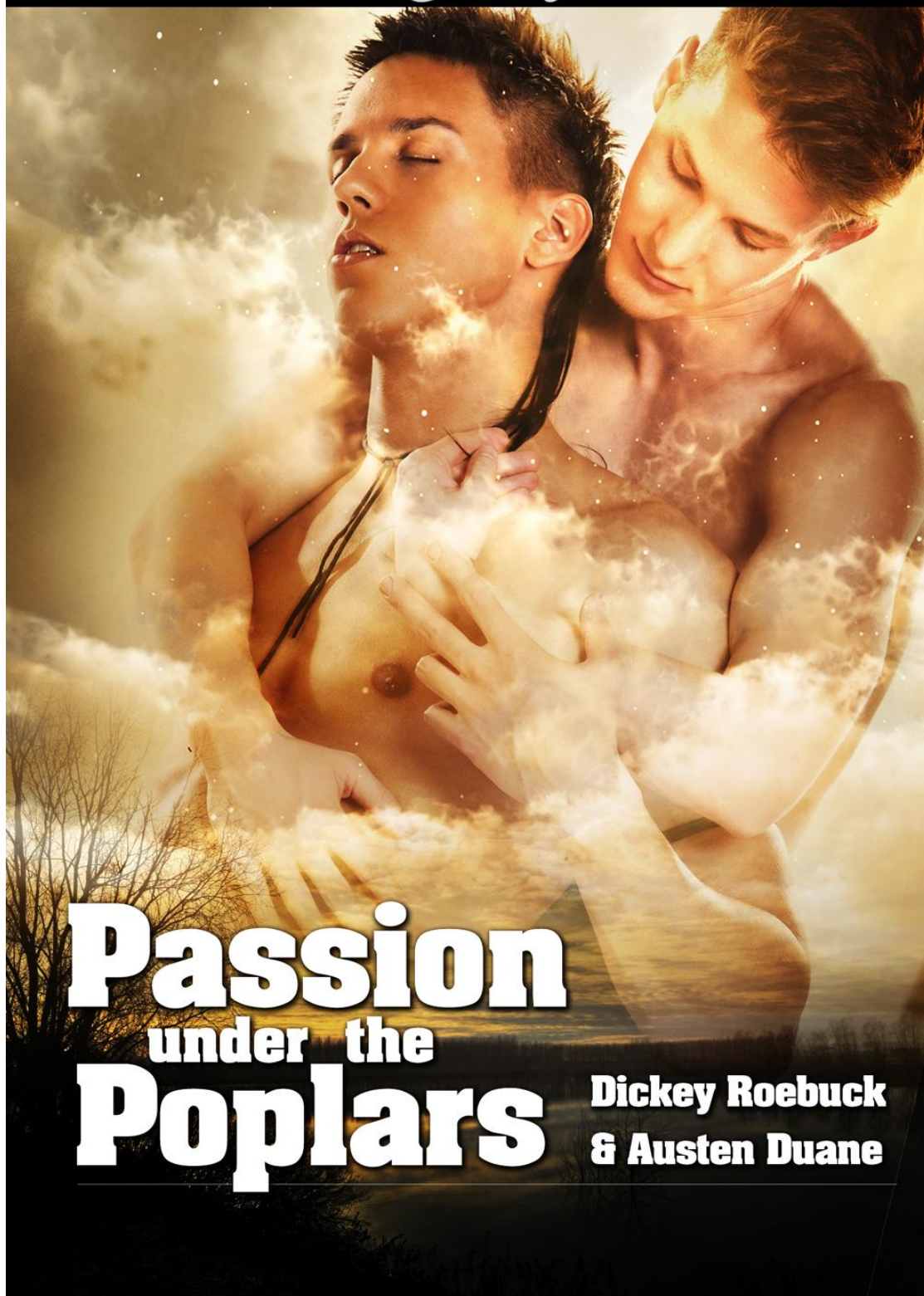


Noble  
Romance

# Naughty Nibble



## Passion under the Poplars

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Passion under the Poplars

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### **Book Blurb**

Heartbroken because his boyfriend dumped him for their Brazilian hairdresser, defeated because he got fired due to the recession, and desperate because his savings melted far sooner than he expected, Farley Stevens has no other option but to leave San Francisco and return to his Bible Belt hometown. The future seems bleak.

But then he accidentally meets his unrequited first love — a former quarterback who never acknowledged his existence back in high school. Can anything in his life remain the same after this chance reunion?

## Passion Under the Poplars

By Dickey Roebuck and Austen Duane

*Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Broad chest . . . promising . . . and strong arms . . . especially forearms . . . definitely worth a try.*

Farley loved to see a man's forearms proportional to his biceps. Too many guys, in his opinion, overpumped the biceps and neglected their forearms.

But this cutie had the arms of a Greek statue, from his manly hands all the way up to his broad shoulders.

And his tan contrasted invitingly against his wife-beater, doubtless the result of a healthy dose of sun exposure – not a tanning bed or, God forbid, a self-tanning cream.

Did he, Farley Stevens – a thirty-year-old graphic designer who did his due penance sweating at the gym for an hour three times a week, yet who had still spent way too much time sitting in front of his computer – did he really stand a chance with this hunky frat boy inside the trendy clothing store on Tryon Street in Charlotte?

Farley looked at his own reflection in the shop window – his tight, bubblegum pink T-shirt hinted at a torso not as buff as the guy's in the store but still well sculpted. And his low-rise jeans definitely flattered his slender hips and long legs.

*Take a chance on the stud on the other side of the glass.*

*But what if he's straight?*

Farley scrutinized his prey, searching for clues that could reveal his sexual orientation.

The guy must've been trying on the plaid button-down shirt swaying in his left hand. Finding either the color or the size unsuitable, he'd left the fitting-room in his undershirt, apparently to discuss the problem with the shop girl. There he stood, gesticulating in an attempt to communicate his needs, unwittingly displaying his great physique to passers-by on the street.

Farley'd been heading toward an advertising agency a few buildings down. He intended to drop off his résumé and portfolio there in the feeble hope of landing a job. He prayed the position was still vacant.

Then, he caught a flash of bare biceps in his peripheral vision – and had no choice but to stop and admire the view.

A tidal wave of lust submerged him from the depths of his groin up to his throat.

He hadn't gotten laid in almost three months – ever since Chad, his ex, had decided he needed some space and moved out of their San Francisco apartment . . . only to move in, as Farley later found out, with Paolo, their Brazilian hairstylist.

Farley's heart broke, his self-esteem crashed, and, consequently, his libido tanked.

That he ended up fired three weeks later did not boost his sex-drive either, nor did the stress of the long and fruitless job hunt that ensued.

So, after having pissed through his savings on luxuries like food, clothing, and the roof over his head, he succumbed to circumstances and returned to the *Queen City*, the hometown he had left behind twelve years before.

He'd been in Charlotte for two weeks already, and while there were no clear prospects on the job front – yet – the way he now salivated over a random hot guy indicated that his life was getting back to normal, at least in *certain* aspects.

*I have to get in there and give this hunk a try!*

*Maybe I'd luck out.*

*What's there to lose, anyway?*

The guy in the store touched the shop girl's arm and leaned in toward her in a way that left little room for doubt about his true intentions.

*On the other hand, I might get a knuckle sandwich.*

"Farley?"

Farley jerked and turned away from the window.

"Farley Stevens?"

He felt somewhat embarrassed, as if he'd been caught in the act. He squinted into the late August sun, trying to link the voice to the face.

*No . . . it can't be.*

A tall, dark-haired man wearing a striped tie and a pair of shades stood before him. The street shimmered in the heat, so, for a second, the fellow seemed to shimmer as well.

The stranger removed his sunglasses and smiled.

Farley's heart skipped a beat. "Brock? Brock Pearson?" The name sounded alien on his lips after so many years.

"In the flesh." Brock extended his hand. "And you're the very last of my high school buddies I expected to see around here."

*Buddies? That's a new way of describing the way we were.* Farley cautiously accepted the offered handshake. "I'm surprised you still remember me." *Considering you hardly knew I was alive back then.*

"Of course, I remember you." Brock flashed a charming grin, a well-remembered trademark. "I'm still not old enough for Alzheimer's."

Farley's knees melted like butter in the pan. After more than a decade, this dude still had the power to turn his brain into a wad of cotton candy. "Thank you," he managed to mumble, thanking God he didn't blush like a schoolgirl – something that would've invariably happened back in the old days if only Brock had ever spoken to him.

"I thought you left town for good," Brock said. "We all thought you'd go to either New York or San Francisco. Where did you actually end up?"

*Now* he felt the blush fighting to tint his cheeks. But he fought back. "San Francisco." After all, his sexuality hadn't exactly been a mystery to any of his classmates. It was high time he outgrew his embarrassment.

"Just visiting?"

"No, not really. I kinda decided to start putting down stakes here."

"No place like home, eh?" Brock hooked his shades on his breast pocket with a motion way too sexy to be born in this oppressive heat. "Welcome back."

"Thanks." Farley felt a sudden urge to sit somewhere before his upcoming erection embarrassed them both. "Say, are you busy? Maybe we can get a glass of iced tea somewhere around here?"

"Sure. We can catch up on old times. Mulligan's is just around the corner. And they make good sandwiches, too. I'm starved."

And the sandwiches indeed hit the spot. Farley savored his chicken teriyaki on whole-wheat bread, relieved that the Formica table screened any possible sign of his arousal. In a few well-chosen sentences, he related his West Coast professional experience to Brock, and now, he listened to Brock's jeremiad on the turbulence in the banking industry, the city's main breadwinner. Apparently, he had to do the work of three people to cover for those co-workers who'd been sacked over the past year.

"Recession sucks." Farley tried to put the lid on the subject.

"Amen to that, brother," Brock said, finishing the remainder of his corned beef on rye.

"And how's Stacy coping with your extra hours at work?" Farley knew — because his mother kept him updated on the local social scene — that Brock Pearson, high school quarterback, had married Stacy Howard, head cheerleader, thus fulfilling every high school stereotype to the letter.

Brock took his time swallowing the last of his sandwich. "Stacy and I are separated at the moment," he said, avoiding eye contact. "In the end, things didn't work out between us."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"It happens. Life, you know."

"Do you think you'd be able to fix things?"

Brock waved his hand dismissively. "I seriously doubt that. She's determined to file for divorce once our year of separation is up. And I'm determined to let her."

"So where do you live now?"

"That's another sore spot," Brock sighed. "She's keeping the house, so I took a studio apartment uptown."

Farley folded his napkin nervously. "Well, at least you don't have to put up with rush hour traffic getting into work anymore." The idea of what he'd like to do with Brock in his studio apartment was too vivid for him to cope with.

"You could view my situation in that light, I guess . . . *if* you were looking for silver linings." Brock's lips curled into a sardonic smile. "But the air-conditioner's been on the fritz for three days now, so the place is hotter than hell."

"I hope they fix it soon," Farley said. He could hardly imagine anything hotter than Brock himself at this moment, though.

"On a Friday afternoon?" Brock snorted. "No way, José. With the heat wave sitting on us, the maintenance crew's booked solid 'til at least Monday."

"Maybe if you kept all the windows open . . ." *Or took off all your clothes . . .* The vision of Brock's naked body glistening with sweat almost made Farley cream in his pants right then and there. He was clearly losing his grip—but there was nothing he could do about it anymore.

"And let in the ocean breeze, you mean?" Brock mocked him. "Buddy, you've been away too long to remember all the beauty of a Carolina summer."

"Yeah." Farley fumbled for words. "That was a stupid thing to say." His pecker was actively trying to drill a hole in his jeans. *What if . . . ?*

"One way or the other"—Brock shrugged—"I'm facing a weekend in an oven."

*No . . . . No . . . . No . . . . Use your upper head for thinking.*

"I'd give my left nut to go back to the suburbs." Brock's eyes sparkled with desire. "Only for this weekend, just this once, in spite of Stacy, in spite of our agreement."

*Don't say it . . . . Don't say it . . . .*

"I'd spend the whole afternoon lying by the pool," Brock said, "sipping a cold beer, thinking about the good old days when life was less complicated than this." He grabbed his glass of iced tea and polished it off in one resigned gulp.

*You almost got your ass handed to you fifteen minutes ago . . . come to your senses, boy . . . and get your head screwed on straight.* But the way Brock's Adam's apple worked as he gulped down his tea did Farley in. "I've got a place out on Lake Wylie!"

"Oh?" Brock sounded intrigued.

"Just me and the lake out there. I've got lots of space." Farley cocked an eyebrow. "And plenty of cold beer."

"The graphic design thing must pay a lot these days."

"Actually, I inherited the house from my grandfather." Farley shrugged. "It's nothing much, but it's home."

"You know what, buddy?" Brock grinned. "Count me in."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Catch!" Farley said, lobbing a can of beer to his houseguest.

Brock caught it with ease, his reflexes still as sharp as ever. He leaned back in the Adirondack chair on the back porch of Farley's lake house and popped the tab. "You've got a great view," he said before taking a sip.

"I sure do." Farley, who had been stealing surreptitious glances in the general direction of Brock's package, had no choice but to agree. The best strategy of getting into Brock's pants, however, Farley had yet to divine.

Brock looked inhumanly tempting, even hotter than Farley had remembered him—and he sure remembered him vividly! Brock used to be the A-lister of Farley's teenage masturbatory fantasies ever since Farley had first laid eyes on him in freshman year assembly. And even though he later went on to lay pipe with some pretty alluring men in San Francisco, none of those real-life experiences measured up to the intensity of



his virginal fantasies. Such is the power of our dreams.

And this dream happened to be having a cold beer within touching distance. But, if you reached for a dream, would it not instantly burst like a soap bubble?

"I really like how the trees screen out everything else." Brock continued. "Makes the cove private and secluded." In his flip-flops, cargo shorts, and loud – *and more importantly, undone!* – Hawaiian shirt, he looked good enough to eat. In all these years, he hadn't gained a single ounce of fat to blur those washboard abs; only his chest appeared different, now lightly coated with soft, curly hair.

Even a saint would have yielded to temptation by now, and Farley had resisted for almost an hour – that's how long it took them to walk to Farley's car, drop by Brock's building for him to run inside and throw a few things into an overnight bag, and battle the traffic westward to Lake Wylie. Way too long to be inhaling the potent pheromones Brock's virile body exuded and still stay sane.

And yet . . . Farley could not bring himself to make a move.

"Yeah. Grandpa was a private and secluded kind of guy," Farley said. "This spot makes for a nice swimming hole, as well."

"Damn! I knew I forgot something!" Brock put his beer on the table and turned to Farley. "You got an extra pair of trunks? I didn't remember to pack mine."

Yes! "No . . . unfortunately, I don't." Farley managed to repress the crow of triumph.

"I feel like such an idiot . . . I *knew* I was going to the *lake*."

"Well, if it'd make you feel any better, I don't have any either." Farley lied. "I normally go in naked."

"Oh, what the hell!" Brock laughed. "I ain't gonna miss out on a swim in this heat over such a petty detail."

"So are we gonna go skinny-dipping then?" Farley allowed just a shade of exultation to ring in his voice.

"I'm game," Brock said. "Last one in's a rotten egg!" He jumped out of his chair and let his shirt slide off his corded back while he was undoing his shorts.

Farley took his time with his own undressing, as his eyes grazed over Brock's massive pecs, fleshy thighs, and – finally – his large, veiny cock, already swollen and hefty.

Brock's piece looked just as magnificent as Farley had imagined in all of his lonesome teenage fantasies. And now, it dangled in front of his very eyes, leaving him in awe.

Brock tossed off his flip-flops, his balls swinging low and heavy, and bolted down the grassy shore into the water.

The whiteness of his bare ass blinded Farley for a second. But he pulled down his boxers and ran after Brock.

He knew his own cock was now stiffer than a flagpole, and that Brock had to be comatose not to notice, but he couldn't care less. He ran into the cool water, cleaving the waves of the lake in twain with his eight-incher.

But Brock didn't seem to mind Farley's boner at all – he began to splash Farley, and Farley returned fire. Their shouts and laughter drove a flock of mallards into a whirlwind of beaks and feathers, but they soon disappeared over the line of willows and poplars.

The scene seemed surreal . . . the sun, the lake, the slight breeze, the rustle of leaves on the poplars that towered over the small inlet, the incredibly blue Carolina sky – and Brock Pearson, gorgeous and dazzling, frolicking in the water with him, buck naked. Farley felt as if he had fallen into one of his high school fantasies, only the droplets of water over his bare skin felt very real.

He intensified his water assault until Brock had to admit defeat, at least in this aquatic battle. But he was not ready to lose the war. He jumped on Farley, dunked him, and started wrestling.

Was this a dream, or just wishful thinking? Or did Farley really feel a hard cock pressed against his belly that was not his own?

A second later, Brock's lips brushed against Farley's cheek, but the sensation lasted only a blink of an eye before the two of them parted.

Was it accidental?

Farley tried to look at Brock, but he couldn't see clearly with water in his eyes.

When his vision cleared, Brock was pulling himself out of the water, giving Farley a great view of the dimples in his butt.

He rushed after Brock, but, by the time he caught up with him, his friend had already lain flat on his stomach in the soft grass of the shore.

Farley prostrated himself next to him, puzzled by this strange turn of events.

True, he had been *incredibly* turned on all day, and twice as much from the moment he saw Brock, but still, he wasn't delusional . . . was he?

He noticed a fallen poplar leaf stuck to Brock's shoulder and gently removed it, taking the opportunity to touch that golden skin that glistened in the sunshine.

Touching a live wire would have produced a lesser reaction.

He withdrew his hand instantly, his heart hammering in his chest, his breath short and heavy.

Handling this guy without gloves appeared to be a serious health hazard.

Brock rolled onto his side and looked him in the eye. His face was flushed from the sun . . . or from something else?

To Farley's enormous joy, although not really to his amazement, Brock's cock looked engorged to the point of bursting, its purple head glistening with water . . . or pre-cum.

Their gazes locked, hazed with lust and anticipation.

"You didn't *really* forget your swimming trunks," Farley said.

"And your butt is too pale for someone who doesn't own a pair."

Brock reached forward and grabbed a handful of wet hair at the back of Farley's head, pinning Farley in place with the sheer intensity of his gaze. Then he leaned and pressed his lips against Farley's, hard and demanding, forcing his mouth to open. Their tongues touched, and Farley finally knew what a dream-come-true tasted like.

A half a minute—or an eon—later, Brock withdrew and fell back on the grass, leaving Farley blissfully intoxicated, but also puzzled: *How could this be?*

"I always wanted to do that," Brock answered Farley's unspoken question, "ever since I saw you at the winter formal in freshman year, standing in the corner, all alone and beautiful as day."

"And they must have accidentally mixed some crazy mushrooms into that chicken teriyaki I had," Farley said with seriousness in his voice, "because I can't be hearing what I think I'm hearing."

"You better believe it, buddy."

"But . . . you always dated *girls*. You *married* one." Farley gasped. "And you never gave me the slightest hint that . . . hell, you never even *spoke* to me once in all four years of high school."

"I know." Brock gazed at the sky above them. "My life was one big lie, and I was trapped in it."

"You never said a word. I adored you; I worshipped you; I—"

"And I envied you *so* much."

"About *what*? I was a social pariah. The only time popular kids ever addressed me was to call me names. I was lucky to never have been seriously beaten up."

"I envied your freedom," Brock said. "Freedom to be who you truly were, freedom to love who you wanted, to live exactly how and where you liked. Something I never had back then."

*There is a God!* "High school did come to an end eventually," Farley said.

"But I was trapped in this—this *persona* I'd created, and I couldn't find a way out. One thing led to another, and I found myself acting out an imitation of life instead of truly living." He sighed. "Until I couldn't stand my hollow existence anymore."

*And He answers prayers.* "What happened?"

"I started chatting with guys online. Guys like you. Like I should have been myself." Brock lifted himself up on one elbow and pierced Farley with his stare. "Stacy found out. And the house of cards I'd been building all those years came tumbling down around my ears."

*He surely takes His time – but He does answer them.* "You might lose everything you

worked for . . . your friends, your house, the respect of your family."

"I had all that – and nothing filled my soul." Brock extended his hand and removed a lock of hair from Farley's forehead. "And today, I kissed a guy for the first time in my life . . . the first guy I ever truly *wanted* to kiss. And I know it was worth it."

Farley could not decide whether to cry or to howl with joy. So he just stared at the man he loved first, feeling, with every fiber of his being, that he might very likely be the one he'd love last. Somehow, everything seemed to have fallen into place – all the disasters of the past months suddenly gained a completely new meaning. As if all of the ballast he had dragged along was being discharged so that his life could finally resume its proper path, the direction it was always meant to go.

Toward Brock as Farley's final destination.

He pulled himself close to the man he loved, gripped the back of his neck to hold his head in place, and kissed him with all the fervor that had been accumulated during the long years that preceded this moment.

And Brock must have recognized that passion, as he instantly responded to it. Their mouths melding in a tangle of tongues, he grabbed Farley's cock and began to stroke it slowly.

Farley's body electrified. He whimpered softly, while shivers rippled up and down his spine. He almost stopped breathing, trying to hold on to every tiny bit of sensation. This was too good to be true.

Brock quickened his pace, pumping Farley's cock faster and faster.

Pre-cum dripped from Farley's slit, and his balls tightened. His body shuddered with intense pleasure; his whimpers turned into moans. Powerful tingling mounted at the base of his spine.

"Wait," Farley whispered, stopping Brock at the last moment before coming. "Not so fast. You're not in front of a web-cam."

"Teach me." Brock's voice came in raspy breaths. "Everything you know."

"Much to learn you have, my young apprentice." Farley chuckled. "Lie back and brace yourself to receive the pearls of my wisdom."

Brock stretched out on the grass, and Farley planted a wet kiss onto the hollow of Brock's throat. Even before he was able to hear it, he detected soft vibrations from the groan escaping Brock's chest. He skimmed his fingers gently over Brock's pecs and shoulders, feeling the taut muscles underneath his glistening skin.

He kissed and licked his way down, pausing above the heart, where his lips registered the thud of Brock's increasing heartbeat. Slowly, he glided his mouth to one side first, outlining the well-defined muscles with his tongue until he reached the nipple, hidden in a patch of soft hair. Flattened and relaxed from the heat, it instantly beaded under the skillful attention of Farley's flickering tongue.

A tremble coursed through Brock's powerful body.

Farley switched to the other pec, giving it the same sensual treatment.

Brock's hands dug into the thick grass as he struggled to stay still, but Farley felt the toned muscles quiver and twitch under his fingers, which fluttered up and down Brock's torso. He kept teasing Brock's body with his lips, sometimes brushing his tongue against Brock's skin, other times nibbling it, until moans of pleasure resonated through Brock's trembling body.

Farley proceeded down the treasure trail, feeling the tension rising in his lover's body. When he reached the coarser curls of Brock's pubic hair, he stopped for a second to take in the musky smell, before devoting his full attention to the biggest cock he ever had the pleasure of sucking.

He slowly worked the head first, tormenting Brock, enveloping it with his lips, then lapping the dew that oozed from the slit, before resuming full suction once more.

Brock moaned and groaned, while his body twitched and quivered. At one moment, he bucked his hips up, and Farley held him down with a light touch across his abs to relax him.

But this was too much for Farley too, and he could not restrain himself any longer. He started bobbing up and down Brock's shaft, wondering if there was any possible way he could get the entire length in.

There was only one way to find out.

Farley took a deep breath and then bravely went for it, relaxing his throat the best he could, until his nose was buried deeply in Brock's dark curls.

"Holy shit!" Brock cried out. "This is . . . this is . . . oh, God!"

Farley glided his mouth up and down over Brock's cock a few times, swallowing it hungrily all the way. But instead of quenching his thirst for Brock's hard flesh, every swallow fanned his passion, making the blood boil in his veins and roar in his ears.

Brock's balls contracted, pulled up toward his groin, and he started to fuck Farley's face in dead earnest, pistoning in and out of Farley's mouth as if his life depended on it.

In the back of his lust-addled brain, Farley realized the time had come for a short break, or else the first day of Brock's education might end before it truly started.

He lifted his head and beamed at Brock. "How did you like this, jock boy?"

Brock took Farley's hand, and their fingers intertwined. "I wanna fuck you," he said. "Please, let me fuck you."

"With pleasure," said Farley. "But not here."

"Lead the way."

They rose to their feet, both with erections that would make Priapus jaundiced with envy. They kissed once more, and then Farley grabbed Brock's hard cock and led him toward the house like a puppy on a leash.

Once they reached the bedroom, Farley opened the drawer of his nightstand with his free hand and threw on the bed a wide selection of condoms—classic, ribbed, textured, studded, flavored, contoured, extra-strength, extra-large . . . .

He picked an extra-large one and threw a significant glance at Brock.

Brock put his hands around Farley's waist and kissed him, softly at first, and then with more hunger. Farley could feel his lover's hands against the small of his back as their cocks pressed against each other. The friction was overwhelming. Farley moaned with raw need without breaking the kiss.

"What do you intend to do with that?" Brock's voice was hoarse with lust.

Farley ripped the foil open with his teeth. "What I intend is to let you go where

you've never been before." Farley positioned the condom onto Brock's pulsing head. "It's a far-away place, dark and dangerous, forever hidden from sight . . . a place of unimaginable pleasure." He began to unroll the rubber down Brock's swollen shaft. "But you can't go there naked."

Brock's massive thighs twitched. Farley could see the sweat beading above Brock's upper lip, excitement and anticipation sparkling in his eyes.

Finally, the condom was fully spread over Brock's massive cock — barely covering two-thirds of the thick, veiny shaft. The thin rubber seemed tightened to the point of breaking.

"I hope the raincoat doesn't pinch," Farley said. "It's the largest one I could find." He licked the palm of his right hand seductively, then stroked lightly up and down the shaft a few times to smooth the latex surface and spread the condom's lubricant evenly — just in case. Despite his enormous excitement, Farley worried. He knew that his hole was well-worked out and always eager for penetration, but this unique specimen in front of him was so abnormally oversized . . . would he be able to take it all without ripping his ass apart?

A deep growl escaped Brock's chest in response to Farley's light strokes, sweeping every trace of hesitation from Farley's mind.

He gave Brock a look of firm determination. "Now that you are properly dressed for the occasion" — he pushed Brock onto the bed gently — "I intend to ride that gigantic cock of yours until I come all over you so much that even a dive rescue team wouldn't be able to find you."

The veins on Brock's cock grew even thicker and the head beneath the rubber turned a burgundy-purple. He watched every move Farley made with unwavering eyes.

Farley swiftly grabbed a bottle of lube from his nightstand and poured its content liberally on Brock's sheathed cock, which quivered in time to the frantic rhythm of Brock's heart. Then he climbed onto the bed and straddled Brock's body, his knees pressed against Brock's hips. He grabbed Brock's cock, which had acquired the firmness



of hardwood, and, while spreading his cheeks with one hand, he positioned the blunt tip of Brock's head against his stretched hole with the other.

He paused for a second as fear began to mount in him once more. So thick it was, and so hard . . . it didn't even feel like a piece of human flesh anymore, but like a weapon, a spear ready to kill, a sword ready to tear him apart.

But then, Farley met Brock's gaze. He read a silent plea in it. And all of a sudden, he clearly recognized in Brock's sparkling eyes that fourteen-year old kid who was the first love in his life.

Farley took a deep breath and slowly sank onto Brock's roasting-spit, ready to impale himself completely, whatever the consequences.

His flesh resisted at first, but then gravity took its course, and he slowly felt himself splitting open under Brock's intrusion. He felt the head push past the outer ring, and he paused for a second before allowing it to attack the inner one.

Brock waited patiently, stretched out on the bed, for his lover to receive him completely, and only the pulsating veins on his forehead and temples showed how much discipline this restraint required of him.

Farley pushed his weight down a bit more. As the head pressed against the inner sphincter, he gasped as his legs started to shake. *Oh, boy . . . oh, boy . . . big . . . way too big . . . oh, boy . . . I can't . . . I can't . . . I must . . .*

Finally, Brock's battering ram conquered the last gate, and Farley's inner sanctum lay open and defenseless against absolute conquest.

Farley could now feel Brock's cock sliding between his cheeks, deeper and deeper into his interior. His channel felt stretched to the point of ripping, yet the crude flesh somehow managed to adapt to this intrusion. There was no going back now.

Sinking down the hot length, Farley struggled for breath. His whole body drew as tight as a bowstring. He lost control over his quivering muscles. Every nerve in his body strained, so that every fraction of an inch that Brock penetrated felt like a mile as his muscles expanded. All he could do now was to keep impaling himself until the end.

Farley's body slid down, inch by inch, opening to its utmost to receive his lover,

until the long descent finally ended. With Brock now fully sheathed inside Farley's body, Farley could feel the bristly curls of Brock's pubic hair on his bare buttocks.

He'd survived.

Feeling his muscles relaxing, he suddenly realized tears were flowing down his face. He wiped them off with the back of his hand and smiled to his lover underneath him.

"Just give me a second to recover," he gasped, barely finding the breath to speak.

Brock blinked in response, apparently struggling to catch a breath himself.

Farley savored the sensation of being filled to the brim. Never before had he experienced the fullness to this extent, and it felt wonderful. But he wanted to feel more . . . much more.

He propped himself on his knuckles and began his ride, slowly at first, then faster and faster.

His own cock, which had gone limp while he'd struggled to receive Brock, once again displayed signs of life. As Farley pushed up and down Brock's shaft, his cock grew harder and harder with each thrust, until it slapped noisily against his and Brock's tightened abs, following the rise and fall of Farley's body.

Each time Brock passed Farley's prostate, Farley experienced something like a mild electrical shock, and his rigid cock soon began drooling with pearly drops.

Every once in a while, his entire body would go into complete spasm, as every tiny muscle in his gut joined efforts to expel this foreign body out of his interior. Powerful waves of pleasure launched from the base of his spine upward, hitting his brain in even intervals, and he soon lost the sense of time and space.

He lost the sense of himself.

He felt that his mind, his conscious self, had somehow detached from his physical body and began to float around it, wrapped in the immense pleasure he was experiencing.

He never felt anything like this before.

After having at least a dozen anal orgasmic waves, each more powerful than the

previous one, Farley was on the verge of fainting. His cock was still rock-hard and *still* bounced back and forth vigorously in between his and Brock's stomach, but the rest of his body grew limper and limper, as his breath became quick and shallow. His stamina was all but spent by the powerful full-body spasms, and it was now only inertia that kept him riding Brock's cock.

Brock must have noticed and decided to take the initiative. He gently pulled Farley down and rolled him over onto his back with one expert move, his cock remaining deeply buried in Farley's ass. He then lifted Farley's legs onto his shoulders and started fucking him with a steady rhythm.

"You like this, baby?" Brock asked, increasing the tempo.

Farley lost his ability to speak. For all he knew, his mouth was drooling just as badly as his dick. He smiled blissfully and focused on receiving Brock's forceful impacts. Brock's time had come to show Farley everything *he* knew.

The pressure on Farley's prostate increased under the new angle of penetration. Brock was slamming into Farley's ass harder and harder, and Farley met each thrust with a powerful squeeze of well-trained anal muscles around Brock's cock. The tight grip made Brock's eyes roll back, but he increased his efforts and pounded Farley's ass all that much harder.

To which Farley responded with even more powerful squeezes, his entire body clamping around Brock's cock.

Their coupling resembled the clash of the titans.

Soon, they were both gasping for air, their eyes stinging from sweat.

"You sure you never did this before?" Farley somehow managed.

"Only in my dreams, baby."

He pulled out and lifted Farley's ass into the air a little.

The sudden shock of emptiness made Farley moan.

"Just wait to see how you like this," Brock rasped.

Farley felt the nudge against his hole and the familiar stretching as his muscles expanded to accommodate the girth of his lover's cock.

Brock went on with infinite and agonizing slowness, penetrating until Farley could feel Brock's furry sac against his ass.

Farley clawed at the sheets, curling his toes, overwhelmed by the sensation.

Brock withdrew until just the heavy, mushroom head remained inside, and Farley instinctively clamped himself shut, trying to keep him in at all costs.

But Brock proved stronger, and he managed to break free from Farley's hungry grasp.

Yet he did not stay out long. Only a brief second later, he invaded Farley's hole again, as slow and undeflectable as before, making Farley feel every single inch of Brock's searing length. Then, when he impaled Farley as far as it would go, he withdrew, only to repeat the whole tormenting penetration over and over again.

Every nerve in Farley's body tingled. He wanted this sweet agony to last forever.

Brock moaned and pushed back, picking up the pace of his thrusts. "God, this feels good," he said.

*You have no idea*, Farley thought, reaching up to caress and lightly pinch Brock's nipples.

Brock increased the rhythm of his penetration, pounding Farley's ass harder and harder, filling the room with the sound of their copulation. Sweat glistened off his sculpted body.

Every delicious thrust jolted Farley's entire body, making him jump and turning his insides to jelly.

"Give it to me," he whimpered. "Give it to me hard."

Brock moaned and slammed into Farley, burying himself all the way down to his balls in one powerful thrust.

This incursion was too much for Farley to take. Stars exploded behind his eyelids. The force that was mounting at the base of his spine finally exploded and he began to ejaculate uncontrollably, spurts of hot cum hitting both his and Brock's face and chest. As his cock jerked and spewed again and again, the overpowering orgasm rolled through him for a few seconds that seemed to last forever.

Brock never stopped slamming into him. On the contrary, the sight of Farley's wild orgasm seemed only to make him fuck Farley harder and harder, using the last reserves of strength he had left.

When Farley was finally able to open his eyes, it was only to see Brock shaking and twitching in his own powerful orgasm, spending himself deep into Farley's body, filling the condom with waves of hot semen. A cry of utmost pleasure tore from his throat.

A second later, he slumped over Farley like a warrior falling in battle.

For a long while, they lay there, on Farley's ruined bed, an inextricable muddle of arms and legs, gasping for breath.

Farley was the first one to move. He reached up and ran his thumb across the line of Brock's jaw, feeling the faint stubble.

Brock's eyes fluttered open. He caught Farley's hand with his own and kissed the backs of Farley's fingers.

For a moment, time stood still, then it reversed itself. And they were once more a couple of high school kids who were living through their first love.

"We'll never . . . ." Farley panted. "We'll never . . . ."

"Part again," Brock finished. He closed his eyes, and, a moment later, his breath evened in sleep.

For a while, Farley watched him affectionately, the idea finally sinking in that this was all for real, that Brock, *his* Brock, was here with him, in his bed, and here to *stay*. But the fatigue overwhelmed him, so he closed his eyes and joined his lover in a refreshing slumber.

When he woke up, Brock would still be there. That wouldn't change.

Everything else in his life would.

~The End~

**About the Authors**

Dickey Roebuck is an English teacher from Eastern Europe and Austen Duane is a historian from the Deep South. They joined forces in order to create compelling stories populated with alluring characters and intriguing plots.

Learn more about Dickey and Austen at [www.dickey-duane.com](http://www.dickey-duane.com)