



*Dreams
Delivered:*

Simon Says-Ahh

Jaxx Steele

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Simon Says...Ahh

A homoerotic short by

JAXX STEELE

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Chapter One

Simon Woo sat in the back of his limo half asleep and exhausted. The last time he rode on a plane for more than four hours was five years ago, when he assumed his place as CEO of Takashi-Woo Enterprises. He was fresh out of college, scared to death of disgracing his family honor and fatherless, none of which helped his transition to head of a multimillion-dollar electronics company.

Riding down the familiar streets of Fifth Avenue made his heart leap for the first time in years. Living in China and running his father's company had turned out to be a prison sentence. His cage was a golden one, but still a cage. The same advisors that had counseled his father remained to guide him. They kept the company in the green so he didn't object, but he had insisted on picking his own personal assistant. Simon needed someone he could trust and not an old goat badgering him daily about his honor, his father's honor, and the honor of the company. He ended up choosing one of his closest friends.

"Simon, we've just turned onto First Avenue," said a soft voice next to him accompanied by a nudge.

Simon turned a sleepy smile to his companion. "Yes, Sinjin, we are home."

Sinjin Nukuoro, born in Japan, educated in the states, and brother in all but blood to Simon.

"Have you called Benji already?" Simon asked on a yawn.

Sinjin chuckled. "Of course I did, as soon as we landed. It would not be a homecoming without him."

The limo slowed down and turned into a garage, soon after the door swung open.

"We are here, Mr. Woo. Welcome back to New York," the driver said as Simon stepped out of the car.

“Thank you, Stan. Could you send the car around to pick up our friend Benji, please?”

Stan chuckled. “Mr. Kim is already here, Mr. Woo. He arrived just as I was leaving to pick up you and Mr. Nukuoro.”

Simon and Sinjin looked at each other and laughed. Without another word to Stan, they clasped each other on the shoulder and headed happily to the elevator. They reached the top floor of the Hotel Bentley where they took a private entrance to the penthouse suite. Sinjin opened the door letting them in and went toward the left to his separate rooms. Simon removed his shoes and just stood in the center of the living room.

The room was extremely large and spacious. A sofa and two matching chairs made of soft black leather stood out boldly against the bright white of plush carpeting along with the black cherry wood coffee table that sat in front of them. Everything was as he remembered it, the bar, the piano and his recliner by the large picture windows overlooking Manhattan Island. He first thought the apartment was too much and too big for one man to be comfortable in when his father presented it to him upon his entrance to college, so he quickly moved Sinjin into one of the spare rooms. Now that he stood in its center after being gone for five years, it felt extremely comforting. This was home. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. The soft musky smell that filled the air made him smile.

“It’s about time. Did you expect me to wait all night for you guys to finally make it home?”

Simon’s smile grew and his eyes popped open. “Benji,” he said softly.

Benji stood across the room casually leaning in the doorway to Simon’s private rooms. His slight frame was covered in only a snug t-shirt and low fitting jean shorts. He smiled and charged across the room, leaping into Simon’s arms, laughing loudly.

Simon caught him and spun around the room, joining in his laughter. Benji hugged tight as Simon spun them and then lowered him to the floor to kiss him passionately.

“Break it up, break it up,” Sinjin said coming back into the living room.

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Benji dropped down from Simon's embrace and ran into Sinjin's waiting arms. "Don't be a hater, Sinny. You can have a hug and a kiss, too."

Sinjin laughed as he hugged his friend. "I'll take the hug, but I've got someone else coming over that I would rather kiss on...and don't call me Sinny. I hate that."

Benji chuckled and pulled him toward Simon. "I know that, that's why I do it. I missed you guys so much. Now that the three musketeers are back together, what are we going to do?" he asked pushing them onto the couch.

"Oh, no, pretty boy, we cannot hangout with you getting into trouble this weekend. Simon has several important meetings to attend next week."

"Yes, yes, Sinjin. You have your job and I have mine."

"We are home on business," Sinny stressed.

"Stop being such a party pooper, Sinjin. Must you always be the voice of reason?" Benji said walking to the bar.

"Of course! That's what kept us out of jail all during college and it stops Simon from losing his mind," Sinjin replied on a laugh.

"We're only going to be here for a week, Benji, and I'll be in meetings every day," Simon said with a hint of sadness.

Benji returned to them handing them each a cup half-full of a dark liquid. "Hmm, we'll just have to think of something to do before Monday, then." He made himself a drink and returned to the couch with his friends. "We'll talk about it later. Let's drink to us, the return of the three musketeers," he said raising his glass.

His friends smiled and raised their glasses with him. That was the first of many drinks they had together before a loud buzzer interrupted their reminiscing. Sinjin jumped up to answer it.

"Yeah, who is it?"

"Dee-Dee!" the robotic voice replied over the intercom.

"Come on up, Dee-Dee," Sinjin said and buzzed her in. "Well fellas, I have to go. Could one of you show the lady to my room? Thanks a lot."

Simon shared a laugh with Benji as they watched Sinjin leave. When a knock on the door sounded a short while later, he

tried pulling his legs out of Benji's way before he tripped over them, but it was too late.

"A little too much to drink, Benji?" Simon joked through his laughter.

Benji scrunched his face at his friend as he got up to continue what he was doing.

Simon watched Benji swing the door open. A small blonde with a slender, but curvy figure easily detectable in a black and white print mini dress stood in the doorway.

"Hi, Dee-Dee."

"Hi Benjamin!" she said perkily as she reached up to hug him.

"Girl, I know you didn't just go there." Benji scolded her sharply pushing her back.

She gasped looking stricken by her mistake. "I'm sorry, Benji." Her voice dropped to a whisper, "I forgot we're not at work."

"You're forgiven, but don't do it again," he said allowing her to hug him.

"I won't," she replied in her perky again. "Is Simon here, too?"

"Hi, Dee-Dee." Simon raised his glass to her from the couch. "Long time no see."

"Hello, Simon. I got here as soon as I could. Is Sinny already in his room?"

Benji scoffed and turned his wide eyes to Simon. Simon muffled his laughter to answer Dee-Dee.

"Yeah, Dee-Dee, he is waiting for you."

She waved gleefully at them and headed down the hall.

Benji stomped back to the couch. "Did you hear that shit? How come she gets to call him Sinny and he bitches when I do it?" he asked and flopped down next to Simon.

Simon extended his empty glass to him. "Because, in case you have forgotten, Benji, Sinjin is not gay...despite your attempts to bring him over to the dark side. He prefers if a woman calls him by names of endearment."

Benji glared at Simon. "I don't need Sinjin's tired ass over here with me. I am more than happy with the people that are

already on this side, and that includes you,” he said and took the empty tumbler from Simon’s hand. He refilled their drinks and returned to the couch. “Now tell me for real. How are you, really?”

Simon sat back with a sigh and swirled the liquid around in his glass. “I’m so sick of this job, Benji.”

“Come on, it can’t be all that bad.”

“My advisors are so strict. Now that I’m older they leave a lot of the final decisions to me about the business, but I don’t have a personal life anymore. They know that I am gay, even if they act like they don’t, so they watch me like a hawk. I can’t find a boyfriend or even a temporary lover because someone is always stuck to my ass, and not in a good way either.”

Benji chuckled with Simon as he paused to take a drink.

“The old ones think it would be detrimental to the company if the partners found out that the CEO was gay,” Simon added before his next sip.

Benji scoffed. “Oh my God! It’s not a disease you know. You can’t catch gay, spread it like wildfire and have everyone die from it,” he said dramatically rolling his eyes. “Do those old fuddy-duddies realize that?”

Simon shrugged. “I don’t know what they know. I just know that being gay in China is worse than being in prison. I can’t go out to clubs, I don’t have any friends, except for Sinjin, and I’m sick of stroking my own dick,” he said with a frustrated edge.

Benji nodded as he sipped his drink. “Uh-huh. So, let me see if I have this straight. You’re frustrated, lonely, and horny?”

Simon frowned at him. “I said all that and that’s what you heard?”

“Well, that’s the nutshell, isn’t it?”

Simon sucked his teeth and Benji laughed.

He sat his drink on the coffee table. “Let me see if I can help you.”

He took Simon’s glass and put it next to his, then crawled up his body. Benji brushed his lips over Simon’s nipping his top then his bottom lip before he kissed him again. It was a hungry and all consuming kiss, a kiss with knowledge behind it.

Simon sighed into Benji's mouth pulling him closer. His fingers tugged the rubber band that held his ponytail free and he gripped a handful of Benji's hair. Benji responded by grinding his hard cock against Simon's and moaning loudly.

"Let me relieve some of your stress, Simon." Benji released Simon's lips and trailed his hot kisses all over Simon's face and neck.

Simon's head fell back against the couch. "Yes, Benji," Simon hissed. "And hurry, I'm about to bust."

Benji chuckled. "Don't worry, my sexy Simon, when you bust it will be in my mouth and I will swallow every drop of it."

A shudder shot up Simon's body at Benji's words. Anticipation made his cock even harder. Memories of Benji's awesome blowjobs swept across his consciousness: every lick, every touch, every moan. Simon felt Benji's hands moving on him, opening his pants. He reached down to help, but Benji slapped his hand away.

"I'm doing this."

"Well, hurry up and do it," Simon growled.

Benji looked up from his kisses. "I could go slower, Simon."

Simon's hands went up in protest and his body stiffened at the prospect. "No! No, I'm sorry. Please continue."

Simon held his breath during the few torturous seconds before Benji's hands returned to his pants and eased his pain. Benji leaned back for a better position and his hands dove to yank at his button. The faster Benji's hands moved, the faster Simon's chest rose and fell. Finally, Simon's cock sprang free of its confines long, thick, and hard. Resting against his stomach, it begged to be touched.

"Oh, Simon, it's been way to long," Benji said lowering his body.

Simon licked his lips and tried to speak, but no words came. All he could manage was a nod.

Benji chuckled. "Don't worry, baby, I won't make you wait any longer."

Benji licked the underside length of Simon's steel rod and Simon let out a stuttered moan. Benji's wet hot mouth singed the taut skin, sending exquisite pleasure straight to his head. Benji

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continued treating Simon's cock like a lollipop. Simon moaned at every pass of Benji's tongue against his nuts. With each teasing lick, Simon moved closer to the edge and his moans grew louder.

"Mmm, I always did like your moans, Simon. I bring up the memory often when I jack off."

"Benji, stop licking me and suck my dick!"

His need made his words harsher than he intended, he would have to apologize for that when they were done, but he wanted to feel his cock inside his mouth now.

If Benji was offended, he showed no signs of it. As Simon demanded, Benji took the length of Simon's cock into his mouth with a moan. Sucking vigorously, Benji played with his nuts at the same time. Simon's groans filled the room. Benji gripped the base of Simon's erection. Sliding his hand over Simon's sensitive head, Benji lowered his own head down to lick at his drawn up balls. Back and forth, Benji's hand moved as his teasing tongue flicked at Simon's nuts.

Simon's breathing was harsh and raspy as he spoke. "Ahh! Benji, oh God, yes!"

The leg that Simon rested on the floor for balance rose in the air stiffly. His stomach muscles tightened as his words became incoherent. Benji quickly moved up, taking Simon's length back into his mouth. His lips gripped Simon's cock head and sucked again and he erupted in Benji's mouth with volcanic force.

Simon's fingers laced through Benji's hair, squeezing tight, holding his head in place. Benji continued sucking on Simon's erupting tip until he was empty and exhausted. With a final kiss on his shrinking member, Benji moved back up Simon's body and rested on his chest.

"Feel better, baby?"

"Oh, God, yes. Thank you so much," Simon replied still breathing hard.

Benji pulled his arm off the back of the couch and drew the other one up to wrap around his body. "You don't have to thank me, Simon." He placed a tender kiss on his lips. "You know I jump at the chance to be with you. I really miss you, Simon. You

need to come home more often. China is too far and e-mails are not enough.”

“You could have come with me like I asked.”

Benji sighed and backed out of his embrace. “Now Simon, you know I couldn’t do that. As much as I enjoy it when you and I hook up, I couldn’t give up being me for you,” Benji said returning to the bar.

Simon sat up to fix his pants and then stared over his shoulder at Benji. “What does that mean?”

“It means that if you think you’re in a prison being gay in the Chinese business world, I would be in solitary confinement, by that same analogy. In New York, I don’t have to hide who I am and I like it like that. I am free to be me, baby,” he added with a snap of his fingers. “And as much as I love you, baby, and you know I do, I love me more.”

Simon sat back and his head fell against the couch. “Yeah, I know.”

“Besides, although I know that you’ll fuck me every time I let you, I know I’m not really your cup of tea,” he said returning to the couch handing him his glass.

Simon shifted his gaze not wanting to make eye contact. “What are you talking about?” he asked taking a sip.

Benji scoffed and took his spot at the other end of the couch. “Don’t try playing stupid with me, Simon. I know you even better than Sinny does.”

Simon looked back at his friend and then turned away again without comment.

Benji let out a disbelieving chuckle. “Oh, so it’s like that, huh? I need to spell it out for you, then.”

“No, I just don’t know what you’re—”

Benji put up his hand and Simon’s sentence ended. “Whatever, Simon. It has not been that long since we were a couple. I know what you like. I could suck your dick until you come one hundred times and even though you would get off, because I’m good at what I do, you would still be missing something.”

Simon swallowed the last of his drink in a gulp and sat up. “All right Mister Know-It-All, what is it? What am I missing?”

Simon challenged setting his empty glass on the table with a thud.

“Don’t you use that tone on me, Simon Takashi Woo.” Benji pointed his finger at him. “I am not one of your employees.”

Simon sat back on the couch with a frustrated grunt. “I wasn’t using a tone, Benji.”

“Oh, yes, you were using a tone and it won’t work, either. You’re just trying to get me off the subject.”

“What subject?”

Benji leaned a little closer to him. “Tell me something Simon, how many *brothers* are out there in China?”

Simon was surprised, but he quickly recovered.

“Oh no, I saw that. You can’t hide anything from me, baby. Like I said, I know you.” He leaned back with his arms folded across his chest.

Simon tried to keep his features neutral. “What are—”

Benji’s hand went up again. “Stop! Let’s not play that game again.”

Simon clamped his mouth down unwilling to admit the truth.

“I ain’t mad, baby. I used to get off on our little role-playing games back in the day. I especially liked when you had me dressing up like one of those rappers in the videos. In fact, I have a few friends that I role-play with even now from time to time,” he added with sly smile. “But we’re talking about you right now.”

“How long have you known, Benji?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Benji gave him a smug knowing smile. “Forever, baby. We used to be an item, remember? Besides, you used to stare at them fine ass chocolate men on campus like a dog in heat, especially those Greeks.”

Simon chuckled. “So much for being discrete.”

Benji laughed with him and then his voice softened with concern. “I bet it really is lonely for you in China, huh, Simon?”

“You have no idea.”

“Well, I know a way to make you feel better, at least while you’re home.”

“Come on Benji, you know how it is. I can’t go hanging out while I’m here. You heard what Sinjin said. He’s my friend, but he’s also my personal assistant whose job it is to look out for my welfare.”

“Yes, yes, yes, blah, blah, blah. I know the drill, Simon. I’ve heard it all before. You know I wouldn’t do anything to get you in any real trouble. Sinny might be a little pissed, but he’ll get over it quick. He lives for doing the clean up. Your meetings don’t start until Monday. We have all weekend to play.” Benji leaned over and kissed his neck, then his cheek. “Trust me, Simon.”

Simon turned into his kisses and caressed his lover’s face. “Okay, Benji. What are we going to do?”

Benji smiled and pulled Simon off the couch. “Don’t you worry your pretty little head about it. I’m going to take good care of you. Now come on, I’m in the mood to suck some more dick, and if you get nice and hard for me, I’ll let you come in my ass this time.”

* * * *

Benji and Simon stood face-to-face stroking each other’s cock, kissing wildly. They ground against each other, their cocks crossing like swords in battle. Simon brushed his hands up and down Benji’s back and squeezed his cheeks. Benji broke the kiss and lowered himself in front of Simon. Simon felt the hot wetness of Benji’s mouth around his solid cock. As Benji sucked hard, taking it whole each time, Simon smiled as a shiver went down his back.

“Damn, Benji, you’ve always been so good at that.”

Benji chuckled around his cock and the vibrations felt wonderful. Benji continued to suck as his hands moved around his ass to grip his cheeks. Simon moaned when he felt Benji’s naughty fingers slipping between to play with the tiny opening. A vibrating shudder shot through Simon’s body. He groaned shamelessly loud as Benji sucked and finger fucked him. His movements continued until Simon’s knees almost buckled.

“Benji,” Simon growled through gritted teeth.

“Yes, that was the sign I’ve been waiting for.”

Benji climbed onto the bed and pulled Simon behind him.

“Damn, Simon, it’s been so long since you’ve fucked me. I missed you, baby.” Simon gripped his hips, letting Benji anchor his cock between the crack of his ass.

“I know. I’m going to try to come back to New York more often. I promise.”

Benji chuckled softly. “I know those words only come from your need to fuck me, so I won’t hold them against you later.”

Simon could feel Benji’s body tense beneath his fingers as he pushed his cock into him in one smooth motion.

“Damn it, Benji! Shit, your ass feels good.”

“Well then fuck me good, Simon. I want to feel it.”

Simon held onto Benji’s hips and pumped into him slowly. He was dizzy from euphoria after the third push into him. Every nerve in his body was alive with sensation. He felt electrified! It felt so good being in someone’s ass that he didn’t think he would last long at all. Benji bounced his ass on his cock meeting his every movement and Simon screamed his joy loudly.

“Damn, Simon, I love it when you scream like that. It makes my cock so hard.”

Simon’s grip increased on Benji’s hips. “Mmm, keep talking to me, Benji. Are you stroking your cock?”

“Yes, and it’s getting harder. Does it feel good in my ass Simon?”

“Oh yes! You have no idea how good it feels,” Simon replied on a growl.

“My cock is hard and ready. What do you want?”

Simon continued pumping into him. “You know what I want.”

“Are you ready?”

Simon stroked into him for a few minutes longer and then pulled out. Without a word, he took his place at the head of the bed on all fours and stuck his ass in the air. He gripped his cock and waited. He could feel Benji move around on the bed behind him and knew what he was doing. The cool slickness sliding between his cheeks was unsurprising but a thrill all the same. The tip of Benji’s cock played at the tiny opening it found there. Goose bumps rose on his skin as the exquisite sensations shot through his body.

Simon grasped his cock. Another shudder passed over him as he stroked his member in time with the plunges in his ass and his moans filled the room. Simon pushed back onto the hardness behind him until it filled him completely. “Do it, Benji, do it. Fuck me,” Simon panted after a while.

Simon could feel Benji slowly move effortlessly in his tight ass.

“You feel so good baby, you sure no one has been up in here?”

Simon groaned and backed up to meet Benji’s thrusts as he pulled on his cock. “No live person.”

“That’s a damn shame, Simon. An ass like this needs someone live to work it right.”

“Mmm, I agree, so work it then. Fuck me harder.”

Simon met each of Benji’s thrusts wildly, feeling his fingers press painfully into his hips, letting him control the movements. Soon Simon felt the bitter taste of frustration building inside him, blocking his entry to ecstasy.

He moved forward causing Benji’s member to slip from his bottom. Benji fell back on the bed and Simon straddled his lap. Simon quickly lowered himself on to Benji’s waiting cock. He pierced himself with a satisfied sigh and rode hard. Pumping his cock, Simon ground his ass on Benji until his cum shot into the air and Benji’s cock exploded in his asshole.

Simon leaned forward, trying to catch his breath. His body was relieved of the pressure, and although it felt incredibly good, something was missing. He moved himself off Benji and laid next to him to rest.

Chapter Two

Simon woke the next day alone and exhausted. He and Benji were up until the wee hours of the morning making up for time he wasn't getting any. Benji left a few hours ago with a whisper in his ear that he would come by later with a surprise for him. Now that he was fully alert, he found his cock was hard with excitement. Smiling, he threw the sheet off and headed for the shower.

"Well, good afternoon, Simon." Sinjin greeted him with a smile when he entered the kitchen. "I guess your evening was as good as mine. I just got up about an hour ago," he added with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I think we should schedule trips home more often. Where did the food come from?"

"Dee-Dee cooked before she left. You hit that pussy right and she'll bounce her ass off the bed and start cooking every time," Sinjin said laughing, then he stopped and looked at Simon. "Oh, I guess you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

"No, stupid, I wouldn't," Simon answered rolling his eyes.

Sinjin laughed harder. "Well, just take my word for it. Anyway, is Benji coming back today? Dee-Dee has some errands to run and then she's coming back and we're in for the whole weekend."

"Benji said he's coming back with a surprise for me."

Sinjin's laughter faded and his assistant voice appeared. "Simon, you know—"

"Relax, Sinjin," he said loading his plate with sausage, pancakes and fruit. "Benji won't do anything that will get me into any real trouble, you know better than that."

“Mmm, yeah, well, he still has his mischievous nature. You gave him money to start his little art studio and what does he do?”

Simon laughed as he ate, but didn't answer.

“He opens a damn nightclub. A nightclub, for Pete's sake! He wasted your money.”

“He didn't waste the money, Sinjin. He reinvested it elsewhere. Besides, his club is making a lot of money for him. Well, at least that's what he said. Maybe that's the surprise. No one knows me at his club perhaps we're going there.”

“All right, Simon, I won't badger you. I know Benji won't get you into *real* danger, but just be careful and keep your phone on no matter what,” Sinjin cautioned taking his plate to the sink. “You're a very powerful man and we never know who is out to destroy the company.”

“Yes, yes, I know.” He watched Sinjin stretch and walked back down the hall. “Where are you going?”

Sinjin head popped around the corner with a smile. “I'm tired as hell, man. That woman was fucking me half the night. If I'm lucky, when she gets back she'll fuck me *all* night.” Simon heard his laughter drift away down the hall.

Simon finished his food, stretched and then he laughed, too. “Damn, maybe I need to take a nap, too. I want to be rested for whatever Benji has in store for me.” He walked back to his room and crawled into bed again. “That's a damn shame. I spend one night getting laid and I'm back in bed an hour after I get up.” Simon grabbed his pillow and chuckled until he fell asleep.

* * * *

“Simon, it's time to get up, baby.”

The soft voice in his ear was accompanied by tender kisses on his neck and shoulder. He stirred slowly and leaned into the kisses. The voice giggled and spoke again.

“There will be plenty of time for that, sweetie. Now get up.”

The slap on Simon's ass jolted him awake.

“We have to leave for my surprise, Benji?” Simon asked sleepily.

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He chuckled. “Yes, Simon, now let’s go. Here, I got these for you to put on.”

Simon left the bed and took the clothes. “Whose clothes are these?”

“I know you’re used to tailor made suits now, but they will not do for where you’re going.”

Simon shrugged and donned the t-shirt and jean shorts.

As he pulled the shirt over his torso he saw Benji staring at him.

“What?”

“I noticed last night that you’ve put on a little weight since you were last home.” Benji’s hands glided over his large pecs under the smooth white cotton. “Mmm, you definitely felt heavier on top of me. Your chest has filled out very nicely, and,” he paused to grip Simon’s ass, “so has this. It is a lot firmer and a helluva lot tighter.”

Simon smiled and continued to close his pants. “Glad you like it. I have to take out my sexual frustration some way, pumping iron seems to work,” he added with a shrug.

“Yes, well, chop-chop, I know a few people who are going to love the changes you have made.” He turned Simon around and tied a blindfold over his eyes. “I’m driving.”

* * * *

Benji stopped the car and pulled Simon from the front seat, guiding him. Simon let Benji lead him.

“Watch your step, Simon.”

Simon tentatively lifted his foot. Tapping a low step, he moved over it hearing a soft click before him. Benji continued to guide him forward. He heard another soft click behind him before he heard a soft, feminine voice.

“Yes, sir?”

“This is Simon Kim,” Simon heard Benji say. “He has an appointment.”

There was a pause before the woman spoke again. “Yes, I have it right here. Take him down that hall on the right and make the first left.”

Benji drew Simon down the hall as the woman instructed and whispered in his ear.

“I gave them my last name and information for you, so no one knows who you really are.”

Simon nodded and made a note to thank Benji for that extra bit of discretion. He could hear their feet padding softly on the floor and guessed he was in a building. Suddenly he felt Benji’s hand on his chest to stop him.

“I will be back for you later,” Benji informed him.

”Thanks Benji.”

He heard a click and felt Benji’s hand on his lower back pushing him forward.

“I told you, baby, I’ll take care of you.” He grabbed Simon’s shoulders and gave him a turn. With a quick kiss on the lips, Benji sat him down. “Have fun.”

Simon heard the click again and everything went silent. He listened for a moment longer, then decided to pull off his blindfold. He was on the bed in what looked like a hotel room. The bed was large, rising high off the floor. Simon was only five foot six and his feet were actually swinging. It had a headboard of bright polished brass with tiny poles from one end to the other, but no footboard. He bounced on it, nodding his approval as he looked around the room.

It wasn’t a very large room. The only other furniture besides the bed was an antique-looking chair near the wall and a small cedar chest next to it. Simon’s gaze lingered on the chest as he rose, curiosity flooding his senses.

“I see you have discovered my toy box,” someone said behind him before he could open the chest.

He gasped quietly at the silky deep voice. It caressed his ears and left goose bumps on his skin. He was almost afraid to turn around, but slowly he did so.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here? A sexy little china doll,” the stranger observed and closed the door with a loud click.

Simon gasped again. The man that stood at the door was huge and absolutely stunning. He towered over Simon and was twice as wide, too. He wore a t-shirt with extra large armholes that gave his powerful biceps more than enough room to

maneuver and hinted at peeks of a muscular torso. The dark blue jeans he wore were loose fitting but did nothing to hide the large muscles of the legs beneath.

His skin looked dark and velvety, like the most expensive dark chocolates Simon had the privilege of eating. The man's baldhead was smooth with a dull shine from the dim lighting of the room. The bare skin of his head complemented the goatee he wore trimmed perfectly around his full lips and chin.

Simon's mouth went dry as his gaze continued to fall over the man's masculine beauty. To his amazement, he managed to keep his jaw from hanging open.

"Don't worry about what's in the toy box, china doll. We'll get to that later. My name is Raheem, and I cannot wait to hear you scream it at the top of your lungs."

Simon's eyes widened and his mouth moved, but no words came out. As the man walked to him, his fear and excitement grew. Looking like he was starving, the man made him feel as if he was being served for dinner! Simon's heart beat so hard he thought it would burst through his rib cage. Raheem stopped right in front of him, so close that he had to tilt his head back to keep eye contact. His sensual aura was astonishing as it wrapped itself around Simon's senses. Raheem was made of raw sex appeal and damn if he didn't smell good, too!

"What's your name, china doll?"

"My-my name is S-Simon."

Raheem smiled, showing Simon a set of perfect white teeth. "That's nice, I like that, Simon, but tonight you're going to be my little china doll," he declared with a caress to his face.

A chill of anticipation went down Simon's back at the man's touch. His hand was large, firm and rough on his cheek. He licked his lips and swallowed to wet his dry mouth and finally found his voice.

"Okay."

Chapter Three

“Take your clothes off, china doll. I want to see you,” Raheem demanded as he sat in the chair.

Sitting straight and tall, he locked his heavy gaze on Simon as he waited. Simon didn't hesitate. He removed his clothes as quickly as he could without tearing them from his body and stood before him. Raheem looked him over for a few agonizing minutes, then stood letting his hands glide up Simon's upper body.

“Mmm, very nice. You are small and tight, but not too slender...just the way I like them,” he said on a growl. “Smooth, too, I like them smooth,” he added as his hand moved back down Simon's hairless chest and stomach.

Raheem's voice vibrated through Simon's body, making goose bumps reappear.

“Mmm, you have an impressive cock, china doll.” Raheem gripped it firmly. “Long and slender, very nice,” he said stroking its head. “I'm going to make it feel very good tonight.”

Simon gasped and pressed his lips together to stop the moan that threatened to jump from his mouth. When he was at full girth, Raheem released him. His voice was full of lust when he spoke next to Simon's ear.

“Now take off my clothes.”

Simon's hands shook as he pulled the handsome man's sleeveless t-shirt over his head. He tossed the shirt off to the side leaving Raheem's large solid pectoral muscles directly in his line of sight. His gaze landed on a dark brand mark. Simon couldn't fight the overwhelming need to touch this awesomely built man. He let his fingers glide over the branded skin that resembled an upside down U on the right side of his chest before moving his fingers over Raheem's heavily defined abdominal muscles.

SIMON SAYS...AHH

Simon slipped his fingers inside the waistband of his soon-to-be lover's sexy looking jeans, calling on all of his restraint so as not to rip the pants from his body. He managed to push them down to his ankles with some sense of decorum, but his stunned reaction returned at first glance of the man's impressive piece. It called to him as if he were hypnotized. Before he knew what was happening, Simon nuzzled his face against the thick organ, leaving a soft kiss on the throbbing head then returned to his feet.

"That's the cock that is going to be deep inside of you very soon, china doll. I'm going to spread your legs, spank that ass and drill into you until you scream in ecstasy...and then I'm going to do it all over again."

Simon's knees almost buckled at the man's carnal description of his plans. They spoke to his deepest desires. He wanted exactly what this man was offering. It had been too long since someone had really fucked him. He had a fantastic time with Benji, but Benji had been right. He wasn't really his cup of tea. Benji couldn't fuck him like he wanted. He needed a man like Raheem for that. Someone with raw sexuality and sensuality, someone oozing of power. Someone with a big body and a big dick that could wear his ass out—literally! Simon wanted to be fucked. Only a man like Raheem was capable of that.

Raheem walked over to the bed. Simon watched his powerful gait and tight buttocks with desire building in his core. He sat on the bed with his feet planted firmly on the floor. Raheem's cock stood proudly at full mast when he leaned back casually on his elbows putting it on display.

"Do you like to suck dick, china doll?"

"Yes," he answered on a breath.

"Then come suck this dick."

He rushed to the bed and settled between Raheem's legs, engulfing the massive dark flesh with his mouth. Simon's eagerness was greeted with a pleasurable moan from Raheem.

"Has it been a long time since you've had a cock in your mouth, china doll? You seem hungry, baby."

"Mmm, it has been way too long since I've had a cock as good as this. You fill my whole mouth and taste so good. I

missed it very much.” Simon answered, before returning his attention to sucking and licking the man’s impressive piece.

“That feels really good, china doll. You have not lost your skill at all.”

Simon chuckled, sending vibrations through the cock in his mouth.

“You suck that dick for as long as you want, baby. Just watching those sweet little pink lips of yours around my cock could make me shoot off, but I’m not going to do that. I want to be buried deep inside your tight little ass when I do that, so you can feel every jerk my cock makes.”

Another shiver worked its way through Simon, causing him to moan on Raheem’s cock as he pulled on the head faster.

Raheem let out a shuddered chuckle. “I get the impression that you would you like that, china doll.”

Simon pulled his lips off the thick cock with a wet popping sound and flicked his tongue around the head. “Oh yes, I want that very much,” he answered between licks.

“Play with the balls, china doll. Don’t forget the balls,” Raheem instructed panting.

Simon shifted his hand up the hard rod so it could slide with ease over the wet head as he moved his mouth down to suck at the dark hanging sac.

“Mmm, damn, you’re good.”

The lustful moans and pleasurable grunts Raheem made caused Simon’s cock to throb with need. He moved back up to suck on Raheem’s magnificent dark flesh and was rewarded with the taste of dewy pre-cum that oozed from Raheem’s delicious cock. He sucked harder trying to extract all he could, moving faster, wanting to taste his full load.

“Shit! Enough,” Raheem growled, stopping Simon’s head.

Simon looked up wide-eyed when Raheem pushed him back roughly and hoisted him up on the bed.

An exhilarating rush shot through Simon’s body. His chest rose and fell quickly and then suddenly he was staring up at Raheem. The massive man seemed to loom over him. The lust that burned behind his dark brown eyes was obvious.

Simon's loins were set a fire when Raheem's lips captured his in a rough kiss. His cock was hard between them throbbing

with need. Raheem's cock crushed against his own as he pressed his body against him.

"Tell me, my little china doll, how long has it been since you have been fucked?" Raheem trailed his kisses to his neck.

"I-I was fucked last night," he answered breathlessly pressing his neck closer for more.

Raheem's kisses continued, moving to the other side of his neck. "Last night, huh? Was it good?"

"It was good, but it wasn't what I wanted."

Simon looked up at Raheem as he sat back on his knees and gripped his cock. When he pressed it between his firm cheeks, Simon felt the fat head dip inside him, causing unbelievable pressure and felt incredible. Simon tried to relax his ass to accommodate the substantial intrusion, but the pleasure far outweighed the pressure.

"No, no, it wasn't what I wanted," he said on a whisper.

Simon enjoyed the powerful thrusts that rocked his body, but nothing prepared him for when Raheem's erection was sheathed to his balls and stretching him wide. Simon's body exploded as Raheem held his massive cock in place. Taking short, quick breaths, Simon allowed his body time to adjust to the pleasurable invasion. Finally, his breathing evened out and he looked up at Raheem giving him a slight nod. Simon heard a low growl rise from Raheem's chest as he pushed Simon's legs east and west and slowly began pressing deep into his ass.

"Damn, china doll, your ass is so fucking tight," he panted, throwing back his head. "No one has been fucking this sweet ass of yours on the regular?" he asked astonished. "That's a damn shame."

God how I wish it could be this man who was fucking me on the regular, Simon thought as the pleasure began to saturate his body.

Simon knew when Raheem had found his groove. He moved within him faster. Powerful waves of bliss went through Simon's body rocking him to his core. Each one felt better than the last.

Oh, shit!

"Talk to me, china doll. Is it good to you, baby? Is this what you wanted?"

“Oh, God yes!”

“I can’t hear you, china doll. Louder!”

“Yes, Raheem! This is what I wanted. This is what I needed. It feels so good.”

“Yeah, stroke your cock, china doll. I want to see you massage that pretty cock of yours while I fuck you. Do it, china doll, rub that cock!”

Simon reached for his cock as instructed and started stroking. Raheem screamed his pleasure even louder and Simon smiled to himself.

“Yeah, china doll. Screams turn me on. The more you moan and groan, the more I’ll fuck you. Is that what you want?”

“Yes! Yes Raheem, fuck me.”

“Say my name again, baby.”

“Raheem! Fuck me! Fuck me, Raheem.”

“Say it louder, baby. Tell me how you want it.”

“Fuck me, Raheem! Fuck me harder with that big ass cock.”

“Oh, shit! Yeah! That’s what the fuck I’m talking about.”

Simon heard Raheem’s animalistic growl, as he took his legs and bent them against his chest, drilling into him.

The bed jolted with the force of Raheem’s pumping. Simon’s body shook almost violently as he pounded into him. The erotic slapping noises from the combined sweat of the lovers and Raheem’s balls against Simon’s ass threatened to take Simon over the edge, but he didn’t want to come. He wanted this experience to last forever. He pushed his nuts down holding the skin taut with one hand as he stroked his cock with the other. Simon screamed again at the overwhelming pleasure while Raheem continued to dig into his ass.

Simon closed his eyes and threw his hands over his head giving himself up to Raheem’s dominating ministrations. Simon was dizzy with euphoria, when suddenly Raheem stopped and pulled out. Simon’s eyes popped open with confusion and he missed the feel of the delicious invasion immediately.

Simon was shocked being grabbed at his waist. Raheem flipped him over with one smooth movement. Simon landed on his stomach with a surprised gasp, and Raheem yanked him up to rest on his hands and knees.

“Oh!”

SIMON SAYS...AHH

Simon's cheeks received a sharp slap before Raheem pierced his hole again. Each powerful thrust was accompanied by an equally powerful slap on his ass.

"Talk to me, china doll. Is it good to you?" Raheem grunted from behind him.

"God! Yes! It feels so good," he screamed gripping the covers on the bed. "Fuck me, Raheem. Harder! Do it harder."

Grinding into his ass, Raheem did as he was told. Simon moaned loudly with each spanking. He could feel Raheem's fingers gripping his hips tighter with each thrust. Simon backed up into him, meeting each thrust eagerly.

Simon felt Raheem's hands move up and down his back and he then crushed his shoulders with his grip. Bouncing his ass, Simon tried to get as much of Raheem's cock inside of him as possible.

"Damn it, china doll! You're going to fuckin' make me come!" Raheem breathed out.

"Oh, God yes! Come in me!"

"Ahh, shit!"

Simon's head jerked back when Raheem grabbed a handful of hair to pull him into his lap. Raheem's fingers dug into his hips as he maneuvered Simon easily over his bulging cock. Shudders wracked Simon's body as he was guided to ecstasy. Once his body quieted, Raheem let him fall forward to the bed and lay on top of his back.

"China doll, you were amazing," Raheem said still breathing hard, kissing his back and shoulders.

"No, Raheem, you were the amazing one. I'm going to remember this night for as long as I live."

He laughed and rolled off him. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, but you say that like this night is over and we're far from there. I'm not done with you yet."

"Oh, my God, there's more?" Simon felt that chill skittering up his spine again.

Simon rolled onto his back to look at Raheem. "Of course there is. You didn't come yet and that is my ultimate goal."

"I know. I wanted to feel you come inside of me."

"Well then, I'll have to see if I can accommodate you again like that before our time is up, but now it's your turn."

JAXX STEELE

Simon let his hand snake down to his neglected cock, stroking slowly as he watched Raheem's full lips capture his straining nipples. Goose bumps scattered over his skin as Raheem trailed fiery kisses to the other one leaving them sensitive buds. As his lover prolonged the pleasurable torture, Simon continued stroking himself until Raheem suddenly stopped his hand.

"Here, allow me," he said and moved his kisses south to the prepared cock.

Simon's member received luscious wet licks from base to head before Raheem engulfed it whole. He sucked on Simon's cock head vigorously as he reached down to fondle his balls. Simon released a loud stuttered moan and with one last kiss on the tip of Simon's purple head, Raheem returned to his face smiling.

"Damn you taste good and I hate to stop, but it's time to go to the toy box."

Chapter Four

Simon watched Raheem search inside the toy box. The corded muscles of his legs and ass on display made a magnificent sight. The overwhelming urge to run over and shove his cock deep inside that beautiful black ass beat at him, but his baser need to *be* fucked locked him in place.

Raheem retrieved what he was looking for and turned to him with a smile. His semi-hard phallus resting against his left leg already showed the promise of quickly rising to its former glory. He returned to the bed pushing Simon into a reclined position without a word. Pulling him onto the bed fully, Raheem moved over his body where his face covered Simon's cock and his own hovered near Simon's lips.

Simon reached up and sucked the beautiful hanging cock into his mouth. He had to open his throat to accommodate the massive organ threatening to choke him. Simon could feel Raheem rub his hands over his ass and insert a finger inside. Continuing to suck his cock, Raheem dipped his finger in and out of his ass while he fucked Simon's face. Simon moaned and sucked happily on Raheem's cock as he rotated his ass onto the firm finger that was fucking him.

"Yeah, china doll, you know I like it when you make noises," Raheem crooned releasing Simon's cock.

Raheem removed his finger from Simon's tight butt cheeks and darted his tongue inside, licking at his puckered hole. Simon moaned again. Raheem gripped his ass and stuck his finger back inside to fuck him again. They were in sync, riding the wave of ecstasy as one fucked with his mouth and the other with a finger.

Simon moaned his disappointment as Raheem pulled his finger from Simon's tight hole and chuckled at his reaction.

"Don't worry, china baby. I got something here you're gonna like even better."

Raheem pressed a clear, anatomically correct, silicone cock into his ass. Simon let out a muffled yelp around the thick cock in his mouth as his back arched off the bed.

“Yeah, baby, I knew you would like that. It’s not as big as my dick, but it still feels real good. Don’t it, baby?”

Simon moaned an affirmative noise as Raheem continued to slide the dildo into his ass. Raheem took Simon’s cock back into the warmth of his mouth and sucked in sync with the movements of the dildo, causing Simon to lose all concentration. He released Raheem’s cock, letting it bob by his face with Raheem’s movements. The combination of the dildo fucking him and Raheem sucking him sent his screams of joy into high gear.

“Raheem, oh shit! Fuck me. Push it harder. Suck my cock. Oh God, I’m going to come so hard.”

Raheem, to Simon’s delight, didn’t break his stride. He continued to suck on Simon’s cock and fuck him with the dildo until his cock jerked violently and spilled its seed onto his tongue. Raheem held the dildo in place as he sucked on the exploding head, drinking in every drop it offered.

Simon brought his hands to Raheem’s ass and gripped it tight as he rode Raheem’s face screaming incoherently. Finished with his ear-piercing serenade, he tried to catch his breath. Simon could still feel the wonderful sensations as Raheem sucked his cock until it was soft. After a delicate kiss on the tip, Raheem rolled off him and Simon smiled.

Simon watched as Raheem piled the pillows at the head of the bed. When he was done, Simon moved quickly into his opened arms. Simon enjoyed a contentment he had not felt in a long time as Raheem held him close gently running his fingers through his hair. For a long while, no words were spoken between them but Simon’s curiosity broke the tender silence.

“What is this place?”

“It’s called Dreams Delivered. All your fantasies come true here no matter what they are.”

Simon thought for a moment and then he laughed.

“What?” Raheem asked.

“It seems my friend does know me very well. He knew exactly what I needed to relax while I’m home.”

“Are you just visiting New York?”

SIMON SAYS...AHH

“Yes, but it’s my home. I live in Hong Kong right now for work, but I hope to come back home more often.”

“Well, you are welcome here anytime and please don’t hesitate to ask for me when you come back,” Raheem said giving him a squeeze.

“Oh, I won’t. You better believe that.” Simon sighed and moved closer to hug Raheem. “So, what are you doing tomorrow?”

About the Author

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