



A
DREAMSPINNER
PRESS

Nap-Sized Dream

JUST GUYS

B.G. THOMAS

“DARLING, did you hear?” Helen asked me over her eggs Benedict and my newspaper.

“Hear what?” I asked, trying to find the few comics I still found amusing.

“The place next door sold.”

I lowered the paper, *Non Sequitur* forgotten. “Really?”

The house was a lovely little Craftsman bungalow, but the previous tenants hadn’t kept it up, and in my opinion, its asking price had been a little too high, especially in this economy. It had been empty for at least a year

Helen nodded. She loved good gossip, and after twenty years of marriage, I could tell she wasn’t done yet. “And guess what?”

“Tell me, honey.”

“Two *men* bought it!”

I am not a morning person, and for some reason, I had missed her implication. “Two men?”

Helen’s eyes were wild. “Daisy told me at the beauty parlor yesterday. Can you believe it? A *gay* couple! In *this* neighborhood!”

Gay couple? Oh! I *was* surprised. Sherman Oaks wasn’t exactly conservative, but it wasn’t liberal, either. A gay couple? Next door? Holy shit... visions of swishy men in pink boas filled my head.

“Daisy said they’re ‘sweet’.”

Would the Village People and the Bee Gees be filling the air all day and night?

“What’s the world coming to?” Helen said. “Daisy says the gays will be allowed to get married before we know it.”

I shook my head and tried not to laugh. *The gays?* This had to be a nightmare for her. She hated *Will and Grace*; said she couldn’t get the vision of Will having sex with a man out of her head. Now, Jack, I could have understood, all swishy and loud. But Will? He was almost one of the guys.

A week later, and I had forgotten all about new neighbors. Helen was out of town on one of her endless urban missionary retreats, helping poor underprivileged children. I was so grateful she did all that on her own. As long as I went to church with her on Sundays and wore a nice suit, she was happy.

I woke that Saturday morning to the noise. I peeked out our bedroom window at the driveway of the house next door. There was a big moving truck in front of the house with the ramp down and men moving furniture up the drive.

I dressed quickly and joined the Treachers, the couple from across the street, in watching the spectacle. I couldn’t tell whether the new homeowners were around; all the men I saw were manly. Not a flashy outfit or feather anywhere. After a moment it occurred to me that there were only two men who weren’t wearing overalls. But could *they...*? The two men who were helping the movers were certainly not what I was expecting.

Both wore tank tops and shorts and were lifting and carrying like pros. They looked to be in their forties, like me, and were sweating up a storm. It didn’t seem possible.

Neither was like the guy I knew back in college. They were, well, just guys.

When one stopped for a moment and popped open a beer, I realized how I must look. I abandoned the Treachers, took up my courage, and walked up to introduced myself. “Good morning,” I said, stomach jumping, “I’m Grant. Are you one of the....” I stopped, suddenly embarrassed and unsure. What had I been about to say? One of the new fags?

He grinned. “Not exactly morning,” he said in a deep voice. “I wait till noon to have a drink and it is *exactly* 12:01.” He held out his hand. “I’m Tony. Mark was here a minute ago. Probably making sure they don’t break the china.”

Ah, I thought. Mark must be the woman of their relationship. That made sense. They might both *look* like men, but one had to be the girl, right?

I shook Tony’s hand and was surprised at the grip. He was a bit taller than me, with large hands that almost swallowed mine. His arms were covered in brown hair and more flowed from over the low neckline of his tank top. That led me to see that he had quite the chest, even if he had a bit of middle-aged spread. He had a full but trimmed beard under brown eyes and a slightly receding hairline. A man. Just one of the guys.

Helen would be so pissed that I met the new neighbors first. I could hear her now: “*Did you at least offer them lemonade?*”

“No, dear, they were drinking beer.”

That’s when Tony offered me one.

I shrugged. I hadn’t had so much as a piece of toast yet, but the sun was hot and it sounded like a good idea. And it

was a local brewery instead of one of the big brands that had always tasted like piss to me. “Sure,” I said, “why not?”

He got me one and let the movers know where the cooler was. I liked him already.

I followed him through the garage and into the house and was immediately impressed. They had painted and it looked great. The living room was a golden color, and with the big bay window curtains open, the room practically glowed. To the rear, the serving hatch was open, and I could see that the kitchen was now a bright green and white. The pocket doors of the pass-through between the living room and the kitchen looked new, and I could see they had even replaced the kitchen counters. I reached out and touched the doors.

“We just replaced them,” came a new voice. I turned and recognized the other man I had seen outside. “I know it isn’t original, but there were so many layers of paint it would have taken the patience of a saint to remove it all. And it isn’t like the house is a historical landmark.” He was a bit shorter than Tony, but his chest was just as big, yet smooth. His hair was shorter and graying, which made his blue eyes stand out like gemstones.

“This is Grant,” said Tony. “Grant, this is Mark.”

Mark reached out a hand, and I was surprised to find his shake even stronger than Tony’s. The *girl*?

“Nice to meet you,” he said, and I was startled to see him check me out with a quick sweep of those piercing eyes. I didn’t know what to think. Part of me was outraged but another part.... My stomach fluttered. Not going there!

“China okay?” I asked weakly.

“Huh?”

Tony laughed. “I was just telling Grant you were worried about them breaking it.”

“Well, it was *your* grandmother’s! If it has survived this many years, the least we can do is make sure it gets into the hutch. You drinking already?”

He *was* the girl, all right!

Mark checked his watch. “What time is it? Oh! Okay!” He laughed. “Six after. And fuck, it’s after twelve somewhere in the world, right? Get me a beer and I’ll show Grant around.” He motioned for me to follow. I felt a flash of fear. What for? What was he going to do? I took a swallow of beer and went after him.

The rest of the house looked good too. The dirty walls were all painted anew, baseboards and floors stripped and refinished. When the hell had they done all this? All the rooms looked bigger somehow. I tried not to look too closely at the master bedroom, but I couldn’t help myself. It was done in all dark colors and the bed was a *huge* wooden king-size thing. All very masculine. This is where they—but no! I wasn’t going there.

The nasty orange shag carpeting in the back room had been replaced, and there was a bar being set up. Through the sliding glass doors, I could even see that the pool had been drained and a new lining put in. These guys were kicking ass.

“Sit down,” Mark said, and I picked a recliner so as not to take the chance he’d sit next to me. He sat on the couch and kicked his feet up on a sturdy coffee table. His feet were big. I don’t know why I noticed that. Big and clad in tan work boots, and I wondered what size he wore. That led to something else I didn’t want to think about, and as I pulled

my eyes away from his feet, I saw his well-muscled and fairly smooth legs, so different from Tony's. I tried not to notice the bulge in the front of his shorts, but when I looked up, I saw he'd caught me. I blushed so hard I could feel it. I expected him to say something, but he just asked me about myself and how long I'd lived in the neighborhood.

I was surprised at how quickly he made me feel at ease, the both of them, really, especially after a few more beers. We were soon laughing, and I was quite buzzed and realized that I really needed to eat something. I knew I should go, but I didn't want to. These guys were, well, just guys. They even smelled like guys. Tony said they hardly ever wore deodorant, hated the stuff and all the fake smells men put on. I was surprised at how inoffensive their scent was, even after the morning's exertions. It just added to their guy-ness.

"I should go get something to eat. I could make you guys sandwiches," I offered.

"Don't bother," said Tony. "I've already ordered pizzas. Stay and have some."

I did. I even helped carry stuff in and move it around too. We got pretty relaxed with each other that first day. To my surprise, I wasn't even disgusted the first time I saw them kiss.

HELEN *was* annoyed that I got to know the neighbors before her. She hammered me with questions on the phone that night, and I told her all I knew, or at least almost. I didn't tell her about that kiss, lingering in a door when they didn't think I'd seen them. How it hadn't turned my gut and how normal it looked. Just two guys. There was nothing swishy

or faggy or limp-wristed about it. But Helen wouldn't understand. Hell, *I* didn't.

By the time Helen got home from her missionary trip a few days later, I was horny as hell. I had dinner ready when she got there. I'd showered and made sure my clothes reeked of fabric softener, and I doused myself in a gallon of her favorite cologne. I'd shaved and brushed and everything I knew it would take to make her willing. There was a single candle in the bedroom so she couldn't see very much. Perfect. I even had the air on so I wouldn't sweat. Helen hated sweat. Once, in our first year together, I was making love to her and a drop of sweat fell from my face and landed on hers and that was *it!* Sex was over that night! But that's women. They're sweet and clean, like flowers. I wouldn't want the kind of woman you see in porn movies. Not that I'd seen that many.

I wondered what Tony and Mark would think of all my fussing. It would probably turn them off. But a guy does what a guy has to do.

Helen and I had never had a fantastic sex life, and then like all married couples, the sex had lessened every year. And it had been more than twenty years!

Helen and I had met in college. I knew a guy like me was getting quite the catch. I was living at home, struggling to get by, going to school and working full time to try to pay for it all. She was there on scholarships and didn't need them. Her family was rich. She was quite pretty and funny and sophisticated. So different from the few girls I had known.

I was a virgin when we met. I was all nervous about women and what to do and when to try and initiate things, and she wasn't in a rush in the slightest. Didn't seem to care

if we did more than kiss goodnight, and to tell the truth, that was a relief. I came from a family of four boys and a mom with an iron hand. I knew nothing about women, and very little about sex.

Helen said it was important that we waited until we got married. She was a Christian, and the wait was fine with me, took all kinds of pressure off and let me get to know her as a person, and when I got past that initial exterior, I found out she really was a nice person.

Helen didn't mind that it would take me a few years before I started to make money. She didn't worry about money at all. She didn't need to. Helen had an agenda for her life, and my income wasn't figured into that. I was never able to understand just how I fell into her plan, but I was happy. She was grace and wonder, always smiling, singing in the morning and keeping a perfect home. All she asked was that I be the man of the house and escort her to her important functions. It really was an easy life.

After dinner—which she loved, I can cook—I turned on some soft music, asked her to dance, and made my move.

At first she gave me all the lines: that she was tired, I didn't know what she had been through helping all those kids, and blah blah blah. But in the end, she relented. When I was inside her, I wondered which one of the neighbors got fucked and what that felt like. Wouldn't it hurt? Duck didn't think so, but then I don't think I'm all that big. Duck! That's someone I hadn't thought about in years!

When I came, it was amazing. It had been so long. Months.

Masturbating just isn't the same. Plus I have to be so careful not to leave any evidence. Helen didn't understand

why men jerk off, and she got mad at even the suggestion of me looking at pornography. Said it was terrible that I would want to look at any woman except her. Then I felt guilty. I loved Helen, and I didn't want to hurt her. She had been there for me for so long, always taking care of me, keeping house, and always the very picture of grace and class. So why hurt her?

When we were done, and I was spooned up against her, I was so happy. That's when I always felt the closest to her, when I felt she was letting me past her walls.

Isn't that a funny thing to say? Two decades with Helen, and yet I don't understand her. I didn't understand women when I met her and I still don't. But I think most men feel that way.

It made me envy Tony and Mark. They were both men. They understood each other. There was no bizarre mystery to try and solve—nothing to try and understand.

As I lay there afterward, her gentle snoring against my shoulder, I wondered again which of them, Tony or Mark, got fucked.

A WEEK later Tony and Mark threw a big party and invited all the neighbors. These guys knew how to have fun. They had a fully stocked bar and they'd hired a bartender. They had a DJ as well, and people danced by the pool. They'd even installed a hot tub. Anyone was allowed to tub or swim.

"You aren't going to, are you, dearest?" Helen asked.

The question caught me by surprise. "I was thinking about it."

“Just think of the germs,” she said. “What if you got AIDS?”

“Oh Helen,” said Daisy, who had just breezed up. “You can’t get AIDS swimming in the same water. Chlorine kills it. Otherwise all those athletes that swam with Greg López would have caught it.”

“Louganis,” I offered. “López is the name of the actor who played him in the movie.”

Both Helen and Daisy looked at me as if I had suddenly started speaking another language. That’s not hard for Daisy, who wore more makeup than Tammy Faye Bakker and had wild, bleached hair that stuck up in every which direction.

“Well, what about all that sweat and stuff?” Helen asked, turning back to Daisy as if I hadn’t said anything. “All those people getting in and out of the tub? Who *knows* what else might be in that water.”

Daisy laughed that high laugh. “You are impossible, Helen. So unsophisticated. I’m getting in. Some of these men are sexy!”

Daisy scampered off, presumably to change into her suit.

“I love her, Grant, but you do realize the poor dear is going to Hell?” Helen shook her head. I know that sounds horrible, judgmental and all, but the thing is, she really was heartbroken about it. She *really* thought Daisy was going to Hell and the idea of not seeing her friend in Heaven bothered her immensely. “Barely divorced a month... and divorce is only recognized by Jesus if one of the partners has an affair.

You know she won't wait until she gets remarried to be physical with a man. She wasn't a virgin the first time."

Helen was. She'd insisted I be as well. And I had been. Sort of. Our wedding night wasn't the blind leading the blind, but it was close. She'd cried. How romantic is that? Telling me how much it hurt. Then waiting for months before we could try again. When I suggested other things we could do, she went out of her mind.

My friend Herb, Daisy's ex-husband, had had good sex. He told me. Said Daisy could "suck the chrome off a trailer hitch." Helen only did that for me once a year, on my birthday. I made the mistake of ejaculating in her mouth once and almost didn't get my birthday present ever again. I knew now. I don't think I could cum in her mouth now even if she wanted me to. To tell the truth, I don't even enjoy it anymore. I am too afraid to.

"Look, dear," said Helen. "It's Henry Albright!" She waved and a darkly handsome man made his way to us through the crowd. "Honey, this is Henry. Henry, this is my husband, Grant. Henry is my missionary partner."

"Oh," I said. "Of course. Nice to meet you." We shook hands. His shoulders seemed a mile wide, and his eyes were amazingly dark beneath a tumble of even darker hair. *He must get the women looking at him wherever he goes*, I thought.

"You have an exceptional wife," said Henry.

"Thank you," I said, a feeling of pride coming over me.

"You are a lucky man."

"I like to think so," I said, beaming at Helen.

She blushed like a schoolgirl, a trait I never tired of. “Oh,” she cried. “There’s the Potters!” She pointed with her chin. “I must say something to Janice.” She slipped into the crowd, leaving me with Henry.

“I want to thank you for letting us be partners. Some men might be jealous,” he said.

“I trust Helen,” I said. “I know she would never do anything to hurt me.”

“You’re right. She wouldn’t,” he replied. He took a sip of his drink, and I suddenly realized it was iced tea. Not a cocktail. Helen probably loved that.

“We are going on another weekend trip soon,” he said.

“Oh?” I replied, suddenly distracted. Tony was making an obscene gesture, clearly pretending to be giving a blow job, and the circle of men around him were laughing so hard I could hear them from where I stood, even over the DJ’s music.

Did Tony and Mark suck each other? Surely they did. They had to. Did they make a fuss if one of them came in the other’s mouth? Duck had sure liked it. And why the hell was I thinking about him so much lately?

Henry excused himself, and I watched him disappear into the crowd. There were a lot of people at the party. A number that I didn’t know. More men than women, so I guess a bunch were gay friends. Most were middle aged, and only one or two would have been what I would have called “swishy.” Daisy had better be careful. She’d waste energy making a pass at the wrong man.

There were people I would never have expected as well. I suppose they wanted to see firsthand how *the gays* lived.

But the Vailalos? They're Mormons and donated money to overturn that gay marriage thing in California. The Treachers were there, too, and he's like Archie Bunker. Of course he was right up to the bar, because good booze means a lot in his book.

"What do you think of the bartender?" Tony suddenly asked me, and I almost spilled my martini.

"What about him?" I looked across the room and saw the young man was smiling and making "Archie" Treacher one of what I was drinking. "Seems nice. Knows how to make a mean martini. Young!"

"Not *too* young," Tony said with a sly grin, and he wagged his eyebrows.

"What do you mean?" I asked, regretting the question before I finished it

"He can suck a golf ball through a straw," he laughed.

I started, then looked around and to my relief saw that Henry had drifted off.

"You *know* that?" I asked, thinking about chrome and trailer hitches.

His grin widened considerably. "I do!"

"Does *Mark* know you know?"

Tony gave me a funny look. "Of course he does. We *both* do. Hoping we'll get some more of that fine boy later tonight."

"You guys have sex with other men?" I asked, stunned.

He laughed and squeezed my shoulder. "Yes," he said, leaning toward my ear. "I know they say it can be done, but I don't know if men really can *be* monogamous. Surely you've

fucked around on Helen once or twice, haven't you? With that traveling you used to do?"

An image filled my head and I closed my eyes and shook it away. "No," I said.

"You haven't been with another woman in twenty years?" he asked.

"No! Of course not." I killed my martini and winced at the hard liquor of it.

"Wow. I love Mark more than anything in the world. We've been together over ten years. But to never have another man again? *Never?* I couldn't do it."

"Mark doesn't mind?" I couldn't believe what my neighbor was telling me.

"Mark is usually there. That's the rules. We play together unless it's someone one of us really wants but the other isn't into. Or let's say I really wanted a guy and he wanted me and not Mark. If I wanted him enough, Mark would give me permission or vice versa."

"Permission?"

"Sure," he said. "We're don't hide things. They say men can't be honest, either, but I've always been with Mark. I know he's honest with me."

I looked across the room and saw that Mark was at the bar now, and, yes, he was flirting with the young man, who *was* good-looking. Couldn't be thirty. His outfit was cut tight, and when he stretched I saw that he had a very round butt—and there I was thinking like that again! What was it about Tony and Mark that put these thoughts in my head? I hadn't thought like that in years.

"You gonna swim?" Tony asked.

“No,” said Helen, appearing magically. “We’re not. We have errands in the morning, and *Grant* has *already* had too much to drink.”

This annoyed me because I could see people were beginning to get in. The pool looked wonderful and it was a very warm evening. But then Helen slipped her hand into mine, touched my wrist in her certain way, and I knew there was a reason to leave. Helen wanted to make love, and I wasn’t going to question why.

I am a guy, after all.

MY FRIENDSHIP with Mark and Tony blossomed, and I wasn’t quite sure how Helen felt about it. Sometimes she made fretting remarks and other times actually suggested I go see “the boys.” So I did.

My gay neighbors were a mystery to me. They sometimes fit the stereotype, and other times couldn’t be further from. For instance, Tony loved music, and he did indeed have the Village People and the Bee Gees in his collection. Beyoncé and Lady Gaga too; pretty gay!

He also liked all my favorite rock classics like Fleetwood Mac and BTO. But then there were all these groups I’d never heard before, and we’d sit around and listen to people like Corinne Bailey Rae, Tegan and Sara, The Vermicious K’nids, and someone called Rice Angels. I loved it! A day at work could be horrible, and a few hours at Tony and Mark’s and I was feeling a hundred percent better.

Then there was sports. Not something I connected with gays.

But Mark loved baseball. Who'da thought? And Tony wouldn't even play pool.

They liked the fact that I liked things they didn't share in common.

"You balance us out," Tony said, and he gave me one of those shoulder squeezes of his that always made me feel good and a little bit crazy. It was pretty neat thinking that I "balanced" them out.

So with Tony's blessings, Mark took me to a game. We drank beer and cheered with the rest of the crowd. No one would have had a clue I was with a gay man. But then, just when I might have forgotten his sexuality, he revealed with a wink that his friend Les (who got us the tickets) could get us into the locker room after the game. Ten minutes after our team won, we were right there in the locker room of a professional baseball team, and I was seeing men naked who I'd watched for years on TV. I couldn't believe it, and I told Mark so.

"Didn't you think they had dicks?" Mark asked, spying one of my hero's crotches with a lascivious grin.

"I guess I never thought about it," I replied, noticing how amazing my hero's ass was.

"I can't help it, as tight as their uniforms are. And those cups always inspire my erotic curiosity." He winked. "I may miss part of a game, but if Les is working, I never miss this!"

Later in the car, I asked him if he and Tony had been with any of the players.

"Been with...?" he taunted.

I just looked out the window.

“I’d tell you, but I’d have to kill you,” he said, continuing his teasing.

“It doesn’t bother you?” I asked.

“What?” he said.

“Tony being with another man?”

“Bother me? Hell no! Sometimes it’s a relief.” There was a pause before he said more. “Sorry. You really want to know this, don’t you?”

I nodded.

“It’s complicated. In some ways it turns me on. I love men. *And* I love watching hot men make love to each other. So to watch the man I love doing something we both love? Grant, it is so fucking sexy. I love to watch him suck cock. I love to help him. I love to suck cock and open my eyes and see him watching me and knowing he is turned on by it. I love to watch him fuck. You know, you can’t really see yourself getting fucked unless you watch in a mirror, and that *can* be hot, but....” He shrugged.

This was the first time I had really discussed sex with more than a fleeting sentence or naughty comment with either of them. The words he used were painting pictures I couldn’t ignore. It was bringing back so much and I was getting hard, despite myself.

“When we take someone home, it’s like making love to Tony with another man’s body. I love him so much. I’d pretty much given up on love, you know? For me, love lasted a season. I got bored, or the guy did, and it was over. I rarely got upset either way. But with Tony?” He shook his head and smiled wistfully. “It’s just amazing. He’s the first person I think of when I wake up and the last person I think of when I go to bed.”

“How’d you two meet?”

“His brother set us up. Lust at first sight too. I figured it was a one-night stand and was surprised when I didn’t want him to leave. Then there was breakfast and he didn’t seem to be in a rush to go anywhere, and here we are ten years later.”

“So why other men?” I asked.

“What do I say? I mean, you haven’t stopped looking at other women since you got married, have you? Especially after two decades?”

I didn’t know how to answer. I had never really looked at other women. It had never been about that for me. Sex was two things: expressing my love for Helen and relief from hormones. Nothing else. What I loved was the affection and the cuddling afterward. When she was cuddled close to me, it was bliss. But our sex wasn’t steamy. Never had been, and I was okay with that. I figured when guys talked about how hot sex was, they were trying more to convince themselves than anybody else. Apparently that wasn’t true with Tony and Mark.

“Well?”

“Well, no. I haven’t.”

“You’re shitting me!”

“What can I say, Helen is enough for me.”

“Well, Tony is enough for me too. I’m just glad he doesn’t *have* to be. You haven’t checked a lady out even once? Looked down her cleavage? Wondered what that secretary looks like in her panties?”

"I guess I haven't," I said. "I like sex. I wouldn't go through what I have to go through to get it if I didn't. But I really don't undress women with my eyes."

"Geeze," he said. "I wonder what dudes look like naked all the time. How big their cock is, if they're cut or not...."

"Cut?" I asked, confused.

He laughed. "Oh, come on. I *know* you're not that naïve. Cut. Circumcised."

"Oh," I said, and then I stared out the windshield.

There was a pause in our conversation. I didn't know what to say.

"I have to admit, I've wondered what *you* look like without all those clothes," Mark said, and then he had the good grace to blush. I joined him. He *had* been checking me out that day.

Silence reigned for a while. Once again I didn't know what to say, and Mark wasn't talking. Finally he said, "So are you?"

Gay? I wondered and then felt myself flush. "Am—am I what?"

"Cut," he said while looking straight ahead.

"Um," I gulped. "Yes, I'm...." My face felt like it was on fire, yet my penis was getting even harder. Mark wanted to know about my cock. Had anybody ever wondered about my cock before? Besides Duck? "I'm... circumcised."

"Tony is uncut. I love it. Wish Mom hadn't had me butchered."

Did Mark consider me butchered? Somehow I felt disappointed. I don't know why. "You only like guys with foreskins?"

“Hell, no! I love dick either way. Just love to play with that skin, is all.”

I began to sweat at the image of Mark moving his hand up and down an erection. Then I thought about him taking it into his mouth. I looked closely at his lips and imagined them wrapped around a cock (my cock?) and felt myself getting wet. Soon I was going to be putting on quite a show.

My mouth was dry but the Devil was in me then, and somehow I said, “So you want to see it?” I reached down as if to grab my zipper.

His eyes dropped immediately to my crotch.

“Eyes on the road, pervert!” I said, pulling off my cap and dropping it in my lap.

“Cocktease,” he said.

I laughed. Cocktease? Now that was something I’d never been called!

MARK and Tony up and decided to take a trip to someplace called “P Town,” and I was surprised at how much I missed them. I didn’t realize until they were gone that they were really the only friends I had. I don’t know how many times I’d go to call one of them, only to remember they were gone.

One night Helen could stand it no more. We were curled up on the couch, reading to each other, but I kept losing my place when I was reading and then drifting off when she was. Which was a shame, because she could really transport me to another place when she read. “Oh darling,” she said. “Enough is enough! Go hot tub or something. Aren’t you supposed to be watching the boys’ place anyway?”

I guessed she wasn't worried about the germs anymore, so I hightailed it out of there.

And crazily, after I got in, the urge to take off my suit was overwhelming. I kept thinking about the two of them relaxing together in the hot water I was now in. Tony said they were always nude when they were alone. I couldn't get that idea out of my head.

So looking around first to see if anyone could see (ridiculous, I know), I slid off my trunks and was astonished at the difference. It felt *wonderful*. As the bubbles tickled my balls and made them move around, I realized that my friends had had theirs tickled in just the same way. Somehow it made me feel closer to them.

How I wished they were there. When I looked at them it didn't matter that they were gay and that they fucked other men. All I saw was love. *Passion!* They were best friends and *more*. Like two halves of a whole.

So I pretended they were right there with me, arms around each other. Then I pictured them kissing and holding each other and knowing that, while I couldn't see, their stiff cocks would be rubbing against each other.

To my surprise I got hard. So hard, I knew I couldn't go home until I relieved myself. Looking around again, I climbed out of the tub naked, pleased by the breeze on my bare skin. Concealing myself between the tub and the fence, I grabbed my erection and began to jerk off. It didn't take long.

When I came, I shot like a teenager: my toes curled against the patio bricks, my head back, eyes clenched tight and seeing stars. When I looked down, I gasped at the plentiful mess I'd made on the bricks and fence. Would they

see the evidence of my pleasure? The idea both scared and thrilled me.

A FEW nights later, Helen was at one of her church meetings, making plans for her next urban missionary trip. There was a note from her telling me “the boys” had invited me over for burgers on the grill.

I practically *flew* next door. I had missed them so much!

After numerous hugs (and for a second, I thought Tony was going to kiss me. I would have let him.), we settled down to a huge dinner. The way they talked, they missed me just as much as I missed them. “I swear,” said Tony, “it was ‘Grant this’ and ‘Grant that’ and ‘What do you suppose Grant is up to?’ and ‘Wouldn’t Grant love this place?’ I think Mark’s *in love* with you,” Tony said with great flourish.

“Like you didn’t mention him more than once,” Mark said, laughing.

I turned red and tried to change the subject. I had to admit, even though it was pretty juvenile, the fact that they missed me pleased me.

“We got you something,” Tony said, waggling those brows of his.

“You did?” I asked, feeling like a kid.

Mark smiled and pulled a fancy little shopping bag from under the table.

It turned out to contain a pair of underwear. And there wasn’t much to them. I know my face was burning.

“They’re made to pull your stuff all up front,” Tony said. “Gives you great basket,” he said, indicating his own crotch,

and it was all I could do not to stare. Jesus! What did he have in those pants of his? “We got several pair at this shop that sells nothing but undies.”

“I hope Helen enjoys them,” Mark said with a grin.

How did I tell them that there was no way Helen would see me in them. She thought getting excited over a man’s underwear was just plain silly. She would wear the stuff I bought her, though. That was a perpetual Valentine’s gift. I especially liked the silk robes and blouses. I think what you *don’t* see is far sexier than what you *do*. Leave it up to the imagination!

And besides, how was I going to explain why gay neighbors were buying me sexy underwear?

“I was kinda hoping he’d model them for us,” Tony said.

Like that was going to happen! “So this ‘P-Town’ is a lot of fun?” I asked, changing the subject. I suddenly wondered if they’d slept with anyone and for some reason felt a stab of jealousy.

“We loved it,” Tony said. “Provincetown is one of the gay capitals of the country. We could walk around holding hands and no one looked twice.”

“Totally different than here,” said Mark. “Straight people take for granted their ability to kiss their lover in public.”

“So would you be straight if you could?” I asked.

“What the fuck?” said Tony.

“No,” Mark said. “I wouldn’t change for the world!”

“You shouldn’t have asked that,” said Tony. “Now you’re going to hear his speech about the magic of being gay. You’ll never shut him up now.”

“It *is* magic,” Mark said. “And I love that I’m gay.”

“Me too,” said Tony. “It makes you a better cocksucker.”

“You know, gay men have to, well... first we try to hide it. Then as we gain some self-pride, we see the wonders that a lot of straight people usually don’t.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “I’m gonna get in the pool. You want to join me?”

We both shook our heads, and Tony headed out the glass doors and out onto the pool deck.

“Once we get over the fact that we love other men instead of women, a lot of us start thinking outside the box, you know? I did. And then I slowly began to realize that all the rules had changed.”

Out on the deck Tony was kicking off his sneakers and hopping to pull off his socks.

“I saw that none of the rules forced on us by society need apply. We only have to apply the ones we want.”

Tony pulled off his Polo shirt and then, to my surprise, dropped his shorts. He was commando underneath. His ass was much smaller and rounder than I’d expected for such a big guy. Tony wasn’t fat, but he was stocky. His ass was smooth, and I wasn’t expecting that, either. I figured it would be as hairy as the rest of him.

“When I learned to get over my jealousies and my insecurities, I was surprised to realize I didn’t want to be monogamous.”

He turned to see where my attention had been diverted and grinned. “But I never ever get tired of that ass.”

Tony suddenly gave a great leap and cannonballed into the pool with a mighty splash.

Mark jumped up. "I'm gonna join him," he said, pulling his shirt over his head. "You coming?"

I suddenly felt hot all over. "No," I said, struggling to my feet. "I gotta go." I searched my head for a reason, not sure if I was hoping Mark would drop his pants in front of me or not. He was already barefoot.

"Whatever," he said as he undid his shorts.

My heart slamming in my chest, I turned and fled.

OF COURSE Helen was out. She wouldn't be home until very late. But I had to get out of there and going home wasn't far enough away. I jumped in my car and headed for the local watering hole. Saw a buddy. Got trashed. Too drunk to drive. Luckily my house was less than a mile away so I decided to walk it off.

When I got home, I wasn't quite as drunk as I had been, but far from sober. I decided to sit out on my back deck. No pool or hot tub, but it would feel good to just lie under the stars.

That's when I heard the noises. At first it was some quiet laughter and some grunts. Water sloshing. Tony and Mark, I realized. The grunts turned to moans. "God, yes. Suck it," I heard, and froze. That was Tony's voice, and it didn't take much intelligence to figure out what they were up to.

Then, as if I was being drawn from my deck chair, as if I had no control at all, I rose and quietly walked to the privacy fence separating my yard from theirs. Privacy? I was about to invade theirs.

I found the hole I was looking for, a knothole that had long since fallen out, and peeked through.

There they were, not fifteen feet from me. The knothole could not have been more perfectly arranged. Tony was sprawled back at the edge on the pool between the handles of the ladder, head back, mouth open. One hand was running through Mark's graying hair and, yes, Mark was sucking Tony's erection. I gasped, then prickled in fear that they might have heard me. Thank God, they hadn't seemed to.

I couldn't get over what I was seeing. I know I should have stopped—should never have looked in the first place—but I couldn't stop.

Tony's cock was so big! Mark could hardly handle it. There he was, doing just what I had only imagined him doing before. He was good at it too. I couldn't get over watching this man suck another man's cock. Both were moaning, not just Tony. Mark was loving what he was doing. He bobbed slowly up and down the thing's length, kissing the head each time he came to the top, and sometimes running his long tongue around its circumference.

My cock had turned to steel. Already I could feel it leaking in my pants, even with all I had drunk at the bar. There had only been one time I had seen such loving sucking, and that was a lifetime ago back in my college dorm room. Duck had sucked cock like that and loved it just as much. Thoughts of Duck and what I was watching made me dizzy. What struck me was how natural it looked, how *right*. Not gross, but *hot*. As much as Helen had meant to me in our life, it had never turned me on to watch her going down on me like it was watching Mark suck his lover's cock.

Mark had moved down to Tony's balls, nuzzling them and kissing them and licking them like they were covered in sugar. Tony was trying to spread his legs, but was defeated by the curving handles of the pool ladder.

Mark *was* the girl, I thought, and then Tony said, "Fuck me, Mark. I need your cock in me."

Tony liked to get fucked? I didn't know what to think. Mark was all man, but Tony was somehow more so in my thoughts. Bigger, hairier, bearded. But he wanted to get fucked! He was scrambling to his feet and pulling Mark out of the water. He moved to a chaise lounge that put them even closer to me. I froze, sure that one of them would see my eye, but neither noticed. They were too busy for that.

Tony sprawled on his stomach and spread his legs, and Mark was between them in a flash, down on his knees. But not to fuck him. Before my disbelieving eyes, Tony reached back and spread his cheeks, and Mark buried his face between them.

"Yes," Tony hissed, "God, yes. Oh baby. Eat my ass." He was so loud, and I wondered at their lack of fear at being heard. Then I realized that they thought I was gone, and of course, I'd walked home so they hadn't heard my car. And old lady Holly next door could rarely hear her doorbell. She wouldn't hear them going at it.

"Oh Mark," Tony cried. "Your tongue feels so good!"

Mark was moaning even more than before. He not only loved to suck cock, but he loved licking Tony's ass. More shocks piled onto the old. I hated giving Helen oral sex. It was a reason I never badgered her to give me more than my once-a-year blowjob. But Mark loved it.

"Now," Tony ordered. "I can't wait any longer!"

Mark rose from between Tony's legs, his own beautiful cock (*beautiful?*) rearing before him. Not as thick as Tony's, but just as long, and with almost no effort, he was balls deep in his lover.

"Yes!" Tony all but shouted. "Fuck me, baby!"

Mark did. He pummeled his lover's ass, and both men cried out in joy and delight. Tony was loving it as much as Mark, as much as Duck had. It was only then that I realized I had my own cock out and was fisting it like a teenager. I slowed down, trying to time my climax with theirs. I was leaking so much I didn't even need spit. I was providing all the lubrication I needed.

Some when they had changed positions, and Tony was now on his back, legs around Mark's shoulders. His cock looked so huge, swollen and excited, leaking as much as my own. I wondered what it tasted like. Only one way to get an idea.... Hesitating only a moment, I brought my precum-sticky hand to my face and licked my palm. Sweet and sort of spicy. Would Tony's cock taste like that? I grabbed my cock again.

It didn't take any of us that long. Mark announced that legendary porn phrase, "I'm coming!" and Tony barely had to grab himself, and before my astonished eyes, joined his lover in climax. I couldn't believe how much this man was cumming! Semen jetted from Tony's cock and rained down on his large hairy chest. The sight caused my own cock to let go and before I could stop myself, I shouted out as well.

Horried, even in my pleasure (like I hadn't known in years), I fell backward and almost struck my head on my deck.

“What the fuck?” came a yell on the other side of the fence, and I rolled to my hands and knees and tried to crawl back into the house before they saw me. Semen hung from my cock like a rope.

I didn’t make it. “Grant?”

I froze, right there on my hands and knees.

There was a laugh and some muffled talking.

“I’ll be damned,” I heard. It was Tony’s voice. “Did we have a Peeping Grant?”

I couldn’t move. I was just so ashamed. What would they do?

There was more laughter, and then I overheard Mark say, “Don’t be such a shit.”

“Grant,” Tony called. “You going to answer me?”

I just hung my head in shame. I couldn’t look back. Plus my pants were falling down in back. A moment later I heard my gate open and horror filled me! They were coming over! But before I could move, a large hand fell on my shoulder and gave a squeeze. “It’s okay, Grant. We don’t mind.”

Then someone was squatting next to me, and through my peripheral vision I could see it was Mark. And he was still naked! “Grant, it’s *really* okay. It’s kinda hot.”

I looked into his face and saw him smiling. Not making-fun-of-me smiling, but genuine warmth. I pulled my knees to my chest and sat back on my half-naked ass. When I looked up, I saw that they were both nude. Tony stood over me, his cock half hard, his semen-spattered chest glistening in the moonlight. I could just make out his grin. The smell of both of them washed over me. Sweat and cum and something else I couldn’t quite identify. It smelled incredibly sexy. They were

right. Man did smell so much better than fabric softener and cologne. It was real.

"I am so sorry," I said. "I came out here to look at the stars and maybe sleep off this drunk and I heard...."

"I can just imagine what you heard," Mark said. "Tony likes to pretend he's in a porn movie."

"I do not," Tony said. "I just like dirty talk." He sat down on my other side. "Did you jerk off? Is that what you were doing?"

I shut my eyes and covered my head with my hands. One had newly cut grass stuck to it. I felt like crying.

"How fucking *hot!*"

I peeked at him through my sticky fingers.

"You're... not mad?" I managed.

"Fuck no! Did you cum good?"

"*Tony* should be embarrassed, the way he was carrying on," Mark said. "But no, we're not mad. I think it's hot you wanted to watch us. Straight and all."

"Are you straight?" asked Tony.

Was I straight? "Yes!" I said, but only half as indignantly as I tried.

He put an arm around my shoulder. "Come on, buddy. Tell Daddy Tony and Daddy Mark. We're close now, aren't we? It's not like I haven't noticed you checking us out."

"That's not true," I said. But they knew I was lying.

"Does Helen know you like men?" Mark asked.

"I didn't know," I said, and right then and there started to cry. Because I couldn't deny it, of course. Not even to myself. Not anymore. And here I was crying like a kid. *God, what must they think of me*, I wondered.

“Oh, shit, man,” Tony said.

“Run and get him a drink, Tony.”

Mark pulled me to my feet. I tried to cover myself up because my pants began to slide down again.

“Go ahead, put yourself away,” Mark said. “I’ll try not to look.”

Humiliation flared again as I “put myself away” and then allowed him to lead me to one of my deck chairs. Tony was back in a minute, still naked, and holding out a short glass. I took it and, without checking what it was (I couldn’t stop looking at him), tossed it back. Pure whiskey. I choked. Tony gave my back a few good swats.

“You okay?” Mark asked, pulling up a chair next to me.

I gave a shrug, and Tony sat on the deck at Mark’s feet instead of pulling up a chair. I couldn’t get over how comfortable they were around me without their clothes. Especially when they knew I’d just seen them fuck. But maybe that was it? I’d seen them doing the most intimate thing people could do; what was their nudity compared to that? They were okay with what I’d seen. Nonchalant, even!

I felt such a fool sitting there, nothing but a handful of years from fifty and crying like a kid. Neither said anything until I was done, and then Mark asked again. “You okay?”

“I guess so,” I said, wondering now just what had started my breakdown.

“Do you want to talk?” Mark said.

I shrugged.

“You know you’re safe with us right? We won’t repeat anything?” said Tony.

I nodded and felt a warmth seep into me. I *was* safe with these two men. I sat there between them, my mind a whirl. How to start when I didn't know where the beginning was? Finally I said, "When I was in my second year of college I had... an affair, I guess? With my college roommate."

"Ah!" said Tony, "the old college roommate story!"

"Hush," said Mark. "Go on, Grant."

"I'd been dating Helen for a year; we met when I was a freshman. Then I got this new roommate, and he was gay. And I mean *gay*! I couldn't stand him at first. He was such a... a... a fag! He was silly and limp-wristed and wore outrageous clothes and minced about like a big sissy. It was humiliating to have him as a roomie. Guys teased me about it and asked me if he was blowing me and wanted to know if they could borrow him on nights when their girls wouldn't put out. It was bad. He was every fag joke in the book brought to life, confirmed every bad story I ever heard about gays. And he had this horrible loud laugh. Sounded like a quack."

"A quack?" said Tony.

"Yes, a quack! That's when I started calling him 'Duck'. I got back to the room one night and caught him jerking off with his face stuffed in one of my jockstraps. Fuck! I went crazy. I grabbed it away from him and then I punched him so hard I knocked him out. Thought I'd killed him. I saw my whole life flash before my eyes. But then, thank God, he woke up, and instead of being mad, he just begged me to forgive him.

"After that I avoided him for awhile and then when I almost bombed Geometry, he offered to help. He was real good at math, and I *couldn't* fail so I took him up on it. Then

while he was teaching me, I started to see he was a nice guy. And he *was* funny. Always had me in stitches. I aced the test and after that, I was just nice to him. Not outside our room, of course, but in private, you know?”

I looked up and could see that they both wanted to say something, but they just nodded instead.

“One night I got home from another frustrating date with Helen and I was drunk—”

“They’re always ‘drunk,’” Tony said.

“Shhhh!” Mark hissed.

“—and we were talking and then, I don’t know, somehow we got to cuddling, and then, fuck it, we were kissing and then... then... he blew me.”

After a moment’s silence, Mark said, “And?”

“It was the most fucking amazing thing in the world! Oh, but the next morning I felt so guilty, and I begged him not to tell and to promise me he would never do it again. But in a week he was blowing me again. I had to be drunk to kiss him, but soon he was sucking me off day and night. I’d meet up with him during free periods just to get a blowjob. He was so good at it and he loved it more than I did, if that’s possible.”

“Oh, it’s possible,” said Tony (of course).

“Then he talked me into fucking him, and that’s when I was lost. I was *addicted!* I’d fuck him anytime and anywhere.

“Duck was a kinky son-of-a-bitch too! Oh, the places we’d do it. The locker room, wrestling room, the library bathroom, in the park, the school bell tower! *Always* something! This went on all semester.

"Then one night when we thought most of the guys on the floor were gone for a holiday weekend, he asked me to handcuff him to the bed. He wanted to pretend I was forcing him, and I thought 'Oh, what the fuck,' you know? I was just *nailing* his ass, fucking him harder and harder with him 'begging' me to stop, and in walked the floor monitor!"

"Oh shit," said Mark.

"The little fuck started crying and actually *told* him that I *was* raping him!"

"Oh shit," Tony said. "What the fuck happened?"

"Helen happened," I said. "I broke down and told her everything, part of it, anyway, and Helen happened. It was simply amazing. She just took control. Told me that she understood that men did silly things, that we couldn't help it, and then she did her thing. Maybe it's the money? Helen comes from money. A day later Duck was gone and I wasn't. That was the first time she did her magic. She just sweeps in and something happens behind the curtains, and then everything is okay again."

"Christ on a cruise missile," Tony swore.

"When a year later she told me that we were getting married, I didn't argue. I was still amazed she hadn't dumped me, and how often did a guy on my side of the tracks meet *and date* a girl from hers?"

"When she told me I would be working for her mother, I didn't fight it. Why bother? I try never to disagree with Helen. She is a force to be reckoned with. When she makes up her mind, it's like trying to fight the changing seasons. It's best just to sit back, keep quiet, and appreciate the scenery."

"Have you been with a man since?" Mark asked.

“No,” I said, and then that nightmare poured to the surface. I covered my face and almost started to cry again. When I could talk, I put the words together.

“Well.... A few years ago, I was on a business trip. The *last* business trip.” And it would always be “The Last Business Trip” in my mind. “I was in the hotel bar with some business associates, and I went to the restroom to take a piss. There was this guy in there. When I took a urinal, he took the one next to me and he was acting funny, and it was making me feel weird. He stood back and he had this big hard-on. Huge! I just froze. I couldn’t move. I mean, who shows you their cock in a public john?”

“Well,” said Tony, and Mark hissed him quiet again.

“I didn’t do anything,” I said. “I didn’t move! But I got hard. And the guy arrested me!”

“*Fucking* cop,” said Tony.

“Entrapment,” said Mark.

“He arrested me and told them I grabbed him, but I didn’t! I knew it was over then. The faces of my associates when the cops took me out of there handcuffed—I knew I was going to lose my job. And Helen. And the house and everything.”

“What happened?” they both asked.

“*Helen* happened, of course,” I answered. “She just swept in like she always did. I don’t travel anymore and my coworker got transferred to another city, but that was it.”

“Wow,” Tony said.

“I don’t know how she does it,” I said.

I looked at my friends, and it suddenly struck me what an amazing couple they were. I don’t know where that

thought came from, but there it was. I'd thought I had it good with Helen, but did I?

And then I realized something.

I *wasn't* happy.

Content? Maybe. But happy? *Really* happy? Like Mark and Tony happy?

No.

Just because I was happier than I had ever imagined I would be when I was growing up didn't mean I was *truly* happy. I was just... sailing. Sailing through life, and here I was near fifty and I wasn't half as happy as I knew Mark and Tony were.

"My God. I'm trapped! I'm trapped in a passionless life. I look at you two, and I see how happy you are and how much you love life and each other and sex, and I see me.... Trapped. I love her. I do. But until I met you guys, I don't think I really knew what love was."

"Ah baby," said Tony, and he pulled me from the chair. He wrapped his arms around me and held me tight. I felt a little thrill run through me. He called me "baby." Then Mark came up and held me from behind. Oh, it was amazing. I'd never felt anything like it. I wished I could explain what it was. There were two men holding me, and it felt so good. It was like being held for the very first time. I felt *cared* for. Cherished, even! I felt safe. I felt *right*.

When Helen held me, it had always been like, well, "motherly," maybe? A different *kind* of safety.

With Mark and Tony, I felt serene and excited at the same time. Was this how it felt to be held by a lover? Was this what I had been missing all my life?

It was only then that I remembered that these two men who were holding me were naked. While I was wearing shorts and a shirt, there was still so much of my bare flesh touching theirs and... it... felt... wonderful.

I started to get hard again, and what's more, so did they. It was exhilarating to feel them hardening against me.

That's when Helen said, "Well, what do we have here?"

All three of us jumped. I turned, and there she was. She stood just a step or two outside our patio doors, arms crossed against her chest. She was wearing one of her smart business suits, every hair in place.

"Fuck," said Tony, and they both pulled away.

Helen said nothing, just tilted her head to the side.

"Honey," I said, "it's not how it looks!"

She held out a hand, fingers spread out and tsked. "Please, darling. I can see *exactly* how it is."

"Helen," said Mark. "Nothing's going on here."

She raised a brow. "Please," she said with a wave toward their crotches, and for the first time they moved to try and conceal their nudity. "I am *not* blind. Don't treat me as if I were some stupid little girl." She turned, and as she briskly walked inside she called over her shoulder, "Grant, I'd like to talk to you, please."

She didn't snap her fingers. She didn't need to.

I looked at my friends, and we all three could only give each other hopeless looks. What else was there? Hugs were totally out; words failed. Tony gave me one of his shoulder squeezes, and they left.

Inside, Helen was sitting in her favorite chair. It was the one I hated. It wasn't comfortable. It was a chair that forced

you to sit up straight, somehow higher than everyone else. That's why she loved it so. It made her the center of the room. Gave her power.

"You might want to change your shirt," she said. I looked down and saw the wet spots, the semen from Tony's chest.

"Helen, it's only—" I started feebly, and she cut me off.

"I can smell what it is, darling."

I stood there a moment in indecision and then figured, fuck it. I sat instead.

Helen shrugged.

"Helen, we didn't do anything. I know how it looked, but...."

Helen held out her hand again, palm facing me, shushing me. "Grant, please. Enough. Enough... is... enough. You don't think I know what you are? That I haven't *always* known?"

I just looked at her. What the hell was she saying?

"First there was that pansy in college. I didn't care. We weren't married yet, and Mother had warned me about men and their ways. I figured if that sissy kept your hormones at bay, I wouldn't have to wrestle with you in some backseat until we were married. And darling, it was so important for me to be a virgin when we were married. I would have liked the same for you, but I've always known that the only person I can truly control is myself. So I just didn't think about it. I loved you, and at least you weren't with another woman.

"But then you had to go and be indiscreet. You embarrassed me.

"Fine. I took care of it. I always do. But it rushed the wedding. No one would believe my man was *that* way if we got married.

"Then there were the looks. Your head turned every time some half-dressed man walked by."

"What?" I cried.

She held out her hand again, and it was as if she somehow used a mute button on my voice.

"Then the business trip and that police officer. That was harder to handle. I impressed even myself with that one. At *least* there were only a few who knew about it. But this? I never had to witness you in your—"

"Helen, we weren't—"

"Grant! I heard you! Please. You're 'trapped'. That was *your* word. 'Trapped in this passionless relationship'."

I hung my head and felt the shame wash over me. "Helen, I'm sorry. I never wanted to hurt you."

"Grant, I've always ignored this side of you. It suited my needs."

"Suited your...."

"Yes, darling. And this time it proves to be convenient. Your affair with these men—"

"We're not having an affair!" I shouted.

"Please, dear. I do not wish to hear your denials. For you see, love, this proves to be fortuitous, and I believe I have a solution that shall make us all happy."

I WAS back at Mark and Tony's, sitting—in a daze—between them. They were dressed now, but to tell the truth, there was

fire where our bare knees touched, and all I wanted was for them to drag me to their bed.

Yes, I was admitting it. I wanted to be in their bed!

“It all makes sense now,” I said. “I’d always wondered *why* Helen chose me. She was rich, beautiful, intelligent. She could have her pick of any man. The one who would go on to be a football pro and make millions or the man destined to run some financial empire. But she didn’t want those kinds of men. She wanted one she could control.”

I shook my head. “See, the problem was that she considers herself a ‘God-loving’ woman and that meant she had to be married. She didn’t really want to be married, and she certainly didn’t want any children. But her Bible told her she had to bend her will to her husband’s. And that, she said, was an abhorrent thought to her.”

“She actually used the word ‘abhorrent?’” Tony said. “Who *uses* that word?”

“See, her father had been a total ass, abused both her and her mother, and when he died in a household accident, they were both relieved. I guess, and I should always have known this, that man painted an image in her head she couldn’t get rid of. So she wasn’t interested in sex. Sex disgusted her.”

“And then she met this guy?” Mark asked. “Henry?”

I nodded.

“And at church!” Tony exclaimed.

I nodded, still stunned. “All those endless church meetings and missionary trips... I didn’t see *that* coming. For the first time, she’d met a man who loved God as much as she did and who she decided she could give control of her life. For the first time, she *wanted* to have sex. She said it

was all they could do not to ‘acquiesce to their desires’. She said she figured she would always care about me, but she totally understood what it meant to be trapped in a passionless marriage. That she wanted a divorce, but as a Christian, the only way she could get one....”

“...was if you had an affair,” Mark said.

“Well, fuck me running,” said Tony.

“She wants an uncontested divorce. Says she won’t raise a fuss, we can split all we own together, and all she asks is that I don’t deny I’ve had an affair. And why not?”

I still couldn’t believe it. Shellshocked was the word. What now?

I looked into their eyes. “It’s over. Twenty years of marriage. Over. Now what happens?”

“I would say,” Mark said, standing and reaching for my hand, “if you want, it’s finally time for *you* to happen.”

He pulled me to my feet and we stood there, just looking at each other. Then he pulled me closer, then closer, and, oh God, he kissed me.

I thought I would die. I know that sounds so childish. So teenage-girl. But that was it. I thought I might faint. My heart was pounding so hard in my ears I couldn’t hear anything else. Never had a kiss felt like that. My knees turned to water, and if Tony hadn’t stepped in behind me, I might have fallen to the floor. When I turned to him, he kissed me as well, and it felt like some sort of shock passed through us.

Then they both led me back to that bedroom that had raised my fears and fantasies. We continued to kiss, one, then the other, then both at once. When they kissed me, it was the first time my lips touched another man’s without the

benefit—no—the *crutch* of alcohol. So different than kissing Helen, with beards and rough shaven faces. Two tongues greeted mine and it was passion!

At some point, one of them had lit a candle (“Is this okay? Or do you want it to be dark?” “No! I want to see!”) and the soft glow cast just enough light to allow me the most romantic view of my lovers.

Slowly our clothes fell to the floor, and it was exciting to help them undress. Even something so simple was new and different. Undressing Helen had never felt like this. As our shorts dropped to the floor, three straining erections arched to meet each other, and when they touched, it was like fire.

How funny that I had thought for so long that what you couldn’t see was far sexier than what you could. At that moment, all I wanted to do was put on every light in the room so I could see even more! Never had I been so excited to see the bared flesh of another.

They piled me into that huge bed and climbed in on either side of me. This time with no clothes to separate us and with two of them, there didn’t seem to be an inch of my flesh that wasn’t somehow in contact with theirs.

And their touch, with hands rougher—but not too rough—than Helen’s was like magic, raising gooseflesh wherever fingers stroked or lingered.

They were my teachers, and who knew my nipples could be so sensitive? Who knew how sensual it could be to nuzzle through soft fur and find a lover’s nipple in return? Or an armpit? That fur could be so damned sexy and the scent hidden there could be so real. This is what they’d told me so many weeks ago, that the smell of a man was wonderfully physical, and they were right!

They continued to kiss me, all down my body, and I almost thought they would fight to see who sucked me first. Finally, laughing, Tony told Mark that he loved him and offered him the first chance. Imagine that! Fighting and then offering my cock as a gift. How exquisite to have lovers who *wanted* me to fill their mouths, sucking, licking, kissing. They took turns, they shared at the same time, then they went back to taking turns while the second licked and sucked on my balls. It had been twenty years since my balls had been loved, and the pleasure was beyond explaining. I didn't know how I didn't cum instantly.

But then, it was my turn. I scooted them together, and I was the one who kissed my way down their bodies. How sexy to kiss hairy bodies instead of smooth. And had I thought Mark's chest smooth? Without his shirt and so close to him, I found a delightful soft patch of hair right between his pecs. How sexy to smell them, the scent stronger and stronger as I approached their cocks. To feel those hard cocks against my body, my chest, my throat, and then finally, there they were. Throbbing, reared up in front of my face, Tony's with a pearl of precum glistening at the tip.

I decided there would be no first. I pushed their cock heads together and kissed both at the same time, my lips instantly growing moist from Tony's bodily gift. I licked both. I tried to take both heads in my mouth at the same time, but no! That wasn't possible! The taste of Tony's precum was far more exciting than what I had licked off my own hand. Was it only hours ago? It seemed a lifetime.

When for the first time I took a man's cock in my mouth, I knew instantly why Duck had loved it so much. So silky smooth and hard and warm and alive, throbbing with

need. I sucked one and then the other and then back again, and soon we were in a crazy kind of sixty-nine, with them sharing my cock and me taking turns at theirs.

And again, the smell! I didn't know balls could smell so overwhelming thrilling. It was with wonder that I recognized the smell as so much like my own when I'd pull off my underwear, sitting on the edge of my bed at night. How had I never realized how amazing it was?

Soon my balls were aching with the need to be released. Experienced, Tony and Mark realized that.

So they pushed me back, my head in Mark's lap. Then Tony climbed on me and took me inside himself, and it was all velvet and tightness and fire! Had Duck felt so glorious? Oh my God! I didn't even last a minute, and I was pumping into him, feeling like it would never stop, like I was shooting my soul into him. Never had I had an orgasm like that, and I was amazed I didn't pass out. Maybe I did? I remember soft laughter and my earlobes being suckled and a feeling like I was coming back to life.

And then again, there was scent. I suddenly realized what that smell was when Tony had stood over me on the deck. Oh God! It was the smell of men fucking. So different than what I would have smelled after being with Helen. I'd never really cared for that, but this! This made me get hard again.

There were tears on my face, and I just kept thanking them.

Being with Helen had been special. But it was the "after" that I loved so much. The feeling of connection. But with Tony and Mark, it was connection from the very beginning, and throughout, and after.

“This is nothing,” Tony said. “Wait until Mark does his favorite thing.”

They gently pushed my over onto my tummy, and then Mark was touching the cheeks of my ass, running his fingers over them so lightly, and gooseflesh ran all up my back and arms. Then he covered my buttocks with kisses and nibbles, then spread my cheeks and licked and kissed me in my most secret place. I could hardly endure the beautiful pleasure. Nothing had prepared me for the exquisiteness of it.

When they entered me that first time, gently at first, taking turns, speeding up, I knew what I had been missing all my life. And I was so shocked at how easily I took them. I was afraid it would hurt so badly, and yes, my hole was surprised at the invasion. And yet, it wasn't bad at all. It was like I'd been born to be fucked.

But to be so unimaginably joined to not just one, but *two* other people, body and soul, was so lovely. Such passion! I never dreamed sex, that *lovemaking*, could be so powerful.

Afterward, lying between them, their arms around me, making me safe, all I could think of were Mark's words.

What happens now?

And I knew.

Me.

Why, *I* happened now!

It was my turn.

Who knows? Maybe it might even be with Tony and Mark.

And as I drifted off to sleep, for the first time, I knew what love, what lovemaking, was all about.

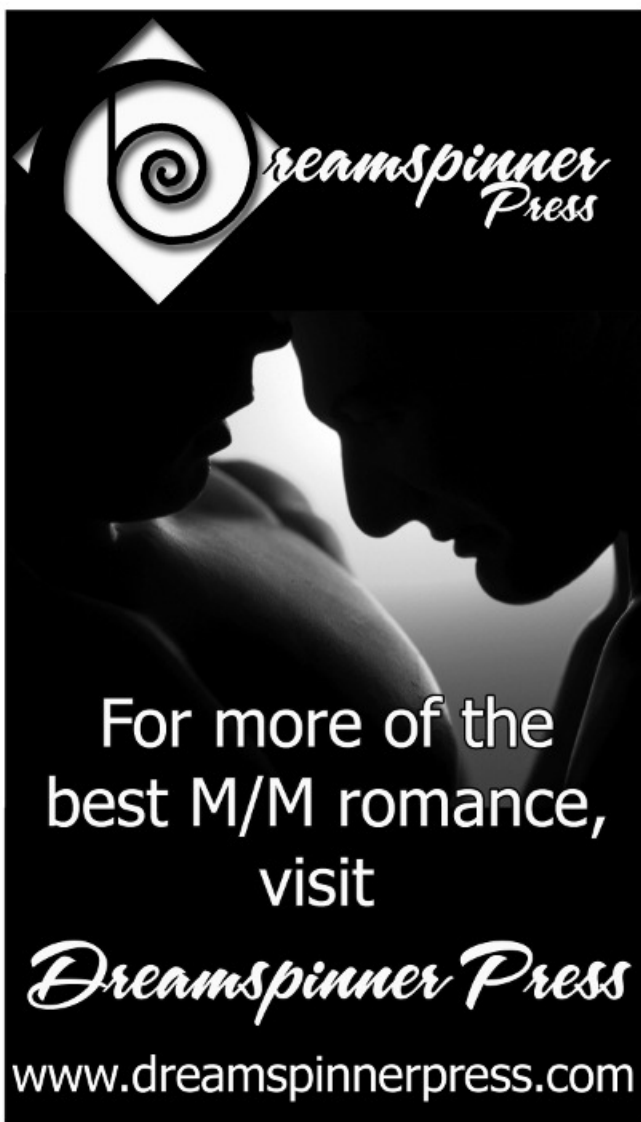
B.G. THOMAS lives in Kansas City with his husband of more than nine years and their fabulous little dog. He sees his wonderful daughter just often enough to miss her when she isn't there. He has a romantic soul and is extraordinarily lucky to have many friends.

He loves science fiction and fantasy, horror, and romance, and has gone to SF&F conventions his entire adult life. He's been lucky enough to meet many of his favorite writers. He has made up stories since he was kid; it is where he finds his joy. In the nineties, he wrote for gay magazines but stopped because they wanted all porn without plot.

Excited about the growing same-sex romance market, he started writing again. He sent out a story and was thrilled when it was almost immediately accepted.

"Leap, and the net will appear," is his personal philosophy. "It is never too late," he states. "Pursue your dreams. They will come true!"

Visit his web site at <http://bgthomas.t83.net> and his blog at <http://bg-thomas.livejournal.com>.

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