

*In the old west, it wasn't always easy to slip into
the narrow passage that led to Jackson's Hole...
but it was always worth the effort.*

Missing Jackson's Hole



Ryan Field

loveyoudivine ~ His & His Kisses

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ISBN 978-1-60054-539-9

His and His Kisses Edition

Cover art and design by Dawné Dominique

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Published by

loveyoudivine Alterotica 2010

Find us on the World Wide Web at

www.loveyoudivine.com

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By

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Jackson's hands were shaking when he reached toward the rear panel of the oak desk for his pen, planning to write a short letter of resignation, but there was a pile of half-sorted mail and so he resumed organizing it. "Why can't I just relax and enjoy the quiet?" he asked the telegraph machine. "Old Kyle Osgood, the guy who worked the night shift before me, did it for twenty years and all this darkness and silence didn't seem to trouble him in the least."

Earlier that week an old friend said, "I don't understand. You're afraid of the dark? Just sit back and relax, fool; learn how to enjoy the peace and quiet. You're now getting paid the best salary you've ever had in your life to do almost nothing at all."

This advice, which was all very well and good if you were a brainless alley cat, didn't sit well with Jackson.

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All his life he'd been terrified of two things: being alone and the darkness. And for the past month, since he'd taken over the job of running the telegraph machine from seven at night until seven in the morning, his heart hadn't stopped palpitating and his hands hadn't stopped shaking. He couldn't eat and hadn't slept more than three hours a day, and there didn't seem to be any reprieve. During the day he'd sit and agonize about having to go to work, which was almost as bad as the doomed job itself.

All this wouldn't have been such torture if there'd just been a hint of noise in the small Wyoming town at some stage in the night. But it seemed as though all life ceased the minute the sun went down. Town, as it was called, consisted of a bank, a mercantile and a few other buildings geared strictly for daily business. There was no romantic western "Saloon", where bawdy women danced on the bar and drunken cowboys turned tables and broke windows. You'd never hear the sound of loud piano music on a hot summer night coming from any building along that dusty strip. Families didn't settle *there* and spend long Sunday mornings at church. This was the sort of place where cowboys and ranchers worked until their skin turned to leather and their legs began to bow at

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the knees; the only reason for visiting “town” was to buy supplies or take care of business, and there wasn’t a sign of human life from dusk until dawn.

Jackson was twenty-five years old by then, and knew in his heart he had to overcome his intense fears, but he missed his previous job and his old life desperately. He had worked as a ranch hand, on a great ranch about five miles outside of town, for seven years. The cowboys had treated him very well, indeed. The only reason he’d moved on was because he didn’t see any potential on the ranch. He’d never been afraid to do anything they told him to do, but the men considered him too delicate to ride with the real leatherneck cowboys. Though he could look any cowboy in the eye if he stood on tip-toes, his long golden hair reminded them of fresh wheat, his smooth skin bronzed too quickly in the sun, and his slim waist made the sturdy cowboys think of their girlfriends. It didn’t help matters that his hairless legs were so well shaped; or that he had a smooth bubble ass with a long, perfect crack that went all the way up to the small of his back, where it scooped in to form the perfect, dimpled arch. Jackson was just too pretty and too polite for the dirty work of a real cowboy. So they gave him effortless jobs, like sweeping the porch,

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light kitchen work, and drawing bath water for the bulky tin tub in the back of the barn.

Jackson was good at his job, too, especially when it came to helping the cowboys bathe. Because this all happened in 1910, what went on during bath time was never discussed aloud, but the boys on that ranch were the cleanest group of rough necked fuckers west of the Mississippi. About half of the guys preferred to bathe all alone after Jackson had filled the tub with buckets of hot water he'd heated over an open fire, but the other half didn't seem to mind at all when Jackson offered to confiscate all his own clothes and help them bathe. They would close their eyes and lean their necks against the back of the tub; these well-built men had to spread their hairy legs and let them dangle over sides so there would be enough room for Jackson to get in and rub their tired muscles. The guys loved it when he'd spend a long time massaging their sore feet; most usually moaned and sighed. And they always smiled when he'd reach down into the cloudy water and gently massage their balls. The more relaxed cowboys, who maintained full erections, always had their balls sucked and received first-rate blow jobs in the end. Every now and then, and only with the cowboys who had the biggest uncut

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dicks, Jackson would pretend to accidentally drop the lye soap over the side of the tub; just so he could bend over and retrieve it. He knew once the guys saw his wet, sweet ass perched high in the air they couldn't resist reaching out and grabbing a handful. All he had to do was arch his back, spread his legs and in no time, there would be thick cowboy dick slamming his soft pelvis against the side of the tub.

He was only eighteen years old when he first started taking care of the cowboys, so to speak, but what seemed like a dream come true for a young guy who loved hard hairy dick eventually turned into a dead end. Though they couldn't wait to bend him over and spread his legs, it occurred to him he'd never be anything more than a tight hole in their eyes.

When he applied for the job at the telegraph company, he lied: he told them working at night would not be a problem; he didn't mind sitting all alone in the dark with a small gas lamp burning. "I never get lonely," he said, "I can always find something to do." But after one month on the job he was on the verge of resigning; and it finally occurred to him people didn't venture into town to send telegraphs that late at night. Why he was only working there for a telegraph emergency that happened once or twice a year.

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He took deep breaths and whistled while he sorted through the mail; all he had to do was reach for the pen and write a quick letter and he could put this awful job behind him forever. He tried to rationalize the situation: it wasn't just that he was a coward who was afraid of the dark; he hadn't sucked a dick or spread his legs since he'd left the ranch. He reached for the pen again and said, "How am I supposed to live without the other men? It's just not natural to sit all alone in the dark for the rest of my life like this."

Jackson was about to write the letter and leave for good when the office door opened and a soaring man with a black cowboy hat walked into the room. It was dark and it took Jackson a moment to realize the man was a cowboy who worked at his old ranch. His name was Hoot Chandler, and he used to bathe at least three times a week with Jackson. "Hey Hoot, what can I do for you?" He tried to steady his voice; he sat on his hands so Hoot wouldn't know they were shaking.

"Ah, well," said the tall cowboy with jet-black hair. He didn't look Jackson directly in the eyes. He just kept rubbing his stubble and looking around the office. "Just wanted to stop in and see how things were goin', is all."

Jackson frowned. "Hoot, you're the first human

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being to come in here this entire month. That's how it's going. I'm about ready to run back to the ranch and beg for my old job back."

Hoot turned his head and looked toward the floor. He kicked the edge of the desk a couple of times; his hefty, brown leather boots were dusty and uneven; you could see he'd spent a long time breaking them in. "Well, I was kind of missin' my regular bath with you, if you know what I mean." He reached down and adjusted his cock through the fabric of his tight black pants.

Jackson smiled for the first time that month; his mouth began to water. "I know exactly what you mean, Hoot." Hoot had always been special to Jackson for several reasons: First, he didn't talk much: he knew how to take control and get the job done without any awkward moments. Second, when they weren't in the bathtub Hoot treated Jackson like a man: he was the only one who had ever suggested that Jackson had cowboy potential if given a chance. And third, Hoot had a reputation with women that went beyond the imagination: around town rumor had it that not only could he fuck four or five ladies one night, but any woman who'd ever been with him always came back begging for more of his dick. But Jackson never

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had to beg him for anything...Hoot always came back begging for *Jackson's* hole.

"Is it okay that I came by to visit?" Hoot asked. His voice was cavernous and rugged. The large black cowboy hat was tilted toward his forehead, which made it difficult to read his expression.

"I guess," Jackson said. Of course it wasn't okay Hoot had come by to visit. He knew he could lose his job if anyone found out that a cowboy from the ranch had come into the neat little office, scuffing the swept floors with his dirty boots, looking for a piece of blond boy ass. "There's a small room in back with a bed. You wanna go back there, where I can take good care of you?"

Hoot pushed the black hat to the back of his head and placed his hands on his slim hips. Then he nodded with a half smile and one hoisted eyebrow.

Jackson stood from the desk and crossed the small office so he could place a sign in the window and lock the door. His hands weren't shaking anymore, but his heart began to race with the anticipation of receiving cowboy dick for the first time in weeks. The sign read, "Be Back in Half an Hour". He was allowed to take a short break every now and then; just not too long. "We only have thirty minutes, Hoot. Follow me."

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He reached for the oil lamp and led the tall cowboy through a slender wooden doorframe to a small back room with no windows, where a narrow mattress rested upon a metal bed frame; there were no bed sheets or covers. The only other piece of furniture was a small round pedestal table on the left side of the bed. Jackson placed the lamp on top and looked up at Hoot. He couldn't see much; just a strong silhouette with a big hat and slightly bowed legs. "I'm afraid this is all there is. Sorry it's so small."

"Looks okay to me," said Hoot.

Jackson knew Hoot couldn't have cared less what the room looked like. So he kicked off his boots and socks and stripped naked as quickly as he could. The uneven wooden floor felt dusty against the bottoms of his bare feet as he crossed toward Hoot, so he walked on the tips of his toes to avoid a painful splinter. Hoot reached out with both hands, grabbed him by the waist, and pulled hard until Jackson's stomach was pressed against his cold silver belt buckle. Jackson buried his face near Hoot's armpit; it smelled like meat, whiskey, and sweat. When he inhaled he closed his eyes and smiled, and then gently pressed his palms against Hoot's solid back.

Hoot began to make sluggish fuck motions with his

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pelvis; Jackson was still on tip toes and could feel the erection pressing into his soft groin. Hoot squeezed his waist hard and moaned, “Ummmm.” Jackson spread his legs and vaulted his back, inhaling as much of Hoot’s armpit as he could. Two large, callused palms began to slowly slide down Jackson’s solid ass, and when they were dead center, Hoot squeezed both ass cheeks hard and spread them apart. His breathing became heavy and his voice went deep. “I got to get in there real bad, baby.”

Jackson knew there wasn’t enough time for sucking Hoot off, so he backed away, climbed up on top of the thin mattress and rested across the width on his hands and knees. His feet hung over the edge on one side, and his hands gripped the other; he spread his legs as wide as they would go and arched his back so that all Hoot would have to do was grab his waist and heave the big dick into his hole.

Hoot stepped forward; he’d already unbuttoned his black jeans and his cock and balls were hanging from the opening. If they’d been in the tub, back at the ranch, Jackson would have been able to rub and massage Hoot’s sinewy thigh muscles, and he would have gently sucked Hoot’s bull-sized balls—he loved how they always smelled a bit like aged cheddar

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cheese. But there was only so much you could do in such a limited amount of time.

So Hoot smacked his sweaty cock hard against Jackson's hole. This was one of the special dicks Jackson had always enjoyed during bath time at the ranch; he liked it because when he wrapped his hand around the base there were still four more inches of dick popping out from the top of his fist. "Ahhh, go Hoot," Jackson whispered.

"Yeah," Hoot grunted. He spat a hefty, warm gob of saliva directly on Jackson's hole and began to rub his dick head around the pink opening. "Oh yeah," he said, "Here it comes, baby." And with one swift shove, he inserted the full length until Jackson could feel rough black pubic hair scratching against his silky ass.

"Whoa!" Jackson whispered. Hoot always went deep and wide, to that hidden place in Jackson's ass where his orgasms began to build. And he knew, with prescient clarity, that as long as Hoot fucked him hard, he'd only have to stroke his own cock a few times to orgasm.

Hoot pressed his right palm to Jackson's waist, and with his left he reached forward and pulled a chunk of long blond hair. "Yeah, gonna breed that sweet hole, baby."

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Jackson's head went back and his mouth fell open; Hoot pulled his hair—something about blonds made him feel so powerful and strong, and began to fuck with more concentration. He hammered with his pelvis; his movements and rhythm reminded Jackson of a fast waltz in three quarter time...one-two-three, one-two-three, and so on, without breaking a beat. Hoot knew how far to pull his cock out and just when to ram it back in again. Jackson soon began to feel the sensation building deeply inside his body: the intensity of what he hoped would be a double orgasm. This was not a thing he could normally portend with the other cowboys; just Hoot. Most of the rough necked cowboys he knew fucked with their legs and arms awkwardly flailing about, with no rhythm whatsoever. Of course, any hairy-legged cowboy could bend him over and shove dick up his hole: a fuck was a fuck, after all. But a good fuck wasn't always easy to find.

“Getting close, baby...gonna breed you real soon,” Hoot grunted.

Jackson began to moan and squeal like a pig caught in a rusted wire fence; he liked it when Hoot talked about breeding him like a prized mare. His legs were spread so wide and he was so close to orgasm the

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pain in his loins soon became pleasure. Though he knew he'd be limping the next day, and the bruises on the backs of his legs and ass cheeks wouldn't disappear for a week, the harder Hoot fucked the more he wanted.

A few moments later, with his own orgasm ready to explode, Jackson heard Hoot shout, "Breed you, baby...breed you now!" And, as usual, Hoot buried his cock as far up Jackson's hole as it would go and blew a load of cream into his body. Jackson grabbed his own cock, and a second later his toes were curling and his body was trembling with the most electric double orgasm he'd had in ages. He wasn't even jerking his dick; just holding it with his right hand when he dropped his own load of white juice all over the old mattress.

A few drops of Hoot's sweat fell from his temple and splashed to the middle of Jackson's spine; Hoot's breathing was heavy and he had to spread his legs and lean back to regain his balance. But the cowboy stud was not ready to pull out yet. He gently began to rub Jackson's silky ass with his jagged palms, and then with slow fuck motions continued to deposit his last ounce of seed.

Hoot looked down so he could watch his dick slowly

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sliding in and out of Jackson. He noticed the redness on the backs of Jackson's legs and ass and hoped he hadn't been too rough. "How you doin?" he asked.

Jackson's eyes were still rolling to the back of his head; his tongue was hanging from his mouth. "I'm good, Hoot. How are you?" His voice was soft and wrecked by then.

Hoot shook his head and smiled. Then pulled out and shoved his dick back into his pants. "Baby, you're the best." He'd never met anyone who loved dick so much, certainly not the women he knew. He reached forward with his right hand, placed it on Jackson's stomach, and helped him to his feet.

"Thanks," Jackson said. He liked standing there naked, with clear cum dripping out of his hole and down the backs of his legs, while a big dirty cowboy hand rubbed his stomach. "I'd better get dressed now."

Hoot lowered his head and placed both hands in his pockets while Jackson bent down to retrieve his clothes. "I guess I'll be moving along now."

Jackson should have put on his shirt first, or maybe his slacks, but he decided to put on his high-heeled cowboy boots first. So he could walk around naked a little longer for Hoot. There had been many times, during the regular baths at the ranch, when

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Hoot had asked him to keep wearing his boots after he'd removed all his clothes. "It was good to see you, Hoot." Then he lowered his head and innocently looked the cowboy directly in the eye as though he'd just been punished.

Hoot turned to leave, but stopped when he reached for the door handle. "Mind if I come back?"

Jackson spread his legs and stretched his arms high in the air. "You can come back any time you want."

The following night, when Jackson arrived for work to relieve the guy who worked the telegraph machine during the day, his hands weren't shaking anymore and there was a slight lilt in his voice. Though his ass was still a bit bruised from the hard pounding he'd taken from Hoot on the previous night, it occurred to him that cowboy cock was probably the best sedative he'd ever known; much better than whiskey, and the effects lasted so much longer. After a good fuck his skin would shine, there was a smile on his face for days, and best of all, he wasn't afraid of anything. It almost felt as though he could still feel the dick stretching the lips of his hole and filling his body.

Around midnight Jackson peered through the front window and noticed a shadow approaching the office. A tall figure, with a cowboy hat, jumped off his horse

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near the front entrance. Naturally assuming this was Hoot returning for another fuck session, Jackson decided to surprise him. So while the shadow tied the horse to the post, Jackson quickly slipped out of his gray slacks and sat down behind the desk. He wanted to go down on his knees and suck the cowboy off right there on the office floor. No one could see he was buck-naked from the waist down, except for his black cowboy boots, unless he stood.

But when the office door opened Jackson turned a bright shade of red and pulled himself as close to the desk as possible. The “shadow” turned out to be another cowboy from the ranch: Mickey Johnson. “Hey Mickey,” Jackson shouted, “What’re you doing out here this time of night?”

Mickey put his hands in his pockets and stared at the floor. “Just stopped by to see how you’re liking you’re new job here.” His voice was deep and the words weren’t completely connected.

Jackson knew at once the only reason Mickey was there was because like Hoot, he was missing his “bath time”. “Well, it’s kinda lonely here at night. Glad you stopped in.”

Mickey pursed his lips together; the expression on his face reminded Jackson of a bad little boy who’d

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been caught stealing from the cookie jar. Unlike Hoot, Mickey was young and shy; probably not much older than Jackson. His body was hard and lean, his hair was sandy blonde, and he always wore his pants so tight you could see the outline of this cock.

Jackson smiled. "What can I do for you?"

After a moment of silence, Mickey rubbed his jaw and said, "I really miss bath time...I mean *really miss it*. If you know what I mean?"

Jackson knew exactly what he meant; and *he* missed the flavor of tangy young cowboy dick. Mickey had always been a quick bath, about once a week, usually Saturday night. And though it was a bold move even for Jackson, he stood from the desk chair and slowly walked toward the young cowboy wearing nothing from the waist down except his boots. He didn't even bother to lock the door and put out the sign; he knew this wouldn't take long. This cowboy didn't waste time when it came to blowing his load down Jackson's throat.

When Mickey noticed Jackson was already half naked in the soft low light, his eyes popped and his jaw dropped. "Damn, you got legs as soft and pretty as any girl I ever seen," said the cowboy.

Jackson did not respond with words. He went down

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on his knees, spread his legs, and buried his face in Mickey's crotch. The rough fabric of his dusty brown pants smelled like a combination of tweed, must, and dried urine. While the cowboy leaned back and spread his legs for balance as though he were about to take a piss, Jackson unfastened the opening of the soiled pants, carefully pulled out a semi-erect cock, and a nice set of sour smelling balls.

"Oh, that's it," the cowboy moaned.

Jackson quickly slipped the almost hard dick past his wet lips and over his warm tongue. He sucked slowly and with ease, enjoying the sensation of bringing that malodorous cock to full erection. Mickey's cock was unusually thick, and the head came to a slight point like an acorn; that night it tasted salty from all the built up pre-cum.

Mickey's breathing became labored; he reached down and grabbed a handful of blonde hair at the back of Jackson's head. Jackson relaxed his lips and then intensified the sucking motion with his tongue while Mickey pulled his head back and forth. The way Jackson could become so limp and pliable was astounding to the cowboys; at times it seemed as though he turned to clay in their strong hands. To maintain his balance, Jackson rested his palms gently

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against the strong cowboy's thighs for support. A line of wet saliva ran down Jackson's chin while he slurped and sucked.

"I'm gettin' there," Mickey said. "C'mon boy, you know what to do."

Ah well, Jackson knew exactly what to do at that point. Mickey liked to finish himself off, while Jackson sucked up his sweaty balls and gently rolled them around his tongue.

So while Mickey took control and began to jerk his own wet cock, Jackson opened his mouth wide and gobbled both cowboy balls with one gulp. Oh, how he'd missed the acidic taste of those vinegary smelling cum sacks. He loved everything about the unwashed smell of cowboy crotch.

Mickey was one of those fast jerk-offs, who had to pull and tug like a manic to shoot the final load, and sometimes it took a while longer than the other cowboys. But that night, after only a few jerks, the young cowboy shouted, "Here goes, boy."

Jackson immediately backed away from Mickey's balls, tilted his head all the way back and opened his mouth; then stuck out his tongue for a full load of jizz. Mickey liked it like that; to aim directly into Jackson's open mouth. He once mentioned to Jackson that his

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girlfriend wouldn't even consider such a thing; she thought it was disgusting and perverted. When Jackson replied, "It's so natural; I love the way you taste; it's sweet, like sugar," Mickey smiled with satisfaction. And Jackson wasn't telling a lie either: the boy's wad did have a faint taste of confectionary sugar. It was white, creamy and sticky, too.

Mickey's legs began to vibrate and the head of his cock began to swell. A second later, he pointed it toward Jackson's open mouth and blew a thick ribbon of sweet cream onto Jackson's pink tongue. A few of the last drops missed his mouth and rested on his chin; there was actually so much cum, the sides of Mickey's fingers were wet, too. Jackson closed his mouth and swallowed slowly so that he could taste every last drop of juice while Mickey watched with satisfaction. Jackson licked his dripping chin so nothing would be wasted, and then he proceeded to lick Mickey's thick fingers clean as well. When there wasn't a drop left in the open air, Jackson slipped the drooping cock back into his mouth and sucked it completely dry; just to make sure he'd drained every last ounce of cum from the cowboy. Oh, clean up was half the fun; and Jackson knew how much the boys liked to watch as he savored their juice while licking his lips.

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“Ah yeah, boy, that’s it,” Mickey whispered while Jackson finished him off.

A moment later, Mickey shoved his clean dick back into his pants and buttoned up tightly. He had to pack it down, a pound of meat in a tight bag. “Thanks for that, boy,” Mickey said. He adjusted his hat and crossed back to the front entrance.

Mickey was out the door and back on his horse, and there hadn’t even been time for Jackson to blow his own load. But that’s how it was with some of the cowboys at the ranch, and Jackson didn’t really mind at all. He liked giving them pleasure; he loved to see the grateful expressions on their strong faces while he swallowed their cum or licked the bottoms of their tired feet—actually, one of them only wanted his toes sucked and his feet licked. Jackson didn’t mind, they always thanked him afterwards; when if the truth be told he always felt as though *he* should be thanking *them*.

When Jackson stood to return to his desk, it occurred to him that his own dick was still erect, and he was horny as hell. The taste of cowboy cum was still on his tongue and the only thing he could do was go back to his chair and jerk off alone. But as he was about to turn he overheard the sound of footsteps

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heading toward the front door. For fear of being caught in the middle of the room half-naked, he ran back to his chair and jumped behind the desk.

He took a deep breath and sighed when the door opened and in walked Hoot Chandler. "You're back so soon?"

Hoot pursed his lips and smiled. "I don't like the thought of you sitting here all alone all night."

"Yeah well..." He thought it best not to mention his fun with Mickey.

Hoot put his hands in his pockets and smiled. "I hope it's okay that I came back tonight."

Hoot was acting peculiar for some reason. It wasn't like him to waste time with small talk while he stood there with his hands in his pockets. "What are you up to, Hoot Chandler?" Jackson asked.

"I kind of brought two of the boys from the ranch along with me," he said. "I wasn't sure if that would be okay, though. If it's not I'll get rid of them right now."

Jackson lifted both naked legs, spread them wide, and then rested them on the arms. There was a grin on his face and his pussy hole was literally twitching with anticipation. "I don't see any harm in taking care of a few of the old boys from the ranch," he said. "Go get'em, Hoot. I'll take good care of'em."

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Hoot's mouth dropped open and his eyebrows went up when he noticed Jackson was already half naked. "Looks like you were expecting me tonight."

"I had a feeling, is all," said Jackson.

Hoot slapped his knee hard and turned back toward the door so he could get the other cowboys. When he was outside Jackson turned toward the telegraph machine and said, "Well, isn't *this* a fine state of affairs, indeed. I not only get to keep my job, I'm learning to conquer my fears, and I'm getting all the cowboy dick I can handle...all at the same time. Life is good!" Then he slipped off his shirt, crossed slowly to the back room with his high-heeled boots clicking against the wooden floor, and fell flat on the mattress with his legs spread wide and ass high in the air.

The End

About the Author

Ryan Field is a fiction writer who has worked in publishing for over fifteen years. He has worked as an assistant editor and editor for magazines and non-fiction publishers.

Aside from his novels, his short stories have been published in anthologies and collections by Alyson Books, Cleis Press and Starbooks Press. His short story, "Down the Basement," is part of a collection of short stories in the Lambda Award winning book, BEST GAY EROTICA 2009. He blogs at www.ryan-field.blogspot.com

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