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B DOWN THE BASEMENT

*Classic gay erotica...
without apology.*



RYAN FIELD

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Down the Basement

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Down the Basement

by

Ryan Field

Down the Basement

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On Halloween night during my senior year in college, I went to a costume party in a broken-down frat house dressed as a self-appointed character I'd been inventing for months, years, if you really want to get technical. I looked like any normal guy in college by then; short sandy blond hair, blue eyes, white polo shirts and khaki slacks. Though I was only five feet six inches tall, there was nothing about me on the outside you would have considered peculiar. Most people would never have guessed that I was even gay or that I had a secret passion for lipstick, earrings and very high heels.

It's not that I didn't like being a man. I did and wouldn't have changed that for the world. But the thought of shaving my entire body to the point where every conceivable inch of skin was smooth and soft, and then putting on a tight corset, black stockings and dangerous stilettos gave me an erection that lasted for hours.

Good sex for me was all about dressing up. All this was only fantasy back then, and though I'd once had the courage to buy a pair of cheap, size eleven, four-inch high heels at Payless (buried at the bottom of my suitcase and only worn while I masturbated in private), I'd never actually had the guts to go out in public dressed as a sexy woman.

*Ryan Field*

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Not until the night of the costume party, anyway. I wasn't cruising for guys either. I just wanted to dress up and feel sexy for once.

I'd spent months ordering the most precise items on the internet, things I knew would make me appear and feel really hot. The general costume consisted of a black-beaded evening bag, a short black taffeta skirt, a skintight, black lace corset trimmed in silver, a black mask that covered half my face and six-inch black stilettos. But it was the small details that really made the costume work: rhinestone earrings with a matching necklace and bracelet; long, red fake fingernails and full makeup; a pair of realistic vinyl boobs with big nipples that actually felt real when you squeezed them. I'd signed up at a tanning salon a month before the party so my legs would be smooth and brown...no need for stockings. And best of all, a long, blond wig with a snug fit so I could toss my head around without worrying about losing it. Actually, my only real worry was holding my eight-inch penis down all night. So I found a strong black thong-sock (no string so my ass would be bare) with a heavy waistband to keep my junk concealed. I knew if I got really hard, I could point my dick toward my stomach and the waistband would hold it in place.

Down the Basement

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Though I made a few mistakes (I didn't need eye make up with a mask...when the wig was on my head, I realized all I needed was a little red lip gloss to pass), my first time going out in public was actually quite professional. And it was supposed to be outrageous. After all, this was a costume party.

The high heels made me feel sexy and empowered, and as I strutted across campus to the frat-house party, a couple of guys turned to stare at my bare legs. They weren't the best-looking boys on campus, but they were real men, they were pussy hounds, and they liked the way I looked. I concentrated on my movements, very carefully so that I wouldn't appear masculine. I didn't want to come off as quasi feminine either, so I simply restricted each movement to avoid anything awkward or too calculated. Then I smiled and said, "Hey guys."

The tall dude, a horny Afro-American, said, "Yeah, sweet baby, where you been all my life?"

I told him, "Going to meet my boyfriend, sweetie,"

He laughed, and while I continued to walk away, I heard him tell his friend, "I'd like to get me a piece of that sugar, man. I know how to make her happy."

## *Ryan Field*

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If I'd had any doubts about being able to pass as a woman, those two boys proved I could do it as long as I was careful.

The costume was a huge hit, and no one recognized me or even considered I might not be a woman. No one from my usual crowd was there anyway; I was an English major and these people were all jocks and cheerleaders. I was glad I'd worn the jock underwear; my dick was semi-erect the entire time, especially when I realized that young guys were staring at my legs. But the goal was to have fun passing as a woman for the first time, not to cruise guys. And I certainly wasn't looking for sex. If for some reason I was recognized by anyone, I knew I could camp it up as a man in drag; just an outrageous Halloween costume for fun.

Some of the other costumes were good, too: a kinky witch (I think she was a real woman) with big boobs in black leather and lace, a scarecrow who was actually smoking from the shoulders, one really swishy gay guy dressed as Baby Jane Hudson, and a guy with a realistic Richard Nixon mask are a few that still come to mind. But others weren't all that creative, like the humpy guys with deep voices who didn't bother to come up with a real costume and only wore their football uniforms with black masks.

Down the Basement

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It turned out to be one of those parties where you don't really have to know anyone very well to have a good time, and because it was a costume party, people seemed more animated behind their masks. I laughed and joked with Baby Jane Hudson, while Richard Nixon kept bringing me strong drinks and trying to put his hand up my little black skirt.

At one point, with the palm of his hand pressed against my ass, he leaned over and whispered, "My car is parked outside."

And I replied, pretending to be a woman, "Sorry stud, I have a boyfriend." He was cool about it and didn't persist. Though I would have loved to at least given him a blowjob, I was terrified he'd find out who I really was and kick my ass.

We all partied hard, mixing beer and whatever else there was, all night long.

Then sometime around two in the morning, one of the drunken football players reached behind me while I was leaning against a wide oak staircase and placed the palm of his large hand up my skirt and rested it on my bare ass. His pale blues eyes appeared eager; one eyebrow rose for the conquest. He squeezed my ass cheeks and said, "Those fucking high heels are really hot." He was about six four and towered over me in spite of the stilettos; his words were slurred, and his breath heavy

*Ryan Field*

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and stale from beer when he asked, "Why aren't you wearing any underwear?"

I smiled. "So you can put your hand up my dress, sweetie, and feel my ass." I couldn't believe my own words. But there, I'd said it. By then, my heart was beating so fast I could feel it pounding in my ears.

Then he asked if I wanted to go down to the basement recreation room to smoke a joint with three of his football buddies.

I frowned and thought about it for a moment. I knew what he wanted to do down there. I almost said no. But when I looked at his rugged, handsome face and noticed his wide, strong shoulders, I couldn't refuse the experience of a lifetime. So I agreed to follow him.

And he nodded to his three buddies, who must have been waiting for a signal. They were standing in a corner of the room, murmuring things to each other, with secretive smiles on their young faces.

The football player led me downstairs with his large hand pressed against the small of my back as though I belonged to him. His buddies remained upstairs in the corner of the room.

The basement was dark, just two dim light bulbs with pull strings, and I had to navigate with care because of the high heels. A dusty old braided rug had been placed in the center

Down the Basement

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of the concrete floor; my heels sank into the grooves. There was a large sectional sofa with worn navy fabric in the middle of the room and two over-sized arms chairs. A square, dark-pine coffee table with heavy turned legs rested upon the stained rug, centered between the sofa and chairs.

The football player gestured toward the sofa and said, "Have a seat, baby," while he pulled a small bag from beneath a sofa cushion and proceeded to roll a joint on the coffee table.

I put the black evening bag on the coffee table, sat in the middle of the sofa, and crossed my legs like a lady. But the skirt was short, and I purposely allowed the sides to ride up my legs so he could see part of my ass.

A moment later I heard the sound of heavy footsteps clomping down the stairs; I assumed it was his three football buddies. Though I had to press my hands together to keep them from shaking, the thought of these strong football players with big floppy dicks who were all hot for me caused my ass to literally twitch.

These guys were so drunk they couldn't stand straight. And it turned out that I actually knew one of them. He'd been in one of my math classes the previous semester, and I'd been extremely attracted to him. He had droopy brown eyes, straight black hair, and a

## *Ryan Field*

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strong, square chin. Though we had never said more than two words to each other the entire semester, I was hoping he wouldn't recognize me.

When he stumbled on the bottom basement step and fell into a wall, I took a deep breath and smoothed out my skirt. I doubted he'd recognized me. He seemed so drunk he couldn't even finish a sentence.

The guys were joking and laughing and shoving each other around playfully, saying things in deep voices like, "Get the fuck out of here, dude," and, "fuck, yeah, man, you pussy." Bad little locker-room boys, with too much testosterone, having too much fun at a party in front of a young girl who was showing too much leg that night. One guy held a bottle of vodka in his right hand, taking long, hard swallows. Another punched him in the arm and pulled the bottle from his hand.

I knew none of them would ask me to the senior dance, but I also knew they wanted to get into my pants (if I had any on) in the worst way that night. Though I'd been drinking, I was far from drunk and calculated my every move very carefully. I knew that this had to be smooth, without complications. If they found out I was really a man, I was afraid they'd have beaten me to a pulp. And by then, it was

Down the Basement

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too late to leave them gracefully without raising their eyebrows.

"C'mon over here and sit on my lap, so I can take off that mask," said the football player who'd brought me down to the basement. He'd removed his mask and was smoking the joint, about to pass it to one of his buddies.

Two of them sat down on my right. The third, the guy who had been in my math class, on my left. They were quiet by then, but their eyes were eager and their expressions blank; not sure who would make the first move. None were wearing masks. I figured they'd probably lost them upstairs somewhere.

I smiled. "I'll sit on your lap in a minute. I want to smoke first." Then I leaned over, pressed my palm on the upper thigh of the guy next to me while he held the joint, and I took a long drag. While I inhaled, I rubbed his solid leg gently with my long red fingernails. When I slid the red fingernails toward his crotch, he took a quick breath and his eyes fluttered. I smiled; I had him in the palm of my hand; this was power I didn't know existed. I rubbed his crotch and told him to take a hit from the joint. I knew if we all got stoned, and they got so wasted they didn't know what day of the week it was, I wouldn't have to worry about being discovered.

## *Ryan Field*

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The one who wanted me on his lap, the leader of the pack, stood and walked over to a bookcase where there was a large television and one of those small Bose radios. He turned on the radio, turned up the volume and Mary K. Blige began to sing. "Let's dance," he said, grabbing my hand and pulling me off the sofa.

While I wiggled my hips, the other three, still passing the joint around, howled, "Go man, yeah, look at her move."

I fell into his hard body and placed my arms around his wide shoulders.

He pulled me closer, and then put his rough hands under my dress and lifted it all the way up to my waist so the other guys could see him petting my bare ass.

We began to dance very slowly; I arched my back and invited him to play with my ass cheeks while I rubbed the back of his thick neck. His breath smelled like pot and beer; I slowly licked the stubble below his ear while he moaned.

One of the guys on the sofa, a tall, lanky dude with huge hands, stood and staggered up behind me. He put his hands around my waist, shoved his crotch against my ass and began slowly to hump with his erection banging against the crack of my ass. I reached down with my right hand and began to massage the one in front. He already had an erection so

Down the Basement

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hard and thick, I felt it pulse through the fabric of his football pants. He leaned forward and stuck his tongue in my mouth while the one behind me reached down and began to squeeze my ass gently.

I knew I had to change the course; the next drunken move would be to reach between my legs for a pussy that wasn't there. So I untangled myself from the sandwich and said, "Okay, boys, everyone on the sofa."

They were eager to please, their eyes glazed and their tongues hanging. We had finished the joint, and they were all too wasted to remember anything by that point. The leader who'd brought me down there in the first place sat off to the side at the edge of the sofa and watched; the other three sat next to each other.

I slowly went down to my knees and began to unlace the football pants of the lanky one who had been behind me dancing. I pulled his pants down to his hairy knees; a nine-inch erection popped out because he wasn't wearing underwear. I then removed his shoes and pulled his pants off altogether. While he moaned and the others grabbed their crotches, I ran my long red fingernails up his dark, hairy legs, took hold of the erection, and began to slurp and suck as though I hadn't been fed dick in years. His pre-come tasted salty; I

*Ryan Field*

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sucked and swallowed as much as I could. His crotch smelled like watered down vinegar because his balls had been sweating during the party. With my dark red lips wrapped around the head, I began to jerk the shaft with my right hand.

The guy was young and horny; he came fast. He blew a load into my mouth within minutes, and I gulped the whole thing and sucked out the last drops so there wouldn't be any mess.

I wasted no time in repeating the same act with the guy sitting next to him, which took even less time. I barely had time to taste his dick. He must have had a three-day build up, too. While I sucked him clean, he rested his head on the back of the sofa and pressed his trembling knees hard against my head.

When I turned and reached for the third guy, he had already pulled his dick out for me, and he was jerking the shaft. I smiled and licked my lips. This was the guy who had brought me down to the basement in the first place, and I wanted to make him feel really good. But while I was about to go down on him, the guy I knew from the math class rested his palm on my shoulder and said, "I want to fuck you, baby."

My eyes bugged as though I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar. My heart

Down the Basement

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started to race, hoping he wouldn't put his hand up my dress.

Before I could refuse him, the guy smiled and leaned forward. He bent close to my ear and licked it. "Don't worry," he whispered, "I know you're not a girl; I knew it when I first came down here. You are that guy from my math class. I just wanna fuck you, please. The other guys are too drunk to even notice."

I pointed to the guy who'd brought me down to the basement. He was standing near the arm of the sofa, trying to keep his balance. "But what about him?" I asked. Though the first two guys that had already been blown were snoring, the third guy was still waiting for his blowjob. His dick stood from the opening of the football pants, and he was jerking off. His eyes were glazed and his eyelids were heavy. He had a thick cock, with a large mushroom head. I couldn't wait to lick his sexy, sloppy, bull-sized balls.

The guy from my math class smiled. "Just get up, lean over the arm of the sofa and spread your legs," he said, "You can suck him off while I bang you. I know you want it. You want dick in your ass and your mouth at the same time." His voice was soft and smooth, with a nice, friendly quality.

*Ryan Field*

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I smiled and massaged his crotch. "I want to be on my back." If I was going to agree to this, it would be on my terms, not his.

He squeezed my neck gently and said, "Then lie down at the end of the sofa and put those hot legs in the air for me."

The two guys who were sleeping were close together at one end of the long sofa. I went to the other end and went down on my back. The guy who'd brought me down to the basement watched as though he couldn't predict what would happen next. He was standing at the end of the sofa, right over my head. I threw my head back over the arm of the sofa and opened my mouth.

He bent his knees and slipped his cock inside my mouth, forcing it to the back of my throat.

I wrapped my red lips around the shaft and started sucking him off.

He closed his eyes and smiled. He didn't care what would happen after that; he only wanted to get sucked off so he could go to sleep, too.

His dick was curved and thick, not as long as the first guy and not as sweet as the second, but I couldn't help liking the way it hit the back of my throat when I sucked all the way down to his fuzzy ball sack.

Down the Basement

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And oddly enough, it occurred to me that I was even more turned on now that the guy from my math class knew I wasn't a real woman.

While I sucked the third guy off, the math-class guy pulled his fat cock out. He climbed onto the sofa, lifted my black taffeta skirt up to my waist and shoved a hard pillow under my ass so I would be higher and easier to fuck.

My legs went up, and I spread them apart. I rested the high heels on his wide shoulders. My eyes were closed, and the guy who'd brought me down to the basement was face fucking me hard now.

The math-class guy pulled a pre-lubricated condom out of his sock and covered his erection. He rolled the head of his penis around for a moment to lube my hole, and then slowly inserted the tip.

I arched my back and spread my legs wider; he grabbed my hips with both hands and squeezed tightly so that he could pound away.

With my legs bent at the knees and the high heels on his shoulders, he fucked like a machine. While I continued to moan and suck off the football player at the end of the sofa, he fucked so hard his balls slapped into my ass. The harder he hammered, the deeper I sucked the cock in my mouth.

Again, it didn't take long for either of them to reach climax. But something happened to me, too, that I hadn't expected. The one behind me began to hit a sensitive spot, and my chest started to heave. As the math-class guy grabbed the back of my neck to let me know he was coming, my body began to vibrate, and I felt my own climax rising. The sensation started at the lips of my hole, shot through the insides of my ass, and stopped at the head of my own penis. My head jerked, my nipples went rigid, and my toes curled inside the high heels. A moment later, I shot my load into the black thong while he continued to fuck.

A second after that, the guy who'd brought me down to the basement blew his load into my mouth. While I slurped and swallowed, the math-class guy deposited his last drops of seed into the condom. I couldn't believe that I'd actually sucked off three footballs players. And a fourth one had fucked me. But more than that, I'd had an orgasm without touching myself.

The math-class guy remained inside for a few minutes, bucking his hips slowly, while the other guy pulled his cock from my mouth. He shook his dick a few times and fell into an armchair on the other side of the coffee table.

## *Down the Basement*

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Then the math-class guy pulled his dick out and removed the condom. He pulled down my dress and helped me to my feet. He placed his strong hand on my back and asked if I wanted anything to drink. The other three football players were now passed out and snoring, unaware of anything that was happening.

"Why not," I said, taking a couple of long swigs from a bottle of vodka. He put his arm around my waist and pulled me to his chest. Then he squeezed my waist and kissed me on the mouth.

When he pulled his tongue out of my mouth, he smiled. "You certainly do deserve it," said the leader, "you worked hard tonight."

I smiled but nearly lost my balance; the last hard swallow of vodka had now put me over the edge. The room was spinning out of control and my head felt fuzzy. "You worked hard tonight, too," I said, slurring my words. "You made me come without touching my dick." I reached down and cupped his dick and balls in my hand, still aware of the fact that he knew I wasn't really a woman.

"You have a tight hole," he said. "You're a nice-looking guy. But you're even hotter looking as a girl."

I smiled and rested my head on his strong chest. "I didn't think you recognized me from class," I said.

Ryan Field

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He rubbed my back and said, "I knew it was you the minute you walked into the party tonight. I'm the one who talked my buddy into getting you down here in the basement."

I smiled. "You're a bad boy. You planned it all." Then I fell into his arms and sighed.

After that, I don't remember anything.

I woke up about three hours later, face down across two snoring football players who wore nothing but jock straps; one huge athletic hand was resting on the middle of my ass...my face was pressed to the crook of a hairy sack of balls. Though I did take a couple of quick sniffs and the tip of my tongue couldn't help licking the guy's tangy ball sack for a few minutes, I suddenly became terrified they would wake up and beat the shit out of me. I slowly rose while the guys continued to snore and searched for my black beaded bag. The basement was dark; I couldn't find it anywhere.

A deep football-player voice said, "Looking for this?" It was the guy from the math class who had fucked me a few hours earlier. His eyes were heavy, his voice hoarse. He waved my bag above his head and smiled.

"Ah, yes," I said, still trying to process everything that had happened that night.

## *Down the Basement*

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He handed me the bag but refused to let go. "No kiss goodbye?"

I looked at him and smirked. There was something about his deep brown eyes that made my stomach jump. "Why didn't you beat the shit out of me last night? Isn't that what guys like you are supposed to do to guys like me?"

He put his hand up my dress and squeezed my ass. "They really thought you were a girl, and I'm into it: chicks with dicks," he said, trying hard to speak clearly. "Last night was really hot, man...maybe we could hook up again sometime; just you and me, alone this time."

I reached into my bag, pulled out a small card with my e-mail address and handed it to him. The thought of dressing up for him again made my penis semi-erect. "But the ball is in your court, buddy," I said, "This could be a once-in-a-lifetime thing for me. I don't usually do this, and I'm not sure I ever will again. Just wanted to have a little fun on Halloween."

He smiled, and then put his hand up my dress again. "I'll get in touch, and this can be our little secret, but next time I want to see you in red high heels with a red garter belt."

I leaned forward and kissed him goodbye.

His hand was still up my dress, and he was still squeezing my ass. When he put his tongue

into my mouth, he pressed his finger to my hole and he moaned.

We kissed for a moment, and then I stood up and stepped back. I smiled and said, "And just so you know, if I don't hear from you, that's cool, too. I had fun tonight. You're a nice guy." I wasn't lying. Though I didn't even know his name, I knew that I could fall hard for this guy. There was something about his dark eyes and his smooth voice that made my knees wobble and my heart pound.

He tilted his head and gave me a gentle look. Then he stood up from the chair and adjusted his balls. When he crossed to where I was standing, he put his hand on the small of my back and said, "I'll walk you back to your dorm, so I know you got there safely."

I looked down at the floor and smiled. "You don't have to do that," I said. "I'll be fine." I didn't want him to feel as if he was obligated to walk me back.

He pushed me forward and said, "I wanna do it. Let's go." And on the way upstairs, he said, "My name's Kadin."

I smiled and said, "My name's Rush."

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