

A shirtless man with a muscular build stands on a beach at sunset. He is wearing light blue, worn-in jeans with his hands in his pockets. The background features a bright orange and yellow sunset sky over the ocean, with a large offshore oil rig visible on the horizon to the right.

KENN DAHL

# Subtropics

**Hustlers, Students and  
Juicy Fruits Heat Up**

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*Subtropics:*

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*By Kenn Dahll*

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## Summer Afternoon Delight

Memorial Day weekend, the start of the summer season in South Florida and it's already too hot and humid to do more than lie on a lounge chair by the empty pool. I'm a pale-skinned redhead living in a small gay apartment complex with a clothing optional pool. So, of course, I'm naked, lying on my back, in the shade of an awning. A light breeze is coming from the ocean a few blocks away. I'm getting drowsy, maybe I'll take a brief nap. As I close my eyes, Skip, from an apartment on the second floor, comes downstairs and dives into the pool. At nineteen he's the youngest tenant in the complex. At twenty-seven, I'm the oldest. His sleek, firm, tanned body cuts sinuously through the azure water, his thick, uncut dick hanging down like a rudder with a stocking cap. Short-cropped blond hair is plastered to his head, but his body is hairless otherwise. "*The twink probably waxes it off weekly,*" is my last conscious thought before I drift off into slumber land.

As I sleep, I dream—of Skip. His wet body rises from the pool like Venus from the ocean, without the half shell and with his arms. Water drips from his hair like rhinestones from a drag queen's costume. Arms extended like a bird of prey's wings, he moves towards me in slow motion, and then he sits astride my hips. I feel like Ganymede dominated by the swan. Without preamble, he's got both of our almost identical, nine inches long, fat cocks in his hands stroking them to fully erect glory. "Aahh!" I sigh dreamily. Fortunately Skip is on the thin side, at five-feet ten inches he only weighs one hundred-fifty pounds, so the weight on my thighs is not excessive. The blond twink leans forward and, still double dick stroking, kisses me firmly on the lips. I can feel his hot tongue probing at my lips until I allow it into my mouth. I suck on his

hard, raspy tongue as it explores my oral cavity. My balls are tingling and tightening up against the base of my thick dick as I approach orgasm. Skip, seeing or sensing my perilously precipitous position, backs off the French kiss, and releases my precum slickened shaft. I retreat from the verge.

The twink scoots down my legs and his blond head dips into my groin. His tongue, recently in my mouth, is now licking up and down my hard cock cleaning the natural lube from it. Oh fuck! Now he's licking—no sucking—my balls, rolling them around in his hot mouth, applying pressure to them with his tongue. Shit! I'm close again! "Damn!" I murmur when I feel the cool breeze on my taut scrotum. The pressure to come is building in my balls. Skip spits out my testicles and, while the urge to ejaculate dissipates, he massages my chest and tweaks my tits. I writhe and groan in my sleep from the realistic reverie.

My nut sac loosens a bit and Skip can tell he's backed me off from the brink. Now the blond teen's licking up and down my hard pole, raking his tongue across my piss slit and probing under my tightly stretched foreskin. "Nice, big and fat like mine." I imagine hearing in my mind before Skip takes my cock in his mouth. Slowly, slowly, painfully slowly, he lets my tool slip between his lips and into his mouth and throat. Once my cock is firmly lodged in his craw, the twink's throat muscles contract and release around it. It feels like the battery-operated suction machine I sometimes use to masturbate. "Oh god, don't stop now!" I hear myself plead. "I'm soooo close!"

The fucking prick ignores my plea. Instead he releases my cock from his mouth and gives my balls a tight squeeze. As I once again draw back from the precipice, I can feel my legs lifted onto Skip's broad shoulders. I hear the tell-tale rip of a condom

packet and the squishy sound of lube being squirted from a bottle. Then my Adonis leans forward, raising my legs higher, and positions his erect penis at my anus. "I don't get fucked," I mutter.

"I know. But that was then, this is now," I hear faintly in my trance, as if softly whispered in my ear.

"Ow! Shit! Fuck! Damn that hurts!" I yell as my ass hole catches fire. No, I'm not on fire; it's Skip's fat cock up my ass in my dream turned nightmare. I relax and enjoy the hard slab of twink meat suffusing my butt hole with pleasure. "Ugh! Uh! Uh!" Grunting noises are heard in the background of my dream in which Skip is fucking my ass. The twink's long dick is fully embedded in my tight hole, and I love it. When he pulls out and plunges back in, my mind reels with delirium. I can feel the lounge chair rocking under the force of Skip's violent assault on my asshole. The gorgeous classic specimen of masculine splendor pushes my legs higher and another inch of his fantastic fuck pole is buried in my bowels. Entire sections of my intestines which had never been reached before are being battered by Skip's long fat cock.

After a far too brief eternity one, or both, of us yells, "I'm coming!" and I feel splashes of hot cream on my chest and stomach. I also feel a throbbing cock in my ass spewing blast after blast of twink jism. Eventually Skip extracts his deflated dick from my ass and lowers my legs to the lounge chair. My dream ends with him diving back into the pool. The vision of his dimpled buttocks tensed for the dive remains with me as I fall back into a deep slumber.

A while later I wake up with pleasant memories of the dream. *"Shit! Is that dried cum on my belly? Fuck! Did I have such a realistic dream that I came in my sleep?"*

*Why does my ass hole ache?"* I'm totally confused. I look towards the pool. Skip is swimming laps. He reaches the end of the pool nearest me and stops. With his arms on the pool coping, he looks at me, smiles, and flashes me a 'thumbs up' before swimming off. *"What the fuck?"* I ask myself. *"Did he really fuck my ass as I dozed?"* *Naw, it was a wet dream, wasn't it?"*



## **Playing with Hustlers**

I'm a well off mid-forties gentleman living in South Florida who patronizes hustlers and bars with male dancers. At six feet, one hundred seventy-five pounds, a gym body, and a full head of dark brown hair, I get plenty of action for free. However, I'm actively avoiding any relationship—still recovering from my last one. I like the commitment-free attention cash gets from the rent boys and the hot dancers at my local stripper bar. This account, however, takes place at one of the local gay guest houses near the beach. The establishment has monthly tea parties the first Sunday of each month—ten dollars admission gets you unlimited drinks from four in the afternoon until eight in the evening, and there is free food—hamburgers and hot dogs. It's very popular with the locals because they get to mingle with the new meat, the tourists coming in for a week in the sun.

This particular Sunday I'm cruising the crowd and notice two young guys who are definitely male escorts working the party. I zero in on one of the boys, Jamie I later learn. He's maybe twenty, very thin, size twenty nine waist, and barely five feet eight inches tall. A stiff wind from the ocean would blow him across the street. We talk for a while as we check each other out. I had made sure to wear my best—most expensive—Italian leather loafers with linen shorts and a silk shirt. I can see Jamie's mental calculator estimating the costs and deciding I'm a good prospect. I note the bulge in Jamie's wet bathing suit enlarge as the price estimate increases. The place has a pool which party goers can use, what better way for a hustler to advertise his merchandise, while still leaving something to the imagination, than a skin tight skimpy

Speedo? His hairless chest has a minimum of muscle, but he doesn't look like a concentration camp survivor. All in all a nice package—a thin twink with a big dick!

Jamie mentions that he has returned to the States after a month in Turkey following two weeks in Paris. I inquire as to how he can afford foreign travel. “I find older men who like my company and are willing to pay for it.”

*“Nothing subtle there,”* I think. *“He’s getting hungry, needs some cash and is not afraid to ask for it.”*

“I always make arrangements to have a room here on party days. If I gave you five hundred dollars, would you keep me company for the night?” I ask, equally brazen.

“Let me check with my friend,” he replies, nodding in the direction of the other hustler I spotted earlier. “I’m staying at his place and I want to be sure he hasn’t set something else up I’m supposed to be doing.” He walks (swishes) off to talk with his friend.

The friend is a typically preppy young gay male. A little older, probably twenty one, and heavier than Jamie, an inch or two taller also; but with a much better defined body—he’s obviously a gym bunny. He has a light tan and dark brown hair, done in the ‘I just got out of bed’ style so popular with his type. His baggy cargo shorts and t-shirt are from one of the trendy, expensive shops catering to young men in this gay Mecca. Fifty-dollar flip flops on his feet complete the casual yet expensive look. Business must be good. They talk for a couple of minutes and reach an agreement. Jamie walks back over to where I stand, still checking out the crowd.

“Chas has no problem if I stay with you. He can come by tomorrow around noon to pick me up. However, he did have an alternate suggestion,” Jamie continues. “How about a three-way with both of us at half-price for the second boy?”

I looked over at Chas who smiled back at me. “Deal, come up to the Dolphin Suite when the cookout ends at eight o’clock. I need to make some preparations.” I leave him to go and get the room ready. It’s my special room and the owner keeps it well supplied with condoms and lube. He allows me to keep a locked chest under the bed with my toys. I decide on the special-order tit clamps, cockring and dildo. I set them, with some condoms and lube, out in strategic locations, dim the lights and pour myself a drink to sip while I choreograph the evening’s activities in my mind.

At eight sharp, Jamie and Chas arrive. Jamie has changed into equally trendy cargo shorts and a button front shirt. I welcome them both and offer them something to drink. They both accept a beer. We sit and chat about the weather and South Florida for a while. I get a second drink and bring it over to where Jamie is sitting. I bend over, put the drink down then unbutton and remove the twink’s shirt. I lead the shirtless teen to the center of the room and release two ropes from the ceiling which I use to tie his arms to two hooks above his head. I attach tit clamps, with long wires dangling from them, to his little nips. “What the hell? Jamie, says as I show him how the clamps can be tightened.

“Be good or it will really hurt,” I warn the young hustler. When I grab his crotch to get him aroused I find he’s already half hard. He clearly likes to play a little rough.

I leave Jamie and go over to Chas. I remove his t-shirt and suck his penny-sized tits. Chas moans a bit and I bite a little. That really starts the older hustler’s motor and

soon he's thrashing around and moaning loudly with a sizeable bulge in his shorts. I massage his bulge and a large wet spot appears. Chas is making lots of noise. He's revved up and raring to go.

"Hey, what about me? I'm hanging here," Jamie complains, although the increased size of the tent in his shorts tells me he enjoys what he sees.

"You're right, Chas, take off Jamie's shorts and underwear if he has any." Chas responds quickly and in less than a minute, Jamie is hanging there totally naked with his erect seven inch dick floundering in the air in front of him.

"Tie his ankles to this board." I hand Chas a padded two-by-four with ankle straps on each end. I fasten a leather device to Jamie's scrotum, between his balls and the root of his now deflating cock. A small wire embedded in the leather comes into contact with Jamie's flesh in that very sensitive area. I connect the two wires from the tit clamps to the ball binding and demonstrate how pulling down on his balls causes the tit clamps to tighten. I then attach a small weight to the ball stretcher.

"Ouch!" Jamie cries. "That hurts my balls and my tits!" But his cock is gaining some lost stiffness and a few drops of precum gather in his piss slit.

"He likes it," Chas says. I hand him a 'cock glove'—not a condom but a leather sleeve that engulfs Jamie's cock and fastens with snaps. Chas puts it on Jamie's cock. That too is wired and connects to the ball and tit devices.

"Let's show him how this works." I connect the last loose wire to a small control panel and send a low voltage current through. Jamie tries to move away from it, but the current flows through the ball strap, cock glove and tit clamps so he can't escape it. He does a little jig as I show him how I can vary the voltage, change which part of the

system is charged, and how I can move from one device to another, or two, or all three. Soon Jamie is dancing like a puppet on a string—a comical sight with his legs spread apart and tied to the board. I turn the current off and Jamie goes limp—except for his raging hardon.

“Let’s give him a break.” I take Chas’ shorts off. No underwear so a hard, fat, eight inch, uncut cock is jutting straight out dripping with precum.

“Take mine out of my shorts and suck it for a while as I admire my handiwork.” Chas kneels, unzips my fly, reaches in and pulls my even harder, fatter and longer, but also uncut, cock out into the cool room air—almost nine and a half inches of very thick man meat. I like to keep my clothes on; it’s a power trip and humiliates the hustler to be so exposed while I’m covered up. The rub of clothing with snaps, buttons and zippers on their bare skin reinforces the subservience.

“Gawd, it’s huge and it’s not completely hard yet!” Chas exclaims.

“Suck it then and it will get harder,” I tell Chas.

“I don’t know how much I can get in my mouth.”

“You’d better get all of it down your throat or you’ll be dancing from the current like your twinkie friend.” Gaggling and slobbering, Chas takes nine inches. I relent and let Chas off the hook on the final half inch—for now.

“Fetch the red dildo from the box over there. Jamie needs a little more stimulation.” He relinquishes my cock and does as told. The dildo is nearly as big as my cock but with rings of ridges spread along its length.

“Lube it up and shove it in,” I order Chas, gesturing at the suspended hustler’s exposed ass. It takes ten minutes, and Jamie’s eyes are tearing up, before Chas has

the dildo fully embedded in Jamie's tight hole. Has' dick is harder than before from the experience of filling his friend's butthole with the large rubber toy.

"Now connect the wires at the end of the dildo to the ball stretcher." At this Jamie's eyes open wide and he pleads.

"No, I can't take any more shocks. Please don't!"

I tell him I'll be gentle. "You'll soon be begging for more," I say with a smirk. With that I turn the current on to produce a low vibration in the dildo. As it hums away up Jamie's ass, I can see his dick rise.

"See, I told you it would feel good."

For the next half hour Chas and I play Jamie like a musical instrument, alternating which part, or parts, of his anatomy—balls, cock, tits or asshole—would be stimulated by current or vibrations, and at what strength. Jamie is begging for mercy.

"Jerk me off, please, I need to come. Oh! Stop, don't stop!" I apply more vibrations, more current.

"That hurts! Soooo good! I NEED to come, NOW!" All the while, his cock is getting harder and redder with precum flowing copiously from the tip. I reach over and pull the vibrating dildo out of Jamie's ass. As each ring passes out of his sphincter, a spurt of precum erupts from his cock.

"Get down there and lick his cock," I order Chas who kneels in front of Jamie and licks the hard rod as if it were a candy cane at Christmas. I thrust the dildo back up Jamie's shit chute, hard. Jamie gasps and tears well up in his eyes again. Chas collects three more spurts of boy cock lube with his tongue. I alternately pull the dildo out and thrust it back in Jamie's ass a couple of times then increase the current to his

tits and balls. I set the equipment to slowly increase the current to the leather device and increase the vibrations of the dildo. In addition, the current in the cock glove travels up and down Jamie's dick in a jack-off motion.

Just as Jamie's cock is about to blow its load, I shoot an electric current up the dildo then yank it out of Jamie's ass. Jamie comes buckets all over Chas' face, chest, and stylish hair. A couple of blasts fly several feet past Chas. I loosen the ropes on Jamie's arms and lower him into a chair. He's panting and flushed all over. I give him some ice water to sip while Chas and I unfasten the paraphernalia, except for the board on Jamie's feet. I make Chas kneel on the carpet next to Jamie's chair. "Lick your cum off Chas' face," I say to Jamie once he quiets down. As Jamie leans forward and cleans Chas' face, the older twink's dick gets harder.

I sit down in another chair, move Jamie off the chair onto his knees on the carpet and tell Chas to sit in the chair. Then I push Jamie's face into Chas' groin. "Suck him," I order. "Show him how much you love having his big cock fill your mouth and throat."

Jamie attacks Chas' cock with ardor. Soon, Chas is face fucking Jamie, bucking up from his seated position. "Hold on," I say. "I've got some fucking to do now." I get behind Jamie, between his legs which are spread out because of the foot board. I thrust my long, thick, condom-covered cock up his already well-lubed hole.

"Shit!" Jamie yelps. "That hurts. It's bigger than the dildo, longer and fatter."

"Shut up and keep sucking!," I push his head down forcing even more of Chas' cock down his gullet, causing Chas to come violently down Jamie's throat. I move Jamie to the bed, on his back with his legs held in the air (still tied to the board) to lie next to Chas, who sits on Jamie's face. I fuck the shit out of Jamie.

“You young boys,” I grunt. “Always tighter when you get fucked soon after coming.”

After several minutes of hard, deep fucking, I fill the condom with man cum. That ends the first bout of the evening. I unfasten Jamie’s feet and suggest showers then another round of drinks. Before either, however, I insert butt plugs into both tight asses. “These should fill up your boy cunts,” I say as I lube the rubber stoppers before ramming them up their tight holes.

As the twink takes his seat on the sofa after his shower, they try to accommodate the plugs and get comfortable, the twinks move around quite a bit. That activity increases the effectiveness of the toys and their young cocks are soon hard again. Seeing the two thin boys with big erections gets to me, my huge tool rises to the occasion.

“It’s time for Act Two!” I announce when we finish our drinks. I have Chas help me tie Jamie over a saw horse I pull from a closet. It’s padded so the twink will not be too uncomfortable bent over the crossbar. The legs are splayed wide, with cuffs for his wrists and ankles.

“Pull the butt plug out and replace it with your hard cock,” I direct Chas. He’s all too eager to plant his hard dick up, his buddy’s tight ass. I figure he’d been eyeing the twink’s little butt as he flits nude around the apartment. I stand back and admire his no nonsense fucking technique. He simply rams his cock in and out of Jamie’s ass as hard and fast as he can. Before he can shoot his load, I yank the plug from his ass and thrust my big, hard, dick up his rectum in its place.



“Yeow!” Chas yells as I plunge my cock through his sphincter and up his ass.  
“Gaawd that hurts!”

“It’ll feel better in about a week when you get used to it! Now fuck your friend.”  
Whenever Chas pulls back to set up a deep dicking of Jamie’s hole, I pull back so only my cock head is inside Chas’ ass ring. Then, as Chas thrusts forward I do too. Both cocks penetrate deeper into asshole heaven each time we ram forward.

“Uh!” Jamie grunts as Chas’ dick delves deeper into his bowels.

“Uh!” Chas echoes as my cock strokes past his prostate and into his inner depths. Before too long, I feel Chas’ body tense and I know he’s about to blow. I fuck his ass even harder when I feel the telltale convulsions deep up his ass. He moans from the intense pleasure of ejaculating a large load while a thick cock fills his ass hole. I can feel his anal muscles grabbing my cock and trying to expel it. It moves me closer to orgasm, but I need more.

When he finishes shooting, I tell Chas to untie Jamie. “Take his place on the apparatus,” I order the spent twink. Jamie fastens the cuffs on his friend. “Now you fuck him,” I say to Jamie.

“Are you going to fuck me then?” the skinny twink asks with trepidation.

“Probably eventually; but first another vibrator.” This one isn’t so fat but it’s long.  
“Chas will feel the vibrations through your dick up his ass.”

“Will it hurt?” the apprehensive twink asks before inserting his cock up Chas’ butt.

“No more than Chas’ cock.” I take out a long very natural feeling dildo and prepare it for Jamie’s ass. Once it’s fully inserted, I turn on the vibrator and play with

shoving it in and out of the still tight hole as Jamie moans from the pleasure of fucking his buddy.

“Oh! Shit! Damn my cock and my ass are tingling!” Jamie screams.

“I can fucking feel your cock vibrate in my ass!” Chas exclaims. “Damn! I’m getting close, again!”

While the two twink is focused on Jamie’s cock up Chas’ ass and the effects of the sex toy, I latex and lube up my mammoth meat and place it at Jamie’s rear entry, up against the pulsating dildo. “You can’t put that up my ass. There’s already a dildo up there!” Jamie yells, calling attention to the obvious.

“Oh but I can, and I will. The dildo is purposefully pliant so my thick dick can slide up your tight hole with it. That way all three of us can enjoy the quivering, tingling vibrations.”

“Ow! Fuck! Shit that hurts!” Jamie screams as my fat shaft stretches his ass lips even wider. I ignore the noise and hold his thin hips for leverage as I force my fuck pole into his rectum. I have never double-fucked anyone with a dildo instead of another man’s cock; but, the added stimulation of the vibrator makes for fantastic fucking!

Unexpectedly, Chas comes again before Jamie or I do. “Damn, it hurts and feels good at the same time. Fuck I’m coming!” Chas is babbling as he blows twink juices all over the carpet.

I’m not far behind. Jamie’s hot ass, the snugness with the dildo, and the tingling of the vibrator cause me to bust my nut. I shoot several blasts into Jamie’s hot hole before pulling out, ripping off the condom and shooting even more on his sexy butt. I tear the dildo from his hole and the twink blows a load to join Chas’ on the floor.

I tuck my still half hard cock back into my shorts, zip up, pay them—with a healthy tip—and leave, taking Chas' contact information. "The place is yours until checkout," I say by way of good-bye. "The house boy will clean up and store my things. Enjoy!"

Later, I contact Chas and have a number of encounters sucking and fucking with him and many others in various combinations and permutations. He takes orders and makes a great assistant with the fun devices I dream up. In fact, he even thought of a new twist, two dildos up a twink's ass but set at different speeds for a very disorienting effect. That's material for another escapade.

## **Getting Lucky on My Lunch Hour**

My secretary was on vacation and I had brought lunch from home planning to stay in the office and catch up on my reading. Wouldn't you know there was only one story left in my jack off magazine! Reluctantly I got in the car and drove the short distance to the local downtown area on the Intracoastal Waterway which has a gift shop/newsstand with many gay-oriented items. I fully expected that the new issue had not yet arrived and I would have to settle for something else. They did have the new issue; but I decided to check out the large format picture magazines before buying it. The place is very small with the x-rated material in a tiny, partly closed off area in the back. The picture magazines are sealed except for a sample copy of each displayed on a low shelf.

I thumbed through a few issues enjoying the sexy models and getting horny. After a while, some one else entered the area, from the style of jeans I could tell it was a male. The x-rated collection contains both gay and straight porn so a little discretion is called for. As I continued to look at the pictures, I surreptitiously tried to see what the newcomer looked like and what he was perusing. He was about my height, six feet, and looked to have a good body although he was wearing a baggy t-shirt. As I bent down to get a new magazine, I caught sight of a noticeable bulge in his loose jeans. Not daring to stare, I quickly grabbed a magazine and straightened up. At this point, he bent down and picked up the magazine I had returned to the shelf—a very good sign. I positioned myself so that I could peer over the top of my magazine and observe him while he read.

He was engrossed in the photos of hunks and the bulge in his jeans seemed to be growing. Abruptly, he put the magazine down and left the area. I assumed he was going home to jerk off or something. I continued browsing when, as unexpectedly, he returned and starting looking at the magazines again! As he seemed not to be interested in me, I picked up the newest copy of the magazine I came in for and went to pay. As I finished paying, he walked behind me and out of the store. I followed him out and found him stopped and staring at me on the sidewalk. He grunted a “hello” to which I replied then I started to cross the street to my car. He crossed with me and made some comment about the weather. I made a suitable reply, stopped on the corner and turned to face him. He asked if I’d like to “go with him”. I said “yes” and he motioned towards his car—a large SUV—saying that he lived a few blocks away. I agreed to follow in my car and we drove off.

I had second thoughts about the matter as we drove to his house off a golf course that ran along the water and was even more concerned when I saw a For Sale sign. My apprehensions were swept away when we went in and he said he only had fifteen minutes for this on his lunch hour but he wanted to suck my cock—he had seen it grow as I read the magazines and was horny himself from the pictures he viewed. He apologized for the mess the house was in. He and his wife were moving back to New Jersey as she hated the heat and humidity—hence the sign. After we exchanged names—his was Aaron—he pulled his t-shirt off revealing broad shoulders and well-defined pectorals on a shaved, nicely tanned, chest, and a tapered waistline. Seeing him close up and half naked, I guessed him to be around thirty, with one hundred and

seventy five pounds of chiseled muscle. His brown hair and eyes reflected his Semitic background.

As I ran my hands over his chest and tweaked his nipples, he unfastened my belt and groped the mound in my briefs, all the while talking about sucking my hot dick. I undid his belt and lowered his jeans—not surprised to find he was not wearing underwear as his jeans were loose and their contents had moved around quite freely; but I was surprised at the size of his cock! Pointing up at me were nine hard inches of fat clipped cock meat nestled in a neatly trimmed dark brown bush. Here I was with only a moderately thick eight inches and he wanted to suck me. As I saw it, the only solution was a sixty-nine. So I shucked my pants and briefs while he removed his jeans from around his ankles and we got on the bed in a classic head to toe position. He was an excellent cocksucker and soon had me as hard as I've ever been, deep throating me and tongue licking like there was no tomorrow. It was a challenge for me to concentrate on getting as much as possible of his long, thick cock into my mouth.

At one point, we both came up for air and he resumed telling me how much he wanted to suck me and make me come all over him, how much he liked playing with my cock and how hot the whole scene made him. He then scooted up so that we were no longer head-to-toe but head-to-head. I reached down and fisted his cock with my right hand while playing with his rock-hard buttocks with my left. He started thrusting his cock upward into my hand and then pressing his ass down so that my fingers were up against his ass hole. All the while he was moaning and thrashing about on the bed with his arms and upper body. I leaned over and sucked on his balls and licked the furry

area between his scrotum and his anus—what we here in the south call his taint—taint his balls, taint his asshole.

Using the moisture from my tongue bath, I pushed a finger up his shitter. He screamed that he wanted to be fucked, another unexpected turn of events; but not one I could pass up. He got into the doggie position giving me a fantastic view of his firm buttocks and thighs. I began to finger fuck his tight asshole, eventually getting three fingers in his steaming orifice. The sight of his firm ass right in front of me with my fingers knuckle deep in his rectum almost caused me to lose it and come on his legs.

I took my fingers out of his ass, put a condom on my cock and rammed my hard pole into his sphincter. No slow and gentle fuck, we were running out of time and I was going to get off in his ass. I entered in one long thrust. His shoulders tensed briefly; but, before I was fully settled in, he was moaning and thrusting backwards to force even more of my cock up his hot ass. When I hit bottom I pulled most of the way out then slammed back in, eliciting a volley of “Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder! Harder!” from the hot straight stud. With no time for subtlety, I went into overdrive and began a rapid fire pounding of his hole. I reached around his massive chest and, after a few nipple tweaks, grabbed his huge fuck pole and jerked him off at the same tempo I was using on his lower intestine. It was a race against the clock and to see who would get off first. He did and dumped a large thick load of cum onto the bedclothes. The spasms in his ass as he came sent me over the edge and I filled the condom with my own load then collapsed on his back as he fell forward into the sticky mess on the bed.

Unfortunately, much as I would have liked that cock up my ass, there was no time for a second round—maybe another day before he leaves town. We did exchange

numbers as we hurriedly rinsed off in the shower, dressed and drove away in separate directions—both very late for work.



## **B. M. O. C.**

Floridians are infamous for their fanatic devotion to local college football teams. Here in South Florida, with so many colleges and especially with the University of Miami Hurricanes, the testosterone level soars very high on the day of a big game—even in some gay bars. Star players, the quarterbacks in particular, are campus heroes known and revered by almost all the other students. Vince, no one dared call him Vincent, was no exception to the popular football superstar stereotype. Sheldon, on the other hand, couldn't tell you who Vince was let alone identify him, even if he was wearing a team uniform with his name on the back.

Vince's favorite sports were football and muff diving—eating out the co-ed's pussies. His weekly routine consisted of football practice and games, frat parties, booze and fucking chicks. The six foot six inches tall, two hundred twenty pound athlete had an all-American boy next door handsomeness. Square jawed with a full head of light brown hair and green eyes, his sturdy physique got the girls wet. When he displayed his hard and thick nine inches of dick, some of them regretted their decision to succumb to his charms. Nevertheless, he fucked them even if they begged him to stop. “You asked for it, bitch!” he would reply to their entreaties. “Shut up, lay back, and enjoy the best fuck you'll ever get!” was Vince's unofficial motto.

Academically Vince was a dud. The school placed him in a major designed for their star jocks. None of his professors really expected him to do any independent work, or to actually learn anything. The star football player was going through the motions of getting a degree. Most likely he would jump ship as soon as a national team

recruited him. As an example of his lack of intellectual curiosity, last Thursday was the first time he ever entered Scott Hall, home to the Computer Sciences Department.

Sheldon, on the other hand, was a computer geek, a nerd. His routine consisted of class, study, study, class and more study, usually involving hours in the computer lab. His academic load was rigorous with a dual major—computer science and business. Of average height, five feet nine inches tall, and very skinny, Sheldon had a pimply face, long unruly dirty blond hair, and gray eyes. Awkward and gangly, Sheldon's idea of entertainment included computer games and gay porn on the Internet.

It's a wonder their paths ever crossed, but cross they did! Without knowing what they were doing, both students ended up in a campus tea-room.

On Thursday, Vince left football practice abruptly; after badly bungling a play he'd executed flawlessly several times he didn't want to be ribbed about it in the locker room. Because he hurried out, he hadn't used the facilities and desperately needed to empty his bladder. He figured the building on the edge of campus not far from the field house would have a bathroom. Scott Hall was on a rise so the entry Vince used was on the basement level. There he quickly found a Men's Room.

Sheldon frequently used the basement facilities because they were both close to the computer lab and relatively isolated. He was piss shy and couldn't let his water flow if there was anyone else around. When Vince entered the relatively small toilet, Sheldon was standing at one of the two urinals with his prick in his hand, starting to let his urine fly. Nonchalantly Vince pulled out his massive prong, sighed, and then released a steady stream into the urinal. Sheldon managed to finish peeing and was skinning back his prodigious foreskin to shake loose the final few drops of urine when

he looked to his side and spied Vince's six fat inches of soft man cock and the heavy flow of piss going into the porcelain.

The poor nerd either gasped at the size of the equipment Vince displayed or he was taking too long to finish up, distracted by what he saw. In any case, Vince took note. "What are you looking at?" he snarled.

"Uh, nothing."

"You calling this nothing?" Vince turned to face Sheldon who was trying to zip up and leave. The jock held his limp cock in his hand and waved it at the skinny geek. Sheldon was mesmerized by the porn flick come to life situation and remained speechless and immobile.

Vince sensed Sheldon's predicament and took advantage of it. "Are you some kind of faggot?" Sheldon blushed but still couldn't speak or move. "You are, aren't you? You want to suck my big dick." The aggressive stud moved toward the stunned student, waving his engorging prick at the scared kid. Vince realized he was horny, last night's date was a lousy fuck and he only got off once instead of his usual double play. He reached out and grabbed Sheldon's tousled hair and pulled the nerd closer.

"Suck it then!" He bellowed into the thin dude's face and pushed him onto the tile floor at his feet. By then, Vince's shaft was rock hard and extended its full nine thick inches. Cut, the knob was shiny with precum and a few drops of urine. Sheldon was unsure of what to do next. He needn't have worried. Vince, still holding the other student's head by his hair, pulled it forward until Sheldon's lips touched the stud's hard dick.

“Lick the tip!” Vince ordered and tugged on Sheldon’s hair. Hesitatingly, the computer geek’s tongue snaked out and barely touched the angry red cockhead.

“Come on, lick it good. Make believe it’s an ice cream cone.” Sheldon’s tongue came out again and lapped at the athletic boy’s rigid shaft.

“That’s more like it. Slurp the tip. Lap up my precum.” Upon hearing that statement, Sheldon tried to back away from the bigger teen’s pole. “What’s the matter? Haven’t you sucked a cock and gotten a mouthful of cum before?”

“No,” Sheldon mumbled before his face was mashed back into Vince’s crotch.

“Cover your teeth with your lips and put your mouth over my dick. Christ! I got myself a virgin cocksucker just when I need a good blow job.” Sheldon was a quick and motivated student of the art of cocksucking. His fantasies of having sex with someone like the well-hung athletic stars in his porn flicks were about to be realized. Lips protected, the nerd took the glistening bulb of Vince’s cock into his mouth. It tasted a little sour but any bitterness was offset by the excitement of finally having a hot stud’s stiff meat at his disposal. Sheldon let more of the long shaft enter his mouth until he gagged and pulled back.

“Oh no you don’t! Take it all. Relax your throat and let it sink down.” Vince emphasized his demand with pressure on Sheldon’s head forcing the rigid flesh pole past where the geek had choked. Breathing through his nose, Sheldon was able to accommodate all nine inflexible inches. Vince let the novice at oral sex adapt to having his throat crammed full of cock meat before retracting his firm shaft from its warm wet haven until Sheldon’s lips encircled the glans at the corona. Concerned that his first

sexual experience with another male was being terminated, Sheldon grabbed Vince's butt cheeks and pulled them forward, ramming the athlete's cock back into his throat.

"Yeah! Work it! Suck a hot load of cum from my nuts!" Egged on by Vince's remarks, Sheldon bobbed his head up and down the stud's boner. Turned on himself, he reached into his shorts and pulled out his own erect prick. Not quite as long as the one in his mouth, the nerd's dick was still impressive. Its head was covered by a lengthy overhang of wrinkled skin which, when retracted revealed a cone-shaped tip topped by his piss slit. From the extremely pointy tip Sheldon's shaft widened until its midpoint, where it was half again as thick as Vince's. Then, like a butt plug, it narrowed again. If the dude ever fucked anyone, a clenching of the bottom's sphincter would hold the tool in place almost no matter how hard Sheldon tried to pull it back out. The fat center section would maul his playmate's prostrate in a most delightful way. The shape of his cock provided Sheldon with a good grip to use for stroking it while blowing Vince.

Vince saw that his partner was jerking off but, although that made the situation 'gay', he was enjoying the blow job too much to bother stopping Sheldon's self pleasure. Ignoring the risk of discovery, Sheldon swung on Vince's pipe for quite some time, vigorously sliding up and down the rigid pole while sucking his cheeks in and thrashing the invading meat with his tongue. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugghhh!" the nerd cried out as he splattered the tile floor with his cum. Winded, he kept on sucking determined to satisfy the straight athlete.

"Suck it! Damn you're good! I'm going to shoot my load down your throat. Fuck!" Vince was getting close as Sheldon enthusiastically sucked his cock.

“Damn! I’m fucking coming!” Vince bellowed as he blew his load, deep into Sheldon’s gullet. He continued firing as he pulled his cock from Sheldon’s mouth, filling it with a blast of his bitter juices. He finished off with several spurts on the other teen’s pimply face.

“I needed that!” Vince exclaimed as he wiped his cock in Sheldon’s hair. He didn’t even notice that his partner had dumped a second load of spunk on the tiles.

“Sorry if I was a little rough.” Vince was apologetic because he wanted to return the next day for a repeat engagement. “Can we meet here tomorrow, same time?”

“Sure,” Sheldon replied, they exchanged names and then Vince pulled himself together and left.

Somewhat stunned by what transpired, the scrawny student rinsed the bitterness from his mouth and cleaned the stickiness from his face and hair. Later that evening, as Vince set out on yet another date with a cheerleader, Sheldon went through his porn collection and found a gay flick featuring a college football team, the quarterback of which looked a lot like Vince. He languidly stroked his cock throughout the video until the last scene when four members of the team, including the quarterback, gang banged the very willing team manager’s assistant—a young twink Sheldon’s size but, to Sheldon at least, in better shape and much cuter.

For his part, Vince’s date did indeed fizzle; although perhaps more his fault than the girl’s as he mentally compared her blow job to Sheldon’s and was very dissatisfied. He regretted not setting something up with the nerd in case his evening was a disappointment. *“I should have at least gotten the cocksucker’s phone number,”* he thought to himself.

\* \* \* \*

Although he had agreed to meet Vince again, Sheldon wasn't sure it was a good idea and didn't show up the next day. He'd read that straight men sometimes feel guilt about a gay encounter and react with violence against the perceived offender. Concerned at being set up for a thrashing by half the football team, Sheldon avoided the Scott Hall basement restroom for over a week.

Meanwhile Vince, who only wanted another fantastic blow job, felt betrayed when Sheldon didn't show. He got angry, "*No one's ever refused a second shot at my big dick. Was I too rough? Maybe I could explain it better and he'd do me again,*" Vince rationalized. He spent a lot of time wandering around campus, checking out Men's Rooms looking for Sheldon to no avail.

Finally he asked Josh, one of the students on scholarship who worked in the jock house kitchen, if he knew a skinny computer geek with long messy hair. "You must mean Sheldon, really nerdy? Why do you want to find him?"

"I, uh, I want to buy a computer and was told he knew all about them."

"Try the Computer Lab in Scott Hall. That's the older building with the tall palm trees and red bougainvillea in front. If he's not there, someone will know what dorm he's in."

"Thanks, I'll do that." Later that day Vince went to the lab and obtained Sheldon's dorm and room number from another nerd named Bryce. Sheldon was surprised when he answered the knock on his door and found Vince there; but he felt safe enough in the dorm to invite the stud into his room.

“You hurt my feeling not being there last Friday,” Vince said without preamble.

“Didn’t you have a good time? Don’t you like sucking my dick?”

“Oh, yes I did. But I was afraid you’d feel guilty and be there to beat the crap out of me. You’re a lot stronger than me. Or you’d bring some friends and really hurt me.’

“Fuck no! I really enjoyed your cocksucking and wanted more. Was I too rough?”

“Oh no, I liked your dick and making you come, although it would have been nice if you reciprocated and helped me get off without having to jerk off.”

Vince moved closer to Sheldon and caressed the thin kid’s head and neck. “I was a louse thinking only of myself. He dropped a large hand onto Sheldon’s crotch and felt the hard lump in his baggy shorts. He fumbled with the belt buckle and fly until he extricated the nerd’s erect cock.

“Your parent’s let you keep your foreskin, it’s neat. I like how it feels like a loose sock over your hard meat.” Sheldon couldn’t reply, he was gasping for each breath as waves of thrilling sensations flowed from his cock and balls in response to Vince’s strokes.

Vince leaned over and lapped the pointy cock head as it emerged from its silky sheath. “Oh no!” Sheldon cried out as cum flew from his piss slit and coated the star quarterback’s face. Vince clutched the trembling student to his chest and wiped the jism off his face, feeding it to Sheldon. Soon Sheldon was unfastening Vince’s jeans and hauling the stud’s long fat cock out. After giving it a few strokes to bring it to full attention, Sheldon bent down and took the hard shaft into his mouth.



“Aaahhh!” Vince sighed as the computer wonk deep throated his needy cock. Then, determined to please his partner so he’d come back for more, Vince swiveled on the narrow dorm bed and the two hot teens sixty-nined. Vince was amazed when Sheldon came first, less than twenty minutes after his earlier premature release. Something about having the nerd’s hot cum hitting the back of his mouth set Vince off and he once again filled Sheldon’s mouth and throat with his bitter semen.

The awareness that they could be caught motivated them to wipe any spilled cum from their faces and get dressed. They finished with little time to spare. Two minutes later Sheldon’s roommate, Bryce, entered. “Hey Sheldon, you’ll never guess who was looking for you....Oh, you found him.”

Sheldon was speechless but Vince jumped in. “Yes, we’re investigating what computer I should buy.”

“Yes,” Sheldon repeated. “I was trying to determine what he would use it for, what memory he needs.”

“You do know who he is?”

“What? His name is Vince.”

“Vince, the star quarterback and all around B. M. O. C.”

“Huh?”

“Big Man on Campus, dummy. He’s a jock and popular with all the sexy girls, rumored to have fucked most of them.

“Oh!”

Vince, uncomfortable with the exchange, prepared to leave the room. “Give me a call when you have an estimate.” He placed a sheet of paper with his cell phone number on Sheldon’s desk and walked out the door.

“Jesus, you are a dumb fuck. You didn’t know who he was?” Bryce was on a roll. He finally was one up on his brilliant roommate. Sheldon, distracted by finding out who Vince was, let Bryce carry on until he finally realized his roommate wasn’t listening. Annoyed, he stormed out of the room, leaving Sheldon with his thoughts.

Convinced he was being used like Vince used his female sex partners, Sheldon waited a day before dialing Vince’s cell phone. “Are you serious about buying a computer?”

“I’m serious about that and...”

Sheldon cut in, “The University has great deals on three different configurations. I can go over their pros and cons and you can make a decision. We can even meet in the Computer Lab and I can demonstrate them for you.”

“Can’t you bring the information here? I found the lab kinda creepy.”

“Okay, when?”

“The place is quiet now. Come on over.” Vince gave Sheldon his room number. Being a big athletic star, Vince had a large private suite with its own bathroom. Once the computer geek was in his room, the quarterback was all charm, admiring Sheldon’s computer knowledge as the nerd, sitting next to him on a small sofa, explained the set-up options. Vince moved as close as possible to the dubious fellow student. At one point, when Sheldon was silent waiting for a response from Vince to a question about his preferences, the athletic stud put his arm around the skinny kid’s shoulders.

“I hope you don’t think I’m using you only for sexual gratification.”

“Bryce said you went through the cheerleaders rather callously.”

“Guilty as charged. But it’s different with you.” Vince pulled Sheldon closer and kissed him on the lips. Their tongues thrashed against each other’s and they moaned from the pleasure. The scrawny teen’s resistance melted and in no time at all Vince had Sheldon sucking his big dick.

“Damn, I missed having my dick in your mouth! Suck it Shelly! Yeah!” No one ever called him ‘Shelly’ and he loved the personal moniker. To ensure Shelly’s loyalty, Vince reached into the kid’s crotch and massaged his odd-shaped shaft, taking it out of his shorts and stroking the fat hard rod. The nerd groaned with pleasure as Vince jerked on his dick. His groans vibrated on the stud’s pole and soon Vince’s cock was throbbing and precum flowed from the slit on its tip.

Remembering how sexy it felt to have Shelly’s butt pluck of a cock in his mouth, Vince maneuvered the sex play into another round of mutual cocksucking. Again Shelly came first followed quickly by Vince’s ejaculation. Neither teen was willing to call it quits. They sat up and hugged until Vince accelerated the action by taking Shelly’s cock into his mouth. The other kid wanted to reciprocate but Vince pushed him away. The muscular dud sucked on the skinny teen’s cock then moved to his balls, sucking them and rolling them around in his wet mouth.

“Shit! That feels good! I like it when you suck on my balls. Ummm!” Vince jerked Shelly’s cock as he applied a gentle pressure to the two delicate spheres in his mouth. Suddenly, he pushed Shelly’s lanky legs high and moved his mouth to the surprised nerd’s asshole.

“Oh god! Fuck that’s terrific. Eat out my man pussy!” His fat dick spewed precum as the handsome hunk’s tongue tickled his ass lips. “Damn! Shit! Fuck I’m going to blow!” Vince’s hand moved faster on Shelly’s cock until a steady stream of hot cum flew onto the geek’s abdomen. As Shelly strove to catch his breath from the incredible experience, Vince stood on the floor next to the sofa and in two quick strokes added his load of stud cream to the mess on the other student’s body. They duo hugged and kissed until they decided it was time for Shelly to return to his dorm.

\* \* \* \*

The sex and pretense that their trysts were related to a computer purchase went on for a couple of weeks. They even went to the beach together and talked about their shared tastes in music and movies. Their conversations began to include discussions of their plans for the future. Shelly wanted to become a designer and programmer of computer games. Vince could only think of joining a National Football League team and becoming rich and famous. Shelly suggested he take some business programs so he could manage all the money he made, citing recent incidents of money managers ripping off famous rich people. Vince agreed but only if Shelly would tutor him. Vince convinced Shelly he needed to work out and offered to assist him develop a plan to gain weight and build muscle. Soon, Vince’s forays with the coeds decreased in frequency as he was enjoying them less.

“I want more,” he told Shelly after one particularly torrid session in the suite. “I’ve rented a room in the Old Key West Motel across from the main gate for Friday night. Will you join me?”

“Sounds like fun! Where do we meet to walk over?”

“I’ll pick you up in front of Scott Hall. How about at eight?”

“Can you make it seven? I’ll be pretty horny by six.”

In the motel room Vince and Shelly stripped and climbed onto bed. “This is so romantic!” Shelly cooed as the two hugged their bare bodies together. With their hard cocks prodding each other, the lovers’ bodies became entangled and they melded in a passionate French kiss. As they writhed around on the bed, Vince’s hands gripped Shelly’s buttocks, his fingers slipping into the crevice between the rather flat ass cheeks. Encouraged by the skinny teen’s moans of pleasure, the stud’s fingers raked over the tiny pucker at the center of the butt crack. When his partner reacted with a tremor, he got more ambitious and poked a digit into the tight hole.

“What are you doing?” Shelly asked, not sure if he wanted his asshole probed.

“Trust me babe. I promise you’ll love it.” Vince reached into a night stand for the lube he stashed there earlier and applied some to his finger. Then he shoved it deep into Shelly’s ass pucker.

“Ow!” Shelly yelled. “What did you do?”

“Shsh! Relax, we need to do this to prove we trust and love each other.”

“You won’t hurt me?”

“Never! If it starts to hurt, tell me and I’ll quit.”

“Can I do you afterwards?”

Vince hesitated before responding, he’d always been the dominant partner. His asshole was as virgin as Shelly’s. But he didn’t want Shelly to refuse him or stop seeing him in the future. “Yes,” he finally whispered hoping Shelly will be worn out after being

thoroughly fucked by the college's number one stud and not press him to honor his agreement.

Vince had Shelly get up on all fours so he could loosen and lube the nerd's asshole. First he jammed one then two fingers into Shelly's tight sphincter, pumping them in and out and splaying them to stretch the virgin ring of tight muscle. When the scrawny boy's moaning reached a fevered pitch, he inserted a third finger. "Ow! Please stop!" Shelly begged. "That hurts."

"Breathe deeply, push out. You'll get used to it." Vince didn't stop the vigorous action of his probing fingers. "It feels good now, right?"

"Yes, oh yes! Fuck me now Vince. Fuck me!"

The athlete squatted behind Shelly and pressed his condom-covered cock against the ass ring recently vacated by his fingers. "Remember I love you," he whispered into Shelly's ear as he thrust forward filling Shelly's tight hole with four of his nine hard inches.

"Owwww! Stop! Oh god! Fuck! Please stop! It hurts too much!"

"Calm down. Breathe slowly. I'll stop pushing in until the pain goes away."

"No! Pull it out!"

"Don't you love me and want to please me?"

"Yes....okay, I'll try. Keep it still. Don't go deeper for now."

It took a lot of willpower but Vince didn't ram his cock deeper into Shelly's alluring rectum. After what seemed like an eternity, the geek gave the go ahead. "Go slow, please." Exercising great restraint, Vince slowly, inch by thick inch, let his shaft slither into Shelly's resisting rectum until it could go no further.

“There, I’m all the way in. How does it feel?”

“The pain is almost gone. I feel very full. I like it!” Vince pulled his fat shaft back a little then slid it forward one again. “Yes! Fuck me! Pull it out and ram it back in!” Vince did exactly that, pulling out until only his dick head remained between the nerd’s ass lips. Then he thrust his hips forward, hard and fast! “Fuck! Shit! Yes, fuck me hard! I love your big cock fucking my ass! Ohhhh! Do it harder, Vince, harder!”

After repeatedly pulling his rigid shaft out and driving it back in Shelly’s tight ass, the jock collapsed on the teen’s back, pushing him flat on the mattress. Raising up on his arms, Vince rabbit punched his dick deep in the other student’s ass. “Fuck me! Fuck me, Vince!”

“Yes! Yes! I’m close! Fuck...I’m coming! I’m filling your ass with my cum!” Vince’s triumphant yell was accompanied by volleys of his spunk into the condom deep in Shelly’s innards. The stud’s body was wracked with the tumult of his best orgasm ever. When he finished, all he could do was collapse silently on Shelly’s back. Both boys were content to lie there and let Vince’s body deal with his rapid heartbeat and the flow of blood from his deflating dick.

“Thank you,” Vince murmured into Shelly’s ear as they lay there recuperating.

“You’re welcome,” Shelly turned his head to kiss Vince’s panting mouth. Eventually Vince’s shaft softened and fell from Shelly’s ravished hole. Vince slipped off the prone teen’s back so they were both lying on their sides. Shelly turned to face the stud and they continued their afterglow kiss. But the skinny kid’s cock was still hard and he wanted to get off in Vince’s ass as promised. He reached over Vince’s hips and massaged his firm, rounded ass globes. Vince, groggy from his exertions only grunted

so Shelly got bolder and slipped a finger between the melon-like buttocks, finding the wrinkled center; he rubbed it with the finger tip.

“I want to fuck you now,” he told the stud.

“I’m tired. Can’t it wait?”

“You promised. You said it was how we showed we trusted and loved each other.” Vince recognized his own words tossed back at him and realized he had to go through with it to keep Shelly.

“Okay, but take it easy. Like you, this is my first time being fucked.” Shelly figured the best thing to do would be to imitate Vince’s approach, so he positioned the stud on his hands and knees and proceeded to finger fuck the athlete’s virgin opening. Being very horny, he rushed matters and soon his latexed cock was pressing against Vince’s stubbornly clenched asshole.

“Relax, do like you told me, and breathe deeply.” Shelly waited briefly for a sign that Vince’s pucker had relaxed. When that occurred, he leaned into Vince’s hips a little too hard and his cock plunged through until even the fat center was impaling the jock.

“Owww! Shit! Christ almighty! I said go slow! You rammed the whole fucking thing in!”

“I’m sorry. It just slipped in. I guess I wanted it so badly I rushed a little.”

“A little! That thick knob went in and nearly tore me apart.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll hold still until you’re ready.” Vince only grunted in response as he was concentrating on making the pain go away.

“Go for it, I’m as ready as I’ll ever be,” Vince finally said as Shelly desperately refrained from thrusting deeper into the hot orifice. Given permission to press in further,



Shelly obliged and buried his entire shaft in Vince's asshole. Then he attempted to pull out in order to emulate the jock's deep fucking. When Vince howled in pain, Shelly discovered that the girth of his butt plug-like member made coming out as agonizing as going in was. He settled for restricting his retractions to just before the fattest section of his pole was about to pierce through Vince's sphincter. To make up for the fact that he could only pull halfway out, Shelly increased the speed of his fucking, rapidly pummeling Vince's gut with his hard cock.

"Damn your dick is thick....Fuck that's beginning to feel good. Fuck me, Shelly! Fuck the hell out of me!" Shelly fucked the Big Man on Campus until, sweat dripping from his body and his chest flushed from the effort, Shelly released a torrent of cum up Vince's ass and then collapsed on top of him, panting and trembling from the force of his orgasmic experience.

After cuddling together, kissing and hugging, both teens fell asleep. Upon awakening they fucked each other again experimenting with various positions until each had come two additional times. The next morning they parted ways, Sheldon to his dorm and Vince to the Athletic Center for practice. There was a big game that afternoon which the team won by a large margin.

\* \* \* \*

"It looks like having less sex is good for your game," the tight end said to Vince in the locker room after the game.

"What do you mean?"

"I hear from Beth that you haven't fucked any of the cheerleaders for a couple of weeks."

The center offered his opinion: "He's been spending too much time with that computer geek. I hear he's a faggot."

"What the fuck are you trying to say?" Vince got in the center's face, his fists clenched.

"Nothing, I'm just reporting the rumors."

"Well, he hasn't laid a hand on me. I'd punch his lights out if he did and I'm sure he knows it!"

Sheldon never heard a word about that exchange and went off the following week for his usual rendezvous with Vince at the jock house. He was a little put off as a couple of the guys smirked as he went up to Vince's room. The athletic stud was unusually tense and Sheldon offered to give him a back rub.

As soon as he gripped Vince's neck, the jock went berserk. "What the fuck do you think you're doing? Get your faggot hands off me." Hearing the indignant screams, two teammates burst into the room and found Sheldon with his hands around Vince's neck. The three promptly punched and kicked the defenseless nerd. With a black eye and several ugly bruises, Sheldon made it back to his dorm and cried himself to sleep. He sequestered himself in the room for days, until the bruises faded not even telling Bryce what happened at the jock house.

Vince, depressed but afraid to admit or display his emotions, went on a double date with the tight end and Beth. He and his date ended up in his suite where he found he was impotent. After he nearly lost control with his date, she left in a huff. In the next game, Vince blew a couple of basic plays and was replaced as quarterback.

Sheldon, more confident in his attractiveness, dealt with his hurt by getting even. He frequented the Scott Hall tea-room often, getting his thick cock sucked by a variety of dudes. The size and shape of his tool became legendary and there was always someone there waiting for a chance to swing on it. Unfortunately the orgasms weren't satisfying and he constantly sought out more sex partners, even fucking Bryce a couple of times.

Vince heard of Sheldon's exploits and one spring weekday burst into the restroom, pulled a cute young guy off Sheldon's cock and sent him scurrying from the toilet, leaving the two ex-lovers alone.

"What do the fuck you think you're doing? He was giving good head and I was enjoying it!"

"You're mine! Nobody sucks your dick but me!"

"Fuck you! You're lucky I didn't press assault and battery charges against you and those two goons."

That sobered Vince up. "You're right. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me." He looked so downhearted and ejected that the nerd felt sorry for him.

"Okay, I forgive you."

Vince wrapped the computer geek in his strong arms and crushed him to his massive chest. "I think I love you," he whispered in Shelly's ear, Shelly fell sobbing on Vince's shoulder as the football player cuddled him and made soothing sounds until Shelly's wracking sobs ended.

"Come with me," Vince requested.

"Where?"

“To my room.”

“Won’t the other guys tease you, maybe even hurt us?”

“They’d be very sorry if they tried anything.”

With great trepidation Shelly accompanied Vince to the jock house. A group of athletes sitting around watching TV turned as the pair entered and went up the stairs to Vince’s newer, much smaller, room. Deterred by the look in Vince’s eyes, they remained seated and said nothing until they heard the door close. “Damn!” the tight end exclaimed, summing up everyone’s reaction.

“I want, no need you to fuck me, Shelly.” Vince stripped, lay down on his back and raised his legs over his head. Shelly equally quickly removed his clothes then knelt at the stud’s exposed ass. After lubing Vince’s hole, Shelly carefully placed his sheathed dick at the tight entrance. Remembering how much he’d hurt Vince the first time he plunged in too hard, Shelly pressed slowly against the tiny pucker. As it gradually yielded, he applied more pressure until the bulging center of his shaft was at the rim of Vince’s ass lips.

“It’s going to hurt now,” he said softly. Vince responded by grasping Shelly’s butt and pulling it to him, forcing the nerd’s dick in to the hilt.

“Ungh!” he groaned as the thick cock stretched his sphincter. “Now fuck me!” Encouraged by Vince, Shelly pulled completely out and then rammed back in. Vince winced as the fat intruding cock stretched his sphincter as it traveled in both directions. He also moaned as the thick meat massaged his prostrate. Neither could last long given the emotional and physical components of the situation. In an outpouring of both his self-loathing and his feelings for Shelly, Vince came first, inundating his torso with

his pent up juices. “Fuck! Yes! I’m coming!” he yelled as a torrent of cum flew from his piss slit.

The turmoil in Vince’s rectum as he came triggered Shelly’s orgasm. His body shook as he blasted his seed into Vince’s guts. They fucked throughout the night and defiantly joined the rest of the team for a late breakfast the next day.

It wasn’t easy but, by the end of the football season, the buffed up Sheldon was assistant team manager and a fixture at the jock house, having given up his dorm room to move in with Vince. No longer the starting quarterback, Vince had developed into an excellent pass receiver and regained the team’s respect. The season culminated with a MVP trophy-winning end zone catch by Vince to clinch the Division Championship.

## **The Stranded Twink: A Tale of Two Virgins**

Returning home from a business conference in Tampa, I decided to take the scenic route instead of the Interstate. As I drove along the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee on the rural western edge of Palm Beach County, I needed to take a piss break and pulled into a parking lot. There he was, standing outside the convenience mart talking on his cell phone. The young man was an inch or two under six feet tall, with mussed up brown hair, baggy shorts and a scruffy t-shirt. Holding the cell phone to his ear with his left hand, his right hand first rested on his hip, and then fluttered outwards and upwards until the hand landed on his right shoulder. The energetic gesticulations continued for some time as he was quite upset about something. I went into the store for a bathroom break and a soda.

When I exited, he was shouting into the phone. "But Dad, you've got to help me. The damn car died, I'm sure it's the battery but I have no cash to replace it or pay a tow truck. I'm stuck out here in the middle of no where. They don't even have an ATM!" He paused to hear his father's response.

"Thanks a million!" he yelled sarcastically and hung up. "Fucking bastard!" he shouted, glaring at the instrument in his hand.

"Can I be of some assistance?" I inquired in my most helpful sounding voice.

"Only if you can talk some sense into my stubborn father. Who are you anyway? Were you listening to my private conversation?" Now I was the object of his anger.

"Calm down, please. You were shouting so loud it could hardly be called a private conversation. You were probably heard on the other side of the lake. I merely offered to help if there was something I could do."

“Sorry. My fucking car died out here and I have no access to cash to pay for a tow and a new battery. The nearest open gas station which might stock a battery is almost thirty miles from here, halfway to West Palm Beach.

“I could drive you to the station. I live in that area and am heading home.” This was out of character for me as I never offered rides to strangers, especially young men who were quite so animated. I was separated from my wife and recently filed for divorce.

“Really? That would be great. I could pick up a battery and maybe the station would drive me back to my car.”

“Grab anything you need from your car and get in.” Five minutes later we were on our way towards the coast. The station the young man had counted on did not stock batteries and we were told any auto supply store would be closed until the next day.

“Shit!” Now what? “

“You could stay at my place tonight and I’ll drive you to an auto supply store in the morning.” The youth looked me over and decided I was safe before agreeing. We were soon driving to my house in a gated community in northern Boca Raton. The wife had moved to her parents’ home pending finalization of the settlement so the place was all mine for the time being. As we drove along, I asked my passenger about himself.

“Name’s Neil. I’m nineteen and graduated from prep school in June. I go to college in Gainesville this fall. I plan to become a doctor.”

“What a coincidence, I’m a dermatologist, Dr. Kevin Brownstone.” We then discussed various specialties and other options open to a new physician in this age of managed care.

Just before we reached Boca, Neil asked about my wife. “Why did you break up?”

“She thought I’d be making a lot more money three years after starting a practice. She spent like I was reeling in the dough hand over fist when, in reality, I was only slowly building up a practice. We fought about her wanting a newer more expensive car, fancy clothes, elaborate evenings out, more jewelry, and anything else that cost money.”

“Bummer!” Neil responded when I finished my tirade. “My parents fight over other things—Dad’s indiscretions and Mom’s flirtations, for example. It’s sex instead of money.”

“Both are substitutes for power in a relationship,” I said, reflecting wisdom learned through experience. The teenager contemplated that as we drove through the gate and into my driveway. My home was nice but not overly large or pretentious so I wasn’t surprised that Neil said nothing as we exited the car and entered the house.

“You can use the guest room, to the right past the hall bathroom. Toss your stuff on the bed for now.” On his return, I asked if he wanted to take a swim in my pool.

“I’m sure I can dig up an old swim suit that’ll fit you.”

Neil turned from the sliding glass door where he was looking at the pool. “Why?” There’s a six-foot high solid wood fence around the yard. It’s totally private. We don’t need suits.”

He started undressing, tossing his T-shirt and baggy shorts in a heap on the floor inside the door. Standing there in his briefs he asked, “Where’s a towel?”



“In the cabinet outside by the lounge chairs,” I replied, stunned by his near nakedness and the silver hoops piercing his nipples.

“Well, strip and let’s go then,” he said.

“I’d be more comfortable if you kept your briefs on. I’ll be right back with my bathing suit.”

“Whatever,” the boy said and went outside and stepped into the water. I returned with my swim suit and joined him in the pool. He was an excellent swimmer and I guessed correctly that he had been on his school’s swim team.

“Captain.” He swam in a circle around me. We moved to the shallow end and sat on a ledge with a waterfall cascading on our backs.

“Why didn’t you want to skinny dip? It’s very liberating.”

“I’m shy,” I responded.

“You obviously work out, you’re in great shape. Oh! I understand. Your dick is small! It didn’t look tiny inside your suit when you first came into the pool.” I blushed and got all flustered by his comments but remained silent. After a while, Neil stood up, removed his briefs and tossed them on the pool deck.

“Fuck this prudishness! What are you, thirty years old? And still concerned about your body? That’s horse shit.” I was even more tongue tied as his plump soft dick flopped around from its thicket of brown curly pubes as he lectured me.

I finally composed myself enough to respond. “I’m going inside to throw something together for dinner.” I stood and climbed, out of the pool, wrapped a towel around my waist and went inside, where I reached under the towel and slipped my suit off. Neil followed grabbing a towel and drying himself off as he came behind me.

“I’m sorry if I upset you,” he said with a strange gentleness in his voice and placed a hand on my bare shoulder. “I just find that clothing interferes with knowing someone. You seem very nice and I wanted us to get to know each other better.” From the corner of my eye I could see that he had tossed the towel on a kitchen chair and I knew he was naked. Why that frightened me I didn’t know.

*“A thirty-one year old, married physician shouldn’t be bothered by male nudity,”* I told myself. Yet I hesitated before turning around.

“Apology accepted,” I replied holding eye contact so I wouldn’t see his naked body so close to me. Still I caught the glimmer of his silver rings and a shiver went up my spine.

“Thanks,” Neil said with a smile. “What’s on the menu?”

“Just some hamburgers and a salad. How do you like your meat?” I asked oblivious to the double meaning.

“Medium,” he replied, opting not to embarrass me further. I opened a bottle of red wine which we sipped, him still naked and me wrapped in my towel, as the meat cooked and I prepared the salad. Afterwards, Neil helped clean up and load the dishwasher, his bare arms brushing against mine as we worked together.. We ended the evening watching an on-demand adventure flick. He wrapped his towel around his waist for the movie—to my immense relief.

“Time for bed,” I announced, a little groggy from the second bottle of wine we had consumed.

“Where’s your bedroom?” Neil asked as we walked down the hall.

“Opposite yours,” I replied. “It has its own bathroom so you don’t have to share one with me.”

“Oh...yes.” His voice sounded odd.

“Is something the matter?” I inquired.

“No, not really. I was just hoping we could share a bed tonight.”

“What?” I hollered. “Are you gay?”

“I think so,” he replied. “I’ve fooled around with other boys a bit but never anything serious. It’s that, well, you’re so manly and sexy, I was hoping we could, well, have sex—real sex, like fuck each other.”

“Well I’m not gay!” I stated rather loudly. “I’m a married man and have had sex with women only!” Looking dejected, Neil turned to go into his bedroom.

“Look,” I said trying to soften my tone. “I didn’t mean to be so harsh and reject you like that. I like you and think you’re very attractive, but not as a sex partner.”

He stopped and turned towards me. “Really, you think I’m attractive?” Before I could answer, he stepped up to me and kissed me on the lips. I briefly struggled to pull away before surrendering to deeply buried desires. As we kissed, the teen wrapped his arms around me and hugged me tightly. Instinctively, I hugged him back. I could feel his hard dick pressing against my groin through our towels.

“Mmmm!” Neil moaned as we embraced. His hand fumbled with my towel and it fell to the hall floor when he moved his lower body away from mine. He also released his own towel, when he moved back against me our bare hard cocks pressed against each other.

“Holy fuck! You weren’t shy about a small dick but a fucking huge one!” He reached down and grasped my nine inches of hard, uncut flesh. “Jesus fucking Christus! Your wife is a stupid bitch giving this up.” Then and right there in the hall, the handsome boy knelt down and licked the tip of my erect shaft.

“Oh! Shit, my wife would never do that!” I cried out as the heat of his tongue penetrated my brain.

*“What a fool I would have been to have missed out on this.”* I thought. “Oh, god damn!” I yelled as the teen stuck his tongue into the crinkly snout my foreskin formed.

“Tastes yummy,” Neil said briefly removing his tongue from my cockhead.

“Don’t stop, please don’t stop,” I begged placing my hands on his head and pulling it toward my insistent erection. The teen pulled the foreskin off my glans and licked the exposed sensitive membrane. My knees buckled from the sensations his tongue sparked in my cock head and I had to lean against the doorpost.

“We should continue this on the bed,” I said trying not to sound too clinical.

Neil laughed as he stood and grabbed my hand to lead me to the bed. He pulled the covers down then toppled me onto the bed, flat on my back and knelt on the mattress between my wide-spread legs. Reaching down he stroked my cock with one hand and cupped my balls with the other. “How many times can you come before you need to rest?” Confused by his question, I could only grunt. “I want tonight to be special and make it last for several hours. I need to know how many times you can come so I can pace myself accordingly. I’ve shot my load three times in as many hours.”

“Good God! I haven’t ejaculated twice in a day since I was a teenager.” I responded.

“I’m sure I can coax at least two from you before we sleep,” the beguiling sex fiend said before exposing my glans again and covering it with his hot mouth.

“Are you going to suck it?” I asked stupidly.

“Uh huh!” he mumbled as his mouth slid half way down my rigid pole.

“Shit, fuck, what a hot mouth!” I yelled. “Take it all, please suck all my cock. Nobody’s ever sucked my dick before! God how fucking wonderful it feels.”

“I think we should switch gears now,” Neil said pulling off my throbbing cock.

“No! Please, no! I’m so hot right now!” I pleaded.

“That’s why we should slow down,” the teenaged tempter said. “Why don’t you play with my dick for a while?” Very tentatively I reached up and placed a hand around Neil’s thick, erect, eight inch shaft. He was cut but loosely circumcised so the skin was able to slip up and down a little. His cock was hot in addition to hard. It felt strange to have another person’s penis in my hand.

“Yours is very fat,” I said as I stroked it slowly.

“Yeah, not as long as yours but a little fatter. I love the variety in men’s dicks.”

“Can I taste it?” I asked.

“You’d better or I’d be extremely disappointed,” the kid replied with humor in his voice as he moved to lie on the bed next to me. I sat up and leaned over to first sniff then lick the youth’s erection. A drop of precum collected at the very tip which I lapped up.

“Tastes salty,” I announced as I lapped at another drop. I licked up and down his hard cock then sucked on his hairless balls. Since I used to eat my wife’s pussy, I raised the teen’s legs and scarfed up his guy cunt. The funky taste really turned me on and I moaned loudly as I licked his ass crack and prodded my tongue into his tight hole.

“Whoa!” Neil yelled. “When you get going you really get going. Your tongue feels great up my ass. I never dreamed someone would do that to me.

“I never dreamed I’d do this to another male. Your ass tastes great! Can I fuck it?”

“With that monster cock?” Neil asked sounding a little apprehensive.

“I’ll go slowly,” I promised.

“Speed is not the issue. Size is the issue.”

“Let me try, please. I’ll stop if you tell me to. Your ass is so hot and tight!”

“Welllll.”

“What if I loosen it up first? I’ve got some lube in the bathroom.” I got up to fetch it. When I returned, Neil’s legs were still raised and his ass pucker exposed so I assumed he was willing to give it a try. He did say he wanted to fuck.

“Use lots of that stuff,” the attractive kid said as I squirted some between his ass globes. Using first one, then two and finally three fingers, I lubricated and loosened his sphincter.

“Kevin, I’m ready. Fuck me now!” Neil squirmed under the stress of three fingers massaging his prostate. I put a condom on my cock, lubed it up then pressed against the center of his ass pucker.

“Ow! That fucking hurts. Take it out, please!” Neil screamed as my cockhead pierced his ass lips. I didn’t pull out immediately but I did stop any forward motion. After a few minutes, Neil’s body relaxed.

“Try it again,” he said, so I applied pressure and impaled the thin youth on another couple inches of man meat before he tensed up and I stopped. This little dance continued for several repetitions until, finally, all nine hard inches of my shaft were up his tight, and no longer virgin, ass. Damn was his hole hot and unyielding!

“I’m going to fuck you hard now,” I told Neil as I pulled my shaft out until only my cock head remained inside his ass hole. He screamed when I plunged back in, my big dick stuffing his rectum with hard man meat.

“Holy shit your cock is huge! It feels like I have a baseball bat up my ass.”

My dick was sending fevered messages to my brain and I must admit I lost any remaining inhibitions I might have had about male on male sex. I also lost control of the pace at which I was fucking the teenager’s ass. Erratically, I plunged in and pulled out trying to get deeper into his hot hole with each thrust. “Damn, hot hole!” I screamed.

“Fuck!” One or both of us shouted.

I pushed the kid over onto his side, raised one leg and fucked him hard and fast sidesaddle. “Oh god! Damn you’re tight!”

“Damn you’re huge!” Then I turned him onto his stomach, raised his ass in the air and furiously fucked him doggy style. As I squatted behind him and pounded my cock into his ass, I felt his sphincter tighten and then his body shudder as he blew his boy cum all over the bed sheet. That did it for me and I filled the condom with my own

juices before collapsing on his back, cock still imbedded in his hot hole, our bodies slick with sweat and our breathing labored from the vigorous fuck .

I reached around and felt his still hard dick sticky with his teen cream. "Can I fuck you now?" Neil asked in a child like voice. "Please!"

"I've never been fucked either so you'll stop if I ask?"

"Sure. Sure, let's get it on." At his direction, I got onto my hands and knees with him behind me. He spread my butt cheeks and licked my ass crack. After rimming my hole for several minutes, the teenager loosened up me up with lubricated fingers.

"I'm gonna fuck you now," he whispered into my ear. "Are you ready for my fat cock?"

*"Is anyone ready for the executioner?"* I asked myself.

To Neil I said, "As ready as I'll ever be. Go gently, please." Neil snorted at my remark, squatted between my thighs, lined his thick dick up with my ass lips and shoved too many inches up my rectum.

"Ow!" I yelled. The teen considerately held still for a while caressing and kissing my back and neck, even nibbling on an earlobe. "Okay," I eventually said, "let's try some more." I leaned back into his groin causing more of his fat cock to enter my rectum. It hurt like hell but Neil's enthusiastic enjoyment, which he verbalized replete with obscenities, made it worthwhile.

"Damn, Kevin, you've got a fucking tight ass hole!" the youth exclaimed as his plump prick slunk deeper and deeper. "Shit this is fucking fantastic! Oh God! My cock is all the way up your fucking ass hole! Hot damn!"



As he verbalized his pleasure, we changed positions several times; the kid obviously wanted to experience fucking me in the variety of poses I used to fuck his tight hole. He even tried a couple I didn't use. My favorite, and the one which made me blast a load of cum, was when he was fucking me lying on my back with my legs over my head and he leaned back so that his cock entered my anus at a different angle striking my prostate with great pressure. "Fuck! Fuck! I'm coming!" I screamed as a geyser of white cream flew from my piss slit. I hadn't even stroked my dick!

After I came, he reached forward, grabbed me under the arms and shifted me into a sitting position where we were able to engage in a passionate French kiss as he humped his thick shaft into my hole and the remnants of my orgasm dribbled on his abdomen. Surprisingly, my dick did not deflate and it was soon drooling precum on the kid as I joined his bouncing movements with abandon. I couldn't help myself. I needed more of his hard, fat cock up my ass. My rectum was on fire and only another nut burst would cool me down. Using my thighs, I pulled myself up on his fat pole then lowered my butt cheeks into his nest of pubic hair. Over and over I ravished my own ass hole on his erect cock until the teen's body tensed up and he held his breath. His face and chest flushed bright pink. He exhaled and I felt his cock throbbing in my ass as it shot blast after blast of his cum into a condom. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he moaned as his body trembled from the force of his release.

I grabbed my erect shaft and stroked it a few times before I spewed my juices all over Neil's chest and abdomen. "Damn! Your ass grabs and releases my cock as you shoot your load all over me. Fucking hot!" The youngster pushed me over on my back

again and after a few thrusts in and out of my sore ass, he came again! We had each come three times in just over an hour.

“That was fun!”

“I’m exhausted, let’s get some sleep,” I suggested.

In the middle of the night I woke up to find the teenager massaging my back with his hard dick between my buttocks. He fucked me gently for quite a while then jerked me off before we both fell back asleep.

“Get your cock out of my crack,” I said playfully when we awakened at sunrise. “I have to go to the bathroom.”

Laughing, the imp raced into the bathroom with me. “Hold mine too,” he said as we stood next to each other and pissed. After we finished, I left my hand on his cock which quickly got hard.

“I need to brush my teeth,” I told him. “There’s an extra toothbrush and some toothpaste in the hall bath. Your breath is like a dead moose.” Pretending to pout, Neil went into the other bathroom while I freshened up a bit in mine. When I returned to the bedroom, he was laying on the bed stroking an erection with a big smile on his face.

“This time I’m going to ride your big dick,” he announced as he leaned over and sucked my cock to full hardness.

“Yes, ride that dick!” I yelled once the teenager impaled his ass on my cock. “Fuck yes! Ride it baby! Damn your ass is still tight.” As I shouted support, the kid flexed his ass muscles. I was afraid he’ll cut off the circulation to my shaft he was so tight.

“Don’t break it off.” He laughed and rode my cock harder. Sweat covered his body as he strove to get all of me, not just my cock, up his ass. Then the telltale flush appeared, his body tensed and he held his breath until the pressure in his balls propelled cum from his cock. It flew over my body and hit the padded headboard. Panting, he collapsed on my chest still gripping my cock in his ass lips. I rolled him over, raised his legs and delivered a hard and fast fuck to his hot and snug hole. Unbelievably, I came torrents, as if I hadn’t had sex for a month, after four orgasms in a few hours.

We napped briefly then I fixed some breakfast. The teen devoured food as voraciously as he fucked. Around ten o’clock we called about a battery then spent most of the afternoon buying one and getting it installed. After we returned from Belle Glade with both cars, we lounged around the pool and hot tub. In the hot tub we indulged ourselves with mutual blow jobs. Since it was soon Saturday evening, I suggested we go out for burgers. He named a gay restaurant he had read about, so we went there. I was wonderfully comfortable being seen hand in hand with such a cute young man and enjoyed the experience greatly.

“I should put in an appearance at home and let them know I’m okay. Can we get together again soon?”

“Of course, name the day and time.” We did get together a few more times, however, with the age difference the thrill of sex ultimately wore off and he started going out to clubs and meeting boys his own age. I prefer theater and more neighborhood bar type places. One spot, a wine bar, is a particularly rich source of sex partners who

share my interests. Neil and I still 'get together every couple of weeks and he claims I'm the best 'versatile' sex partner he's had.

## **Sexy Guys Walking**

Have you ever observed the different manners in which eighteen to twenty year old males walk? I have. Some lope, their long and lanky legs moving ahead, then their upper bodies jerk forward to catch up. Others strut, head held high, shoulders held back, their chests precede them everywhere. Still others lead with their crotches, hips thrust forward to tell the world they've got a cock between their legs. A few swish, their hips gyrating from side to side and their little butts wiggling with each step. Finally, there're the slumpers. Heads bowed, shoulders rounded, back curved, their legs seem to drag their feet forward almost reluctantly. I've had sex with all five types.

In my experience, the lopers are best in the sack. The strutters are too uptight. Those who lead with their groin always think of themselves as tops and can be arrogant. The swishers? Well...they're bottoms but usually so vanilla as to be boring. They'd blanch at the suggestion they rim your ass. What about the slumpers? They're lazy. It's kinda like "Do me if you want. I don't care. Sure I'll roll over so you can fuck me. Whatever." But the lopers, they're affable, non-pretentious, adventuresome, and playful. I've never met one who thought of himself as exclusively top or bottom—versatile fits them best.

This little analysis of one aspect of body language allows me to profile a crowd of college students crossing the commons and single out the most likely candidate for some sexual antics. I look for the singleton loper. The idea of sex with a cluster of lopers is intriguing, but one straight, or even just closeted, student in the group could make it impossible. So I watch for the unique, jerky head movements of the loper and

focus in on one by himself. This tactic has been successful on many occasions. Take last Thursday in the late afternoon for example.

There I was sitting astride the marble rail outside the library of a local South Florida university, scanning the parade of students crisscrossing the plaza. I spotted a mop of dark brown hair jerkily coming towards me. When the bearer of the mop got closer I saw a six foot tall, one hundred and fifty pound twink in a school sweat shirt. His tan skin, dark hair and black eyes suggested he was at least part Latino. *"Hmmm, probably uncut and fat."* I thought to myself. As he got closer, I spied a large basket in his jeans. *"Definitely a big dick!"* When he was a few feet away from me I sprang off the rail and landed in front of my presumptive sex partner for the evening.

"Oh, sorry I didn't see you there," I lied as I held his shoulders to steady myself.

"No problem, you didn't step on me."

"That's good. I'm Cory, I just transferred here from the University of Iowa and am not used to the bright Florida sun. I guess it kinda blinded me."

"It can be bright. I'm Carlos. I live here in Miami but my family is from Cuba. We're pretty much used to the sun."

*"A nice friendly beginning,"* I thought to myself.

Out loud I said, "Can you recommend a place for good, but not expensive, Cuban food?" Carlos looked me up and down before he responded.

He must have liked the five foot ten inch, one hundred and sixty pound, blond haired, blue eyed mid-westerner he saw because he replied. "Sure do. My family owns a restaurant in Little Havana. The food is great and the price is right-free."

“Lead on,” I say and we stroll and lope towards a parking lot and get into a beat up Mustang.

“It was my big brother’s before he got married, impregnated his wife, and bought a Volvo.” Carlos said indicating the faded red convertible. “But it’s better than nothing.’

“You’ll get no complaints from me. Dad’s promised to give me his old pick-up whenever he buys a new one. It’s already ten years old and a real piece of crap; but, as you say, it’s better than nothing. Beggars can’t be choosers as the saying goes.”

The restaurant wasn’t far from campus. The food was excellent and Carlos’ extended family was warm and friendly. I was surprised, however, when Carlos announced we were going upstairs to the apartment he maintained above the restaurant. “Cory is going to help with my English assignment,” he told his aunt as he led me through the serving station and up a small staircase. In true loper fashion, the handsome Cuban took the stairs two at a time. One flight up he pointed out a storeroom and a darkened office. A locked door led to another set of stairs that we ascended. The third level had sloping ceilings so it was smaller than the other two and consisted of a living space with a sofa bed, refrigerator, microwave, and TV; and, a dressing area outside a bathroom.

“Nobody will bother us up here,” Carlos said once we were inside the small space. “You do know why I brought you here, don’t you?” Carlos continued as he handed me a cold beer from the fridge. I wasn’t sure how to respond so I kept quiet.

“I saw you watching me cross the quad and didn’t buy your bright sunshine story for a minute. You want to have sex with me. Sounds like fun!” I, of all people, was speechless. The Hispanic hottie was shameless and I was flabbergasted. Carlos

chuckled, moved against me, and then kissed me full on the mouth. I put my arms around the thin student and kissed him back. Soon, two pairs of hands were roaming over two backs and two butts.

“Whew!” I said when we ended the kiss. ‘You are one hot and sexy dude.’”

“I’m even better nude,” Carlos replied as he peeled off his sweat shirt revealing his well-defined and waxed hairless chest with two very attractive russet nipples. I couldn’t resist sucking and nibbling on them.

“*Si!* Yes! Suck my tits. Oh! Cory, that feels nice.” I replaced my lips with my fingers on his nipple and chewed his earlobe. “Hmmm,” the Latino twink hummed as I attacked first one lobe then the other, alternating the tit tweaking too. While I feasted on Carlos’ tits and ears, he slipped my t-shirt over my head and played with my pink buds.

“Your blond hair is so fine I can’t tell if you have any on your chest,” he said as his hands rubbed my torso. Then he raised my left arm and dove, tongue first, into my pit. After thoroughly cleaning out any sweat that might have collected there, he switched to my right arm pit. It felt so erotic I held his face in my underarm area. Carlos eventually pulled away from my raised arms and fumbled with the snap on my cargo shorts.

“Do you have much hair down here?” he coyly asked as he unzipped my shorts and let them fall to the floor. I was wearing boxers which by then were tented as my dick was aroused by the kissing and armpit slurping.

“See for yourself,” I told the Cuban twink. Carlos pulled my boxers down and let them join my shorts on the floor. I was naked except for sandals and a puddle of clothing at my ankles.



*“Ai! Madre de Dio! What a big cock! But not much hair!”* Carlos exclaimed when he saw my eight and a half inch, cut dick. It’s only of average girth but nobody has complained about it being too small so far. Carlos licked the deep pink head atop my pale shaft and my legs got wobbly.

“Oh my, we better open the couch before you fall down.” The Latino lad turned the sofa into a queen sized bed already equipped with a fitted sheet. He sat me down on the edge of the bed and bent over to remove my sandals and the discarded shorts and boxers.

With me naked sitting on the bed, Carlos stood between my knees and did a bump and grind routine, taking off his sneakers and socks as he hummed the traditional strippers’ ditty. He motioned me to unbuckle his belt, unbutton the waistband of his jeans and lower the zipper as he swiveled his hips to the tune. I parted the sides of his fly revealing a huge lump in the tight white cotton briefs he wore. “Wow! How big is that monster?” I quipped. Carlos laughed and pushed his jeans off his hips exposing more of his briefs. The bulge was enormous! I could see his shaft extended towards the left for several inches, culminating in a plum-sized cock head. His balls were like extra large eggs packed into the pouch of the briefs. Long, straight strands of dark pubic hairs escaped through the leg holes of the under garment at the base of the gigantic shaft.

I reached up and poked a couple of fingers into the leg holes and massaged his large orbs and cock root. When I retracted my fingers, I put them to my nose and sniffed the manly aroma clinging to them. “You like my scent?” Carlos asked. I nodded

affirmatively and the stud placed a hand on the back of my blond head mashing my face against the hard protuberance.

“Eat my stuff through the briefs!” he ordered. When he finally let me stop, the white cotton was soaked from the pouch containing his large balls, along the hard shaft, and over the bulbous cock head.

My own hard cock was thoroughly coated with natural lubricant as I enjoyed outlining his rigid meat with my mouth and tongue. The heady aroma emanating from his sweaty crotch increased my pleasure. “Take my briefs off, with your teeth!” Carlos demanded. I didn’t mind his bossy manner. I knew lopers were versatile and I’d have my chance to take charge, so I used my teeth and, very carefully, uncovered his cock and balls.

“Damn! I’ve won the Florida lottery!” I said, only half in jest, when his equipment was fully exposed. His Latin cock and balls were even bigger, and more scrumptious, than I expected. My mouth watered at the idea of licking and sucking them, probing my tongue into his ample foreskin in search of the cottage cheese-like delicacy I was certain was hidden there. I proceeded to feast on the long, fat brown shaft and cinnamon colored mushroom shaped glans with its crinkly canopy of loose cock skin. My tongue discovered an incredibly abundant trove of aromatic and flavorful ambrosia as I hoped. The Hispanic hunk’s huge spheres began tightening up and I knew he was close to orgasm.

“I don’t want to shoot yet.” Carlos stepped back from my hyperactive mouth and tongue. Leaning forward he pushed my shoulders back until I was lying on the bed with my feet dangling off the side. My fellow student picked up my legs and turned my body

so that I was completely on the bed. He crawled between my thighs, grabbed my balls with one hand and my erection with the other, applied a gentle pressure to my nuts and stroked my dick while slurping my uncircumcised cock head with his raspy tongue.

My body thrashed around on the bed and my glans went from rosy to bright red as his tongue lashed my cock. Before I got too close to busting a nut, Carlos turned around so that, while his head was still in my crotch, his ass was in my face with his balls resting on my chin. I knew what he wanted so I brought my lips up to the dark brown pucker buried deep in his ass crack. I used my hands to pry his firm, rounded butt cheeks apart and set to work eating out his asshole. The stud's swollen and dripping cock head bounced between my pecs as my tongue delved through his ass ring into his anus.

"*Ai!* Damn! Shit! You're fucking tongue is very talented. Stick it in deeper! Oh yes! Shit!" In no time his ass lips glistened with my saliva and I pressed a finger against his pucker. With a sigh, Carlos loosened his sphincter and practically sucked my digit into his rear entry. That was my cue to take charge and prepare his ass to be fucked! Using my spittle and his own precum, I relaxed the Latino student's ass until I was finger fucking it with three fingers. Carlos moaned and shoved his ass backwards for more; which I was ready and willing to provide. He also handed me a foil packet and bottle of lube. I squirted some of the oily substance on my fingers and implanted them even further into his tight shit chute. Carlos sighed again and his cock twitched as my probing fingers slid over his prostate.

"I'm ready *Papi*. Fuck me with your big *pinga!*"

Without further ado, I removed my fingers, knelt behind the Hispanic hottie and pressed my dick against his ass lips. Once again, Carlos relaxed his sphincter and, this time, sucked my cock into his hot hole. Holy shit was it tight! His ass ring closed down on the base of my shaft and I could hardly pull back to thrust forward. Somehow, I managed and delivered a wild and sweaty fuck. Fortunately, no one needed something from the storeroom or office as the sounds the sofa bed made as it bounced in syncopation with my fucking would have been a dead give away only a hearing impaired nun could have missed.

“Fuck! Shit! So hot! So tight! Fuck! Fuck! Yesssss! I’m commmingggg! Ahhhhh!” I blasted load after load of jism into the condom’s reservoir tip as my body collapsed on Carlos’ back with my throbbing cock stuffed up his ass.

“My turn now, *amigo*,” Carlos said with a mock leer. “Show me your asshole.” He pushed me off his body and onto my back on the bed. Kneeling between my thighs, the young Cuban raised my legs over my body to rest on the sofa back.

“Pretty little pink pucker,” he crooned before dipping his tongue into it. Damn! That raspy tongue drove my ass lips into a frenzy of twitching and desire to be filled.

“Stick it in! Poke that tongue up my ass!” I yelled. “Your tongue has my ass on fire!”

“This will cool it off,” Carlos says squirting some lube on my pucker. Then he used a finger to twirl the grease around inside my sphincter. In no time I was moaning and begging for more.

“Ow!” I yelped when he inserted a second finger through my tight ass lips.

“Don’t be a sissy. It’s only two fingers. What are you going to do when my long, fat cock is fucking your pretty white ass?” My dick, which had not fully deflated, filled out from the pleasure his fingers were producing and the eroticism of his dirty talk.

“You like that, don’t you slut? The thought of having my mammoth *chorizo*, my hot sausage, filling your ass hole turns you on.”

“Oh yes! *Si!* Fuck me! Please fuck me, Carlito.”

“Beg for it bitch! I don’t think your dirty shit hole deserves my fantastic, humongous, magnificent, cock.”

“Please. I deserve it. I need it! Please fuck me, *amigo!* Fill my hole with your long, thick, juicy, brown fuck pole. Look how my puny pink prick is throbbing in anticipation of a masterful fucking!”

“All right, if you insist. I’ll fuck your filthy butt hole. Just ‘cuz I’d feel sorry for you if you missed out on the best fuck you’ll ever get!”

You know, he wasn’t wrong. He fucked me like I’d never been fucked before. He fucked me on my back, on my side, and doggy style. We ended up with me sitting on his cock, facing him. I rode his cock like a madman while Carlos thrust his hips upward with my every down stroke trying to get more of his mammoth tool into my rectum. The fucking was so hot that my hard cock, which was flopping around every which way, shot a second time—hands free! Cum sprayed from my dick like water from a garden hose nobody was holding. The Latino stud’s face, the sofa back, his chest, the wall, all received a generous helping of my cream. One blast even struck me in the chin.

However, I did get fucked at least as well several times thereafter—always by Carlos. We enjoyed each other's company and the sex so much that I soon moved in with him. When I asked what his family would say, he shut me up quickly. "My father's brother was gay. He was persecuted, tortured and killed in Cuba. My family is very supportive of me. Besides, you eat heartily and they like that. They will accept you." He was right. The biggest problem we have is keeping the weight down since we both eat with gusto. The ever unpredictable sexual acrobatics each night help with that. Did I forget to mention that lopers make fantastic lovers?

## **Frat Boy Bullies**

Spring Break in sunny Fort Lauderdale and I'm stuck in a shitty job picking up litter and emptying trash cans on the grounds of a large resort hotel on the beach. To be fair, I did drop out of high school last month, on my eighteenth birthday. I couldn't take the constant bullying and name calling I was getting because of my slight frame (five foot four inches, one hundred and twenty five pounds) and long, curly brown hair. My parents were more than happy to give me a couple hundred bucks for a bus ticket from East Nowhere, Idaho to South Florida. Afraid, I suspect that I really am gay; and glad to get me away from my younger jock brother. All this stuff about my sexual orientation and yet I'm still a virgin. I've never had sex with anyone—girl or boy.

So, here I am in a fucking stupid coral pink and sea-foam green uniform, feeling like a real doofus as I walk the manicured grounds and sandy beach using a stick with a nail in the end to stab litter, then depositing it in a large trash bag I carry with me. When the bag gets half full, I dump it in a nearby garbage can. When it's full I remove the can's liner and traipse off to a dumpster outside the Service (Slaves) Entrance to the hotel.

The only good part of the job is the hotel's clientele: college students from all over the country in skimpy bikinis (the girls) and baggy shorts with no shirts (the boys). This week, a large national fraternity and its sister sorority have taken over the hotel with unfettered abandon, freed from the usual adult oversight.

The best spot to enjoy the display of nearly nude flesh is the volleyball court. The players are mostly male, eye-catching fraternity brothers, sweating and straining to impress the bikini clad sorority girls watching from lounge chairs. Fortunately for me,

the girls are slobs and throw cups, paper plates and napkins on the ground for me to pick up, allowing me close-up views of tits straining to burst out of skimpy tops and boys' cocks flopping from side to side, up and down, in baggy shorts, no wimpy jock straps for these frat boys.

"Watch out!" one of the ball players yells just before I'm hit in the back of the head by the volleyball, causing me to fall into the lap of a busty blonde co-ed. In trying to get off her lap, one hand gets caught in her crotch and the other grasps her left boob. Flustered, she yelps, calling attention to the situation. I am immobilized, flushing red with embarrassment. We quickly find ourselves surrounded by frat boys and sorority girls laughing at our discomfort. I finally extricate myself from her lap and try to get away quietly. The frat boys have other ideas and start to tease me.

"Did you get a good feel of her tit?"

"Was her pussy wet?"

"Is that an erection in your uniform shorts?"

That last question hits home. While watching the frat boys play, my unruly and unpredictable dick had grown to eight inches of thick, hard, teen cock. One of the frat brothers grabs my cock and holds on to it. "Wow, this little fellow has a big dick!" he yells, causing the on looking boys and girls to laugh even more.

"Show us your cock!" one of the other fraternity brothers calls out and soon a dozen or so frat boys pick up the cry: "Show us your cock! Show us your cock!"

The bully holding my dick tries to lower my shorts but, fortunately, the goddamn pink web belt is not easily unfastened as I struggle to get free. "Alright, leave the kid



alone. You don't want him to get fired because of your horseplay do you?" a booming voice from behind me says authoritatively, and my tormenter releases my dick.

"Uhh, thanks," I stammer to my liberator as I pick up my stick and prepare to leave the area.

"Ignore those creeps," he says as we walk off the beach. "My name's Dave, I'm the president of the fraternity," he adds offering me his hand to shake.

"I'm Glen. Thanks again for saving me from those thugs."

'They're not thugs, just some frat boys with a few too many beers trying to impress the girls and get laid. Most of them will end up choking the chicken before midnight. Watch out for Demetri though—the boy who grabbed your dick—he takes being Greek, by ethnicity and being in a fraternity, quite literally. I'd stay away from a dark corner with him or your ass will be very sore! His nickname is 'The Meat Tree' because of the size of his equipment."

"Thanks for the warning," I mumble, confused and curiously intrigued, as Dave strides off to return to the beach.

Because of the volume of guests, what with students cramming five or more bodies into a room, I'm working a double shift today, another chance to go out on a hot Saturday night shot to hell! Around midnight, I space out as I scour the courtyard between the two wings of the hotel. Since the area is somewhat secluded and screened from view by a ficus hedge, I light a prohibited cigarette and go on autopilot as I stab bits of litter and put them into my garbage bag. Suddenly I hear a disturbingly familiar voice. "I told you I saw pretty boy go back here", Demetri says in a loud whisper.

“Shit,” I mutter. “Now I’m fucked.”

“You sure are, sweet cheeks, you sure are.” A shirtless Demetri is smiling with the silly grin of a drunk. Standing behind him, are three more frat boys, also shirtless and with the same asinine look. I take a really good look at Demetri’s six foot two frame. Bulging biceps, calves and thighs tell me he works out and his two hundred plus pounds are more muscle than fat. A mat of black hair coats his chest but doesn’t hide his prominent pecs and large pierced nipples. He lewdly gropes the front of his shorts outlining an immense, still soft, package.

One of the other frat brothers behind the looming Demetri is obviously Latino. Long, straight black hair frames a round brown face with bushy black eyebrows, long black eyelashes and dark green eyes. His buff torso has a small patch of straight black hair between two chocolate nipples and under each armpit. A Cuban flag is tattooed on his right shoulder and the well-known ‘praying hands’ are tattooed on his left shoulder. An Aztec calendar surrounds his navel, from which a trail of black hairs leads into his low-slung, baggy shorts.

The two remaining frat brothers could not have been more different. One is a little taller than me with a pale complexion, auburn-red hair and blue eyes. He’s clearly Irish with the freckles to vouch for it. His body, though not as buff as the Latino kid’s, is not soft. The fourth student is as tall as Demetri and as swarthy as the Irish one is pale, with jet black hair, a five-o’clock shadow, swirls of black hair on his chest and a thick line of black hair descending from his belly button. Both guys look younger than Demetri who I place at twenty one.

“Guests are not supposed to be in this area,” I say with as much bluster as I can muster, trying to sound official and stave off pissing in my shorts.

“Great, that means we won’t be disturbed,” the tall, menacing Greek says. “Make it easy on yourself. Don’t fight it or we’ll have to get rough. Right guys?”

“Yeah, Meat Tree.” One of the boys responds. “If he gives it up without a fight, we might even be gentle.” The foursome’s laughter at this comment sends chills up my spine.

“Take your clothes off so we can see what you’ve got,” Demetri orders. I make a run towards the hedge to escape the frat brothers, but two of them tackle and pin me to the ground.

“I told you to cooperate or else,” Demetri says in a deep threatening voice. “Joe, you and Jason strip him. Andres, use his belt to tie his feet together so he can’t run again.” In a few seconds, I’m naked sitting on the grass with my feet shackled.

“Where did your big dick go?” Demetri asks, pointing to my fear-shriveled penis.

“That looks more like a clit than a cock,” Joe says to a barrage of laughter.

“Check out his boy cunt,” the swarthy Jason says as he pulls me forward onto my hands and knees. “Isn’t it nice and inviting?”

“Do you think he wants to be fucked?” Demetri asks mockingly as he slaps my ass then squeezes my butt cheeks.

“Of course he does,” Andres says. “But we should save your monster cock for last or his hole will be so badly damaged it’ll be too loose for us to enjoy.”

“Hey guys,” Joe announces. “His dick is getting bigger; he likes the idea of a gang bang.” Sure enough my treacherous cock was getting hard at the idea of having sex with the four hunky fraternity brothers.

“Let’s see how well he sucks cock,” Jason suggests. “He can get us good and hard for the fucking.” Jason lifts up my head by the hair.

“Unzip me faggot!” he orders tugging my hair until tears form in my eyes. I reach up, unfasten the snap at his waistband and lower the zipper. His loose shorts fall to the ground. No underwear and now my mouth is inches away from its first cock, an uncut, four inches soft, vein-laced shaft nestled in a thick bed of black pubic hairs over a pair of egg-sized hairy balls. Jason pulls my head into his groin and I can smell the pungent aroma of frat boy sweat, stale piss and dried precum collected in his pubes and under his foreskin. The heady fragrance brings my cock to its full eight, hard, thick inches.

“I told you he has a big dick,” Demetri says reaching down to give my pole a squeeze. “I also told you he was a faggot and wanted to suck our cocks and take them up his ass. Don’t you boy?” He crunches my balls in his large hand with the last comment. When I open my mouth to scream in protest, Jason shoves his now half-hard cock in.

“Suck it bitch,” the frat brother growls as he feeds me more of his meat. “Now clean out under my foreskin,” he demands pulling his cock out so I can prod under the loose skin with my tongue.

“Ahh! Nice,” Jason moans as I go to work on his dick head, which is now atop a seven inch column of hard frat boy meat.

Joe, the red-headed Irish dude, kneels down behind me and reaches around to pinch my nipples as he grinds the front of his shorts into my ass. I feel his hard dick between my buttocks. It feels long and thin as he rubs it up along my crack. I can't resist and reach back to undo his shorts. Now his bare dick is sandwiched between my buns and his red pubes are tickling my ass lips. "I gotta fuck this sweet ass," Joe declares as he dry humps me.

"Go for it," Demetri says. "It's over eight and a half inches long, but your cock is the thinnest so you should be first. It'll loosen him up for the rest of us."

"*How magnanimous,*" I think as Joe unwraps a condom over his cock then lubes it and my hole. After several attempts to get his cock past my sphincter, Joe asks Jason to untie my ankles so he can spread my legs a bit. That does it! Joe's lengthy rod pierces my ass ring. I'm no longer a virgin! With Jason's seven inches back in my mouth, I can only groan as Joe slides his long thin shaft deeper and deeper up my ass. When it hits my prostate, my dick twitches and precum gathers at my piss slit.

"He really does dig it." Andres says bringing a finger to my glans to capture the teen juice, which he then smears on my face. He gets a kick out of repeating this action several times until I can smell my own precum and feel it drying on my cheeks and forehead.

"Give him a break, Andres," Demetri says. "Why don't you suck on his cock to get him even more turned on? You know from fraternity circle jerks that Joe has a hair trigger and will come soon. Get him hot for your Latino meat." Not unwillingly, Andres buys that pitch, lies down on the grass between my legs and sucks on my balls. My groans get high pitched at the sensation of having my balls in the frat boy's mouth.

Sure enough, Joe's fucking becomes fast and furious and he swiftly unloads into the condom. I feel blast after blast of drunken frat boy cum filling the latex in my rectum.

"My turn," Jason announces as he views his frat brother's intense orgasmic grimaces.

"Okay," Demetri agrees as he strokes what looks like a large salami in his shorts. When he catches me looking at his groin, the Greek frat brother moves his cock downward so that two inches of the uncut meat is visible in the leg hole of his baggy shorts. An evil grin appears on his face.

"This will be the grand finale, my huge cock up your prissy ass," he snarls then, seeing my mouth is no longer occupied, he directs Andres to get up, bend over in front of me, lower his shorts and present his ass for me to eat out. I enjoy another new experience as I stick my tongue into the Hispanic frat boy's funky ass crack and lick at his pucker.

"Stick your tongue in my hole, *puta!*" Andres orders me. "I want that hot boy tongue cleaning out my shitter." All the while, Jason is fucking my hole with his eight and a half inches of prime cut fraternity meat. Its thicker than Joe's so it hurt a little going in but soon feels fucking fantastic, which I ineffectively try to say aloud with my mouth muffled by Andres' beefy butt cheeks.

I can see that Demetri is really getting hot and bothered. He steps up to Andres' face, drops his shorts displaying ten inches of fat, uncut, cock and tells Andres to "Suck it, brother. You know how I like your hot Cuban mouth on my cock." Andres, blushing at the revelation that he has sucked Demetri's cock before, doesn't protest and opens his mouth wide to receive his frat brother's monster dong. I'm flabbergasted that Andres can get any, let alone most, of that cock into his mouth. My ass muscles,

thinking of how that huge cock would feel buried in my hole, spasm and grasp Jason's dick.

"Holy shit!" Jason yells. "His ass is gobbling up my dick. It feels like its sucking me off while I fuck it! God damn, I'm coming!" Screaming obscenities, Jason pounds my hole as he erupts into a condom. I feel the pulsations of his cock as he repeatedly fires frat boy cum up my ass.

"Andres, ram your fat chorizo up his ass." Demetri tells the Latino brother whose ass I'm rimming. "*Pronto!* I'm getting antsy for my shot at his hole."

Andres stands and faces me, vulgarly stroking his fat eight inches of light brown flesh pole, rubbing the leaking glans across my mouth. "This *pinga* is for you, pretty boy," the Latino boy says as he covers my lips with spicy Cuban frat boy juice before moving between my legs and prodding my ass lips with his thick dick. As he presses his cock harder and harder against my rear entrance, Demetri brings his massive erection to my mouth.

"Lick it!" he orders. "Clean those juices from under my foreskin." That proves to be a difficult task as the skin is stretched tightly across a plum-sized glans. Poking my tongue against the tight skin trying to get at the savory nectar underneath takes my attention off Andres' assault on my sphincter.

"Owww!" I yell as the Cuban's meat penetrates into my rectum. Demetri laughs and shoves half his ten inches into my mouth. Andres holds on to my hips for leverage to get his cock up my ass as deeply as possible; Demetri is pulling on my hair to get more of his cock in my throat. I'm getting furiously fucked at both ends. Yet, I come first! My dick, which has been aching hard since Jason shoved his cock in my mouth,

explodes spraying my boy cream onto the grass under me. Andres surrenders to my clenching ass muscles as I come and come and come onto the lawn. Demetri laughs as he sees Andres is losing his load then the big Greek unloads a gallon of frat-house brew semen into my throat.

“Aah!” the large frat boy sighs. “That was a good first round. Now I’m ready to fuck your tight ass. Lie on your back and rest your legs on my shoulders.” Knowing I was overpowered, I do as he says. I watch as he unrolls an extra large condom on his monumental cock then lubes it up.

Sticking a finger roughly into my rectum he declares, “You have enough lube already.” Then he applies pressure to my sphincter with his hard tool.

Andres moves to my head and tells me to “clean the cum off my dick, bitch.”

Since he fucked me, Joe has been standing alongside me, watching the action and stroking his cock to erection. He signals Jason to move next to him. As Demetri forces his huge cock through my ass lips, Joe and Jason engage in a sensual kiss. “What the hell!” Demetri exclaims when he sees his two fraternity brothers in a passionate lip lock.

“How naïve are you?” Jason asks. “You have us suck your cock and get fucked by your big dick and you think we’re straight. Of course we’re gay and have the hots for each other.”

“Andres, are you a faggot too?” Demetri asks the Hispanic frat boy. “

“Well....”

“Okay, my posse is a bunch of queers. I’m still going to fuck the shit out of this twink!” I watch as the two sexy fraternity brothers kiss and play with each others’ cocks



then reposition themselves into a sixty-nine. I suck Andres' dick with enthusiasm as Demetri fucks my ass with equal vigor. Demetri strokes my cock in time with his fucking action. Seeing Joe and Jason come simultaneously into each others' mouth, sends me over the edge a second time and my cock once again explodes with teen cream.

Andres follows suit and fills my mouth with his recipe of frat boy-made flan.

"Hot damn!" Demetri yells as he comes deep in my rectum. "What a fucking tight hole you have. When you come it's better than a damn vibrator on my big dick."

I figured that, since we each have come twice, the evening was over. But, Andres, Joe and Jason surprise me. Without any verbal communication, the three of them turn on Demetri. Andres pins the Greek boy's shoulders to the ground and shoves his cock into his frat brother's surprised mouth. Joe and Jason each grab one of Demetri's massive legs and hold them in the air. "Fuck his ass, pretty boy," Jason tells me. "He has bullied us for too long and tonight he gets his due. Besides, you deserve it for the shit he's dumped on you."

*"I should argue with him?"* I ask myself, as I admire the Greet frat boy's exposed tan ass pucker. I can think of no reason not to fuck him, so I rubber up, lube his hole and my dick, and then lean forward to drive my eight inch, hard cock into Demetri's hot shit tunnel. Demetri starts to protest but Andres plops his bubble butt on his frat brother's face.

"Lick my shitter, asshole!" Andres snarls. Joe and Jason kneel on either side of the prostrate frat boy and twist the prone boy's nipple rings while they jerk their now steely fuck poles.

"How's that feel, big boy?" Joe asks, taunting his frat brother.

“Yeah!” Jason adds with an especially hard tug on a ring. Then he squeezes the Greek boy’s scrotum.

“Ummppff!” is all that can be heard from under Andres’ ass.

“What’d you say, punk?” Andres asks Demetri as he lifts off the frat boy’s face.

“Damn, that hurts!” Demetri yells before Andres fills the Greek’s mouth with Cuban sausage.

As the three frat boys cheer me on with “Fuck his fat ass, twink! Ram your big dick in, pretty boy, until it hits his tonsils! Show him no mercy; fuck the shit out of the bully!” I grasp Demetri’s still hard cock and stroke it as I fuck his hot ass. His hole is tight and he clamps down with his ass muscles each time Joe or Jason send sharp pains through his nipples. It takes a lot of effort to maintain a fucking rhythm; but the exertion is pure pleasure and well worth it. I fuck the beefy frat boy’s hairy ass with the enthusiasm of the newly created non-virgin getting his first taste of ass fucking that I am.

Far too soon, something absolutely astounding happens—the four of us come in rapid succession. Andres fills Demetri’s mouth with his Cuban cum. I blast a load of twink syrup into the Greek’s ass. Joe and Jason spray their fraternity brother jism on Demetri’s chest and abdomen. Demetri’s rectum clenches down on my cock, which is still firing boy cum up his ass, and then he blasts a load of frat boy bully semen, which joins Joe and Jason’s puddle of come on his torso.

As quietly as they snuck up on me, the four frat boys dress and leave the courtyard leaving me thoroughly sated and confused as I dress and resume picking up litter. The next day, when I run into Demetri, he smiles and winks at me, saying nothing.

Later, I spot Joe and Jason together on the beach. Only Andres verbally acknowledges me, he asks me to join him “and a couple of frat brothers in my room to party tonight.” I promise to join them after my shift. I notice that Dave sees my interactions with Demetri and Andres. The fraternity president looks at me quizzically, but I smile and walk on, thinking this is not such a shitty job after all. Frat boys can be lots of fun!

## Call Me *Papi*

When I first moved to South Florida I wasn't sure if I liked being referred to as "*Papi*." Even with a sizeable bank account, at twenty seven I didn't think I was old enough to be a sugar daddy, thus I was confused until a friend enlightened me that "*Papi*" refers to a masculine gay male, usually a top; and the person using the appellation was Latino, and likely a bottom. That painted a different picture—a pretty quick, coded way of getting the "Who's on top?" issue out of the way.

Thus, I was pleased the other night when a really sexy young Latino twink approached me as I sat with my drink in a gay sports bar—no longer an oxymoron. "*Hola, Papi,*" the hot Hispanic boi said as he sat on the stool next to mine. "I'm Jorge and I think you're handsome."

"Thanks. I'm Cal and I think you're sexy." The young hottie giggled at my reply so I offered to buy him a drink.

"A soda would be nice. I'm only eighteen and can't drink alcohol." I ordered a soda for him and another Scotch on the rocks for me.

"I moved here from El Salvador last month." Jorge turned to face me and placed his hands on my thighs. "Do you live here or are you on vacation?" His hands tightened and squeezed as his thumbs moved upward to rest under my balls.

"I live here. Would you like to see my place?" The teen's smile widened and he moved his hands to briefly take hold of my cock and balls.

"*Sí*. I mean yes." He finished off his soda. I downed my Scotch then stood and walked out the door with Jorge close behind me. With my barely concealed hard dick leading the way, we walked the two blocks to my townhouse.

"*Papi*, this place is so nice. You must be very rich?"

"I have a good job and got a real bargain on this place." He wrapped his thin arms around me in a friendly hug and pecked me on the cheek. Grabbing his right hand, I moved through the living room. "Let me show you my favorite feature."

"The bedroom?" he asked with a titter.

"Well, my second favorite, the spa." I chuckled and led the way to a small enclosed back yard with an above-ground hot tub and outside shower. The canopy cover with mosquito netting sides made for a very private and cozy retreat with sure-fire appeal to twinkies I've discovered.

"Can we go in it?"

"Of course we can!"

Jorge rapidly removed his t-shirt, shorts and boxers then, his soft uncut cock bouncing around over a pair of heavy looking balls, he climbed into the tub and immersed himself in the hot water. "Ahh! This is nice. Aren't you coming in?"

I quickly stripped and joined him, my own dick even harder than when we left the bar after watching his lovely tan butt cheek flex as he mounted the steps on the spa. I sat kitty-corner from the cute Latino in the hot tub and we played footsie for a while. Then the young Salvadoran stood up, showing me his six and a half inch uncut hard dick before he moved over and sat on my lap. He wiggled around a bit until my by then steely eight inches of man cock was probing between his sweet ass cheeks.

"This is so nice, *Papi*. I want you to fuck me right here!" He pressed his buttocks down onto my erection and leaned back so we could kiss while I stroked his rigid rod. "I

want your *pinga grande* up my *chulo*, *Papi*,” Jorge cooed into my ear breaking off the French kiss. “Please fuck me now!”

I raised the boi from my lap and bent the lithe teenager over the side of the spa. I reached over to my pants and retrieved a condom and lube. I brought my properly covered and lubricated cockhead to his demanding ass lips and leaned over his back to kiss the nape of his neck. “Can you take it fast and hard?”

“From you, *Papi*, I can take it any way you want to give it to me.”

Thus challenged, I rammed four inches of steely shaft up his shit chute. “Then take this!” I yelled as I kept pressing my cock into his ass until I could penetrate no deeper.

“Ow! That hurts, *Papi*, but I love it. Fuck me fast and deep. Your long fat cock fills my ass and makes it feel on fire. Fuck me! Deeper! Harder! Faster! *Paapppiii*, fuck me!” Jorge accompanied his screamed pleas with up and down hip motions as if trying to get an extra half inch of additional but nonexistent stud meat up his hungry hole.

I pummeled his luscious ass until we were both so sweaty I couldn’t keep a grasp on his hips. I suggested we move to a lounge chair. Somehow we exited the hot tub and got situated on the chair without taking my dick from between his tight ass lips. I sat on the lounge and he sat in my lap facing me, impaled on my hard pole. As I bounced my ass up and down to fuck his hot hole, Jorge went with the flow, forcing himself down on my upstrokes and helping me withdraw so that only my cockhead remained inside his anus on my down strokes. I reached over and wrapped a hand around his precum slickened rigid prick and used our up and down action to stoke it.

It wasn't long before I heard, "Oh! Oh! *Papi! Papi!* I'm coming!" Jorge's cum flew between us. He spurted several times without expelling my cock from his hole before I lost control and blasted into his rectum. He dismounted my shaft while I was still shooting, yanked off the condom and watched as three more volleys of cum shot from my piss slit. He leaned over and licked up the fresh rivulets of cum as they ran down my abdomen.

Then the Hispanic twink hugged and kissed me as the remaining cum dried, gluing us together. We showered and went back into the hot tub briefly before I grilled some hamburgers and we ate. I invited Jorge to spend the night and he accepted. By morning I was sexually exhausted from fucking his ass several times—with a few blow jobs to get us revved up in between fucks.

"I'm a great cook and would like to fix you a dinner tonight, *arroz con pollo*." Jorge offered when we finally roused ourselves from bed and were sitting in the hot tub once more. I agreed and we went shopping.

"Can we stop by the leather shop first?" Jorge asked.

"Why?"

"You'll see," was his enigmatic response. In the shop he handled several butt plugs until he selected a fairly large one to buy. "It's just a little smaller than your dick. I want to keep it in my ass whenever your hard cock isn't fucking me.'

I was flattered and turned on. "The grocery shopping has to wait. I want to fuck you again." I drove back to the townhouse and threw him on the bed, ripped off his clothes and delivered such a ferocious fuck you'd never know it was the fourth or fifth in twenty four hours. Before we left to resume shopping, Jorge inserted the butt plug in his

still lubricated hole. He left it there until we went into the hot tub after dinner and sucked cocks and fucked again.

We've been together for two years now and the butt plug is an important part of our relationship. When we finish our morning fuck, he inserts the rubber device and keeps it up his ass until we get together after work. He takes it out as soon as we're both in the house and presents his ass to me for a royal fuck. The plug returns until bedtime which is preceded by a suck and fuck in the spa. Somehow the butt plug hasn't loosened his hole for my fuck pleasure at all; and, he still calls me "*Papi*."



## Juicy Fruit

Twinks turn my crank—any color or ethnicity as long as they're cute, young (eighteen to twenty-five), thin, hairless and male (not necessarily butch, but possessing a cock and balls). If the twink has stylishly punk or a just slept in hair look, a couple of piercings, a few tattoos, and luscious cock-sucking lips, that's all the better. For the superlatively best, add a nice, long, fat, uncut dick that oozes plenty of precum when aroused. That's what I call a 'juicy fruit'! Devon is a really succulent juicy fruit and I'm about to devour him. Right now the twink languishes, shackled spread-eagled on my bed. The sweet eighteen year old is bare assed with a cock ring around the base of his eight inch, thick, uncut dick and a vibrating chrome egg up his anus.

I spotted Devon earlier this afternoon as he left the beach carrying his boogie board under one arm. I was attracted by his mop of sandy blond hair, pierced left eyebrow, garish tattoos, glazed over hazel eyes, low-slung, still damp, baggy brown and green plaid shorts worn with a torn, bright red tee shirt—all adding up to a by and large anti-social demeanor. I followed the teen through a tunnel connecting the beach to a state park. On the far side he didn't seem to be in a hurry to exit the park and wandered around the paths and picnic areas aimlessly, as if killing time for something to happen. As he entered a nature trail, he spotted me. A wicked grin materialized on his face. Hitching up his shorts to make them tightly hug his ass, he headed along the tree covered trail.

Unfazed by the fact that he caught me, I followed him. When I reached the first turn in the path, he was nowhere to be seen. I looked ahead on the path but the twink

wasn't there. I cautiously moved forward past a large palm tree. The punk jumped out from behind the trunk startling me. "Are you some kind of pervert following me?"

"Would that bother you?"

"Fuck no! I can handle queers."

"Then what's the problem? I find you attractive and want to suck your dick."

"It'll cost you."

"How much? Not here, at my place."

"That's extra. My time is valuable."

"Sure!" I snorted.

"Fifty dollars and all that happens is you suck my dick."

"Okay."

"You'll bring me back here within an hour?"

"If that's what you want."

"Cash, up front."

"I'm not so stupid. Twenty five when we get to my place and twenty-five when we leave it."

"It's a deal. Let's go."

"Follow me." We left the park, where I had fortuitously left my car, and drove to my house. In the car I learned that his name was Devon and I told him mine is Tyler. It's only a couple of miles to the cul-de-sac in a quiet residential neighborhood where I live.

"Wow, Tyler! For such a young guy you must have a lot of dough?" Devon said as we pulled into the garage.

“I inherited the house from my parents.”

“Oh! Sorry, I guess.”

“It’s cool. They died five years ago when I had just turned nineteen. They left me the house and enough money for me to finish school and start a computer business I run from home.”

Once in the house, I suggested we go into my bedroom and get comfortable.

“Don’t need to bother,” Devon said. “You can do me in the kitchen.”

“My fun money’s in the bedroom,” I tell the twink.

“Then lead the way.”

In the bedroom, I give him the promised twenty-five dollars. He reaches into his shorts and takes out four inches of soft, uncut teen prick. “I hoped we could at least get naked,” I said leaving his dick untouched. “I’ll pay twenty-five more if you take off your clothes.”

“Whatever,” Devon said and pulled his tee shirt off and unfastened the waistband of his shorts so they fell down his legs—no underwear so his cock and balls were hanging out from an untidy patch of brown pubic hair. Then he stepped out of his shorts and flip-flops. He had a very compact body at five feet ten inches and one-hundred and forty pounds. One nipple had a ring and his navel was pierced. I could see an abstract red and black design tattooed on his left pec that went up and over his shoulder spreading out on his upper back in three sinuous, interwoven ribbons of red and black. The full design on the back was visible when I made a hand gesture for him to turn around. From that angle I could also see two high and round ass globes. He turned

back around and I reached out to cradle his heavy balls in my left hand while my right tugged his tit ring.

His cock jerked and started to fill out as I fondled his balls. It grew even more when I played with the nipple ring. I got on the floor at his feet and licked his expanding dick. Before the foreskin was stretched too tightly, I probed under it with my tongue digging out tasty morsels of teenage cock cheese. Except for putting his hand on my shoulder to steady himself, Devon did and said nothing as his cock became fully erect. When he reached that point he ordered me to "Suck it. I'm ready." He had his eyes squeezed shut, probably holding an image of his girlfriend behind his lids.

Before I went down on him, I got an elastic cock ring from a box handily placed under the bed. I held the ring open and placed it over his cock bringing it down to the base as my mouth descended down his shaft. At the base, I closed my lips on his dick and, at the same time, pulled the ring over his balls and released it. He felt the sudden pressure on his cock and opened his eyes. "A cock ring to keep you super hard and make it last longer. It doesn't hurt and you can keep it to use with your girlfriend."

"Neat," Devon said when he saw it was just an elastic ring. "Now suck me off." I went down on the twink's hard pole, getting him close to shooting then stopped, squeezed his balls and brought him back from the brink.

"Shit, Tyler. Make me come. My balls are starting to ache."

"I think you need to relax a little. Lie down on the bed."

"All right, but no funny business."

I brought him to the edge one more time without letting him shoot and he got pissed. "Suck me off or I'm leaving!"

“How about adding some cash to the deal? I’ll give you another hundred dollars if you let me cuff you to the bed. And, I’ll get you off.”

“You won’t hurt me?”

“Of course not, I’ll use special handcuffs that you can force open.” I showed him my trick handcuffs and let him put one on and force it open.

“Okay, get on with it.” I cuffed his wrists and ankles to the bed posts then bent over and sucked on his cock head as he writhed and tried to hump his ass up to get more of his dick in my mouth.

“You’re not coming yet,” I said. “I think you need extra stimulation.” I got out my metallic egg with a wire attached and explained that it was a vibrator. I placed it in his hand and let him feel it hum.

“I’m going to put this up your ass and it will vibrate against your prostate. You’ll have the best orgasm ever.”

“Anything goes up my ass it’s fifty dollars more,” Devon said although I could tell he was intrigued by the promise of a mind-blowing experience.

“Deal,” I said and lubed up the silver orb and his ass lips. Once I got the egg in, not an easy feat with a virgin straight boy, I turned the vibrator on. The twink’s cock, which had been dribbling precum, started to ooze the slippery goo which flowed from his foreskin, over the tip of his cock and down his hard shaft.

As I said at the beginning, it was a delectable sight—a tied up juicy fruit begging me to suck him off while a silver egg vibrates in his hot ass! I step back to admire the tableau before I use my hand to stroke Devon’s straining dick. I watch as his balls tighten up once again. Feeling particularly mischievous, I squeeze his nut sac hard

enough to elicit a soft groan of pain and arrest his rush towards orgasm. “Fuck you, Tyler! Make me come!” The twink is almost delirious with the need for release. “I’ll cut a hundred off if you make me come now!”

I grasp his erect pole and bend over to lick up his bountiful and mellifluous precum. “Yes! Yes! Suck it! Take it all! Make me come!” I look up at the twink’s sexy face, an evil grin on mine, and then I take his entire cock into my mouth until my lips are in his shaggy pubic hairs.

“Fuck! Fuck! Damn! Make me come!” Devon shouts as I bob up and down on his shaft and play with the speed of the vibrating toy. “Holy crap that feels great. Suck it! Let me shoot my load, damn it!”

“Not yet,” I say calmly as I step off the bed, strip, and put on a studded leather cock ring. I walk around the trussed up teen, my fat nine inches of hard cock meat bouncing around as I take a few photos to remember him by. He’s so horny his dick can’t get soft even though he’s discovered that the cuffs no longer release with force.

To alarm him even more, I hint at violating his ass with my hard tool. “I bet your sweet ass is tight and hot. It would feel so good around my monster meat. I can feel you squirming and bellowing as I tear up your cherry ass.” But, I would never do that. Instead I lube up my ass hole, cover his cock with a condom, and then sit on his hard eight inches.

“Shit, fuck your ass is tight! Ride my cock. Get me off!” Devon is frantic for relief and yelling his head off as his dick impales my ass. I squeeze my ass muscles as I rise and lower myself on his steely shaft. Facing his chest, I lewdly stroke my huge equipment. I also lean back and turn the speed on the vibrator up higher.

“I’m gonna come all over you before I let you come,” I tell the immobilized teen. “When I blow, my ass muscles will suck the juices from your balls. You’ll think your brains are being siphoned out through your cock.”

“Oh yeah! Ride my dick! Get your rocks off and take me with you. Fuck my brains out!” Devon’s dick-need has taken over for his brain. His cock is harder and fatter than before and I know he can’t be far from exploding. I put the vibrator on full—so high that I can feel his shaft vibrating in my rectum. Stroking furiously, I shoot my jism on his chest and face. Devon doesn’t care; my ass spasms finally trigger his orgasm. After a couple of blasts up my shitter, I lift off Devon’s spasming cock, tear off the condom and remove the cock ring allowing his cum to fly onto his abdomen and chest. Then I abruptly pull the vibrating egg from his ass hole resulting in a few more cum squirts accompanied by loud moans of ecstasy.

“Fuck! Fuck! That was something else, Devon says as I unfasten his cuffs and point him towards the shower. After he washes off, I offer the twink a sandwich and soda, and invite him into my hot tub. He accepts and is unexpectedly friendly. Afterwards, I pay him and drive him back to the park, with the cock ring and vibrator I give him.

“Use them with your girlfriend. Put the egg up her ass and you’ll feel it when you fuck her pussy. I felt it up my hole when you fucked me.”

“Really? That’s awesome! Thanks. Uh, can we, uh, do it again sometime? It’d be for free.”

I told you, I love those juicy fruits—even if they don’t know, think or admit they’re queer.

## **Storm Urge**

Tropical storms and hurricanes are strange phenomena. For days the media hypes the potential devastation and admonishes everyone to “get prepared.” So everyone scurries around stocking up on water and canned food you hope you never have to actually eat; filling their cars’ gas tanks; getting the generator prepped, if you’re fortunate enough to have one; putting up shutters on all windows and sliding glass doors; and, tying down, or storing inside, lawn furniture, grills and the like. They get you so damn busy preparing for the storm you don’t have time to cruise for sex. I usually settle for a masturbation break every few hours to keep my healthy twenty-eight year old libido appeased.

Then the event arrives and for several hours, maybe even days, you’re a prisoner in you own home, which by then is a dark, hot cave (unless you have a functioning generator). Cable TV service is out even if you have power, the broadcast facilities and intervening towers don’t. How many times can you jerk off to porn fiction before that is boring?

Finally, the emergency is over. The atmosphere is sultry and there is a feeling of tension needing to be released. Otherwise, things are getting back to normal. It’s clean-up time. Tree branches, palm fronds, and other miscellaneous trash are strewn over your yard. What didn’t blow off is ragged and in need of pruning. More work, less sex. Unless you get lucky like I did!

There I was, in the front yard in a pair of cut-off jeans and a torn t-shirt, slogging around in heavy boots to avoid cuts to my feet and a trip to the doctor for a tetanus shot.



A pile of debris at the curb testified to my diligence; but there was a lot more to go, not to mention the back yard.

“Hey mister, do you need help?” I turned to see the source of the question and was pleasantly surprised to see a pair of teenaged dudes walking up the driveway to where I was standing.

“We’re strong and can help. We only charge ten dollars an hour each. Our college is closed for the day and we thought we could make some money helping people clean up.” He was obviously the leader of the pair, a six foot four, one hundred and ninety pound, blond haired, blue eyed package of masculine sexuality. His long hair was shaggy from the heat and humidity, and his t-shirt was soaked with sweat causing it to cling to his well developed chest.

When I didn’t answer immediately, he added, “I’m Dirk and that’s Mikey, really Miguel but he likes Mikey.” I looked over at the second teen. Shorter than Dirk, Mikey has a dark tan complexion with black hair and dark brown eyes. His five foot eight inch frame supported a lean, almost skinny, body.

“He’s small but a very hard worker. He worked on a farm in Ecuador as a boy before his family immigrated to this country.”

“Hi, I’m Don and can use some help cleaning this fucking mess up.” I felt free to use a vulgarity since they were college students and therefore over eighteen. “Let me get you some gloves and water. I hope to finish the front yard before noon. Then, after a lunch break, tackle the back yard this afternoon. With three of us, we should be done before dark.”

The students were hard workers and we easily finished the front yard by noon, creating a small mountain of trash in the process. "Let's go to the back now." I headed for a gate leading behind the house.

"What a mess!" Dirk exclaimed referring to the crap in the swimming pool and around the pool deck.

"Food first. Set up the table and chairs while I fix some salads." I pointed to the patio furniture piled in a corner to keep it from blowing around.

When I came back the duo had cleared an area on the deck and set up the furniture as requested. They had removed the heavy boots thick socks they were wearing and were soaking their feet in the pool. They had also removed their sweat soaked shirts and draped them over the chairs. Dirk's chest was either naturally hairless or populated with such fine blond hairs as to appear hairless, making his red nipples stand out against his pale skin. Mikey had a small patch of black hair in the center of his chest and a few longer black strands around each chocolate nipple. They were engrossed in animated conversation but I couldn't make out the topic. The exchange ended abruptly when I announced: "Salad and iced tea are ready."

As we ate the light lunch, I asked them where they were from and what they were studying. Dirk was from the Jacksonville area and was taking pre-med courses. He hoped to go to Medical School in South Florida and eventually practice gerontology in the area. "It's definitely a growth field," he informed me.

Mikey was a local resident majoring in horticulture. "I want to own a landscaping business. I would specialize in xeriscaping."

"What's that?" I asked.

“Using native and drought tolerant plants as much as possible to work with nature and conserve water. I think the look is very sophisticated and will catch on with continued population growth.” As we discussed the concept, he pointed out some of my landscaping “mistakes” and suggested alternatives.

“After we finish cleaning up I can go with you to select replacements for damaged plants and help you reorganize your yard to minimize the need for watering and achieve a pleasing color palette year round. I won’t even charge for the time I help with planting, if you let me take before and after photos for a school project.” I agreed. How could I resist such a sweet deal from such a cute Latino twink?

Lunchtime over, we worked for a couple of hours and accomplished a lot before I called for a break. “Would you like to cool off with a swim?” The two students were sweaty and Dirk’s skin was a bright pink.

“Hell yes!” Dirk declared wiping his brow with his long discarded t-shirt.

“Yes, but I don’t have a swim suit,” Mikey replied.

“Swim in your underwear,” I suggested. “The backyard is totally private.”

“I’m not wearing underwear,” Dirk declared. “And I don’t give a fuck. I’m going skinny dipping. It’s too fucking hot to be prudish!” The gorgeous young hunk dropped his jean shorts and dove into the pool too quickly for me to check out his equipment. “Come on in!” he yelled to Mikey and me.

I looked at the Hispanic student and shrugged my shoulders before removing my clothes and joining Dirk in the cool, refreshing water. Mikey watched us frozen for a couple of minutes then removed his cutoffs. “What the hell! It’s really too fucking hot not to take a swim.” He then walked down the steps into the pool. I saw that Dirk was

taking in the sight of his friend's naked body and thick meat just as I was. I caught the taller hunk's eyes and a smile flickered across his face.

Now, if this was a porn story, we'd have horsed around, splashing with each other until one of us, probably Dirk, got an erection. Then, after a few obscene comments and dares, there'd be a lot of cock sucking ending up in a fuck fest with me fucking Dirk while Mikey plugged my ass with his beer can sized shaft. However, in real life there was some swimming around with each of us attempting to sneak a peek at the others' dicks while also trying to appear nonchalant. Around half an hour later, we showered and got back to work.

As Dirk showered I was treated to my first good look at his long, thin rod. It was uncut with an abnormally tight fitting foreskin. Mikey's thick dick appeared a little longer than before he entered the pool. It still had an impressive extension of loose skin forming a miniature elephant's trunk dangling off the end of the brown shaft. My own cock was about half way to its full eight and one-half inches of fat, uncut fuck tool dimensions.

Just before dusk I ended the work and paid the students. I invited them to stay for pizza but Mikey demurred, saying his Mom would need him to help with dinner for the family, and left with a promise that I'd call him about the xeriscaping. Dirk agreed to the pizza but first wanted to go back to his dorm for some clean clothes. I suggested he toss his sweaty and dirt encrusted items in the washer before taking another shower. I gave him a bath towel to wrap around his waist while the clothes washed and dried.

I ordered the pizza and the tall hunk and I went for another swim before it was delivered. The swim included a little friskiness. Dirk started it by going underwater

behind me then swimming through my legs as I stood in the shallow end of the pool. His calves brushed against mine and a foot made contact with my low hanging cock and balls. When he stood up in front of me, he was tall enough that the water level was below his dick, which showed signs of arousal. He dove back through my legs. On that pass his hands moved up my inner thighs and briefly fondled my private parts.

I took off after him and we chased each other in the pool, coping feels of increasingly more aroused cocks. The doorbell rang signaling the pizza delivery. I wrapped a towel around my hips, pulling it as tight as possible in an attempt to hide my erection. Dirk followed me into the house similarly clad in a tented towel. The pizza boy was a gorgeous red-headed twink, probably also a student I assumed. He was five feet ten inches tall, and quite thin with a rosy face covered with freckles.

“Come in. Set the pie down on the credenza. I’ll go get the money.” I pointed out the small table under a mirror across the living room opposite the door and strode off to my bedroom to get the cash.

“Hey, how’s it going?” the delivery kid asked Dirk when he spotted the towel-wrapped stud.

“Okay, I’ve been doing some cleanup in this guy’s yard. It was hard work.”-

“I can see how hard.” The red head was looking directly at the bulge in Dirk’s towel. From the hall, I could see their reflections in the mirror. The delivery boy reached out and grasped the terry cloth covered lump. In the bedroom, I switched on the intercom and eavesdropped on the two hot twinks.

“Oh!” Dirk moaned as the other student rubbed the front of the towel. I played with my erection as I listened to the tall teen’s moans.

“Can I get in on the action?” the thin dude asked Dirk.

“Sure, call your boss and tell him you’re taking a break.” A couple of minutes later he told Dirk he had an hour.

“Great, get on your knees and suck on this!” I couldn’t see the boys but I surmised that Dirk opened his towel to reveal a fully erect cock for the red head to service. I grabbed the money and hurried back to the living room. As I entered the room, the tent in my towel preceded me by several inches. Dirk looked up and flashed his killer grin. His towel was on the floor so he was bare assed with his eight inch long, thin dick in the other’s mouth. I let my towel drop as I walked over to join the duo. The pizza boy looked up and his eyes widened at the sight of my hard and fat eight and a half inches of untrimmed meat.

“This here’s Gregg. He’s in a couple of my classes and lives in my dorm. He sucks cock very well. We’re fuck buddies.”

“Big dick!” Gregg said, releasing Dirk’s shaft and taking mine into his mouth. Dirk hugged me closer to him and we engaged in a sloppy French kiss while Gregg, on the floor, alternated between our cocks, sucking them with real enthusiasm. He was good, able to deep throat Dirk’s slender shaft and get most of mine into his mouth. My hands explored Dirk’s firm, young body as we kissed, ending up grasping two rounded ass melons. From the way he nestled against me as I cupped his buttocks, I knew he wanted to get fucked as much as I wanted to fuck his hot ass.

When I felt Dirk and I were getting close to shooting, I pulled Gregg to his feet and the two of us stripped the cute red head. He had a nicely shaped body, firm and trim. Very little hair cluttered his pale pink chest; but sexy clumps of red hair could be

seen in his arm pits and at the base of his hard, seven inch, cut cock with a distinct leftward curve. The head of Gregg's dick was a bright red and well lubed by his precum. The twink really got into cock sucking so I pushed his head back onto his fellow student's erection. With the red head bent over to suck on Dirk's shaft, his ass was available to me. I promptly knelt on the floor, spread the pink butt cheeks and licked up and down the pizza boy's ass crack as I stroked my hard pole.

Dirk and I struggled to delay coming as long as possible. Dirk capitulated first and blasted his teen syrup into Gregg's mouth as I continued to rim the red head's ass. When Dirk finished, I pushed Gregg onto his hands and knees and fucked his saliva slickened ass while he ate out Dirk's shit hole, keeping the tall stud hard.

I flipped Gregg over onto his back and fucked him some more. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" The red head yelled until Dirk squatted on his face for more ass rimming. Unexpectedly, he stood and moved behind me. I was so lost in fucking Gregg's hot ass I paid little attention until Dirk slipped his long, thin cock up my ass. "I thought you wanted to get fucked?"

"There's time for that later. Your ass looked so inviting I couldn't resist." Dirk rammed his slender lance in and out of my tight hole—I hadn't been fucked very often, the last time was several years ago. The three of us were hot and sweaty as I rammed my big dick deep into Gregg's rectum then pummeled his ass with rapid short thrusts. After a while, I pulled out and Dirk removed his pole from my ass and replaced mine in Gregg's back entry. The tall stud leaned over the red head body raising the delivery boy's legs higher and higher until his feet rested on the floor above his head. Then Dirk

raised his upper body until it was perpendicular to the floor. His cock was penetrating straight down into Gregg's hole.

"Join me," Dirk said to me indicating that I should straddle Gregg's shoulders and, facing Dirk, add my hard shaft to Dirk's in the Irish dude's ass.

"Fuck! I don't know if I can take both cocks. Don's is so big it filled me by itself. Go slow!"

"Sure, whatever you say. This is going to be the tightest hole I've ever fucked!" I moved close to Dirk and punched my hard shaft into Gregg's sphincter alongside Dirk's pole."

"Ow! Fuck that hurts! Use more lube!" Without pulling out, I squirted some lube around the two shafts ravaging his ass lips. I even considerately pushed some lube in with a finger. Damn did all the hard meat feel sexy! I wrapped my arms around Dirk for balance and forced a couple more inches of my cock into Gregg's ass.

"Wow! God damn that's a lot of cock up my ass! Shit it feels good! Fuck me guys! Fuck my tight hole!" Once I was fully in the Irish stud's ass, Dirk wrapped his arms around me and we established a frenetic fuck tempo. Using our legs, we raised up until only my cock tip and two inches of Dirk's lengthy rod remained sheathed in Gregg's rectum. Then we let our weight drop and together plowed deeper than before into the Irish kid's bowels.

"Shit! Fuck! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Harder!" Gregg's ass was plugged with two cocks and he was in bottom heaven. Suddenly his sphincter clamped down on our dicks and Gregg was in the throes of a violent orgasm.



“Oh yes! Fuck! I’m commiiiiinnngggg!” Gregg yelled the obvious as his ass muscles clenched and unclenched around the two hard cocks, sending Dirk and me over the brink to simultaneous orgasms. We blasted load after load of cum into the condoms covering our cock. When we finished we pulled out, removed the latex and dumped our load onto Gregg’s chest to mingle with his own juices.

We went outside to shower and swim then devoured the pizza. Before Gregg dressed and left, he and Dirk sixty nine with Gregg on his back and Dirk looming over him. I took advantage of Dirk’s exposed ass, lubed it and my cock and pressed the tip against Dirk’s ass hole.

“Go for it! I want your big cock up my ass!” I pushed in. “Yes! Fuck me, Don. Fuck my college boy butt! You want it as much as I do!” He was so right. I kept up a steady pressure until all eight and a half hard, fat inches penetrated his sphincter. I worked his ass over, alternating long strokes with rabbit punches. I wanted to keep going until Gregg and Dirk blew their loads. Then with their cum filling each other’s mouth and Dirk’s ass spasming with my cock buried deep within, I would shoot. I just made it! While Dirk was still feeding his stud sauce to Gregg I came, grunting and moaning as I blew.

“You guys are too much!” Gregg left with money for the pizza and a nice tip.

“See you back at the dorm later,” Dirk added as the red head drove off. “I better leave too. Can you give me a lift? My ass is too sore for walking.” I drove him to the dorm and returned for a good night’s sleep.

\* \* \* \*

A couple of evenings later, I called Mikey to follow up on the xeriscaping. “I thought you were bull shitting when you offered,” he said. “Of course I’m still interested. Can you pick me up at home tomorrow and we’ll go buy some plants?”

We went to a nursery where he received a student discount then we spent a couple of days convivially conversing about why such and such a plant does better in the shade and others in the sun. He explained how height and color can be used to create an interesting tableau. At noon on the second day, Mikey asked if we could take a break and swim. “It is very hot and my muscles are a little sore.”

“Of course you can. You’re doing this for free. Take a swim. I’ll get some iced tea and join you.” When I came back with the tea, Mikey was in the pool, naked and reclining on his stomach on a floating inflatable pad. His round, firm, brown ass cheeks rode high out of the water, looking ripe for the tasting. I was surprised by both his nudity and exhibitionism given how coy he was during the storm cleanup. After placing the glasses on the table, I stripped and joined him in the pool. I sat on a small ledge under a waterfall which cascaded on my back. Mikey paddled over, held the raft steady with one hand on the pool coping, and dropped a bombshell.

“Are you gay?”

“Yes,” I replied without elaboration.

“How did you know you were...that way?”

“I guess I always had a problem preventing an erection during showers after gym class; but not when looking at girlie magazines.”

“Oh,” Mikey said pensively. There was a long pause before he added. “That happens to me too.” I placed a hand on his shoulder and felt his body shudder.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“I guess so,” the cute Latino twink replied. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all.” I gently rubbed his shoulders as I replied. I was in a quandary, I wanted to stand up and give him a reassuring hug; but my dick had gone hard looking at his naked slender brown body and bubble butt. I didn’t want him to see my erection and think I was being empathetic only because I wanted sex. Instead of the hug, I continued massaging his shoulders.

“That feels good,” Mikey murmured as he released his hold on the edge so I could pull the float closer to me and place a second hand on his shoulder, letting both hands drift down to his back. I moved it so his head, which was nesting in the crook of his arm, was near my face. The Hispanic teen moaned as I massaged his shoulders, back, and neck. Since the little raft was between him and my erection, I stood and leaned over his head to reach more of his back, my hard cock held underwater by the edge of the float.

Mikey squirmed under my firm hands and I suspected his cock was getting hard as it chafed against the rubber raft. Before I reached his upturned ass cheeks, I retreated back to his shoulders. The twink opened his dark brown eyes and stared into my baby blues before speaking. “Do you find me at all attractive?” His voice was tremulous as he asked.

“I think you’re phenomenally attractive.”

“Really?”

“Yes, look at what you do to me.” I pushed the raft away a little and my hardon sprang up out of the water a few inches from his face.

“Wow! You got hard because of me? Fuck you’ve got a big dick! Can I touch it?”

“If you want to, go right ahead.”

“I think I do. What do you think?” Mikey asked as he slipped off the float and stood next to me in the water. His shaft was rock hard and long enough that the unclipped head was above water even though he was several inches shorter than me. Simultaneously we reached for each other’s dick as we moved closer together. Mikey placed his free hand on my shoulder for balance. I put my free hand on his right butt cheek and pulled his body against mine. Leaning over, I pressed my lips to his. The sexy Latino twink let his weight fall onto my chest and moaned loudly as we kissed.

“Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oooohhh!” He collapsed onto the ledge, bringing me down with him as streams of milky fluid spurted from his hard cock. “I’m sorry! I came too soon and dirtied your pool.”

“No problem, both are okay. You’re young and will fire again soon. The pool filter will clean the water. Let’s dry off and finish what we started.”

“Lead the way.” Mikey pecked me on the cheek. “Let’s go!” With the exuberance of a youth discovering his true nature, he leapt from the pool and raced to the towels, his hard rod bobbing in front of him dripping cum on the pool deck. I quickly caught up with him, my own erection desperate for release. We dried each other off, using the activity as a pretext for exploring each other’s body. Once dry, I dropped my towel, grabbed Mikey’s still steely dick and led him to a lounge chair in the shade. Releasing his pole, I gently pushed him onto the chair and knelt between his thighs on his discarded towel on the deck. I took his hard cock into my right hand and slowly

stroked it so that his piss slit appeared and disappeared in the snout formed by his foreskin.

Using my tongue I tasted inside the snout, it was redolent with the scent and creaminess of his recent orgasm undiluted by the pool water as he was standing with his dick above water when he blew. As Mikey squirmed and groaned, I devoured the remnants of his cum then licked down his shaft to his still heavy balls. I sucked both orbs into my mouth and a drop of spicy precum spilled from his cock snout. I licked it up then returned to his testicles, drawing another release of precum. After several repetitions, Mikey begged me to stop. "I'm getting too close too soon. Let me do you."

We changed positions and I sat on the chair, my legs spread to either side and Mikey kneeling on the chair between them. He played with my shaft, using both hands. "So long! So fat! I love the way your loose skin makes a smooth cap over your cockhead." He pulled the sheath down and licked my sensitive exposed glans. Then he copied me and slurped his way down my rod to my balls. Too big to get into his mouth together, he sucked them in one at a time. I reached over to play with his hard dick.

"Too close." He pulled away from my hand.

When I got too close, I suggested he turn around so I could play with his ass. "Sure, sounds like fun." I ran both hands over his brown butt melons, squeezing them and letting my fingers run along his ass crack. Spurred on by the stud's moans, I spread his cheeks and let my tongue replace my fingers in the deep crevice. Mikey's ass wiggled as I licked across his puckered ass lips.

“God damn! Shit! That’s something else! I never thought anyone would do that and it would feel so goo!”

“It’s fun to do, too,” I said before returning to rimming his hot hole. Reaching under his ass, I pulled his hard cock down and back so I could lick it also. As I did, I used my saliva as a lubricant and pressed a fingertip into his ass ring.

Mikey groaned and let loose a string of obscenities as I diddled his hole. “Damn! Shit! Oh fuck! Yes! Fuck me! I want you to fuck my ass with your big fat cock! I need you to fuck me!”

“Stay here, I’ll be right back.” I went into the house for supplies—condoms and lube. When I returned, the teen hadn’t moved. His ass was still raised, facing the chair back. I sat down behind him and squirted lube into his ass crack. With my other hand, I gave him the condom packet and instructed him how to put it on my hard fuck pole. I even had him lubricate my latex covered shaft so its length and girth would be fresh in his mind. I slapped his ass and told him to turn around and straddle my hips, placing his pucker near the tip of my hard cock.

I kissed his luscious lips as his ass writhed on my cockhead. Wrapping my arms around his torso, I applied a down ward pressure. My cockhead pried open his tiny sphincter and, aided by the lube, pierced his anal ring.

“Fuck! Shit that hurts! I don’t know if I can take it!”

“Do you want it?”

“Goddamit I do!”

“Then you can take it. I’ll stop pressing down. You can lower yourself on my cock whenever you feel comfortable. Take it slow and easy until I’m all the way in your

tight, hot hole.” He took my advice and slowly slid onto my shaft until my pubes were scratching his firm buttocks.

“Oh fuck! I’m taking it all! Your whole big fucking cock is up my ass! Shit! I love it!” The twink went berserk and rode my shaft so hard and fast I came sooner than I wanted. “Fucking hot! I can feel your cock blasting jism up my ass! Oh shit! I’m coming too!”

Before I recovered from my exhilarating orgasmic high, Mikey asks, “Can we do it again? Please! Fuck me again. My ass hole needs your massive cock!”

“Sheesh! Give me a few minutes to recuperate. You drained my balls; and look, my cock is all shriveled up!”

“I can fix that!” The frisky teen removed my condom then licked my dick clean, arousing it as he did so. “See, it’s rearing its ugly head again.”

“Fuck you wise guy!”

The cute tease got on his hands and knees on the lounge chair, wiggled his ass at me, and quipped, “Yeah! Fuck me. That’s what I want!”

I got behind him, between his thighs, put on a fresh condom, lubed it and his hole then thrust my hard broad sword in to the hilt. “Ow! Fuck that hurts! I thought it wouldn’t hurt once you busted my cherry!”

I pulled most of the way out and rammed back in. “You asked for it a second time. Take it!” Then I left my cock buried in his bowels until the pain subsided and his shrieking stopped. I pulled completely out and watched with fascination as his distended sphincter clamped shut, before slamming back in again.

“Ugh!” Mikey grunted as my low hangers slapped against his balls. I pulled back out and again watched his ass hole go from wide open to tightly shut before forcing my fuck pole through his sphincter and up his shit chute.

“Damn! Each time you do that your cock feels longer, fatter and harder!” Mikey moaned with pleasure as he awaited the next onslaught.

“I can’t believe how tight your hot ass gets each time I pull out and thrust back in. It’s like taking your cherry over and over again.”

After a while I pulled out and told the Hispanic cutie to get on his back. I raised his legs up and over his head, and then secured his ankles in the chair webbing. His body was positioned such that standing with my legs on either side of the chair; I had a clear shot at his upturned ass with its winking pucker. As I pounded his ass like a man possessed, Mikey frigged his rigid cock, matching his strokes to my thrusts. He blew first, covering his face with cum and carried me over the top with his anal convulsions. I finished off by delivering my final spurts onto his face as well. When we both finished shooting, the cute Latino twink was covered with his own adolescent cream as well as some of my man seed.

“Wow! Hot damn! If that’s being gay then I’m the gayest guy ever! That was fucking hot! Was it good for you too?”

“Shit, kid. Any better and I’d be convinced I died and went to heaven.”

“I’m glad. Thanks.”

“I’m glad too and thank you!”

We swam some more than sat, naked, sipping sodas on the patio. “You do know that Dirk is gay too,” I said.



“I thought so. Did you have sex with him last week?”

“Yes. He had a pizza delivery boy named Gregg sucking his dick in the living room while I went to get cash to pay for the pizza. When I returned, we had a three-way. Dirk and Gregg are fuck buddies.”

“Gregg, with red hair? He’s gay too?”

“That’s the one. He’s gayer than a lavender boa. Dirk wanted the three of us to have sex after the yard work and was disappointed when you had to go home.”

“I really didn’t have to go. I suspected he wanted to get it on from a comment Dirk made while we were soaking our feet. He said you were hot. I chickened out. What a jerk!”

“Hey, it wasn’t the right time yet. How about inviting Dirk and Gregg over? It could be a bash for the completion of the yard refurbishing. We’d turn it into a four-party orgy.”

We discussed the idea and decided on the following Saturday evening. Mikey thought it would be fun to turn the tables on the duo so here we are, me naked with a hard on and Mikey in the same condition but on his knees in front of me sucking my cock and stroking his own. When the doorbell rings, I yell out, “It’s open!” and the other half of the orgy enters.

My goal for the evening is to have all three of them on their hands and knees, lined up side by side. I’ll be fucking the one in the middle while using dildos on the other two hot holes. I bought a couple of life like, eight inches long, very fat dildos for that purpose. The only question is, “Who gets the real thing?”

## Boxer Boi

No longer uptight! That's what I like best about my move from New York City to South Florida. The pace of daily life is slower and more humane. Traffic is bad but not as chaotic as NYC. There's always the beach for a day of total relaxation. Best of all, I no longer feel the need to wear briefs to keep my balls warm in the freezing cold. I can let them hang low in boxers under a pair of baggy shorts. The ocean breezes blow up the wide leg holes of the shorts and the air circulates around my dick and nuts. If I were a couple of years younger, I'd wear my shorts slung low on my hips to reveal a few inches of my boxers—and maybe a little ass crack to advertise my bubble butt.

Speaking of showing off one's assets, one of the local Hispanic bartenders, TJ, has perfected the technique. Not only are about six inches of his boxers exposed, they're so low you get a glimpse of the beginning of the crevice between his high rounded ass cheeks. The waistband of his cargo shorts cuts across his buttocks at their fullest point, revealing enough promise of a tight fuck to make my mouth drool every time he walks away from me. The short vest he wears allows the waistband of his boxers to be visible below a couple of inches of bare skin decorated with an abstract tattoo that stretches across the small of his back.

When he faces you, a gasp is your most likely response. His angelic face is framed by dark curls kept in a modicum of control by a baseball cap, with its long bill creased just so to draw attention to his lively dark eyes and dazzling smile. The front of the short vest is left open providing a fantastic view of his hairless, well defined chest with its caramel colored nipples. Because his arms are bare, you can see his shapely biceps, emphasized by leather bands. Best of all, the vest leaves his navel, with its

intricate tattoo of a blazing yellow sun with extended rays, exposed. The heavy belt buckle, which obviously helps keep the shorts hung low, drags the front of his boxers so several inches of a line of black hairs descending into his boxers are visible. The buckle is prevented from bringing his shorts to his ankles by a large bulge. The twenty-two year old Latino is hung!

I've spent many hours sipping a drink while admiring TJ's trendy, overtly sexy appearance and contemplating various ploys to get into his shorts. I decided that using brute force, throwing a burlap sack over his head, trussing him up and dumping him in the trunk of my car, though dramatic might piss him off. Although the image of his naked, smooth, almost hairless brown body tied spread-eagled, bottom side up on my crisp white sheets produced a hardon of epic proportions one evening. As I continued the cerebral narrative, mounting his ass and plunging my rigid cock into his hole, I had to excuse myself and quickly get to a stall in the men's room where, after a couple of strokes, I splattered the porcelain bowl with my jism. Red faced from my hasty departure and convinced that TJ saw the tent in my shorts, I returned to the bar, downed my drink and left. I jerked off twice more that evening with visions of spanking his bare ass until it was bright red, eating out his funky shit hole, diddling it with a sex toy and, of course, fucking it repeatedly.

Drugging his drink would be impossible. Have you ever seen how bartenders protect their personal beverages? Offering him money seemed both crass and insulting—although I'd gladly have paid a couple hundred for the privilege of fucking his bubble butt. I settled on breaking down his resistance with kindness. Whenever I got the chance I'd ask how he was or if he had a nice day off? I persistently flattered him

with attention and compliments. He didn't notice! After all that, I'm about to write off any hope of getting it on with TJ; but I still enjoy looking at him and being the recipient of one of his obligatory customer service smiles.

That brings us to tonight. It's midweek, off season, and almost empty as last call approaches. TJ stands with his usual insouciance, smoking and drinking while leaning against the bar. "Fucking dead here," he announces to the smoke from his cigarette.

"Slow night," I offer, commiserating with him. "Not too many customers."

"Yeah! And the ones I had were shitty tippers, you excluded, uh..."

"Mac," I fill in for him. "Last name's MacKensie but my friends call me Mac."

"Yeah, you Mac. You tip well."

"Glad you noticed. You give good service and deserve the tip."

"Thanks," the Hispanic boi says and proceeds to pour me a free drink. "On the house for keeping me company." Shit! If he only knew how I'd like to "keep him company!"

"Cheers" I say rather lamely and hold up my glass.

"Chin-chin," TJ replies with a little more sophistication.

We drink together in a comfortable silence for a couple of minutes while I think up and discard several *bon mots*. I finally find an opening: "Is that a new tat?" I ask pointing to an intricate and multicolored geometric design on his left bicep.

"Not really. I had an old one enlarged and colored to create something more hip."

"It's nice," I say as I reach out and tentatively trace the design with my right forefinger.

“That tickles,” TJ says with a giggle in his voice. I repeat the tracing with a more confident touch. The sexy bartender’s body quivers a little. TJ turns to face me, opened his vest wide and points to another tattoo, this one’s a Japanese ideogram.

“Brand new,” he says proudly. “You can touch it.” Needing no further invitation, I trace the design which is over his left nipple. I notice that his chest is bare except for a few long strands of silky black hairs around each russet tit.

“I think it means good luck or good fortune,” I say finally using something I learned in my calligraphy classes.

“You’re a smart dude,” TJ responded. “That’s what the tattoo guy said.” I trace the design hoping for my good fortune. TJ’s body quivers again. He sighs when I let my finger fall from the design high on his left pec and brush across his tit, which immediately gets hard.

“Sensitive?” I ask.

“You bet! That’s why I’ve never gotten my nipples pierced. Touch them and I flinch. Besides, they’re hard wired to my dick and I’m afraid I’ll come when the needle goes in.” The conversation has definitely taken a turn in a direction I like.

“What happens if someone sucks on them?” I ask playing along.

“Last time a guy did that, he ended up with jism all over his shirt.”

“Really, whose?”

“Mine, of course.”

“You had your pants off?”

“Of course, we were having sex.”

“Lucky stiff,” I muttered, envious of the unknown tit sucker.

“Yeah, I was. He was a real hunk, a porn star doing shows locally before returning to California. I gave him free drinks all night; he gave me a damn good time in the dressing room after everyone else had left.”

“Oh,” I say, sounding dejected to my own ears.

“Dude, don’t be so down. You’re pretty cool yourself. Do you want to stick around for closing?” TJ says this as he looks me up and down as if seeing me for the very first time. “Yes, definitely hot! Don’t go away.” As if I’m going anywhere right now.

TJ goes about his mixologist duties, occasionally bending over and pointing his ass in my direction showing his boxers and a hint of ass crack. A couple of times he wiggles his butt at me. Once he mimes fuck strokes, jerking his hips back and forth. I can’t tell if he is the top or bottom in his charade. He keeps me in drinks and hard through last call. “Do you want to help me clean up so we can get down and dirty sooner?” he asks when the lights are dimmed after the last customer leaves.

‘Fuck yes!’ I reply, and then I carry out the empties and other trash while TJ closes the register and gives the drawers to the manager who locks them up in a safe and leaves TJ to lock up. With the place cleaned up, the cash stowed and the manager gone, TJ fiddles with the light and sound systems.

The hot Hispanic selects a club track with a dominant beat and sets the lights to create an erotic atmosphere on the bar’s small stage—usually reserved for drag shows and an occasional porn star. “Bring a chair to the front of the stage and see if you like my little show,” TJ says moving onto the platform. The modest height of the stage and the tall bar stool results in my eyes being level with the sexy bartender’s navel.

The hat gets tossed off and he shakes his head, fluffing the mass of dark curly hair. The trendy twink slips out of the vest as he gyrates to the driving beat of the music. Although I had seen much of his chest under the wide open vest, seeing him with his hairless brown skin and prominent darker nipples unimpeded by any material causes my cock, hard already for over an hour, to twitch and expel a copious stream of lubricating fluid. "Oohh!!" I moan and a wet spot appears at the apex of the tent in my shorts. The dancing boi points to it and smirks.

The music segues to another cut; this one has a tribal feel. TJ uses his feet to remove his sneakers and socks. His feet are as sexy as the rest of him. Size twelve at least, they are perfectly shaped with neatly trimmed toenails. He plants them firmly on the stage floor and swivels his hips to the beat. My eyes are caught by his bellybutton as it moves back and forth with his hips and the four or so inches of boxers visible over the waistband of his shorts. The hot bartender turns around and his butt cheeks sway from side to side. My attention shifts to the top of his boxers where his ass crack begins. A couple of tattooed stars are visible and look like they are part of a spray emanating from his ass hole.

Without interrupting his dancing, the Latino boi looks over his shoulder at me. Seeing where my eyes are focused, he smiles and rolls down the top of the boxers until six more inches of his buttocks, and the cleft between them, are exposed. Several more stars are now visible in a variety of sizes and colors with intricate designs in their centers. I can't examine them too closely as they move with his hips and I'm so fascinated by the view of the top half of his bubble butt and the deep crevice separating

the two luscious mounds of flesh. The wet spot on my shorts is approaching saucer size.

As the music's beat transitions from keyboard to drums, TJ turns back around. I struggle for breath when I see how much of his groin is exposed by the rolled down boxers. The trail of dark hairs leading from his navel widens and the pubes lengthen and curl into a nest over the waistband in its new position. The bulge below the waistband is much bigger than before and has to consist of a mammoth cock and humongous balls. If his heavy belt buckle weren't holding everything down, I'm sure his dick would stretch past his navel.

TJ must be reading my mind. He unfastens the buckle and lets his shorts fall to the stage floor. The bunched up monster cock, released from its constraints, juts out from his crotch and produces a tent in his boxers rivaling the one in my shorts. The tent moves with the music as the Hispanic twink dances. The effect is hypnotizing and TJ knows it. I'm squirming on the bar stool as my erection strains to be released. I move my hand to undo my shorts and the dancing stud waves his hand in a negative gesture while an impish grin spreads across his angelic face. He's to be the center of attention for the moment.

As he gyrates faster and faster his hard dick finds the fly in the boxers and its uncut head peeks out into the open air. My desire to lean over and probe inside the circlet of loose skin halfway down his cockhead is kept in check by a stern glance from the boi. He's not ready to stop the dance yet. More and more of his lovely brown shaft appears through the opening. It has to be at least seven and a half inches; and I can



see drops of precum scattered about as TJ's hips move to the beat. God I wish I could lick that precious sap off the stage!

The music abruptly ends and the hot bartender hits a button for another selection. This one is an instrumental version of a well known song with very suggestive lyrics. TJ tugs at the right side of his boxers and lowers and raises the undergarment, providing tantalizing glimpses of his hips and, when he turns around, the rest of his ass. "Take it off!" I plead in a voice husky with lust. "Please show me everything." The tease however, continues. The sexy kid pulls the boxers down in front, pulling his erect shaft down with them until I can clearly see the base of his sex tool and a bit of his ball sack. Then he pulls his boxers up and turns around and lowers the back of the undershorts below his ass cheeks. The array of stars definitely does radiate upwards and outwards from his butt hole. Bending over, he flashes a tiny brown pucker at me. Grasping his cheeks, he spreads them and the damn ass hole winks at me. I almost come on the spot. I step off the stool and try to bury my face in TJ's ass crack; but he moves away from me and turns back around.

Facing me once again he lowers the front of his boxers, pulling his hard pole downwards until it points to the stage floor as the rolled up waistband moves closer and closer to his cockhead. BOING!! The boxer slips off the tip and his dick springs up. SLAP!! It hits the bodacious bartender's abdomen. Precum splatters in his navel. SHIT!! I come in my shorts!

"Fuck! What a hot show!" I yell between bouts of gasping for air. "You made me shoot my fucking load without anyone touching my cock!"

"That is sooooo sexy!" TJ exclaims. "You can still fuck me though, right?"

“You bet! I want to suck your cock, eat out your boi pussy, and then fuck your tight hole until spunk flies from your piss slit.”

“Then take off your clothes and let’s get it on! If you do all that, I’ll make you a star! This one’s for the California porn actor.” He points to a tattooed star on his ass and I can barely make out initials and a date in the intricate design at its center. Talk about notches in your belt. The boi tattoos mementos of his exploits on his ass.

“I want mine to be the biggest and brightest. Red,” I say as I disrobe. Taking charge, I hug the long denied body to mine and press my lips against his. They open and my tongue explores inside his moist mouth. To the accompaniment of loud moans, I tweak both chocolate nipples—hard! The twink’s body convulses and his moans get louder as I continue to pinch his tits. With a convulsion, his cock spews cum between our bodies.

“Now that we’ve both come once, we can take the rest more leisurely,” I say as I cup his bubble butt and hold him tight until his breathing slows down.

Breaking off our kiss, TJ gently pushes me onto the barstool. Then he kneels on the floor in front of me and takes my prick in his hands, stroking it back to full erection. “It’s nice and big,” he says before licking up the remains of my ejaculation from the head of my eight and a half inch shaft. The heat from his tongue causes my dick to spasm and precum oozes out, which he promptly slurps up.

“Yum! Juicy and sweet! I bet you have a couple more big loads for me.” TJ is really digging my dick. I caress his full head of hair and attempt to direct his mouth over my glans. The thought of being sucked off by the object of my desire for so long is a first class turn on. When the boi’s warm mouth covers the top of my shaft and he slowly

allows more and more of my meat to enter his oral cavity, it's not long before I'm too close.

I place my hands in his armpits and raise the cocksucker off his knees for another passionate kiss before lifting him into a seated position on the edge of the stage. I lean over and attack his cock and balls with my tongue. The dried cum on his pole is salty, inspiring me to change tactics and lick the sweat from his armpits. "Oh! That tickles!" the twink says as I move from one pit to the other swiping his nips with my tongue on the way. He throws his head back and his eyes glaze over when I lick down from his pit, over a tit, into his navel and, finally, back to his nut sac. His moans increase in volume as I suck both boi balls into my mouth.

"Let's move to a couch so we can sixty-nine," the Latino suggests, coming out of his stupor. He hops off the stage and takes me by the hand as he walks over to the VIP Corner, which holds a full-sized, soft, leather sofa. He lies down with his head at one end and I place my head at the opposite end. Because I'm taller, I have to jut my ass over the edge in order for us to reach each other's dick. Sensing my discomfort, TJ moves to lie flat on the couch so I can move over him, my groin in his face and my mouth on his cock. Showing his amazing skill, the twink deep throats my entire eight inch shaft. I reciprocate and bury my nose in his ball sac his hard cock embedded in my throat. His grunts and voracious sucking tell me he's enjoying my attentions.

I up the ante and, after wetting it with my saliva, I jab a finger into his ass pucker. He yelps as best he can with his mouth and throat filled with hard cock. I continue diddling his hole with one then two fingers as we maintain our avid and energetic mutual cocksucking. Our sweaty bodies make the leather couch slippery and we fight to keep

from tumbling to the floor. Neither of us wants to stop the enthusiastic action and soon I see his ball sac tighten drawing his balls up against his cock root. I commence a swallowing-like move that has sent other sex partners into orgasmic bliss. It does the same to my sexy bartender and my mouth is filled with his hot, salty and slightly spicy boi cream.

His moans and groans are muffled by my dick, but the vibrations in his throat get my balls rumbling. As he finishes spurting and tries to regain his breathing, I show no mercy and batter his mouth and throat with my rigid pipe. I'm out of control and my need to bust a nut has taken over. I spit out his deflating dick and yell obscenities. "Fuck! Damn! Holy crap! Shit! Take my man juice! Swallow it you cum slut! Yes! Yes! Yessssss!" I collapse on his prostrate body as my body trembles from the force of my second orgasm in an hour.

There are no shower facilities in the bar so I suggest we go to my place to clean up. "Then I'll fuck your ass like it's never been fucked before!" At my place we delay the shower and get down to the fucking right away. We strip again and I bend him over an arm chair in order to rim his starfish shaped pucker. The thought that he knows its shape and selected stars to reflect that knowledge strikes me as erotic, and I slurp his boi cunt with even more vigor. Once his hole is ready, I put on a condom, lube it and his ass, and then press my hard rod against the resistant sphincter. In an inspiration, I lean on his back and reach around to pinch a tit. "Oh!" TJ squeals and his sphincter relaxes allowing my hard, fat cock to begin the trip into his rectum.

We fuck in several positions on the chair and on the floor. The boi particularly likes to sit on my pole and ride it like a cowboy. His talented ass muscles squeeze my

cock as he bounces up and down, his hard cock flopping around and smacking his abdomen. "I'm close!" I yell as I try to hump even more of my meat into his ass. "Fuck! I'm almost there. I'm gonna fill you scurvy ass with my jism!" As I holler about my impending orgasm, TJ grabs his cock and vehemently thrashes it until he too is on the verge.

"Yeah! Come with me boi! Shoot your load on my chest. Let it go so I can feel it in your ass."

"Fuck! Here it comes! Oh yes!" TJ howls and long ropes of white jism blast from his piss slit. His ass muscles go into overdrive and I can hold back no longer. "Ungh!" I grunt as I fill the condom reservoir with my seed.

"Fucking hot!" we both yell in unison as our cocks pump out load after load of cum.

TJ stays the night and we have a rematch in the late morning. A week later, I spot a new tattoo over the back of his exposed boxers—a large, bright red star!

## **Mall Delivery**

Stories about mall sex usually involve shoppers cruising each other and ending up in a mall restroom having a quickie; or being picked up by aggressive, sexy clerks and sucking or fucking in the dressing room. This story is not like that. In fact, on the job I never see the mall corridors with their restroom or show rooms with their dressing rooms. I deliver packages to the shops and am told to come around back to the delivery doors. In some cases, when the store is very large, I deal with stockroom help and not the sales staff. In large, trendy stores, the stockroom staff is too old or too unattractive to put out front. There are some exceptions though!

Just last week I was making a delivery to a Miami store that specializes in trendy board shorts, baggy cargo shorts, and expensive t-shirts for young men, mostly gay club goers. They also carry tight pants and tank tops for their female clientele, as well as swim wear for both sexes to display their bodies on South Beach. When I rang the delivery bell, the door was opened by a gangly teen, five foot ten inches tall, one hundred and thirty five pounds, with a pierced eyebrow and lip. Other than the piercings and the purple hair, he looked quite normal, attractive in fact. After bringing in the few boxes I had I asked Kyle—that was the name on his ID badge—why he was on delivery door duty and not out front in sales since the pay, with commissions, would be much better out front.

"The old fart of a boss put me back here because of the purple hair. It was too 'retro' for their image. They go for hip preppie not punk, I've got to stay here until I ditch the purple Mohawk".

"Bummer!" I replied not knowing what else to say.

"Damn right, it's a bummer. Out front I could get a hot blow job from a cute customer once in a while. Back here, all I have is my right hand and I have to watch out for the boss. He just went to lunch and I was about to bust a nut until you rang the bell". Glancing down at the front of his dress pants I saw the unmistakable outline of a long dick.

"What department do you usually work in?" I ask trying to determine if the "cute customer" was male or female, since the store carries clothing for both.

Kyle looked at me quizzically. The he noticed I was staring at his crotch with its barely concealed contents; a light bulb went on in his head. He had figured out why I wanted to know and was weighing his next move. By his response I knew he had made up his mind.

"Young men's. Why?"

"Well, then the cute customers that give you blow jobs are teen-aged boys. Would you like one from a twenty-something delivery man?"

Kyle looked me up and down before unzipping his fly and hauling out a phenomenal piece of meat. Soft, it was over six inches long and as fat as a plantain. The plum-sized knob was pierced with a ring and chain going from the ring back into his pants. Reaching into his baggy dress slacks again, he pulled out two egg-sized balls and the chain could be seen going under his scrotum to another ring between his cock and his ass hole.

"Blow me!" he growled. "But don't get your teeth caught in the jewelry."

I fell to the floor and lapped at the head of his monstrous cock. I was rewarded with a steady flow of his slippery natural lubricant. As I did, his monster rod slowly filled

out until it was almost ten inches long and so thick I couldn't wrap my hands around it. At that point, the chain was stretched tautly between the two rings causing his ball sac to be bisected, with a large ball on either side of the chain.

"I'm going to have to get a longer chain," Kyle said. "Each time I get a good blow job, my cock seems to get even bigger and the chain tighter against my balls. Now, suck it good!"

I licked his balls then up and down his shaft until I worked up the courage to attempt to suck it into my mouth. Stretching wide, I covered the knob with my lips and slathered my tongue across the tender tip—paying special attention to his piss slit and the Prince Albert. Getting the knob good and wet, I was able to get almost half of Kyle's fuck pole in my mouth before I gagged.

"That's deep enough. Hold your head still and play with my balls while I fuck your mouth."

"Shit!" I thought. "This guy has a high opinion of himself." But I did as he said, gently rolling his nuts in the palm of my hand and occasionally tugging on the chain between them. Each tug resulted in his cock twitching in my mouth and a spurt of precum which I could taste on my tongue. He held the back of my head, pulled his muscular butt back and his cock almost out of my mouth then punched it back in a little deeper than it was. He kept this up at a slow pace until two-thirds of his cock was hitting the back of my mouth. I could feel the Prince Albert rubbing my throat before the shaft slipped into my gullet. I tugged on his tightly constrained balls as he picked up speed pistoning into my mouth and throat. Soon I felt his ball sac tighten up even more



and knew the end was near. Sure enough, in less than a minute he pulled his monster dong out of my mouth completely and covered my face and hair with his boy cream.

"Whew! I needed that!" He said as he wiped his cock on my t-shirt. "I want to fuck your ass now! I always want a nice slow fuck after a good blow job. Out front that's not possible; but back here I'm going for it!" The punk lifted me off my knees and pulled down my shorts and boxers. "Nice cock," Kyle observed as my hard eight inches came into view. Then he turned me around and pushed my torso over a stack of boxes.

He had a condom and some lube stashed nearby and used the latter to prepare my ass for his huge cock. "I don't have a lot of time to get you good and loose." He jabbed two lube-covered fingers up my ass. "This will have to do. Bite down on your hand so you don't alert the mall cops." He pressed his mushroom-shaped cockhead against my ass lips then drove it through. Red hot pain emanated from my ass hole to my brain and I had to bite down or scream bloody murder. Kyle was taking no chances on being interrupted before he was done. He pounded my rectum mercilessly, thrusting in and out with the fury of a South Florida tropical storm. The cock piercing and the chain chafed my already torn up rectum.

My cock, which had shriveled up from the initial pain of his anal onslaught, was hard as marble and slick with precum. I stroked it with the same intensity as the punk fucked my ass. Before I was even close, the twink unloaded volley after volley of his spunk into the condom. After he finished shooting, he pulled out, took the condom off, turned my face towards him and dumped the contents onto my mouth. I gagged on the volume of warm cum he had produced. Again he wiped his cock on my t-shirt. Thanks," he said, and then he smirked and walked away leaving me horny and covered

with his jism. I found a small bathroom in the storeroom, cleaned up and jerked off before I returned to my truck for the next delivery—at Surfer Boyz in the north wing of the mall.

## Beach Equipment

On South Florida Beaches lifeguards are gods, always handsome hunks with chiseled and hairless torsos and radiant tans. The chumps who rent beach chairs and umbrellas, on the other hand, are almost invisible. The other day I was walking along the edge of the water checking out the near naked bodies and passed two lifeguards, one on his high chair and the other standing below him chatting. Once I regained my eyesight after being dazzled by the pair, I took a good look at 'Joe' of Joe's Beach Rentals. I liked what I saw. Obviously Italian, Joe had an olive complexion with curly black hair, although his massive chest was waxed and he had only sparse hair in his armpits. His five feet six inch frame carried one hundred and forty pounds of lean weight, almost no body fat. I guessed he was eighteen based on his well developed, compact body. Shorter and lighter than me or the lifeguards he had intriguing nut-colored nipples, an outgoing personality, and a hardon inducing smile.

Even though I usually use an old beach blanket, I found myself renting a chair and umbrella. Since I was loaded down with the usual faggot's necessities for an afternoon on the beach (including the redundant blanket), Joe offered to bring the equipment to me so I wouldn't have to make two trips. I accepted his offer and gave him a healthy tip for his services.

"My pleasure! Thanks, sir."

"It's Larry, not sir, please Joe."

"Let me tell you a secret," Joe whispered. "I'm really Tony. It's part of the job that all of the attendants are called Joe." Tony strode off back to his concession cabana.

I returned to the beach twice more since that encounter and both times Tony was on duty. When he'd bring the equipment to me I'd tip him and say "Thank you Joe" loudly then whisper "You too Tony." That always brought one of his killer smiles to life.

The third time it was very breezy and I had trouble setting up the umbrella. Tony came over and offered to help plant the lower half of the umbrella shaft into the sand. "I'm really good at pounding stakes in, he quipped with an unusually crooked smile—more accurately a smirk.

Having the hots for him, I took encouragement from his comment. "That's a pretty big stake. Do you always pound such big ones?" I smiled back at him in my best dirty old man of twenty-five leer.

Tony looked directly at my crotch; my equipment was barely contained in my Speedos. "I only go for big stakes."

His piercing stare and obvious come on were affecting my dick, causing it to fill out and fight the constraints of my swim suit. All I could do was stand there as Tony picked up his mallet and pounded the stake into the sand. In spite of the breeze, he was sweating in no time as he set the stake then lifted the top section of the umbrella into place. "Help me put it in the hole," Tony said as he fought the breeze. I supported the umbrella's bulk while the bantam-weight stud guided it onto the stake. Since I was hugging the umbrella to my chest, it was easy for Tony to cop a feel of my crotch without being seen by anyone else on the beach. I couldn't move away without letting go of the umbrella and calling attention to us, not that I wanted him to stop.

Tony massaged my cock until it was fully erect with the head poking out of the top of my suit. He got down on his knees in the sand, ostensibly to direct the top onto

the stake, but really to get a close-up view of my hard dick. He puffed a stream of hot breath over my cock head and I thought my legs would collapse and I'd fall down. I didn't. Tony moved closer to my partially exposed shaft hidden in the fold of the umbrella. The cute teen swabbed my uncut cock a few times with his tongue before rising up from the sand. "It's ready now. Let's open it up.'

"I can't. The whole beach will see my dick sticking out of my bathing suit."

Tony chuckled. "We can't have that can we? That's mine to see. Move back a little then squat down under the umbrella as if you were adjusting something other than your big cock while I open it.

I did as Tony suggested. As he opened the umbrella, his groin was virtually in my face. I could tell that he was also erect as the front of his baggy shorts was jutting out from his crotch a good eight inches. (Is there a bad eight inches?) He was able to use my head and the umbrella stake to conceal his condition. He hid his arousal even more when he bent over to adjust my chair. While he was still leaning over I handed him a tip. "It's your other tip I want. What are you doing after the beach closes?"

I've always liked the direct approach, but that direct really caught me off guard, especially from someone so young and, I surmised, so inexperienced. Before I could answer, Tony continued. "Bring back your rentals after everyone else has left. I'm allowed to stay on the beach for a couple of hours past closing to store the equipment and get the books in order. The cabana is very comfortable and I'm sure we can think of something to do." Once again he strode off before I could reply.

The next few hours were the hardest, in all meanings of the word. I waded into the tepid water a few times to get a little exercise and keep my dick under control. I was

so caught up in the idea of getting it on with Tony that the lifeguards could have stripped naked and I wouldn't have noticed—much!

Finally, everyone with rented equipment had returned it and left. A few stragglers were being chased off by the lifeguards as I carried my stuff to Tony's cabana. By the time I finished bringing my personal belongs to the cabana and checking out my equipment, the lifeguards were leaving. "Be sure to lock up when you're done," one of them called out to Tony. "And make sure the tall dude leaves the beach," the other one hollered, referring to me. They left, punching each other's shoulders and doing other macho things. In my mind they went to one of their apartments and fucked each other's brains out—I have a warped imagination.

Once all of the equipment was secured, Tony took my hand and led me over to the ocean side of the cabana, which had a raised flap to provide shade for Tony's work counter. I helped him move the podium into the tent, then lower and tie down the flap, creating a private, dimly lit space with high screened openings for air circulation keeping it comfortable.

"How do you like my stake?" Tony asked as he dropped his baggy shorts to the canvas floor, revealing a lovely uncut cock anchored in black curls with two golf ball sized testicles hanging low in an olive ball sac sprouting more black pubic hairs.

Without replying, I pulled him to me by his muscular biceps and locked my mouth on his luscious lips. Since I'm so much taller at six feet one inch, I had to bend down quite a bit to kiss the Italian stud. I used the leverage of my height to force my tongue into his mouth and down his throat until I was tickling his tonsils—if he still had any. I moved my hands to his buttocks, which felt like two firm cantaloupes, and mashed him

tighter against me. His cock rose between my thighs as we kissed. I could feel the heat, and the slipperiness of his precum as his stake grew until the tip was resting in the space between my balls and my asshole.

“Get that suit off. I want to see all of your cock, not only the tip.” Tony was trying to tug my Speedo off but it was caught on my hard dick. I straightened up and stepped back so he could lower the front of the suit below my balls, over my thighs and off my feet, one at a time as my cock and balls flopped against his face leaving trails of precum on his forehead and cheeks. When he stands back up, I lean over and lick the slime from his face before we kiss again. After a couple of minutes, Tony pulls away from my mouth and attacks my nipples with his tongue and teeth. First one then the other gets the full treatment—sucked, lapped, nibbled and tweaked as he brings his hands up to my chest.

I again grasp his buttocks to pull him closer placing his hard cock between my thighs and trap it there. I rock his buttocks back and forth until he catches on and starts using his own natural lube to fuck between my legs. Still tormenting my tits with his mouth, Tony grabs my thighs, muscular due to my love of swimming, bicycling and running. “Shit! They’re like granite,” Tony observes between nipple bites. He holds on tight and fucks my thighs in earnest. His unending supply of precum provides more than adequate lubrication. I clench my leg muscles even tighter and feel the Italian’s cock twitch from the additional friction. As his breathing becomes labored, I can feel Tony’s shaft getting hotter and harder. I reach behind my ass and feel at least an inch of his erection protruding through my thighs. Using my fingers, I spread his precum all over the dick head. The speed of his fucking and the hardness of his cock increase.

Abruptly, Tony stops thrusting and leans his heaving chest into my body. His body shudders as gobs of teen cream blast against my hand. After the blasts subside, I hug the still trembling stud, rubbing his own jism over his back until his breathing returns to normal.

“Shit! Fuck! Damn hot! That was fantastic. I’ve never come between someone’s legs before. I could feel your stake from my belly button to my nipples as you held me while I came. I want to feast on that man steak. Sit on the chair and let me at it!” Tony pointed to a sixties-style bean bag chair.

I sat on the chair with my legs splayed out in front of it. The cute dude practically threw himself between my legs and gnawed on my gonads, while stroking my cock with both hands. With all of that attention, I quickly exceeded my usual nine inches and was well on my way to ten inches of hard fat salami. My usually long overhang of loose skin barely covered my piss slit until Tony pulled the sheath down. My pee hole was finally feeling the ocean breeze before he slid it back up and stretched it over the head. As he kept playing with my foreskin I got so hot it eventually stuck below the crown of my dick, leaving my shinny knob exposed. Tony relinquished my balls from his mouth and licked circles around the knob, lapping up any drops of precum that appeared in response to his warm tongue. I was in heaven seated on the absurd turquoise bean bag with the Italian teen dancing his tongue all over my sensitive cock head.

My precum started flowing as opposed to simply dripping. Tony gobbled up the nectar then covered the head with his mouth. He clutched the shaft with his hands so I couldn’t shove my entire length down his throat try as hard as I might, not to hurt the teen but in the throes of uncontrollable passion. The heat in his mouth was hotter than



any hole I'd ever been in previously. He was able to get four inches in his mouth in spite of my wide circumference and moved his head up and down in time with his hands so that the entire pole was stimulated.

My shaft expanded a little more signaling an imminent orgasm. He removed one of his hands and grabbed my balls, which had tightened up against the base of my cock. While holding tightly to my balls, he slithered his index finger to my sphincter and, using the lube I had spit out all over my crotch, jammed it up my tight hole. That did it! With the top four inches of my cock buried in Tony's mouth, the rest of my rod being jerked off, my balls squeezed and a finger up my ass, I came and came and came. Damn if I didn't shoot like an eighteen year old once again.

"Was that good for you?" He asked with a touch of uncertainty in his voice as I tried to breathe like a human being.

"Yeh, yeh, yes!" I managed to sputter. "Fan-fucking-tastic, and then some. Where did you ever learn those techniques?"

"I have lots of time to read between customers." He shown me a box full of gay porn, mostly masturbation fantasies you can hold in one hand. "I jerk off two or three times a day, but not today. I was planning to get you alone and didn't want to be unable to perform adequately."

"Your performance was superb. Certainly you didn't perfect your moves simply from reading?"

"Yeah, I'm a virgin otherwise," he mumbled embarrassed to reveal such a shortcoming.

“Holy shit! Cute, young, sexy and a virgin! I’ve died and gone to heaven!” I exclaimed in my campiest drag queen impersonation.

Tony blushed from his toes to his Roman nose. “Will you help me?” He asked as if virginity were a disability.

“With pleasure, bring that luscious cock over here and we’ll start lesson number one—how to appreciate a good cock sucker.” By the alacrity with which the teen stood and stepped towards me, sticking his hard dick in my face, you’d have thought I was giving away a million dollars as opposed to a one in a million cock sucking. I deep throated his steely eight inches of Italian dick then let the muscles in my throat ripple up and down the shaft. I had him up on his toes trying to ram ever more inches down my throat. I played with his balls, finger fucked his hole, and tweaked his nutty colored tits.

“Oh! Oh! Shit! Fuck!” Tony yelled as I worked his body over. “Fuck! I’m coming! Ungh! Ungh!” He filled my mouth to overflowing with his salty sauce. I even detected some garlic in his juices. I let him down on the bean bag when he finished shooting and brought my mouth to his. We exchanged the salty, garlicky concoction from mouth to mouth until it was consumed. Then we headed out for a furtive dip in the ocean to cool down and wash off. Afterwards, we dressed, picked up a calzone and headed to my condo, a short walk away on the shore.

At my place I opened a bottle of Chianti and we sat on the balcony overlooking the ocean and ate the calzone. “Drink up and let’s fuck!” Tony reached over and groped my crotch as he drained his glass of wine.

“I got off last so you should fuck my ass first. Where’s the bedroom?” The balcony was small and held only the table and two chairs so fucking there was out of

the question. Besides, if he got too loud he might scare the older snowbirds on the floor below.

“Follow me.” I led the way into the bedroom and pulled down the covers. We hurriedly undressed. Tony’s cock was half hard before his shorts were off again. I had earlier changed to loose short and they came off with ease. “Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. My cock is bigger than average....”

“I know. I really want you to fuck me with that massive dong!”

You need to be properly prepared. Enthusiasm will get you far but when this staff is banging on your back door you’ll be glad I loosened you up first. I’ll suck your cock a bit while fingering your hole. After I get three fingers up your shitter, you’ll be begging me to fuck you into a state of Nirvana and your cherry will be a fond memory.”

“Fuck, you talk like a faggoty English teacher, a dirty-minded one at that.” He chuckled as he fell onto the bed on his back. I lay down next to him.

“Well, my little chickadee, I teach English at the local Community College and find that it turns my students on when I mix in a few formal vulgarities—unfortunately it turns the female students on more than the male ones so I have to resort to beach bums.”

“I guess I have to shut you up with this.” He turned, got up on his knees and pressed his steely rod against my pursed lips. I opened my mouth and Tony pushed his meat deeper and deeper into my throat until my lips were tickled by his black curlies.

“Shit! Hot damn! You took the whole thing down your throat in a single drive. Don’t try to answer, suck!” I did, using my tongue to apply pressure on his shaft at various angles and sometimes humming to vibrate his dick. I felt his thighs tremble so I

held on to his buttocks, letting a couple fingers roam over his puckered ass lips. I used the precum mixed with saliva dripping from my chin to lubricate my fingers and his hole until the tips of two fingers were inside.

“Umpf!” Tony moaned as the fingers slipped in. “That hurts a little, but don’t stop!”

I didn’t...couldn’t...wouldn’t stop and soon he was leaning back against my hands as the two digits probed his rectum. “I know it’s just fingers, but it sure feels bigger. What will that tree trunk between your legs feel like?”

“Heaven-and hell! It will hurt for a little bit but then you’ll be convinced you’re in paradise and never want it taken out.”

“That’s fine for you to say. It’s my virgin ass being offered up for your pleasure. Suck harder before I change my mind.” I obeyed, using my throat muscles to milk his cock. When I felt him relaxing into the sensuousness of the circumstances, I shoved the two fingers deeper into his hole. His body tensed up but he didn’t protest the intrusion. I see-sawed both fingers in his ass, spreading them to stretch his ass lips wide. In no time, both fingers were deeply embedded in his rectum so I added another one. Three fingers drew a reaction from Tony. He exhaled loudly, pushed back and eventually sucked the third finger all the way into his hole.

“Don’t break my fingers off,” I jokingly complained.

“Fuck you! Get those fingers out and put your massive dick up my ass. It’s now or never! Hurry before I think about what’s going to happen to my butt.”

I pulled my fingers out. “Lie down and scoot your ass to the edge of the bed,” I directed Tony. “Lift your legs up and bend your knees back so I have a clear shot at

your virgin man pussy. The teen got into position and I half squatted beside the bed, placed my hands on the backs of his thighs to keep them up high, and then dipped my head into the source of his funky musk—his soon to be fucked ass hole.

As I licked around his red rosebud, Tony thrashed on the bed shouting obscenities of all sorts. Most were along the lines of “Fucking A! Lick that boy cunt! Stick your fucking tongue in my ass! Get my hole hot and wet!” He really had absorbed the language of those fuck magazines. Fortunately, the condo was well constructed so the neighbors weren’t getting an earful, though Tony was about to get an ass full.

“Fuck me! Fuck me now! I need my ass fucked by your big dick!” The stud was practically sobbing from the frustration of a fuck delayed. He wanted to discover his manhood.

I put on a condom, applied lube to my throbbing shaft and his tender orifice then started the deflowering process. I planned to go slow to minimize the inevitable pain as his sphincter was stretched close to the tearing point. Tony had other ideas.

“Fuck me! I need it now!” The youngster reached out, grabbed my buttocks and pulled them towards him. My cock head penetrated his ass lips and at least six inches of hard fuck pole was buried in his rectum.

“Holy shit! Fuck that hurts!” Tony yelped, pushing his palms against my abdomen to make me stop my descent into his abyss.

I pulled back intending to remove my massive meat from his tight hole. The sexy dude grabbed my buttocks again. “No you don’t!” he snapped. “I’ve taken this much and I want it all!” He pulled my ass forward and forced a couple more inches of my rigid

dick into his intestines. Between pants for air, Tony babbled something about my not having a human's cock-more like a stallion's.

"More! More you fucking animal!" Tony shouted as he kept tugging my ass towards him. "I've got to have it all! My ass is on fire and only you can extinguish it! More! MORE!" Another yank on my butt and my pubic hairs scratched his ass lips. "Aaaahhh!" he sighed. "I did it! I took it all! Now fuck me!"

For the next twenty minutes I fucked like the stallion he said I was. I got on the bed to hold his legs even higher, in order to pound his prostate from a different angle. Then I flipped him over and fucked the equipment attendant doggie style. To a cacophony of ass-felt vulgarities worth of a drunken sailor and moans of heart-felt pleasure from two sex crazed guys, I delivered the best fuck ever in my ten years of fucking. I combined deep thrusts, where I left my cock bottomed out and jabbed at his innards, with rapid-fire punches of varying lengths of cock pulled part way out and rammed back in.

I repositioned Tony again, on his side with his legs clasped to his chest so his ass was especially vulnerable and jack hammered my steely stake in and out of his still tight hole. Then I raised one leg in the air with the other stretched out along the bed and fucked him hard and fast as I held his upraised leg tightly to my chest for maximum cock penetration. For the finale, I flipped him onto his back, raised his legs over his head so his ass pointed to the ceiling and his hard eight inches of teen dick was aimed at his face. I stood behind the stud, rammed my cock back into his hole then leaned over him, forcing my cock deeper into his ass than it had previously gone and folding him over so his cock brushed against his lips. I assailed his rectum with the fury of a

madman, pounding, pummeling and otherwise ravaging his hole until he shot his creamy white sauce all over his face. As I raced to the finish line, the orgasmic contractions in his ass and the sexy way he licked cum off his lips finished me off. I pulled out quickly, tore the condom off and covered his butt and face with my man seed before collapsing across his upturned ass, my cock still dripping cum.

“Fuck! You almost drowned me!” Tony giggled as he gathered up the new juices on his face and licked them off his hand.

“Shit! You drained me of half the semen I’ll ever make, you little shit.” I slapped him playfully on his hairless buns.

“I ain’t no shit!” Tony said with a mock pout. “I’m just a horny ex-virgin who likes cock and ass. I also like to be kissed.”

I lay down next to the cute teen, took him into my arms, cum and all, and kissed him like there was no tomorrow. Before I was through, the little bastard’s cock was harder than previously and his hands were exploring my anal crevice. “What exactly do you think you’re doing?” I asked, referring to his wandering hands and the finger inserted in my sphincter.

“Just testing the waters. I wanted to see if your ass was as hot as your mouth to decide which I would use next.’

“Haven’t you had enough yet?” I asked in my best attempt at exasperation.

“Not really, and I know you want more. Your cock hasn’t gone below half mast and it’s getting harder as I jab my finger up your ass canal.”

“Slut! Whore! Pig!”

Tony laughed at my name calling and slapped my buttocks. "Get up on all fours. I want your ass and I'm going to get it now." Another slap, harder than the first. I moved into position.

The brat licked up and down my ass crack and probed my sphincter with his tongue, and then finger fucked it. Soon my cock was rock hard and I was ready to be majestically screwed by the adorable teen. "I have an itch up my ass. Do you think your cock can scratch it?"

"I can scratch an itch in your belly I'm so turned on." He rubbered up and liberally applied lube to his dick and my ass. He straddled my hips, pushed my shoulders onto the mattress and shoved all eight inches in until his black curls were tickling my punctured butthole.

"Ye-haw! I'm going to ride this ass until the sun comes up!"

"Cut the cowboy crap and show me your grit."

Tony drew his shaft back until the rim was caught on my ass lips. He drove it back in—a little deeper than the initial distance. In, out, in, out, Tony long dicked my hungry ass hole. After a while, he pulled completely out and slapped my ass. "Get on your fucking back and lift those legs high. Your man cunt is going to be thoroughly fucked by this teenage piece of meat." Once I moved as ordered, the teen fucked me hard and fast; long dicking alternating with short jabs. At one point he placed my legs on his shoulders, then, with his hands behind my knees, pushed my legs over my head so that my toes were on the bed and he could lean forward and nibble my tits. The pleasure/pain I felt emanated from my nipples to my balls and I erupted, shooting cum onto Tony's face as well as my own.



I used my ability to flex my ass muscles to heighten the impact of my orgasmic spasms on the stud's cock and drove him over the brink. I felt load after load of his warm juices filling the condom embedded in my ass. When the teen finished coming, he pulled his half-hard dick from my ass, lowered my legs back down, and then sprawled out on the bed next to me. We fell asleep in each other's arms only to wake up a couple of hours later glued together with dried sweat and cum. After a shower, we used the Jacuzzi feature of my master bath. Tony complained of a sore ass. I told him to let one of the water jets sooth it. As we enjoyed the hot water, we talked about the fucking. Both agreed it was good but I expressed my concerns about our age differential. "Besides, you need to have a broad range of experiences before settling down," I tell the youngster. "Let's stay in touch though."

"Can't I come over and get fucked or fuck you?"

"Of course you can; but not as part of an exclusive commitment"

For a while that decision was difficult to enforce. He was always horny and so enticing it was difficult to keep any emotional distance between us. I constantly encouraged him to try the clubs where the twinkies go.

Finally he fell in lust with someone his own age and I didn't see him for a couple of weeks. Yesterday he called to apologize for being out of touch and told me about Ed. "No need to apologize. Are you two getting serious?"

"Yes and no, he wants to but I remember what you said about collecting a wide range of experiences and want to keep it to fuck buddies."

"I'm here if I can help."

"You can-I want to bring him over and have a three way."

“That can be dangerous. One of you might get jealous. He might freak out. Who knows what could result.”

“I’m willing to take the chance. Sex with Ed is a little too tame after sex with you and I think a threesome would help.” The two are scheduled to come over tonight.

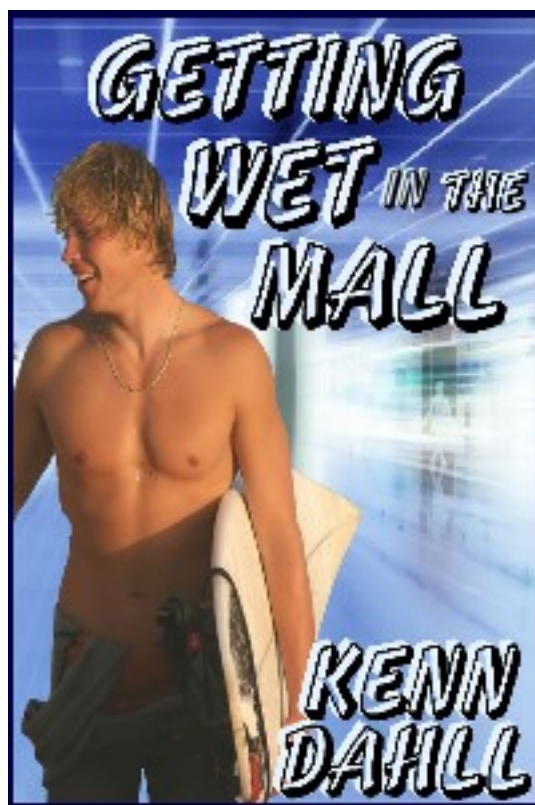
*The End*

## ***ABOUT KENN DAHLL***

**Kenn is a sixty-something man living in the gay ghetto called Wilton Manors, Florida. More than twenty years ago he submitted a short story to a magazine contest and won a year's subscription. Since then he has written many stories, none of which he submitted for publication until recently. He is thrilled to be published in two Alyson Books anthologies: *Island Boys* published August 2008 and *Best Gay Love Stories 2009*, publication date not yet determined. Generally, he says he sees a hot man and constructs a fantasy story around him.**

**Sometime, a situation inspires him and a story will take shape in his mind, which is then populated from his imagination. As a bureaucrat in local government, Kenn claims to find few outlets outside of fiction for his innate creativity and is pleased others are interested in reading what he writes.**

**If you enjoyed SUBTROPICS, you might also enjoy:**



### GETTING WET IN THE MALL

*by Kenn Dahll*

**A young gay businessman attending a meeting in a hotel attached to a mall meets surfer dude, JJ, at an indoor wave. JJ hustles our hero for a few bucks to ride the wave then wrangles a free lunch for himself and his friend, Antonio. After a shopping spree turns into a massive cock tease, the trio goes to an hotel room for some uninhibited sex, but the escapade takes an unexpected turn...**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal sex, double penetration, bondage and spanking.*

Excerpt From GETTING WET IN THE MALL:

"Mmmfph!" JJ mumbled his mouth full of man cock. I pulled out to let him catch a breath then rammed even more of my cock down his throat. I was hot and frustrated that I wasn't allowed to stroke my own cock. I wanted to get off and didn't care if JJ was uncomfortable. Antonio and I fucked JJ from both ends fast and furiously. It was like we hadn't gotten off for days when we had recently come-Antonio twice. Antonio

leaned forward and pulled my face to his for some wet, sloppy kissing. The teen's breath smelled of cloves and cinnamon. I'm sure mine was pretty funky from rimming both asses.

"Ummmm, ummmm," Antonio hummed as he pounded his friend's ass. "Ummm, ummm, aaaaah!" and I knew he was coming.

"Do it," he murmured and I filled JJ's mouth and throat with my man seed.

Sated, Antonio and I sat on the bed on either side of the trussed up JJ. We tweaked his nipples, tugged on his balls, squeezed them a bit, shoved fingers up his ass, and slowly, slowly, slipped his fore skin on and off his cock head. "Please, please, please make me come!" he begged as he thrashed about in an agony of pleasure deferred.

"Ooh, ow, shit" he squealed as he reacted to the pinching, tugging, squeezing and finger fucking. His cock was flowing with precum which lubricated the foreskin, further reducing the friction of our slipping and sliding. Before long, the teen flushed bright red across his chest and was panting for air. Antonio gave the teen's nuts a hard squeeze and we watched as ropes of teen jism flew from JJ's piss slit all over the white twink's face and hair, as well as onto the headboard.

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