deny your more gentle side?”

“No. It’s not part of my training. It’s a part of loving you. You’re the only one that ever gets to see that side of me.”

I could tell that this conversation was truly embarrassing him because he was blushing almost fire-engine red. I turned back to the stove and quickly finished breakfast. Reaching up into the cabinet, I pulled down plates and began transferring the food to them. As I did so, he took each plate from me and put them on the table.

“Where are the utensils?”

“In the drawer right there,” I said, pointing to the drawer next to where he was standing.

We both sat down and started eating. Rick had taken a couple of forkfuls of the omelet when he turned to me.

“My God! I had no idea you could cook. Or this well.”

“Thank you. But this is nothing. Breakfast is the easiest meal to cook. Wait till you see what we’re having for dinner. I’m going to fix you my favorite dish.”

“God! I can’t wait.”

“The only problem is that we’re going to have to go to the store because I need the ingredients for it.”

“That’s no problem. After all, we can’t fuck all day.”

“Oh? And here I thought that marines were known for their stamina.”

“We are. Trust me, it’s your ass that couldn’t take it.” He laughed.

“Yes, you’re probably right about that.”

“Are you sore? I probably shouldn’t have fucked you again this morning. It was too soon. I should’ve probably let your ass heal from last night.”

“It’s not *your* fault. If you’ll remember I’m the one who started it. And I’m not all that sore. So don’t worry about it. I loved what you did this morning, and it’s worth a little soreness.”

“Well, I have a great way to give your butt hole a rest for a while.”

“How’s that?”

“That you give my ass a workout.”

I looked at him, and I knew he could see the fear in my eyes. While I loved it when he fucked me, I had never fucked anyone, and I didn’t know if I would be any good at it. And since we had been talking about never having sex with anyone else but each other, if he truly loved getting fucked as much as he said and as much as I loved it, it was critical that I become as good at fucking as he was.

Rick reached over and covered my hand with his.

“Look, I swear to you that you’ll do fine. Trust me, fucking is the most natural thing in the world for a guy. I promise you’re going to love it!”

“But what if I’m no damned good at it? You’ve told me how much you love getting fucked. I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“Babe, you’re not going to disappoint me. You’re going to do just fine. You evidently love it when I do it to you, don’t you?”

“Oh God! Yes!”

“Then don’t worry about it. Just do to me what I do to you.”

Getting up, he pulled me up out of my chair and back into his arms. He kissed me passionately.

“Let’s go upstairs,” he murmured to me.

He reached down, picked me up in his arms, and carried me up the stairs to the bedroom. He acted like I weighed nothing. He wasn’t even winded when we got upstairs. He laid me gently on the bed and then got on top of me. It was nice that we were already naked so that we didn’t have to go through the trouble of getting undressed.

He kissed me and then pulled back, looking down at me with his beautiful blue eyes, eyes that seemed like they could look deep into my soul.

“I want you. I want to feel you inside me. I want to feel you as a part of me. You know what that feels like. Now I want that pleasure from you.”

“I will do everything I can do to give that to you. But you’re going to have to help me, guide me, teach me how to do that. I know you say that it’s easy, but you have way more experience at it than I do. I’ll bet you didn’t wait until you were eighteen to lose your virginity.”

“No, I was fourteen.”

“Fourteen! How did it happen?”

“It was one of the guys on the wrestling team that I used to play around with. He loved getting fucked more than anything in the world. Seems he got fucked the first time when he was twelve.”

“Twelve!”

“Yeah. I found out later it was his brother who fucked him. In fact, he fucked him all through high school.”

“His brother!”

“Yeah, his brother.”

“God! And I always wished I had a brother. I’m glad I didn’t have one like that.”

“He told me that he loved it when his brother fucked him. In fact, he told me that he was the one that talked his brother into it the first time.”

“Well, I suppose it could have been much worse. If it had been a brother fucking his sister, they could have had a very damaged baby. At least it was two boys.”

“I do know one thing. They got along better than any two brothers I ever saw.”

“So how long did you fuck him?”

“I fucked him all through high school.”

“So you knew you were gay even then?”

“I knew I loved sex and I knew boys turned me on more than girls, but I really didn’t put it together until my senior year. That’s the real reason I went into the Marine Corps.”

“You joined the Marine Corps because you were gay?”

“Yeah, I thought it would make a man out of me.”

“Did you think it would make you straight?”

“No, I knew it couldn’t do that. It’s just that I always was taught that gay guys were all fairies. That they were all effeminate. And I didn’t want to be that. I didn’t want anyone to see me that way. I knew if I could make it in the Marine Corps, nobody would ever look at me as anything less than a man.”

“And what about now? Do you still see things that way?”

“No. The things I saw when I was in Iraq changed everything. I found out it doesn’t matter who you are or how manly you act: when you’re dead, you’re dead. It just doesn’t fucking matter.”

I could see tremendous pain in his eyes as he talked about this, and I wanted to kick myself for bringing up something, even accidentally, that took him back to those memories. I figured the best thing was to get his mind back on sex.

“So are you ready to get fucked?”

“Babe, I’ve been ready since the first moment I saw you.” Rick smiled. “Just tell me how you want me.”

I thought for a second and then said, “Uhh, really badly?”

“That’s nice to know, but what I meant was do you want me on my back, my stomach, or my side?”

“What we did this morning was really exciting so I guess I want you on your stomach.”

I had another reason I wanted him on his stomach that I didn’t mention. While the front of him is really magnificent, the back side of him is equally beautiful, and I hadn’t gotten much chance to see enough of it. I truly loved his ass. It was, without doubt, one of the most incredible male asses I had ever seen in my life and, if I was going to fuck it, then I wanted the chance to look at it as I did.

Rick let go of me and turned over onto his stomach. I moved over and climbed on top of him, laying my body the length of his. He felt very solid and warm beneath me. My very hard cock was nestled in the groove between his ass cheeks while my mouth hovered over his neck. One of the first things I noticed was how very wide and muscular Rick’s shoulders really were. His broad back was also heavily muscled but tapered down to a very thin and narrow waist. I began licking and gently nibbling on the back of his neck and across the top of his broad shoulders. Rick moaned in pleasure as I did. I then began moving down, licking and sucking on the smooth, soft skin on his back. It amazed me how incredibly soft his skin was, considering the almost steel-like muscles underneath.

I continued moving down his back, tasting the saltiness of his skin until I reached his lower back where the start of the crack of his ass lies. I didn’t know what to do at that point, and then I started to get a hint of a scent that was dark, deep, and very masculine. It took me a moment to realize that the scent was coming from his ass. Because of my fascination with all the scents of

Rick's body, I was inexorably drawn to this new one. Placing my hands on the cheeks of his butt, I spread them apart releasing the warmth and scent from between them. I moved my face into the cleft and began breathing deeply of it. The smell was intoxicating, causing my cock under me to become bone hard and to begin leaking precum on the bed. Soon, I could no longer simply smell his butt; my tongue demanded equal time. I wanted to taste him.

Rick, evidently realizing what was happening to me, spread his legs wider to give me better access to him. I placed my tongue as low in his crack as I could reach and slowly dragged it up the trench until I reached the top. The taste was like an aphrodisiac; dark, tangy, and rich with a taste that was purely and uniquely Rick. I loved it. Rick evidently did too because I heard him gently moan when I did it. I continued to lave up and down his furrow, circling my tongue around the wrinkly skin of his hole each time my tongue passed over it.

Finally, I began to focus on his hole, running my tongue around it and pushing my tongue against the hole, trying to gain entry. I could feel the muscles of Rick's ass push out and my tongue began to slowly slide into his hole. It was slick and warm inside and I marveled at the idea that part of my body was now inside of his. Despite my earlier fear, I was rapidly building a strong desire to feel my cock inside his hot, wet hole. I truly wanted to fuck him.

As if he could read my mind, Rick reached back and handed me the bottle of lube.

"Here, babe. Get me ready."

I took the bottle and began lubing his hole. I then inserted one finger. It went in and out so easily that I determined that I probably should've started with two. Even two fingers seemed to cause no difficulty and I quickly added a third. As I moved them around inside his ass, my fingers bumped into something round and hard. I heard Rick grunt when I did, so I figured that this must be his prostate. It was so prominent that I knew I would have no problem finding it with my cock. I wanted more than anything to get him off the way he had gotten me off, without him having to touch himself.

I pulled my three fingers out of his ass and began to lube up my cock. I was so turned on at the idea of fucking him that just putting on the lube almost caused me to blow my load. I rose up on one stiff arm over him, using my other hand to center my cock on his opening. I slowly moved my hips and pressed my cock against his hole. My cock slowly began sliding into his butt. I couldn't believe the feeling. Rick was so hot and wet inside, not to mention the tightness that surrounded my cock. I'd heard guys talk in the locker room about the fact that ass was much tighter than pussy. From what I can tell, they obviously had told the truth. By the time I had bottomed out inside of him, my entire cock was wrapped in the tight sheath of his ass.

I felt Rick reach back a hand and hold me in place, buried in his butt.

"Just rest for a minute. Let me get used to that big boy," Rick said.

I could feel the muscles inside him loosening around my cock as his ass adjusted. As I rested, I looked down and could see all of Rick's beautiful back -- all of the muscles in the smooth, soft

skin. I also noticed how the curve of his ass seemed to fit so perfectly into the bend of my body at the hips.

Rick finally took his hand away and said, "Okay now, start out slow. It's been a while since I've been fucked."

I slowly pulled back a few inches and then pushed back inside. I could feel the hard knot of Rick's prostate as the underside of my cock slid across it. I had been right that with the size of it, I wouldn't have any trouble finding it at all.

I continued to fuck him, pulling my cock farther out each time until the only thing left in his hole was the head of my cock.

Rick was groaning in obvious pleasure as I fucked him. I was waiting for him to tell me when he was ready for me to start really pounding his butt with my cock.

Finally, he moaned and said, "Fuck me, Robby! Fuck me *hard*! Fuck me *fast*!"

Taking him at his word, I began slamming my cock into his ass harder and faster. I was afraid, however, that I was getting too close to coming, and I wanted to make sure that he got off before I did. I could feel his prostate getting harder and harder, and I shifted my hips so that my cock would enter his ass at a different angle, slamming directly into it each time. This seemed to do the trick because, all of a sudden, I felt his ass chute clenching tightly around my cock, and I could hear Rick screaming out his orgasm.

"FUCK ME! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK!"

I slammed my cock into his ass one last time, and then I felt myself falling over the precipice and shooting my load as deep as I could inside him. It felt like I was never going to stop coming. It was the most intense orgasm that I could remember. Finally, my hips stopped pounding away in his ass, and I collapsed on his sweaty back. I held on to his shoulders as my body continued to quake with aftershocks from my orgasm. As my cock softened, finally, I could feel the muscles of his ass pushing it out. I was afraid I might be too heavy on top of him, but I just didn't feel like moving. It was as if every bit of energy had been drained from my body. Besides, I don't know what it was, but Rick felt really good beneath me. I loved the feeling of his large, muscular body under me. It felt like I somehow possessed him, as if he were truly mine.

I finally found the strength, I don't know from where, to roll off Rick's back. He turned toward me and pulled me into his arms.

"So how did you like fucking?" he asked.

"Not as much as I like it when you fuck me, but better than anything else," I answered.

"So do you think you'd like to do that on a regular basis?"

“I’d love to. There’s just one thing though.”

“What’s that?”

“You have to be around so I can do it.”

“Yeah...I know. I’m working on that. I’m going to find a way that we can be together all the time. Do you believe me?”

“Of course I do. I’m finally starting to believe that you want me as much as I want you.”

“Oh? And what brought about this change?”

“Well, you see, I met this marine who keeps telling me how wonderful I am and then makes love to me.”

“And if you give me some time to recover, I’ll make love to you again.”

Chapter Six

While I would have loved to have spent the rest of the day in bed making love, Rick decided we needed to ingest more fuel so, after we took a shower -- this time together, Rick called a cab and we headed off back to the Daily again. I guess Rick really did miss it while he was in Iraq because it made twice in two days we had eaten there.

“I need to go to the grocery store after we’re done here,” I told him after our food had been delivered.

“No problem. What is it we need?”

“I looked in the refrigerator and you’re almost out of beer; plus, I want to pick up stuff for dinner tonight. Remember, I’m going to cook you my favorite dish.”

“What are we having?”

“It’s a surprise.”

“No hints?”

“I’ll give you one. It’s Russian.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever had Russian food.”

“Then I get to give you a new experience this weekend, just like you’ve given me.”

“This whole experience has been new to me. Like I told you, I’ve never had the chance to really make love to someone. To hold someone in my arms who I truly loved.”

“And I’ve never known what it was like to be loved by somebody -- not someone like you.”

We finished the rest of our meal in silence. I got the feeling that Rick was still somewhat uncomfortable about talking about his feelings. I guess that’s pretty typical for males, and it seemed to go double for male marines. We again had the waitress call a cab for us, and I directed the driver to take us to the grocery store near my house where my mom and I always shopped. As we were getting out of the cab, I noticed that Rick was looking around the little shopping center.

“Hey! They’ve got an Army-Navy store. Let me go look in there for a minute and I’ll catch up to you,” Rick said.

I went on into the grocery store and started shopping. I was going to make Rick beef Stroganoff, so I started in the produce section picking out a pound of fresh mushrooms and some onions. I also picked up some fresh brussels sprouts and a bag of mixed salad greens. I then went to the meat department and picked out a large first-cut top round roast. I wanted to get something for dessert but decided I would check the bakery once Rick got there. I would let him pick out dessert so I could see what he liked. It brought to mind how much I didn’t know about him, how much about each other we hadn’t had a chance to learn yet. I’d only learned that morning how he liked his coffee. I chuckled to myself that I knew more about what he liked sexually than what he liked to eat.

After a few minutes Rick finally showed up and I had him go to the wine aisle to look for a good bottle of Burgundy. I needed it both for cooking and for dinner because it was an excellent wine for what we were having. He brought back two bottles of the wine.

“I don’t really need all that much for cooking.”

“No, but we will need it for drinking.”

“Marine, you know you don’t have to get me drunk to take advantage of me.”

“I know; I just thought we could mellow out tonight and take things slowly.”

I did notice that when he came back from the Army-Navy store, Rick had a small bag that he wrapped up and stuck in his pocket. I wondered what it was but figured he would let me know when he was ready.

“Let’s go over to the bakery,” I said. “I want you to pick out something for dessert. I don’t even know what you like.”

“Anything, just so long as it’s chocolate.”

“Well that makes two of us.”

We decided on a dark chocolate cake with whipped cream icing. Last, but not least, I went over to the dairy aisle and picked up a pint of sour cream. The real secret to good beef Stroganoff is good sour cream. Now, having everything we needed, we headed for the checkout and home. Before I started dinner, I went over to the Patterson’s house to check on the cats. I made sure they had plenty of water and food. Actually, I didn’t need to put down food for them. Mrs. Patterson had put down a huge bowl full before she left. Cats, unlike dogs, won’t gorge themselves on food, They’ll only eat what they want and leave the rest until later.

I spent the next hour or so preparing the beef Stroganoff while Rick sat in the living room and watched a movie. After a while, as I stood at the kitchen counter slicing mushrooms, I heard his footsteps on the kitchen floor and felt his warm strong arms gather me to his naked body. I could hear him taking deep breaths. At first, I thought it was of my scent but then he said, “Whatever that is you’re making sure smells good.”

“Not only that, but I promise you, it tastes as good as it smells.”

“Just like you, huh?” Rick nuzzled my neck while he licked and sucked at it.

“I don’t know how I’m ever going to explain all these hickeys to my mom when she gets home.”

I reached into the cabinet, got plates for us, and started filling them with the beef Stroganoff and the poppy seed noodles that I had made to go with it. I handed the plates to Rick and he carried them to the table. I also got wineglasses out of the cabinet and handed them to Rick. He poured us each a glass of the red wine.

“I’m sure you won’t have to explain them. After all, she obviously knows about sex since she had you.”

“That’s the whole thing. I have no idea what she knows. We’ve never discussed it.”

“Never?”

“Never. I always got the feeling that she was too uncomfortable to have ‘The Talk’ with me.”

“Yeah, my dad waited until I was sixteen. And then, it was so awful that, if I hadn’t already been gay, that talk would have made me that way.”

“What do you mean?”

“My father’s opinion about women is that all they’re good for is to keep them having babies. He also feels that all women are whores who try to get pregnant so they can trap you in a marriage.”

“Holy shit! That’s even worse than his beliefs about Jews. Does your mother know he feels that way?”

“Oh, I’m sure she doesn’t! She’d cut his balls off if she knew, and I wouldn’t blame her one bit.”

“That’s what I don’t get about straight guys. They are supposed to be into women, but the way that they talk about them, you would think they didn’t like them at all.”

“All you’re hearing from them is an idea that’s literally thousands of years old. The ancient Greeks believed that males were far superior to females in every way. The love of one male for another was superior to the love of the male for a female since that was considered the love of a superior being for an inferior one. But the Greeks weren’t alone in their beliefs. To this day in the morning prayers that every religiously observant Orthodox Jewish male says is the line, ‘Thank you God, that you did not make me a woman.’”

“Where does all this come from?”

“Some of it is believed to be envy. Think about the male ‘biological imperative’ -- to get his genes into the next generation; in other words, to have sex and beget offspring. And it is the desire of most males that those offspring be male as well. In order to accomplish this, a male must have the cooperation of a female. In our society, for thousands of years now, females have controlled sex. They decide which males they will mate with and have children with. This gives them ultimate power over a male’s number one desire. Further, you have to understand that for thousands of years human beings did not make the connection between sex and reproduction. A woman becoming pregnant and giving birth was considered a totally miraculous event that she could perform and he couldn’t, making her superior in this one very important aspect of life. In most cultures, females are connected to what were, for our ancestors, the two most misunderstood aspects of existence: birth and death. In almost all cultures, women play an important role in the death ritual of a culture. Again, for example, in Orthodox Judaism as well as Islam, it is women who cleanse and prepare the body for burial. In those cultures, a woman brings you into the world, and a woman helps you leave it.”

“God! Where did you learn all that?”

“Some of that I learned from reading; some of it I learned through conversations with an iman at a mosque in Iraq. Speaking of learning, where did you learn to cook like this? Whatever this is, it’s fantastic!”

“Thank you. It’s called beef Stroganoff. I got the recipe out of one of my mom’s cookbooks. Anyhow, I understand what you’re saying, but I’m not like that. I don’t hate women or feel envious of them.”

“If you stop and think about it, you do feel some of the envy. Did you go to your senior prom?”

“No. Of course, I didn’t.”

“Why not?”

“I didn’t want to have to date a girl to go.”

“Would you have gone if you could have had me for a date?”

“I would have loved that, but I think I would’ve been too scared to show up with another guy.”

“But no girl had to worry about that, did they? If you were a girl, we could’ve gone to your prom together and no one would’ve thought anything of it.”

“Yes, they would. They would have wondered where I found such a beautiful guy to take me to the prom.”

“You know what I mean,” Rick said, blushing.

“Yeah, you’re right. Nobody would’ve said anything because that’s considered ‘normal.’”

“Yes, unfortunately. What people don’t realize that both are ‘normal,’ but that one is more common than the other. There is nothing abnormal about two guys, or two girls for that matter, falling in love with each other. If it wasn’t a part of nature, it would never happen. Like trying to stick your left elbow into your right ear.”

“But then why all this stuff about homosexuality being wrong? All that crap in the Bible?”

“Oh! You mean that book that has two guys, one a future king of Israel, the other the son of the reigning king of Israel caring so much about each other that the Bible itself says that, ‘Jonathan loved David more than his own soul.’”

“It really says that?”

“Yes, it really says that.”

“But that sounds like…”

“Go on.”

“That sounds like how I feel about you.”

“And how I feel about you.”

At that point, Rick reached into the pocket of the shorts and pulled out the small bag that he had gotten at the Army-Navy store. He laid it on the table next to his plate and then looked at me.

“I have a couple of things for you. I figured that store would have them or something like them. After I’ve gone, these are to remind you of who you belong to.”

Rick reached into the bag and pulled out a chain like the one he wore around his neck with his two dog tags on it. This chain had two dog tags as well. But Rick pulled his own dog tags out of his shirt and disconnected one. Then he disconnected one from the new chain and exchanged them so that one of his dog tags was now on the new chain and one of the new dog tags was on his. He then handed me the chain and I looked at the two dog tags. One had Rick's name, his Social Security number, his religion, and his blood type on it. The other new dog tag had the symbol of the Marine Corps engraved on one side, and on the back it said, "I belong to a marine."

"Go ahead. Just slip it over your head."

I did so and the two dog tags hung just past the middle of my chest area. Rick then reached back into the bag and pulled out a gold ring that looked like a graduation class ring with a red stone. This time, he reached for my left hand and slipped the ring onto my ring finger. I was very surprised that it fit perfectly. Around the red stone in raised letters it said, "United States Marine Corps" and on each side was the symbol of the Corps.

"That ring will do until I can get you the one that I really want to put on your finger -- a wedding band."

"You...you want to marry me?" I asked, hesitantly.

"Of course I do. What do you think we've been talking about? How else are you going to belong to me? Of course, we'll have to go to Massachusetts or California to do it."

"Well, I have to go to San Francisco anyway, so that will work."

"Why do you have to go to San Francisco?"

"I have a full scholarship waiting for me there, at the University of California, San Francisco. I want to become a writer and UCSF has an excellent creative writing department and offers a master's degree in that."

"They also have an excellent medical school there."

"Yes, I understand that they do. Why? Are you thinking of becoming a doctor?"

"Yes, I am. After seeing all the death and injury in Iraq, I've pretty much made up my mind that I'd like to spend my life healing people rather than killing them."

"I think that's wonderful! But how are you going to afford it? Medical school is very expensive."

"Yeah, I know. But that's where the Marine Corps comes in. It's not easy to do, but one of my options is that I can change my service branch to the Navy and become a doctor with the Navy paying for it. That will also make me an officer. So I won't have to go through OCS for that to happen."

“But how long would you have to stay in the Navy if you did that?”

“I would have an obligation to spend at least six more years in the service beyond the time that I would spend in school, internship, and residency. All told, we’re probably talking in the neighborhood of fifteen years.”

“We would be apart for fifteen years?” I exclaimed in shock.

“No! We would be together for the whole time that I was in school and training. Even after I completed my training, unless my duty station took me outside the United States, we would still be together.”

“But wouldn’t you be shipped overseas because of the war?”

“Not necessarily. Every naval base has some form of medical services. I could serve in any of them.”

“I’m just wondering how we would live. I mean, I have a full scholarship, but I was planning on living in the dorm.”

“You forget that I would still be active duty military. That means I’d still get my salary plus a housing allowance. We wouldn’t be rich but we’d be able to live.”

“I don’t care about rich. All I care about is us being together.”

Rick reached over and gently put his hand on top of mine.

“Trust me, babe. That’s all I care about.” Rick picked up his glass of wine and held it up. “A toast to us. To being together and making all our dreams come true.”

I raised my glass and clinked it against his. “Now, how about some dessert?”

“Are you ready to go upstairs already?” Rick grinned at me with a feral gleam in his eye.

“I was talking about the chocolate cake,” I grinned back at him.

“Spoilsport!”

Chapter Seven

Despite his obvious desire to spend more time making love, Rick did manage to put away three pieces of the cake. I gobbled down two myself. We both thought it was delicious, and I was glad we had taken time to try it.

After we finished, Rick helped me clear the table, and I loaded the dishwasher, turning it on to run while we did other things. Again, Rick shocked me by picking me up in his arms, carrying me up to my bedroom, and laying me gently on the bed. It was really a wonderful feeling, one of safety and security to be carried in his arms that way. If I weren't already in love with him, those feelings alone would have done it for me.

As soon as he'd laid my naked body on the bed, Rick joined me on the bed, his equally naked body again covering mine.

"I would guess this means that you want to fuck me?" I asked.

"Yes, I do. Very much. Do you mind?"

"Mind? My God, no! I love it when you fuck me! There's nothing I'd love better for you to do."

"Are you sure you're okay? You're not sore or anything, are you?"

"Trust me. I'm fine. Not only that but I want you inside me so badly I can barely stand it."

"See? Just what I told you. The hungriest butt I've ever run into."

"It's not that. What I'm hungry for is not your cock. It's the feelings I get when we are joined together that way. I honestly was beginning to believe that I would never find someone to love me the way that you do."

"I thought it would take forever to find someone like you. I certainly didn't expect it to happen while I was doing the one thing in the world that I dreaded the most -- coming home."

"Well, that didn't turn out to be so bad at all."

"Only because my parents weren't home. I'll have to remember to leave a note for them before I fly out on Monday to let them know I tried to come home for a visit."

"Are you going to tell them any of the rest of it? About changing services, going to school, and becoming a doctor?"

“No. It would sound too much like I was giving in to them. I want them to understand that they had absolutely nothing to do with this decision. I’m not becoming a doctor because that’s what they want me to be. I’m doing it because it’s what *I* want to be.”

“But maybe it would help heal the rift between you.”

“What makes you think that the rift can be healed? When I told you about the conversation that my father and I had about sex, I only told you about part of it. I found out that night that there was something that he hated more than Jews -- faggots. There is no way that he will ever forgive me for being one and there is no way he’s ever going to accept our relationship. I told you I went into the Marine Corps to prove that I was man enough to be a marine. It was that conversation that started all of that. My father was the one who kept saying over and over that faggots were sissies and could never be considered ‘real men.’”

“Are you sure that’s how things have to be? The way you’re talking, it’s like you’ve already decided that you don’t have a family.”

“That’s not true. I have a family. I’m lying on top of him and looking directly into his eyes. Robby, you are all the family that I ever need or want.”

“Would you be angry at me if I said I don’t feel that way?”

“Of course I wouldn’t be mad at you. You have to make your own decisions and I respect that. I can understand that you want a relationship with your mother. After all, you’ve known her a hell of a lot longer than you’ve known me. Better yet, she hasn’t treated you the way my family has treated me.”

“I’m just afraid of how she’s going to deal with all this though.”

“I don’t think you have anything to worry about. From everything you told me about her, it is obvious that she loves you very, very much. It is also obvious that she believes in you, believes you have the ability to make your own decisions, and that those decisions are usually the right ones.”

“How the fuck did you figure that out?”

“As Sherlock Holmes would say, ‘Elementary, my dear Robby.’ She has enough faith and trust in you to fly off to Europe for the weekend leaving you alone. She obviously trusts your ability to handle things while she’s gone. And then there’s the matter of the beer in the refrigerator. She trusts you enough to know that you’re not going to spend the weekend drunk or getting into trouble.”

“Yeah, that’s true. But the reason I don’t drink has nothing to do with me being responsible. I’m too afraid to let myself go that way. After all, I have a huge secret that I’ve been hiding for quite a while now. I was always afraid of what I might say or do if I got drunk. I couldn’t trust myself not to let the secret out under those circumstances.”

“No matter what the *real* reason was, you evidently proved to her that you were quite responsible and levelheaded. Of course, nothing I’ve seen this weekend tells me anything different.”

“I just wonder how levelheaded she’s going to think I am when she finds out that I fell head over heels in love with you in the space of less than ten hours.” I smiled at him.

“You know as well as I do love has got nothing to do with being responsible or levelheaded. And I’m sure she understands that as well.”

“I’m just hoping and praying that she likes you. Of course, I can’t understand anyone *not* liking you but, of course, that’s because I’m in love with you.”

“I promise to be on my best behavior when I meet her.”

“You don’t have to do that. Just be yourself. She’ll like you well enough just from that.”

“How do you think she will feel about me fucking you?”

“I don’t happen to think that what we do in bed is any of her business. After all, I’m an adult now. Whatever I choose to do, nobody has anything to say about it. Well...except for you.

“Oh, and what do I have to say about it?”

“If I belong to you, then I feel like I have a responsibility to talk things over with you before I do them.”

“Do you really believe that?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Good. I feel exactly the same way. In fact, I’m very proud of you for coming to that on your own. I know that in any relationship, the greatest difficulty is communication. As long as we can stay open and honest with each other, we can get through anything that life throws our way.”

“Okay, I’ll be very open and honest with you right now.”

“About what?”

“Are we going to talk or are you going to fuck me?”

“Hey! You are the one who started this!”

I reached up, put my hand behind his neck, and pulled his face down until I was kissing him passionately, my tongue digging into his mouth for the taste of him.

“Then I’m ending it,” I murmured.

Rick began moving down my body using his tongue, teeth, and lips to drive me almost crazy with desire for him. He ended, as usual, between my legs with me holding them back almost to my chest while he did the one thing he knew made me want him more than anything -- licking and sucking on my hole. I pressed down with my muscles and noticed that Rick seemed to have a much easier time sliding his tongue inside me. I guess my muscles were getting used to relaxing and opening for him. I'd been hoping that would happen. I wanted to reach the point where Rick could fuck me any time he wanted to. He obviously loved doing it, and I certainly loved having him do it.

Rick pulled away from my ass for a moment and slid across the bed to grab the lube from the bedside table. He then proceeded to lube me up and slowly and gently started inserting his fingers. Again, as I pushed out with my muscles, I could tell that Rick was having a very easy time getting them inside me. He must've noticed as well.

"You're opening up really easily tonight. I guess the wine with dinner did help."

"No, I don't think it was the wine. I think my muscles are learning how to relax for you."

"That's possible. I thought it would take fucking you a lot more often than we've done for that to happen, but then I didn't count on how much you love this and how hungry your butt is."

"What I'm hungry for is the feeling of you inside me, possessing me, making me yours and yours alone."

"What I'm hungry for is the feeling of how much you love me."

"You've got that anytime you want it."

By this point, I was well lubed and open. Rick lubed up his cock and then moved forward until he was once again over me and the head of his cock was pushing against my ass. I reached down and grabbed his hips, pulling him forward so that his cock slid steadily deeper inside me. When he bottomed out in me, we both groaned at the feeling.

"Is that what you wanted?" he moaned.

"Oh, God, yes! That's where you belong."

He lay there over me resting on his elbows with my legs wrapped around his hips until the muscles inside me loosened enough for him to move freely. It didn't take long until he was fucking me hard and fast while, at the same time, pushing me closer and closer to coming.

"Oh, fuck! I'm going to come! Fuck me!" I cried out.

"Go for it! I'm right with you!" Rick groaned.

As Rick continue to slam his cock in my ass, my cock began covering us with my cum. I came so much it was like I had not come in days, rather than just a few hours before. I could feel the trembling in Rick's body as he unloaded deep inside me. I loved that feeling almost as much as the feeling of my orgasm. Knowing I had got him off gave me such a feeling of satisfaction deep inside me.

Rick collapsed on top of me, gluing us together with all my cum. I could hear his deep breathing and could smell the scent of his body. I never wanted to move again. I wanted to stay just like this. Rick's cock buried inside me and him resting on me, safe and secure with my arms and legs wrapped around him.

Rick, however, had other ideas. As his cock softened and my muscles pushed it out of my body, he moved down until he could get to my ass again. As he liked to do, Rick began to lick and suck at my hole, gathering as much of his load as he could get. And, as usual, after soothing the raw tissues of my ass, he moved back up over me and shared his load of cum with me in a deep and passionate kiss.

"Now *that's* my kind of dessert." He grinned down at me.

"I can't cook that, but you can have it whenever you want." I grinned back.

"What about you fucking me? Can I have that anytime I want?"

"Anytime you want. I love you, and part of loving you is loving to give you pleasure any way that I can."

"Well, we definitely feel the same way about that."

"But, you know, you don't have to fuck me to give me pleasure. I love the scent of you, your touch, when you hold me, just being near you. All of them give me pleasure."

"Do I really please you that much?"

"Of course you do. Didn't you know that?"

"I didn't know it went that far. I know that touching you, holding you, being close to you gives me incredible pleasure. I guess it's like sex. I told you it's easier to have sex with another guy because you know what he's feeling. So love must be like that. I know how it feels for me to love you. From what you're saying, you loving me feels the same way to you."

"Exactly. But, then again, I would've expected that. I don't know how you'll feel about the term but I really see you as my soul mate."

"I don't know about that. I only know that I feel like I was somehow meant to find you and fall in love with you. If that's what you mean, then yes, you are my soul mate."

“That’s exactly what I mean. I didn’t realize it until I opened the door that it was you I’d been waiting for. You may not believe this, but I’ve really tried to fight falling in love with you. Of course, I thought you were straight then. I was scared of being hurt. But even with that, I couldn’t help myself. I didn’t know what I was going to do, but I couldn’t stop myself from falling in love with you. It was like I didn’t have a choice.”

“You say that like you think I did. I guess I was luckier. I knew I wanted you from the moment I saw you. But it was pretty obvious to me that you felt the same way. Really I was only waiting to see if you realized you wanted me or not.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve met guys in the past who very obviously were physically attracted to me. Some of them, however, because of their own denial of being gay didn’t even realize how obvious their attraction was. I was afraid that you might be one of them.”

“How did you figure out I wasn’t?”

“With those kinds of guys the attraction is always physical, never emotional. They want to have sex with me, but they just won’t allow themselves to do it. I could see that you very quickly became emotionally attracted to me -- that you started to fall in love with me. That’s when I realized you couldn’t be in any denial about your sexuality. Of course, there was still the problem of you being a virgin. That scared the shit out of me!”

“Why?”

“Like I told you, I’ve never been with another guy who’d never had sex with anybody. I was afraid that I wouldn’t be gentle enough, that I would hurt you or gross you out somehow. If there’s one thing a guy never forgets for his entire life, it’s the first time he has sex. I didn’t want to fuck that up for you. Worse, I was in love with you and I knew you were in love with me. There was so much riding on it and I was so scared I’d fuck it up. To be honest with you, I’m surprised I was able to get a hard-on.”

“You didn’t seem to have any problems.”

“No, but that was because I already had a hard-on when you got back in bed. I’d been dreaming about making love to you. I guess that’s where I got the courage to reach out for you the way I did.”

“Well, you scared the shit out of me! I thought you were still dreaming -- about a girl! I thought you’d wake up and find me in your arms and be really pissed off. After all, marines are fucking dangerous even when they’re not pissed off.”

“What do you mean? How am I dangerous?”

“I read somewhere that marines are trained in eight different ways to kill someone with their bare hands.”

“Actually, it’s twelve. But please tell me that you really didn’t think that I’d hurt you.”

“I didn’t know -- not for sure. Remember, I still thought you were straight, and I spent all four years of high school hiding out from straight guys, scared to death that someone would find out the truth about me.”

“Okay. I can understand that. That must be what you meant at the restaurant when you said you weren’t brave.”

“Yes, that’s exactly what I meant.”

“And I repeat what I said, ‘Sometimes it’s better to survive.’ I saw enough bravery and death in Iraq. The thought of something like that happening to you rips my guts out.”

“Yeah, for me too. I think about what could have happened to you over there, and it’s like somebody shoved a cold knife into me.”

“This topic is too depressing for us to be having this conversation in bed. Let’s go take a shower and just think about being together.”

“I think that’s a wonderful idea.”

We went into the bathroom, and Rick adjusted the water temperature to where he liked it and then we both got in. Like the shower we had taken earlier that day together, I was thrilled by the chance to rub my hands all over his muscular body. Rick seemed to take equal pleasure in soaping mine. I know that by the end, we both had hard-ons again. I took the opportunity, once he’d rinsed all the soap off himself, to once again take his hard cock in my mouth. Even though I was by that point far more experienced at getting fucked than giving blowjobs, I evidently did all right because Rick was soon unloading into my mouth and I was swallowing quickly to keep from being drowned by all the cum.

I would have been glad just to have gotten him off, but he was not about to allow that. He got down on his knees and I soon found myself with my cock buried in his throat. This blowjob lasted a lot longer than the first one he gave me and gave me the chance to really enjoy it before I, too, emptied myself into him. He then stood, took me in his arms, and kissed me passionately so that each of us shared the taste of each other.

Getting out of the shower, we both grabbed towels and began drying each other off. Once we were mostly dry, Rick put his arms across my shoulders and walked me back to the bed. I lay there in his warm, strong arms and, tired from our amorous escapades, drifted quickly off to sleep. I have to admit that it surprised me how easily I had learned to sleep with Rick’s strong arms, his hard body, and his scent surrounding me. . I had never slept in the same bed with anyone since I was a very little kid and would crawl into bed with Mom when strange noises or

monsters in the closet or under the bed made me too scared to sleep in my own bed alone. But it was like my body had been waiting all my life for this feeling. The sense of protection, possession, and love that I felt from Rick were so natural and right that it was like something had been missing from the puzzle of my life and Rick was that missing piece.

Chapter Eight

I awoke to darkness. Looking over at the bedside clock, I noted it was after three a.m. What more concerned me, however, was that I was alone. Rick's side of the bed was empty and I had no idea where he had gone or why. I got up and headed downstairs after checking the bathroom and finding it empty. When I got downstairs, I looked in the darkened living room and could see the shadowed outline of someone sitting on the couch. Knowing it had to be Rick, I walked over and sat down next to him.

"What's the matter, Rick?"

"I don't want to leave on Monday," he said quietly, his voice husky with emotion.

"I don't want you to leave either. But there's no way around it, is there?"

"No, unfortunately there's not. It's funny, you know, I've never felt this way before. I was always eager to get back after my leaves were over. I always liked being with the other guys in my platoon but then again, I didn't have any place else to go; there was nothing I was leaving behind. Now there is. Now there's you. I know it sounds stupid; I know we've only known each other a couple of days, but leaving you is about the hardest thing I've ever had to do."

"Well, I can certainly understand it. After all, I feel the same way. I don't want you to go either, but I know there's no choice in the matter."

"I have to admit, I'm also afraid about meeting your mom today. I'm so scared she won't like me. I don't want to come between you and her. I don't want you to have to make a choice between us -- especially since I'm not sure which of us you would choose."

"There's no question about who I would choose. I would choose you. But I don't want to have to make that choice either. And I honestly don't think I will have to. I'm not the least bit worried. I know my mom's going to love you. After all, I've known her all my life and you've never met her, so you're just going to have to take my word on that one."

Rick put his arm around me and pulled me closer to him.

“I know. I’m just scared, and fear always makes you stupid. But can’t you understand? I’ve never had to worry about someone liking me before. I’ve never been in a situation where so much was riding on it.”

“What I understand is that you’re blowing this all out of proportion. Even if, and I repeat *if*, she didn’t like you, that wouldn’t change how I feel about you one bit. I would still love you. I would still want to belong to you. I would still want to spend the rest of my life with you. Nothing is going to change that. *Nothing!*”

Rick squeezed me to him and gently kissed my forehead. “How did I ever get so lucky to find someone who loves me the way that you do?”

“If you ask me, the luck was all mine. Now, can we go back to bed? It was really lonely there without you.”

“Unfortunately, you’re going to have to get used to it being that way for a while. There’s nothing I can do about that or you know I would.”

“Yes, if there’s one thing I do believe, it’s that I know you would change it if you could.”

We walked back upstairs, with Rick’s arm still around me like he didn’t want to lose touch with me. We got into bed and he snuggled up to the back of me, laying there like we were spoons, with his warmth, his scent, and his body surrounding me.

When I next awoke, it was morning and sunlight was streaming in the window of my room. I was, however, alone in bed again. I was just about to get up and look for Rick when I heard his footsteps on the stairs. He came into the room carrying two mugs with steam rising from them. I could smell coffee. I slid up in bed sitting with my back to the headboard. Rick came over to the bed and handed me one of the mugs. He then crawled back into bed, sitting up next to me.

“I’m sorry about last night. I hope I didn’t freak you out.”

“No. I told you I understood how you feel. I just wish you’d stop worrying about my mom. As far as I can tell, she has never wanted anything except for me to be happy. And you have made me happier than I’ve ever been in my whole life. I can’t believe for one second that as well as she knows me she wouldn’t be able to see that.”

“I’m sure you’re right about that.”

“So, Marine, you’ve got a choice to make.”

“What’s that?”

“Do you want a fuck now or have breakfast first and fuck after?”

Rick looked at me with a horny grin on his face. He nuzzled my ear and said, "I want to fuck now, have breakfast, and then fuck again after breakfast."

"That sounds like a plan."

Rick took up the mug of coffee away from me, and set both his and mine on the bedside table. He then turned back and took me in his arms, giving me a kiss that started out gently but rapidly built into a very passionate one. By the time it was over, I had slid down the bed and Rick was on top of me. I could feel his very hard cock pressed against my abs, and I raised my legs and wrapped them around his hips.

"I want to try something different this morning," he said.

"Different how?"

"Have you ever heard of *cowboy*?"

"You mean those really hot guys who herd cattle?"

Rick chuckled. "No, it's the name for a sexual position."

I thought for a second about what it could possibly mean. I had an idea but I wasn't sure.

"Would this have anything to do with me riding you?"

"Exactly. Did you just come up with that on your own?"

"Yeah, I did."

"Good for you! Yes, there are two forms of cowboy. Cowboy and reverse cowboy."

"What's the difference between them?"

"With cowboy, you're facing me. With reverse cowboy, you're facing away from me."

"I think I'd prefer cowboy. I love looking at you."

"Yes, and I love looking at you. That's exactly what I had in mind."

"So, how do we do this?"

"It's really quite simple. You just squat over my cock and sit down on it. It's really the easiest position for getting fucked because you control how fast or how slow you take my cock inside you."

I got up and moved over so that I was squatting over Rick's cock just as he described. Rick grabbed the bottle of lube from the bedside table took some on his fingers and, reaching between my legs, began to lube up my hole. He quickly worked three of his fingers into me and then poured more lube on his hand and lubed his cock.

"Now take it easy. There's no rush. This is a new position so I don't want you hurting yourself. Not that there's much chance of that, trust me."

I relaxed my hips and let myself go lower as Rick held his cock up straight. I pushed down with my muscles and his cock began entering my hole slowly but easily. By this point, my ass was well used to feeling Rick's cock in it. Within a few minutes, my butt was resting on Rick's groin, and his whole cock was up inside me.

"Okay, now you can either ride up and down on me or you can just raise up a bit and give me room to fuck you."

"How about I ride you until my legs get tired and then you can go to work."

"That's okay with me."

"Yeah, I know, as long as your cock is in my ass anything's all right with you."

"Oh? Like having my cock in your ass doesn't make everything all right for you?"

"Yeah. It does." I chuckled.

I began sliding up and down on Rick's thick cock enjoying the feeling of the new angle at which it was invading my hole. It seemed that every way that Rick fucked me, touched different areas up inside of me. Different, but always pleasurable. I hated to admit it but Rick was absolutely right. I evidently do have a very hungry ass. At least one that is hungry for his cock.

As I rode up and down, my cock began to flop with the movements. Rick reached out with his hand, which was still covered with lube, and started to jack me off while I rode him. This was an incredibly unique feeling. Until that moment, no one else had ever jacked my cock except for me. It felt very different from the way that I jacked off, but it still felt good. In fact, it felt too good. I finally had to push Rick's hand away or I was going to come long before I wanted to. Worse, long before he did.

"How about you let me feel how it feels to have you fuck me like this?"

"Tired already?"

"No, I just want to see what it feels like."

I rose up slightly, and all of a sudden, Rick began to fuck me with a speed he had rarely used on me. I later found out it was called rabbit fucking. I guess it was because that was supposedly how

rabbits fuck. The feeling of his cock ramming in and out of my hole and against my prostate at that speed soon had me screaming that I was going to come.

“Go ahead! I’m ready!” Rick groaned.

With just a couple more strokes at that rapid speed my cock let go and my cum started spraying everywhere. All over Rick, all over me, and all over the bed.

“Fuck me! Oh, Fuck! Yeah, fuck me!” I screamed.

“Take it! Yeah, take my fucking load!” Rick growled as he slammed his cock hard and deep into my ass.

I could feel his cock spasming in my ass, shooting load after load of his creamy cum there.

I collapsed back down so that I was once again sitting on his groin, resting from the massive load I had shot all over us. But Rick wasn’t done.

“Now, I want you to stand up and turn around,” he said.

I didn’t know exactly what he was up to but I had an idea. Once I stood up and turned around, Rick had more directions for me.

“Now I want you to move back and squat down until your ass is right above my face.”

I did as he directed and, as I squatted, I felt his hands grab my hips and position my ass exactly where he wanted it. Where he wanted it was just above his mouth. He pulled me down farther and I could feel his tongue sliding up my very open hole. He then began to suck on my hole while his tongue drove up in it trying to get his massive load from my ass.

His tongue moved around inside me, and it felt so good I couldn’t help the loud groan that came out of me. Rick let go of my ass for a moment, and I could hear him ask, “You like that, huh?”

“Oh, God! I *love* that!” I practically shouted the words.

“I love it too. In fact, this is my favorite way to eat butt.”

“Well, we’ll just have to do this more often.”

But at that point it suddenly hit me we wouldn’t be doing this more often. Rick would be leaving for Quantico tomorrow and I had no idea how long it would be until we were together again. At this thought, I got very quiet. Rick evidently noticed and slid his face out from under me.

“What’s the matter?”

“I just realized, we’re not going to have time to do this more often. You’ll be leaving tomorrow and I don’t know when I’ll see you again.”

Rick sat up on the bed and pulled me into his arms. He kissed me deeply and I could taste his cum that he had gotten from my ass.

“I know. But believe me when I tell you that I’m going to do everything I can so that we will see each other again very soon.”

“I do believe you. I know you want us to be together again as much as I want it. But what I’m worried about is the kind of roadblocks that the Marine Corps can put up to keep us apart.”

“I won’t lie to you. They can do that. But there are always ways around them. I’m not going to let us be separated for very long. I know you find it hard to believe, but I really need you. Almost as much as I need air to breathe.”

“I guess I find that hard to believe, because you seem so strong and self-reliant that I can’t imagine what you could possibly need me for.”

“What about you? What do you need me for? There have to be a lot of things easier to love than an active-duty marine.”

“I’ll bet you I can find easily at least a couple thousand Marine Corps wives who would disagree with that. What do I need you for? How about without you it felt like I was only living half a life? How about the fact that, until I met you, I had no fucking idea what love was. Better yet, without you my life is going to go back to being empty, miserable, and lonely.”

“Well, I can tell you that without you mine isn’t going to be any better.”

“Look, do we really have to talk about this now? It’s bad enough we’ll have to deal with it tomorrow. How about I go down and fix us some breakfast? After that we can come back up and finish out your plan to fuck me again.”

“I’d say that’s a much better plan than sitting here talking about this.”

We went downstairs and I started fixing breakfast. Rick wanted to help so I got out the cutting board and a knife and gave him an onion, a couple of green peppers, and some mushrooms to slice up for the omelets. I also gave him the cheese grater and a wedge of Muenster cheese. I set about frying strips of bacon and started whisking six eggs together.

Rick had obviously had a lot of training with using knives because he quickly had all the veggies sliced up and ready to go into the omelets. I had to show him, however, how to use a cheese grater since he obviously had never used one. He quickly got the hang of it though.

The omelets didn't take long to make and I had Rick make toast while I finished them. He then pulled down the plates from the cabinets and got the silverware from the drawers and set the table.

"You know what? This is really fun. I like doing this with you. Maybe eventually I'll even get the hang of it and be able to cook myself."

"Yes, it is fun doing things like this together. One thing I like about it is that makes me feel like we're married, like we're really a couple. That's a really nice feeling."

"Yeah, it is. I meant what I said last night. I really do want us to get married."

"I don't disagree, necessarily. It's just I've never thought much about marriage because I'm not very religious. My mom never took me to church growing up because of how her family had treated her after she got pregnant with me."

"My family never went to church either. I don't look at marriage as a religious thing but as a legal one. I want us to be united legally and viewed as a couple. I want the world to know that we belong to each other. Also there are certain rights that come along with being married."

"But even if we are married, we can't get most of those rights because, except for a couple of states, those rights aren't offered and the marriage isn't recognized no matter where it's performed."

"That's true now. But I think things are changing quickly enough that it's not going to be too much longer before that's no longer going to be true."

"I hope you're right about that. I hope the first thing the government does is get rid of Don't Ask, Don't Tell. Then you won't have to worry about being thrown out of the service. I think it will also lead to forcing the military to give benefits to same-sex partners of servicemen."

"I know you want to be a writer but tell me, have you ever thought of being a lawyer?"

"Not really. Why?"

"Because you sound like one."

"I hope that's not an insult."

"No! Believe me, it's not. I think you've got some good ideas."

"No, I don't want to be a lawyer. Nor do I want to be a politician, which is what it would take to put any of my ideas into practice."

“I really do think you should think about it. As I’ve listened to you, I can tell you have some really strong moral values about what’s right and wrong with this country. I happen to agree with everything I’ve heard.”

“Then why don’t you become a lawyer?”

“No. I think that healing people is much preferable to suing them.”

“I just thought that since you like fucking you might enjoy being a lawyer.”

“How the fuck do you figure that?”

“From an old lawyer joke that I remember. It concerns these two lawyers who are walking out of the courthouse one day and they see this gorgeous blonde. One lawyer says to the other, ‘I’d love to fuck her.’ To which the other lawyer replies, ‘Out of what?’”

“Oh, shit! That’s terrible!”

“I didn’t say it was good, just that it was old.”

“Well then, no more *old* jokes. I’d like to keep my breakfast down.”

“Hey! It wasn’t *that* bad!”

“The fuck it wasn’t!”

“Okay, then you tell one.”

“Okay. Let me see... There is this marine and a fucking sailor in a men’s room, pissing. This sailor gets done and starts washing his hands. The marine zips up and goes to leave. This sailor says to the marine, ‘In the Navy, they teach us to wash our hands after we urinate.’ To which the marine replies, ‘In the Marine Corps, they teach us not to piss on our hands.’”

I groaned loudly. “And you think that’s *better*?”

“Of course it is. The marine comes out on top.” Rick laughed.

“Oh. I get it. If the joke is about a marine and the marine comes out on top, that makes it funny.”

“Yeah.”

“Has anyone ever pointed out to you that marines have a rather strange sense of humor?”

“No. I guess you just have to be a marine to get it,” he said, sitting there and grinning at me.

“Okay. Now I know you’re pulling my leg.”

“Not yet I’m not. You’ll have to wait till we get back upstairs for that.”

“Then we’d better go back upstairs because obviously you are so horny it’s affected your mental processes,” I said and laughed.

“No, what it has affected is my cock.”

And reaching over he took my hand and pulled it down under the table until I could feel his very rigid hard-on.

I didn’t have anything to say after that. I just wanted to get back upstairs. We quickly put the dishes in the dishwasher and then Rick picked me up in his arms and carried me back upstairs. He laid me on the bed, then went around to the other side, lying down next to me on his stomach.

“I thought you wanted to fuck me?”

“I changed my mind. I’m going to miss your cock almost as much as I’m going to miss your ass. So I want to get equal time of you fucking me.”

“No problem.” I said, moving over and getting on top of him.

His warm, hard, muscular body beneath mine gave me a feeling of such incredible sexual power. Intense desire shot through me. The desire to breed him. The desire to plant my seed as deep inside of him as I could. The desire to breed him until we were both exhausted through pleasure. The desire to breed him so well that he would never want to be bred by anyone but me. I loved these feelings and I loved Rick because he was the one who first brought them out in me. It was because of his patience, love, and support that I had been able to find these very male desires and feelings buried deep inside me, covered for years by my feelings of inferiority. Rick had smashed through that wall and truly gave me myself as a gift -- the most wonderful gift, other than the gift of his love and his body, that I had ever received.

I began by licking and gently nibbling on his neck and shoulders. It wasn’t long, however, before I had an insatiable desire to lick and nibble over every square centimeter of his body. I began moving down, continuing my oral ministrations to the soft smooth skin of his back and sides. But I moved quickly because I had a destination in mind. I wanted to be lost in the most intimate area of his, or any male’s body. His butt. Moving swiftly downward and stopping just a couple of times to taste the salty skin of his middle and lower back, I was soon spreading my tongue over the cheeks of his ass, coming steadily closer to his deep trench where the scents and tastes that I wanted most were concentrated.

Using my hands, I spread open the cheeks of his butt and moved my face to where I could drink in this most special and hidden part of Rick. While I knew that Rick loved it when I would breathe in the scents of his ass or drag my tongue across the tender skin of his opening, I got the feeling that it was not just these actions that he loved. I was starting to get the idea that what Rick truly loved was so completely giving himself to me in this way. Just as I found such deep satisfaction in giving over my will to him. Ricky never talked about it but just the eagerness in

the way that he approached it led me to believe this. I so hoped and prayed that I was reading him right because this giving me control of the most intimate areas of his body allowed me to feel such an incredibly intense level of trust from him that it made me feel myself, see myself as intensely trustworthy. A very new feeling for me.

I buried my face in his spread-open trench, deeply breathing of the dark and alluring scents I found there. I tasted deep and long of the uniquely tangy taste of Rick. I worshipped at his tender lips, working my tongue slowly and intimately as deep inside him as I could reach. No matter how often I did this, the wonder that coursed through my veins being so intimately connected to this warrior whom I loved sent chills through my body. I wanted those feelings to last forever.

I felt him move. I looked up and he was handing me the lube. There was a look in his beautiful blue eyes. A look of silent desperation and need that went along with the words he said.

“Please Robby, please babe. Fuck me. Fuck me long and hard. Fuck me and make me yours! Fuck me and take me *there*! Please, do it now!”

I didn’t answer. I was too deeply moved for words to come. Instead, I let my body speak for me. I slowly began lubing the opening to his body, sliding two fingers as deep in him as I could reach, then curling my fingers to stroke against the hard knot of his prostate as I listened to him groan deeply in his chest. I added a third finger spreading him farther and heard him growl.

“Yeah. That’s it. Spread me open. Get me ready. I need you. I need you so bad. Take me. Come on, Robby. Take me now.”

I rose while adding lube to my cock. His words had made me so hard I was afraid I was going to lose it just slicking up. I gently pushed the head of my cock up against his hole, but before I could press inside, Rick pushed back, gobbling up my entire cock with his hot, wet ass. He groaned so deeply that I could feel the vibrations in my cock as it lay buried deep within him.

I lay on top of him, resting. At first I was afraid to move. I was so close and his ass was so tight that I was afraid I’d come before I ever got a chance to fuck him. As my orgasm backed off, I could feel the muscles inside him loosening, becoming used to my cock being inside him.

I tentatively withdrew an inch or so and then pushed back in, making sure that my body was going to let me fuck him as he wanted, long and hard. I then pulled out farther and farther until almost my whole cock was withdrawing from his ass on each stroke. I rose up until my hands were supporting me, my arms straight down. I loved this view because I could see the whole of his muscular back, his beautiful bubble butt, and my cock sliding in and out of it. It is true that males are very visually stimulated and certainly, this view of me fucking Rick, was one of the most stimulating than I ever got to see -- other than watching his body between my legs as he fucked me.

The only problem was that it was so stimulating, it very quickly had me getting too close again. I consciously slowed down to keep from coming and continued to fuck Rick more slowly until I could get myself under control. I also lowered myself so that I was lying on top of Rick again,

burying my nose in his neck so that I was continuously breathing in the scent of him as we fucked.

“Oh fuck! Yeah! Fuck me! Fill me up! Fill me with your cock!” Rick groaned.

I started fucking him harder and faster. Deep groans coming from his chest became almost continuous as my cock rammed in and out of his hole, slamming against his prostate as I fucked him for all I was worth. I was getting very close to coming but I wanted Rick to get off before I did. Just when I was afraid that he wouldn't, the muscles in his ass began to spasm around my cock and he started crying out.

“FUCK! OH, GOD! FUCK ME! YEAH!”

The contractions of his muscles drove me over the edge. I slammed my cock into his ass one last time as hard as I could. Then I shot my load of cum as deep inside him as I could.

“TAKE IT! TAKE MY LOAD! FUCK!”

I shot so long and so hard that it actually became painful, the muscles in my groin rebelling at being used so intensely. Finally, I collapsed on Rick, our sweaty bodies gluing themselves together. I could smell our sweat, Rick's cum, and the scent of our fucking.

“Is that what you wanted?” I groaned.

“Oh, yeah. That's what I wanted,” Rick murmured.

“Well, I'm not quite done yet.”

“Go for it!”

I slid back slowly, pulling my still-hard cock from his ass. I moved back all the way until I was once again lying on the bed with my face buried between the cheeks of his butt. I slowly inserted my tongue as far inside him as I could get and began to lick out as much of my load of cum as I could reach.

“Oh yeah,” Rick purred. “That feels really good.”

After I had gotten as much of my cum as I could, I moved back farther and Rick rolled over onto his back, reaching out his arms for me. I eagerly went to him, covering his mouth with mine and sharing with him the load of cum that I held there. He moaned into my mouth as he tasted it, using his tongue to get as much of it as he could.

“God! I love it when you fuck me.”

“I love it when you let me.”

“I don’t just let you. I’d do it anytime you asked me to, just like I fuck you whenever you ask me to. But I notice that you never ask. Why not?”

“I don’t know. It’s not that I don’t like doing it. It’s just that...I don’t know...”

“Is it because you don’t feel like you have a right to ask?”

“I guess that’s part of it. I guess I’m not entirely comfortable with playing that role with you. I guess, too, in some ways I feel like it’s a gift that you offer me.”

“Yes, in some ways I guess it is. I offer myself to you because I want to feel like I’m a part of you just the same way you tell me you’re a part of me when I fuck you.”

“Also, I guess there’s still a part of me that’s afraid I won’t do it right. That I’ll somehow disappoint you.”

“But you never do! Don’t you get it? Nobody, I repeat, nobody but you has ever gotten me off just by fucking me. I always envied the guys I’d fuck because they’d usually get off and I never could. I always wondered what it felt like. Trust me, it totally blew me away the first time you fucked me and I got off from it.”

“I always feel like it’s something special when you ask me because I feel like you’re putting your trust in me. You’re trusting me to get you off and not hurt you. It makes me feel so good that you trust me like that.”

“Okay, I get it. I’ll keep on asking since it means so much to you.”

I don’t know where the conversation would’ve gone to from there but at that moment the phone beside my bed started ringing. I reached over, grabbed the handset, and answered it.

“Hello?”

I heard my mother’s voice. “Hello, sweetie. I’m home.”

“Great, Mom. How long will it take you to get here?”

“That’s just it, it’s going to take me a couple of hours to get home. One of the girls on the flight just got engaged and the whole flight crew is going out for drinks to celebrate.”

“That’s good. It will give me time to fix dinner. Oh...and Mom, I’ve got something very important I need to talk with you about.”

“Is everything all right, sweetie?”

“Yeah, Mom, everything is fine. We’ll talk when you get home.”

I hung up the phone and turned to Rick. "My mom will be home in about two hours."

"So you're going to tell her about us before I meet her?"

"I figured it would be better that way. I thought she kind of would want to know what was going on before I sprang her on you or you on her, whichever."

"You really think she's going to like me?"

"I have no doubt. After all, what's not to like? You are one gorgeous hunk and a marine. What more could anybody ask for?"

"Not everybody is as enamored of marines as you are."

I slipped my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss.

"Those who aren't are fools. I'm going to go down and start dinner now. Why don't you come down and watch a movie or something? Maybe it'll take away some of your nerves."

I had a roast already defrosted, which I put into the oven. I'd make gravy from it and along with mashed potatoes and some fresh broccoli, it would make a nice home-cooked dinner for my mom and Rick. It would be the last of those I guessed he'd get for a while.

The time just flew by and before I knew it I heard Mom's car pull into the driveway. I went into the living room to let Rick know that she was home. He went upstairs to my room where I told him I'd come get him when it was time to meet my mom.

My mom came in, and I went over and gave her a hug.

"Hello, sweetie! How was your weekend?"

"It was the best weekend I've ever had in my life."

"I can see that. I don't ever remember seeing you as happy as you are right now. What's happened?"

"That's what I want to talk to about. I've got coffee on in the kitchen. Why don't we go in there and I'll get you a cup, and then we can talk."

We went into the kitchen and I poured Mom a cup coffee as well as one for myself, and then we sat down at the table.

"Okay. So what's going on?" Mom asked.

"I don't know exactly how to begin. I guess maybe I should start at the beginning. On Friday afternoon, I answered the door and it was Rick, the Pattersons' youngest son. He was on his way to Quantico, Virginia, for additional training when he decided to stop and see his parents."

"But I thought his parents were going to Iowa this weekend?"

"He hadn't called so he had no idea they had planned to be out of town. I offered to let him stay over there but Rick's allergic to cats and can't be in the same house with them."

"Then why in the hell did Mrs. Patterson get two cats if her son is allergic to them?"

"That's just part of the problem. They don't treat Rick very well. They're angry at him because he went into the Marine Corps rather than to college."

"I take it you and Rick have talked about this?"

"Yes, we've had a lot of time to talk. Rick has been staying here with me."

"Well that's wonderful, Robby. At least you weren't alone all weekend like you usually are."

"Yeah, Mom. It was great. But that's the reason I needed to talk to you. I would ask you a question. Was there some reason that you never sat me down and told me the facts of life?"

"Well, Robby, to be honest with you, I kept thinking I ought to but I also kept thinking how embarrassing it would be for both of us. And you were so bright I figured that you'd learn it somehow. So why are you asking this? Did something happen this weekend?"

"Yes. I guess you could say something did happen. I fell in love."

"Oh! Robby, that's wonderful! I'm so happy for you. So where did you meet her?"

"Mom, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's not a girl. I fell in love with Rick."

"Oh...I see. And what about Rick?"

"We fell in love with each other. I'm sorry to just drop this on you like this. I've wanted to tell you for a long time but I was so afraid of how you'd react."

"Why?"

"You never said anything against gay people, but you never said anything good about them either."

"Oh, Robby, I am so, so sorry. I didn't mention anything about it because it meant talking about sex. But whether you know it or not, probably three-quarters of the male flight attendants I've worked with have been gay. I love them. They're funny, they're very open, and they're very

compassionate. Much more than any heterosexual male I've ever known. I guess if I'd thought about it, I should've figured that you were gay. After all, you have that same compassion, and as far as I know, you've never shown any interest in girls at all."

"That's funny, that's one of the things Rick says about me. He's pointed out several times how compassionate I am."

"Rick must be a very perceptive young man."

"So you're not disappointed in me?"

"Let me ask you a question. Does Rick make you happy?"

"Unbelievably happy. I never knew that I could ever be this happy."

"Then, no. I'm not disappointed at all. Don't you realize that all I ever wanted was for you to be happy? I've seen how miserable you've been the last few years -- especially since you entered high school. I didn't know what to do about it. I didn't know what was causing it. Now I understand. I take it you found this out about yourself when you went into high school?"

"Yes. I spent all four years hiding it. I was so scared of what would happen if anyone ever found out. I learned to hate myself for what I was. Rick showed me that I didn't have to do that anymore. I don't have to hide, and I don't have to hate myself."

"I like this Rick already!" She laughed. "So when do I get to meet him?"

"He's upstairs waiting for me. He's been worried all weekend about meeting you."

"For heaven's sake! Why?"

"I told you his parents have treated him pretty badly. There are some things I've learned about their family that are not very nice. So maybe you can understand why he might be concerned that other parents would be like his."

"Do his parents know about him?"

"No. Do you know what a homophobe is, Mom?"

"Yes, that's someone who has a violent hatred of homosexuals. Just like those people who killed Matthew Shepard."

"You know about Matthew Shepard?" I asked, incredulously.

"Yes, Robby. I know all about Matthew Shepard."

"Well, that's what Mr. Patterson is. Along with being an anti-Semite, as well."

“You’re kidding!”

“No, I’m not.”

“But he’s never said anything anti-Semitic that I’ve heard.”

“Rick says his mother has a fit at him if he says anything outside the family. But he certainly says it inside. His father even prevented Rick or any of his brothers from being circumcised because Jewish males are. Oh! Please don’t tell him I said that!”

“Oh, Robby! What you think I’m going to do? Look at him and say, ‘So, Rick! My son tells me you’re uncut!’”

At that, we both broke up laughing.

“I think I’d better go upstairs and get him. He’s probably very nervous.”

“Tell him I’m not unhappy. And I don’t bite.”

I went upstairs and opened the door of my room. Rick was sitting on the edge of the bed like a prisoner on death row waiting for the warden to show up. I sat down next to him, put my arm across his shoulders, and kissed him.

“My mom said to tell you that she’s not unhappy. Oh, and that she doesn’t bite.”

I slipped my hand in his and then stood up. Rick stood up with me and together, hand in hand, we walked downstairs. Before we could leave the room however, Rick pulled back on my hand.

“Before we go down there, please tell me your last name again.”

“It’s Trenton, just like the capital of New Jersey.” I smiled at him.

When we got downstairs, I took Rick to the kitchen where Mom was still sitting.

“Mom, this is Rick,” I said, hesitantly.

“It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Trenton,” Rick said.

“And it’s nice to meet you, Sergeant. I got the number of chevrons right, didn’t I?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Oh, please! Don’t call me ma’am. You make me feel so old. And it’s not Mrs. Robby’s father and I never married. So it’s Ms. Trenton if you have to be so formal. Or you could just call me by my name, Kathleen.”

“Whatever you prefer.”

“Marines are always perfect gentleman. At least the ones I dealt with from Desert Storm. I remember so many of them as they flew home from that war. So young, so eager, and so happy to be finally going home.”

“Mom, Rick’s only been back from Iraq about a week.”

“And you lost friends there, didn’t you? I can see it in your eyes. Don’t worry, I won’t ask you about it. I know it will just dredge up a lot of pain that doesn’t need to be talked about. At least, not with me.”

“No. But I have talked with Robby about it. And he’s helped me a lot with it.”

“And he’s been telling me about all the things you’ve helped him with. That’s the way that a relationship should be, each one helping the other. I know, Sergeant, that you’ve done something quite miraculous for my son. I don’t ever remember him looking happier. And for that, I’m very grateful to you. All I’ve ever wanted is for Robby is to be happy. You seem to have done that in just a weekend.”

“I wish I had the words to tell you what he’s done for me. I never thought I would ever find someone like him. If there’s any kind of miracle here, that’s the miracle.”

“So? What now? Where does this go to from here?”

“I have to fly to Quantico tomorrow. I’m supposed to enter OCS training.”

“I see the Marine Corps recognizes quality when they see it. So you are to be an officer? I take it that you two have some kind of plan for being together?”

“Yes, we do. Rick is going to try to leave the Marine Corps for the Navy and then follow me to UCSF and study to become a doctor. There are no medical services in the Marine Corps. All the doctors, nurses, and corpsmen are supplied by the Navy.”

“Is that allowed? To change services like that?”

“Yes. It’s not done often, but in a case like this, especially with the military’s need for doctors because of the war, I think I should be able to do it. If not, I’m prepared to leave the Marine Corps to be with Robby.”

“You’re willing to give up your military career for my son?”

“There’s no question about it. I will do anything I have to do so that we can be together.”

“Robby? Do you realize what Rick is willing to give up for you?”

“Yes, Mom, I do. It’s not something I want to see happen, but there is also tremendous danger of him being thrown out of the Marine Corps because of their Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell policy. I know that I am part of that danger. If anyone was to find out what was going on between us, Rick would be thrown out and lose all benefits of having served.”

“I can see that you’ve both given this a lot of thought. But I would expect that given how intelligent you both are. Rick, has Robby told you how we first learned about the Paideia Program that he was in at school?”

“No, he told me he was in it but not how he got there.”

“That was actually thanks to your mother. She told me all about the program and how you had been through it. She was quite proud of your academic accomplishments.”

“If she was, she never told me.”

“Robby was telling me about your mother and father. I have to say that even though they’ve never been anything but unfailingly nice to us, I can see where the two of you being involved with each other could cause some problems.”

“I’m sorry about that. Considering how my father feels about gays, I’m afraid that the problems are unavoidable.”

“As you know, or maybe you don’t, unless Robby told you about it, he is able to fly just about anywhere he wants to go for free because I work for the airlines. I had hoped that when he went to school in California I would still get to see him quite often because either he could fly here or I could fly there. However, if the two of you are living together in California, I can well understand that Robby is not going to want to fly back here without you. And I can also understand why you might not want to come with him.”

“I can understand your concern, but I think that’s something that can be easily worked out eventually. I certainly don’t want to keep you and Robby apart.”

“Since you’re planning on living in California, I take it that you’ve talked about the possibility of getting married.”

“Yes, Mom. Rick’s already asked me to marry him.”

“And I take it you said yes.”

“Of course I did. I want to spend the rest of my life with Rick. There is nobody else for me.”

“That’s quite a far-reaching decision.”

“Mom, I understand that you might think this is sudden. After all, we haven’t known each other that long. However, I spent the last few years waiting and praying for someone like Rick in my life.”

“And I’ve been looking for someone like Robby for a very long time now. I wasn’t sure that I’d ever find him. Now that I have, I can’t see giving him up for anything or anyone.”

“I just wondered since, as far as I was aware, Robby was a virgin before this weekend.”

“Not by choice,” I said, my face heating as I blushed.

“I pointed out that to him as well. But he’s convinced me that he really is ready to make that kind of commitment just as I am.”

“Yes, but I’m sure you’ve had far more experience in life than Robby has.”

“Mom, I don’t need to experience anyone else to know that it’s Rick that I love and I want to be with.”

“I’m sorry. It’s a mother’s prerogative to worry about her son. I just don’t want to see you getting hurt.”

“I swear to you, Kathleen, that I would rather die than hurt Robby.”

“And I believe you, Rick. But sometimes things happen. People hurt each other terribly without meaning to.”

“That’s true. But it’s also true that two people who truly love each other can find a way to keep that from happening.”

“Ahh! A marine who is a romantic. Not a very common thing.”

I looked over and saw that it was Rick who was blushing now. As beautiful as my marine was, when he blushed he was even more so.

“Okay. I guess you’re both old enough to have the right to make your own decisions and your own mistakes and learn from them. I certainly would not stand in the way of something that obviously makes the two of you so very happy.”

I got up, went over to Mom, and hugged her. She then looked over at Rick.

“Don’t I get a hug from my new son-in-law?”

Rick got up and hugged my mother. She looked over at me. “My God! He’s very muscular, isn’t he?”

“Yes, Mom, he is. He’s also surprisingly gentle and tender. Not to mention beautiful.”

I could see Rick blushing furiously. I promised myself I would make it up to him later for embarrassing him.

Since it was ready, I went ahead and served dinner. Mom talked mostly about her flight to Italy over the weekend during dinner. Other than telling her we had gone to the Daily twice, Rick and I didn’t say a lot about our weekend for obvious reasons. And Mom, for her part, didn’t ask about it either. After dinner, Mom went up to her room, saying she was tired after the long flight and that she’d see us in the morning.

Rick and I went up to my room where he started packing.

“What time is your flight tomorrow?” I asked.

“It’s not until nine-thirty in the morning,” Rick replied.

“I want to be really selfish. I want to go with you to the airport.”

“I really wish you wouldn’t. We’ll be in public and I won’t be able say good-bye to you the way I really want to. Besides, I don’t want the entire plane see a marine come onboard crying. Which is exactly what would happen if you were there. Please, let me say good-bye to you here.”

I thought for a minute about what he said and I realized he was right.

“Okay, I don’t want a bunch of people getting the wrong idea about marines either.”

“By the way, do you have a cell phone?”

“Yes, it’s over in one of my desk drawers somewhere. My mom got it for me for when I was at school, but now that I have graduated I hardly ever use it.”

“Well, from now on I want you to carry it on you all the time, twenty-four-seven. I want your number and that way I can reach you at any time. Whenever I have free time and we can talk.”

I walked over to the desk, pulled open the top drawer, moved some things aside and saw my cell phone lying there. I pulled it out along with its charger so I could plug it in. I saw Rick reach into his duffel bag, and he pulled out his cell phone.

“Okay, what’s the number?”

As I repeated the numbers, I saw Rick entering them into his cell phone’s memory. I then leaned down and plugged my cell phone charger into a wall outlet beside the desk.

“Okay. This way we’ll never be out of touch with each other. While you’re at it, write down your e-mail address for me so I can have that too.”

I turned back to the desk and grabbed a Post-it note. I wrote down my e-mail address as well as my snail-mail address for him.

“Oh good, I didn’t think of that. Just in case I want to send you something I’ll have the address.”

“Okay, so what now?”

Rick walked over to me and gently took me in his arms, kissing me deeply.

“What do you think happens now?”

“I hope to God that you’re going to fuck me,” I said. “Make love to me, Rick. Make love to me until you have to go. Please.”

“Babe, you don’t ever have to beg me to make love to you. You may sometimes have to beg me to stop, but there isn’t a moment of the day or night that I don’t want you,” he murmured.

“Why would I beg you to stop? I don’t ever want you to stop making love to me,” I told him.

Then Rick began to make love to me but in a way he hadn’t done before. Slowly, he began to make love to every part of my body -- going over me with lips, tongue, and teeth. Before he was done, there was no part of me, literally, that he hadn’t kissed, tasted, licked, or nibbled. One of the most exciting, which I never expected, was when he began kissing and licking my feet and sucking on my toes. Never in my wildest imagination had I ever considered my feet to be erogenous zones. But, my God! I would never make that mistake again! I loved what he was doing to me, even though it was driving me nuts!

Finally, he buried his face in my butt, and I felt him slowly and languidly sucking on my opening, loosening me until he could slide his tongue deep inside me, slowly fucking his tongue in and out of me, tasting me and growling deep in his throat. He ate my ass for a long time. It almost seemed as he worked on me that he was trying to memorize each part of my body. Saving memories for when we were apart. I lay there wanting so badly to feel him inside of me again. Wanting to feel joined to him.

Finally, he grabbed the bottle of lube and gently and slowly greased me up for his entry. He lubed himself and then pushed my legs back until they were on his shoulders. He placed the head of his thick maleness at the entrance to my body and slowly pushed forward. He entered me slowly, deliberately, never losing eye contact while he did. When he was completely inside of me, he lowered my legs until they were around his waist and then lowered himself over me, resting on his elbows. He leaned down and began sucking on my chest as I ran my hands over his shoulders and head, moaning out at the electrifying contact of his lips, tongue, and teeth on my chest. He chuckled low in his throat at my moans, knowing he was driving me into a frenzy of lust and desire. He finally raised his head and looked down at me.

"I'm going to make love to you the way I've only done once before in my life. I'll warn you now, it's gonna be slow and it's gonna be long. You're gonna get off at least twice before I'm done." He grinned.

"Take me, do anything you want to me. I'm yours. Forever. I belong to you." I panted, so filled with desire for him that I could barely stand it.

"When I'm done, you're gonna know that I am in love with you, that there can't be anybody else for me," he said, his voice serious now. "Yeah, you're mine, but you've got to understand. Babe, I'm yours. Completely."

And then, he leaned down and took my mouth with his own, and as our tongues moved slowly against each other, he began to slowly fuck me. It was exquisite torture, the slow, deliberate movement of his maleness in and out of me. I trembled in his arms from the desire that was welling up in me. This wasn't sex; this wasn't horniness. This was love. My body trembled in the arms of my lover because of my desire to be one with him -- to be a part of him. It was like when he was inside me, I no longer knew where I stopped and he started. Suddenly, there were tears coming out of my eyes from the sheer joy of the union of not only our bodies, but our hearts and our souls. Rick saw the tears, leaned over, and began licking them from my face.

"I've made you cry again," he said softly.

"Yes, tears of joy! I never had any idea that love could be like this! I want you so much; I need you so much! I can't imagine life without you!" I exulted as he continued to slowly drive me further and further into bliss with his tender, almost tentative possession of my body.

This was something that I never expected from Rick -- the tenderness, the gentleness of him. A feeling of being so lovingly nurtured in his arms all but overwhelmed me. He nuzzled my neck and slowly licked and sucked at it. At one point, as he continued to move in and out of my body, he lowered his face to mine and gently rubbed his nose against mine in an Eskimo kiss that was so playful and boyish that it almost caused tears to flow from my eyes again. I could suddenly see Rick, not as the man he was, but as the boy who had become that man. A strange feeling tore through me of wanting to embrace that boy and protect him from any hurt or harm. I suddenly found myself not just being the one who was being nurtured, but wanting to nurture in return.

But my desire was building out of control and suddenly I could hold back no longer. I moaned and my seed flew out between our bodies, splashing both of us. Rick grinned down at me and I could see the pride shining in his eyes at what he had done to me.

"That's one." He smiled.

And on he went. Slowly, tenderly making love to me as I never imagined it could be. I thought that once I came, I would lose my hardness and I would feel pain from his movements. I could not have been more wrong. I stayed hard and the stroking of his cock inside me simply reignited the desire I had for him, and I began to build toward another climax.

On and on it went. Rick slowly and relentlessly filling me with himself. I could smell our scents and the scent of our lovemaking but time simply stood still. I had no idea how much time was passing as Rick continued to drive himself in and out of me. I only knew that the feelings he was causing in me were rapidly building toward another shattering climax.

Then it was on me again. The feelings built up and my cock spewed forth more of my hot, white cum. I moaned and panted and looked into his eyes as I came. Again, I saw in them the look of pride at his accomplishment but also such love and tenderness that, had I not been in the throes of an orgasm, which wracked my body with so many feelings that I was unable to utter even a sound, I probably would have begun crying again!

“That’s two,” he said, again smiling.

Now things began to change. Rick’s strokes became longer and more powerful. He also began to pick up speed. Soon, he was pounding my butt with his cock like a jackhammer. This power fuck went into overdrive, and I could feel the droplets of Rick’s sweat begin to fall from his chest and face onto me. I could smell his scent strongly as they did so and, opening my mouth, I gathered several droplets on my tongue, tasting the salty, tangy essence of him.

I could see by the grimace that his face was making and the ragged breathing I could hear as well as the erratic pounding of my butt that he was but a short way from finally coming himself. I too was well on my way to what promised to be my third orgasm in one fuck! I was amazed at his stamina and ability -- almost as much as I was at my body’s response to it. It’s not that I wasn’t capable of three orgasms. I was, after all, only eighteen. But never had I ever achieved them in so short a period of time -- and certainly never from one fuck.

“Oh! Fuck! Babe! I can’t hold back anymore! I’m gonna come! I’m gonna...” I could feel Rick’s cock jerk in my ass and begin unloading his nuts of that USMC cum that I was rapidly becoming addicted to.

“God! Yes! Let go, Rick! Fuck me! I’m coming!” I screamed as I slid over the ledge of the gorge with him and fell into my own orgasm, spraying both of us a third time with my cum.

Rick collapsed on top of me, exhausted.

“That’s three,” he murmured in my ear as I held him in my arms and kissed and licked the side of his neck.

We lay there for a long time, recovering from what had been a marathon fuck. I had never before been truly made love to. I now knew what it felt like and what the difference was. Oh, it is not that I hadn’t felt love from Rick all the other times that we had sex. From the very first time, our sex had always been full of love and emotion. But this time, the emotions overwhelmed everything. It was like we were storing up the feelings of love so that, during our time apart, we would have something to remember each other by.

Finally, Rick's soft cock slipped out of my ass, and he rolled off me and got up. Without a word, he reached his hand down to me and pulled me to my feet. Without letting go of my hand, we walked to the bathroom and got into the shower. We then turned on the water and washed each other. The shower was long, slow, and very sensual, each of us touching and caressing each other's whole body. No part went without being touched, licked, or nibbled. By the time we were done, despite our long lovemaking just a short while ago, we were both hard again. We stepped out of the tub and rather than drying each other, Rick took my hand and led me back to the bed where we quickly gobbled each other's hard-ons in a wet sixty-nine. By the time we swallowed each other copious loads, we were just about dry and just lay in each other's arms for a while.

As I lay there in his arms, tears sprang to my eyes. I didn't want to leave him. Now that I had found someone to love who loved me, it seemed so unfair that we would be torn apart like this. I buried my face in his chest and my body shook with my silent sobs. Rick's arms came around me, holding me as I cried.

"I know, babe. I'm not any happier about this than you are. I don't want to go but it's just gotta be this way for a while. I promise, first leave I get, I'm on the first plane to see you!" His voice husky with emotion.

"I-I'm sorry." I said, trying to get myself under control. "I don't want to do this! I don't want you to see me like this. I don't want to make this any harder on you."

"Babe, it can't be any harder on me. Leaving you is like ripping my guts out. The only thing that holding me together is the fact that I will see you again -- and soon!" he said with conviction.

Then he kissed me deeply and I clung to him like he was a life raft on a rough sea. I was suddenly faced with a fact of life if I was going to love a marine -- saying good-bye. At least it wasn't having to watch him go off to some combat zone where I never knew if he'd return or not. At that point, I would have completely lost my sanity if that had been the case.

Lying there in each other's arms we finally drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Nine

Dawn was just breaking over the windowsill of my room when I awoke with my head still resting on Rick's chest and his warm, strong arms around me. I turned my head and looked directly into Rick's beautiful blue eyes, looking back at me, wide awake.

"How long have you been awake?" I asked.

"Just a little while. I was watching you sleep. There is nothing I love more than to see you lying in my arms, asleep and safe."

“There’s nothing I love more than waking up in your arms.”

“And I promise you, I’m going to find a way for it to be like this for us every morning. I won’t have to leave. You won’t have to miss me. And I won’t have to miss you.”

“That’s all I want in the world. Just that. I don’t care about anything else.”

“I know, Robby. I’m going to work it out. You believe that, don’t you?”

“Of course I believe it. It’s the only thing that’s going to get me through this, believing that you will find a way for us to be together.”

“It’s almost six-thirty. I’d better go call the cab.”

He brought his mouth down on mine, kissing me deeply and passionately. I clung to him not wanting him to go and knowing that he had no choice.

“Do you want me to fix you something to eat before you go?”

“No, babe, I’m not hungry. Besides, I should be in Quantico in time for lunch.”

He got up off the bed and put his fatigues on. He grabbed his duffel bag and started toward the door of the bedroom. Then he turned back to look at me and I flew off the bed and into his arms. We kissed again long and hard. Then he took his arms from around me, stepped back, and opened the door. I grabbed a pair of gym shorts, pulled them on, and followed him downstairs. He was on the phone ordering the cab.

“It should be here in about twenty minutes,” he said, hanging up the phone and turning to me.

We went into the living room and sat down on the couch to wait. We sat there, my head on his chest and his arm around me.

“This is never happened to me before. I’ve never had to leave some place and leave somebody behind. I knew it would hurt. I just didn’t know it would hurt this bad,” he said and then gently kissed my head.

“I never expected falling in love to be like this. I didn’t picture finding someone and then having to say good-bye to them so soon,” I answered.

“It won’t always be like this. I promise.”

“And marines always keep their promises.”

“This one does.”

He leaned down and kissed me again and I clung to him when I heard a car horn outside announcing the arrival of his cab. We both got off the couch and I walked him to the door. The very same door that I had opened to the shock of him standing there. Had it been only three days ago? So much had seemed to happen in such a short time. Too much for only three days. But, then again, it was only going to be the memories of all that had happened that I had to cling to until we could be together again. So I was glad that there were so many of them.

I stood there in the doorway watching him get into the cab with a wave and watched as the cab drove away until I could no longer see it. Then I closed the door, went back up to my room, threw myself across the bed, and cried myself back to sleep.

For the next month, Rick called me two or three times a day. At least I could hear his voice even if I couldn't touch him. We started making plans for me to fly to Quantico so that we could spend another weekend together. Rick let me know that he could get a three-day pass and I had my mom contact the airline and arrange for flights for me. Rick booked me a room at a Marriott in a town in Virginia called Falls Church. I had arranged at Rick's direction to fly in on Thursday. He told me had to go on a training mission on Tuesday and Wednesday so he didn't know if he'd be able to call me before I left.

My mom drove me to O'Hare to catch my flight.

"Robby, are you sure you're all right? You've been very quiet the last couple of days. Is there something wrong between you and Rick?"

"No, Mom, nothing's wrong. It's just that he's out on a training mission and I haven't heard from him in a few days. But he warned me that that may be the case."

"Darling, I know you worry about him. And you have every reason to. Being a marine is a very dangerous profession. I know he's not in Iraq or anything but still..."

"No, he's not. I honestly don't worry about him that much. After all, the Marine Corps doesn't want to lose his very expensively trained ass anymore than I do. Every profession is dangerous. What about yours? I actually worry more about you flying to Italy every week."

"It's not the same. First of all, you know that flying is one of the safest modes of transportation there is. More importantly, with everything that's happened over the last ten years, safety and security have increased tremendously. That isn't true for members of the military."

"Mom, I really don't want to talk about this. Rick will be back from a training mission when I arrive and we're going to have a wonderful time together."

"Okay. But you're not the only one that worries about him. You don't think for one minute that I don't care about him, do you?"

"No, I don't think that. I realize that, because I'm in love with him, you do care about him."

“But remember, you’re my only son and I can’t help but worry about the two of you because, above all, I don’t want to see you hurt.”

Because she was a flight attendant and she worked out of O’Hare, her identification allowed her to pass through security and wait with me for the plane to board. I’d never known it before but she told me, as we sat there, that she had at one time had flown out of Dulles and had lived in Washington, DC. She suggested several places for Rick and me to visit like the Smithsonian, the National Gallery as well as the National Cathedral.

“That is, of course, if the two of you ever make it out of your hotel room.” She looked at me and winked, and I must’ve blushed about five shades of red.

At that point the boarding call for my flight was announced. I grabbed my carry-on bag, gave mom a kiss, and boarded the plane. As was often the case, if there are empty seats in first class, family members who are traveling are seated there. I was lucky because, for some reason, first class was mostly empty and I was placed in a window seat with the aisle seat next to me empty as well.

As the plane took off and gained altitude, I couldn’t help but sit there thinking about Rick. Even with the excitement of finally getting to see him again, the conversation that Mom and I had in the car on the way to the airport kept intruding on my thoughts and a more than vague sense of concern began to eat away at my excitement and happiness. But as we got closer and closer to Washington, it didn’t matter if Mom was right or if there was danger or problems ahead. I’d be with Rick and that was all that mattered.

THE END

Bobby Michaels

Bobby Michaels has been writing since he was 14 years old. A Gay male with a lot of romantic and erotic experience from his own life to draw on, he is a well known writer of Gay male erotica under another pen-name with a fan group of more than 3,000 members from around the world.

Bobby lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Visit Bobby on the Web at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/bobby_michaels_novels.