

Dreamspinner Press Presents

NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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“DAD! Dad! Look what I just found in the attic! Aren’t they just so kicky?”

The voice that broke into my perusal of the evening paper was, of course, the familiar voice of my daughter, Amber. And, as usual, there was excitement contained in its contralto tones. And Lord knows what she might have found up there. That wasn’t a part of the house that I graced with my presence on any sort of regular basis. Or ever. Nothing up there but memories. And at my age, that wasn’t necessarily a good thing. But at the advanced age of sixteen, Amber had a fondness for anything she considered to be retro—which, of course, meant that anything that dated from my youth was by process of elimination as ancient as I was and therefore automatically of great interest to her.

I glanced up idly from an announcement I had been reading—the Rolling Stones were coming in concert—hadn’t they retired yet? Surely it wasn’t a money thing—just to see what Amber had found now. Last time, if I remembered correctly, it was an old Coca-Cola hanging lamp which she had pounced upon and pronounced hers, cleaned up, and installed in a corner of her room. Not that I cared or had any designs on using it, of course. If I had, it wouldn’t have been buried in the attic. It was probably another such long-forgotten relic of my youth, no doubt....

But what I saw made my jaw drop and my eyes grow wide.

What, you might ask, was the cause of such perturbation within my soul? A diary, perhaps, regaling all my dirty little secrets of years past? Or a photo album containing visual evidence of said deeds? No, nothing so mundane.

Contained within my daughter's excited clutches was a simple pair of shoes—to be precise, a pair of pink high heels.

But oh the memories that those shoes brought back to me....

I WAS eighteen and gay at a time when it wasn't very well accepted, as compared to the grudging acceptance we garner nowadays, but that's a different story altogether. And St. Louis wasn't Los Angeles, and it certainly wasn't San Francisco, tending to be on the conservative side, existing as it does in the Bible Belt. Puberty is hard enough to go through on its own merits, but when one comes to realize that what seems natural to you is considered an abomination by others—well, you sort of learn to keep your natural inclinations to yourself and hope that you aren't the only one that feels that way.

I first came to understand that it was men that tripped my trigger, so to speak, and not women, when I was about thirteen. I have an older sister, Brenda, who used to read movie magazines like they were gospel and was continually raving about this-that-or-the-other handsome actor. And dragging me to the movie theater to see her current favorites, whether I was willing or not. Which I usually was—after all, a free film is a free film, even if I pretended to fuss about it.

But it wasn't until we went to see *A Man Called Horse* that it actually happened. If you're familiar with the film, or even if you're not, there's a scene at the beginning where Richard Harris, the rich Englishman who is the hero of the movie, is bathing in a river when the other members of his hunting party are set upon and murdered by native Indians. They then proceed to find him as well and chase him from the water, at which point there is a fantastic view of his bare posterior. Well, when I caught a glimpse of those firm buttocks, enlarged upon the screen for all to enjoy, I had a definite reaction—a very physical one—which caught me very much off guard. I think I even squeaked, embarrassing as that is to relate, 'cause I remember my sister nudging me to be quiet, and I spilled my cup of soda into my lap—which turned out to be fortuitous, for it relieved my engorged situation, and I didn't have to explain anything to anyone. Other than myself, that is.

Richard Harris—my first crush. I've collected every album he ever made, (and yes I know that I am dating myself with that admission, it's CDs now) and I can sing every last song from memory. Not very well, I must admit, but with a great deal of heart. And of course I mourned his passing a few years ago.

Rob Marshall—my first crush outside of the movie screen. And one that changed my life forever.

As I was saying, I was eighteen, in my senior year of high school, pondering on my life, and what I was going to do with it. The war in Vietnam was still being fought, although our involvement was de-escalating. But the draft was still a situation to be dealt with, and I didn't relish the idea of being a soldier for any reason, much less one I didn't

fully understand. But what I did actually want to do with my future, I hadn't decided either. I was too focused on finding love... and happiness... and yes, I'll admit it, sex. I was yet a virgin, with no prospects of changing that status any time in the near future. And the only experience I had to date was that which I managed to glean from my own tender palm. It did the trick, I guess—it got me off—but it wasn't emotionally satisfying, if you know what I mean.

And then Rob came onto the scene—dropped into my life like a beautiful *deus ex machina*, although at first I had no idea that was what he was. I simply knew that this new boy, this mid-year transfer student, was gorgeous—at least to me he was—and he made my head spin every time I saw him. And my cock jump. Which was fairly often, as he managed to end up in most of my classes. Which was a source of great secret joy as well as great misery. For one of those classes was—yes, you guessed it—gym. And he came during the quarter that we were taking swimming. So yes, that entailed a lot of dressing and undressing and showering and seeing him clad in either nothing or in school-provided standard issue swim trunks—which weren't very sexy, but to a hormonally challenged boy such as myself, they were sheer torture, 'cause he managed to flesh them out so very nicely. And when he rose from the side of the pool, shaking that great mane of his back and forth, oh my God, he simply dripped sex.

At least to me he did. For some reason the rest of the school found him to be strange and standoffish and wanted nothing to do with him. Like me, he was a loner, a fish out of water, if you'll pardon the unintentional pun, but I wasn't sure why. He paid no attention to the people around him,

either male or female, and my first hopeful thought that perhaps he was gay simply dissipated as so much utter nonsense and wishful thinking on my part. Whatever he was, he was keeping very much to himself.

He was easily as tall as I was—and at that time I had almost attained my full height of six foot—at least from what I could tell from the distance I kept between us, his hair a beautiful auburn, thick and rich, which fell to his shoulders in unadulterated waves. His eyes were hazel, flecked with gold, and when I dared stare at him during class, they seemed to exude a dreaminess that enveloped him in a romantic aura that never failed to get to me. What did his voice sound like, you ask, this virtual god's? I didn't know, for I'd never gotten up the nerve to talk to him, simply worshipped him from afar, and wondered what it would be like to kiss those pretty pink lips, so soft looking, so sensual. They were full, and feminine, giving him the air of a perpetual pout—a look which kept me in perpetual heat. I quickly discovered the best places in the school for quick wanks when things got to be too bad—which seemed to be almost a daily occurrence, unfortunately. And I learned to carry a bit of cologne with me to disguise the scent of cum, which had a tendency to linger after said wanking sessions.

When I was sixteen I got my first job—thanks to my sister Brenda. I needed the money for my own personal uses. Not that my parents didn't buy me things, but one couldn't very well approach one's mother and say can I have some cash, the new wanking mag is out? Not happening. So I considered myself lucky when Bren managed to get me on at the grocery store where she was a part-time checker. I started out as a bagger and worked my way up to stock boy,

taking the overnight shift on the weekends, 'cause I didn't mind, and no one else wanted those hours. It was easy work, and it was peaceful, 'cause there weren't a lot of customers, and what few there were tended to stay to themselves, finding what they wanted and leaving fairly quickly, so I was able to do what I needed to do in good time and go home. The people I worked with were nice, for the most part, and they didn't go to my school—a double bonus—so I got along with them just fine—the two checkers who worked overnight, the other stock people, the cleaning people. It was nice to be accepted as simply Michael, the stock boy, not the weirdo from the high school.

By my senior year, I was comfortable with what I was doing, even as I realized that it wouldn't last forever—real life and a real job would intrude at some point, perhaps even college, although I was still undecided on that point. It wasn't like I was doing anything else on the weekends now—nor had I blossomed into any sort of social butterfly. I had no desire to date the girls and not enough nerve to date the boys. And no one of either gender was exactly beating a path to my door, either. So I figured I might as well work and earn some money so I could buy more magazines with pictures of nude men, the kind I meticulously hid from my mother. And in the meantime, I watched Rob Marshall—moaning to myself with repressed desire whenever he chewed at his lower lip in class or when he became lost in thought and would get this faraway look in his beautiful hazel eyes. But he never looked my way as I worshipped him from afar, and I knew that once the school year was over, I'd probably never see him again. Damn, why was life so shitty?

And then came the night that changed my life forever.

It was prom night, and not just any prom, but senior prom at that—the holy grail of dances, considered to be the end-all be-all of the high school experience. So where else would I be on that particular night but at work? I had no date and no prospect of one, so why not make some money and try to keep my mind off of what was happening a whole 'nother world away? Not that there was anyone I had wanted to ask, mind you, or expected to ask me. Well, just one, but he didn't even acknowledge my existence, which makes dating a bit difficult, if you know what I mean. Just a romantic fantasy on my part. A desire to have a Prince Charming in my life, when I knew that Cinderella really wouldn't do. I could see a lot of Don Quixote in me, gleaned from my reading of Cervantes—we both had impossible dreams. So I accepted the evening shift, just to give the others an opportunity to have their dreams and play them out against the backdrop of the no doubt beautifully decorated gymnasium—I had even refused to acknowledge what the theme for the dance was. After all, it didn't concern me in the slightest.

It was toward the end of my shift, as I was adding some boxes to an end cap near the front of the store, making sure that each box was perfectly aligned with its neighbor—not that it would stay that way, of course, human nature being what it was, but I was determined that it at least start out that way. I wasn't paying attention to anything around me 'til suddenly I heard my name being hissed, and I glanced around, startled, to find one of the checkers, at the nearest stand to where I was working, hissing at me, and motioning to me to come over. Her name was Michelle, and the only reason that she wasn't at the prom was that her boyfriend

was grounded, but she was planning on sneaking over to his house after work anyway. I liked her, even if she was a bit ditzy. I straightened up, dusting my knees off, and made my way over to her, curious to see what had gotten her so excited.

“He’s here. He’s here again, that guy I was telling you about....”

Guy, what guy? I vaguely remembered something she had talked about, but I hadn’t taken her seriously at the time, as I believe I was wallowing in self-pity at that particular moment. Oh yes, the one that dressed oddly. Him. Skirt and heels, or something. “The one with the high heels?” I asked, just to make sure I wasn’t imagining what she had said.

“Yeah, him. He’s over there in the coffee aisle. You need to go sneak a peek,” she said, giggling. “If it wasn’t for the skirt, he’d be damn sexy. Oh, and the shoes too. But, yeah, go look. Betcha never saw something like that....”

Undoubtedly not, I thought, and I’m not even sure why I thought I wanted to, other than it was something to do, and I was feeling agreeable. It was almost time to go; there was little left to do, so why not, right? Or was it some sort of curiosity on my part to see a real cross-dresser, even though that term wouldn’t exactly have entered my head. I cut a path down the detergent aisle—sometimes I hated to go through there, the heavy perfume scent bothered my nose; it could be so damn cloying at times. But I wanted to come up and around and nonchalantly stroll by the aisle where this person was, without appearing conspicuous. Serendipitously, I came across a stray can of Folgers which

some considerate shopper had changed her mind about and thrust onto the nearest shelf. That would give me an excuse to be in that aisle without appearing to be a gawker. I'd no wish to make anyone feel uncomfortable, after all. I'd waltz the can back into place, take a casual glance, and waltz away again. Simple, no?

No.

Not simple at all.

Especially not once I had turned the corner into that particular aisle and found the object of my curiosity standing right in front of the Folgers cans—examining one with particular interest. From where I was, I could see he was looking at the medium roast. My own favorite.

Okay, first things first. He was wearing a skirt—black and short—beneath which his long bare legs could be seen, smooth and muscled, and very shapely. The skirt accentuated the fact that he had a very cute ass, as well. The shirt he wore was a pale cream color and bare midriff, so that I could see that his stomach was indeed flat. And upon his feet were a pair of very pink, very high stiletto heels. But it was obvious to me, from the first glance I got of him, that he was used to wearing them, as he rocked back and forth steadily, intent upon what he was doing, totally unaware of my presence. Or so I thought. I moved closer, trying not to be too obvious, my mission being to return the can of coffee in my hand to its proper home. But he must have heard me, for he turned his head...

...and oh my God, I found myself staring into the devastatingly beautiful face of Rob Marshall.

Whodathunkit?

Well, I might have wished it. But to actually see him like that, in the flesh and dressed in women's clothing, was totally unnerving—and intensely electrifying, as I felt my autonomic system take hold, moving into autopilot—in other words, instant hard-on. I had to catch my breath, and I'm sure I must have come across as some sort of slack-jawed idiot, as I stopped in mid-motion and simply stood there, looking at him.

“Michael,” he said softly. Oh my God, he even knew my name? He didn't seem embarrassed in the slightest, and I realized that he was wearing an earring in one ear—a gold stud. Not clip-on, but pierced. I found that very sexy as well, and I wondered if he had any tattoos burned into his body, blushing at my own thoughts. “I didn't know you worked here.” How did he know I worked here? Oh yeah, the uniform... duh....

“Um... yeah....” What a witty response—not!

He didn't seem to be self-conscious about his unusual attire, but I was becoming increasingly aware of it. Painfully so. “You're not at the prom,” he observed, pushing back his hair behind his ear.

“No, I had to work.” I finally broke out of my trance, bent down, and set the can where it belonged. And in doing so I inadvertently brushed against one of his legs. Oh, damn. Don't look up there, don't look—too late, I'd looked. And oh my God, he was going commando, and the glimpse that I saw.... I hastily straightened up, feeling an incredible warmth spread across my face. But I knew that he knew that I'd seen... and he didn't seem to mind. In fact, he seemed to like the way I was looking at him. Was he looking at me too?

Or was I simply losing it because I wished he was looking at me? Damn, too convoluted to work out, especially with my dick throbbing, demanding attention like no one's business. "You're not, either." Damn, again with the obvious observations.

"No, that's not my thing," he said, shifting from one foot to the other and giving me an appraising look, even as he held out something small wrapped in plastic. When I shook my head, he unwrapped it and popped it into his lovely mouth.

"You like coffee?" I was just full of scintillating conversation tonight. I groaned inwardly.

"Yeah, I do, nectar of the gods you know," he said, laughing lightly. "My parents are out of it, though, and since they're out of town, I have to buy my own or do without."

"Oh." Oh, indeed. I heard the clack of footsteps behind me, and I realized that Michelle must have wandered after me, perhaps to see what I was doing, as I'd not reappeared to give her any sort of report on my sighting as she must surely have expected. And suddenly I wanted nothing more than for me and Rob to be somewhere else. Together. Involuntarily I released a sigh.

"What's wrong?" Rob asked, tilting his head up, which caused the light to bounce into his orbs and the flecks in his eyes to gleam even more goldenly.

"Um..." I swallowed. "Nothing." I looked around for something, anything, which gave my presence here validity. I seized upon a small bag of candy that was grossly out of place and clutched it like a lifeline. "I'm almost done here." Why did I say that? And did I sound as needy as I thought I

did?

“Want to come over for some coffee?” He smiled. “I have my car. Well, my mom’s, anyway.”

My heart jumped in my breast. Coffee? With this god? Surely he jested. Why would he want to do that, with me? “Sure,” I managed to spit out finally. What else could I have said? Thanks but no thanks? I may be gay, but I’m not stupid, thank you kindly.

“Okay, meet me out front when you’re done. I’ll be in the blue Chrysler.” He turned to go, but at the last moment spun around once more, executing that maneuver perfectly, which only added fuel to my theory that he’d worn those shoes before, often. “Do you take cream?”

“Yeah, I like amaretto,” I admitted, “Coffeemate.”

“Good choice. I already have that,” he said, smiling. And then he was gone.

Had I just imagined what just happened, or was I really going to go have coffee with the boy of my wet dreams? Alone in his parents’ house? If I was dreaming, I’d no desire to waken. Hastily, I took the bag of candy in my hand and returned it to its proper place before I was immediately beset by Michelle. “Do you know that guy? I saw you talking to him.” Her eyes were ablaze with curiosity.

“Yeah, he goes to my school,” I said, as I watched the last few minutes of my shift expire, according to the clock on the wall.

“What’s with the getup?” she asked curiously. “Is he going to a costume party or something? Or is that his way of protesting prom night?”

“Neither, I don’t think,” I admitted. “I don’t know him well enough to say. This is the first time I talked to him, actually.” But before she could carry on her interrogation, I added hastily, “I have to go now, catch you later,” and I ducked into the office, punched out, and headed toward the door. Nervous. Excited. Scared. Nauseous. Tingling. And actually shaking a little bit from anticipation, I think.

I reached the parking lot where my own vehicle—a used red Nova my parents had bought for me—was parked. I looked around for his car, and I was disappointed at first to see nothing. Figures. He was just being polite. When would I ever learn to tell the difference? But then a pair of headlights blinked on, and suddenly a car pulled up beside me, and he was leaning over to unlock the passenger door for me. “Get in,” he invited, and I did, without hesitation.

We drove in silence for a few minutes until we reached his parents’ house, an unassuming ranch in a modest neighborhood not far from the store. Only then did it occur to me that we weren’t even inside our school district. “How do... I mean...?” I tried to ask without appearing to be nosy.

“I use my grandparents’ address,” he said, “’cause I live with them part of the time too. That’s why I changed schools.”

“Oh. Okay.”

He parked the vehicle, and I followed him into the darkened house, watching as he turned on a couple of lights in the living room, before heading toward the back of the house to the kitchen. Of course I followed him, like a lovesick puppy. He was already scooping some of the precious substance into a clean coffee filter set into the basket on the

counter. “Make yourself at home,” he said, as he ducked his head into the fridge, emerging a moment later with a small bag of coffee beans. “It’s mocha. My parents get this for special occasions. They won’t mind if I use a little.” He grinned, taking a handful of the precious beans and adding it to a coffee grinder, replacing the lid, and pressing it down. The little machine whirred as he held it down, counting. “Seven, eight, nine, ten...” and he released it again, adding the freshly ground beans to what was already in the filter, reassembling the coffeemaker as he pressed a button. Instantly water began to cascade inside as it started to brew. “Gotta love these, just like restaurants have,” he said. “Only takes a minute.” He glanced up at me. I was still standing there, trying to appear nonchalant, as if this were an everyday occurrence, when in actuality I thought I was going to die of happiness any moment now. Which would be a shame, ’cause then I’d miss out on everything else. Or anything else. Assuming there was an anything else. Other than coffee, of course.

“You can ask, you know,” he said matter-of-factly, “go ahead. You know you want to.”

It took me a minute to realize that he wasn’t referring to the question which was uppermost in my mind, which was: are you gay? “Oh, yeah, well... okay,” I stammered, feeling heat rising to my cheeks. “Do you... that is, is this something you do a lot?” Damn, that sounded lame. He chuckled softly, covering kindly for my ineptness.

“Sometimes,” he admitted. “It’s just something I like to do, ’cause I like the way it feels. Does it bother you? I mean, seeing a guy in a skirt. And heels. Pink heels at that.” He chuckled, the sound going straight to my cock.

“No.” I shook my head. “It doesn’t. I mean, why should it? Girls can wear pants. Why can’t guys wear skirts? Or dresses even?” Now I sounded even stupider, I thought to myself, but for my efforts, I was rewarded a warm smile, so it was worth it.

“Exactly,” he said, even as he took a step closer to me, his eyes locked on mine. My breath hitched in my throat.

“I’m sorry I haven’t talked to you much before. Or at all....” I began to babble, feeling my throat go dry. All I could see was him, as I took an involuntary step toward him. “I always meant to, but... er, I never really got the chance....”

“S’okay,” he said, “I noticed you in class, though. Classes, even. History. Gym. You have a nice form, Michael.” It took me a moment to realize he didn’t mean the way I swam.

“So do you,” I said bluntly, becoming lost in the depths of his eyes. Was I even breathing anymore? I couldn’t tell.

We were now toe to toe, our eyes locked together, although with the advantage the heels gave him, we weren’t at the same level. Which meant that other things weren’t quite aligned, either. Damn, why couldn’t I get my mind away from that? Maybe because I’d seen it? Not blatantly, of course, but surreptitiously, in the locker room, and in the shower. And even soft, it was very pretty, I could just imagine what it looked like hard. That wasn’t helping a thing, I realized belatedly, as my little fellow tried to escape from his cloth prison.

“Michael,” he said softly, and I realized how much I enjoyed the sound of my name upon his lips.

“Mm-hmm?” I felt myself sway toward him, caught in the pull of his attraction for me, and mine for him.

Without responding, he moved his head down toward mine, his lips brushing over mine, and even as I felt a small strangled cry escape my lips, he pressed harder, until our mouths were meshed in perfect harmony. How sweet his kiss was—it tasted like strawberries, and to this day I can’t smell fresh strawberries without remembering that first kiss.

He pressed himself against me as he deepened the kiss, and I became aware that he was as hard as I was, and it awed me to know that I could inspire such a reaction in someone so incredibly beautiful. I had never felt another boy’s dick, of course, being familiar only with my own, and my response amazed even me as I boldly rubbed against him, wanting to feel more, to know what was possible, and how far he wanted to go. I’d seen the pictures, of course, but photographs only go so far, and when reality is staring you in the face—or dick, in this case—you’re on your own and have to work out the details for yourself. Of course, I had no idea how much experience he may or may not have had with this. But it didn’t matter. At this moment, all that mattered was that here we were, together, and it felt too good to possibly do anything but what we were doing, if not more.

I was in such a hormonal daze that I didn’t realize at first that his hand had dropped to my waist, and he had unbuttoned the top of my black work pants, sliding the zipper down along its metallic path, and was working his hand even now beneath the waistband of my briefs and wrapping his fingers about my excited cock. My God, was this really happening to me? What was I supposed to do? Should I touch him back? Or was I supposed to let him tell

me what to do? I fairly whimpered into his mouth, and he broke the kiss, even as he apparently scratched the back of his hand on my open zipper.

“Let’s go into my room,” he said, “we can get undressed and be more comfortable.” There was no question in his tone, as if he intuitively knew that I would follow him anywhere and do anything he asked of me. Which was quite true. I was willing and eager to learn whatever it was that he had to teach me. Removing that friendly hand, which was a disappointment, of course, but I kept telling myself that there was more to come. He took my hand in his and led me from the kitchen, down the hallway which opened off of it, to the end of the hall to what was apparently his bedroom. The only source of illumination in the room was a large aquarium on a table set against one wall, in which ghostly fish swam in perpetual motion, but the light was more than sufficient for our needs. A radio was playing as we entered—Jim Morrison belting out his need to have his fire lit. How apropos, although I was far from realizing it at the time, concentrating as I was upon the boy who held my hand in his so gently.

Rob began to undress and I followed suit, my eyes never leaving his body as he revealed himself to me piece by piece, taking each article of clothing as he removed it and folding it onto a chest that sat at the end of his single bed. Almost exotically he moved, as if he were performing the most erotic dance (read: strip tease), and my mind supplied the appropriate music as off came the top, down slid the skirt over his slim hips, with nothing beneath it, of course, as I had already discovered in the store, and last, but not least, the bright pink stilettos, bringing him down to my height again. I almost forgot what I was supposed to be doing

myself as I stared at his beautiful body. I mean, looking at pictures is one thing, but seeing it in the flesh is entirely something different and much preferable to even the finest quality photos.

He was pale and slender, and his chest was lightly haired, and while he was no threat to Mr. Universe, it was obvious that his muscles were all taut and firm as I moved my eyes downward, followed the pleasure trail down, down to where it ended in his reddish pubes, from which sprang that oh so lovely cock, standing at attention in all its pink glory. Circumcised, he was, as was I. He looked to be slightly longer than me, a little fatter, and hanging below his pride and joy were two very lovely balls, these being a deeper pink, a duskier shade, and looking good enough to eat.

As I stood there transfixed by the sight of him, he smiled and helped me off with my clothes, which I had stopped in the midst of shedding, setting them neatly beside his own in a tidy pile before he led me to his bed, pulling back the comforter, and we lay down together on his warm flannel sheets. He took me in hand again, and how gentle his fingers were as he began to stroke me. I had no idea that another person's touch could be so good. "Have you... ever...?" he asked diplomatically, although it must have been apparent to him what an utter novice I was.

I shook my head. "You?"

"Uh huh," he said, brushing his lips lightly over mine, which sent shivers up and down my spine. "You're so pretty," he whispered into my mouth, "I want to show you things. I want you to feel things. Do you want me to?"

"Oh yes, I want you to," I responded eagerly, overcoming

my initial shyness enough to tentatively reach out and touch his hardness. His flesh was warm against my fingertips. It felt similar to touching myself, yet at the same time completely different.

“I want to show you everything,” he continued, “I want to fuck and suck and lick you, but I can’t do it all, not in a few minutes’ time. Stay with me tonight, why don’t you? Please....”

His eyes were my undoing, as they pleaded—with me, of all people—to stay with him there, in his bed. How could I refuse? I had no wish to, of course. I nodded my agreement, even as I thought about sneaking into my own bedroom before my parents got up. Luckily, as long as my door was closed, they wouldn’t attempt to disturb me—I think my father understood that a boy needed his privacy, as he damn near walked in on me wanking once. Of course I completely failed to consider that they might notice my car wasn’t in the drive, but my second brain was doing the thinking, and all else be damned at that moment.

Rob shifted his position, rolling on top of me, and now we lay in perfect horizontal harmony. “Do you want me to kiss you?” he asked, bending his head and applying his soft lips to my neck, his auburn hair cascading over me in a feathery veil which tickled my bare skin. “Yes,” I moaned.

“Do you want me to lick you?” he asked softly, his tongue running along the contours of my collarbone, into the hollow contained therein, as he began to suck at it gently. “Yes, please,” I responded, my voice growing exponentially fainter as I waited for the next question, the big question—the epitome of questions.

“Do you want me to suck you and fuck you?” And now that tongue was marking a trail along my chest, detouring to paint circles about each nipple, causing them to more than rise to the occasion, begging him to—nay, demanding that he honor them with further attention, which he gladly obliged, nibbling and sucking at each one until they were hard and proud of it. “Yesssssss,” I fairly hissed, expelling my pent-up breath even as I arched my back, pressing my need against him insistently.

He moved further down along my body, and all I could feel was his lips, and this moment, everything else being relegated to the background of my mind. And when he suddenly took my length into his mouth, I damn near came right then and there. Which would have been totally embarrassing.

His mouth was warm and moist, and how good it felt as it engulfed me, and for a moment he did not move, as if he wanted to merely experience me, which on reflection sounds egotistical, but I believe that to have been his motivation. He drew his lips back, along the path he had just taken, and began to explore my cock like it was a new virgin territory—which, of course, it was. I couldn’t help but tremble in his grasp, even as I began to wonder what I should do if I felt the need to come. Luckily, it didn’t come to that, for he raised his head, removing me from his mouth so he could ask, “Can I ask you to do me a favor?”

“Anything, of course,” I hastily promised.

“Would you suck on me, so I’ll be wet enough for you?”

Would I? Don’t be daft—of course I would. Even if I didn’t know exactly what he meant. “Uh huh,” I managed to

gasp out. “Want me to move?”

“No, I’ll come up,” he said, laying a final kiss upon the head of my cock, which sent shivers through my frame as he crawled up my body, kissing it randomly, until he reached his goal, then, rising upon his knees, he towered above me in all his magnificence, and I was struck all over again at his beauty and at the miracle that had brought me here and which continued to shower me with its munificence.

He guided himself toward my lips, which I opened eagerly, my heart beating so loudly it drowned out even the music from the radio, Rob’s voice all that I could hear above it as he patiently directed and encouraged me. I took his erection as he gently pushed it into my mouth, slowly at first, but with growing conviction as I adjusted to the feel of it, the taste of it. I’m not sure what I expected, but I do remember being pleasantly surprised—he tasted good, at least to me, and it didn’t feel at all weird, like I was half afraid it might. In fact, it felt rather natural, which only gave proof to my awareness of myself as a homosexual. I mean, of course I’d known it, given my attraction to men and my utter indifference to the things which filled hetero males’ fantasies—tits and vaginas and such—but I was never so sure as at this very moment when I actually felt that this was me, and this was right. And this was damn good.

He threaded his fingers into my hair, and I can only surmise that he liked what I was doing, judging from the moans that issued from him, replacing any other vocalizations, at least for the moment. Emboldened, I sucked harder, my fingers clutching at the base of his cock to help steady him and myself, so that I wouldn’t lose my grip on him. I could feel a small amount of fluid seeping from the

head, and I raised my eyes to him to make sure it was all right. Reluctantly, he removed himself from my maw. "It's time, I think," he said, "are you ready?"

"Ready," I echoed as he moved back down into position between my legs, grateful that he possessed the knowledge which I so obviously lacked.

"I'm going to go slowly, and if it hurts, tell me, okay?" he asked softly as he adjusted my ass to a better position for him, I guess. He moved my legs until they rested on top of his shoulders, and I could feel something nudging my entrance, but it turned out to be his finger. "I have to do this first," he explained, "or I won't fit. You have to stretch." I nodded my understanding, even as he buried his digit inside of me and I sucked in my breath at something that felt both good and hurt at the same time. I had never had the nerve to attempt this on myself, but damn, I knew I would have to in the future. It felt intrusive at first, unfamiliar, but the strangeness soon gave way to a feeling of pleasure, and I relaxed a bit, as he carefully monitored my expression before adding a second digit. "Hurt?" he asked solicitously, and I shook my head.

I could feel him moving his fingers about. "This will relax your muscles," he explained, "so that they don't reject me out of hand, 'cause if you tighten up, you'll hurt for sure." At the same time, he stroked my inner thigh with his spare hand, as if to draw my attention away from what was happening. And while I was mulling over that particular bit of pleasure, he removed his fingers and substituted his cock, beginning to push the head in slowly, very slowly, pausing at intervals to allow my body time to adjust.

At first I wanted to tell him no, it wasn't going to work, and I involuntarily tightened my muscles in self-defense, but he continued to stroke and soothe me, his voice cooing soft syllables, not even fully formed words, until I found myself able to relax and accept him. He pushed in further, and somewhere along the line my nerves began to receive the message and relay them to my brain as the feel of him began to register. And what had once been pain became pleasure, and suddenly I realized that he was now fully sheathed inside of me, and I bestowed upon him the most beatific smile as he reached for my lips, and at that very moment time stood still. Call me a hopeless romantic, if you will, but I knew then that my heart was lost to this beautiful boy, regardless of how he might feel about me, and my body and soul both were filled with the most radiant feelings as my heart expanded inside of my chest. First love is a most amazing thing, no matter what your age or your sexual preference. I thought that I would simply die of happiness.

I slowly became aware that he was no longer still, he was moving inside me, his perfect hips seeming to establish a rhythm, which I began to match with my own. I'd read enough porn stories to know that nothing was worse than a dead fish companion, and I certainly didn't want him to regret what he was doing. I didn't know if what I was doing was right, wrong, or indifferent, but I was damned if I wasn't going to try.

He wrapped his slender fingers about my now openly weeping cock, and his strokes began to keep pace with his internal thrusts. And for now all that could be heard was our soft grunts and moans, and in the background, ironically, I could hear "MacArthur Park."

Naturally, I didn't want this moment to end, but of course it had to, as I suddenly realized I was about to reach my peak. I felt a moment of panic, as I wondered what standard operating procedure might be. Announce my intention? Give a polite warning—excuse me, but I think I am about to cum? I didn't have time to ponder on that thought, though, before I found myself ejaculating, my release spilling all over his clenched hand, and hoping that he had somewhat expected it. He was still thrusting inside of me, and oh my God how good it felt, and there was a light sheen of sweat which overlay his lovely brow. His eyes were closed, and his lips slightly parted with his exertions. All of a sudden, I heard him catch his breath, and he began to whimper softly, as I felt a sudden wet warmth inside of me—and his cock was pulsating even as he cried out my name in a strangled voice.

Panting and spent, he lowered himself onto my body, and I instinctively wrapped my arms about him, stroking his back gently, both of us oblivious to the sticky mess between us and leaking from me. He opened his eyes, and his were so warm and beautiful—I could have stared into them for hours, I thought to myself, even as I asked the question which was burning a hole into my brain.

“Did I do it right?”

“You were perfect,” he pronounced, following up his words with a soft kiss. He smiled at me tenderly, quipping, “This was much better than the prom.”

“Yes, it was,” I agreed, returning his smile, and not even considering that perhaps this was something he did with lots of other boys, that I might be just one among many. For this

one moment, I was numero uno, I was cared about, and I had experienced something greater than anything I ever had before—and I knew that I wanted to do it again, and often.

“Rob, do you think....” I began, but thinking better of it, I turned my attention instead to his neck, kissing it, which was rather bold for me, I must admit, but I was feeling rather euphoric at that moment.

“Do I think what, Michael?” he asked, turning his head so I could access his neck better.

“Nothing,” I muttered, “just nothing.” There was a moment or two of silence before I blurted out, “Do you think we can do that again?” which earned me a warm smile.

“Of course,” he said. “Get some sleep, we have tomorrow.”

Of course I never stopped to think that I needed to go home at some point, my mind—and body—were too filled with this boy who nestled so snugly against me and who seemed to fit so perfectly. It was late, after all, I had worked all night, and then this. I sighed softly and curled up against him as closely as I could, my eyelids already drooping. “M’kay,” I mumbled, “Night, Rob.”

“Night, Michael.” He kissed me tenderly, the last thing I remember before dropping off to a satisfied slumber....

I BROUGHT myself out of my reverie to find my daughter staring at me bemusedly. “Earth to Dad, Earth to Dad, come in, Dad.”

At that very moment—how serendipitous fate can be sometimes—my partner of many years walked in, taking his place beside Amber, kissing her cheek softly, and I was struck anew at how very much they looked alike—the same eyes, the same bone structure—they even had the same infectious gentle laugh. We had been lucky that my sister Brenda had been very willing to be a surrogate mother for us, for genetically, Amber was as much ours as we could ever hope to get. His eyes lit up when he saw what our daughter held.

“Good Lord,” he said, and then he glanced over at me. “I thought I threw those out ages ago. You kept them?”

“Yes, I did,” I replied a tad defensively. “You always looked good in them.” He blushed at that but didn’t bother to deny it.

Amber shifted her gaze from one of us to the other. “I sense a story here. Spill the beans, you two.”

Rob simply laughed, taking the shoes out of her grasp, his eyes shining lovingly at me, as they have done now for some thirty years. He’s older now, not quite as thin, maybe, and his auburn hair is shot with a little gray, although he still wears it long ’cause it pleases me, but if anything, he is even more beautiful to me now than when I first met him, for I have come to know the inner person as well as the outer. “Some stories are meant to remain private,” he said, winking at me. “Maybe when you have a story to share, we’ll tell you ours.”

I knew that he was kidding, even as I suspected that we would spend the evening together, the three of us, talking about old times and love and the story of how two young

boys came together and found love on that long ago prom night and have never parted since then. Maybe over some hot chocolate and peanut M&M's. Hmmm, now what to edit? Maybe the part where grandma and grandpa had a major cow when I finally came home the next day.

Sometimes fairy tales do come true, I guess, because I am certainly living mine... with the sweet young prince of my dreams, in our own brand of happily ever after.

I wonder if he wouldn't mind modeling those stilettos for me later tonight?

JULIE LYNN HAYES was reading at the age of two and writing by the age of nine and always wanted to be a writer when she grew up. Two marriages, five children, and more than forty years later, that is still her dream. She blames her younger daughters for introducing her to yaoi and the world of M/M love, a world which has captured her imagination and her heart and fueled her writing in ways she'd never dreamed of before. She especially loves stories of two men finding true love and happiness in one another's arms and is a great believer in the happily ever after. She lives in St. Louis with two of her children and two cats, loves books and movies and role playing on the Internet, and hopes to be a world traveler some day. By day she does payroll and accounting, by night she writes and is also a copy editor and reviewer for comicsonline.com. Her family thinks she is a bit off, but she doesn't mind. Marching to the beat of one's own drummer is a good thing, after all.

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