

A brutal storm brings Patrick more than fallen branches...how about one hot insurance adjuster?

PUMPKIN RAVIOLI BOY

A man and a woman are shown from the waist up, standing outdoors in a wooded area. The man is on the left, shirtless, with dark, wavy hair, looking down. The woman is on the right, also shirtless, with dark hair tied back, looking away. A large, ripe orange pumpkin is placed on the woman's bare back, positioned between the words 'BOY' and 'Ravioli' of the title. In the background, a silver extension ladder is leaning against a large tree.

loveyoudivine 🍷 His and His Kisses

RYAN FIELD

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Pumpkin Ravioli Boy

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Pumpkin Ravioli Boy

by

Ryan Field

Pumpkin Ravioli Boy

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Patrick's bedroom didn't have much furniture. A low California king-sized mattress framed by dark panels of black walnut and a custom-made black leather headboard; a mirrored nightstand on each side; and a long, slender black walnut table against the opposite wall of the bed topped with a thin, flat-screen television. Any personal traces of him were neatly organized in the dressing room next door, and when he went to bed at night, he could just as well have been sleeping in a hotel room. It didn't even smell like him. He always thought he smelled like pumpkin pie and used jock straps, but this smell was from his housekeeper, clean but chemical, too perfect.

What made him love a room like this, so cold and barren? Well, there was a wall of glass that overlooked a glossy, built-in swimming pool and not far beyond that, the green, rolling hills of a well-manicured golf course, where strapping young landscapers worked shirtless all summer. When Patrick went to bed every night, he couldn't wait to turn on the lights and strip in front of the glass wall. He could see the reflection of his large chest muscles and his thin waist in the dark glass panels, and he knew anyone lurking outside could see them, too. But more than that, when he woke up in the morning during summer, every now and then, there was a

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young landscaper pruning a shrub or raking some leaves who could see him naked in bed. He always knew when a guy was watching: they lingered far too long and their movements became slow and disconnected. Patrick would spread his legs, arch his back, and put on a full show. It would have been fine with him if anyone of these young guys had crossed the back lawn, walked through his bedroom door, and forced his face into a pillow. But that never happened.

And that's because all this glass-exposure business was so new to him. Nine months earlier the glass wall would have been covered with cream-colored tailored draperies, all night long. Patrick's ex-lover, whom he'd been with for seven years (forever), said it made him feel uncomfortable. He said sleeping in front of an exposed wall of glass (he never stopped complaining) just wasn't natural, not to mention dangerous.

So every night, Patrick would sigh and close the drapes. *He* never cared if someone could see inside: he figured that if anyone was bold enough to peek into someone's window, they deserved to see something worthwhile; a naughty little show never hurt anyone. When Patrick and his partner purchased the modern house five years earlier, Patrick couldn't wait

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to have naughty sex with his lover in front of the glass wall. But that never happened either.

The day after the ex-lover left for good in late August, the first thing Patrick did was rip down (literally) the draperies. When he tore the first panel down with one fist, he heard his ex-lover's limp-wristed voice, "I'm leaving you because I need to find out who I am, I want to travel and learn how to make pumpkin ravioli, and to be with someone who will stay up at night with me to watch the season finale of *The Office*."

Patrick had no idea he'd been such a bad partner. When he tore down the second and third panels at the same time with both fists, he gritted his teeth when he remembered how many times he'd forced his eyes to remain open while watching *The Office* so his ex-lover could eat hearts of palm on water crackers and shout time and again, "This show just kills me." Patrick loathed that television show; he had a good reason. On the night of the season finale, he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. Evidently, his ex-partner didn't understand this. But Patrick didn't think this was a viable reason for a couple to split up. *And what kind of asshole breaks off a seven-year relationship to run off and learn how to make pumpkin fucking ravioli?*

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When Patrick yanked down the last drapery panel, he looked out the window and saw a hot, young Latino guy in baggy jeans filling a wheelbarrow with dried leaves. Well. Though learning to make pumpkin ravioli was not on *his* list of new adventures, there were a few things he'd been aching to try out all his life.

He smiled, took a deep breath, and slowly began to remove his clothes. When he was naked, he opened the glass door quickly so that the latch would make a loud noise. The young landscaper looked up and watched Patrick cross through the door and jump into the swimming pool. Patrick did a few laps, and then climbed out of the pool, naked and soaking wet. When he leaned forward to grab a towel from the back of a lounge chair, he saw from the corner of his right eye that the young guy was still there. Patrick was fully erect by then, and it occurred to him that the guy was not about to leave until he saw something worthwhile. That was the day Patrick put on his first real show for another man.

Of course, all this was completely harmless, and there was never any real contact between Patrick and the guys from the golf course, which was fine with Patrick. Since his "divorce," he didn't have time for much of a social life, because he'd been forced to take on extra clients so that he could afford to buy out

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his ex-lover's half of the house. He owned a title assurance company, which meant he performed closings for the sale or refinance of residential and commercial properties. Even when real estate sales were slow, Patrick was usually busy with refinancing homes to the point where he often felt as though he didn't have a real life.

Then, one hot night, during a ferocious thunderstorm with winds so sadistic you could hear the echoes inside the house and thunder so strong the bed vibrated, a large tree limb was struck by lightning and came crashing down on the roof above Patrick's bedroom. First, the electricity went out, and then there was a loud bang followed by a couple of smaller thumps; he pulled the covers over his head and waited for the storm to subside, trying to remember if he'd heard the sound of shattered glass.

An hour later, when things were quiet, he rose from the bed, reached for his flashlight and cautiously crossed toward the glass wall. Everything seemed to be in tact; whatever it was that hit the house had missed the glass wall. So he took a deep breath and went back to bed, praying the electricity would be back on in the morning. The last thing he needed that year, after finally getting back on his feet



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financially from the "divorce," was to have a huge roof-repair expense.

The next morning, the sun was brilliant and the sky was perfectly clear. He rubbed his eyes, scratched his balls, and went into the bathroom to take a piss. When he looked out of the bathroom window, he saw a landscape guy out back picking up branches and twigs. It had been almost three weeks since he'd seen any guys back there. Patrick was already naked, and his penis was semi-erect, growing longer and harder by the second between his thumb and index finger. So he shook of the excess drops of piss, pulled a bath towel from the shower, and wrapped it around his waist. He could have gone outside completely naked, but sometimes he liked to walk around in a towel for a few minutes before he exposed his ass to the landscape guys.

But when Patrick opened the glass door that led to the pool, a small branch covered with green leaves fell onto the patio. Then he had to blink a couple of times when he noticed what looked like cedar shakes strewn all over the expensive gray pavers. He stepped outside, turned around to face the house, and looked up at the roof. Sure enough, there was a huge branch, the size of a young tree, resting on the roof.

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He bit his lip, and then kicked a patio chair so hard the towel fell down his slim hips and left him completely naked. Of course, his penis was soft by then, and the last thing on his mind was showing off, but he probably would have smiled if he'd known the landscape guy who had been collecting branches was now staring at his ass and licking his lips.

The thought of repairing or replacing an expensive cedar-shake roof was not something he wanted to deal with, so when he went to work that morning, he pulled out the yellow pages and started searching for a private insurance adjuster. There were so many, he finally decided to call the first one advertised on the right side of the page. "Dave's Reliable Service: We Do It All with a Smile!" was what the top of the ad read, and beneath that, there was a local telephone number and a more detailed explanation of his services that ranged from wind-damage to water-damage claims. Patrick had never filed an insurance claim in his life, and he'd heard that private adjusters always looked out for the client's best interest. So he dialed the phone number, and an older woman with a wrecked voice took all his information, promising him that "Dave" would return the call as soon as he could. And he did call back, about an hour later, to set up a

meeting with Patrick at the house later that evening.

Patrick was waiting in the garage when Dave pulled into the driveway a few minutes after seven behind the wheel of a shiny black Porsche SUV. At least the guy had good taste in cars. When he stepped out of the car, Patrick reached forward to shake his hand. It was large and strong; he tugged Patrick's hand and smiled. "I'm Dave. Sorry I'm a few minutes late. I got caught up in traffic." His voice was deep and hollow, like a radio announcer. His blond hair cut short, military style.

"No problem," Patrick said. "I haven't touched a thing; didn't even clean up the mess around the pool so you could see all the damage the way it happened."

"That's good," Dave said. He reached back into the car and pulled out a small, black leather briefcase. He wore tight, faded jeans and a white button-down dress shirt with a pair of expensive sunglasses dangling from the shirt pocket. "I'm going to take a few photos and a few notes, but I'll explain everything so it's easy for you to understand the process of filing the claim and getting the money to fix the damage." At the end of each sentence, he smiled.

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Patrick led him to the rear of the house so he could see the damage. He hadn't even swept, although he was dying to clean up the roof debris. "This usually looks so much better. I normally would have cleaned everything early this morning. I hate to leave a mess."

Dave smiled. "I'm glad you left it all alone." Then he set his briefcase on a lounge chair, pulled a clipboard and a small camera from the brief case, and started to examine the damage. He held his strong chin in the palm of his hand when he looked up at the tree limb resting on the roof, and then he positioned the camera and took a few photos. When he turned sideways, Patrick noticed a hulking gold cross, studded with sparkling diamonds, hanging around Dave's thick football-player neck.

"That's a beautiful cross," Patrick said. It was a bit too garish for him to wear, but he'd never seen a cross so massive...with so many diamonds.

"Thank you," Dave said, "I don't wear much jewelry, but what I do wear always has to be the best." Then he waved his left wrist, to show off a Rolex that Patrick knew retailed for thousands of dollars. It was as thick and gold as the cross with a shiny ring of diamonds framing the face. He was humble, almost apologetic, about the watch, but the cross was

a different story. "This cross is my life; I'm a born-again Christian."

"Ah, well," Patrick said. The truth was he'd never known any born-again Christians personally, with such nice blue eyes and soft blond hair.

While Dave snapped the photos, Patrick couldn't help noticing how tight Dave's jeans were. The clean, faded denim hugged his round ass as though it had been painted there. He spread his legs wide and stood there as if he were standing in front of a toilet. And he had broad, level shoulders beneath the white dress shirt. His back muscles jumped and jerked when his large arms clicked the photos. At first, his body appeared to be stocky and about twenty pounds overweight, but at a second glance, Patrick was certain that Dave was a serious weight lifter. There were thick, hard muscles perfectly stacked beneath the white cotton shirt. He would have bet his last porn flick there wasn't an ounce of flab on Dave. The man even moved liked a serious weight lifter, with slow, graceful gestures and an even sense of timing.

After he took the photos, Dave sat down with Patrick at a round bistro table next to the pool to explain the process of filing the claim and what Patrick could expect. Dave was all business; his voice became profound and

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solemn when he told Patrick about his experience to prove that he was the top guy for the job. He repeated jobs and names he'd done in the area so Patrick could check him out...if that's what Patrick wanted to do. And while Dave was selling himself as the finest man for the job, Patrick was getting an erection at the sound of his smooth voice; the way his firm hand held the pen made Patrick want to lean over and start sucking his chunky fingers. Patrick had to tighten his teeth and cross his legs in order to pay attention to what Dave was saying. It occurred to him, when Dave spread his legs wider to get more comfortable and the bulge between his legs popped forward, that it had been far too long since he'd been with another man.

The meeting didn't last more than half an hour, and Dave said that it would be fine to sweep up the branches and twigs from the pavers now that he had photos of the damage. He asked Patrick if he could borrow the ladder in the garage because his next step in the process would be to return to the house with a large tarpaulin and cover the roof so there wouldn't be any more damage to the interior of the house if it rained again. He said he'd come back sometime the next day and that it wasn't important for Patrick to be there. Then he'd contact the insurance company to set up a

meeting with their adjuster so he could file the claim.

Patrick smiled and took a deep breath when he signed a detailed contract that outlined Dave's services and his twenty percent commission.

And Dave assured him that he'd hired the right man for the job.

Patrick didn't have many questions, but he did ask, "After the claim is filed, what can I expect?"

Dave folded his hands and leaned forward as if he were a wise bishop about to hear Patrick's confession. "You can either hire a private roofer to do the job, or I can take care of it for you. I'm a public adjuster, but I, also, own a roofing and construction business with my younger brother. We've been in the business for many years, and I can give you references if you want them." Dave smiled and placed his palms on his thighs. "We are primarily interested in servicing our clients to the best of our abilities, and we guarantee our service."

Patrick liked the way he smiled: his teeth were white and straight. "I'm fine with you doing the roofing job and any other construction that needs to be done, Dave." The last thing he wanted to deal with was searching for an honest roofer.

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When the meeting was over, Patrick shook Dave's hand but held on to it a moment too long, which caused Dave's face to turn red; he pulled his hand back quickly and reached for his briefcase. Then Patrick followed him back to the driveway so he could get a few tools to clean up the mess outside his bedroom window. He watched how Dave's strong legs stepped so effortlessly around a large concrete container of impatiens; the way each side of his firm ass moved so gracefully when he walked made Patrick wonder if he wore boxer shorts or tight, white briefs. He pictured Dave shirtless, with just the gold cross hanging around his neck. The knowledge that Dave was a born-again Christian should have stopped him from wondering if Dave had a big, uncut dick. But it only made the images more exciting.

The next morning, while Patrick was stark naked in bed, he heard a car door slam. He looked at the small crystal clock on the nightstand and saw that it was just a little after seven. He pulled off the covers, rubbed his eyes and scratched his balls. His dick was rock hard, the kind of morning erection that wouldn't go down any time soon. And then he remembered that Dave said he'd be returning to cover the roof with a tarp. Patrick's first instinct was to jump out of bed and pull on a pair of sweat pants, but then he remembered

that Dave mentioned that he didn't have to be around for this. So he smiled, turned over on his stomach and closed his eyes. After all, how could he have known that Dave was coming over so early? If you thought about it, Dave deserved to see him sleeping, buck naked, with his soft ass in the air.

Patrick heard the garage door slam shut, and a moment later, he heard the clanking of the aluminum ladder against the paved walkway coming closer to the bedroom's wall of glass. He remained still, pretending to be sound asleep, while Dave stood outside the bedroom window and positioned the ladder against the edge of the roof. If the landscape men from across the pool could see Patrick's naked image in bed, he knew Dave could see even more up close. He arched his back and spread his legs wider so that his right knee aligned with his stomach; his erect penis was pressing so hard against the sheets, it began to hurt.

While Dave slowly opened the brown plastic tarp, Patrick squinted wide enough to see that Dave was facing the window, pretending to shake and straighten the tarp on purpose. Patrick knew he was staring now; Dave's lips were pursed as if he were about to inhale a cigarette. He thought Patrick was sleeping; he reached between his legs and began to

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massage his crotch with the palm of his right hand. It occurred to Patrick that all he had to do was wave his arm and invite Dave into his bedroom, but he didn't want to be the one to make the first move just in case Dave freaked out...he hadn't had much experience with gay, born-again Christians.

He waited until Dave was finally up on the roof spreading the tarp before he climbed out of bed. After all, he could hardly pretend to sleep through the racket of Dave's big feet clomping and pounding above the bedroom. He went into the bathroom to pee; his dick was still hard, and he had to spread his legs and stand back a few feet to aim his stream neatly. Then he jogged in place for a few minutes, holding his dick, to get his erection to go down a little. When he was finally semi-erect, he jogged back into the dressing room and pulled on a pair of skimpy, yellow spandex shorts that were so tight and so thin, you could see the outline of his penis.

While Dave walked on the roof, Patrick took a quick look in the mirror. When he squeezed his chest muscles, they bounced and jerked, and his tanned legs were smooth and shiny. Not too bad for a guy in his mid-thirties. He was glad he'd taken the time to shave his entire body the night before, which he usually did about once every two weeks anyway. He

wasn't hairy, but the body hair he did have was dark and wiry, and he liked to be smooth all over. The last thing he did was run his hands through his short, dark brown hair; he wanted it to look as if he'd just risen from a sound sleep because he'd heard a ruckus up on the roof.

Patrick crossed back through the bedroom and went outside. It was hot and humid already, the thick air hit him in the face. Even the pavers beneath his bare feet were too warm for that time of day. Dave was still busy on the roof, so Patrick reached for the ladder and started to climb up in his bare feet. He wasn't all that fond of heights, so he only went up high enough to poke his neck over the top of the ladder. Dave was on his knees, tacking the tarp to the wooden shingles so it wouldn't blow away in the wind. "I thought I heard something up on the roof," he said. "I'm glad it's you and not a giant squirrel." He was smiling, but he wished he hadn't sounded so lame.

"Hey, buddy," Dave said, "I hope I didn't wake you."

When he said *buddy*, Patrick smiled and arched his back. "Don't worry about it; I'm usually up early anyway. Do you need a hand up there with the tarp?" Patrick certainly didn't want to climb up there; height was one of his

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worst fears. But he figured the least he could do was ask.

"No, don't worry about it," Dave said, "I'm almost through anyway. But thanks for asking, buddy."

Patrick took a deep breath and sighed; that could have been a grave mistake with his fear of heights. "Can I get you anything...coffee?"

Dave had a tack between his teeth, and his voice was muffled. "Sure, coffee's fine. I'll be down in a minute."

Patrick climbed down, went into the kitchen to make a pot of coffee, and wondered if he should put on a t-shirt. Those yellow spandex shorts were so sheer and so tight, he might as well have been walking around naked. But when he returned to the patio with two large mugs of coffee and he saw that Dave was wearing a tight black t-shirt, he was glad he'd decided to remain shirtless. The ornate gold cross rested on Dave's chest muscles. Huge muscles that hugged the black cotton and his biceps popped from short sleeves like canned hams.

When Dave looked up and saw Patrick coming toward the glass door, he jumped and ran to open it.

"I hope black is okay," Patrick said, "I don't have any cream, and I'm all out of sugar." He

made a mental note to go shopping that week, just to have basic staples in the house.

Dave laughed. "Black is fine." His eyes were focused on reaching for the cup of coffee so Patrick wouldn't spill it. If he was surprised, in one way or another, that Patrick was practically naked, he didn't show it with his expression.

"I'm not much of a cook, and I eat a lot of take out and yogurt," Patrick said. He wondered if Dave was the type who liked pumpkin ravioli. He was hoping he wasn't, because he thought that Dave had long-term-partner potential. Patrick hadn't fallen in love with him yet, but he knew that it was a possibility.

They stood still for a moment, while Dave examined the roof again. He placed his coffee on the table and put his hands in his pockets. "This really is a great house. I like these mid-century modern homes with all the glass and open space."

"Would you like a tour?" Patrick asked. He still wasn't sure where any of this would lead, because Dave's expression was so hard to read. The man just kept smiling and staring at the house with his hands in his pockets, bouncing back and forth on the balls of his feet.

"Sure," Dave said.

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He followed Patrick into the bedroom and looked up at the tall cathedral ceiling. "This is fantastic. It reminds me of one of those homes you read about in the Hollywood Hills."

Patrick slowly turned and began walking toward the tall double doors that opened into to a tidy, organized dressing room. He took careful steps, almost on his tiptoes, wondering if Dave had even bothered to notice how his ass looked in the tight shorts.

Dave followed him into the dressing room. His arms folded across his chest, and his eyes darted all over the room. "This is very nice and private, too." He noticed there were no windows in the dressing room, and then his blue eyes focused on a treadmill in one corner. "I see you do cardio."

"Only when the weather is bad," Patrick said. "I usually go to the gym to lift, or I just jog a few miles outside in the evening." Patrick wasn't a serious weight lifter: his goal was to be smooth and toned, although he did over work his chest muscles more than any other group.

There was a moment of silence while Dave continued to stare at the treadmill. And then Patrick reached out and gently pressed his fingertips to Dave's massive bicep. "I see *you* work out quite a bit," he said. He squeezed the

muscle a few more times but almost as if he was afraid to actually touch it.

"Ah, well," Dave said, "I guess I'm a little obsessed with weight lifting...it's addictive, you know. I don't power lift or anything like that, but I do work out every day religiously."

Patrick smiled; his fingers were still squeezing Dave's bicep. "I can see that." His penis began to grow; with just the tips of his fingers pressed to Dave's muscle, his heart began to race.

Dave took a deep breath, and then reached around with the palm of his right hand and placed it on Patrick's ass. He squeezed it a couple of times and said, "That's pretty firm, too. Must be all that running."

Dave pressed his palm hard against Patrick's ass and pulled him forward while Patrick raised his arms and wrapped them around Dave's wide shoulders. Dave leaned forward and opened his mouth to kiss him; he shoved his thick tongue past Patrick's lips and began to circle the inside of his mouth. Dave's tongue was sturdy and unyielding; Patrick's knees went weak; he gently ran his fingers up the back of Dave's head and began to caress it slowly. Dave's tongue became more aggressive; he wrapped his other arm around Patrick's small waist and held tightly...with such force, Patrick had to hold onto Dave's shoulders so he

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wouldn't lose his balance. Dave's face looked smooth, but Patrick could still feel the hard, prickly stubble of his beard. The gold cross felt cold and sharp against his round chest muscle.

In Dave's arms, Patrick became soft and feathery. When Dave reached down and grabbed him behind both knees, he hoisted Patrick up to his waist. Patrick held onto Dave's shoulders for support, and then he wrapped his legs around Dave's waist. Dave turned, and they headed back toward the bed with their tongues locked. He'd never been with a man this strong, one who could literally carry him to the bed without even staggering.

When they reached the bed, Dave whispered, "You're absolutely beautiful. You remind me of a stuffed animal. It feels like you're melting into my body." By then, Dave's hands were down Patrick's short pants, and he began to squeeze Patrick's bare ass while he slowly lowered him onto the bed.

When Patrick was on his back, he released his arms and legs from Dave's body.

Dave kicked off his shoes and socks, pulled down his pants (no underwear) and removed his black t-shirt. The gold cross slapped against his brutal chest muscles; his movements were awkward and fast. Then he reached down and grabbed the waistband of

Patrick's shorts; he yanked them down Patrick's legs and tossed them across the room.

Patrick naturally closed his eyes, lifted his legs in the air and spread them as wide as they would go.

"I'm safe; no diseases or anything; can I go inside?" Dave asked as he climbed up on the bed and pulled Patrick's legs over his shoulders. He grabbed Patrick by the waist and pulled his stuffed animal forward, so that Patrick's tender ass was up against his own ball sack. Dave's lips were pressed together and his eyebrows furrowed while he rubbed the backs of Patrick's smooth thighs.

Patrick curled his toes and arched his back. His chest was heaving and his heart was pounding. "Me too; no diseases or anything. But I'd still feel safer if you use a condom." He pointed to the nightstand. "There are some in the top drawer."

Dave smiled. "If I put on the condom, can I go inside?" Then he reached to the nightstand, pulled a lubricated condom out of the top drawer, and covered his dick.

Patrick's dick was hard by then. It rested against his stomach, jerking up every other minute. He was in shock by Dave's question. No guy had ever asked, so politely, *can I go inside?* So he nodded and said, "Just go in

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slowly at first; it's been a while since I've been with a guy like this."

Dave spit on his thick middle finger and slowly pressed the tip to Patrick's tight opening; it was such a small hole and felt so delicate, Dave bit his bottom lip and shook his head. He inserted the finger all the way inside, and Patrick closed his eyes and spread his knees as wide as they would go while Dave finger fucked him. His ankles were still resting on Dave's shoulders, and Dave began to lick Patrick's legs as if he were sucking the last drops of an ice cream cone.

He finger fucked a few more minutes, and when he knew that Patrick's hole was ready to be opened wide, he pulled out his finger and pressed the head of his dick to Patrick's hole. It was a nice-sized dick with a large mushroom head, which curved slightly upward. He pressed the head to Patrick's opening and worked it in with such ease and concentration that it slid up Patrick's ass as if it had been perfectly constructed to fit. Patrick took a deep breath and sighed while Dave leaned forward and began to buck his hips. He pulled his dick halfway out and then went all the way in again, and each time he went in deep, he moaned, "Ah, so soft...so soft and wet."

The bucking became more rapid; Dave leaned forward, stretched out his legs and

began to plow hard. His large hands were now on either side of Patrick's shoulders; he could have been doing pushups. And Patrick's feet were now pressed to Dave's chest, but his body was bent in half so drastically that his knees were practically in his face. Dave leaned forward and stuck his tongue down Patrick's throat again, and they kissed.

And Patrick lay there with a huge man he'd just met who completely overpowered him, helpless. But he wasn't in any discomfort, and he remained in that exact position for quite some time without one complaint.

Dave banged his ass with a steady beat, a constant pounding that sent shivers through Patrick's spine and left him feeling so full, he was ready to explode. He had to grip the sheets for support; his head bounced and bobbed each time Dave went deeper. And he knew that if he stroked his dick, he'd be able to come instantly. But he wanted Dave to blow a load first, or if possible, for them to come together.

But Dave pulled out and grabbed his dick. "Can I come on your face?"

Patrick almost opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue; he loved facials. But he decided the demure thing to do was just nod, bat his eyelashes a few times, and whisper, "Yes."

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Dave pulled off the condom and crawled up higher; his big, awkward knees were on either side of Patrick's shoulders...his legs spread wide. Dave's skin was white and clean; he smelled like dark spices and wood. He rubbed the head of his dick across Patrick's lips a few times. Patrick stuck out his tongue and licked the head. It tasted both sweet and salty. When he inhaled, the aroma reminded him of damp towels. If Dave had shoved the big dick into his mouth, he would have sucked it dry, but Dave began to jerk off over his face. His fist rubbed against Patrick's cheek; his sweaty balls slapped against Patrick's chin.

Patrick knew the man was going to explode any second, so he reached down and began to jerk his own dick. He was close, too.

Dave began to jerk faster, and his one knee started to rub against the sheets.

When Dave's breathing grew heavy, Patrick opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue.

"Yeah...Yeah..." Dave moaned in a deep stage whisper. And then he blew a torrent of thick white cream all over Patrick's face. Some of it hit Patrick's nose, but most landed on his lips. And when he tasted the salty-sweet cream, he shot his own load in silence. He licked his lips and started sucking Dave's dick. He gulped and swallowed every last drop of Dave's juice

and then licked the few remaining drops around his lips.

When it was over, Dave lifted one leg to the left and rested on his haunches next to Patrick. He took a deep breath and looked down at Patrick's face. But his eyes opened wide and he jerked his head quickly when he saw that Patrick's face was almost totally clean and that Patrick must have licked up most of his load. "I was going to apologize for making a mess all over our face," Dave said. He laughed. "I felt bad about it."

Patrick shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I hate to see it go to waste is all." But he was thinking, *and hell, I bet it tastes a lot better than pumpkin ravioli.*

Dave laughed and yanked his dick; he rested the shaft on Patrick's lips. "You may as well clean it all up then. I think there are still a few drops left."

Patrick opened his mouth and swallowed Dave's shrinking cock. It still tasted like come, but there wasn't much left. He sucked Dave off gently with his eyes open wide staring up at Dave's face.

"Uh-oh," Dave said. He pulled back and Patrick's mouth followed him. He actually had to reach down and pry Patrick's lips from his dick.

"What's wrong?" Patrick asked.

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Dave nodded toward the wall of glass. "I think we have an audience, and he's been watching for a while. Now he's watching you suck me off."

Patrick turned and looked out the window, and sure enough, there was a landscape guy lingering near the edge of the swimming pool. He pretended to rake leaves, but he remained in the same spot too long. "Does that bother you?" He leaned forward and opened his mouth one more time; he wanted the landscaper to see Dave's dick in his mouth.

"Actually, I think it's kind of sexy," Dave said. "He seems harmless enough. He'll probably have this scene to jerk off to for the rest of his life."

Patrick slowly rose to his knees and faced Dave. Then he wrapped his arms around Dave's shoulders and started to lick his neck with exaggerated, sloppy laps, while the landscaper continued to watch. "You really are a full-service company."

Dave laughed and slapped him on the ass. "I guarantee the best results, and I always come back to please my customers."

Patrick's head went back and he looked into Dave's eyes. "Does this mean I'll be seeing more of you around here?" He wanted to get to know him better, but he wasn't sure how to bring it up without looking pathetic.

Dave shrugged. "Do you want to see more of me?"

Patrick wrapped his arms around Dave's shoulders and rested his face against his chest. "I'd like that a lot. I like you a lot."

Dave slapped his bare ass hard. "Then we can talk about it over dinner tonight. I know this great place where they make a mean pumpkin ravioli."

Patrick's head went up; his eyes grew large. "*Pumpkin* ravioli?"

"Yes," Dave said, "I'm not in love with pumpkin ravioli, but everyone else seems to like it."

Patrick lowered his eyes and kissed Dave's chin. "I'm not a huge fan of pumpkin ravioli either. Can we go to a steak house instead?"

"Whatever you want," Dave said, reaching down to squeeze a handful of Patrick's ass. "Just as long as the place is quiet and we can talk."

## *Pumpkin Ravioli Boy*

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About the Author

Ryan Field is a fiction writer who has worked in publishing for over fifteen years. He has worked as an assistant editor and editor for magazines and non-fiction publishers. And aside from his novels, his short stories have been published in anthologies and collections by Alyson Books, Cleis Press and Starbooks Press. His short story, "Down the Basement," is part of a collection of short stories in the Lambda Award winning book, BEST GAY EROTICA 2009. He blogs at www.ryan-field.blogspot.com.

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