

AMANDA YOUNG



POOL BOY
SEDUCTION

NAUGHTY NIBBLES

A Naughty Nibbles Story...

All work and no play makes Martin a dull boy indeed. Long hours at the office and a recent split with his ex have more than taken their toll on his love life. Perving on the pool boy seems like a relatively safe way to let off some steam until the barely legal lad makes a move of his own. Surprised at the young man's advances, Martin does what any hot-blooded man would. He offers his body up to the pool boy's seduction.

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Pool Boy Seduction

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POOL BOY SEDUCTION

Amanda Young

The day from hell was finally over. Martin Benoit was so pleased to be home he was tempted to kiss his front door.

Thank God it's Friday. He didn't even want to think about work until Monday morning. If there was a crisis with the Landon account, they could just call somebody else. For the next forty eight hours, he was officially incommunicado.

Now all he needed was a stiff drink and some quality time in the Jacuzzi out back and he'd be a new man. Getting laid would help, but he didn't have the energy to go trolling for a one night stand when all the bars and clubs were designed for men in their twenties. Being a hell of a lot closer to forty than twenty, he always felt like clubbing was a little bit of an uphill battle. Never a man to shirk at a challenge, he usually relished the chase. However, at the moment, he simply didn't have the oomph to compete.

A part of him missed coming home to someone. Not that he was going to spend another second longing for his lying, cheating ex. That bastard didn't deserve him. It wasn't the man he missed, so much the warm body at his beck and call. He and Michael weren't a good fit anyway. They had different ideals about life. Martin worked hard and excelled, climbing the ladder until he was at the top of the advertising game. Michael wanted to earn just enough to survive and spend all his time living it up in whatever manner he saw fit—something that changed from week to week depending on his mood.

Why Martin thought their relationship would work was beyond him. His only excuse was being blinded by the sex. It was the one thing they'd excelled at together.

Unfortunately, six months had passed since Martin booted Michael to the curb and he hadn't possessed time for more than the occasional blowjob or quickie in the backroom of his favorite club.

I really need to make the time to get out more.

With a sigh, Martin headed into his bedroom. He discarded his suit and changed into swimming shorts. Already feeling more at ease in his skin, he sauntered into the kitchen and grabbed a beer out of the fridge. The bitter brew slid down his throat with ease.

The sound of splashing water drifted in through the open kitchen window, pulling Martin's attention away from his drink and toward the backyard. He quickly crossed the room and looked outside.

A slow smile spread across his face as he took in the vision of male perfection lounging in the inground pool.

Todd, his next door neighbor's oldest kid, had volunteered to clean the pool and mow the lawn while he was home on summer break. In exchange, Martin gave the kid pocket money and allowed him to use the pool and sauna whenever he wanted. Having the kid around wasn't exactly a hardship.

Between his junior and senior year of college, Todd was brimming with youthful sex appeal. His body was toned and firm, from his broad shoulders to his narrow waist and everywhere in between. Martin couldn't see the lower half of the young man's body from his window perch, but he knew the lad's legs and ass were just as fit as his torso. He'd spent enough time observing over the last few weeks.

Quite frankly, Todd had an ass fit to be eaten. It was a shame the kid was straight. Martin doubted college girls were capable of providing the worship Todd's firm, young body deserved.

Granted, lusting after Todd made Martin feel a bit like a dirty old man, but there was no harm in enjoying the view. As far as he was concerned, it was one of the perks of hiring a pampered college boy to do work around his place during the summer.

In a spurt of inspiration, Martin grabbed a second beer out of the fridge and headed out the back door. There was no reason he couldn't be sociable, was there? He'd just offer the lad a drink and some company. Hell, it was his pool. He could use whenever the urge struck him; he didn't need an excuse.

The kid seemed oblivious of Martin's approach until he dipped his toes into the shallow end and began the short track down the underwater steps. He couldn't imagine what was going through Todd's mind when he saw Martin coming toward him dressed in short swim shorts and holding a beer in each hand, but whatever it was caused the kid to straighten up and rest his arms along the lip of the pool behind him. The bouncing Martin found so amusing quit as well, which was a shame since the rhythm brought to mind all sorts of other alluring things the kid could bob up and down on.

"Hot day, isn't it?" Martin called out. "Since I was already on my way out, I thought I'd be nice and bring you a drink. You are twenty one, aren't you?"

“Yeah. Just had my birthday last week, actually.” A slow flush crawled up Todd’s chest and neck, making him all the more adorable.

“Well, happy belated birthday.” Martin waded through the water until he reached Todd. Gentle waves lapped at his midsection.

Todd’s fingers brushed against Martin’s as he accepted the bottle. “Thanks. It’s been a scorcher today. I’m glad it’s starting to cool down.” His gaze dropped to the bottle, suddenly bashful. “I’m not bothering you by being here, am I?”

“No, not all.” The shy routine went straight to Martin’s dick, although he tried to keep a hard-on at bay. The last thing he wanted to do was freak the kid out. Despite working for peanuts, Todd did do a fine job of keeping the pool clean. “I meant it when I said you could take advantage of the pool all you want in exchange for helping me keep it clean. Hell, someone should enjoy it. I spend too much time at the office to be out here very often.”

“I appreciate the offer. The public swimming pool blows.”

“Mm hmm.” Martin discreetly checked out Todd while sipping his drink. He’d filled out nicely while he’d been away at school. His broad shoulders and plump biceps were corded with lean muscle. His pecs were firm and taut above a washboard abdomen that rippled with every indrawn breath. Tiny nipples the color of watered down tea were budded and dying for all the attention Martin wished he could lavish on them. “We haven’t had much time to talk this year. How’s school going?”

“Good. Real good.” Todd chugged the contents of his beer. “How’s Michael?”

Martin groaned at the mention of his ex. He didn’t want to think about him right now. “We split up. He moved out in January.”

“Oh.” Todd blinked his big blue eyes, looking more innocent than ever. “I’m sorry to hear that.”

Martin hid his grimace behind taking a drink of beer. “That’s life, right?”

“I guess.” Todd inched closer. His arm brushed Martin’s left triceps. “I think he was a fool to leave you though.”

“Why do you say that?” If Martin didn’t know better, he’d think the kid was coming on to him. Todd was so close Martin could feel the heat pouring from his body. Plus, the way Todd’s arm stretched along the concrete behind Martin made it seem as if the kid

was trying to put his arm around Martin's shoulders. That couldn't be the case though, could it? He was almost twice Todd's age. Thirty seven to Todd's twenty one.

Todd grinned, showing off bright, even white teeth. "Fishing for compliments?"

"Maybe." Martin finished off the last of his brew and set the bottle on the concrete lip behind him. The move caused him to turn, facing Todd and reach over Todd's arm to set the bottle down. They were so close Martin could count the freckles on Todd's shoulders.

Unable to resist, he brushed his fingers over Todd's skin. "Looks like somebody needs to be more diligent about sunscreen."

"Huh?" Todd looked down at where Martin's fingers lingered over his freckled shoulder. "Oh, yeah. I get them every year. It's no biggie."

Martin snorted and reluctantly lowered his hand back to his side. "You won't say that when you're my age."

"I don't know." Todd's gaze lowered to Martin's chest. "I think you look pretty damn good."

Martin waited for Todd to add "*for your age*" to his comment, but the addition never arrived. Instead, Todd reached out and ran his fingers down the middle of Martin's chest.

A tingle crept down Martin's spine and settled in his balls. "Todd, what are you doing?"

Todd looked up and met Martin's gaze. "Isn't it obvious?"

"I'm not sure. Should it be?"

"How about this?" Todd slid his hand lower and cupped Martin's package beneath the water. "Is this clear enough?"

Martin swallowed. "I didn't realize you're gay."

"I'm not out to anyone here at home." Todd squeezed Martin's balls through the Lycra shorts. "Is that a problem?"

"No." Any further argument Martin might have had about fooling around with Todd evaporated on a cloud of lust. There was no way he could think clearly while Todd was fondling his cock and balls.

Rather than bother trying to form a coherent sentence, Martin eradicated the minute space between them and slanted his lips over Todd's. Todd opened with no fuss, allowed Martin into the tender recesses within.

Martin closed his eyes, savoring the moment. He slid his hands around Todd's trim waist and down his damp back, swirling his tongue over and around Todd's all the while. When his fingertips encountered the sodden waistband of Todd's boardshorts, Martin bypassed copping a feel through the material and slipped his hands beneath the fabric. He squeezed Todd's plump, round ass with one hand and slid the other around to the front, where Todd's stiff young cock was waiting. He wrapped his fingers around the base and pumped back and forth with light strokes meant to entice more than satisfy. Beneath Martin's grip, Todd's skin was hot and smooth like wet silk.

Todd moaned into Martin's mouth while his hands roamed over every inch of skin they could reach. They mapped Martin's chest and shoulders, down his biceps and up his abdomen in a constant loop of sensation.

When Todd's hands dipped lower and began pushing Martin's shorts down, Martin rolled with it. He let Todd strip him out of his trunks, while he returned the favor. At that moment, he couldn't remember ever wanting to get someone undressed as much as he wanted to see Todd naked and willing.

Letting go of his restraint, Martin gave Todd's shaft a squeeze and released it. Martin couldn't wait to get his lips around it.

He slid his hands beneath Todd's pits and lifted the younger man up onto the lip of the swimming pool. Todd's dick wavered in Martin's face, beckoning him to lean in and taste. Martin's mouth watered to grant the beautiful, heavily veined piece of meat the attention it deserved.

Fat drops of water glistened like jewels in the dark blonde curls wreathing Todd's package, making Todd's long prick and plump balls look all the more juicy.

Lured in by the siren call of Todd's youthful body, Martin wrapped his fingers around the base of Todd's meat. Life pulsed beneath his hand. He leaned forward and ran the flat of his tongue from root to tip, tracing the heavy blue vein which thrummed in time with Todd's racing pulse. Reaching the swollen crown, Martin tongued the slit and mouthed the fleshy rim, swirling over and around the plump knob. Salt and chlorine greeted his taste buds.

Todd drew in a sharp breath and flexed his abs. He set his hands on the concrete and leaned back. "God, yes. Suck me."

“Patience is a virtue.” Martin licked down the turgid length of Todd’s cock.

“Fuck that. I want to come.”

Martin smirked. “You’ll get off when I say so and not a minute sooner.”

Todd groaned. “Christ, just...touch me, stroke me...do something.”

That was one order Martin had no problem fulfilling. He ran his hands up Todd’s hair-roughened thighs and kneaded the firm muscle. Instead of swallowing Todd’s cock, Martin reversed directions and dipped down to lave Todd’s heavy balls. The scent of sweat and male musk filled his nose as the delicate skin wrinkled beneath his tongue.

While worshipping the kid’s balls, Martin tightened his grip around Todd’s dick so he wouldn’t pop off too soon.

Assured Todd wouldn’t get off until Martin was good and ready, Martin wrapped his mouth around Todd’s tool and screwed his lips down Todd’s long shaft. Following a deep breath, Martin loosened his jaw and swallowed, deep-throating Todd.

Todd jerked and moaned. “Fuck, yes.”

Youth might have its advantages, but so did age and experience.

He bobbed his head up and down, taking a little more with each pass. Todd’s heavy prick slid over Martin’s tongue and smeared salty promises over his taste buds. He slid his lips upward in search of more of that delicious zest. Mouthing the ring of Todd’s swollen knob, Martin dipped his tongue into the slit, pulling a whimper out of Todd.

Todd rocked his hips, trying to force more of his prick into Martin’s mouth. Martin backed off, releasing Todd, and switched his attention to Todd’s balls instead. He bathed the two succulent orbs in his saliva and mouthed the sac, before moving on to the sweaty crease below.

He licked from balls to ass and back, honing in on wrinkled pucker he yearned to pillage. He glided his tongue back and forth over the tiny entrance, feeling the skin loosen and relax under his tongue. Using his thumbs to separate Todd’s cheeks, Martin buried his face between the firm globes and stabbed into Todd’s hot, tight center.

“*Oh yeah...*” One of Todd’s hands slid into Martin’s hair. “Don’t stop.”

“What’s the matter, kid?” Martin flicked the tip of his tongue over Todd’s asshole.

“None of your little college buddies eat your ass?”

“Nooooo....*oh.*”

With a grin, Martin went back to work on Todd's ass, lapping at the tight ring of muscle until Todd began to writhe and push back against Martin's face, obviously ready for more.

Martin slid two spit-slick fingers in Todd's ass in place of his tongue. He shrugged off the fingers clinging to his skull and stood up straight. "You ever been fucked?"

Todd stared at Martin with passion glazed eyes. "Yeah. A few of times."

"Wanna do it again?" Martin was dying to get his cock in Todd. His balls were going to implode if he didn't get a little relief soon.

"Yes. *Please.*" Todd wiggled his ass. "Fuck me."

Martin's dick twitched with renewed vigor. He'd be lucky if he didn't blow as soon as got inside. He gave himself a stroke, enjoying the friction against his naked skin.

"Fuck." *I should have known I was forgetting something.* "We need a rubber."

"Huh?" Todd lifted his head and blinked at Martin. "*Oh.* Um, there's one in my wallet. It's in my pants, over on the lounge."

Martin glanced at the set of pale blue chairs placed between the pool and the tall privacy hedges ringing the backward and spotted a pair of holey jeans and a T-shirt thrown across the back of the one nearest the hedges. He patted Todd's thigh. "Get it and meet me by the stairs."

While Todd hustled to do as he was told, Martin waded through the water toward the shallow end of the pool. All he could think about burying himself balls deep and making Todd scream his name.

He took a deep, shuddering breath and tried to calm down. This was going to be over all too soon if he didn't get control of himself.

Todd met Martin on the steps, his smooth chest rising and falling with each lungful of life-giving oxygen he drew into his body. The kid must have sprinted. He held up a single foil packet the color of the summer sky. "Got it."

"Good." Martin smiled and beckoned Todd closer. "Bring it to me. I want to fuck you right here on the steps."

Todd came forward and handed over the packet. The rubber had barely exchanged fingers before Todd turned and dropped to his knees, bracing his hands on the concrete ahead of him.

Martin's gaze was drawn to Todd's smooth, bare ass. The need to possess Todd, to ride the younger man until neither one of them were coherent, clouded Martin's mind and drove his body.

The time for foreplay was over.

Martin tore the condom open and rolled it down his shaft, discarding the wrapper on the side of the pool. All suited up for action, he moved into position behind Todd and ran his hands over the taut ass he was about to violate.

He spread Todd's cheeks and spit on his hole. He used his thumb to rub the moisture into Todd's slick pink entrance. "You gonna be okay without lube?"

"Uh huh." Todd pushed his ass back into Martin's touch, then glanced over his shoulder. "There's enough on the condom. Just fuck me, man."

"You've got it." It wasn't as if Martin was going to change his mind. He'd already had his tongue in Todd's ass; you couldn't get more intimate than that. However, Martin was damn sure going to try.

Holding his cock at the base, he pressed the wide head against Todd's hole. His knob looked huge in comparison. Excitement made Martin's free hand tremble as he latched onto Todd's hip to steady himself as he slowly pushed into the kid's tight heat.

The head popped through the constricting ring of muscle. Todd cried out and arched his back. Martin gritted his teeth, overwhelmed by the urge to thrust all the way in. If they'd had lube, he wouldn't have held back. Unfortunately, he didn't have that choice and he wasn't about to hurt Todd. He wanted the kid to walk away with the memory of mind-blowing sex—not pain.

With the patience of a saint, he slowly fed every single inch of his cock into Todd's hungry little ass. Once he was fully seated, Martin stilled and took a deep breath, allowing himself a second to calm down as much as he was allowing Todd a chance to adjust. His cock might not be a monster, but more than one lover had had trouble adjusting to his girth. Todd was so green, he might as well have been cherry.

When he could wait no longer, Martin eased all the way back, then advanced forward once more until his bush brushed against Todd's skin. With slow, penetrating thrusts he watched his dick appear and disappear inside the clinging depths of Todd's greedy back passage.

Martin angled his hips, searching for Todd's sweet spot. The moment Todd jerked and cried out, Martin knew he'd found it. He strived to keep his strokes on track and torture that little spot mercilessly.

Todd grunted and shoved backward, helping to impale himself on Martin's fat cock. "Hell yes. Fuck me like you mean it."

How could he resist? Martin grabbed the kid's hips tight enough to leave bruises and slammed into Todd's ass. He pounded in and out, giving Todd everything he had. He drove one moan after another from Todd as the younger man's body absorbed each impact.

Meanwhile, Martin's pulse thundered. Sweat beaded on his brow and slid down his face, stinging his eyes. Adrenaline surged through him, propelling him faster and faster. Water sloshed around his thighs, splashing up onto his balls and ass.

He reached around gripped Todd's prick, pumping the long, thin rod in time with his lunges into Todd's tight little ass. Every whimper and moan out of Todd's mouth drove Martin's need higher. His urge to come skyrocketed. He didn't know how much longer he was going to last. It was damn impossible to stave off his need when his balls were hiked as high as they would go and the kid's ass was squeezing him like a fist.

"Come on." Martin gyrated his hips, battering into Todd. "Give it up for me."

"Almost there." Todd pushed back against Martin. "*Oh, God.* Just a little more."

"That's it." Martin tightened his fingers around Todd's cock and stroked faster.

"Come on my dick."

The passage around Martin's dick trembled. Todd wailed, spilling wet heat over Martin's fingers.

Martin released Todd's spent cock and redoubled his efforts, thrusting into Todd's quivering body with renewed force. Half a dozen strokes later, his ass clenched and his balls throbbed in warning. He could feel his load rising, boiling at the base of his shaft. His eyelids drooped as he shoved forward, grinding against Todd's ass as he shot into the latex. A shiver crept down his spine.

Holding the base of the condom in place, Martin eased out of Todd's clinging passage. The sight of Todd's swollen pink entrance renewed Martin's lust, although there

wasn't much he could do about it right that second. Later, however, he fervently hoped to have another shot at Todd's tight ass.

With a barely perceivable whimper, Todd turned over on the cement steps, resting his ass in the cool water. "Jesus. That was something else."

Martin's ego soared. He rid himself of the condom, sitting it off to the side to be properly disposed of later. More relaxed than he'd been in ages, Martin joined Todd, sitting down beside him. "You can say that again."

"Can I..." Todd glanced down, then up, meeting Martin's eyes with the bashful confidence of youth. "Can we do this again sometime?"

A smug smile twisted Martin's lips. It appeared as if his summer was beginning to look up after all.

Amanda Young

Amanda Young is a multi-published, erotic romance author. Since she tends to write whatever strikes her whimsy, all of her novels fall into various subgenres. Among her many available titles you'll find contemporary and paranormal settings, gay and straight themes alike. You never know what merry adventure her evil muse will devise next.

To learn more about Amanda, please visit her website: www.AmandaYoung.org.