



A Little Clay Time

~B.J. Scott~

A very erotic short story

Lusty and Luscious, Sexual and Seductive

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Included in: A Little Clay Time

- 1. Openers**
- 2. Introduction**
- 3. A Little Clay Time**

Intro:

If there is one thing that Clay Clawson hates, it is work. Clay will do anything and promise anything to anyone who is willing to do his work for him, and so far he has gotten away with it. When one of Clay's many admirers threatens to let his little secret be known, Clay finds himself in very unfamiliar yet erotic territory.

Book Content:

Clawson Farms was a thriving business in southern Indiana. Far from the bright lights and excitement of Chicago which those in the northwest corner of Indiana often enjoyed, Clawson Farms bordered the Ohio River on the south and vast farmland to the north as far as the eye could see. Clay Clawson had grown up here in southern Indiana and was bored with life on the farm. Clay was not, however, bored with the very generous monthly checks he received from his father for doing nothing more than being,

being a Clawson, that is. Clay was expected to work for the money he received each month, but he had always found a way to get out of working. Clay had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a face that had always let him get his way, and Clay knew exactly how to charm his way out of, or into, whatever he chose.

On the weekends, Clay would drive to Bloomington and cruise the bars that were frequented by the university students. Clay led somewhat of a double life when he was in Bloomington, and had a different personality for each of his two lives. When Clay cruised the bars where the university students hung out, he was kind and courteous, and offered the young men a chance to make easy money. "I'm Clay Clawson," he would say, with great emphasis on his last name. Clay would very quickly have several young men clamoring to meet him. "It's good to meet you, Mr. Clawson," they would say, and Clay would smile his sweetest smile. With the amount of money his father had pumped into the University of Indiana, and the number of jobs that Clawson Farms had provided its students, Clay could offer the students a fraction of what his father gave him, and they would gladly do his work for him. Clawson Farms was too big for Clay to ever get caught in his deceptive web. His father never checked up on him. "Well, my good man, come to Clawson Farms next weekend and report to Mr. Turner. He will see that you get everything you need."

After these well rehearsed lines, Clay would leave the university scene and head on over to the more seamy side of the city. "Clay, my good man," the bartender said, as he walked through the door. "A nice cold one for you, compliments of you-know-who." Clay glanced at the man sitting in the corner of the bar. Giving the man a quick smile, Clay turned his attention back to the bartender. "Not interested, Clay?" "Looks a little green, Hank. What do you know about him?" Hank and Clay had known each other for years. "Don't know much. His name is Miguel. Word on the street is that he goes to the university. I'm surprised you haven't recruited him yet to help you with your chores." "Hey, you and I are both businessmen, Hank. You know how it works." Hank smiled. He knew how business worked. "I know one thing about him, though. That man wants you, Clay." Clay glanced Miguel's way again. "Not bad, I guess." "You kiddin' me? I'm straight, and I think the man is hot. You can't tell me there isn't just a little something there, Clay. I know you all too well." Clay finished his beer, and then smiled at the cute guy again. "I'm beginning to see it, Hank. There might be a little something there. Guess the least I could do is thank him for the beer."

Clay winked at his bartender friend, and walked over to the man named Miguel. Clay, always the gentleman at first, offered his hand to Miguel. "Thank you for the beer. I'm Clay." "Miguel, and is that Clay Clawson?" "So you have heard of Clawson Farms, I take it." "Yes, I have. Word gets around at the university." "What year are you, Miguel?" "I am a senior, but I have also a degree from Italy. I am older than most of the students." Clay looked at the man who was becoming sexier by the minute. Clay guessed the man to be about twenty-six or so, which was much more attractive to Clay, at age thirty. "Why do you come all the way out here, Miguel? Why not go to one of the bars closer to the university?" Miguel's dark eyes seemed to penetrate Clay's classy veneer. "I like it here, Clay." Miguel seemed different than Clay's usual admirers. He was somewhat of a mystery. He was intriguing to Clay. At least I'm not bored out of my mind, he thought. "If you will excuse me, Clay, I must go now," Miguel said politely.

Clay waited until he was sure that Miguel had left the bar, and then he went back to talk to Hank. "That was weird. He seemed a bit cold, Hank. I'm surprised he bought me a beer. He didn't seem all that excited to meet me." "All I know is that the man asks for you every time he comes in here, which is about every other day." "Interesting. Well, not much going on here tonight. See you next week, buddy."

Clay left the bar, and made the long drive back to Clawson Farms. Clay could not sleep that Saturday night, no matter what he did. I need sex, he told himself. He got out of bed and wandered around the massive grounds of Clawson Farms. He walked down the hill toward the old barn that was never used anymore. Clay's father had built twenty new modernized barns for his prized dairy cows. Clay loved the old barn. It was spooky, and Clay had thought it would be a great place for a haunted house.

Clay walked into the old barn and had to literally fight his way through cobwebs and spider webs. Damn, this place needs to be cleaned up. Guess this will be a good job for one of my eager new recruits. After getting past the webs guarding the door, Clay walked further into the barn. It was dark and he could barely see. He turned, and was met by a light shining in his eyes. Clay squinted. The light was blinding him. "Who is it? Who is in here?" The man lowered the light. "Miguel?" "Yes, Clay. Were you expecting someone else?" "Uh, no. I was not expecting anyone. What are you doing in here, Miguel? This is private property." Clay was desperately trying not to show fear, but Miguel was even weirder now than he had been at the bar. "I live here, Clay," he answered. "What? You live where?" Miguel flashed his light up to the hay loft. "Up there. Behind the bales. Follow me." Clay had no idea what he was getting himself into, but could never resist a mystery, and Miguel was definitely a mystery. He smiled at Clay, but there was something hidden in Miguel's smile, something ominous.

Clay followed Miguel up the old steps that felt like they could give way with each step, and Miguel led him to the far corner which was completely surrounded by bales of hay. Miguel could kill me in here and no one would know about it, Clay was thinking with every step. There was only a small opening which led to a kind of makeshift room. "Damn, you aren't kidding? Where did you get the mattress?" Miguel gave Clay another of his scary weird smiles, and answered, "I stole it, Clay. Try it. It's very soft." "No, but thanks." Miguel's eyes suddenly squinted. "I should probably go now, Miguel." "But, Clay, I have wanted you for so long. Do you not want me?" "Oh, it's not that, Miguel. But why here?" "I live here, Clay," he said again. Clay was too frightened to leave, and too turned on not to stay. "Well, what do you want from me, Miguel?" "Lie down on my mattress, Clay." Clay sat down on Miguel's mattress. "I said lie down, Clay," he repeated his instructions. Clay slowly leaned back on his elbows.

Miguel wasted no time. He got down on the mattress and pushed Clay all the way down. "Miguel, what are you doing?" "Having a little Clay time. It's like play time, but my way." Miguel's hot breath was strangely arousing to Clay. Miguel's lips were soft but firm, as he pressed them against Clay's. "Now isn't this nice, Clay?" Clay opened his eyes. "Mmm," he moaned. Miguel opened Clay's mouth, forcing his tongue deep inside. Clay had no idea that Miguel would be such a good lover. Why had I passed on him so many times? he wondered. Miguel unbuttoned Clay's shirt, and teased his nipples to erect little buds. Clay was on fire. Miguel outlined Clay's hard cock with his fingertips several times. Miguel looked down at Clay's tight jeans. Yes, Clay must be aching by now. He is as hard as a rock. Clay pushed his pelvis up against Miguel's

hand. "You want me, Clay?" he asked. Clay tried to force Miguel's hand inside his jeans, but his jeans were tight and his hard cock made them almost unbearable to wear. Clay unzipped his jeans and pushed them down until they were below his knees. Miguel stopped kissing Clay, though Miguel begged for his lips. He looked at Clay's hard aching cock. He slid his fingers along the sides of it and Clay moaned. "You are sexy, Clay. I have seen you at the bar many times, but you did not want me, did you?" "Uh, yes, I did, I just didn't know you, Miguel." Clay would have said anything that Miguel wanted him to say if he would just keep touching him. Miguel ran his hand along the shaft of Clay's cock. He pulled it up and looked at the leaking head. "You are eager, Clay." "Yes," he moaned. Just suck my damned cock, man, Clay wanted to say. Instead, he pushed Miguel's head down to let him know what he wanted.

Miguel looked into Clay's lust-filled eyes as he swiped his tongue over the head of Clay's cock. He curled his tongue to tease more drops from the open slit, and Clay thought he would die. "Miguel," he said. "You like Miguel?" "Oh, yes," Clay moaned. Miguel licked all around the head of Clay's cock, and then darted his tongue in and out of the slit. "Take the whole thing, Miguel. It's okay." "It is okay, Clay? You want it to be better than okay, right?" "What I meant was, I know you will be good." Miguel looked at Clay with his eyes in a squint. "Who was it that got you all excited and now you are willing to come to me?" "What? No, Miguel. It was you. I could not stop thinking about you, and so I had to take a walk outside in the dark." Miguel did not believe the sexy cowboy he had lusted after for such a long time, but wanted him too much now to stop. He held Clay's cock and slid his mouth downward over it, taking it all. "That's it, Miguel. Keep doing that."

Miguel pushed Clay's jeans all the way off, and Clay gladly opened his legs to Miguel. Miguel held Clay's balls, forcing them through his fingers. When Clay felt Miguel's teeth lightly graze his cock, he flinched, but just for a second. There was something strangely erotic about the unpredictability of Miguel. Miguel quickened his pace, and Clay began to thrust his cock deeper into Miguel's mouth. Clay gasped as Miguel's teeth grazed his cock more and more often. As long as he doesn't bite my dick off, the man's cock sucking is worth a few scrapes, Clay had decided. Miguel squeezed Clay's balls together, and Clay filled Miguel's mouth with every morsel of his cum. Miguel continued to squeeze Clay's balls while he came, as if he were trying to milk the cum from each one of them. Miguel sucked until Clay was wincing from the sensitivity. "That was good, Miguel, very good," he said, trying to pull Miguel's mouth from his sensitive cock. Miguel looked at him, Clay's soft dick still in his mouth. "You are finished?" he mumbled. "Yes," Clay said. Miguel let the soft tender dick go free and it landed in a bed of cum that had formed on Clay's skin. "Oh, my sexy cowboy, you will have more for me tonight," Miguel stated. It was not a question. "Uh, sure, Miguel, later."

Clay reached down for his jeans, but Miguel had long since kicked them out of his reach. "Could you get my jeans for me, Miguel?" "You do not like my mattress?" "It is very nice, Miguel. But I must go now." Miguel squinted his eyes at Clay again. "No, Clay, you stay here now," he said. "I can come back, Miguel, but I need to get back to the house." Clay started to get up, but Miguel pushed him down hard on the mattress. "No, Clay. You will stay here now." "What are you talking about, Miguel?" "You will let me please you from now on." "Like I said, Miguel, I can come back, and I will, I

promise.” Miguel suddenly stopped talking in his somewhat broken English, and he sounded like a different person entirely now, his English fluent. “If you go, Clay, your father will know your dirty little secret.” “My what? Get off of me. What are you talking about, anyway?” Miguel pushed him down again. “You think I don’t know what you are up to, my sexy American cowboy? I know you get the college boys to do your work for you. If you leave here now, I will tell your father.” Clay froze, but just for a second. “Where the fuck do you think you are, Miguel? This is my father’s barn, and you are living here. If you try to pull anything, I will have you thrown out.” “Now, now, Clay. You wouldn’t do something like that, now would you? Think about it. You have much more to lose than I do here. You have lied to your father for a very long time.” Clay tried to think, but he was tired and his brain would not function. “I can at least put my pants on, can’t I?” Miguel looked down at Clay’s dick. “No. That would not allow me to look at your pretty dick.” Miguel flicked Clay’s cock lightly. “Damn, Miguel, that hurt.” Clay covered his dick with his hand. “Then we understand each other? Don’t be upset, Clay. I will not keep you forever.”

It was morning now, and Clay was too tired to argue with this devious man, and reluctantly gave in to him. “Good, Clay. Now, you rest, and tonight, you will be here when I am ready for more Clay time.” Miguel’s words were even more haunting than his laugh. “Where are you going?” “Clay, you know I am a student. I will return to you tonight. You do not leave.” Miguel grabbed Clay’s jeans and shoes, leaving Clay with only his shirt, and left his makeshift house and the old barn where Clay knew no one would look for him. Clay lay back on the mattress, wondering just how long Miguel had been living here and just how long he had been planning this, this, whatever this was. Clay closed his eyes and slept.

It was mid afternoon when Clay awoke, according to his watch. “Shit, I gotta get out of here before that wack job comes back,” Clay said. He looked around at first, hoping that last night had been a dream. It was no dream. He was naked from the waist down. He looked down at his “morning” erection. Miguel sure was good at one thing. Damn. “If I could just figure out what was wrong with the man. Is he just possessive?” Clay walked to the makeshift door of Miguel’s secret hideaway and looked around the hay loft. If it hadn’t been so late in the afternoon, he would have taken his chances and left, but Miguel could walk in any time, and as much as Clay hated farm work, he definitely did not want his secret known around the university. Those kids were the cream of the crop, the cream of Clay’s crop of cheap farm labor, that is.

Clay’s cell phone played its familiar ring and in the silence of the barn, it sounded like a jazz band. “Fuck. Where is it?” Clay just wanted to make the sound stop. “It must have fallen out of my jeans. Damned good thing it didn’t go off when Miguel was here.” Clay spoke in a whisper, “Clay.” “Where are you, Clay?” “Hank?” “Who else, buddy?” “Hank, you gotta help me. That freak, Miguel, has been living in Dad’s old barn on a mattress he stole, and who knows what else he has stolen.” “What’s that got to do with you?” “Man, that guy is weird. I couldn’t sleep, so I came down here last night, and he was here, living in this old barn. I got a hell of a blowjob, though. The boy can suck cock.” Hank laughed. Then he laughed even harder. “Hank, this is serious. He took my jeans, and he swore that he would tell Dad how I get my chores done if I left here while he was gone.” Hank stopped laughing. “Hank?” “Yeah, buddy. That is weird.” “I’m telling you, man, that guy is a freak and a weirdo.” “Well, he hasn’t been

in the bar yet today. I get off work tonight around eight. Want me to swing by?" "Fuck, yes." "Okay, buddy, see you later." Clay turned his cell phone off and tucked it underneath the mattress. He couldn't take the chance of Miguel finding it. It was Clay's only link to the non-weird people.

Clay heard the barn door open and then creak its way shut. He lay on the mattress and waited. He heard what he guessed were Miguel's footsteps coming up to the loft. Clay could both hear and feel his heart beating. Miguel stood at the door to his makeshift straw hut and looked at Clay. "I'm so glad you're awake, Clay. Did you miss me?" Clay said nothing. Miguel had shaved and changed his clothes, and Clay wondered where he had done that. "Where you been, Miguel?" "Now, Clay, I told you. I attend classes during the day." "You are wearing different clothes." "Of course. I brought some for you, too." Miguel opened a bag and pulled out a very expensive looking shirt that Clay was pretty sure had been stolen. "Very nice, Miguel." "Try it on, Clay." Clay removed his shirt and put on the new one. Miguel leaned over and ran his hands over Clay's nipples that were covered by the soft fabric. Miguel watched as the little buds stood up. He opened the shirt and sucked each nipple until it was standing up. He looked at Clay and ran his fingers along the hard nipples. Clay closed his eyes. "You like that, don't you, Clay? It is pleasing to you."

Miguel looked down at Clay's hard cock. "Have you had this waiting for me all day?" Clay opened his eyes part way and looked at his hard cock. "Mmm," he moaned. Damn, he wished this guy wasn't as good as he was. Clay's body was on fire at the thought of Clay's mouth on his cock again. Miguel ran his tongue along Clay's cock from the base to the swollen head. Clay opened his legs, and Miguel was soon between them, scooping Clay's balls into his mouth with his tongue. Clay moaned with every roll of Miguel's tongue along his balls. "So good," he mumbled. Miguel released Clay's soaked balls from his mouth and slid the tip of his tongue downward, underneath Clay's balls, until the very tip of his tongue circled Clay's entrance. Clay gasped, and tried to offer more to Miguel. Miguel circled Clay's hole with the tip of his tongue, occasionally dipping it very slightly inside. It was just enough to drive Clay crazy with desire. "I am good, yes?" "Oh, fuck, yes," Clay assured him. Miguel slid his tongue back up in a straight line, up along the shaft of Clay's sock, sucking the head, and then he stopped and looked at Clay's closed eyes. "How about the flip side, Clay?" Clay looked at Miguel. "What?" "Flip over, Clay."

Clay eagerly turned over and bent his legs underneath him. "I knew you had a gorgeous butt, Clay. I could tell. Every day I watched you when you stood at the bar talking to your friend." Clay felt that erotic weird feeling again, but he couldn't have stopped now even if he had wanted to. Miguel ran his hands and fingertips along every inch of Clay's ass, causing Clay's anticipation to grow. His cock was dripping onto the mattress. Clay was loving the foreplay, but he was horny as hell. Then Clay gasped. Miguel's tongue was flat as it made its way upward, spreading the two halves of his butt as it went. Miguel slid his tongue once the entire way and then back down, resting the tip at Clay's entrance. Clay opened his legs more. He didn't think he could wait any longer. He wanted Miguel. "Oh, Miguel," he moaned. Miguel teased Clay's entrance until Clay thought he was going to soak the mattress that was catching the never ending supply of drops from his cock. Miguel held Clay's butt firmly and snaked his expert tongue inside of Clay. "Ohhh," Clay moaned. He had never felt anything like this. Miguel's tongue

slithered its way until it hit a bump in the road. Clay's body jerked. He moaned. Miguel slid his tongue slowly and expertly across this place that made Clay's body jerk and forced a gasp to escape his lips. Clay could feel the cum rising from his balls. "Oh, shit, Miguel, grab my cock." Miguel ignored Clay's plea. Clay leaned up and began thrusting against Miguel's tongue. He grabbed his own cock, but Miguel quickly pushed his hand away. He held Clay's cock in his hand and began to pump it with slow steady strokes. With the first stroke, Clay's cum burst from his cock followed by fuller and more forceful bursts. Miguel kept on going until Clay had to remind him to stop. "Okay, Miguel, that was wild, buddy." Miguel reluctantly let go of Clay's softening cock and pulled his tongue from its most erogenous place.

Clay fell onto the mattress, drenched with sweat. It was hot in the barn, and Miguel was the best lover he had ever had. Miguel rolled Clay's lifeless body over and very gently took Clay's soft penis into his mouth. "Oh, Miguel, not yet." "I will hold it in my mouth," he mumbled. Clay closed his eyes. His legs were weak. He wondered why this man, Miguel, never took his clothes off. "Miguel, come up here." "Mmm, you like kissing," he said.

With a chance to get the upper hand, Clay forced Miguel onto his back. "What are you doing, Clay?" Clay began kissing Miguel as he held him down. Clay quickly undid Miguel's pants and forced them down. His cock was hard and throbbing. Clay forced his pants down and off. "What?" Clay kissed him to stop him from talking. "Why do you keep yourself hidden, Miguel? You had me at your mercy. Why didn't you force yourself on me?" Miguel looked at Clay. "I could not do that, Clay. I wanted to please you." "Maybe I wanted this," Clay said, squeezing Miguel's balls and stroking his cock. Miguel could not speak. His mouth was open, but no words would come out. "What do you want, Miguel?" Clay kissed him hard and Miguel grabbed onto him, pulling Clay's tongue into his mouth. Clay ripped Miguel's shirt open and played with his nipples. Clay could not be denied what he had just been touching. He left Miguel breathless, and looked down at the big dark nipples on Miguel's chest. Clay's mouth was on them instantly, sucking them in, nipping them to bring Miguel that erotic pleasure that Clay had known. "Uh, oh, Clay," he moaned. Clay forced Miguel's legs apart and stroked beneath his balls. Miguel's arms fell onto the mattress. "What do you want, Miguel? Tell me your fantasy. Am I your fantasy, Miguel?" Clay laid his hand over Miguel's cock. "Where do you want this, Miguel? Do you want me to suck it until it goes limp in my mouth? Have you ever buried it deep inside a man? Have you ever stroked deep inside a man with your thick hard dick the way you stroked me deep inside with your thick hot tongue?" Miguel's mouth was still open, and still no words would come out. "I, I want..." Clay's hand on his cock was almost too much already. "You want what, Miguel? Tell me, and it's yours."

Clay lay on his stomach beside Miguel, and slapped his own butt. "How about coming in here, Miguel?" Clay's breathy voice was driving Miguel mad. Clay squeezed Miguel's balls again and ran his hand slowly upward along his cock. "Come on in, Miguel." Miguel got up and knelt behind Clay. Clay teased him with his butt. "It is a sexy butt," he told Clay. "It's all yours, buddy." Miguel entered Clay with a much harder thrust than Clay had expected, and he grabbed onto the edge of the mattress. Clay could tell that this was Miguel's first time, which made it even more erotic to Clay. "That's the way, baby. You like that, don't you, Miguel?" Miguel said nothing as he

enjoyed his very first time. “Clay, Clay, Clay,” he practically screamed. “I know, buddy,” Clay agreed. Miguel didn’t last very long. Clay loved being someone’s first, but their first time never lasted long. Miguel held onto Clay’s gorgeous butt as he filled him.

Clay swung Miguel around and lay on top of him. “That your first time, buddy?” “Yes, Clay, you are my first.” “If this is what you wanted, Miguel, you didn’t need to keep me here. Why didn’t you just ask or give a sign of some sort?” He gave Clay one of his weird looks. “This was my plan, Clay. We must always have a plan.” “You don’t live at the college, do you, Miguel?” “No, I cannot afford the rates. A friend keeps my clothes and lets me shower in his hall.” “You still plan to stay here in the barn?” “Yes, unless...” “No, Miguel, I promise I will not say anything, that is, if you let me leave.” “You will come back to me?” “As often as you like, Miguel.”

Clay waited until the following morning to leave Miguel’s hidden hut of hay, walking in the dark back to the house with nothing on below the waist. His guess was that Miguel had “stolen” his jeans, but Clay didn’t care. Miguel had given Clay the best sex that he had ever known.

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