

**BACKDOOR  
FRIENDS:**  
*The Complete Collection*

Erotic Stories for Gay Men

by  
**Drake Reynolds**



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**Backdoor Friends: The Complete Collection**  
**Gay Erotica**

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**WE'RE BOTH ADULTS**

I noticed David the first week of work. I had to pass his office every day to get to my desk. He was never in on time. He had a long commute from his house in the boonies of Los Angeles complete with a wife and three kids. He'd been with the company for 15 plus years, well respected, liked by all and behind wire-rim glasses devilishly handsome. Everything was picture perfect.

I have never had a thing for married guys but David was a beautiful man. He'd come in around 9:20am, dressed immaculately with a raincoat draped over one arm and his hand gripping a briefcase in the other. A model businessman if there ever was one—a full head of salt-and-pepper hair, piercing blue eyes and a wonderfully deep voice. On casual Fridays you could see his hairy arms and a chest bursting with hair peeking from underneath his sport shirt.

So every morning I kept an eye out for his presence coming down the hall to open up his office. The sight of him definitely made my mornings. He was a definite "family man." He brought his daughter to "bring your daughter to work" day. His wife was the ideal housewife. During the summer he'd head out a little early some days dressed up in a soccer referee uniform. Beautiful legs, of course. His wife's lucky, I thought.

So I kept my little crush to myself. Work was busy. I was only on the job a few weeks and wanted to make a good impression with management. Phones, faxes, filing. Such is the life a personal assistant. I work in an established advertising firm so I was working on some great campaigns. That's my love—commercials. David

worked in the legal department. He made sure the contracts were perfect.

There isn't a shortage of gay people in the creative world and our agency was no exception. David was always friendly with me. I always thought he was "cool" that way. One night we were all working late and eventually David and I were the only ones left. My boss had me working on a report that required a lot of organizing before a pitch meeting the next morning. David liked to stay late to beat the traffic. I'd hear him calling his wife. He was so handsome he made me nervous.

I was in the windowless copy room that always smelled like toner fumes. As usual, I was having problems as usual with paper jams. "Damn old copier," I mumbled under my breath. I was pulling one tricky sheet from area #3 when I heard the copy room door open and footsteps approach behind me. My head was in the innards of the copy machine, and I figured it might have been the janitor. I look up and I see the fluorescent lights and a figure's silhouette. It's David.

"How's it going?" he asked with a little chuckle.

I was on the floor on my hands and knees with toner all over my hands. "Oh, okay. Just making copies."

"So do you like it so far? You've been here about a month now."

I was surprised he noticed. "The work's fine," I said.

"This place is tough. You're a bright guy. Don't get burned out. Balance is key. We're two adults here."

He reached out and put his hand on my shoulder and patted it and left it there for what seemed like an eternity. "I'm leaving in

two weeks. I gave notice. I found a better job with a bigger title. I'll miss getting to know you better."

"Yeah, me too," I said. His hand was still on my shoulder.

"We're two adults here," he repeated the words, his eyes one me.

I just stared back at him while my mind was grasping the meaning of his words. His eyes were so blue. I lay my head on his hand on my shoulder and felt the soft hair on his strong, thick fingers. "You're beautiful, David."

"Let's go to my office," he said, gently but firmly.

We went into his office and he shut the door. He turned off the overhead light so only the pool of light from the desk lamp shone on the piles of contracts on his desk. He shut the blinds.

He sat on the desk and motioned me over. "You're beautiful, too." And he gently pulled me towards him. And we kissed. Slowly, deliberately, passionately. I always prided myself on my kissing. I could feel the stubble on his chin and upper lip. I slipped my tongue into his mouth and met his own. I put my arms around his back and gently massaged him. We were very quiet, lest the cleaning crew would hear us. I could feel him getting hard under his slacks.

I loosened his tie. He took it off and started to unbutton his shirt. I rubbed my fingers over his hairy chest and stomach. He was truly a man. I licked his neck and kissed every inch of his torso, rubbing my face in his chest hair. He moaned with pleasure.

"Oh, God," he said.

I unbuckled his belt and undid his pants, rubbing his crotch. His wife was really, really lucky. He was hard as a rock and a nice,

thick seven inches. I rubbed the pre-cum over his dickhead. I've always thought that married men could never know what a really good blowjob felt like. I wanted David to know.

I took his dick in my hand and gently caressed it and kissed him. I went down on my knees and licked the underside of his dick playing with his nice balls. Then when it looked like he couldn't take any more I swallowed him whole. I heard him gasp. He had a beautiful dick. I loved sucking him. I kissed the head and licked his piss-slit. Like my kisses, I was slow, deliberate, confident.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna come," he muttered between gasps.

So I took him out my mouth and started licking his inner thighs and played with his balls. I wasn't done with him yet. I stood up again to kiss him. I grabbed his neck and started to massage his tense muscles. Men are always suckers for neck rubs. They carry a lot of stress there and don't realize it. I started to relax and I could feel him loosening up too and leaning his body weight against me, succumbing to my fingers.

"I want you to fuck me, David," I said.

I went back down on my knees and started to suck him again. He was getting even harder than before. We took off all our clothes and lay on the carpeted office floor. He lay on top of me, and we started to kiss again—our two hard dicks rubbing against one another. I took one hand and rubbed his butt crack. He flinched at the sensation of my fingers brushing against his asshole. He couldn't take it anymore and suddenly grabbed my legs and put them over his shoulders.

He had a look of pure sexual desire on his face. At first he couldn't find my hole. "A little higher," I guided him. Then he was right on top of it. "Oh yeah, baby. Fuck me," I pleaded.

He gently entered me and I could see the look of pleasure on his face as he entered my tight, hot hole. "Oh, god," he paused. "That feels so good."

He started pounding me. I could feel the weight of his body and the rough commercial grade carpet against my back. I leaned up to kiss him as he continued to pump inside me. I felt his strong arms balancing and gripping the floor as his pumping became more urgent and forceful. He took a sharp deep breath, made one more fierce push and stopped. I knew what was coming and tensed my butt and I could feel his engorged cock spasm after shot after shot of manseed spilled into me. I kissed him and I realized that I came all over my stomach. We lay there for a minute and he pulled out of me. My butt missed the exquisite hardness.

We caressed each other and kept on kissing. "I've wanted to do that the first time I ever saw you," he confessed.

"Thank you," I said. I told him about the secret crush I've had on him this whole time. He laughed. It was late, so we put our clothes on and parted ways.

We never spoke about it afterwards. Just smiled as usual. He was married. He knew it would never work and I did too. He ended up taking a job that relocated him to New York. On his last day the office threw a big party for him. Someone was taking Polaroids of him for the bulletin board. He yelled, "Take two of me and the new guy," as he grabbed me all of a sudden. He looked at



me and just smiled. He put his hand over my shoulder and gripped it like in the copy room—strong yet gentle.

"I'll miss you," he whispered. He took one photo and stuffed it into his shirt pocket and handed me the other one.

I never saw David again. But I still have the photo at my desk and think of him when I'm in the copy room and an imperceptible impish grin comes to my face.

# RAIL HARD

“Sixteen A, sir, up on the right,” the attendant told me as I boarded the cross country train from Los Angeles to Washington D.C.

“Thank you,” I replied. I took my ticket back and picking my bag up. I headed down the narrow hallway of sleeping cars searching for my accommodations. Normally, I would have simply taken a flight from the West to East Coast, but after everything that had happened I wanted and needed some time to myself where I couldn’t be bothered. I needed to process things.

As I headed down the hallway, I heard a family with a couple of small children behind me settling into one of the family cars. I turned back briefly and caught a glimpse of the young couple. They couldn’t have been more than thirty, and their children still toddlers. The mother smiled as she handed the little boy a toy car, and the father tried to get the young girl settled into her seat. It was the family scene I had always fantasized about for my own self. But, of course, that couldn’t be possible. Could it?

Ready to settle in for some private time, I pulled back the sliding door to one of the small sleepers and pulled back the curtain. I gasped when I saw a man, muscular with close cropped hair the color of midnight, wearing nothing but a tight pair of briefs.

“Hey there,” he said, blushing slightly.

His deep blue eyes widened as his gaze traveled over my body from head to toe.

“I’m so sorry,” I managed to say, before pulling back the curtain and sliding the door shut. I looked up and noticed I had opened the door to Sixteen C.

“No problem,” I heard the guy call back through the door.

“Shit,” I muttered under my breath. I had been on the train for less than a minute, and I had already thoroughly embarrassed myself.

I realized that *my* compartment was just across the hall from Blue Eyes. Great, I thought. I hope I don’t keep running into him over the next few days just to have to relive that awkward moment. Note to self, remember to lock the door to my sleeper.

I walked into my small room and dropped my bag on the floor. The sleeper must have been only six feet long by three feet wide. A couple of chairs, which I assumed pulled together into a bed, were the only furniture. A folding tray, mirror, small sink, and reading light were really the only other room amenities. I pulled the sliding door and curtain and locked the door.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the small mirror and was reminded of the slim defined body I had recently acquired. My pecs, waist, and ass were perfectly proportioned. I admired my new blondish hair, a change from my old mousy brown. The new tones brightened my face, my whole being, it seemed.

I collapsed into one of the chairs and took a deep breath. This was it. I was leaving one life completely behind now and embarking on a whole new chapter.

As the train started heading down the track, I thought about the fact that as each mile of train track passed, I but that much more distance between my present and my past.

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“Dinner reservations!” a booming voice called out startling me and waking me from the light sleep I had slipped into.

I stretched out my arms, and pulled back the curtain.

The train attendant, a kindly looking older man with busy white eyebrows and a slightly lopsided grin, smiled and repeated, “Would you like to make a dinner reservation?”

I unlocked the door and slid it back.

“What times do you have?” I asked.

“Six-thirty or seven?” he offered.

I glanced at my watch and saw it had just turned five-thirty.

“I’ll take seven. Thank you,” I answered. I could use a few more minutes of solidarity before heading to the dining car.

The attendant wrote my reservation on a slip of paper and handed it over to me.

“Seven it is,” he said.

Before heading to the dining car, I changed into a tight light blue knit shirt, the kind of shirt I never could have worn before and gotten away with. I slipped on some jeans and sandals.

I had to brace myself against the wall as I made my way to the dining car. The swaying of the train on the track was something I was still trying to get used to.

When I entered the dining car, a young man wearing a black and white uniform and a friendly smile, greeted me.

“Good evening,” he said. “Reservation?”

“Seven,” I said, handing him my piece of paper from the attendant.

“This way,” the waiter gestured. “Passengers share tables during meals.”

He motioned to a table on the left, and I felt my stomach drop as my eyes met Mr. Blue Eyes who already sat there with a small side salad before him. He smiled and looked like he had to suppress a chuckle.

I reluctantly slid into the opposite side of the booth.

“Something to drink?” the waiter asked.

“Just a water for right now,” I answered.

The waiter headed off, and I forced myself to make eye contact with the gorgeous piece of a man that sat opposite of me. I could feel all of those old feelings of self-doubt and self-consciousness I felt in front of any man that looked this handsome.

“Hello,” I said.

“We meet again,” he said, smiling. “I’m sorry about earlier. I thought I had latched the lock before I started to change.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, suddenly averting my eyes, having trouble maintaining the eye contact. “I was supposed to go to the compartment across from yours.”

“No problem. If I had known I was going to put on a show though, I would have put on some sexier underwear,” he said, smiling.

I felt heat travel up my spine and to my neck. I knew that I was the one blushing now. If he didn’t already think he looked sexy before, I couldn’t imagine what else he’d have in mind.

“Russ,” he said, holding his hand out to be shaken.

“Joe,” I said, shaking his hand which felt strong, rough and masculine.

“Pleasure to meet you, Joe.”

“You, too,” I replied.

“Where you headed?” he asked.

“I’m moving to D.C. Work related,” I responded. Work related amongst other things, I thought to myself. “What about you?”

“Right now I’m going as far as Chicago. I’m a writer. I’ll be doing a little research there for a book I’m working on.”

“A book,” I replied. “How impressive.”

“Not really,” he said, shaking his head.

Did he know that sounding humble made him even sexier?

“What’s the book about?” I asked.

“A novel taking places during the early days of the city,” Russ answered.

Maybe it was just a stereotype, but I didn’t usually expect men this good looking to be the scholarly type. They usually skated by on their looks.

“What do you do?” he asked.

I paused for a moment, pondering how to answer this question.

“Freelance work,” I answered vaguely.

“Freelance,” he repeated, smiling.

The waiter reappeared with pasta for Russ and my water.

“What may I get you for dinner this evening?” the waiter asked.

“Could I just get the garden salad?” I asked, sounding maybe a little too uncertain.

“Certainly,” the waiter said, before taking off.

“Just a garden salad?” Russ said, before taking a bite of his pasta that I had to admit looked pretty tempting with its rich sauce and cheese.

“Have to watch my waistline,” I answered.

His eyes lingered on me for a moment before he said, “Doesn’t look like you need to watch anything.”

I just smiled politely. If he only knew.

“Why the train?” Russ asked. “Planes certainly are much quicker.”

“Wanted to take my time this trip. And you?”

“It helps me to focus and write on a train. There usually aren’t many distractions. *Usually*, I don’t meet handsome men.”

“Well, thank you,” I said, hesitantly, and then blushing all over. *So the guy was family, too?*

“You don’t sound like you’re used to being complimented, and I find that hard to believe.”

*He really was flirting. Should I dare? Should I flirt back?*

“Well, I guess I’m not used to being complimented by such attractive engaging men,” I said back, feeling suddenly confident.

“Just wait,” Russ teased. “The trip’s just begun.”

During dinner, I learned more about Russ and his educational and work background. I had to admit most of the time during dinner I just spent gazing into his amazing eyes. The way he looked at me made me feel like the man I’d always wanted to be and had finally become.

When it came time to end dinner, I found myself growing suddenly shy...and maybe a little fearful. I couldn’t continue this flirting. It was just much too dangerous.

“I better head back to my room and get ready to turn in. It’s been a long day,” I said.

Russ looked genuinely disappointed and said, “Well, I hope we get to talk some more during our trip.”



“Me, too,” I said, averting my eyes, and pushing some strands of hair out of my eyes. “Have a good night.”

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Back in my room, I locked the door and closed the curtain. I sat back in my chair and watched the stars, shining so bright in this part of the desert. Part of me felt thrilled to be flirted with by such a gorgeous, fascinating man. But just how long his interest would last if he knew I’d dropped a hundred pounds in the past year, a hundred pounds I feared I would gain again.

During dinner, I had felt my erect penis straining against my jeans. I wanted to know what it would be felt like to be made love to by a man like Russ, to feel his hard chest and muscles, to feel his own hardness entering my hole, and filling an empty spot with one hundred percent masculine muscle.

I must have drifted off into sleep because the tapping on my sleeper car door startled me. I figured it must have been the attendant wondering if I needed assistance making the bed. Imagine my surprise when I pulled back the curtains to find Russ standing there in a dark blue, slightly tight t-shirt, and work out pants.

“Hi,” I said, sliding the door open.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you,” he said.

“Not at all,” I replied.

There was a moment of slightly awkward silence, the only sounds coming from the rumbling of the train cars against the tracks, as he seemed to be deciding what to say next.

“I have a confession to make,” he finally said.

“A confession?” I asked, raising my eyebrow.

“I know who you are,” he said, his eyes roaming over my body from head to toe.

Under his gaze, I felt tingly down below.

I laughed a little too awkwardly and said, “You know who I am?”

He nodded and said, “You’re even more handsome in person.”

I couldn’t help but smile.

“How do you know me?” I asked.

“From your Man On Man Magazine interview,” he answered.

I felt my heart skip a beat.

Russ’s eyes darted back and forth down the train car hallway.

“May I come in?” he asked.

“Sure,” I answered, stepping aside and letting him in. Russ had actually seen the interview I gave Man On Man regarding my weight loss?

When he walked in he slid the door shut again, latched the lock, and pulled the curtains closed.

I gasped and said, “What are you doing?”

In one quick move, he removed his t-shirt and revealed the most beautiful chest I had ever seen on any man- hard pecs, a dusting of dark hair, and quarter sized dark red nipples. A treasure trail of hair leaded to down below where I wanted to explore, touch, and taste more than anything else in the world.

“Do you have any idea how much of an honor it would be for me to make love to you?” he said, taking me into his arms. “When I read your interview I remember thinking how brave and beautiful you were.”

“Really?” I croaked, feeling weak in his strong embrace.

“Will you let me?” he whispered in my ear. “Will you help make my fantasy come true?”

“Yes,” I managed to gasp. “Will you make *my fantasy* come true?”

A smile crossed his face. “I’ll show you what it feels like to be made love to by a real man. I’ll show you how cute you are.”

“Oh, Russ,” I managed to say. He instinctively knew what I needed.

His eyes gazed down at his crotch and the hardness that protrude through the pants.

“Take my pants off,” he said. “Please.”

I swallowed hard not knowing how I could possibly contain myself once I saw his manhood, his throbbing cock.

I pulled down his pants and revealed a beautifully sized what must have been seven inch cock, of a good girth, and dripping wet from precum.

“Do you like it?” Russ asked, his voice sounding gruff.

“It’s magnificent,” I said, and I meant it.

He tilted my chin up and looked into my eyes.

“I want to make you feel good, so bad,” he said.

Then he kissed me deep, passionately, forcefully, but sensually. His tongue probed every part of my mouth, teasing my own tongue, demonstrating what oral skills he excelled at.

“I want to see yours,” he said.

I looked away suddenly feeling shy. His hand touched my cheek and turned my face back to meet his.

“Please,” he said.

I nodded and allowed him to pull down my jeans around my ankles. My hard dick strained through my briefs, threatening to break through.

Russ took one hand and squeezed my ass gently, then firmly. He then pulled my briefs down to release my six inch erect penis.

“Turn around for me,” he commanded.

I did as I was told, and I stepped out of my jeans. Russ immediately dropped to his knees, bent me over, and began to tease my hole with his tongue. I moaned and backed my love hole into his face. His apparent hunger to taste me became more and more intense. He paused only long enough to groan, “You like the way I eat your ass?”

“Please don’t stop, Russ!” I begged. “It feels so good.”

His tongue forced its way into my hole, and Russ began to tongue fuck me while I pressed my backside harder against his face. I felt him reach around and grab my dick, stroking it.

“Please go inside me!” I pleaded.

I turned around and saw Russ wipe his mouth with the back of his hand. Still on his knees, he looked up at me, grateful.

“You want to feel my hard cock in you, don’t you?” he said.

“Please!” I begged.

Russ reached across the floor for his workout pants and pulled out a condom. He then sat on one of the chairs in the sleeper room, tore the condom package open with his mouth, and slid it on his erect manpole.

“Sit on it, baby,” he said gently. “Sit on it, and let me make your ass feel better than it ever has before.”

I swallowed hard just looking at him and his aggressive man sexness.

The train took a slight curve, and I found myself falling into his lap. He quickly grabbed me by the sides and guided my hole over his cock.

“You have no idea how bad I want this,” I managed to croak.

“You have no idea how bad *I want it*,” he said. “Do you think you can sit on it in one push?”

I wanted to please him so bad.

“Yes,” I said, knowing my hole was still slippery wet from his tongue.

I then quickly plunged his hard cock in my hole by sitting on it. I gasped at first the slight pain and then the pleasure.

His hands reached around and began to caress my breasts.

“Ride my cock, baby,” he commanded.

I did as I was told and with each up and down motion Russ moaned louder.

“Yeah, that pussy ass is so tight,” he kept repeating. “Tight ass.”

The train blew its horn as we rounded another curve, and I thought I might blow something of my own.

I began to ride his cock harder and faster. Each thrust sent me into another wave of intense ecstasy.

“Oh, God, Russ,” I gasped. “I think I’m going to cum!”

“Me, too!” he exclaimed as he thrust his hips up to reach maximum penetration inside me.

I felt my cock explode cum without so much as my touching it.

“Here comes my sperm!” Russ grunted, pulling my body closer to his.

I felt him ejaculate inside me in three huge releases.

“Tight fucking ass,” he repeated.

I sat there for a moment basking in the glory of knowing his manhood and see were still inside me. My heart still raced, and my breathing would not steady.

I turned my head around and looked at Russ, whose face was drenched in sweat.

“No one’s ever made me feel like that,” I said, feeling a sort of liberation and completeness I had never experienced before. “I don’t want you to pull out yet.”

He rested his head against my back and caught his breath.

“I’ll stay inside you as long as you want,” he said gently, kissing my back.

“Oh, Russ,” I managed to say.

The train seemed to be picking up speed as it rumbled along.

“I want it to be mine,” I heard him say.

“What?” I asked, turning around to face him.

“Your ass,” he said. “I want it to be mine. *All mine.*”

“And I want you,” I said, feeling myself begin to tear up, his magnificent hardness still pressing inside me.

“I’m so fucking glad I took the train,” he said, pulling me even closer to him.

“Me, too,” I muttered. “You have no idea.”

# **BOYS KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE**

“Need some help with that?” he offered, walking over and wiping his dirt covered hands on his jeans.

“I think I’ve got it,” I said. Truthfully, I was straining under the weight of the box I carried.

“Let me help,” he said, effortlessly grabbing the box from me.

“You must be Joe.”

“And you must be Les,” I replied.

“That would be me,” he said. He followed me up to the front door while I fished for my keys in my pocket.

Les stood a good four inches taller than me. He had short cropped reddish hair, a dusting of light freckles on his nose, and some of the bluest eyes I had ever seen. When I had driven up to the house, he stood covered in dust and dirt in his front yard planting some new bushes. My friend, Emilo, had often spoken of the gay guy that lived next door. He said Les was great to call when things around the house broke or a rat needed to be killed, not what I usually pictured when I thought of a gay man. “I hate to sound stereotypical,” Emilo said, “but I think he’s what they refer to as a butch. And if he wants to kill a rat or fix a leaky faucet for me, who am I to stop him?”

When Emilio suggested I housesit for him while he backpacked through Europe for a month, to find himself or some other sort of nonsense, I declined. Why the hell would I want to housesit in a place that was only ten miles from my own home, I had asked him. Emilo reminded me that he had a hot tub and satellite television. Oh, yeah, and there was the Dolores thing.

Dolores and I had been thisclose to getting married. Church had been booked, flowers ordered, dress altered, hell, even the damn



cake had started to bake when she called me up from some random motel in Phoenix saying she could never be the wife I would need her to be. And that had been that. Three years invested into a relationship that ended with a twenty second phone call. We had shared the same apartment for the past year and a half, and Emilio was convinced some time in a new environment would do me some good.

“Please get the hell out of that house for a while,” he said.  
“You’ve been through a ordeal, and you need a change of scenery.”

So I relented.

“I’m sorry about the huge box,” I told Les when I finally opened the door. “I never go anywhere new so I’ve never had a need for luggage.”

“Well, you should get some. You never know when you might be going on a new trip,” Les said.

We walked into Emilio’s house which of course looked like a disaster zone. The last time he cleaned Clinton sat in the White House.

“If I’m going to be staying here, I’ve got to get this place cleaned up. Otherwise, it’s going to drive me nuts,” I said, shaking my head.

I looked over at Les, and he looked like he might tumble over any second under the weight of the box.

“I’m so sorry. Just set it on the couch,” I told her.

He dropped it on Emilio’s black leather couch and wiped the sweat from her brow.

“Sorry to introduce myself like this. I must look a mess,” he said, running his fingers through his spiky hair.

I noticed he had biceps that Dolores probably would have wanted me to have. Even though her idea of physical activity was switching the channel on the remote.

“Oh, don’t worry about it,” I said, dressed in cutoffs and an old Guns and Roses concert t-shirt.

“I see you’re a fan, too,” he said, motioning to my shirt.

“Oh, yeah. Whenever I want a flashback to the eighties, I play their CD. Takes me back to some good days.”

“Yeah, me, too,” he said, smiling. “Well, I’ll let you get settled in, but if you need anything let me know. I work from home. So I’m around most of the day. Sometimes Emilio’s pipes get clogged. He usually just calls me over, and I can get them running for him again in no time. Sure beats the couple of hundred you’d give a plumber.”

“Thanks, I appreciate that,” I said.

He held out his hand, and I shook it.

“I’ll see you around,” he said, before turning around and heading out.

“See ya,” I said.

I looked around Emilio’s house, and despite the mess it was in, I began to think that maybe my friend had been right all along. Maybe I did need a change of scenery.

My first afternoon after settling in I had decided to make use of the grill in Emilio’s backyard. I had never been much of a griller, which Dolores complained about constantly. But, I’d been craving homemade burgers, so I bought the meat with all of the trimmings.

It took no time at all though until I'd made a mess. The entire backyard was full of dark black smoke, the burgers were on fire, and I was on the verge of calling the fire department.

Les popped her head over the fence that separated the backyards and called out, "Everything all right over there?"

"Uh, yeah, well, no. It's a disaster actually."

He laughed.

"Want me to come over and help? I'm a whiz at the grill, and, shit, to be honest, kinda hungry, too."

"Sure, come on over!"

Someone needed to save me from this mess or there'd be nothing to eat at all.

Les, full of grilling confidence, took control of the situation.

"I hope we can salvage something out of the mess I started," I said, looking at the patties that had already been charred.

"We're both adults here," he said. "I'm sure we can work something out of it."

Since Dolores had left, I spent most of my time staying at home eating ice cream and watching bad TV. Emilio tried to get me to go out to ladies' nights with him, but I was nowhere near ready for dating another woman. With Les I felt immediately at ease though. He had a confidence about him that was very appealing.

"Thanks so much for doing this," I said.

"Thank you," Les said. "I had no idea what I was going to have for dinner."

I had cleared off Emily's dining room table, and we sat down to eat the feast that Les mostly had prepared, even though he praised my ability of cutting tomatoes and pickles.

Before I knew it, I found myself confessing everything to him about my current situation- Dolores, getting jilted, and thinking about quitting my job as the assistant to a real estate agent to pursue my real dream of starting my own business.

“I’m sorry to go off rambling like this,” I said embarrassed.

“Ah, no problems. It’s been nice having the company. I broke up with my partner recently, too.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Yeah, so it gets a little lonely sometimes.”

“Yeah, I know.”

I felt an awkward pause, and neither one of us seemed to know what to say next.

“Let me help you clear some of this up,” Les said, suddenly gathering up dishes.

We washed the dishes, side by side, next to each other, and when our hands reached simultaneously for a dishtowel, I felt a little, unexpected, electric spark. It surprised and confused the hell out of me. I had never felt attracted to a guy before- well, not really I think. Sure, I could tell if a guy was good-looking, but that was the extent of it. Sexually...

Les must have felt the spark, too, because he quickly pulled away. He grabbed another towel.

“I’ll go wipe down the table,” he said.

“Would you like me to make some coffee?” I found myself saying before I even realized it.

Les started to speak, but then paused. I could tell he was mulling something over in her head.

“Joe, we’re both adults here,” he said.

“And what does that have to do with coffee?” I asked.

“I think we both feel some sort of little spark here, and to be honest, I’ve been here before. Straight guy jilted by his woman, feeling a little curious, decides to take a walk on the wild side. It’s older than the book of Genesis.”

“Les...” I began.

“I’m just not at the point in life anymore where that’s something I’m into doing. I don’t want to be some straight guy’s little experiment for the night,” he said, walking towards me.

His face became flush with anger. I wondered where all of this could be coming from.

“That’s not what’s going on. I swear. I was just enjoying your company. It’s just been nice having someone to talk to, someone to...”

Before I knew it, I reached out and touched his arm. The electric shock traveled across our bodies again.

“It’s obvious that we’ve both been hurt recently,” I said. “It’s just nice...”

“Nice what, Les?” he asked.

“I don’t know what the hell I’m feeling here, but I feel like...”

“Like what, damnit?” he demanded.

“Maybe we could both comfort each other tonight,” I said softly.

I looked into those ocean blue eyes, and I felt a connection. I wasn’t sure what it meant, but I felt it.

“Just for tonight?” he asked.

I could tell thoughts were rushing through his head. Everything seemed to be happening so fast.

All of a sudden, he grabbed me and pulled me close to him. He held my body tight, and I could feel his hot breath on my neck. I felt my cock start to become erect when one of his hands slid down the front of my shirt, pausing over my nipple, teasing it, awakening it.

“Do you want to go to the bedroom?” he whispered in my ear.

I allowed him to lead me to the bedroom, and we stood next to the bed. Both of us seemed a little unsure of what to do next. I decided to be brave, to take all of it in, and to live the moment.

I lifted up Joe’s t-shirt and pulled it over his head. His pecs were amazing, muscular, and with quarter sized bright red nipples. He had a perfectly toned chest that man would be proud to have.

“You’re pretty worked out,” I told him.

He took my hand and led it down to his crotch, guiding my fingers over his hard cock. He moaned in pleasure as I increased the pressure- squeezing it at first softly and then hard. I could tell the guy was definitely packing some major heat. Damn, I was jealous.

“Ah, hell, yeah,” he cried out.

He then aggressively removed my own shirt and then pulled down my pants. He pulled his cock out of his jeans and then started rubbing it against mine, our precum starting to mix. My cock became increasingly harder due to the friction.

“Are there things you like? Things she never did for you?” he said breathlessly.

“I...he...” I couldn’t get the words out. I had never discussed my sexual desires or feelings openly with anyone- ever. It seemed so strange to do so, so embarrassing.

“Tell me,” he said, pulling my body even tighter to hers. “What do you like?”

“I’d love to have my ass eaten out,” I confessed. At first I felt ashamed. Sex with Dolores always seemed to be about pleasing her missionary style. She rarely went down on me, and a rim job would have been out of the question.

“You want your hot straight ass eaten, worshipped, made love to with my tongue,” he told me more than asked. He seemed to know exactly what I wanted.

“Yeah,” I said softly, slightly embarrassed.

“You don’t have to be ashamed. Tell me!” he challenged.

“I want you to eat my ass!” I demanded.

He pulled back and in one swift motion turned me around, exposing my ass to him. I felt my cock getting wetter.

He pushed me face down on the bed, and I turned my head around and watched as he removed his tattered jeans. He wore no underwear underneath. His bush and balls were hairy- wild, not like mine which were almost naturally smooth.

He climbed on top of me, held my arms down, and said, “First, I’m going to tease you.”

His tongue probed every corner of my neck then back and then lower, and I submitted. I didn’t know what was happening, but what I did know is that it felt great to have someone take so much control, and to be so focused on making me feel good.

Then he began to make his down to my hole.

“Are you sure?” he asked one final time.

“Please, please,” is all I could manage to say.

He took his hands and spread my legs, opening up my asshole to her. At first, he gently touched it, teasing my chute, slowly pulling it open with his fingers.

“You need it so bad, don’t you?” he said, reading my mind.

Unable to utter any words at this point, I just nodded.

Then he aggressively dived in, his wet tongue forced its way inside me and right on target. How he knew what I wanted so fast, so easily, when Dolores always seemed so clueless, it made my head spin.

He lapped up my butt juices, sucked them out, kneaded the hole with the tip of his tongue...harder and faster until I found myself moaning out loud. How was this possible to feel this good- to be made to feel like my very manhood was being celebrated in a way it never had before?

When he finally came up for air, he flipped me around and placed a single kiss on my lips, and I could smell my butt on his breath.

“How did you do that? It felt so fucking good.” I said.

He rolled over next to me, and intertwined my hands with his.

“Boys know what boys like,” he said, smiling.



# Mattress Mania

I had just bought into one those new loft developments on Hollywood Boulevard. You know the ones: gutted historic buildings now with the rooftop pool, exposed brick walls, concrete floors, high ceilings, granite countertops, stainless steel appliances and the requisite young urbanites revitalizing the neglected inner city.

I remember when the building was a department store, shopping as a young kid with my mother. The area was a bit rundown then and getting rougher as more affluent families fled to the malls and suburbs. Out went the glamorous Hollywood and in came the wig shops, adult bookstores and prostitutes: the things that made Hollywood **HOLLYWOOD** to a young kid. But now the area was becoming hip again, and I figured I better buy now before I get priced out of the old neighborhood.

Not bad for someone just shy of his thirtieth birthday. I worked hard not getting killed at Hollywood High School and after a few years finished law school. I work for a small firm of dedicated lawyers who help out small nonprofits in the city (very rewarding albeit low paying). But I still managed to pay off student loans and save up for a down payment on the loft condo.

I just got the keys yesterday and so was running around padding the nest. Not too much, mind you. I'm not one of those fancy types who has to buy or wear the latest and greatest. I consider myself a pretty simple guy, and I like it like that. And besides, I already blew most of my money on the down payment, so less is VERY more for me right now. My last purchase of the day was also one of the most expensive--a bed. The last few years I'd been slumming it on the futon that saw me through college and law

school. Though I've had my share of hot guys on that futon (fellow classmates, closeted jocks, starving actors and even an extremely kinky visiting Associate Professor from Ireland), my sometimes aching back was telling me it was time for an upgrade. A California King would fit perfectly in the new place.

I had passed by the store, "Mattress Mania," too many times to count on my way into the office. Their huge sign had their slogan underneath: "Your Bed Is Our Business. Family Owned and Operated since 1954." I imagined the owner to be some crotchety old man complaining about the big box stores with their cheap imports and cattle-call customer service.

I parked my car in front of the store. It was late Friday night almost 8:30pm. I had a day off and was saving the biggest purchase for the end of the day. There was only one other car in the lot whose license plate read "BED MAN." Must be old crotchety's car, I thought to myself. I walked in and a sensor triggered a little "ding dong" bell sound in the showroom like in those Korean owned liquor stores. For a small business, they had some nice stuff inside. I looked around. Clean, modern looking beds lined the store. Classical music pumped through the sound system. Good presentation, nice overhead lighting and a fresh palette of bed coverings suggested a designer's eye. I was impressed.

"How can I help you?" a voice asked from behind me. I was too busy imagining one of the beds in my new place to hear footsteps.

I turned around and found myself in the company of a fresh faced young man in his early 20's with a nice build and strong square jaw wearing a crisp shirt and silk tie. He had short cropped dark

hair and piercing brown eyes. He had the exotic look reminiscent of an old silent screen star.

I needed a second to compose myself. This was a pleasant surprise. Very pleasant. "Yes, I'm looking for a new bed--a California King," I explained.

The young man introduced himself as Nate. He told me his father owned the business but that he'd take over weekend evenings for the old man. Nate was finishing up his design major at a local art school. *A man after my own heart*, I thought. Besides me, he seemed to be the only one left in the store.

Nate went skillfully into his spiel: "We spend a third of our lives in bed, so a high quality bed with good support is essential."

"How long does a mattress usually last?" I asked, keeping the matter very professional even though I wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck his brains out on the platform bed in the corner.

"Well it depends on how much use it gets. Whether it's supporting one or two bodies and factors like pregnancy or weight gain," Nathan explained matter-of-factly.

"Well, in that case, since I'm single and don't plan on getting pregnant anytime soon, mine should last forever," I joked. It wasn't far from the truth. I've had so many legal cases lately my social life was like my old futon: kinda sad looking and in desperate need of a makeover. I haven't had a gentleman caller in a while.

"Really? I'm surprised a handsome man like you is single," Nate remarked emphatically. "We'll have to take care of that," he added.

*Was he flirting with me?* I wondered.

"Here, lie on this." He pointed to a mattress nearby. "This

memory foam molds to your body. Lie on your back and take off your shoes. Relax..." he coaxed.

I didn't mind taking orders from the delectable dreamboat in front of me. I took off my shoes and lay on the bed that was strewn with throw pillows. The pressures of the hectic day started to melt away.

"Aahhh, that feels nice," I purred.

"You can test a bed's firmness by placing your hand under the small of your back while lying flat. If there's a gap, it's too hard. If you can't get a hand underneath, it's too soft. Can I show you...?" he asked.

"Oh, please do." I was as relaxed as a wet noodle and just wanted to lay there with Nate. He placed his hand under my back. I guess I knew what Goldilocks felt: Not too hard, not too soft, but just right.

"How's that feel?" Nate asked. His warm, soft hand had slipped under my shirt and was rubbing my lower back, some of his fingers brushing inside the waistband of my shorts. If this is part of his sales technique, I was offering no resistance.

"Well, you could go a little lower," I teased.

"No problem. As my dad says, 'The customer is always right.'"

His hand under my back delved down my shorts, and Nate began to knead my butt muscles. His other hand was massaging my inner thigh, brushing close to my balls. By this time I had a raging hard-on as stiff as a bedpost. He unzipped my cargo shorts and pulled my black underwear to my ankles.

He climbed onto the bed and straddled my knees. He grabbed my dick in one hand while the other was pinching one of my nipples.

He teased my dick head with his tongue, licking off the drop of precum forming at my piss slit. He licked my balls and placed tender kisses around my whole crotch area. For a young guy, he was very patient and skilled. I grabbed one of the satin throw pillows and placed it over my mouth to muffle my cries of pleasure.

After almost taking me to the edge, he sweetly asked, "So, do you want to fuck me?"

"Yes, as soon as I saw you. I want to fuck you so bad, Nate," was my quick reply. It was true. This young stud was turning me on. So help me God.

He led me into a large store room in the back. It was wall to wall mattresses--all still wrapped in plastic, ready for delivery. He took off his shirt and tie, kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants. I could see his erection through his cotton boxers. He was pretty smooth and had only a little hair on his chest, arms and legs. I pulled his boxers down and hungrily went down on his thick manmeat. I wanted to show him the same attention he was giving me on the showroom. He gently grabbed my head and massaged my scalp as I made love to him with my mouth, lips and tongue.

"Oh, man, that feels so good," Nate moaned.

I could tell he was getting close, but I wanted him to cum while I was inside him. I turned him around and had him lay face down on a nearby mattress. I had him stick his ass up so I could pay homage to it's perfect roundness. It was just as smooth as the rest of him. I spread his butt cheeks wide and licked his quivering hole. He begged, "Please, please fuck me now."

I stood up and grabbed a condom from one of the pockets in my cargo shorts and placed it on my rock hard dick. I had Nate get

up on his hands and knees, with his ass up in the air at the edge of the bed. I stood up and aimed my dick at his eagerly awaiting hole.

I plunged in, and he let out a small cry. He was really tight. I myself had to inhale sharply as my dick went into his hot, tight ass. I let my dick sit in him for a second, letting his ass get used to having a man's dick inside. I then started pumping slowly, not wanting the pleasure to end. I varied the rhythm and almost would pull out only to plunge even deeper. I could feel my dick each time it pressed against his prostate and Nate would grunt out, "Yeah, man. Fuck me. That dick feels so good up my ass!"

I bent down over him and he turned his head so our lips could touch. I had one hand supporting his chest while I fucked the shit out of him. My other hand reached around to his dick. I was pumping his tool with each thrust of mine into his tight ass.

"Oh, fuck, I'm going to come," he moaned. I jacked him off even faster, and I could feel his dick expand as he bent his head and neck back sharply. He shot a huge load onto the plastic sheeting over the mattress and gobs of it covered my hand. The touch and sight of the young stud's hot jizm sent me over the edge. I grabbed his hips and made a few more deep thrusts into his hole. I let out a loud cry as my whole body felt it was being shot out of my dick. It was the most amazing orgasm I've ever had.

I pulled out of Nate and we collapsed on top of the bed. We were both sweaty and breathing heavily. I kissed him tenderly.

"That was really hot," he said with a satisfied smile.

"Yeah, I feel the same way. Um, I hope this doesn't sound out of place, but I just wanted to let you know I would've taken the bed even if we hadn't...you know," I said, my voice trailing off. I wasn't

sure if I should say anything or if I was making things more awkward.

"No worries. I would've...you know...even if we hadn't...even if I didn't close the deal," he said sincerely.

We dressed up, and afterwards he had me fill out all the required paperwork. He led me to the front door, shook my hand quite professionally. I couldn't believe such a fantastic evening was over so soon.

"Oh, by the way," Nate said as I walked to my car, "on Saturdays my dad schedules me as the delivery guy. So, I'll bring over the bed tomorrow and assemble it for you. It's all part of the service, you know, to make sure the customer is happy."

Let's just say that my back is now pain free. And lately, Nate and I have been seriously putting a dent in the ten year life span of my wonderful new bed. At this rate, I may have to buy a new mattress every year! And when I do, you can bet it's gonna be from Mattress Mania.



# Stemming A Rose

I stared out the window as the sun slowly set behind the Hollywood Hills. Outside my office door, I could hear the chatter of my officemates talking about their plans and wishing others a good weekend. I'd spent the whole day cooped up in my office at the advertising firm I worked for trying to come up with a jingle for a new smoothie chain. We'll actually that's a lie. I was really thinking about *him*. He'd been all I could think of for the past week. How much I missed him, how much I wanted to touch him, and have him penetrate me haunted my every thought.

"Kyle, are you still working?" my co-worker Megan said, popping her curly haired head through my office door. "It is Friday you know."

"I just want to wrap up some work on this Smoothie Smooth account," I answered feebly.

Megan walked into my office, dropped her Prada bag on my desk and sat down.

"You've been holed up in this office for days, Kyle" she said. "And I know it doesn't have a damn thing to do with Smoothie Smooth. You're thinking about *him*. You're obsessing, you know?"

"That obvious, huh?" I said, pushing my chair back from my desk and kicking off my Gucci black dress shoes.

Megan and I were more than co-workers, we'd become pretty good friends over the past few years. We often lunched together along Little Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills during the week and spilled our guts about the man troubles in our lives.

"You're going to give in, aren't you?" Megan said, shaking her head.

“Well, he says he’s sorry. That he knows what he wants now.”

Megan leaned across my desk and locked eyes with me.

“Kyle, they always say that.”

I sighed and said, “I know.”

My on again off again boyfriend, Ryan, had announced two weeks ago over a candlelight dinner at my favorite bistro in Santa Monica that he wasn’t sure what he wanted in terms of a relationship and maybe we needed a “break.”

Distraught, I had spent days in bed watching old Lana Turner movies and eating fattening ice cream. Then, of course, as if right on cue, Ryan called and said he had made a terrible mistake. That he had just been scared. Wouldn’t I give him another chance? *Again?*

I had summoned up all my strength, told him I needed to think about what I wanted, and then I called Megan and whined, “He says he’s sorry.”

“He’s just constantly keeping you off balance,” Megan had said.

I could visualize her rolling her eyes on the other end of the phone.

“Come on let’s go grab some dinner,” Megan said, standing up, obviously ready to begin the weekend.

“Maybe next time,” I replied. “I just need a quiet evening. And despite what you said, I really do have to work on the Smoothie Smooth account.”

“Fine, but you need to have some fun- *without Ryan*. He’s just playing you. Don’t fall for it!”

After Megan left, I tried to focus on my computer screen, but it was pointless. I kept looking at the phone, wondering if I should pick it up and call Ryan.

“Uh, hi,” a husky male voice said suddenly.

I jumped in my chair. “Excuse me?”

In walked a tall muscular young Latino, he couldn’t have been more than twenty, had dimples to die for, and nicely developed biceps- big, but not steroid big, a natural man. In his hand, he held a dozen deep pink roses, my favorites.

“I didn’t mean to scare you,” he said. “I have a delivery for a Kyle Mills. I got a little lost on the way here. I apologize.”

He wiped some sweat from his forehead with his one free hand so I caught a glimpse of his pec muscles ripple.

“I’m Kyle Mills,” I said, sounding less than enthusiastic. The roses had Ryan written all over them. He knew I was a sucker for flowers.

“These are for you,” the guy said, handing the roses off to me.

“Thanks,” I said, taking them and setting them on my desk like an unwanted new stack of work. It angered me that Ryan thought I was that easy to move. Was I? “Hold on a second.”

I reached for my wallet in my back pocket for some cash to get a tip, pulled it out, and then discovered the only cash I had on me was a dollar bill. I hadn’t even made it to the ATM in days.

“I’m so sorry,” I said. “I usually have more cash than this.”

“It’s okay. Don’t worry about it,” he replied.

I could feel his eyes on me, studying me. As a result, I could feel a rush of heat course through my body. Then I told myself I was just reading into the situation. I was past thirty. What would this lean defined young guy with dark intense eyes and a full basket below want with me when even Ryan couldn't decide about me after three years?

"Here," I said, handing over the little cash I had.

He hesitated, and then he waved a hand.

"Keep it. This one's on me," he said, beaming a bright smile. "I had a hard time finding you in here. I think the rest of your office is gone."

"Yeah, burning the midnight oil," I said.

He looked truly interested in what I had to say. Maybe I was fantasizing, but when was the last time a guy did that?

"I gotta say, most boys....," he began.

*Did he just call me a "boy?"*

"Are pretty happy to get flowers. Boyfriend, I'm guessing," he said, smiling and letting me know he knew my game.

"Ex-boyfriend," I replied.

He nodded knowingly. "Well, his loss. Have a good night."

I watched as he walked out of the office, at his perfectly shaped butt that begged to be tasted, and thought about how many times in my life when I was younger I missed out on being with a hot guy because I was just focused on some ass who couldn't decide if he wanted me.

All of a sudden, I felt decadent, brazen, and wanted to throw caution to the wind. Why did I always sit around waiting for another man to make all of the moves? Hoping that he'd look my way.

"Excuse me!" I called after the delivery guy.

I heard him turn around and his footsteps headed back to my office.

I got up from behind my desk and unbuttoned the top three buttons on my dress shirt.

"Yes?" he asked, looking surprised to be called back.

I walked up to him, so close I could feel his warm breath on my face. He began to look visibly nervous.

"Do you have any more deliveries?" I asked.

He shook his head and said, "No. That was it for the day."

"Good," I said, grabbing his hand and pulling him into my office and slamming the door behind us- just in case.

"Is there something I can help you with?" he asked, wringing his hands and looking a little unsure.

"You bet," I said, placing one of my hands on his chest, resting my palm on his defined chest. "I know you thought you were done with work, but I think there's one my delivery I really need you to make."

My hand began to travel down his chest, over his stomach, down to his crotch area. I could feel his young, virile erection straining to burst out of his tight faded jeans. I was correct in guessing the guy was hung. I could feel his cock pulsate under the pressure of my hand.

He began to blush deeply, and I could have sworn I could see his heart beating through his chest.

“Sorry, again I didn’t have much of a tip to give you, but maybe you can give me yours...” I dropped to my knees and looked up at his shocked, but pleased eyes. “Take it out,” I commanded.

He looked around my office, even though the door was shut.

“What if someone walks...”

“No one will. Everyone else is gone,” I said reassuringly, and then forcefully repeated, “Take it out!”

Slowly he reached down and began to unbuckle his belt. This power I felt suddenly to bark orders at a hot guy, have him follow my lead made me even more excited.

He finished unzipping his fly and went to pull his dick out through the fly in his boxers. I slapped his strong hand away. “Not yet.”

He smelled of masculinity and a hard day’s work. I knew his cock would probably be sweaty, sticky, especially if he was uncut, and I wanted to taste every bit of what made him a young stud.

“What do you want me to do?” he asked, sounding a little unsure.

“First, I’m going to give you the blow job of your life, and then...,” I reached back for my wallet again, but this time pulled out a condom. “You’re going to fuck me- hard! You’re going to show me how well you can use your dick. Make me moan like I’m your bitch. Understand?”

He nodded and licked his lips, his breathing getting heavier.

I could see the precum soaking through his underwear now. God, I bet this young buck would taste hot- salty, musty- manly. Ryan usually came after just a few licks, so what I considered my great cock sucking skills just went to waste while dating him. And he always acted like he had did me a favor by cumming so soon, but I enjoyed nursing on a hot, slippery manpole.

I reached in and pulled out his unbelievably hard cock. It popped out of his boxers, glad to be finally be free, and his precum dripped down my head. He was a nice seven and a half inches at least, a dark brown with a dark red head poking out of a good inch of foreskin.

“You’re uncut,” I say, still on my knees and looking up at him.

“That okay?” he asks. “I’m probably a little sweaty and dirty down there.”

“I hope so. Don’t worry. I’ll clean your skin out real good for you,” I replied.

I then took his foreskin in my mouth and began to tease it with my tongue. He tasted hot and salty, and there didn’t seem to be an end to the precum that dripped out of his piss slit. Every time I pulled back my mouth, a long string of precum from his dick to my mouth still connected us.

“That felt so good,” he moaned. “Damn, I needed that.”

I pushed his back against the wall and aggressively position his cock over my mouth.

“I’m just getting started,” I said. “And you better not cum until I tell you to. Understand?”

“Hell, yeah, *papi*,” he muttered.



As I started to deep throat him, I thought about how good this hard mantool would feel inside me. It'd been a long time since I had a guy do my hole over real good and fuck it like a tight pussy.

When it looked like he might cum soon I stopped and stood up waiting for his dick to calm down some. I didn't want him to shoot his load too fast once he got up in my manhole.

I ripped open the condom package with my teeth and growled, "You ready to fuck, big guy?"

"Hell, yeah," the delivery guy said.

I looked down at his dick and saw it was twitching in anticipation of some hole.

I unbuckled my pants and let them fall around my ankles, followed by underwear. My seven inch hard, pink cock bobbed at attention.

"Fuck, let me see that white boy dick," the delivery boy said, reaching over and stroking my cock a little. "You need to get fucked bad, huh?"

I could tell he was getting over his shyness and a dominant demeanor was coming out. I liked it.

"I need a cock like yours inside me," I said.

I handed him the condom, walked over to my desk, and bent over. I looked back to see him putting the rubber on his dick.

"You got lube, man?" he asked. Obviously, he'd been down this "road" before.

"Nah, just use your spit," I said, reaching back and pulling my ass cheeks apart to tempt him with my pink hole.

He spit in his hand, walked over, and rubbed his mouth juice against my hole. I felt myself begin to shiver in anticipation.

“Do it!” I begged.

“Don’t worry. I’m going to fuck you hard, but you’re goin’ to like it.”

I felt the tip of his dickhead pressing against my hole, demanding entrance. I took a deep breath to relax, but before I knew it his cock worked its way into my hole with a determination and fierceness I had never felt before. Pain shot through my body, and I let out a quick cry. This only served to entice him more as he pounded harder, his balls slapping my ass cheeks with every thrust.

The pain began to turn to pleasure, and his mantool began to poke and prod my prostate.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried.

“Yeah, bitch!” he shouted at me, before collapsing on my backside and letting out a loud series of grunts.

I could feel my ass muscles tighten around his cock, and his dick spewing out its sweet nectar in the rubber.

“Damn, man. We should fuck around some more,” he said between panting breaths while still inside me.

That’s when I thought that maybe I would call Ryan later after all and thank him for the perfect delivery. But I knew now, for definite, that no matter what happened, Ryan’s services were no longer needed.

**Handle  
With  
Care**

*Estimated Arrival Date: Today.*

I logged on to the Parcel Service website. I was expecting my "Anal Avenger" from Dildo-World.com. Online shopping is great! So convenient, especially since I was so busy working second shift assistant manager of a chic boutique hotel in town. I was normally home when packages came so I had gotten pretty friendly with the lesbian delivery woman, Cherie. She'd joke about all my little naughty packages I'd get, and we'd discuss all the latest on dildo and vibrator technology. We both loved our toys.

She usually came in after twelve, so I decided to go for a quick run on the beach. I live on a bluff overlooking the Pacific. It was very motivating seeing all the local college hotties cycling, running or rollerblading on the path. They were almost always straight, but it was fun fantasizing about one of them once I got home using one of my dildos. I was just coming back from the run, very sweaty and sporting my nylon shorts that wrapped around my perfect bubble butt. Another online buy. It was a hot morning, so I had my tank top tucked in the elastic of my shorts, showing off my flat tummy. I saw the familiar brown delivery truck in front of my place I couldn't help but say hi to Cherie. The steel door leading to the back was open so I yelled in.

"Hey, girl! Got a package for me?" I said as I approached the side of the truck, placing my hands around the side opening.

"Excuse me?" a deep voice echoed back. Cherie was butch, but not that butch. I could hear the boots shuffling over the steel floor and out came a stunning example of maleness. He was tall,

broad-shouldered, tanned brown skin, wavy black hair, goatee and whose shorts barely contained a massive bulge above beefy thighs.

I inhaled sharply, slightly embarrassed. "Er, hi. Sorry. I thought you were Cherie," I stammered.

"Naw, she took a vacation day today. My name's Mick." Was it my imagination or was Mick eyeing my sweaty body? "Did you have a good run?" he asked with a smile. Perfect teeth. of course.

"Oh, yeah. I don't mean to bother but did you have something for me today? I live right here," I said, pointing to my humble landscaped abode.

"Yeah, I think so. I was looking for it a second ago..." he said as he went through the door leading to the back of the truck.

He yelled from inside, "Here it is. Something from 'D World, Inc. It got a little damaged when the sorters packed it into the truck."

Mick handed me the practically crushed box and the clearly labeled "Anal Avenger" dildo was practically slipping out. He saw my disappointed face and said consolingly, "It looks like the merchandise is still okay."

I took it out of the box. It was bigger in real life than the picture online. "Should I write a strongly worded email to corporate headquarters?" I half-joked.

He laughed back. "If it makes you feel better, I actually have the same one at home. It's a pretty tough toy. I guess we both have similar tastes," Mick said while eyeing my crotch and smiling that smile. "Why don't you come here in back and fill out a complaint form? Either that or we can make sure it still works. I'm actually on

break right now."

"Well, if you insist. I'm all about excellent customer service, too," I replied climbing into the truck.

He motioned me inside and closed the door. It was a cramped space, hardly any room for his burly physique, let alone another person. A textured slip-proof steel floor and open shelves lined the inside along with a lone light above. He took the dildo package from me and set it aside on a nearby shelf.

Mick pushed me against the back of the metal door, and my sweaty back chilled once it touched the surface. He was looking at me in his brown uniform, one hand keeping the door shut, the other hand slipped under my nylon shorts, grabbing my ass and fingering my twitching asshole. His eyes locked with mine. Around his neck a gold chain delineated a border of brown chest hair peeking above his uniform's neckline.

"I'll have to scan your package first."

I looked over to the dildo box on the shelf. "No, not that package, he said, "this one."

He took his barcode scanner from his rear pocket and starting rubbing it around my crotch. It was the size of brick but plastic and rounded at the edges. The red laser was displaying fun patterns against the nylon fabric which the scanner easily glided over. He grabbed my hips and turned me around so that I faced the metal door. He took the scanner and rubbed it between my ass cheeks. It was turning me on! I could feel my dick tentpoling through my shorts.

"My scanner's having trouble reading it. I'll have to do it manual inspect." He set the scanner down and easily dropped my

shorts down to my ankles while he went down on his knees. He stuck his tongue into my smooth sweaty hole and reveled in its salty funk.

I moaned with pleasure. His neatly trimmed goatee felt really nice rubbing around my ass as his tongue plunged deeper into hole.

He stood up grabbed my "Anal Avenger" box and took the massive sex toy in his hand. It was about a foot long, translucent green (I always try to be eco-friendly) with raised bumps along the sides. A large head was on one end and a handle (for better control, Dildo-Word's website explained) at the other.

"Yup, just like the one I have at home," Mick said holding it up so that the overhead light illuminated it like an emerald crystal. "It doesn't look damaged, but we'll have to try it out first."

He forced me down onto the steel ridged floor. The back of my head and neck was up against the door while he rested my legs onto the shelves on each side of the truck. I suddenly realized how women feel at the gynecologist with their feet up in the stirrups. My quivering asshole was vulnerable to his every whim and eagerly awaited anything he had to give.

He took off his shirt and revealed a muscular torso with hair over his chest and stomach. The overhead light silhouetted his wide body. He unzipped his shorts and I could see his massive erection through his loose cotton boxers. His dick head was peeking through a spot soaked in precum. His work had toned every muscle on his body. and the sun gave his skin a nice, healthy glow. A tattoo on one arm spelled out "USMC." Nice. Delivery guy and former Marine? I was practically creaming at the thought of it all.

He knelt down over my crotch and my exposed ass. He stuck two fingers in my mouth that I sucked hungrily, tasting the dirt under the fingernails of his big, rough hands. With one quick motion, he took his fingers out of mouth and placed them at the entrance of my asshole. The moistened fingertips slipped in easily, and I groaned with ecstasy.

He pulled out and grabbed the "Anal Avenger" and rubbed it over my dick and balls and the crevice between my ass cheeks. He licked it all over eyeing me the whole time. "Are you ready for it?" he growled.

"Oh, God, Mick. Stick it in me!" I pleaded.

The huge green head was at my tight sphincter. I concentrated, anticipating the initial pain but thinking beyond it, like when holding a long pose in yoga class. Mick firmly shoved the monstrosity in my ass. Waves of pleasure emanated from my ass and crotch travelled up my spine. I inhaled sharply and almost passed out from the overwhelming feeling.

He pumped me with smooth strokes and could see I was enjoying it. My ass was tight but stretched to accommodate the huge toy.

"Now it's time for the real delivery," he said. He took the dildo out of my ass and set it inside the original box. He looked for his brown uniform and took a wrapped pre-lubed condom from his shirt pocket. He sheathed his dick and put my legs around his shoulders. I could feel his pulsing dick looking for the entrance to my tight hole. His dick head found it, and he shoved his man meat into my hot, aching hole. It was loosened up a little after the dildo, but I wasn't prepared for the thickness of his dick. It was like



shoving a beer can into me.

His fucking was confident and deliberate. Mick would pound until he got close and slowed the pace down, asking me periodically if I was alright. Sometimes he'd pull all the way out and then shove the whole girth of his dick inside me. He bent down and kissed my lips and our tongues intertwined. His goatee brushed against my smooth face. I could feel the rough textured steel floor on my back with each thrust as he laid his massive build over me. I concentrated on opening my ass to fill it with every inch of his manhood and used my ass muscles to squeeze the cum out of him. Again and again he poked and prodded my prostate, the whole time my dick oozed precum onto my stomach as I rubbed it with one hand. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead and tip of his nose. He was working my ass into sweet agony. I had a virtuoso top playing my ass like no one has had before.

After what seemed like an eternity, he made a few more deep, slow thrusts and pulled out of me, quickly removed the condom and froze. He held his dick over me, his neck and shoulders tightening, bit his tongue with those white teeth, while his cock exploded shot after shot of manseed over my stiff dick and stomach. After seeing his dick erupt, my own started to spill over onto my stomach as our fluids pooled and mixed with my sweat over by stomach.

He lay on top of me, while we both were catching our breaths, kissing me tenderly and holding me in a warm embrace.

"Thanks for the delivery," I said with a satisfied smile.

"No, thank you! That was one delivery I didn't mind making. Oh, before I forget..." He took his barcode scanner and scanned the

shipping label on the nearby "Anal Avenger" box. He handed me the scanner and a stylus and said, "Please sign on the dotted line. We still have to keep to company policy."

On the touchscreen I signed my name and drew a nice, big smiley happy face. That was one delivery I definitely won't be returning...

# Pay Per View

I plunged my cock into the young guy's tight, deep bubble ass. His ass crack had a good couple of inches before even hitting his hole which created a hot, intense slapping noise every time I went in for another long, rhythmic slide into his guy pussy.

"Oh, fuck," he cried, his face buried into one of my sofa pillows with me lying on top of his back.

"You like that? Me pounding your hole? Tell me how much!" I demanded, my mouth pressed next to his ear, taking in his scent of sweat and lust. His dark spiky hair, that he had obviously spent so much time making into one of those part faux-mohawk looks, smelled of fresh soap.

"Yeah," he moaned, like a girl taking it for the first time. "It hurts, but hurts so good."

"It's because you just want to really be a bitch for someone, huh?"

"Please," he begged.

I pulled my cock out of his ass slowly, leaving only the tip of the head inside his twitching asshole.

"Say it again!" I commanded, this time louder, my voice even deeper.

"Please!" he whimpered.

I could see a tear sliding down the side of his cheek and onto the pillow.

"That's better!" I shouted at him, and then with as forceful and powerful of a thrust as I could muster, I slammed my cock into his ass, making him scream in part agony and part pleasure as I felt my own cock shoot jism in a volcanic semen eruption.

A couple of hours earlier I never would have imagined all of this taking place. I had been sitting at my computer trying to write an article on the level of "straightness" guys who dug she-males really had for the local gay rag, *Putty Boy*. I wrote at least an article a week. It sure wasn't anything glamorous, but it helped pay the bills as I worked on getting my screenwriting career off the ground in Hollywood.

Recently, I had to buy a new computer, an unwanted extra expense, but I decided to get a faster internet connection to also help me update my glory hole history website. And since the cable company would hook up the internet connection, I figured I'd splurge and get a few extra channels to feed my addiction for reality shows starring anorexic females.

The “straight guy into she-males” article was getting no- where. I had interviewed a few guys at a local tranny night, but the whole scene had just managed to make me even more confused on how I wanted to focus my article. Plus, I’d been so swamped with work I hadn’t even had time to shoot a load of man seed in three days and four hours (yeah, I keep track).

The phone rang, and it turned out to be the cable guy arriving and wanting to come up. I told him I’d be down in a sec since the buzzer was currently broke (cheap ass landlord).

I headed down in some baggy USC shorts, commando, and a gray tank top. I expected an overweight, sweaty old guy- just like every other cable guy that I had had stop by before. But when I made it to the door, I was pleasantly surprised to find a young guy, no more than twenty, waiting for me. His pants hung a little low, a little conveniently low if you asked me. He had a bit of a crooked smile and blue eyes contrasted by dark eyes. I knew I’d enjoy watching this guy put down some cable lines in my place.

“Sorry, the door buzzer is broken,” I said, opening the door and letting him in.

“It’s cool,” he said, walking in with his bag of tools.

We stood by the elevator and waited in a moment of awkward silence. He appeared a little nervous for some reason, and all I could think about was how I wanted to pull those baggy pants down and fuck him up his hot little butt, not before getting a taste of that sweet hole first though.

Finally, the elevator door opened, and we both walked inside, and I could have sworn I caught the guy checking out my package when poked out slightly through the loose shorts.

“I wondered what took you so long. Didn’t know if I caught you in the middle of playing with your monkey,” he said, before blushing. “Sorry, dude. I shouldn’t have said that. Sometimes things come out before I think them over.”

“No problem,” I said, smiling. “The monkey hasn’t had much attention lately anyway.”

He smiled slightly before averting his eyes.

The elevator door opened, and we headed to my apartment.

Once inside, he said, “I should have all of this up and running for you in a few minutes.”

“No rush,” I said, sitting back on my sofa. “Do what you need to do.”

He nodded, and I knew he could feel my eyes gazing up and down over his body, pausing for a second, at his nice biceps poking out of

the sleeves of his work shirt. He began to look a little self-conscious, but then I could swear the young guy started showing off for me, bending down in front of me giving me a better idea of his ass.

My cock began to get hard in my shorts, and I started to wonder if I should have put on some underwear.

"How long you been doing this?" I asked, making it sound a little seductive.

He stood back up and turned around to face me.

"Kinda new to it," he said.

I knew we both weren't talking about the job. I could see it in his eyes.

Feeling bold, and extremely horny, I stood up, and my stiff cock created a tent in my shorts.

The guy's eyes widened, but he didn't move.

"Do you always work in delivery of your materials?" I asked, enjoying his eyes fascinated and stuck on my crotch.

He slowly shook his head and said, "Mostly, but I've been kind of hoping to get into receiving."

"Oh, yeah," I said, walking closer to him.

"Yeah," he said, sounding a little breathless. "But it's hard to get in sometimes if you don't know someone who can take you there."

"Maybe you just haven't met the right...*co-worker*, the one who can open that do for you" I replied.

"Maybe not," he said, nodding.

I walked even closer until we could both feel each other's breaths on our faces. I imagined his heart beating rapidly under the work shirt that had his name "Rod" embroidered on the left side.

I leaned into his ear and whispered, "Turn around, boy."

He hesitated for only a second before turning around. I wrapped my arms around his body and squeezed him tight, my cock pressing against his backside. "Like that?" I asked, while roughly kissing his neck.

"Damn, dude. Yeah," he said.

I lifted his work shirt up from behind and got a glimpse of his boxers peeking out of the low rider navy blue pants. I couldn't wait anymore, and in one swift move I grabbed the sides of his pants and underwear and jerked them down going down myself with my face planted right in the crack of his ass.

"Bend over," I ordered.

The guy bent over bracing himself against my wall with his hands, and I caught the musty tempting smell of his crack. I dived my

tongue straight for that hole of his, and he immediately moaned in pleasure.

“Damn,” he muttered, as I began to tongue fuck him and lick the sides of the crack of his hot bubble ass.

“Like getting your ass eaten?” I groaned taking in the sweet funky smell of this young guy’s hole.

“Yeah, man,” he cried. “Eat my ass!”

But I stopped and stood up. The guy, uncertain froze, and stood there with his pants and underwear down around his ankles.

“I’m going to give you what you really want now. What you know you need?”

“What’s that?” he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

I reached over to a side table and pulled out a rubber and a bottle of lube.

“I’m going to fuck your ass and turned you into the pussy you’ve always wanted to be.”

I could hear him swallow hard, but he said nothing.

I unrolled the condom, and then put a generous amount of lube all over the guys pink pucker hole causing him to moan again.

“You ready, dude?” I asked.

I heard him swallow again before he said, “Yeah.”

And then I plowed my cock up in his hole giving this guy what I imagined he’d been wanting for a *very* long time.

# **An Extra Large Sausage**



*Pizza is like sex. When it's good, it's pretty good. When it's bad, it's still pretty good. -- Anonymous*

I was resigning myself to a boring Saturday night at home. My date ("Interior Design Guy" as my friend Brooke calls him) cancelled just a couple of hours ago.

"Work's been CRAZY. The client is demanding that new designs be emailed tonight for a conference call on Monday..." he explained.

*Whatever.* It's not an addition to the Louvre or anything. He's designing a new bathroom for the local Braille Institute for chrissakes. I'm sure most of the patrons won't know or care how it looks as long as the toilet paper's within arms' reach. How hard can it be?

Plus my new neighbors upstairs from me were throwing a housewarming party but they failed to tell their guests what apartment number the party was in. Since my apartment was at the front, I kept getting random people knocking on my door. That got old. Real fast.

You'll have to excuse me. I guess I'm just a little upset. It would've been date #2 with Interior Design Guy (a.k.a. Wayne), and I was looking forward to getting beyond the making out and the feeling each other up that we did after date #1. Especially after a long week at the office.

I really needed to unwind and take a long, hot shower and start my evening over again. So I took off my cute new shirt that nicely accentuated my pecs and sloughed off my tight jeans. There was no underwear to take off since I was hoping to have Wayne's lips around my hard dick sooner rather than later after dinner for dessert. I caught a glimpse of my body in the full length mirror on my closet door.

*Not bad.* Round bubble butt. Nice arms, V-shaped back and though I didn't have a six-pack, my stomach was pretty firm. All those years on my college swim team transformed my once lanky body into a fairly natural athletic build.

Since I wasn't having a date tonight, I decided after the shower I could check out the sexy pics on m4manmeat.com and play with myself. I was gonna get off tonight come hell or high water!

I was about to get into the shower when I heard a knock on the door. I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my waist. *Probably another lost soul bearing wine for that housewarming.* I

opened the door as I was saying, "Oh the party is down the hall and upsta..." but the words got caught in my throat when I saw before me the dreamiest man standing on my welcome mat--holding a pizza.

"Did you order a large sausage?" he asked in a gruff voice, seemingly unfazed that I was only wearing a towel.

He was a tall, husky football player type guy with dark hair and eyes. He had a barrel sized chest under his shirt and the name tag read "Grunt." His sensual looking mouth was encircled by a neatly trimmed goatee. The words "Three Guys from Italy" were printed in large letters on the pizza box.

"Umm, I didn't order a pizza...", I told him staring at his beautiful eyes and strong square jaw, "...but I wished I had!" I punctuated it with a wink and a smile.

The stud cracked a little grin.

"I have a feeling that pizza is for my neighbors down the hall and upstairs...er, Grunt," I continued to say, pointing him in the right direction.

He eyed me from head to toe and his gaze lingered around the towel covering my stiffening cock. "Thanks for the info," he said. Before he went to make his delivery, he paused at the door and said: "If you still want that large sausage, call the restaurant in the next few minutes. I've only got one more delivery for the night. Tell 'em you want Grunt."

"You're on," I quickly replied. He gave me the number for "Three Guys from Italy," and I quickly called on my phone. A noticeably Asian accent answered the phone. I placed my order, gave him the address and asked specifically for "Grunt" to deliver.

"Okay, no problem. Thirty minutes, okay?" the voice said on the phone.

"Yes, thank you," I said as I hung up the phone. I was brimming with excitement. I tidied up the bedroom a bit and stuck all the dirty clothes into the closet. I put all the crusty dishes into the dishwasher. I put a tank top and some shorts on and waited patiently.

Twenty eight minutes and 37 seconds later there was a knock on my door.

I opened the door and there was Grunt not in his "Three Guys From Italy" uniform but wearing a white shirt, tie and black slacks holding a pizza.

"Did you order a large sausage?" he said with a smile.

"Oh, yes, I did. Please come in. You sure clean up good." I ushered his beautiful body into the apartment and shut the door. I

could see his perfectly sculpted butt as I locked the door.

I took the pizza from him and set it on the nearby table. I took the end of his tie and drew him close to me. His scent was an intoxicating mix of garlic, cheese, tomato sauce and that new cologne advertised by that hottie British soccer player. *Very hot.*

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Nothing if you play your cards right. The pizza's free if I can make a delivery up that tight ass of yours..." he said while pawing at my butt cheeks with his thick fingers. His mouth came over mine and I succumbed to his sensual lips and probing tongue. His goatee rubbed over my face, sending waves of pleasure down my spine and into my aching crotch.

"Well, it is a tough economy right now. With high food prices, we consumers have to do what we can to get by..." I said.

Grunt ripped my shorts off and revealed my engorged cock. Gobs of precum were forming at the tip and about to drop to the carpeted floor. He took one of his thick fingers and rubbed my manjuice over the head, teasing my piss slit.

"Where's the bedroom?" he said in a calm deep voice. I pointed the direction with my eyes. He raised me over one of his broad, beefy shoulders, my ass in the air and carried confidently into the bedroom. He threw me onto the bed, as I stared at him longingly.

Grunt was in control, and he knew it. Every time I tried to reach for his dick he'd push me back on the bed.

"Hold on. We've got all night, baby," Grunt chuckled. He did a slow striptease for me as I lay on the bed. First his shoes that revealed what must have been a size 13 foot. *Lucky him.* Then he slowly undid his tie. Then his shirt buttons--first the sleeves and then the front, revealing a muscular chest covered in a forest of hair. My balls were straining at the sight of his body.

He then unbuckled his leather belt and slowly pulled it from the loops of his neatly creased slacks. I could see the bulge in his crotch forming down the side of one leg. He undid the button at the top of his pants and I could see the top of his dark, curly pubes. I was hypnotized by his every move. He painstakingly unzipped his pants in what seemed like an eternity.

"Are you ready, baby?" he asked.

I simply nodded, staring at his crotch. This man had me hooked. He dropped his pants, and I beheld his erect manhood. I gasped at the size and girth of it.

"Where's the protection?" he asked. I pointed to a bedside table and a drawer with all the accoutrements. He opened up the

condom packaging and rolled it onto his dick. He took some lube and made sure his member was adequately covered. He took one lubed finger and stuck it up my ass to loosen up my sphincter. I moaned in anticipation.

He knelt on the bed, grabbed both my ankles as I lay on my back. His dickhead was positioned over my vulnerable ass. He stared at me, waiting. "Oh, God, Grunt. Fuck me now, PLEASE." I begged.

"I'm gonna fuck you from here to kingdom come. But I want one thing. Under no circumstance do you touch your dick. You're gonna come when I want you to come. Understood?" he growled. It wasn't a question.

I nodded in acquiescence.

What followed was hours of ass pounding mansex. Grunt took me on my back, on my stomach and lifted me up on my knees doggystyle. Each position his stiff dick would prod my ass until I felt I was going to burst. I fought the instinct to grab my throbbing dick as he thrust his large sausage deeper and deeper into me.

"Grunt, I don't know how much more I can take of this," I moaned. It was true. My ass had never endured such a pounding from anybody. He looked like he was enjoying the exquisite agony he was inflicting on me.

He pulled out for moment and said: "You're gonna sit on it and then I'm gonna make you come."

He laid on his back, legs spread, with his dick point straight up. I squatted over his dick and guided the tip to my aching hole. "Trust me," he said tenderly. "You're gonna love it." I could see the sincerity in his eyes, and I submitted my ass and the rest of my body to him.

He grabbed my hips, and with his massive arms, he thrust me onto his dick. He pummeled my ass and prostate. My dick was dribbling precum down the shaft and was starting to puddle at the top of my balls.

"You feel so good. Your ass is so tight, man. I wanted to fuck you as soon as you opened the door. You're so fucking hot!" he said.

"Oh, Grunt. Oh, fuck!" I yelled. His hands were firmly guiding my hips. I was leaning back, holding onto his muscular spread legs behind me for support.

"We're gonna come together, baby," he moaned while biting his tongue. He made a few more massive thrusts and then with one final push he pounded my prostate with his dickhead. That last bit

forced me over the edge and my ass, prostate, balls and dick spasmed. Shot after shot of my hot manseed erupted onto Grunt's stomach and chest.

"Oh, FUCK!" I yelled while my body trembled in ecstasy.

"Oh, shit, babe, I'm coming too," he hissed through gritted teeth. I could feel his massive member expanding inside my tight ass as he orgasmed.

He pulled me close to him: our hearts still beating wildly, our sweaty cocks sticking to each other and our lungs were trying to catch a breath. His semi-hard dick was still firmly up my ass. He smiled and kissed me tenderly.

"You're mine now, you know that," he whispered.

*Yes.* I didn't have to say it.

The next morning, we finished the cold pizza left out the night before. Grunt explained how "Three Guys From Italy" is actually one guy from Hong Kong. Authenticity notwithstanding, the pizza was actually pretty good. Even better is that lately I've been enjoying a regular delivery of Grunt's large sausage...

# LAYOVER

*He rammed his cock deep inside my butt. The exquisite pain mixed with ecstasy...*

Been done, I thought to myself, as I hit the backspace button to delete.

*He rammed his man rod deep inside tight hole...*

Nah, I didn't like that either. Backspace. Delete.

I stared at my computer screen in frustration. This erotic story for my new collection just wasn't coming to me. No pun intended. At this rate, I wouldn't even be nominated for the Silver Phallus Award in erotica that I had won the year before.

The air inside the airport terminal felt stale and overheated. "Frosty the Snowman" played in the background. Christmas lights twinkled around the departure and arrivals board. Restless passengers sat all around me- looking at their watches, trying to settle down kids, and scarfing down gooey pizza and questionably packed sandwiches. Our flight to Houston from Denver had been delayed twice now. At this rate, I'd never make it to Texas in time for my friend Dan's annual New Year's blow out party, and after a boring and depressing, more on that later, Christmas at my parent's in Idaho, I needed a pick me up. I should have ponied up the extra hundred for a direct flight, and then maybe I wouldn't be stuck at the Denver airport.

At first, I told Dan I wouldn't be attending this year. I was still in the dumps about *being dumped* by my lawyer boyfriend, Steve, who left me for a social worker- two weeks before Christmas! I guess bringing an erotica writer to a company party wasn't part of his plan. It hurt though. Hurt like hell. I had hoped Dan's party would get my mind onto other things...or under another guy. But now I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever make it.

"Ladies and gentleman," the airport customer service rep, announced loudly into the PA system. She looked haggard and tired, her hair wildly unkept and topped by a lopsided Santa hat, her face looking old beyond her years. The result of working in the airline industry these days, I suppose. "Unfortunately, our mechanics and pilots cannot agree on the cause of our engine problems. As a result, we regret to inform you that we are required to cancel this flight."

A collective groan rippled through the terminal.

The rep took an audibly deep breath and said, "We will be working our best to fit everyone on flights scheduled for later in the day. If anyone would be interested in flying out tomorrow, the

airline would be happy to provide accommodations and a \$200 travel voucher.”

At this point, I thought, screw it. Exhausted, I couldn’t fathom the idea of spending hours more in the terminal. I shut my lap top closed and headed to the counter to take the voucher option.

While waiting in line behind a dozen more weary passengers, the crew began to disembark from the plane. First, the usual svelte female flight attendants, no more than twenty-five and followed by a tall, lanky male attendant with blonde highlights placed just so. The captains, avoiding eye contact with pissed off passengers, came out next. I noticed one captain immediately. He was tall, with thick dark hair, and exotic features that looked Caucasian with a hint of Asian background. He had a sort of Keanu Reeves thing going for him. He actually smiled, a brilliant smile I have to admit, at some of the passengers as if we were all there for a party. I fantasized for a moment about how good his jet engine would taste.

That night at the hotel room I attempted to start up the computer again, but I couldn’t focus- a mix of exhaustion and restlessness. So, I decided to head down to the hotel bar hoping that a stiff drink, if nothing else stiff, may help inspire me.

The bar was pretty much dead except for a bored bartender drying glasses. I ordered a whiskey sour and sat in front of a TV that played an old Harrison Ford film.

“This seat taken?” a husky, masculine voice said behind me.

I turned around and immediately recognized smiley pilot from the airport. The airline must have booked him here, too.

“Uh, no,” I managed to mutter, amazed at my good eye candy fortune.

“This movie’s one of my favorites. You seen it?” he asked.

Perhaps it was just my imagination, but I felt like he was checking me out, holding my gaze longer than a straight man would. I immediately noticed he was even more handsome out of uniform, believe or not, in a crisp white oxford, highlight by nice developed muscles straining the fabric, and jeans. He smelled musky and masculine, and I felt a tingle coarse through my body as I wondered how he would smell below. I’d suck this one’s cock, eat his ass, hell, even let him piss on me if he wanted. He was that cute.

“Never seen it,” I said.



“One of Harrison’s best,” he said, before motioning towards the bartender and ordering a scotch.

“Flight 245 to Houston, right?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he said. “Were you a passenger?”

“Almost,” I cracked.

He smiled and said, “Yeah, sorry about that. Shit always seems to happen at the busiest time. Holidays can be killers. Can’t wait until I work up enough seniority to take them off.”

I’d like to watch him take off, I thought to myself. He smiled at me again, and by this point, I was seriously thinking he could be flirting with me, and maybe, just maybe I might have a chance at *landing* this pilot stud. After all, I wasn’t so bad looking myself. Six foot. Wavy light brown hair. Flat stomach. Blue eyes. Killer bubble butt. I mean *killer*. Two hundred and fifty squats a day, but it was worth it. My ass proved to be a *hot top magnet*, and there was nothing I liked more than to get plunged into deep...and hard.

“How long have you been flying?” I asked, meeting his gaze and locking with it.

“Five years now.”

“Must be fun zipping around from place to place,” I said, sipping my drink.

“Can be,” he said. “Many times it can just be boring sitting at another bar waiting for the next flight, nothing to do but to kill the time.”

He grinned and winked at me. I smiled back. My cock strained against my black linen pants. I could feel the precum oozing down my leg. How I’d love to scoop up my juice, rub it against my hole, and beg this hard *man* to fuck me.

“I’m sure you can find ways to entertain yourself,” I said.

“Sometimes. If I’m lucky,” he replied. He held out his hand. “Joe.”

“Nice to meet you, Joe,” I said. “I’m Kent.”

“Were you heading home to Houston?” he asked, briefly but deliberately rubbing his leg against mine.

“A friend’s annual New Year’s party. Looks like I won’t make it this year, after all.”

“Well, you know, we do believe in excellent customer service at my airline. Maybe I can help make it up to you.”

“I bet you could,” I said, holding his stare, challenging him.

“Yeah, what could I do to...help you out?” he said, pressing his leg against mine and this time holding it.

I glanced over at the bartender who was busy staring out the front window at a group of young women in the parking lot and climbing out of a taxi, sweet thoughts of pussy probably dancing through his head. He was not paying attention to me and Joe at all.

“You could take me to your room,” I said boldly.

“Yeah,” Joe said, his eyes flickering with excitement. “And what would you want me to do once we’re there?”

“First off, just sit back for me. Let me make you feel good.”

“How you going to do that, Kent?” he asked, his hand sliding underneath the bar to my crotch, over my cock, and then teasingly towards my hole.

“Kneel before you and worship your cock like it should be worshipped,” I said.

“And then?” he asked, urging me on.

I leaned over and I could smell the whisky on his breath. I liked it.

“My ass cheeks want to suck your cock,” I half-whispered.

“Yeah, sounds hot. Think you could squeeze every drop out?”

“I know I could,” I said confidently and deliberately. “I’m very tight.”

“You into sports?” he asked.

“Sports?” I didn’t know how this conversation turned into sports all of a sudden.

“Yeah, I like to unload on a guy after shooting. Love a guy who can drink up every drop.”

*Watersports. Of course.*

“Dude, I’ll gladly lap up whatever you want to give me.”

“Gentleman,” the bartender called out. “We’re getting ready to close up.”

“Good timing,” Joe said.

In minutes we were in Joe’s hotel room, a spacious suite. Must be nice to be a pilot. It only took a matter of seconds before I was on the bed, Joe on top of me, grinding his crotch against mine. I could feel his hard cock protruding from his pants. I could tell it was of average length but on the large end when it came to girth. I wondered if my hole could stretch to take such a thick drill inside me. I had been practicing to increase my capacity level with a thick ten inch dildo. After my boyfriend left me, I became obsessed with the idea of taking the biggest cock I possibly could one day.

“Unbutton your pants and turn around!” Joe ordered.

I did as I was told what this alpha top with the thick cock had in mind for me.

Joe made his way down towards the end of the bed. I heard him begin to undress, and then he yanked my pants off of me and exposed my bare ass since I had decided to forgo undies that night.

“Spread your legs!” he half-whispered in a rough deep tone.

Again, I did as I was told. Even though his body wasn’t currently on me, I could feel his eyes exploring my back, firm butt cheeks, and muscular legs. I heard him suck on his finger for a second, and the next thing I knew the same finger was probing my ass as if its life depended on it and it was looking for a way out.

“Fuck!” I moaned. The sharp sensations came fast and hard.

I felt the weight of his body starting to press down on my back right before I felt a second finger rooting its way up my tight sphincter.

“I’m going to get your hole to beg for my cock,” Joe muttered, his fingers roughly exploring inside my backdoor.

“Joooooooooooo,” I moaned, my face buried into the pillow. I clenched my fists around the edge of the mattress not sure how much of this rough intense fingering session I could take.

“If you want to be a good bottom, you got to learn to take it like a man,” his voice, gruff, rattled into my ear.

Pain mixed with pleasure until I felt damn neared light headed.

Suddenly, he pulled his fingers out of my ass so fast I heard my hole make a popping sound, and I had to bury my face deeper into the pillow not to cry out.

“Turn around,” Joe told me. “I got some egg nog for you.”

I slowly turned around. My ass was both grateful for a rest but immediately longing for the tingling sensation he had been giving my prostate.

Joe dangled and bobbed his hard cock in front of my face. It was about six and a half and about an easy five inches around. The head was perfectly shaped, nicely crowned, and precum oozed out of the piss slit. His hand went to the back of my head, and the next thing I knew he was pushing my mouth towards his cock.

“Worship it!” he ordered. “Suck it good, babe!”

He tasted just as good as I had imagined...sweet with just a hint of saltiness. More and more precum oozed out as I worked my tongue up and down his hard veiny shaft. I couldn’t remember the last time a guy’s cock tasted this good...certainly not my ex’s!

Then he, in charge as usual, rolled over on his back. He reached over to his wallet and pulled out a condom package.

"I want you to ride my cock," he told me rather than ask me, and this turned me on even more.

Despite the fact that my ass was still in recovery from his intense probing, I knew I had to take his cock inside me. I needed to feel a man like him inside me, to let myself go, to be the total and complete bottom I had always fantasized about being. To truly be *fucked*!

Once he had sheathed his cock I positioned my asshole over his prick which I teased with my opening. He thrust his cock upwards some letting me know he couldn't be teased for long.

I took a deep breath and plunged his cock up my hole in one movement- without any more lube than what was on the condom. Again, the sensation was pain mixed with sheer submissive ecstasy.

"Hell, yeah, ride that cock!" Joe commanded, lying back and wearing his captain's hat.

On his hotel bed, I sat on his cock, my body bobbing up and down, taking every inch inside me with each landing onto his crotch. It felt so good I could almost cry from the pleasure. I imagined his seed making its way up from his ball sack, through the shaft, and towards the head. I wished we lived in an age where he could've fucked me raw and I could have taken his load, his manhood seed, inside me. It would have felt wonderful to keep a part of this stud inside me.

"Deeper!" Joe ordered.

I took a deep breath and slammed his cock into my ass again.

His cock was so engorged, so thick it felt like it might rip through my hole. It was almost too much to take. *Almost*.

"Fuck, I'm going to cum!" I groaned, amazed at the fact that I was getting ready to shot even though I hadn't even touched my dick. Joe had sent my hole straight into a fuck heaven.

Jism spurted out of cock head and all over Joe's smooth, muscular pecs.

"Shoot that wad!" Joe said, while thrusting his hips and then his cock further and further up my butt. Then he grabbed me by my shoulders and pushed me down on his cock hard, and I could tell from the strain on his face he was starting to cum.

"Tight ass!" he moaned.

He sat up and we wrapped our arms around each other while I still sat on his cock. I loved knowing his sperm was inside me- even if it was in a rubber.

“That was hot,” I finally managed to say.

“Hell, yeah,” he said.

“I think this has been the best layover I’ve ever had,” I said, running my hands over his chest.

We eventually pulled ourselves apart and each took turns in hot shower. I spent the time he was in the shower laying back on the bed with his worn underwear covering my face, intoxicated by his smell.

Between the hot shower and the fucking I couldn’t remember the last time I had been so relaxed.

I sat on Joe’s bed and watched him put on a fresh pair of blue briefs that highlighted his ass in a really good way. I wondered if he had ever let anyone take, or at least taste, his anal cherry.

“I wouldn’t have been surprised to have done this with a flight attendant, but I never expected a captain,” I said.

Joe chuckled and poured himself a vodka tonic with ingredients out of the mini-bar.

“You’d be surprised,” he said. “My first experience was in a cockpit with another captain.”

“No way!” I exclaimed. I moved down to sit on the edge of the bed. “Are you serious? In the cockpit?”

Joe nodded and smiled, the kind of smile one makes when thinking of a real pleasant memory. He took a sip of his drink and kicked back in the overstuffed red chair in the room.

“Few years ago this week actually,” he began. “It was New Year’s night. You know we got stuck with the crummy schedule. Everyone wants to be with their friends and family, but you’re up in the air in a tiny cockpit for hours.”

“How did it start?” I asked. I felt my dick start to harden again at this thought of this kinky fun.

“There were three captains. One guy, the more senior one, older and always a little grouchy went to take his rest break where we can lay down for a bit. It was in the middle of the night so not a lot was happening back in the passenger cabin. It was just me and this guy named Zack. He was from the mid-west, dark blonde head, tall, corn fed kinda build. A real man’s man. I would’ve never believed it if I hadn’t been there to experience it myself.”

“Who made the first move?” I asked.

“Him, definitely. I was still sort of coming to terms with the fact that I liked to fuck guys, too. I’d only played around with a couple of guys in school. Always after a long night of partying, and there was no pussy around. No one ever mentioned it the next day.”

“What did the other pilot do?”

“He started asking me if I had a wife. I said no. Then he asked if there was a girlfriend. No again. Next he told me he was divorced and that his wife just was never able to give him what he really wanted. He then looked down at my crotch and his gaze stayed there for a few seconds.”

My own cock bobbed to attention in my shorts, and I felt myself get wet just listening to this story of two men in a tight space.

“He then reached over and started rubbing my cock through my uniform pants. I got a little nervous wondering if someone would walk in, but it excited me at the same time. He started telling me how impressive my cock was which is what every dude wants to hear of course.”

He took another sip of his drink I assume to allow that image of him being felt up in the cockpit to fully form in my mind.

“He then told me he wanted to suck my cock right then and there. I was thrown. I didn’t know how to respond at first, and finally, I said what if someone walked in on us from the crew. Surely, that had to be a FAA violation. I mean, shit! Knob slobbers in the cock pit wasn’t in the rule book. And then the next thing I know he announces over the PA system that he’s turning the Fasten Seatbelt Sign on and all passengers and crew must return to their seats because of some upcoming turbulence.”

“No shit!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, and I couldn’t help but burst out laughing when he did. I mean it was genius, but he told me that another pilot had taught him that trick to use whenever you wanted to do something in the cock pit and not have unwanted visitors popping in. He then reached over, took out my cock, bent over my seat and gave me the most amazing head I had ever gotten. This super masculine guy just went down on my cock like he was starving for it, and then when I tried to pull back when I knew I was about to cum he wouldn’t let me pull away. I came all in the dude’s mouth and he swallowed every drop of juice that my cock could produce.”

“Fuck, man. That’s so hot,” I said, while wondering how I could use this in one of my stories one day, but I wondered if people would believe it.

“Afterwards, he just took out his dick and started stroking it until he came in his coffee cup. He then announced that people could once again move about the cabin.” He sighed at the memory. “Happens every now and then on a flight. It’s long boring work and you’re cramped into a tiny space. So, you know things happen.”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever think the same about flying again,” I told Joe.

He laughed and said, “Yeah, you never know.” He paused. “Now suck my cock some more.”

The next day when I finally got on my flight to arrive at the party an entire day late, I couldn’t wait to pull out my laptop and work on my new story. My night with Joe had inspired me to new levels. Plus, it got my mind off of my ex and got me thinking that now that I was single I should start exploring some of my own fantasies while I have the opportunity. Maybe realizing my kinkiest of fantasies would take my own erotica writing to the next level.

An hour or so after being in the air, I had almost finished the first draft of a new story.

Suddenly, the captain’s voice came over the intercom system and said, “Ladies and gentleman, we may have some possible rough turbulence in a few minutes. So, just as a precaution I’m going to turn on the fasten seatbelt sign and ask that the crew also return to their seats.”

I smiled and even giggle a little when I started to wonder what was actually going on in that cockpit at that very moment.

*Turbulence indeed.*

# **THE BUTTCRACKER**



The holidays are a bit stressful for me. Don't get me wrong, I still love the holidays. I try to give really fun and unique gifts and it's a real challenge every year to top myself. But some friends and relatives are easy to shop for: a gift certificate here or there. Even my little nephew favored gift cards over a "real" gift. He even had a little wallet for them and would hold the gift cards like a poker hand! He sure did take after my banker brother. But as far as gift giving goes, my cousin Randy was a tough nut to crack! He's one of those creative types -- costume designer for plays and films here in L.A. *Did I mention gay?* He always expects something fun and creative unless you want your gift loathingly donated to the local thrift store instead of lovingly displayed in his decked out home in the Hollywood Hills. It doesn't have to be expensive, but he appreciates creative.

So when I saw a cute new shop called "Sexcessories" open up on the main shopping drag, Santa Monica Boulevard, near my apartment, I figured I might find the perfect gift for Randy. The window display was pretty creative: A red leather clad Santa that was hung like a reindeer, Mrs. Claus had tit clamps and all the elves were shirtless and had six packs. I was bracing myself for a very unique shopping experience.

I entered the store and fun dance club-like Christmas music was playing. I saw candy cane dildos and Christmas themed pornos: "It's a Wonderful Lick" or "Mangina on 34th Street." My favorite: "Oh Come All Ye Fistfuckers." This old Catholic boy was turning a little red!

"Hi, can I help you?" asked a sweet voice.

I turned and saw this cute young college gal with braces and glasses and wearing a Santa Hat with red and green lights blinking along the edge. Oh, to be that young and golly gee! She looked like America Ferrera but Asian. I wanted to call her Korea Ferrera! She was so cute! She made me want to adopt a Korean baby girl, but Korea's been done. *Maybe one from Djibouti...*

But back to shopping. "Oh, hey, hon. I LOVE the shop. Listen, I have this very picky gay cousin and I'm trying to find some fun naughty gift for him. I don't want it too obvious or in too bad taste. But I don't want it boring either. Any suggestions?" I asked trying not to get distracted by the extended remix of "Have Yourself A Very Merry Christmas" from Babs' Christmas album.

She wrinkled her brow for a second. "Well...something did just come in this morning from Russia!" she said giggling in that upspeak tone that 20-somethings speak in. I was already pushing 40 so in gay years I've been around the block so many times they had to

repave. She went into the storeroom in the back and came out with what looked like those nutcracker soldiers for the holidays.

I was a bit skeptical. "I don't know, hon. That's a little too 'country' for my cousin, if you know what I mean....," I uttered, not trying to be rude.

"Oh, this isn't your typical nutcracker! It's a Buttercracker!" she giggled! *They laugh at everything at that age.* She turned the nutcracker around and there was a space in the ass for a nut. "Then you squeeze the legs like this to crack the nut!" And see, he's shirtless and has a six-pack!"

*Well, that sealed the deal!* "I'll get him a Buttercracker and maybe some ballet tix to the actual Nutcracker so he can see all those men in tights," I said with shopping glee! I thanked Korea Ferrera, grabbed the "Mangina on 34th Street" porno DVD for myself and took my purchases home. I forgot to ask her if Asian women really do have the tightest pussies. And if so, do Asian men have the tightest assholes? I'd have to ask her the next time I went in...

It was getting late and I was getting a bit sleepy. After a quick microwaved frozen organic vegetarian dinner I went into the living room to start wrapping gifts. I turned on the lights on the tree, flipped the switch on the gas fireplace (so Southern California!) and put on a holiday CD. I'll have to watch "Mangina on 34th Street" later I thought to myself yawning...

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I must've fallen asleep and woke up drooling over the Christmas wrap. It was quiet and dark out. I looked at the clock. *Midnight.* I had one more gift to wrap -- the Buttercracker -- which was nowhere to be seen. I looked over and under the table and couldn't find it.

I heard a noise by the tree and cautiously walked across the room. From behind the tree was a beautiful man wearing only red boxer shorts, black boots and smelling sweet -- *like sugar plums?*

He smiled and started to rub his crotch and his thick candy cane cock started to peek out of the elastic. I knelt in front of his crotch and rubbed my face over his hardness. His legs were thick and ripped with muscles and hairy but not too hairy, just the way I like it.

He hooked his thumbs into his waistband and brought his shorts to his knees and released his glorious dick. It had a nice thick bright red head, a thick shaft and punctuated by the roundest balls I have ever seen. I went down and started to savor the holiday meat

and smelling his cinnamon spiced crotch. Oooh, this man was delicious. The aroma reminded me of all the sweet memories of past holidays.

Still on my knees, I turned him around. I brought his shorts down to his ankles and he stepped out of them. His balls were perfectly round, but they paled in comparison to his perfectly round ass cheeks. I spread them and aimed my tongue into his hole. It smelled like sugar and spice and everything nice. This puppy dog was lapping up this guy's tail! I kneaded his muscular ass with my fingers and feasted on his savory butt juice. *Please, sir, can I have some more?*

He gently pulled away and smiled. Wordlessly, he took my hand and motioned me off my knees. He led me to the Oriental rug in front of my gas fireplace. The dancing blue and yellow flames reflected off his beautiful hazel eyes. He started to unbutton my shirt and my khakis. He squeezed my nipples with his soft but strong fingers. He kissed my neck and licked the hollow of my throat. He lay me down in front of the fire, removing my pants.

My dick was as stiff as my grandmother's old fruitcake and stood up straight as a flagpole. He removed my boxers and started licking my shaft, savoring the precum forming at the tip. I stared at the cottage cheese ceiling and glimpsed at the mistletoe I had hung the night before. *Who knew it would come in so handy now?* My fingers gripped the Oriental rug as I held my breath while my body was being explored inch by inch with his hot, wet tongue. This handsome, silent stranger was giving me quite a holiday surprise. I was about to cum from the pleasurable sensations when he suddenly stopped. I lifted my head, my eyes glazed over from the tongue bath I had received. He raised an index finger motioning me to wait. He walked into the kitchen and came back -- with a plate of cranberry sauce.

He grabbed a handful and rubbed the thick sauce over his erect cock. He then coated his middle finger with it, lifting my legs up to expose my ass and stuck it into my eagerly awaiting ass hole. It felt thick and sticky -- a very interesting sensation. *Well, this is better than eating the stuff,* I thought since I never did understand the appeal, but kept it in the house for tradition's sake. He smiled again, put my legs on his shoulders, bent down to kiss me and shoved his cranberry sauce covered dick into my hole.

He fucked me slowly, deliberately and gently. I didn't care about the cranberry sauce over the carpet! Screw the rug! I was enjoying the best holiday stuffing I've ever had. Visions of sugar-

plum dildos danced in my head as this stud was pounding me. I felt his strong arms and chest bracing my legs so that he could penetrate deeper and deeper into my chimney hole.

I grabbed my raging hard on and rubbed it in unison of each thrust. A wave of pleasure engulfed me as I shot and dribbled over my sweaty stomach. The kind stranger grabbed my ankles spread my legs to open up my ass even more. He made some more thrusts, and I could feel his explosive dick erupt inside my crack.

He kissed me again and we dozed off in front of the fire in a warm embrace...

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The morning sun streamed through the blinds and shimmery curtains of my apartment. I woke up and found myself in the fetal position under the Christmas tree. I felt something hard between my legs and looked down and saw the Butcracker wedged in my crotch. I could feel my morning hard-on sticky with cum. It must've been a dream -- a sticky, holiday wet dream. The stickiest ever.

*Shit*, after last night, cousin Randy wasn't getting this Butcracker. I was going to keep it for myself. I'll still get him the Nutcracker ballet tickets, but I'd have to visit Korea Fererra again at the "Sexcessories" store for another gift.

With a smile on my face, I gingerly placed the Butcracker on the mantle of my fireplace amidst the stockings and other holiday decor. It looked good there. I was feeling hungry and headed into the kitchen with the oddest craving for cranberry sauce...

# **Have Yourself a Merry Little Pizza**

*Pizza is like sex. When it's good, it's pretty good. When it's bad, it's still pretty good. -- Anonymous*

I love fucking. There's nothing like sticking my throbbing dick up some hot guy's tight chute after a long day's work. What do I do? I deliver pizzas. And not just any pizzas, but the fuckin' Gucci of pizzas: Three Guys From Italy. Well, to be honest, it's one guy from Hong Kong named Chef Dong. But he studied for years in Italy and his stuff can make Mama Celeste cream in her Italian lace panties.

When I make a "Three Guys From Italy" delivery, people are really grateful. Our delivery guys (and gals) are professionals, like waiters are in Paris, who pride themselves in their service.

The way I see it, it's all about having a good attitude and smiling at people. You send out good vibes, and the stuff comes back, you know? I guess people also appreciate the fact that I'm a physically big guy: tall, husky ex-football player, trimmed goatee, full head of dark hair and a nice smile. Appearance and attitude are important to me. At least that's what I learned while serving in the Marines. *Semper Fi!*

By the way, my name's Grunt. And yeah, Grunt's had his share of guys hitting on him while on duty, but I only do it after hours. I'm a pro, remember? I just want to tell you about one particular Christmas Eve when I learned it really is better to give than to receive.

It was getting pretty late one Christmas Eve, which is usually a slow night for us. But for some reason we were all over town. I was getting some great tips. I figured it was the Santa hat I wore which went well with my goatee and big smile. I had one more order to deliver for the evening to some gym on the west side of town.

I drove to the address, with my Country Christmas album playing over the speakers. The streets were pretty empty by then, and I was enjoying the festive street decorations and bright store window displays whiz by me. I love the holidays. It gets me hard.

I came up to the old looking building and saw the old neon sign above read: Fantastic Gymnastics. I knocked, holding our holiday pizza special (lotsa red tomato sauce mixed with green pesto and pepperoni on top arranged in a Christmas tree shape) in my hand.

"Come in," I heard a voice say from inside.

I walked in and saw guy doing a handstand and splits in the middle of the room. Upon my arrival, he looked up, bounded to his feet and walked confidently toward me. He looked awfully familiar...

"Thank you, Mr. Delivery Guy, sir," he said with an energetic smile.

He was really hot wearing a tight tank top and really short shorts. I couldn't help but notice that really round ass of his, too. He looked about late twenties to early thirties, brown hair and eyes and smooth skin. He had some of the white powder that gymnasts use over his hands and more adorably, on the side of his face. I wanted to lick it off with my tongue...

"My name's Grunt. Thanks for ordering from Three Guys From Italy. You look awfully familiar..." I said to him, noticing his nipples through the thin material of his shirt and the nice compact bulge between his legs.

"Thanks, Grunt. I like your Santa hat. Very festive," he said with a wink and looking me over from head to toe. "My name's Mitch. Maybe you remember me from when I was on the national gymnastics team a few years ago."

"I thought I recognized you," I exclaimed. I also remember how often I used to jack off imagining Mitch doing the dismount off my dick...

Mitch continued: "I've got a charity exhibition performance at the Braille Institute on Christmas Day. I flew in from Dallas yesterday, and I wanted to make sure and get some practice in. The guy who owns this place is a friend of a friend. He said I could use it all to myself since it's normally closed anyway around this time. There's guest quarters in the back, so it's a home away from home. So that's why I'm here for the holidays away from family. But it's for a good cause, right? I try to do a different charity every Christmas. What's the old saying? It's better to give than to receive..." he said with a lot of sincerity and looking straight into my eyes.

"Well, it seems you've been doing a lot of giving, Mitch," I said, placing the pizza on a nearby desk, still staring at his beautiful eyes.

Mitch, not blinking, placed his chalk covered hand over my crotch and started to squeeze my rapidly stiffening cock. "Well, Santa Baby, don't you think it's time for me to start receiving?" he mused.

"Sure. We'll see who's been naughty or nice," I said reaching out to wipe the white powder off his smooth face. He had a beautifully sculpted body. Not overly muscular, but lean and sinewy.

He locked the door and led me past the high bar, vault, rings, and the pommel horse into a secluded area with a padded floor.

I carefully unbuttoned my shirt and undid my belt and pants. My hard-on was straining at the seams of my boxers. I kept my Santa hat on.

Mitch knelt down on the padded vinyl floor, took my dick and hungrily sucked it. There was a gentle intensity to his cocksucking. "You have such a hot dick, Grunt. After I get you ready to explode, I want you fuck me," the former Olympic level athlete said confidently.

He licked my balls and my inner thigh, careful to keep either a hand or his hot mouth on my dick at all times. Definitely points for degree of difficulty. When I wanted to grab his hard dick, he gently pushed my hand away.

"Just save your energy, man. You'll need it after the marathon fucking you're gonna give me tonight. Let me show you one of the first things I learned after a couple of years of training..." Mitch teased.

He stood up on the padded floor, placed his hands on his hips, smiled a devilish grin, bent over and started to suck his own dick! You don't see that every day.

"Oh, you're getting me so hot. I'm gonna come soon..." I groaned.

"Perfect. Now you are ready for my real act," Mitch proclaimed after licking off his own pre-cum.

He got up and pulled a condom and lube from a nearby backpack. He skillfully wrapped my dick and lubed it up. The excess he rubbed over his perfectly puckered gold-winning asshole, making sure I saw every bit of his technique.

While I was on the padded floor, he squatted over my dick guiding it into his inviting hole. When it was right where he wanted it, he impaled his sinewy body onto my erection.

God, his ass was tight! He had great stamina and skill. I could feel his muscles milking my dick with each thrust. He was a power bottom who savored every inch of my manhood inside him. I could feel my thick dickhead cramming into his prostate without even a wince from him that would probably send the toughest Marine into tears.

"I love your big dick, Grunt. I...want...every...inch," he said, thrusting on top of me with every syllable.

I moved my hands around his beautiful smooth chest and flat stomach. I reached around and grabbed his round ass cheeks and



spread them even more so I could penetrate even deeper. I thrust up in unison with each of his downstrokes for a collision of ecstasy.

I wanted to really pound him, so I pushed him off me and forced him onto his back. I lifted his legs up and stared at his exposed man hole.

"Give it to me, Grunt. Fuck the shit out of me. Give me all you've got!" he snarled.

I looked down at his abused ass and gathered some saliva into my mouth and spit at his hole to prepare for the entry of my throbbing dick into the warm tightness. I aimed my dick at the entrance and shoved it in. He didn't yelp but smiled with glee.

With my 230 pound frame, I focused all my energy into abusing that hole. I couldn't believe his pain threshold. No bottom had ever taken me so deeply and completely. I wasn't withholding anything with my thick beer can sized dick.

I started to bite my lower lip, a sign of my getting close to orgasm. "I'm gonna come soon," I whispered. Mitch then proceeded to wrap his legs around my waist. I placed my hands on the floor, my weight bearing down on his raised ass.

With one final deep thrust, I started to explode with white liquid heat. "Oh, God, I'm coming," I yelled. Mitch gripped his legs tighter, bringer me deeper inside him with each shot of cum.

The furry ball at the end of my Santa hat hung over his mouth and he bit it hungrily as I looked down at his own spasming dick, which was shooting gobs of mancream onto his sweaty stomach.

"Fuck, that was hot," I told him, placing a tender kiss on his lips.

"Dude, that was so fucking good. It is better to give than to receive, right?" he winked.

"I dunno, you looked like you were having even more fun than me," I joked.

Afterwards, we talked a little and ate some of the holiday pizza. Before you knew it, I was pounding his jock ass on the vault, sucking his dick while he sat on the pommel horse and licking his ass while he was hanging off the rings. We did our own "all-around" competition that night going from apparatus to apparatus well into Christmas morning before his charity event.

Let's just say, I delivered a lot of presents that night and I definitely had myself a very Merry Christmas that year...

*Bonus Story*

**The Legend of Bigcock**

**Story One**

## BIGCOCK RESEARCH REPORT, DAY ONE

by Dr. Hunt Bolts

October 19, 2008

My assistant Chazz and I have just arrived in Bay, Iowa, a small semi-rural town in the heart of corn country. Since December of last year I have been working as the Chief Investigator for the DSI, Discoveries of Sexual Investigations. I was immediately placed in charge of the Bigcock task force. Sure, we've all heard the stories about Bigcock, the seven-foot plus man creature that appears to campers and rural residents and immediately seduces them with the intoxicating presence of his hard twenty inch penis.

Sightings have been reported for years, but no one's ever produced any hard evidence, so to speak. It's mine and Chazz's job to try and prove once and for all if Bigcock exists, and if he does, is he a human mutation, another branch on the primate family tree, or as some have expressed, a gift from God.

People run across Bigcock almost always happened at night. Usually, it's the camper who encounters him in the middle of night after leaving the tent to urinate (or as is used in common vernacular "piss"). Or the occasional semi-rural resident who returns home after a hard night of drinking (this also causes some sightings to fall under question).

Almost all people who claim to have seen Bigcock describe him the same way- jet black hair, dark eyes that mysteriously shine in the night, coarse curly chest hair on a muscular larger than life barrel chest. He is usually seen wearing only tight shorts made of a crude form of cotton fabric. His cock is usually straining to break free from said shorts. His seven foot plus frame is intimidating at first, but people report becoming enchanted with Bigcock at first sight. He never speaks, but those who've encountered him say there's no need.

His body speaks for him. Some even claim that his semen has medicinal purposes, especially when it comes to acid reflux.

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Chazz is an eager twenty-year old eager intern at the DSI. I had some reservations at first about bring Chazz along on this assignment. As most twenty year old men are he's always horny as hell, and he has a bit of a Bigcock legend fetish. He says that to perform oral sex on Bigcock would be his ultimate fantasy. Despite this he's a hard worker. He's kept detail charts on the estimated girth, length, scrotum sack size, and amount of semen ejaculated reported by witnesses. Chazz is extremely thorough.

I, on the other hand, am strictly business when it comes to Bigcock. From a scientific standpoint, proving that Bigcock exists, or better yet, capturing him alive could be the biggest biological discovery of the twenty-first century. And if his semen does have the magic powers some have suggested who knows what diseases may be cured, perhaps even restless leg syndrome.

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Chazz and I met our first witness, a Ms. Rose Mitchell, at the Hot Pan Café located in Bay. Ms. Mitchell, 25, spent most of the lunch staring dreamily out the window every time we questioned her about Bigcock. A cigarette dangled from her orange painted lips, and she fingered the handle on her coffee mug often. Quite attractive, Ms. Mitchell could probably land any straight main with her ample bosom, rosy cheeks, and porcelain white skin. However, Ms. Mitchell told us she has a problem. Ever since her encounter with Bigcock just the thought of being with any ordinary man leads her to a deep dark masturbation obsessed depression.

"Is it all right if I tape this conversation?" I asked, as I clicked on the recorder.

"Sure, whatever," Ms. Mitchell said, taking a long, deep drag on her cigarette.

Chazz dutifully sat on the side of me with pen and papers in hand to record any movements or nuances in Ms. Mitchell that simply can't be caught on a tape recorder.

"More meat?" the waitress could be heard on tape recorder.

"You could never possibly have enough," Ms. Mitchell replied, her voice hinting at a deep sadness.

"Ms. Mitchell, I know you've told the DSI your story before, but could you please start at the beginning for me. Tell me about when you first encountered Bigcock," I said.

Ms. Mitchell sighed loudly and then began. "I thought I had heard some rustling on my back porch one evening around ten. Daddy had said he'd seen quite a few coons lately getting into the cat's food. Coons are quite smart you know. Anyway, I went outside to chase them off, but it wasn't any coon out there."

"It was Bigcock?" I asked.

I felt Chazz scoot closer to the edge of the table, leaning in as close as possible to Ms. Mitchell.

"He was so tall, so massive," Ms. Mitchell said, dreamily. "I was mesmerized the moment I saw him. His body was covered in coarse manly dark hair. Not gorilla covered. He's just a very hairy guy, you know."

"Did you scream in fright?" I asked.

"No, not at all. I was enchanted. He was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen."

"Did he say anything? Did Bigcock speak?"

"No, he wasn't about talk at all. He was only about one thing."

“Which was?” Chazz chirped.

“My eyes drifted downward, and I saw a huge penis protruding under a pair of rough cotton brown shorts,” she said. A tear fell from her eye. “He was the most beautiful sight I’ve ever seen. All muscles, all man, all cock.”

“This next question is very important, Ms. Mitchell,” I said. “Did Bigcock make the first move, sexually?”

“No, not at all,” she said. “He had a slight grin on his face. His shoulder length hair blew in the slight wind. It’s like he knew what I wanted, what I needed, and he showed up out of nowhere to give it to me. It was amazing!”

“What did you do next?” I asked.

Ms. Mitchell stubbed out her cigarette and poured more cream into her coffee.

“I did exactly what I had to do, what I needed to do. I walked towards him and dropped to my knees. I wrestled that one eyed pleasure monster out of his pants. As soon as I did so, it popped up slapping me in the face. Not hard, but in a way that sort of said here it is... what you’ve been dreaming about.”

“Was he circumcised?” I asked.

“Definitely uncut,” she said. “The longest foreskin I’ve ever seen. There must have been a good five inches hanging off the tip of that cock.”

“I love foreskin!” Chazz exclaimed.

I shot Chazz a look to remind him that we were her for scientific reasons not pornographic ones!

“What about his scrotum?” I asked.

“You can’t imagine the beauty of it, Dr. Bolts,” Ms. Mitchell said, licking her lips. “It must have been the size of a large grapefruit. And those testicles, God help me, were the size of large limes!”

“That’s a lot of fruit,” I commented.

“Sweeter than any fruit I’ve ever had,” Ms. Mitchell said. “I didn’t think there was any way I could accommodate such a large penis in my mouth, but I gave it the best try I could. I sucked the foreskin, licked the head, kissed the shaft up and down. The taste was absolutely amazing!”

“Did you...” I began, choosing my wording carefully, “have intercourse with Bigcock?”

“Of course!” Ms. Mitchell exclaimed. “Not before going inside to get a plastic bread bag to use as a condom though.”

“Certainly,” I said. “Protection is very important. Although, I’m not sure a bread bag is exactly effective against pregnancy and disease.”

A defensive look swept across Ms. Mitchell’s face.

“You didn’t see the majesty of this cock, okay? I was improvising!”

“I’m not being judgmental, Ms. Mitchell. Simply making a point.”

Her face softened a bit. “It’s okay.”

“May I ask how you were able to...uh...welcome such a large man inside you?”

“That’s just it,” Ms. Mitchell said, her eyes growing as wide as saucers. “That cock must have been twenty inches. I thought there was no way I could take such a huge shlong in my

pussy...I mean vagina. But something about his cock...maybe it was hormonal...my vagina produced an extremely large amount of lubricant, and somehow, as if by magic, his cock...I mean penis...slid inside me.”

“Position?” Chazz asked.

“Missionary,” she answered. “I was lying in the nighttime cool grass. Bigcock was on top of me sliding his massive manhood in and out of me, his rough manly hands fingering my nipples, his smile enchanting me.”

“But he still never spoke?” I asked.

“No, never. I moaned like crazy though. I came twenty times!”

“Twenty times?” I asked, doubtful.

“Twenty times,” Ms. Mitchell repeated. “I counted.”

“And what happened when the encounter concluded?”

“Well, he finally came. He did let out a loud groan. He pulled out his penis and shot a geyser amount of semen all over my now naked body. That semen, I swear, smelled sweeter than roses.”

I got extremely excited. Semen equaled DNA. If some landed on her clothes perhaps there was still a sample.

“Ms. Mitchell, this is extremely important. Think *hard*. Do you have an article of clothing or anything that may have some of Bigcock’s semen on it?”

She shook her head. “No, he came on my bare skin, and I ate every drop of it.”

I frowned in disappointed. A Bigcock DNA sample could have revolutionized this research.



“What happened after he ejaculated?” I asked.

“He softly caressed my face for a moment, then stood up, pulled up his shorts and walked off into the darkness. I wanted to run after him, screaming at him to please not leave me. But I was so spent from my twenty orgasms I couldn’t even lift myself off the ground until morning. I woke in the morning to find an angry looking raccoon staring at me.”

“Any sign of him again?” I asked.

Ms. Mitchell began to cry softly, and I reached over and caressed her hand.

“No. Nothing. I’ve prayed. I’ve dreamed of his return. Doctor, if you find Bigcock, you must let me know where he is. You must let him know how badly I need him.”

“Thank you, Ms. Mitchell. Thank you so much for meeting with us.”

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In the car, headed to our hotel, Chazz drove while I wrote down some last minute notes. I shook my head in amazement.

“Everyone who encounters Bigcock talks of it as the most amazing sexual encounter they’ve ever had,” I said.

“I know,” Chazz said, dreamily.

“We’ve got to get to the bottom of this, Chazz. Science depends on it.”

“Speaking of bottom,” Chazz said, as we pulled into the parking lot of the Bay Hotel. “This evening we’re meeting a Mr. and Mrs. Swanson. They encountered Bigcock while camping in the Sjöblom National Forrest. I hear it’s quite a story.”

“Mrs. Swanson had a similar encounter with Bigcock?” I asked.

“Nope,” Chazz said smiling. “Apparently a confused *Mr. Swanson* did.”

## **About Drake Reynolds**

Drake was born in a hospital near the Los Angeles International Airport. This may explain his fascination for all things that “take off.”

At an early age, he was forced to give up his childhood dream to be a live human mannequin- too fidgety. So, instead he decided to focus on his two main passions- erotic writing and instant coffee. He can often be found drinking his instant coffee while writing his erotic stories.

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