

Soaring *with a* ***Hawk***



kenn dahl

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Soaring with a Hawk

By Kenn Dahll

Daily life on the American frontier at the beginning of the nineteenth century was, at best tedious. Pa homesteaded our little farm twenty years ago. A year later he returned to Chicago and married Ma, a school teacher he'd been courting for two years. I'm the eldest of six siblings; I was born less than a year after the wedding. A decade ago, Pa and I, along with one of my three brothers built a nice place on the property. It was a little cramped and in nice weather I preferred to spend nights in the two-room log cabin Pa originally built and in which the family lived until the farm house was built.

By frontier standards the house was large, with four rooms, two on each floor although the upstairs bedrooms had sloping eaves to deal with. It had two chimneys with four fireplaces to ward off the brutal winter cold. We four boys slept upstairs in the front bedroom, our two sisters slept in the smaller back bedroom. Our parents slept in a small back room off the keeping room downstairs, which held a common sitting and dining space, as well as cooking facilities including a huge hearth with swivel rods for cooking pots and all. We had a well and an outhouse for creature comforts.

Privacy was a problem, especially since I and two of my three brothers had reached what Ma called 'puberty,' which she said accounts for our body hair and some pretty strange goings on in our private parts. Pa gave us each a lecture on Onanism, sodomy, and respecting girls; but until some of the events of this narrative, I was still not certain how it all worked. All I knew was that sometimes that part of me from which I urinated would become inflexibly rigid and some mornings I awoke with it both hard and covered with a dried white substance. I'd clean it up and never told Ma.

One winter in my sixteenth year, I thought my fifteen year old brother Zeke—really Ezekiel—underwent a similar experience. He woke me up moaning and thrashing in the

bed all four of us shared. Being of curious disposition, I looked under the bedclothes and saw his male member enlarged and unbendingly hard. As I observed his condition, Zeke groaned, started breathing heavily and a white substance was ejected from the tip of his swollen penis. Ma's said that's the proper medical term for what we used to call our 'pee-pee.' Well over a year later, just before my eighteenth birthday, Jonas, the next oldest brother who had just turned fifteen, woke me up in the middle of the night in the same condition as Zeke had experienced. I awakened Zeke and we both watched Jonas' member expel the white syrup. Zeke and I discussed the occurrence in quiet whispers but could not determine its purpose.

What I did observe with consternation was the effect on my penis. As we watched Jonas, it enlarged. I reached down to hide that circumstance from Zeke and found that placing my hand on it felt pleasantly warm. I very slowly moved my palm up and down the hard shaft. The excess of skin which usually hung off the end permitted easy movement. Soon a juice leaked from where my piss usually flowed and my shaft became slippery, especially when I rub my palm over the bulbous tip. Only with great restraint did I refrain from yelling when a white creamy substance erupted from the little slit. I didn't think Zeke saw what I was doing; but, several nights later, I felt the bed shake rhythmically and heard him stifle a moan. Neither of us discussed such matters.

Once the weather warmed up I slept in the cabin. It was a half mile from the farm house and had its own outhouse. I had the privacy to freely coax my juices to flow. My insatiable curiosity led me to taste them once. They were a blend of sweet and salty. I grew to savor the tangy flavor. My privacy ended after a year when Zeke, who had just

turned seventeen, convinced Pa he should use the cabin too. He was set up in the main room in the front section while I moved into the smaller, but more secluded, back room.

Initially I ceased lounging around naked and didn't strip for bed until I went behind the curtain separating the two spaces. I would don at least the undergarment covering my privates whenever I needed to walk through the main room to go to the outhouse. After finding Zeke in the buff a few times, looking quite unembarrassed at being naked, I decided to forgo the undergarment inside the cabin or in the sheltered woods nearby. We became quite comfortable seeing each other's unclothed body and often displayed enlarged members when we woke up and need to piss. I sometimes left the curtain open to improve the airflow on stifflingly hot nights and saw Zeke nonchalantly stroke his shaft until the white sap appeared. Sometimes I watched him taste his discharge. He appeared to like it.

Early Sunday morning the family got into the horse-drawn buggy and drove ten miles to attend church services. Because of the demands of the farm animals, Pa would stay behind until I was old enough. Then we took turns. The number of us alternating Sunday's increased once Zeke could handle the chores alone. However, he got sweet on one of the Whitmore girls and often asked me to take his place. Sunday was the only day he could talk with her as we were home schooled by Ma. Since I wasn't interested in any of the local girls, I agreed, giving me two of every three Sundays to pursue my favorite activity.

One summer Sunday after the family left for church, I hurried through my chores and returned to the cabin where I stripped off my clothes. As I ran my hand over my

bare chest paying special attention to the little nubs on my chest, my member filled with blood and became long and rigid. I enjoyed the feeling as my hands roamed all over my upper body, which by then was quite muscular by dint of the hard farm work. I hefted my balls and felt their fullness as my member strained for relief. Then I moved outside, admiring myself in the tiny mirror by the door. Outside I went to my favorite tree with its bed of soft grass under the boughs. I languidly lay there, bare assed and leisurely stroking my hard shaft in anticipation of the first of at least three releases for the day, when I heard a twig snap.

I stood and turned towards the sound to find myself face-to-face with an Indian youth of about my age or a year older. I wasn't afraid as the natives in the area were peaceful. This particular brave had long black hair held back in braids. He had less black hair on his chest than the few stray blond strands I grew although he had as much hair in his arm pits as I did. He wore a deerskin loin cloth which went between his legs, the front and back of the leather material hung over a thong that went around his waist. His high cheek bones and large black eyes gave him a dignified handsomeness. I was so caught up studying my visitor I forgot I was more naked than he and that my penis was hard.

"Young white man has a warrior's lance," the Indian said with a glance at my privates.

"I wasn't expecting company," I said, valiantly trying to rescue myself from the uncomfortable situation.

"Sorry, but not really sorry," he replied ambiguously. "My weapon too is ready for battle."

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused by his response.

“My English is not so good. Can I show you?”

“Yes,” I said hesitatingly, not knowing what I was agreeing to.

The brave moved closer to me, so close that, as we were the same height, my rigid appendage was poking the front panel of his breech cloth. I could feel his ‘weapon’ through the leather and it was indeed ‘ready.’ He placed his hands on my broad shoulders then let them drop to my muscular chest. When he bent forward and ran his pink tongue over my tanned torso, I moaned softly. Then he licked my burgundy nipple and my moaning became louder. My legs got weak and the young brave lowered me onto the bed of soft grass where he joined me.

Reclining next to me with our bodies touching from shoulders to hips he surprised me by placing his lips against mine. Soft lips, insistently pressed against mine caused a dizzying sensation in my feeble brain. Without thinking, I hugged him closer to me and pressed back on his lips. He hugged my body even closer and his hands explored my back before they drifted down to cup my melon-like ass globes. Nobody but nobody ever touched me there since I was an infant.

I couldn’t resist reaching down to feel his leather-clad butt cheeks. They were unexpectedly firm yet supple. My new found friend grunted as I massaged his ass. He rolled over on top of me and sat up on my thighs. Then he reached to his waist and untied the cord on his leather garment, which fell open uncovering his very large and hard organ, the same reddish brown as his skin. The tip of his shaft, which was barely visible through the folds of his uncut foreskin, was a deep burgundy, much deeper than even my nipples. Only a few black hairs were visible at the base of his shaft and a few

more adorned the bag with his male eggs which hung down below his penis. His loose skin at the tip of his pole didn't hang off the end like mine did even when it was its most rigid.

The Indian lad smiled broadly, displaying remarkably white teeth, as he held our two manly rods next to each other. His was longer than mine, about a hand's breadth in length, but not as fat. When he placed his hand around my member he couldn't touch his fingers with his thumb, as he demonstrated he could do with his own pole. He used both hands in the experiment and left one hand holding onto me in place as he reached between my thighs and fondled my ball sack. "Christ!" I yelled—the first expletive of my young years. "Please let go or I will soil your hands."

"That is my plan," he replied cheerfully as he moved the one hand up and down my tool. "I like to see the sheath on your lance cover and uncover its top. I want to see what happens when your man seed is expelled."

"Damn, that feels mighty fine!" I wanted to show him some pleasure too so I reached out and grasped his slender shaft and fondled his hanging pouch.

"Yes, pretty white boy. That feels very good. Let us mingle our life fluids and become fast friends." For several minutes we held each other's privates. The only sounds other than the customary forest noises were our grunts and groans which became louder and more frequent as our caresses turned to stroking and squeezing. To the accompaniment of a loud bird cry we both sprayed forth our creamy sauce. I was flabbergasted as both batches pooled on my abdomen; they were indistinguishable. I even tasted some from different spots on my stomach and could not detect a difference.

We lay on the grassy bed for a while striving to catch our breath. Then, laughing like two little boys, we made our way to a small pond on the creek running through the property, dove in and rinsed off. Sitting on a boulder in the sun to dry off, we exchanged names—Aaron and Soaring Hawk.

“Non-tribal people usually call me Hawk,” he said. “I like it.”

“Then, Hawk it is. I like it too and I like you. Will you visit me again?”

“I want to share my body with you and enjoy yours many more times,” Hawk replied.

Two weeks later he was at the cabin as soon as Pa and the rest of the family were out of sight down the dirt road. He had to have been watching the road from a hiding place for a couple of hours. We hugged again and kissed, that time our tongues explored each other’s wet mouths causing tingly feelings in my groin. However, when I reached to stroke his weapon, Hawk held my hand back. “No, this time I give your lance the gift of many tongues.”

He squatted on the ground, took hold of my rigid male member and licked at the tip which was coated with a slippery fluid. “Good God!” I swore. “What are you doing?”

“Tasting of your life force.” He flicked his tongue over the sensitive tip and along the sides. He even prodded beneath my loose foreskin. I was dancing from the multitude of sensations and sweat poured down my hairless chest and from my underarms.

“God damn!” I yelled when his mouth covered the tip of my shaft. “Holy shit!” was my response as more and more of my rod’s hardness disappeared between his luscious, crimson lips. I stared in amazement when his chin rested against my ball

sack. My entire member was not just in his mouth, it descended into his throat. Hawk applied a sucking pressure and pulled his lips back until only the tip of my tool remained in his mouth. Then he dropped his lips back down to the few blond hairs I had at the base of my rod. Before he repeated this too many times I couldn't hold back the torrent of juices bubbling up from my testicles which flooded his throat. I could barely breathe, let alone speak, as I retracted my shaft from his mouth and collapsed on the ground. The Indian brave lay next to me and held me tightly as I recovered from the earth shaking experience.

Being nineteen, I recovered quickly and insisted I give him the same gift. "It is not necessary. Your missionaries would not approve."

"Fuck them!" I retorted using language I knew was bad but didn't know why. Hawk relented and sat back. I knelt between his legs, unfastened his loincloth, and tried my best to emulate his actions. Imperfect as I'm sure I was, I managed to bury its entirety in my mouth and throat. The warm hardness felt good and I succeeded in drawing a geyser of warm, tangy juice from his long, thin weapon. Pleased with my efforts, I kissed my native lover and we exchanged his seed from my mouth to his mouth and back several times. We repeated those oral adventures in the woods for several Sundays, until the weather became too cold for Zeke and me to spend the nights in the cabin. Hawk and I then met in the barn, as using the bed I shared with Zeke and our younger brothers Jonas and Jason in the main house could be too risky—stickiness, sweat and bodily aromas considered.

* * * *

Some weeks the snow was too heavy for the family to go into town. At one point I was forced to go six weeks without seeing Hawk. To make matters worse, Zeke, as a typical younger brother, shadowed my every move. Once he interrupted me stroking my shaft in the barn. "Why are you rubbing your chest and pinching your nipples?" He asked. "Your eyes were squeezed shut. You were imagining a partner. Who? Tell me or I'll tell Pa and Ma you were practicing Onanism. Pa'll beat the hell out of you."

"Your sweetheart Miss Julie Whitmore, that's who." I replied sarcastically. "You tell on me and I'll make sure you'll never have children with her or anyone else. I'll cut your testicles off!"

"You bastard!" He yelled as he knocked me into a pile of hay and jumped on top of me. He had just turned eighteen and was pretty strong, but at nineteen and fifteen pounds heavier I quickly threw him off and pinned him to the hay with my knees on his shoulders. Since I hadn't tucked my male member back into my coveralls, the rigid shaft rested on his face.

"Swear you'll never tell!" I ordered my younger brother. He was afraid to open his mouth to say "no" with my weapon so close to his lips. Shaking his head back and forth caused my hot flesh to rub on his face and leave a trail of stickiness as my shaft expelled the juices that made it slippery. In response to his obstinacy I reached back and crushed his testicles in my fist—hard! "Swear it!" I hollered, squeezing once again. After several minutes, his face covered with my slime, he capitulated and nodded agreement. I released his sore balls.

"Kiss it as a pledge!" I told him referring to the hard flesh tube in his face. Knowing what the penalty for refusal would be, he planted a quick peck on the tip of my

penis. It reminded me of Hawk's hot mouth and I lost control. I grasped my swollen weapon and stroked it until my cream coated Zeke's face.

"You shit head!" He bellowed. "I should tell Pa anyhow."

"You swore. Besides, do you want him to know you had a face full of man seed?"

"No," he said somewhat subdued. "But now my member's hard and I need relief. You won't tell if I stroke it a while?"

"Go ahead, just do it up in the loft so I can't see or hear you as I finish my chores." As Zeke climbed up the ladder I heard a sound from the area where our farm tools were stored. I went to see what caused the noise, but found nothing. Although I thought I saw a flash of red disappear around the corner of the barn. "*Wasn't Jonas wearing a red flannel shirt at breakfast this morning?*" I asked myself.

The matter blew over and finally it was spring. Zeke and I moved back into the cabin. Jonas wanted to join us but we convinced Pa he should grow a year older first. Then we had a little talk with the pest. We convinced the kid he would be a lot healthier, and intact, if he left us alone. "But I'm sixteen and I have to sleep in the same bed as a snot-nosed thirteen year old who snores and stinks."

"It's that or risk life and limb with us," Zeke told Jonas holding a pitchfork at his younger brother's throat. Jonas saw the light and the pain in the ass left us alone, for a while.

Hawk appeared the first Sunday I was alone at the cabin, dressed only in his loin cloth and moccasins—in the winter he wore deerskin leggings. After we hugged and kissed a while, Hawk announced "I have a special gift. But first we must be purified."

He showed me the herbal soap he was carrying as we went down to the pond. The water was cold when we jumped in. Then I stood shivering in the sun with my member barely discernible as Hawk soaped up my wet body, paying special attention to my privates and butt. When he was finished, he asked me to soap him up. We then hugged and together went back into the water to rinse off, before lying down on a boulder in the warm sun to dry. Warm and dry, our shafts became hard from being against each other's body, we moved to our customary grassy lair. We reclined head to toe and took each other's member into our mouths. I fully expected we would remain in that position until we erupted. Hawk had other plans.

"It's time for your special gift," Hawk said and he moved me onto my hands and knees. He squatted between my thighs, placed his hands on my buttocks, and pulled them apart exposing my asshole.

"What are you going to do?" I asked with a mix of apprehension and eagerness. Everything he'd suggested so far had proven to be exciting.

"I'm going to show you where else your body can enjoy another man's attention," Hawk replied. He then used his talented tongue to tingle my puckered shit hole. I realized instantly why we had to be purified as he was not just licking my ass, his tongue was poking into the tight pucker.

"Hot damn! Hell that feels great!" I yelled for the whole world to hear. Hawk feasted on my tiny hole and pulled my rigid shaft downwards, stroking it at the same time. I was confused and delighted at the new feeling his actions engendered. I had never thought of my butt giving me such pleasure.

No longer having a hair trigger, I enjoyed Hawk's pleasure-giving tongue for quite a while with no danger of losing my man seed too soon. Eventually, my curiosity prevailed and I asked "Can I try this on your hole?" Hawk said nothing but lay down on his back and raised his legs over his head, bringing his pucker up for easy licking—which I did with a vengeance. I started to stroke Hawk's shaft as I laved and probed his pucker, but he slapped my hand away.

"Not yet, please."

"Ok," I said. "But my tongue is getting sore and all I taste is my own saliva, not your sweet juices."

"It is time for the second part of the special gift then. Place the tip of your lance where your mouth snake was and push it into my secret cave." I didn't think that was possible. My weapon was a lot bigger than the tiny opening in his ass. Nevertheless, I decided to give it a try. Hawk had never misled me before. I rose up on my knees, pressed my pole's tip against the puckered opening and leaned forward, putting my weight onto his little hole. Amazingly enough, the pucker opened and my shaft slipped into a hot, tight haven.

"Oh! Ungh!" Hawk moaned as I was sure the girth of my member was tearing his ass apart. But he didn't tell me to stop so I kept up the steady forward and downward pressure until my balls were slapping against his buttocks.

"God damn! This is the best thing yet!" I hollered. "I must be fucking you! I didn't know two men could fuck."

"It's the best gift a man can give another if their souls are united as one."

“That’s darn beautiful! But I’m enjoying your ass to much to get philosophical right now.” Hawk chuckled and tightened his anal muscles. That caused my juices to flow more forcefully and in greater volume than ever before. My body was wracked with tremors as I flooded his anus with my seed. When I could no longer hold myself upright, I collapsed on him with my lance still impaling his ass. It was then that I noticed Hawk’s weapon had fired without him or me touching it! As I lay there panting, Hawk stroked my hair and kissed my forehead. At that moment I knew I loved him with my entire being. I told him so and he responded that he felt the same way. We promised never to be apart from each other.

Two Sundays later, Hawk was back. “I want to give you the special gift,” I told him. After we purified ourselves in the pond, I pleasured his ass pucker with my mouth and tongue as he had mine at our previous encounter; and then I offered myself to him willingly, nay gratefully. He was gentle, yet it still hurt like hell at first. My love for Hawk and desire to please him overcame the pain and soon his body glistened with sweat as his lengthy lance speared my tender hole. The pain in my gut became a divine fire as waves of pleasure swept over my body. With a shudder, my life juices blasted from my pee hole and covered my torso. The convulsions in my bowels caused Hawk’s weapon to go off and he filled me with his precious cream.

As we lay on the grass with our limbs entwined and our chests heaving, we heard a soft moan from behind a clump of trees. Upon investigating we discovered Jason, his coveralls at his ankles and his member throbbing and spewing forth in his hands. Unknown to me he had claimed a stomach ache and was left behind. The little

shit had suspected something was going on and wanted to find out what. He spied on my rendezvous with Hawk; but his lust gave him away.

“What the hell are you doing?” I asked angrily.

“Nothing like what I saw you doing with that savage. You were fornicating and committing sodomy. If I told Pa he’d beat you before turning you over to the authorities, who would throw you in jail until you’re old and gray.”

“He’s not a savage! Besides, why would you turn us in?” I raised my hand to threaten him.

Hawk held my hand back and whispered in my ear “Offer him a bribe to purchase some time to come up with a better plan.”

“I’ll give you some of the money I earned at the granary if you promise not to tell,” I proposed to my younger brother.

“It’s a deal,” he answered.

“Good. The cash is hidden in the old root cellar. Let me get dressed and I’ll meet you there.” He pulled up his coveralls and headed behind the cabin to the infrequently used underground storage area.

“Quick!” I said to Hawk. “Go home and pack everything you need. He’ll hold this over me for more and more money. When I run out, he’ll wait for the right moment and tell Pa. I’ll pack up after I lock him in the cellar. There’s a wedding after the service today so the folks won’t be back until tomorrow. Be back when the sun is over the tree tops. On your way, think about how we can disappear without you being accused of kidnapping. That could start a war. You know there are some in the territory who would use any excuse to chase your people off the reservation in order to seize the land.”

“I will take care of it. My tribe respects me as an apprentice shaman and will assist.” Hawk ran into the forest and I went to take care of Jonas who, as I expected was already in the cellar searching for the cash, which was actually secreted elsewhere. I locked and bolted the door from the outside and left him to berate his own stupidity and ponder how his greed got him into the situation.

Just as I finished getting the animals settled and packing my few belongings, Hawk rode up with an extra horse. “Everything is arranged. We will ride south in the stream until we can get out on a rock ledge and head west. To be sure, two braves are now riding northwards to create a false trail. Your brother will unfortunately tell his tale for revenge, but that will also make it difficult to claim kidnapping.”

“Why are they doing all this? Do they know about us?”

“Yes, I told them we had joined our bodies and souls for life. They understand. It is part of our tradition, especially for shamans.”

“Where will we go?”

“On the shores of the western ocean is a branch of my people. We will be welcomed there.”

Several arduous months later we arrived at our destination. As Hawk had predicted, we were welcomed as a couple. I let my hair grow until I could wear blonde braids. My attire was a loincloth or leather leggings. I learned their language and made myself useful teaching English. I also picked up much of what Hawk did as a shaman. After two year, when I was twenty one, I was invited to be initiated into the tribe.

“The first step is to be named,” Hawk explained after I accepted. “You will be given a potion which will cause you to sleep and dream. When you awaken, you must

describe all the details of your dream to the assembled elders and shamans. They will discern your name from the account. I dreamt of a hawk circling above the encampment. When I awoke and told my tale, one of the elders went out from the tent and observed a hawk, of the exact colors and size I had described, circling overhead. That is how I was named Soaring Hawk. In our tribe, bird names are the most revered and predict shamanistic powers for the individual.”

When I was revived from my drug-induced sleep, I described a raven—a most unusual one. In size, shape and sound it resembled an ordinary raven, but it was as white as newly fallen snow. In the sky around the tree where the raven was perched, a hawk flew in lazy circles. That caused quite a commotion. Hawk escorted me from the tent and scanned the sky with one of the elders. When they spotted a hawk like the one I described, they went back inside and I heard a lot of loud talking which I could not understand. Shortly thereafter, Hawk came out from the tent, hugged me, and led me back inside by the hand.

“Your name is White Raven,” the chief announced. “In our tradition that is the most sacred of bird names. You and Soaring Eagle will be the most revered shamans ever. Your abilities will increase as your love for each other grows stronger. You will die in each other’s arms and be forever together watching over the tribe.” Hawk and I wept as we heard those prophetic words.

That night the tribe celebrated my naming and initiation as a member. When the feast ended, we returned to our teepee. I fell into Hawk’s arms and expressed my joy at being accepted. “Not only accepted but given a name and position of such great prestige.”

“Yes, but the best part is we will be working and living together,” Hawk solemnly replied.

“That’s not all!” I reached under his loincloth and fondled his manly organs. “We have our love and the pleasures of sharing it.” Hawk removed my loin cloth and bent down to take my erect lance into his mouth, just like he had the day we met. I reciprocated and we were soon head to toe with each other’s rigid members in our mouths. As often as we had done that, I was still surprised by how much pleasure his mouth imparted to my male member; but I didn’t want the pleasure to end so soon. I pulled from his mouth and off his hard shaft, sat up and raised his legs to my shoulder. In that position, the secret entrance to his innermost being was exposed and waiting for my tongue. While Hawk’s weapon dripped his slippery fluid onto his lips, I used my tongue to open up his tiny hole. Then I sucked on my fingers to make them wet before thrusting one into his puckered opening.

“Yes, White Raven! Fill my guts with your formidable weapon! Give me great pleasure to remember this night by.” It must have been the aftereffects of the potion given me to dream but I was insatiable and capable of many hours of intense enjoyment of Hawk’s man tunnel. I filled his bowels with my seed at least three times and he mine twice before succumbing to exhaustion. We fell asleep wrapped in each others’ arms.

That was the first of many years’ worth of nights in which we took pleasure in each other’s body. We also become skilled shamans in great demand throughout the tribal clans of the western ocean. We insisted in always travelling together since our powers increased greatly when combined. During these travels I devised an alphabet for the tribal language and assembled a brief grammar. In addition, I collected and

translated many myths and songs of my fellow natives. In so doing, I attempted to keep the inherent poetry of their tongue. For example, the coming of darkness was attributed to Mother Earth consuming the sun. At dawn, she expelled the rejuvenated orb from her womb. How much more expressive than the prosaic “sunrise” and “sunset” of the supposedly civilized peoples?

Although we shared many hardships, in its totality, the passage of time was kind to us even though our braids became gray and our bodies refused to move as sprightly as before. We remained in good health until the past winter. It was harsh and we both suffered from its rampages. Spring found us weak and unable to perform our shamanistic duties. We retired into our tepee and permitted the women of the tribe to attend to our creature comforts for a fortnight as our bodies continued to weaken.

Tonight we both know the chief’s prophesy will be fulfilled and it will be the last we are together in the flesh. At eighty we have outlived scores of elders, but our bodies are frail and our hearts weak. We will share our physical love one final time then fall asleep in each others’ arms never to awaken. Our spirits will be forever joined in the world beyond the sky, so we are at peace.

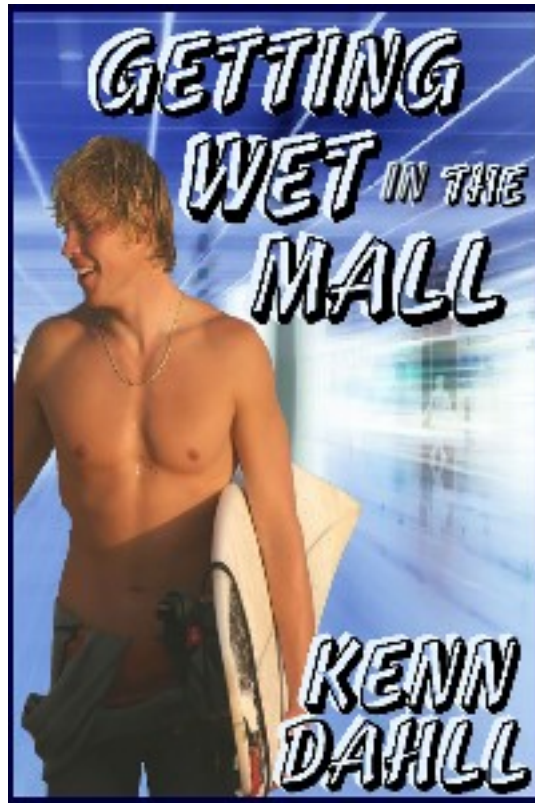
The End

ABOUT KENN DAHLL

Kenn is a sixty-something man living in the gay ghetto called Wilton Manors, Florida. More than twenty years ago he submitted a short story to a magazine contest and won a year's subscription. Since then he has written many stories, none of which he submitted for publication until recently. He is thrilled to be published in two Alyson Books anthologies: *Island Boys* published August 2008 and *Best Gay Love Stories 2009*, publication date not yet determined. Generally, he says he sees a hot man and constructs a fantasy story around him.

Sometime, a situation inspires him and a story will take shape in his mind, which is then populated from his imagination. As a bureaucrat in local government, Kenn claims to find few outlets outside of fiction for his innate creativity and is pleased others are interested in reading what he writes.

If you enjoyed SOARING WITH A HAWK, you might also enjoy:



GETTING WET IN THE MALL
by Kenn Dahll

A young gay businessman attending a meeting in a hotel attached to a mall meets surfer dude, JJ, at an indoor wave. JJ hustles our hero for a few bucks to ride the wave then wrangles a free lunch for himself and his friend, Antonio. After a shopping spree turns into a massive cock tease, the trio goes to an hotel room for some uninhibited sex, but the escapade takes an unexpected turn...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal sex, double penetration, bondage and spanking.

Excerpt From GETTING WET IN THE MALL:

“Mmmfph!” JJ mumbled his mouth full of man cock. I pulled out to let him catch a breath then rammed even more of my cock down his throat. I was hot and frustrated that I wasn’t allowed to stroke my own cock. I wanted to get off and didn’t care if JJ was uncomfortable. Antonio and I fucked JJ from both ends fast and furiously. It was like we hadn’t gotten off for days when we had recently come-Antonio twice. Antonio

leaned forward and pulled my face to his for some wet, sloppy kissing. The teen's breath smelled of cloves and cinnamon. I'm sure mine was pretty funky from rimming both asses.

"Ummmm, ummmm," Antonio hummed as he pounded his friend's ass. "Ummm, ummm, aaaaah!" and I knew he was coming.

"Do it," he murmured and I filled JJ's mouth and throat with my man seed.

Sated, Antonio and I sat on the bed on either side of the trussed up JJ. We tweaked his nipples, tugged on his balls, squeezed them a bit, shoved fingers up his ass, and slowly, slowly, slipped his fore skin on and off his cock head. "Please, please, please make me come!" he begged as he thrashed about in an agony of pleasure deferred.

"Ooh, ow, shit" he squealed as he reacted to the pinching, tugging, squeezing and finger fucking. His cock was flowing with precum which lubricated the foreskin, further reducing the friction of our slipping and sliding. Before long, the teen flushed bright red across his chest and was panting for air. Antonio gave the teen's nuts a hard squeeze and we watched as ropes of teen jism flew from JJ's piss slit all over the white twink's face and hair, as well as onto the headboard.

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