

# STUD HOUSE

by Lew Hollings



AC-103 STUD HOUSE by Law Honings

CHAPTER ONE

The living room was dark when Colby returned with the big jar of Vaseline. He stopped in the doorway and let his eyes linger a long time on the naked form lying in the red glow of the dying fire. The dark hair foamed in a light-struck halo, only inches away from the fieldstone hearth, while the lean, taut-muscled torso stretched out in the room, as though offering itself to the voyeur in the doorway.

The gold-flecked green eyes were closed, long lashed fanned over high cheekbones. The full wine-colored mouth was relaxed in an expression of dreamy contemplation.

Colby held his breath, afraid to shatter the delicate moment, afraid that whatever move he made now would be the wrong one. His eager cock sprang powerfully erect, bobbing up from its lazy, swaying relaxation between his marble-toned thighs, and his massive balls felt alive with churning excitement, just looking at the magnificent nakedness of his lover.

The olive-toned flesh was deepened an even richer shade from long hours in the summer sun Colby was glad Seth did his sunbathing in the nude. That way there was no flaw in the symmetry of the athletic physique, no distracting strip of paler flesh to swerve the eye from its natural course, caressing, encompassing the entire body!

Seth stirred and raised his head. His full mouth spread wide in a welcoming smile. Strong white teeth, slightly irregular, but perfect, as everything about Seth was perfect, gleamed in the firelight.

"I wondered if you'd got side-tracked. You were gone so long... I nearly fell asleep."

The voice, so familiar, so exciting, was deep, rumbling but clarion clear. Colby shuddered with pleasure.

The voice -- so masculine and dominant! It was almost enough to make Colby shoot a sudden, unplanned load.

Right from the big stud's balls! Deepest damn voice I've ever heard... sends pins and needle up and down my spine... reaches right into my guts and twists me in knots.

"Sorry it took so long... but I thought I'd better call the answering service and tell Viola to take all calls till morning... and there were a couple of messages."

Seth came up on his elbows, eyes wide open now, the smile easing from his lips, a tense expression replacing it.

"Anything for me?"

Alarm shot through Colby. Seth never cared about calls or messages. Not until lately -- and now, every time the phone rang, he all but dashed to reach it first. The knot of pleasure in Colby's gut changed, suddenly, subtly, to a wrenching twinge of fear, and somewhere in the fear was more than a little despair.

"No. Nothing for you. Were you expecting somebody to call?"

Seth didn't answer, but let himself slide back until he lay flat, the smile slowly coming back, the eyes glowing intent as he gazed up at Colby, fairer-skinned than he, normally, but now, at the end of summer, as dark, though a far different color.

Coppery. No, bronze might be more descriptive. Anyway, whatever, he looked like a blond Indian with blazing, deep-seeing blue eyes that seemed to reach right inside, even through his head. He wondered, for one wild moment, whether Colby could really see through him, if Colby could, perhaps, read his mind?

Christ knew, they had been together long enough! A year -- a year and almost three months. Christ, it felt like a lifetime!

Colby squatted at Seth's side, his boyish body free of hair, except for the fine down that feathered his arms and legs, silver now against his dark tan, glittering in the firelight with the slightest move he made.

He smiled down into Seth's sexy eyes as he unscrewed the cap from the huge jar of Vaseline, never once looking away as he set the jar top aside and scooped two fingers into the gooey lubricant. But Seth's eyes veered from Colby's face, downward, sweeping quickly over the broad shoulders, the deep-pecked chest, the corrugated midsection, halting to watch the rite of removing a dollop of grease from the jar, maneuvering to retain his balance and manage to hold onto the jar, slip his hand down between his own splayed thighs, and rub the slick lube over the crack between his asscheeks, then manipulate both those strong, blunt fingers into the opening, generously anointing the interior channel as deep as he could reach.

"Shit, man, I love to watch you get ready! It really gets to me seeing you with your fingers way up your ass... look! Look at my dick... see what happens? Every time I watch you gettin' yourself greased up?"

Colby smiled, but there was a wistfulness in it, and his eyes were almost sad as they traveled down the silken-haired definition of Seth's sinewy torso. The fan of fine dark hair arced across his chest just under the collarbone, sweeping outward to encircle and caress those big, red-brown nipples, then harrowing in again to the trim waist, a mere trail, a dark line that might have been drawn by a delicate pencil, whirling about the deep-shadowed navel, then cresting into a massive growth around the bull-bellied cock. A wild jumble of sparkling curls covered his groin, and again diminishing as it reach the lightly hair-dusted balls and trailing off into a fine network of exciting emphasis over the solid, etched

thighs.

And there, in the midst of all that curly richness, the pinnacle of Colby's life, the totem of his love for the man who had shared his life for the last fifteen months.

"I don't have to see you do anything to get horny! I only have to know that you are! Just the fact that you exist makes me horny, Seth!"

Colby's eyes were directed at the upright cock, watching as his fingers smeared the entire length of that massive shaft, so he didn't notice the brief glitter of annoyance in Seth's bright, green eyes, nor the immediate, deliberate change of expression, wiping away the look of irritation.

Seth tightened the muscles in his trim, sexy ass, hunched his hips up to meet the greasy, shaft-encircling fist, fucking several rapid, staccato thrusts up inside the tight-clenching captor, then relaxed and fell back to enjoy Colby's familiar ritual of love and, satisfaction.

"I'm hot for your ass, man!"

As though to emphasize the point, he clenched his asshole, making his cock jerk in Colby's fist. The manipulator gasped with anticipation and squeezed hard, as he raised one foot from the floor, swung his splayed thighs over Seth's heaving belly, and slowly, tantalizingly, lowered himself, guiding the wild-throbbing tool into his asshole with maddening hesitation.

"Christ! You're gonna play your game... so long... you'll make me shoot my load... around the opening of your asshole! Damn! You're never gonna get that thing inside you... up your ass... before I get my nuts off!"

Breathless, struggling, angry now, eyes glaring up into the hazy, distant blue of Colby's sex enchanted glassy stare.

He moaned, and tried to hump his cock up so it would sink into the wide-open portal! But Colby held firm, his fist tight around the striving stoker, holding it helpless, until, of his own decision, his own timing, he sucked in a quick, loud breath, and seeming to dissolve, let himself down onto the full length of the awe inspiring prick of his lover!

The long, fat cockshaft seemed to shudder as it disappeared into the widespread asshole, as the stretched asscheeks slid down firmly into the flesh of his belly and thighs.

"Ohhh! Man, I still don't know how you do that... but I sure as hell dig it!"

And he rammed up with all his strength, making sure there wasn't an iota of himself remaining neglected outside the now-clamping, tight-gripping asshole!

"Ooooh, Seth! Man, it's good! It's so goooood! Fuck, man! Fuck my ass! I'm

all yours, stud! Hump that big, beautiful prick way up into my guts! Fuck me, man! Fuck me to death!"

Seth's strong hands clamped over Colby's trembling hips, tight, almost painful, and guided the sun-bronzed physique up and down in steady strokes, his Vaseline-smeared cock working in and out rhythmically, smoothly, piston like, a steady, even drive in, a thrilling slide out, then a grunting pump and he was in to the hairy hilt again!

"Fuck, man! Fuck!"

Colby maneuvered into a new position, balancing his weight on his knees, so he could control the action, and set his own speed!

"Ohhh, Christ! That's so fuckin' good!"

He rolled his hips, rotating his whole torso so that Seth's cock was working in a modified corkscrew motion, adding tremors of more-than-usual excitement that raged through both of them.

"My dick, man! Grab it! Smear your hands with the grease! Fuck me, Seth! Jack me off... and play with my balls! Jesus! I'm so... fuckin'... so... close..."

His body was racked by spasms of delight as the giant prick worked deep into his asshole, then slid almost out as he rose and fell on it, impaling himself, taking all of Seth's oversized dick, wishing there were even more -- and wondering, at the same moment, whether he'd be able to handle it if there were more!

Seth's cock was the biggest chunk of male flesh he had ever seen, or attempted to conquer! He had managed with Seth, but only after long and careful practice! Now it was familiar and comfortable, but once, in the beginning.

But he didn't want to remember that! The pain, the fights, the violence and threats and even... hate... when things didn't work out and Seth's patience wore thin! But it had worked, finally, and they had come to know all each other's secret places, the points that, when touched, even lightly, even accidentally, brought passion raging on, relentless, unavoidable, and clothes were ripped away, bodies positioned, and cock and ass met in the old-new thrill of total and single-directed sex.

"Fuck me, man! Christ, I love that big cock of yours! I love to feel it up there... way up my ass... trying to rip me apart! Jesus! Yessss! Oh, yessssss! Fuck it, stud!"

He rolled and hip-thrust, he bounced and twisted and writhed atop the willing victim of his lust-game!

A self-satisfied smile spread across Seth's face as he lay back, eyes closed, blindly stroking the impressive prick of his mate. He liked the size and contour of Colby's beauty, but it was not special to him, as his cock was to Colby. It was big, and perfectly shaped, long and thick and

juicy but it was just a cock!

That was the basic difference between the lovers. He couldn't lose himself in the endowment and assets of his beloved, as Colby could, so easily.

But at this moment it didn't matter! Both his greasy fists were working up and down the bursting shaft of Colby's hard-on!

Colby's two-fisted peter!

Not to be sneezed at, by any means... but not up to the super dick between his own thighs, the prize-winning prick now fucking deep in Colby's ass!

The biggest fucker in the world, I bet! I hope! I sure as hell never seen a bigger one!

"Jack it, Seth! Christ, I'm almost there! You ready, man?"

"Ride it, stud! Keep workin' that horny ass, up and down my joint! It's good, man! Real goooood!"

His ass was working, now, aiding the frantic, breathless efforts of Colby as he fucked himself on Seth's giant prick! Seth fucked his cock up as Colby sloshed his asshole down and they met somewhere between eternity and infinity!

"I'm there, man! Christ, I'm gonna blast all over you! I'm gonna give your belly and chest a real cum-bath!"

He gasped and sobbed, his body shuddering helplessly, as his orgasm rose. He worked his body now in more limited strokes, concentrating the hard-rubber cockhead to the sensitivity of this inflamed prostate, ready to blast off, deliberately prolonging the thrill of it as long as possible; teasing himself, as he was teasing Seth!

"Gum, you bastard! Get your gun, man... so when your ass clamps down it'll get me off! I'm almost there! I wanna... I... shit... I... gotta... I gotta cum! Gotta shoot! Do it, Colby! Do it! Ride that big, juicy prick! Shoot your wad... and... make me shoot mine! COLBY!"

A long-drawn, steady wail rose from Colby's throat, and his buns clasped the intruding cockhead, milking it furiously, as his big, hard prick throbbed, expanded, and exploded a huge arc of cum that rose high in the air, hung suspended in time for a moment, then, defeated by gravity and reality, splattered down on Seth's straining chin, followed by more spurts, arcing as high, nearly as high, then simply bubbling and trickling from the spent lips of the completely drained cock.

A broken trail of white globs lined Seth's heaving belly, and the rippling muscles strained with even greater intensity now, as the inner muscles of Colby's asshole grasped him and squeezed, an agony of sensation, forcing his balls to draw up tight against his cockbase, his

cock to swell and throb, and then, as he groaned helplessly, head whipping from side to side, ass muscles clenching, ramming, driving, he fucked his cock deep into Colby's ass and strained with everything in him, as the gushes of creamy jism erupted way up in Colby's belly, sparkling trickles making their way out to run down between his thighs into the crack of his own, unfucked ass.

"Oh, Christ! Colby, you're a beautiful fuck!"

"Shit, stud! Who wouldn't be... with something like that redwood of yours to work on!"

Colby chuckled and ground his ass down hard over Seth's belly and groin. Seth moaned and almost roughly pushed him away, twisting onto his side, throwing Colby off balance, and with a wrench of his hips pulled his prick out, completely, unexpectedly, even as his cock was still dribbling a string of pearly jism that held them attached briefly, before snapping, as Seth drew away and rose to his knees.

"Hey... what where you goin', Seth? Shit, you're still cummin'! Come here, babe, and let me lick those last drops off the end of your dick!"

For a moment Colby thought he hadn't heard, or just wasn't going to acknowledge the request, but then Seth stopped and turned back, a strange smile on his handsome mouth, those big, strong teeth sparkling in the almost-dark, now that the fire had fallen to embers.

"Yeah. Okay, man! That's fitting! Go ahead! Lick it... take it in your mouth... suck it take those last drops of my jism."

A chill gripped Colby, but he dismissed all awareness bid the out-thrusting cock bobbing before his face. He arched his neck, angled his mouth, and lunged forward, lips gaping, tongue flicking out, and captured the dripping cockhead, dragged it hungrily into his mouth, anchoring its broad-flaring rim with his teeth, and worked, on the entire head-surface with his restless tongue.

He just pulled it out of my ass... I can taste fuck on it... but... shit, I don't care! It's me... and him. Christ, I could eat his big, beautiful meat forever! Never stop! Just stay on my knees twenty-four hours a day... suckin' him off! Makin' him cum! Takin' his load... after load... after load... after...

And then, surprisingly, he felt the massive expansion, the intensified thump of blood engorged pulse, and the spasming of the huge, mouth-filling cockhead, as Seth rocked closer to him, thrusting his hips forward, gasping, gurgling, making garbled animal sounds of orgasm, and another unexpected load spurted out, rich, thick, slamming against the back of his throat, like syrup or honey, so thick, so much of it, it was difficult -- to swallow!

And then, as the last drops dwindled off and Colby swallowed the last mouthful, Seth twisted away, snapping his spent prick out of Colby's mouth, almost roughly. He turned and started from the now dark living

room.

"Hey, Seth... where you going?"

"I'm leavin', man! Movin' on."

He turned in the doorway and it was as though Colby were looking at the masculine beauty of his nakedness for the first time. Seth was even more beautiful than he had ever realized. He couldn't believe, couldn't let himself believe, what he was hearing.

But the expression on Seth's face, the arrogant challenge in those fiery eyes, doused all his hope.

"I... I... just gotta go, that's all! I've had it, man... I been around longer than I thought I could stay when it started! You're a great fuck, man... but I gotta have more! Maybe just one stud on the hook isn't enough for me!"

Colby's anger flared.

"One! Christ, you haven't quit trickin' with every dude you could get your hands on... or show your big dick to all the while we've been together! Shit... one stud! That's the biggest laugh of the century!"

"Don't start on me, man! We played this scene before... and I didn't like it then! I don't dig it any better now! I gave you what you wanted... the biggest prick in town... up your ass... down past your tonsils... anytime you wanted it! I didn't make any promises. We had no commitment beyond that... my cock... your ass... your mouth!"

"That's for fuckin' sure! You're sure as hell stingy with your mouth... and asshole!"

"Oh, Christ, Colby. Do we have to go over it all again?"

"Why not? You're leaving. One last time shouldn't be too much to ask!"

"Okay! You insist? We'll play it again... I don't dig suckin' cock! I don't mind jackin' you off... any guy... but I don't like feelin' a hard joint in my face... in my mouth! And I'm not about to get cornholed, man! I got it once, when I was too small an helpless to fight back, but I'm never gonna do it again... unless... like I told you a thousand times... I can come up against another dude who's hung even bigger than me... and strong enough to make me take him! That's the only way I'm ever gonna take a cock up the ass again!"

"Seth... I... please, man... don't go! Stay. You dig my ass, don't you? You like the way I blow you?"

"I dig you... altogether... but I've had it, man, like I said! It's gettin' stale! Another couple weeks... another month... we'd hate each other... least I'd hate you... and I wanna remember it good, you know?"



Colby's head fell forward between his shoulders. A million things came into his mind, things to say... things to dissuade Seth from deserting him. But, even as he thought wildly, seeking the one irrefutable argument that would make Seth stay, he knew he would never find it! It didn't exist!

Nothing would hold Seth, now that he had decided to leave. He stayed still for a long time, tears silently rolling down his cheeks, until he heard the click of the front door, knew that Seth was gone, probably never to return.

Then he rose, went into the bathroom, turned on all the lights, and stroked his cock until it was fully hard, raging, fiery with need and excitement!

Rising on tiptoe, he stared at his reflection in the huge mirror above the lavatory, eyes focused on the slithering hugeness of his foreskin, hooding and unsheathing his cock in his own fist, fondling and massaging his balls with the other hand!

He gasped and groaned, whimpered and moaned, as his orgasm rose higher and higher in his gut! His hips rocked as he fucked his fist, the cock oil lubricating his fingers, creating a steady slapping rhythm, as he jacked and jacked. His hand between his thighs pressed up hard, forcing his huge, swollen balls up inside his body, straining against the base of his prick.

He was trembling uncontrollably as he stared, wide-eyed, at the reflection of his abandoned masturbation. But he didn't see himself!

Seth!

He'd show him!

His breath rasped in his throat as his cockhead expanded, swelled and pounded, the geometric slit in the meatus gaping wide, erupting, spurting great geysers of jism against the mirror to drip and roll heavily, slowly down the gleaming surface!

Trembling helplessly, exhausted, nearly unable to retain his balance, he glared angrily into the imagined gold-flecked green eyes, and hacked a huge glob of spit into the reflected face!

Fuck you, Seth Lucas! I can do without you! After all the practice I had on that ramrod of yours, there isn't a cock around I can't handle! And I'm gonna have 'em all!

He milked the last drops from his wilted prick and flipped them into the sink, watching them run down over the gleaming white porcelain.

Very carefully, methodically, he rolled back the heavy hooding foreskin and turned on the water in the sink. As it warmed, Colby ran the tip of his forefinger round and round his cockhead, collecting the remnants of jism.

Staring blankly at his pearly-coated finger for a long time, Colby finally raised his hand, opened his mouth and popped the morsel of man seed inside, swirling his tongue to collect it, and swallowed joyously.

I got delicious cum!

He carefully washed his jism-streaked cock, and then his hands, never once raising his head to the mirror, reluctant to look at the spent sperm he had wasted!

And, probably, unable to admit, as he would have to, seeing them, the tears that rolled silently and steadily down his face.

## CHAPTER TWO

Colby Charles made up his mind he wasn't going to moon over the loss of his lover! What the fuck! There's a cock dangling under every pair of pants, and with his clean cut good looks, his athlete's body, his brazenly bulging basket, he knew he'd have no trouble replacing Seth -- if he wanted -- but, until the time he chose to take a full-time lover again, he was sure as hell going to play the field!

Man, when I think of all the available meat around town, all the lonely guys who go home alone and jack off wasting all that wonderful jism... it's a shame! It's my duty to help those guys and save all that spunk from staining sheets... getting wadded up in tissues, pumped down the toilet and my mouth and asshole are available, going to waste. I'll get us together!

But in spite of his resolve, (his good intentions?) nothing seemed to happen for Colby. Driving the quiet streets at night, eyes always open, staring, searching hungrily for available cruisers, going the bar circuit, even touring from tea-room to tea-room!

Nothing!

His heart just wasn't in it!

Colby joined, rather than relieved, the ranks of those he pitied. His only release became his own fist, greased with hair cream, face cream, Vaseline, or KY (which he disliked and soon discarded in favor of longer-lasting lubricants), his only company his own, his reflection in the many mirrors scattered through the apartment.

It just wasn't any good! No matter how hard he looked, how hard he tried, to meet horny dudes, to ask them home with him, or let them pick him up and take him to their places, he just couldn't stop comparing these new acquaintances, these strangers, with Seth!

And they all fell short... in one way or another.

One dude he almost succeeded in letting himself get interested in was in lot of ways like Seth! Big and butch and confident, Colby cruised him

with enthusiasm, until they came face to face and the cologne the stud was wearing overwhelmed Colby and turned his stomach -- and turned him off!

Too bad! A dude who looked so great, so butch, who couldn't let his own delicious man-smell carry him -- had to dip too deep into the perfume and cologne! Probably want to get in drag when they got home and want Colby to screw his ass -- in pink nylon panties, yet!

So Colby worked, accepting every commission that came his way, painting murals. In private homes, office buildings, municipal and county offices, in bars, gay or straight, creating. Often the creation was not of his choosing, but when given free rein, usually in the gay bars, less frequently in private residences, he painted the things he couldn't express any other way. Naked men, sensitive but completely male, sometimes lost in the glory of mating, rampant pricks driving powerfully into other male bodies, mouths or asses, sometimes even fists, showing the spurting ecstasy of cum-gushing orgasm.

And when work was finished, days ended, he went back to the lonely, empty apartment, with its memories and residual pain, and experimented with various emollients, each, he discovered, with its own qualities, its own degree of slippery slickness, its good and bad features!

He experimented with various positions, as well. On the big bed, on his knees, head sunken in the mattress, watching hungrily the subtlest movement of his clenching fist, watching his big balls slap against the back of his hand on each downstroke. He strained his back muscles, trying to capture the head of his dick in his own mouth, aching as much from the frustrated desire to taste his own flesh as from the pulled muscles!

He lay, sometimes on his back, knees bent up over his head, digging into the mattress beside his ears! This was better, but he still couldn't manage to reach the tip of his cockhead! He could, though, spurt his load directly into his mouth, and savor the salt-sweet nectar of his own loins!

Man, I sure got sweet, good, hot cum!

But, his great desire, to taste and feel the texture of that great, pink-lavender mushroom at the end of his cockshaft remained beyond his reach! No matter how long he stroked his cock, no matter how hard he strained, no matter what he did, he couldn't breach that last gap of scant inches and became conqueror of his own resistant flesh!

And still he cruised!

And worked!

And jerked off!

And tried to manage the somehow possible feat (he'd seen it done -- in exhibition, live, and in movies and still photos) of eating his own luscious prick!

And there were no tricks who came up to his rigid qualifications!

There was increasingly less solace in the elaborate ritual, of greasing his hand and prick and joining one with the other. Jacking off just wasn't making it for him over the long haul!

Steam baths, men's rooms, crusin' streets, bus stops, gay bars, underground newspaper ads! None of them brought results!

The Depression set in. He began to think he would alone for all the rest of his life, without even a one-night-stand now and then to break up the routine!

And then the whole sky fell in.

A telegram!

Seth! Seth was coming back!

That was his one and only thought as he held the yellow envelope in trembling hands. He couldn't open it! He was too afraid, too elated and suspense-filled, all at the same time!

Drawing a deep breath, tensing to gain control of himself, Colby managed, somehow, to get the envelope ripped open, and the folded yellow sheet out! Unfolding it was the hardest work he ever did!

It wasn't from Seth!

The bastard!

And who the fuck was Cassius Gillette?

And why did he want to see Colby as soon as convenient?

But there it was, a short, economical message: Please contact me, telephone or personally, at first opportunity. Urgent.

And signed simply, Cassius Gillette!

Thoughtlessly, Colby glanced at his watch -- three-thirty! Was it too late to get in touch with the strange telegram-sender? He went into the bedroom and dragged the over-sized yellow pages from their resting place under the nightstand.

What the fuck am I doing with the yellow pages? I don't know where to look!

He replaced it and traded it for the white directory. Leafing through, he found the G's, then ran his finger down each column until he found what he sought. Gillette, Cassius, Attorney-at-law.

A fuckin' lawyer!

Maybe a past client was suing him, having decided he didn't like -- wasn't satisfied with -- had been cheated in -- Colby's work.

Afraid of the worst, Colby quickly stripped and ran into the bathroom, dashed under the shower and dried and dressed as quickly as possible.

He debated what to wear! Casual? Raunchy? Dress-up?

He decided against raunchy, tossing the worn jeans across the bed, tossing the boots into the rear of the closet. He halfway chose dress-up, but carefully hung the dark suit back in place, deciding instead on a pair of new blue-and-beige-plaid knit flares and a soft blue body shirt that served multiple purposes in one.

Stepping into the shirt, he carefully arranged his big basket so it wouldn't be too brazenly intrusive, and buttoned tip. The one piece shirt-undershorts solved the problem of underwear, which Colby hated, and also showed off the dazzling blue of his eyes, as well as the sculptured contours of his sleek, desirable torso, while cupping, hugging, minimizing the mass of his heavy balls and unruly, headstrong cock.

If this was a business visit, he didn't want any rash spontaneous erection to get in the way and show him off badly.

Traffic was surprisingly heavy for the hour, and Colby began to fret. Perhaps he should have called first!

Fuck him!

His telegram said "urgent" and urgent was just what he was getting.

Finally he was there, managed to find a parking place, and soared in the elevator to the upper floors of the impressive office building.

When he announced his name, Colby expected to be left cooling his heels for some time, just so the big lawyer with the big, luxurious offices could show just how big and important he was.

Instead he was ushered into the inner sanctum immediately and was breathlessly glad he had worn the constricting body shirt, because the stud who rose from behind the huge black-walnut desk, hand extended in friendly greeting, smiling warmly, was a hunk!

Just that first look at hint, and Colby could feel his dick begin to stretch, swell, thicken, stiffen, and he sought out a chair so he could sit down before his hard prick ripped through the containment of the body shirt and ripped through the tight knit slacks!

"I... I... your telegram... it said 'urgent'."

Colby was furious with himself, tongue-tied just by the sight of this good-looking dude. His cock claimed most of his concentration, but there was plenty left over to appreciate the sexy stud before him, though none

beyond that to absorb what the stranger, so desirable, so horny-making, was saying!

"So, it appears, since there are no living relatives, and no one else mentioned in the will, well, it seems you're sole beneficiary."

The smile was broad and dazzling as the words drifted off, and Colby suddenly tensed, finally aware of at least part of what Cassius Gillette had been saying.

"Beneficiary."

"Yes. This is what we've been talking about. It took a while for us to locate you."

The lawyer had moved around from behind his big desk, and now perched on one corner. Colby smiled. One cheek and an outstretched leg supported the muscular form, and showed it off to complete and uninhibited advantage. His trousers, like Colby's, were knit, but part of a suit, and, unlike Colby, Cassius Gillette was not wearing undershorts or body shirt to hold in the impressive mound of lengthy cock along his inner left thigh.

Alan, he looks like he's hung enough for three normal dudes!

"I don't understand."

"It's very simple. You were named in the will of a client of this firm. Gary Chambers left his entire estate to you."

Colby's mind was numb. He tried, fruitlessly, to make sense of at least part of this, but it just wouldn't work. And then, the name, Gary Chambers, rang a bell -- distant, but vaguely recognizable.

Concentrate, you fuckhead! Concentrate on the name... Gary Chambers!

And then it came, slowly at first, but the hazy edges began to clear and he remembered.

"He was a..."

Christ, I can't tell this guy he was a now-and-then trick a while back. I dug him... wondered what happened to him... thought he got tired of me... went on to greener pastures -- like Seth! LIKE SETH!

Gloom descended in deep black all around him, but he had to retain control, at least until he got out of the office.

"I... I... uh... mean... I hardly knew the man, Mister Gillette. Why would he leave me anything... never mind everything!"

The lawyer smiled and swiveled slightly, turning a bit more toward Colby.

"It's 'Cash'... and I know how well you knew Gary. He and I were... well... fairly close. He told me about you... several times, in fact. We

had no secrets."

The tone was honest, the smile warm, but Colby could feel himself flushing with embarrassment. This good-looking hunk must know... he was gay -- and what he and Gary Chambers had done together!

"Well..."

"It's all right, Mister Charles. Or may I call you 'Colby'? I told you... Gary and I were friends."

Colby's cock surged painfully at the sound of the words. He wanted to reach out and grab a handful of that exhibitionistically displayed cock! He could see the flare of the cockhead ridge in the tight pants, and knew it was a thick one! Hell, he could be almost certain the stud wasn't circumcised, from the shape of his dick in his pants.

The lawyer rose from his desk corner and moved closer, leaning his muscular cheeks back against the edge of the desk, right in front of Colby's chair. Colby's breath caught in his throat, and he thought for a moment, he was going to choke.

Man, that sexy dude was giving him horns! His cock throbbed steadily, rhythmically in his pants, and he was sorry, now, he had worn the body shirt! His cock felt strangled!

Cassius Gillette was tall, muscular, with a thick mane of wavy chestnut hair and soft, inquisitive brown eyes. A broad face, full lips, a nice nose, long, but not too big for his face, well-shaped! And nobody, except a picky perfectionist (and probably not even that) could find fault with the body! Broad shoulders, tapering downward over shelving pectorals and hard-muscled arms (obvious, even through the shirt and suit coat) to a trim, flat waist, narrow hips and muscular, bulging thighs and that cock! That hypnotically insistent cock, drawing Colby's eye, even against his will!

And that fuckin' self-assured smile!

Colby jumped nearly out of his skin, as the lawyer leaned forward, casually, and groped him.

"I hope you don't mind. After some of the things Gary used to say about you."

"I... uh... I... no... NO! No, I don't mind at all!"

He grinned and reached out to follow his own desire and grabbed a greedy handful of rubbery-hard, steadily stiffening prick!

"Why don't we get more comfortable, Mister Charles... if you won't let me call you Colby..."

"Shit, man, you can call me anything you want including 'cocksucker' but... you mean here... now..."

"Here. Now. I want to find out if any hang can possibly be as big as Gary used to tell me yours is!"

"But... what if somebody should walk in..."

"Nobody walks in... unless they're buzzed... or expected! And I haven't buzzed anybody... and nobody's expected!"

He chuckled softly and began shucking out of his clothes, jacket first, then quickly followed it with tie and shirt!

Colby gasped at the sight of the naked chest and arms! The man was a powerhouse! Bulging muscles, gleaming like silk, and a light scattering of wiry, rich brown hair over his chest, circling the proud thrust of huge nipples, trailing narrowly down into the waistline of his trousers.

Scuffing out of shoes, bending to skin off his socks, the lawyer stood erect again and made shod work of releasing the fastenings of his trousers, his only remaining garment. Colby just sat, stunned beyond belief, watching.

Cash Gillette stood before him, naked, proud, fingering his heavy scrotum to ease the cramps caused by covering clothing. He smiled invitingly and held out his hands. Colby rose automatically, and stood quietly as Cash began undressing him.

When both were naked, Cash squatted right in front of the hard-dicked blond, and pressed sweaty hands along Colby's upper thighs to balance himself, as he leaned forward and took the head of the dripping cock lightly between his ups.

A sudden, long lunge, and Colby's entire prick was pulsing strongly in Cash's throat. The dark-haired cocksucker tensed, adjusting to the massive intruder, gagged slightly and froze, until the seizure passed, then slowly worked it back out of his throat, across his tongue, until just the flare of the head rim remained clamped behind his teeth, and he was holding the juicy, lube-oozing cockhead captive as his tongue slithered over and around and under, driving spears of fiery pleasure wildly up Colby's spine!

"Shit, man... you keep that up. I'm gonna blast off in your mouth in about ten seconds! Let go, give me a chance! I haven't tasted a hot dick in months!"

He rolled his hips, squirming away from the persuasive mouth, and managed to drag his cockhead out of the spit-and-cock-oil sparkling lips! Trickles of spit ran from the corners of Cash's gaping mouth as he gasped for breath.

Before he knew what was happening, before Cash realized he was doing it, Colby slid back into the chair, sitting comfortably, and wrapped a thumb and forefinger around the base of Cash's shuddering prick, and lowered his head, breathing deep of the male aroma, gazing in awe, wide-eyed, at



the thick monster that pulsed strongly above his gripping fingers. His other hand came up and flattened, palm up, under the swaying weight of Cash's huge, lightly haired balls, cupping slightly to feel their weight, to thrill to their heat!

"Oh, man, you're everything Gary said you were! Jesus, Colby, I could suck on that big, beautiful joint for a long time before I got tired!"

Colby laughed softly in appreciation of the admiration in Cash's voice, but at the moment he was more interested in savoring the excitement thrumming prick. Slowly, teasing himself as much as Cash, he flicked out his tongue and ran it along the cock's bulging underbelly, from finger encircled base, up... slow... tantalizing... maddeningly teasing... up... until he felt the swell of the convex cockhead ridge. Then he began a steady, frantic, fluttering motion that battered the sensitive cock crown and generated a generous flow of fuck oil, and still he hadn't wrapped his cock-loving lips around the strongly pulsating sponginess of the rampant cockhead!

"Christ, man! You're driving me out of my mind! Take it, Colby! Please! Take my cock in your mouth! Suck it! I can't take much more of that... teasing."

The hip were jutting rhythmically, hands on Colby's shoulders, fingertips digging into his flesh, trying, unsuccessfully, to aim his agitated prickhead toward the bull's eye of Colby's inviting mouth!

"Take it, for Christ's sake! I'm gonna pop! Shit, man, I damn near messed my pants... shot a load when you walked in the door! It's been a long time since any stud's turned me on so bad... so quick! Now, I'm gonna waste a load! Gonna cum! Take it, Colby! Suck me off! Get my cream!"

He was humping the air, desperate now for the feel of those firm lips encircling his cockhead and shaft, sliding up and down the vein-threaded column of loose-skinned ivory!

"Suck it, man! It's hot! It's ready! It's right up there! Gonna spurt! Gonna cum, man!"

And still Colby tortured him, continuing to flutter his tongue against the wildly drooling slit in the tip of the head and against the junction of head and shaft, the ultimate sensitivity of the whole organ. His hands were all over Cash's lean, hard-muscled lower torso, tracing the sculptured thighs, slipping up between them to the rubbery ridge of flesh connecting his balls and asshole, the buried cockroot. He probed with one finger, found the fluted asshole and poked experimentally at it, found it receptive, eager to oblige as it slowly relaxed, released its tension and let his finger slip in, shallow at first, then slowly, steadily deeper, until Colby felt his knuckle press firmly against the outer ring of that finger-stuffed asshole.

He squeezed Cash's nuts, rolling them in their tightening pouch, pressing up on them until first the left, then quickly followed by the right, popped back inside his body, creating impressive bulging lumps at either

side of the straining cock base!

"God damn it! I'm gonna shoot! I'M GONNA CUM!"

Both Colby's hands crept around Cash's hips, clasped firmly into the resilient, firm flesh and asscheeks, drew the quivering, fevered body forward, and, at the same time, Colby opened his mouth wide, eagerly accepting the thick-drooling tip and leaning into it until he had the whole, wildly throbbing prick buried to the hairy balls in his mouth, bending down his throat!

"Ooooh! Aaaaahhh! Ohhhhh!"

Hips shot forward, pulled back, balls slapped fleshly against Colby's strong chin! Juicy, sucking sounds escaped his overflowing mouth, as he sucked hungrily, greedily, at the throat-stretching girth and length of the lawyer's beautiful foreskin-sliding cock!

"Oh, Christ! Cummin'... Col... by... cum... gonna... can't... help... oh shit I'm cumming! I cum... cum... CUMMIN'!"

His pelvis smashed forward with all his strength, ramming his whole cock and it felt, to Colby, like a good portion of his tight balls into his mouth! The head, deep in Colby's throat, swelled and convulsed, and a gusher of stunk erupted, raged into his throat, and ran, thick and viscous, down into his gut.

The muscular body fucked his mouth savagely for long moments, until the impact of the orgasm diminished, dwindled, then faded away, leaving Cash spent, weak, satisfied, but far from distant or disinterested!

As Cash backed away, pulling his juicy cock outs of Colby's tight-lipped mouth with a liquid smack, he grinned with delight, and again fell to his knees, spreading Colby's thighs as wide as the limitation of the chair arms would allow.

"Man, you suck cock like you mean it, man!"

"I not only mean it. I love it!"

And he chuckled softly, as he slipped his fingers through the chestnut strands on the sides of Cash's head, gently kneading the scalp underneath. His touch was gentle, somehow even more intimate and personal than his adoration of the rampant prick moments before.

But Cash didn't give him time to think about his feelings, only, his sensations, as his head fell forward, his mouth a hungry, ravenous maw, engulfing first the head, then the entire length of the cockshaft in lava like liquid heat!

"Suck it, lawyer-man! Suck my dick suck it clean and dry, just like I sucked yours! Make me spill my nuts down your thirsty throat! Make me cum, man! Take my load... see if my jism is as sweet and tasty as yours! I can still taste your sweet spunk in my mouth! It's slick, oily..."

clinging to my teeth... my lips... the inside of my mouth! Suck it, stud! Blow me!"

Cash dipped low, wallowing in the enjoyment of the great mass of cock stretching that cock-loving throat!

"Oh, yeah, man! Oh! Yeah! Yesssss!"

The excitement hissed in Colby's voice as he rotated his hips in the deep, comfortable chair, rolling up to meet the downthrust of Cash's hungry mouth. He gasped for breath as the fire in his veins raged hotter with each thrust and retreat of juicy lips and tongue, lightly scraping teeth, and muscle-contracting throat!

"Suck it, stud! It's beautiful! Just watching you eat my peter... I could almost cum! Hot, man! Gettin' up there!"

Cash tightened his lips and worked his tongue in an endlessly maddening flutter, from the base to the tip of Colby's frenzied hard-on!

"Damn, you suck good dick, Cash! It's takin' all I got... to hold back! I want it to last... last oh, man... if it could just... go... on... and on..."

He was humping up wildly from the depths of the chair, thighs straining to ram his prick deeper into Cash's greedy throat. As the fever soared higher, he moaned and whimpered, sobbing for breath, poised fragily on the brink of crashing, plummeting orgasm, but clinging to the moment as long as possible, refusing to take that last, eternal plunge over the precipice!

"Oh, Christ! Suck, man! Eat dick! Chew peter!"

Spasms of delight coursed through him. His spine felt as though it were melting, molten, leaving him helpless, willing victim to the vampire at his crotch!

"Suck it, Cash! I'm close, man! Re-e-e-a-a-a-l clo-o-o-se!"

The auburn head bobbed, the pouting, straining, stretching lips slid up and down the spit-slick cockshaft, while his hands gently, lovingly, awesomely, caressed and fondled the massive, taut-skinned balls, the goose-fleshed inner thighs, the quivering under-arms he could reach as he stretched his hands up between Colby's thighs, the firm, velvet roundness of the bottom most curve of splendid, fuckable asscheeks!

"Oh, Christ! Goddamn! Suck it, Cash! Eat it, stud! Take it! Take all of it! I'm there, man! I'm... THERE!"

His hips worked, his belly heaved, as he thrashed under the expert digital and lingual manipulations of this fantastic dude.

Cash reveled in his mastery over the limp, trembling male super-body, and he sucked with rabid absorption.

"Oh, shit! Here... it cums... CASH! SUCK IT! I'M GONNA... MAN, I'M GONNA MAKE... IT... CUM! SHIT! I'M CUMMIN'! OOQHHHAAHHHGGG!"

His whole insides erupted, gushing out in a fiery comet of sensation, his cock swollen more massively huge than ever before in his vast experience, his whole life!

Cash gagged, gurgled, retching violently, but he refused to surrender his prize; he was determined to vanquish the mammoth monster halfway down to his belly, deep in his throat! Finally, the spasms passed and he got control of himself again, swallowing rapidly, loudly, rudely, to possess every drop, every dram, of the bittersweet richness, the spunk of Colby's loins.

"Oh, Christ, you're some cocksucker, lawyer man!"

"You're no amateur yourself, friend."

They were pulling themselves together again, in the soft, warm afterglow of completely fulfilling mating.

### CHAPTER THREE

Cash arrived at the apartment the following Friday night, coming directly from the office. Colby met him at the door, with a frosty Gibson, wearing a deep-blue see-through caftan. By the time they got to the drinks the caftan was in shreds, Colby's ass was well-fucked (two thick, slushy loads of Cash's jism deposited deep in his guts), and the Gibsons were lukewarm.

"Well, there's only one thing to do, man. Pop the pitcher back in the freezer, and well go back into the bedroom!"

Colby smiled with satisfied delight and went to the kitchen, set the tall crystal pitcher close to the freezing unit, and strolled confidently back into the candlelit, firelight-flickering living room.

As Cash drew him into his arms, rubbing his cum-and-lube-smeared cock up tight between Colby's thighs, rubbing it back and forth over the pouting asshole, he clamped a hard mouth over Colby's yielding one, tongue probing deep, as hungry hands roved endlessly over Colby's nakedness.

"Man, you're really something else! Shit, I just pumped two loads of red-hot spunk up your asshole... and I'm ready to plow you again... no wait... no rest... no hesitation!"

Colby chuckled softly, deep in his throat, happy with this new and unexpected development in his life, and squirmed lewdly against the silken-haired chest and belly.

"Well, if that's what you want... never repress a desire... or a good idea! Where? Here on the floor in front of the fire... or in the comfort of that big, bouncy bed in the bedroom?"

Cash's answer was to sweep Colby into his arms, effortlessly, and move the few feet to the other room, dumping him unceremoniously in the center of the king-sized bed!

"Get up on your knees, stud!"

Colby grinned up at the masterful figure, and rose from his prone position, crouched on hands and knees, and slowly, teasingly, inched his way backward, to the edge of the bed, carefully aligning his asshole with the rapidly rising hugeness of Cash's hard prick!

"That's it, baby! That's just the way I want you... on your knees... so I can stand here at the side of the bed and plug you good! But first swing around... come to me, man... and get my cock nice and slick and juicy! Eat on it awhile! Get it good and lubed with your horny spit so it'll slip in like a hot knife through butter!"

Unresisting, Colby swung into position, still on his knees, but now facing the out-thrusting, horizontal rigidity of Cash's hard-on. Lunging forward, he wrapped his strong arms around the lazily humping hips, and groveled for the swaying length of his friend's already drooling cock!

"Get it, stud! Grab that big thing and ram it down your throat! Juice it up... then I'm gonna turn you around and ram it up your sweet ass again... gonna fuck you man... maybe all night... maybe all weekend... gonna fuck you till I can't get it up... and you can't sit down!"

Colby cooed with delight as the massive prick sank easily into his throat, his tongue working all the time over every accessible surface. He sucked and slurped. He gurgled with delight around the overflowing mouthful of unconquerable erection, and squeezed the cheeks of Cash's ass, reached down and through, lightly brushing his hands along the dark-shadowed crack of Cash's ass until he found the taut-skinned scrotum, and began rolling, it on his palm, then squeezing, and pressing up, trying to pop Cash's nuts back into their cavities at the base of his prick!

"Suck it, cocksucker! Eat my meat, man! Make me so hot... so fuckin' horny... I can't help myself... so I can't do anything but fuck your sweet, hot, tight asshole!"

And then he contorted his hips, a half-swing to the side, and his spit-coated tool popped noisily free of the compressed lips. With a playful slap on the butt, he signaled Colby he was ready, no longer playing, no longer preparing -- but ready.

Colby swung into position, bracing himself on his knees and forearms, head burrowing into the mattress, hoping he could see between his widespread legs as Cash put the meat to him!

"Man, that a beautiful joint... even from this position!"

Cash chuckled and grabbed a firm hold around the base of his big prick, bending it down, hunching his hips forward, ramming his cock between

Colby's thighs, just against the underside of his balls, sliding its wet, slippery surface back and forth, sending chills of excitement and anticipation all through Colby's crouched figure.

"You like the way my meat looks, do you, stud?"

"Damn right! It's a beauty, Cash! You really got one hell of a handsome cock on you!"

Cash chuckled again, a deep, somehow menacing sound, reared back and without any special aim, lunged, burying the full length of his ramrod prick to the hilt in Colby's hot, cum-dripping, cock-clutching asshole!

"You like the way it feels in your guts... as much as you like the way it looks... you like it stuffed way up into your belly, man?"

"Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Christ! Yessss!"

Colby began to sway from side to side, rotating his well-filled asshole, rolling his hips, using all his expertise to maneuver Cash's big prick into position to massage his aching prostate with every vigorous in-and-out thrust! Long, virile strokes, pulling viciously out until only the flanged rim of Cash's cockhead anchored him within the clutching ring of Colby's sphincter! Then, quickly, brutally, violently, Cash's hips shot forward, his body following the movement, and he felt his heavy nuts slam against Colby's, as the root of his cock pressed determinedly against the tight-clenched ring of restraining asshole fucker.

"You like my big meat, lover?"

"Christ, what do I have to do to prove it to you? I love it, man! I love the way you feel trying to ram it out through my mouth!"

"You like my joint better than anybody else's? Anybody else that ever fucked your horny, hungry little ass?"

A brief, vivid image of Seth flashed over Colby's retina, but he refused to acknowledge the memory, and groaned with savage delight as Cash dragged his prick out again, this time all the way, his cockhead popping free of the convulsing hole, jerking in the air a moment. Then, as Cash poised and lunged, the cock drove deep into Colby's aching asshole again, to the hilt, to the balls, to the hairy root!

"Ohhhh! Christ! Don't destroy it, man! You might want to fuck it again... some of these days!"

"Fuck! Man, I'd like to keep my hot jock up there from now on... never let it out... just graft your asshole around the base of my dick... and spend the rest of time inside that juicy, cum-loving asshole!"

He bucked and surged over his more-than-willing victim, and the animal rutting, the primeval instinct, agitated Colby's prostate beyond endurance.

"I'm... there, man! I'm... gonna... cum! Can't wait... for you... CASH! GONNA! GONNA! CUM! CUUUMMMM!"

Everything inside him exploded, and in spite of the velocity the ferocity, the fury of his own orgasm, the surging, gushing spray of jism that spattered the bed, he could feel the massive expansion, the convulsive spasms as Cash shot his load way up in his belly!

"Me... too... lover! I'M FILLIN'... YOUR ASSHOLE... WITH... SPUNK! TAKE IT! TAKE IT ALL! FEEL IT, COCKSUCKER! FEEL... IT... EXPLODE... IN YOUR... IN YOUR... HORNY GUTS."

Cash groaned and collapsed. Colby settled down onto his belly, Cash's weight on his back, and then he tensed as he felt the pressure!

The big cock in his ass had softened slightly, and without knowing, Colby knew what was happening!

"No! Oh, Christ, no! Cash! Don't! Please... don't! I never..."

"Maybe not, cocksucker... but you are now! Lie still... just lie there... and relax... and let it happen!"

Cash chuckled evilly, and twisted his hips into the resilient mounds of Colby's buns!

"You might as well... ain't a fuckin' thing else you can do!"

"Cash! Don't... Christ, don't piss up my ass I'm full of cum already! I can't take it... can't hold it!"

"You can hold it! My joint will hold it up inside you... till I'm through... then you can run for the bathroom."

"Cash! Stop! Let me up! Let's go in the bathroom, now! Do it... in there! Not here... it'll gush out all over the bed!"

"Tough! Now, shut up... and relax! Man, you're gonna feel somethin' like you never felt before... if nobody ever let go with a bladder load of piss up your asshole before!"

And Colby settled down, resigned to the inevitable, and felt the fiery flow, the growing sensation of fullness, the bloated, swollen feeling, and he began to trembled with alarm.

"Cash..."

"It's okay, babe! I'm almost through! Feels good, huh? Just a little bit more... and you'll have three loads of cum... and a really big bellyful of piss! You like it, don't you, man?"

Did he like it? He couldn't decide. Did he love it... or loathe it... or the idea of it? Fact... or preconceived morality?

"I... I don't know! I... think... I think I like it!"

Cash chuckled with pleasure and squirmed his belly tighter against Colby's slightly raised ass, cementing them more securely together.

"Feel it, man! FEEL IT! All that piss flowing up into your guts, man... all that hot, golden piss..."

Colby groaned and surrendered himself to the strange sensation, devoting his body, mind, emotion to the massively increasing fullness he was experiencing.

"Cash... damn... I-I feel... I think I'm gonna explode! It just keeps coming into me... bloating me... Cash."

Alarm began to flood him as surely as the unending torrent of piss. He started to writhe, but Cash pressed his weight more strongly down on him, and clamped his hands into the fleshy resiliency of Colby's shoulders.

"It's okay, man! Don't get up-tight! It's almost finished. Not much more now! I'm almost through. Just relax and take it, then you can go in... and... let it all out."

Voice low and husky, he hunched his pelvis, and Colby could feel the easing off of that insistent pressure. He was helpless, a little frightened, but strangely, insanely, his prick, digging into the rumpled bed, was ramrod hard, throbbing with excitement. His balls were drawn up tight against his groin and he knew, in spite of all his reservations against the act itself, he loved -- and was spontaneously reacting to -- the way it made him feel. The fullness in his belly was like a million loads of hot, spunky cum! The distention of his flesh was the acceptance, the reception, of all that body fluid!

"Cash! Christ, it's like getting fucked by a thousand guys all at once! It's it's... wild! Oh, Cash! I love it! I can feel every drop of your piss... way up there... inside me! It's so hot... there's such a lot of it! Oh, man! I... I... Slit! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna shoot my load! I can't help it! I'm ccccuuummin..."

"Go, baby! Let it spurt! I'm almost finished! You got an ass full of jism... and piss... and you'll never feel that full... that loaded with hot man stuff again... never in your whole fuckin' life!"

Colby's body shuddered helplessly, as the forced ejaculation hot out of him. Both were on the outer limits of civilization at that moment, reverting to the primeval, tribal barbarism of pure sensation and personal, selfish satisfaction! Nothing mattered, nothing existed but themselves and each other. If anything had interrupted the strange erotic moment both might have killed to retain this erotic and sexual feeling rolled into just once magic moment of time!

"Christ, Cash! I... it... my cum... won't stop! I can feel... everything you're doing back there... and my... prostate is... just throbbin'... like... crazy..."



"I know, man! I can feel it... right through your asshole! Your muscles are squeezing my dick... like they're trying to squeeze it off me..."

"It's good, Cash! Soooo fuckin' goood!"

And then Cash felt the last drops of his flow, the final, cut-off spurt, that last splash after he thought he was finished! And then he was finished!

He lay still and quiet on Colby's broad, sweaty back, moaning and shuddering each time the inner muscles of Colby's spontaneously spasming asshole gripped him, each time the big gluteus muscles flexed, as though Colby were physically reassuring himself that Cash really possessed him, was really on his back, pressing his weight down on him, his soft prick sunk deep inside his well-fucked, perversely-used asshole!

"That's four loads for you?"

Cash's voice was husky, tired, as though this last escapade, the effort of pissing such vast quantities into so confined an area, had exhausted him.

"Yeah, man! Four fuckin' hot loads of spunk! The fuckin' bed's a mess... have to change it before we settle down to get some sleep."

"I'm commin' out, Colby. Keep your muscles clamped as tight as you can... so you can make it to the john without leaving a golden trail behind!"

He chuckled softly as he slowly, carefully, drew his hips back, holding down on Colby's shoulders, withdrawing his wet, acrid-scented prick out of the red, swollen, over-used asshole.

As it popped free, Cash rolled to the side, onto his back, and Colby moved cautiously, backing off the bed, standing with difficulty, walking stiff legged, slowly!

Cash lay quietly, listening to the sounds coming from the bathroom, a satisfied smile raising the corners of his handsome, full-lipped mouth. There was a tingle in his fucked-out, pissed-out prick, and he knew he wasn't through yet. The night... the weekend... lay before them! And he was going to take his fill from the delightful body of his host!

When Colby came back, his golden body diamond-sparkling with beads of water, freshly showered, they looked strainedly at each other for a moment. Then Cash grinned and winked and Colby flew to the bed and leaped on top of Cash, scooping him into his arms.

As they snuggled close together, nuzzling in the warmth of each other's nakedness, both were temporarily sated, romantic, without thoughts of sex or mating, except for the sweet afterglow of what had just passed between them.

"That's the first time that ever happened to me, man. Have you done that

number with many other dudes?"

Cash chuckled softly, his warm breath tickling the hollow of Colby's neck, where his head rested.

"Not many... but enough to know that it does something to some studs... like it did to you. Made you shoot an extra wad of spunk, didn't it?"

"Yeah... after I got over being scared all that piss was gonna bust me wide open!"

They lay quietly for a long time, neither moving, neither wanting to.

"Hey, Colby..."

"Hmmm? "

"How did Gary come to leave his whole estate to you? Were you lovers?"

Colby twisted from Cash's embrace, sat up and looked down into those gentle brown eyes, uncertain whether to be angry, reassuring, or amused.

"Hell no! I kind of dug him... for a while. I liked him. He was an older guy, but not all that old... maybe forty, forty-five. You knew him. A sexy dude... and a hell of a good lay."

"Sure, I knew him... but he was closer to fifty-five than forty-five... though I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't been in charge of his affairs... legal affairs, that is! He sure was in great shape! When I met him I thought he was even younger than you thought him."

Colby felt his irritation growing, and drew still further away from Cash, ending up sitting near the end of the bed, out of his reach.

"You thought I was making it with the old guy just for what he could do for me... maybe that he was keeping me?"

"Hell, I didn't say that."

"You didn't really have to, did you?"

"Slit! Come on! Don't get your ass in an uproar! I was curious... not accusing!"

"Well, I told you! We tricked a few times... we talked a lot... kept running into each other in bars... the theater... restaurants. He just seemed to be around whenever I went anywhere!"

"Just a couple of social butterflies, huh?" Cash's voice was bubbling with amusement, and he lunged for Colby before the angry stud could prepare, capturing him around the chest with steel-band arms, held him close, and dragged him down to tie beside him again, not relinquishing his possessive embrace.

"Now, listen! I didn't accuse you of anything! I just wondered, that's all. It's no great scandal or anything like that. He didn't have anybody and it's great that you were around to talk to him... to fuck with him... so he at least had somebody to keep him from being too lonely..."

Slowly Colby's annoyance dissipated, and he snuggled comfortably into Cash's arms, his hands lazily running up and down the muscular, brown-haired body, finally coming to rest in his crotch, moving restlessly from cupping his heavy, sagging balls to circling and stroking his flaccid cock.

"What are you going to do with your windfall?"

"I haven't got the slightest idea. I don't even know if I'm going to accept it."

Now it was Cash's turn to rear up and stare dis-believingly down into Colby's warm blue eyes.

"... not keep it? For Christ's sake, why not?"

"Well, for one thing... I don't think I deserve it. And for another, I don't think I want it. By the time the taxes are deducted, it's probably just a lot of trouble to go through for nothing."

"Listen, you can't turn it down. If you do it'll just revert to the state... and I'll handle things for you so the taxes won't hurt. You could move out of here. The house is in pretty run-down condition, but it's a place to live. There's more room than you have here and it would cost a lot less than keeping this apartment. Property taxes in that area are almost nil. You'd save a bundle just in rent."

"What's the matter? Don't you like my apartment?"

"Hell, there's nothing wrong with it... but, shit, wouldn't you like to have a place of your own? A place that you could do what you wanted with... a place nobody could evict you from... or raise the rent on you?"

"That sounds sensible. But you said it's pretty run down. I don't know. I never went there. Gary and I... well, we always came to my place."

"It needs some work, as any house that's been lived in for a long time needs work... but, Christ, there's more than enough cash in the estate to make any repairs or changes, as long as you don't try to turn it into a mansion or something like that."

Colby snuggled still closer, a slow itch developing in his guts, a signal he was getting ready for more adventures with the chestnut-haired stud. He squeezed Cash's prick, rhythmically, slowly persuading him to a lazily stretching, swelling erection.

As he toyed with the reluctant prick, tickled the heavy-hanging nuts, his thoughts turned to the suggestion. It wasn't a bad idea.

"Looks like you're trying to change the subject, man."

"Not really. I'm just getting horny again. I want to see and feel that big cock of yours up hard and ready to go into action."

"Well, keep that up and you'll see action soon enough. Why don't you bend down there and give him a kiss! He likes that!"

Cash chuckled and so did Colby as he slid down off the smooth body and laid his head in the thick pillow of curly auburn crotch hair, fondling the slowly rising cock only inches away from his wide, unblinking, appreciative eyes.

"You got a beautiful prick, Cash. The head's so big... so fat... you got such a lot of foreskin! It slides back and forth almost the whole length of your big, beautiful cock!"

"Kiss it."

Cash's hands were on the back of Colby's head, pushing forward. Colby ringed his thumb and forefinger around the massive hood of loose flesh, drawing it up higher over the stiffening fullness of the solid-meated cock within.

"Hey, man, that feels good. Feels like you're trying to pull all the outside skin up over the boner inside... and trying to push my boner up inside me."

Colby chuckled and flicked out his tongue to lick the sleek hairy groin, just beyond the fat cockbase.

"That's what I'm trying to do, all right. I want to chew on all that loose skin! I don't care about the hard meat inside!"

Cash slapped him playfully, and spread his powerful thighs wide, making more room for Colby, who immediately scrambled round and crouched between them, going head-on for the huge cock and massive, slowly rising nuts.

He sucked and lapped and tongued and nibbled. His efforts had the inevitable effect, and soon Cash was writhing in the agony of anticipation, impatient for Colby's game to come to an end so he would get to the important purpose of all this -- sucking the suddenly raging prick!

"Take it, Colby! Take the whole fucker! Down your throat! Let it ram all the way in... then I'll fuck your mouth so good you won't be able to even talk for a week... maybe even a month!"

Colby released his cramping hold on the straining foreskin, and the steel shaft of cock slid forward with the momentum of a torpedo, filling the entire hood that Colby had held captive. As Colby watched, fascinated, the foreskin dragged back from the ooze-coated head and snapped firmly behind the flare of the rim. The entire cockhead was exposed, inviting, sparkling in the dim light, irresistible to the cock-loving, ravenous

mouth hovering just above the tip, already dribbling an unaware trickle of saliva to lubricate the violet mushroom which was well-lubed with its own slick ooze.

"Suck it, stud!"

Colby's mouth closed over the sleek cockhead and started its thrilling slow descent.

"Twist around, babe! Come on and let me at that big jock of yours! Nothing like a wet, juicy, slobbery sixty-nine to top off a night of good fuckin', man!"

Colby scrambled into position, never releasing a centimeter of the mouth-trapped hard-on, and as he felt the warm enclosure of Cash's hungrily sucking lips, he started bobbing wildly on the captive pillar, eager to taste the sweet life-essence that would thrill and excite him to his own explosive spurting of jism.

Their bodies worked in rhythmic counterpoint, each expert, each eager to delight and satisfy the other. It was surprisingly brief, considering the previous exertions, but both of them made it quickly, gushing great blasts of jazz deep into each other's throats.

When again they separated, Colby gasped breathlessly, close to Cash's ear.

"I think you're right, man! I'm gonna give up the apartment... take the inheritance and move into the house Gary left me."

Cash made a playful, derogatory move with his mouth, and pretended to pout.

"Shit, you're eatin' my peter and thinkin' about the fortune some other cocksucker left you? Man, I must be a fuckin' dull lay."

He chuckled and wrapped himself around Colby, as both drifted off into exhausted and warm, companionable relaxation, finally to the depths of dreamless sleep.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

Gary's bequest to Colby wasn't a fortune, but it was, as Cash had reassured him, sufficient to put the house in tip-top living condition.

Colby and Cash spent all of Saturday in bed, rising from each other's bodies only long enough for food, toilet breaks, and, as the day lengthened, increasingly long recuperative interruptions in the lusty pursuit of satiety.

Sunday, the two cum-drained studs drove out to the house Colby had decided to move into. A careful tour of the place revealed all the necessary repairs and alterations, and they had a sheaf of notes by the time they stumbled back into Colby's Porsche and drove off.

"Man, you sure there's enough money to do all that stuff?"

"There's enough. And don't forget there's income, too, from the little apartment complex and that business property upstate. You wouldn't even have to work, if you lived simply and didn't spend a lot on luxuries."

"Shit, I'd go out of my mind if I weren't working. I can't just sit around and find things to keep me busy. Besides, I meet some of my best bed partners in the process of doing a job... here or there... or someplace."

He chuckled and then groaned and winced as Cash lashed out and grabbed a painful handful of his right thigh, squeezing hard, until Colby gasped and cried, "Uncle!"

"That'll teach you... Don't gloat about your other fuck-friends around me. When I'm with you, you ought to be so horny... just for me... you couldn't even find room to think about anybody else."

They both laughed, delighted with each other's company, aware there was something special between them, though it was too soon to even wonder if it would become serious. Time would decide. Until time either solidified the affection they shared, or dissipated it; they would enjoy being together, lusty delightfully together -- and wait to see what would happen.

Colby was reluctant to let Cash go when it was time for him to return to his own apartment late Sunday night, but he knew that the coming week would be busy for both of them. Now that he had decided to move into the house, he had endless lists of things to do before he could give up this apartment, his home for several years, familiar, comfortable, almost part of him.

But he looked forward to the change and the mountains of work required to be done before the house was the way he wanted it, the home that would be really part of him, perhaps for the rest of his life. If not, for a long, long time, anyway.

Colby spent a lot of time at the house, thinking, wandering from room to room, deciding what he wanted done, what couldn't be avoided, what wasn't necessary but would be nice. Finally, with a basic plan, he began making contacts.

His telephone conversation with Austin Bradley was pleasant, reassuring, and the fifth such in as many days. The previous four had not worked out.

Shit, all I want is a carpenter who can make some changes and build in a few things I want done. Talking to those guys is like trying to get any kind of information from a government agency.

But, somehow, Austin Bradley seemed different. It was easy to talk to him (at least over the phone), and he seemed friendly, agreeable, and, as much as Colby could tell, efficient and capable of at last understanding

what it was Colby wanted done.

They made an appointment to meet at the house the morning after their brief but pleasant conversation. Colby arrived early, and felt good. The day was fine, the sky bright, the air clear.

In the kitchen, making a pot of coffee, having already transferred basic supplies to the place, Colby was pleasantly surprised at the sound of the doorbell a full fifteen minutes before the designated appointment time.

As he swung the heavy door open, he was pleasantly surprised at the sight before him.

"Austin Bradley?"

"Right. Colby Charles??"

"Come in, you're early. I'm dripping a pot of coffee. I thought we could sip and chat at the same time."

Samll talk to fill the void of strangers meeting, to cover Colby's silent study of the man he was already certain would be his choice -- if he didn't turn out to be a stubborn, unalterable fool, as had the others interviewed.

Austin Bradley was a handsome devil, confident in his husky, masculine body and, probably as important, his awareness of his own ability. He had dark hair, gray eyes, a craggy, outdoorsy, peasant-type face, and a bull-like physique with thick nice, rippling shoulders and back, high standing pecs and a tapered, trim waist and hips that looked too narrow, too trim, to support the bulk of that massive upper torso. The thighs, though, sheathed in second-skin jeans, bore the muscular weight with ease, as he planted his feet wide apart in the center of the rather shabby living room and turned his head, surveying the obvious things to be done, and (Colby thought) anticipating the unseen tasks Colby had in mind.

"Basically a damn nice room. A lot could be done with it, though, to make it even better. For instance... that wall over there... the whole thing turned into a unit of built-ins... bookcases... television... stereo."

Colby whipped his head toward the dark-haired stud. An uncontrollable gasp rose in his throat.

"You've either been reading my mind or you broke into my apartment and read my notes."

Austin chuckled and his big white teeth were dazzling in the morning sunlight. Colby felt a chill of excitement along his spine.

"It's fairly obvious. An unbroken wall, the window-wall right against it... simple reasoning."

"I think we're going to get along, man. Come on out to the kitchen with me while I finish the coffee. We can talk about the other things I want

to do."

Time passed swiftly. Almost as quickly a friendly camaraderie and mutual respect grew between the two men. All Colby's ideas were reasonable, Austin agreed, but his own suggestions helped make some even more practical than Colby's original concepts.

"Well, I guess it's settled, then. Do we sign contracts or something of the sort?"

Austin looked intently into Colby's vulnerable blue eyes for a long moment, then shook his head negatively.

"I don't think we need anything like that. I can tell more about you from the look in your eye... the set of your face... than from your signature on a piece of paper."

Suddenly, unexpectedly, but pleasing to Colby, the taller, more muscular stud moved a step closer, snaked out a biceps-bulging arm and embraced Colby, drawing him close against his powerful body; lowering his head and with wide, gaping its, pressed his mouth down hard against Colby's, tongue probing deep into his mouth, swirling in the coffee-tasting, slightly bitter interior, exploring all he could reach, the back and top of his mouth, over and under his tongue, into his cheeks, tracing all the way around both upper and lower teeth.

Colby was breathless as Austin raised his head and released his muscular but gentle hold.

"You sure there isn't anything you need done to the bedroom?"

His smile dazzled Colby again, and for a moment he couldn't find his voice. Then, with a grin and a wink, he was finally able to speak.

"Well, nothing I can think of at the moment, though I do need more closet space. There's a hell of a lot you can do in the bedroom, though! A lot you can do for me..."

The big man reached out and grasped Colby's hand, leading him like a child toward the bedroom wing of the single-storied house, seeming almost as breathless with anticipation as Colby, for what was to come.

The only furniture in the house was a bed, which Colby hadn't removed, thinking he might want to spend a night or two on the premises as work progressed. All the rest of Gary's furniture had been discarded or put in storage, awaiting its final fate, either utilized in Colby's new scheme of things, or finally cast off.

"Man, I'm glad I didn't have them take the bed away."

"It wouldn't have mattered! Fuckin' on the floor can be fun, too, you know?"

Austin's hands were at Colby's crotch, an aggressive move that startled



the attractive, sun-gold blond. When the big carpenter fumbled open his fly and flipped his heavy prick out into the air, and immediately went on his knees before Colby, his amazement multiplied.

"Man, that's beautiful!"

Gentle fingers rubbed and stroked Colby's rapidly expanding prick, tracing each vein, thumbing the soft, smooth velvet texture of its flesh covering.

"Man, I didn't expect this but I'm sure as hell glad it's happening. When I saw you at the door I didn't figure you for a..."

Colby was flustered. Could he be brutally frank with this man, so superior to himself in strength and sheer animal power.

"A cocksucker? Is that what you started to say?"

"I... well... yeah, I guess so..."

Austin laughed delightedly, staring up into Colby's uncertain blue eyes.

"... but you changed your mind, thought I might knock you on your ass... beat the shit out of you... if you used the word? Well, man, I don't mind! That's what I am... a cocksucker... and I'm not ashamed of myself I dig hard meat... I love the way a hot jock feels inside my mouth... the way it feels when a stud shoots off and pumps his jazz down my throat!"

As he talked, Austin worked at Colby's clothes, unbuttoning his shirt, drawing it from his shoulders, tossing it aside, and then going on to his trousers, loosening the belt, opening the top button and drawing the unresisting cloth down trembling, muscular thighs, and lifting one foot after the other, to free his willing conquest of all encumbrance, leaving him standing expectant, naked, eager!

"Man, you may not be one of the muscle boys, but you're really something to look at! Lean and hard... nice, athletic body. I dig it, stud! And that piece of meat!"

His hand ran the full length of Colby's torso from shoulders to hips, sliding around to cup taut, high-riding asscheeks, and then back to lift and weigh the hard-on and dangling nuts, one hand for each, manipulating them separately, yet in conjunction, to create sensations of great pleasure that coursed wildly all through Colby's receptively attuned body.

"Man, that's a whopper. A really big piece. Nice and fat... as thick at the tip... just behind the head... as it is at the base... nice... thick... nice..."

A hypnotic chant, deep-throated, softly uttered, as though to himself, rather than in admiration for Colby's ears.

And as he spoke, his dark, shaggy head eased forward until, still

speaking, he slipped his warm, wet mouth over the blunt tip of Colby's mushroom cockhead and began a gurgling chant of delight.

Colby tensed, felt himself ram strongly forward, driving the whole length of his throbbing, hard prick into Austin's mouth, felt it bending down into his throat, felt the contractions of the man's esophagus as he gagged and almost had to surrender the prize, but finally regained control and kept it buried to the hilt inside his muscle-working, tongue-lapping throat.

"Suck it, man! Christ, you know how to suck cock! You know as much about doing it the right way as you know about the work you do! Man you're good! You could make me shoot my load right away... right... now... but... but..."

And he wrenched backward, popping his spit-slick ramrod free of the devouring mouth, taking an unsteady step backward, away from the too talented aggressor.

"Come on, stud! Let me have it! I wanna finish you off! I want your load for breakfast!"

The impish grin ignited Colby's sense of humor and he laughed, but shook his head, not yet ready to surrender his seed to this ravenous cock-lover!

"Not yet, man! I don't play the trade bit too well! I like something to work on myself, while a dude's eatin' my peter! So, strip down and let's get comfortable on the bed. I don't want to just stand here and look down... watch you give me a fast blow job! I want some goodies, too. You got anything against a nice, slow, old-fashioned sixty-nine?"

"Not a fuckin' thing... as long as you can dig the number... but you don't have to do it just because I'm horny to suck your big joint dry!"

"Maybe you think you're the only cocksucker around here?"

"I wouldn't really mind if I was. Shit, just eating that big beauty, I could probably get my nuts off without even touchin' my tool!"

Austin quickly shucked out of his shirt, and started working at his jeans, but Colby couldn't stand just watching, and stepped forward, tugging the big, rough hands away and taking over the task himself.

The front of Austin's jeans bulged massively, as though the tightly confined mass inside were trying to burst free. When Colby lowered the straining zipper, Austin groaned, and Colby was briefly frightened that he might have caught the fleshy cylinder in the teeth, but breathed a sigh of relief when he folded the sides of the fly back and saw that Austin was wearing briefs underneath.

Colby strained and struggled to draw the wallpaper-on-the-wall tight jeans down over the thick thighs. The taut, flesh-caressing cloth resisted every inch of the way, and Colby was panting for breath when

they finally surrendered and fell in a pool around Austin's shoe tops.

"Man, what do you do, grease yourself up so you can get into those things?"

Austin laughed lightly and kicked his feet free.

"Just will power! I insist I'm gonna get into 'em... they fight just as hard to keep me from gettin' 'em on as they fought you not to come off!"

But Colby was only vaguely aware of Austin's words, as his concentration centered on the tiny scrap of white cotton which seemed so inadequate to support the great bulge that sprang outward from the junction of the man's thighs and torso.

"Christ... you must be as much a stallion there... as you are everywhere else..."

He was almost frightened to reach for the elastic top of the briefs and slide them down. He wondered if the man could be hung as heavy, as monstrously as it appeared he must be from the thrusting hugeness at his crotch.

"Roll 'em down... and find out!"

The voice was taunting, challenging, amused, and, with trembling fingers, Colby reached, grasped, and pulled.

As the briefs slipped down, the released prick sprang out, up to slap against the taut, dark-hairy belly, then bounced down again, below the horizontal, nearly hitting Colby on the nose, as he kneeled before the muscular hulk.

Circumcised!

No foreskin.

But, man... the size of that head! Like a big, juicy plum! Huge, fat, already dripping ooze, and deep, rich purple! Gorgeous! Beautiful! Ultimately suckable! And fat! Christ, Austin had raved about how fat Colby's prick was; his own seemed at least twice as thick, soft-skinned, rubbery veined, even in its concrete-rigid hard-on!

Colby loved it! That soft, loose skin on the shaft of solid steel! He abandoned the white briefs which were caught around Austin's knees now, and raised his hands to the visibly pulsing-veined cockshaft, encircled it, then let one hand drift down to the tight-pouched scrotum, bulging outward in supporting the oversized hugeness of the twin orbs of life inside! Balls like oranges!

Tilting his head back, Colby worked his chin between Austin's thighs, nuzzling up into the soft warmth of his scrotal sac, running his tongue out to lick and lap the rear section of the living pouch, and beyond, the rigid ridge of his buried cockroot, leading back toward the massive-

muscled protection of tight-clamped asscheeks, guarding the ultimate intimacy, the tight, hair-ringed asshole.

Colby delighted in the rolling of the flesh over his nose and cheeks, the loose, flabby balls-pouch as it slipped and slid all over his face, like a soft, warm facecloth! Delicious!

And his smell -- the individual, unique smell of Austin Bradley, so like other male flesh, yet at the same time so completely, unmatchably different! Colby breathed deep, inhaling with relish the delicious, sweat-and-flesh-and-musk, natural scent of the big stud.

"You dig eatin' ass?"

Colby garbled an affirmative reply and amazingly, Austin's thighs opened wider, his asscheeks relaxed, and his hands came down behind and under, to grasp firmly -- and spread -- those glorious spheres, offering free access to Colby so he could work his warm, spit-smeared lips and probing tongue to worship the taut sphincter!

"Lick it, man! Christ, I love to feel a hot tongue trying to get up inside my asshole! Rim it, man! Rim it good!"

Colby loved the silken-fleshed intimacy, the deep channel between those impressive, inspiring buns, but he was, less than comfortable in this cramped position, so he backed away and rose to his feet, pressing firmly but gently against the huge pecs with their scattering of wiry dark hair, and pushed Austin off balance, backward, onto the bed.

Austin squirmed into a comfortable and enticing pose, and extended his arms, gesturing Colby to him. The blond went on his knees to the edge of the bed and fell forward, into Austin's powerful embrace. The big man's mouth once more found Colby's, and the kiss was long and lingering, fiery and soul-shaking. Colby was trembling helplessly when Austin let him wrench free and roll away to lie quietly beside him.

"Hey, man... what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter... you just get me I don't know! Confused... and excited... and worked up... and horny... and..."

"Hey, stud... no need to go on. That's enough 'ands' for me... you hooked up with somebody else... feel guilty about this?"

"I... Oh, hell! I don't feel guilty... and I do, too, at the same time. I mean... well, I got something pretty special going... but I'm not sure... I mean... neither of us had made any promises, you know? Neither one of us has asked the other to cool it... with other studs..."

"Okay. Listen, if it'll make you feel better well, I'll just get back into my clothes... and we'll forget any of this happened... except the carpentry work... if you still want me to do it."

Even now he was reaching for his too-tight jeans. Colby felt panic rise

in his belly, and he lunged out, slapped the limp fabric from Austin's hands, and pushed him down on his back, rolling on top of him. "Oh, Christ! Don't go! I'll hate myself forever if we don't make it, man... and I'll hate you too... even worse! Shit, you got me so hot I'm ready to pop!"

"Okay... then... do it!"

"You want to suck my cock?"

"Unless you'd like to fuck my horny ass!"

"You like to take it that way?"

"Shit, man, I thought you understood. I really love it any way... every way! Yeah, I like a big poker stuck up my ass now and then! I'd like to ride your dick... if you can dig that number!"

"Yes. I'd like to screw that big, butch ass, but I'm so hot... so close! I'm afraid I'd shoot my wad before I got more than the tip of the head in!"

Austin laughed, and rolled onto his side, closer to Colby, jackknifing his body so that his head was close to the strong, thrusting protrusion of Colby's hard-on.

"Come here, then! Let me blow it... suck your cum... and then maybe you can control yourself long enough to get it in my ass and give me a good, energetic ride!"

He laughed again, and his hands closed over Colby's buns, drawing him close so he could open his mouth and let the huge hard-on slip forward, between his lips, behind his teeth, across his tongue, and arch downward into his throat.

As the firm, warm lips tightened possessively around Colby's cockshaft, he moaned, and tightened the muscles in his ass, offering more of himself to Austin, willing to have him devour the entire lower portion of his body to intensify the raging pleasure and delight that flowed all through him!

"Oh, Christ! Suck it, suck... it... suck it suck it suck it..."

A primitive chant rose unheeded from Colby's lips, as his hips rocked, fucking his big prick deep into Austin's mouth, raping his throat, withdrawing, and attacking all over again... over and over... again and again... in as deep as he could ram it, a moment frozen in time, then the retreat as he dragged his aching cock up and almost out. Another frozen moment of pure sensation, utter delight, and then viciously forward again, driving with sadistic intensity, determined to bury himself as deeply, as completely as possible in the eager, tight-grasping contractions of Austin's hungrily cocksucking throat!

"Oh, Christ! Eat it!"

With all the strength he could summon he rammed into the compressed juiciness of Austin's tongue-lashing mouth, and backed off until only the tip of his cockhead remained between the tight-pursed lips!

"Take it, man! Christ, you know how to suck dick!"

His whole body was a stream of liquid fire as his cum surged and gathered, ready to erupt, to overflow the confines of his balls and cockshaft. To gush out, inundating the eager throat, flood the tongue-throbbing mouth, feed and fill the greedy belly that waited so impatiently for the flow!

"Suck it! Take it, man! Suck it good! Suck it all the way down your cocksuckin' throat! Take it! TAKE! IT! ALL! ALL! THE! WAY! I'M READY! I'M... CUUUMMMMMMMIN'!"

His hips rammed wildly, rapid staccato thrusts that nearly strangled the gulping cocksucker, as his prick swelled and expanded, convulsed, and spurted a thick stream of jism, too thick, too much to swallow. A dribble of the rich cream leaked from a corner of Austin's mouth, as he fought to contain and control the rest of the fiery flood!

They rolled together, Austin's arms tight around Colby's hips, hands digging into the velvety mounds of his buns, holding him fast, firm, inescapable, as noisy swallowing gulps rose in the air, inundating both of them in the sounds and tastes and smells and feels of wild, wonderful, uninhibited animal sex, acceptance communicated, shared!

Colby was gasping for air as Austin rolled him over onto his back again, and crouched over his slowly deflating hard-on, licking at random drops of lingering cum, real or imaginary, lapping broad swipes up and down and over and around the slowly descending weight of Colby's cum-spent balls!

"Man, you love to suck cock, don't you?"

"Damn right! If it's a big, juicy beauty like yours! But, I'll tell you something... now that we've already done it once, at least I have... I'd have gone down on you if your prick wasn't any bigger than a pimple on your belly! Shit, when you opened that door... and I saw you standing there..."

The admiration in Austin's voice was all Colby required to start the adrenaline flowing immanently, and he could feel the urgency returning to his not-quite-flaccid prick. Before the last words had escaped Austin's throat, Colby's cock was up full-hard again, and he was reaching out to roll Austin over onto his belly so he could rim his beautiful ass and chew on those proud buns before he rammed his cock up inside him and fucked him to death!

## CHAPTER FIVE

Work progressed on the house. Colby spent every free moment watching the changes occur. And when it was time for Austin to take a break, it wasn't

coffee or a beer he wanted to refresh him, to renew and restore himself, but Colby, naked, stretched out beside him on the bed that was still the only item of furniture in the plaster-and-lath, dust-and-grime littered house.

They spent long, lovely hours in the hunching, gasping game of fuck and suck. After the first breathless plunging of Colby's big cock deep into Austin's tight-clutching asshole, it was too much for Colby to hold back his own aching desire to feel the hugeness of Austin's prick reciprocating.

"Christ, it was beautiful fuckin' you... but, shit, man, I'd rather feel your big beautiful prick ramming up my ass than anything else in the world!"

Austin, laughed, and flipped him onto his back, lifting his legs over his shoulders. He bent over, admiring the golden hue of Colby's big, bobbing hard-on, as he plunged between his legs and clamped his mouth as possessively over Colby's quivering asshole as he had earlier clamped it over Colby's gaping, welcoming mouth!

"You dig it up the ass, right?"

"Oh, Christ, yes! Yesssss!"

"And you like big ones..."

"Yesssss!"

Aching with desire, frustrated by the not-long enough session of rimming, Colby was panting for the feeling of that big ramrod probing his guts, slamming in frenzy way up inside him!

"Fuck me, God damn it!"

"You really want it."

"Christ, can't you tell? Shit, man! I need it! I NEED to feel that big cock of yours knocking my guts out of place! Come on, Austin... fuck my achin' ass!"

And then, a sadistic smile on his handsome, peasant face, the carpenter crept forward on his knees, until the tip of his cockhead rested against Colby's spit-slicked asshole, and stared challengingly down into Colby's passion-contorted face.

"You wanna get fucked?"

"Ohhhhhh!"

The sudden thrust of power-driven hips jabbed more than half the giant totem into the overly-stretched ring, up inside the straining channel, and Colby writhed in agonized delight as he reared up to meet the brutal assault of Austin's cock, corkscrewing his hips to intensify the

sensation of that big prick raping its way into him!

"You like it, stud?"

"Oh, Christ! Yesss!"

"Yeah, I think you do. You like it a little rough, don't you, babe?"

"A little... sometimes..."

"You like me to be rough with you, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! Yesssss! That big prick... it... man, it feels... like... like it's gonna come lunging... out of my mouth... all... the... fuckin'... way... through... me... and... poppin'... out... of... my... cocksuckin' mouth!"

Austin plunged full depth, and started grinding his pelvis hard against the firm mounds of Colby's ass, making his victim groan and whimper and sob.

"Oh, fuck... fuck it, man... fuck it good... hard... deep... oh, Christ, fuck it! Do it, stud! Doooo iiiit!"

His hips ground down as hard as Austin pressed down, both trying for greater connection, both knowing the futility of their efforts, but trying anyway.

"Fuck it, man! Fuck my hot ass! Ride it, stud! Tear my fuckin' asshole to pieces! Fuck it! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!"

Austin bucked and plunged, a gleaming film of sweat breaking out all over his striving, straining, writhing body! It dripped onto Colby's chest, into the thick golden curls at the base of his prick, salty and warm, slippery as their bodies crashed together, adding an erotic lubricant to the ecstasy of merging flesh!

"I'm gonna cum, man! Almost... almost there."

"No, Colby! No! Hold back... long as you can! I'm gettin' up there... but... not yet, man... not yet!"

"YES! I can't help it, stud! Gotta! Can't wait! GONNA GUM!"

Austin went wild! He was frantic! They had to cum together, both at the same breath, the same pulsing heartbeat! He pumped more wildly into the muscle-clenching tightness of Colby's juicy asshole!

With each groan Colby tittered, Austin strained more furiously, and when he felt his load begin to gather in a leaden ball somewhere around the base of his spine, begin to spread and grow up through his belly, he convulsed, and managed to dip his shaggy dark head down between Colby's splayed thighs, reaching around him from behind to grasp and guide the spasming, ready-to-spurt prick to his hungry mouth, slurp it inside and



suck ravenously as he wildly fucked Colby's asshole.

Cramped, doubled into a fetal position, fucking the beautiful blond's tight ass, wolfishly gulping on his inflamed prick. Austin was in paradise. He gasped and grunted, slurped and gurgled, as he felt his load turn everything in him to liquid fire, and rage through the mammoth tunnel of his convulsing prick, spurt in wild, torrential gushes deep into Colby's welcoming guts, filling him, overflowing, running down the curves of the upthrust cheeks, dropping thickly from those proud arcs onto the rumpled bedding!

And as the first lava-flow of his orgasm erupted inside Colby, Colby's prick triggered its release, swelling massively in Austin's mouth, spasming between his tongue and the roof of his mouth, and shooting molten pellets of Godly nectar into the eagerly receptive orifice!

Austin gulped and gagged as he swallowed the massive load, and Colby cooed with delighted satisfaction as he felt the cum spurting into him, stretching his asshole and branding him internally with the powerful masculinity of this new playmate!

Each get-together was exhausting, but wildly satisfying for both of them, and much to Colby's delight, in spite of his early fears, the work progressed rapidly, in spite of the pleasures the carpenter experienced with the employer. In fact, Colby thought, the work seemed to go faster, and Austin seemed to have renewed energy after one of their sessions.

Well, man, if makin' it with that fantastic stud made him work harder, faster, better, Colby was more than willing to cooperate!

And then came the day Colby had been dreading.

"Listen, babe, I've gone as far as I can until you decide about what you want done in the bedroom... and whether you want to keep that other room for a bedroom or knock out the outside wall and turn it into a studio where you can paint. So, you better get that ass in gear, for somethin' besides fuckin', and find a plumber right quick or I'm gonna have to take off and do another job... for which the client has been waitin' over two weeks, already."

"You know anybody? A plumber, I mean somebody you trust to do a good job?"

A twinkle came into Austin's gray eyes, and he chuckled, as he gazed seriously into Colby's bottomless blue eyes.

"You only interested in a plumber who can do the job... or would you like a stud who could fill in between times... plumbing you... the way you like it?"

"I'm mainly interested in getting the house so I can live in it... but if you're suggesting something."

He tried to look distant, uninterested, but Austin could read the twinkle

of anticipation in his eyes, and knew what he was going to do.

The next day, as Colby lay squirming under the battering of Austin's big, hard prick, sliding in and out of his ass, something caught his eyes. He looked up and started in alarm. Austin felt the tension flow into Colby's body and turned his head, ready to pull out and take whatever action was necessary, but he had a good idea of what to expect. His alarm was less great than Colby's.

A smile spread across his handsome, peasant face, as he returned his attention to Colby, sinking his cock back to the hilt into Colby's juicy bunghole.

"Austin..."

"Easy Colby! No need to be upset. This is an old buddy... and the plumber you asked me to find for your bathroom work!"

Colby's eyes swung back to the intruder, and he couldn't help being impressed. Even taller and more massive than Austin, the man was magnetic, radiating sexuality and eroticism, as a heater radiates warmth and comfort.

"Jason, say hello to the boss... Mister Charles... or when you get to know him better, Colby..." He never stopped the in-and-out pistonning rhythm of his heaving buttocks, his rocking hips, fucking steadily toward orgasm as he gasped the informal introduction.

In the shadowy room it took several moments before Colby fully realized that the stranger in the room with them was a black stud. Black only in his heritage of genes, however, and a few remnants of his forebears in certain features.

His flesh was warm, tawny brown, only slightly darker than Colby's own deeply tanned body, but the evidence was there.

Colby had only moments to consider the new arrival, though, because just as he realized Jason was black, the rasping breath, the battering tempo, the grunts, groans, and sputters of impending orgasm overtook Austin, demanding all Colby's attention and cooperation.

As he felt the breathless wonder of Austin's ecstasy begin to accelerate, he was caught up in the moment and felt himself responding, his climax building rapidly, unalterably. He writhed under the bucking stud, his heels kicking wildly into the broad, muscular back, his backside bouncing up to meet every downstroke of Austin's powerful midsection!

"Oh, Christ... that big prick feels so good so fuckin' good! Stretchin' me... wide open... cum, you bastard! Shoot your fuckin' jism up my hot, horny ass, you fuckin' cocksucker!"

"Now, man! Get ready! I'm there, stud! I'm... right... up... there... gonna flood your belly... full of... stud jizz! Hot, whipped cream! Hang on, babe! Hang... fuckin'... ON!"

His body crumpled, his weight collapsing on the smaller, more compact torso, as he shuddered out the glorious sensations of exploding spunk and tight-gripping asshole walls!

Colby gasped and groaned, his cock bucking wildly between their sweaty bellies, but the denouement had come on them too quickly for him to reach his climax. He strained and humped, but he couldn't dump his load before Austin heaved that last sigh of satisfaction and slowly crept out of his swollen, cock-stretched asshole!

But, in the next moment, he was glad he hadn't shot his bolt! Without invitation, without consent, the black stud had stripped his fantastically beautiful, well-put-together body, and was now creeping across the surface of the bed to take Austin's place! He was going, to ram that unbelievably long and fat prick up Colby's already aching, stretched, strained asshole.

Colby lay still, staring at the figure approaching between his splayed legs. Jason was a fantastic beauty! Tremendously broad shoulders dwarfed the rest of his body, in spite of the big, plated pecs, the flaring taper of his lats diminishing to an almost nonexistent waist, trim, narrow, hard, rippling with flexible muscle. A deep-shadowed line separated his hips from the rippling smoothness of his upper torso, and Colby thought about countless Greek statues he'd seen in museums and art publications.

The girdle of Venus... or the Runner's girdle... he couldn't remember which was the proper definition for such articulated musculature!

It didn't matter! The body, spectacular, exciting, passion-rousing -- that was what mattered! Jason was a rich, golden-brown color, like coffee with rich cream, hairless but for tiny tufts in the biceps-intimidated armpits, and a broad ring of sparkling black wire which circled the much darker cock and low-swaying balls.

A real bad stud!

Jason grinned into the appraising eye and crept closer, the warmth of his upper thighs creating goose pimples on the backs of Colby's thighs where they touched. Colby was a little frightened, confused. He had never got it on before with a black stud!

"You wanna lick on this awhile... get it all nice and slick and juicy? Or you want me to dry-ram you? Our friend here... Austin... he's got a real whammer... but mine's a hell of a lot fatter... and man... after seein' what you can do with that hot little box, I'd sure hate like hell to tear it up..."

Colby couldn't find his voice, but Jason seemed able to read his thoughts, and spread his knees wide and raised them to the outside of Colby's thighs, straddling trim hips, and crept slowly forward, until his knees were pressed into silky-haired armpits, pelvis jutting forward, the heavy hang of dangling scrotum and out-thrusting erection only inches from Colby's quivering chin.

"Go ahead, man! Take it! It tastes just like a white one... and the color don't come off... I promise you!"

He lunged his torso forward and the low hanging, weighty pouch of silky flesh gazed lightly over the tip of Colby's chin, sending a chill of excitement down his spine.

Colby stared, wide-eyed, at the massive fucker above him, filled with awe and wonder at the texture of that vein-threaded foreskin. It looked so soft and vulnerable, but dark and threatening, at the same time! Jason's foreskin was more massive, somehow, than any other he had ever seen. But, maybe that was just because Colby had gotten used to the unprotected, cockhead -- exposed, circumcised prick of his temporary regular, Austin.

"Come on, man. Give it a couple of laps... get it wet, slick... slippery... so it'll go up your asshole nice and smooth and easy... don't want to hurt you, stud, and if I try to dry-fuck you... well, you can see how fat the fucker..."

Colby kept staring up at the fascinating foreskin. It was, so loose looking so thick-skinned. Helplessly, as though unable to control his actions, he reached around the straddling thigh and took hold of the loose-fleshed cockshaft, and squeezed back toward Jason's pelvis. The skin slid so easy, so free, as though completely unconnected with the steely shaft it covered!

Colby's eyes opened yet wider, and he gasped at sight of the mammoth, plum-shaped and colored exposed head. It was deep purple and had startling dark-brown highlights! And big! The biggest fuckin' cockhead Colby had ever seen!

"Take it, man! Watchin' my old buddy ride your ass got me really tuned in and I'm hungry to get up in your guts! Slip your tongue out... lick it... get it good and wet and slippery! Shit, man, there ain't no better lubrication in the world than plain old-fashioned, ordinary spit! Taste it, man! Suck it!"

Jason reached back, behind him, and groped for the captive blond's cock, caught it in his warm, dry-skinned hand and closed a possessive fist around the oozing column, smearing Colby's cockjuice all over his prick, sliding it in his now moistened hand, jerking it slowly, lazily, maddeningly, enticing Colby to accept the probe so close to his strangely reluctant mouth.

"I'm tellin' you, friend, you don't wanna get it juicy then you gonna get dry-fucked... and I don't think you'll like that a hell of a lot... least not the first time you take my ass-buster!"

He chuckled softly, and with his free hand, slipping under Colby's head, grabbed a fistful of tangled hair, used it as a lever, and raised the handsome face to his drooling cockhead, pressing firmly, letting the tip slip back and forth across the closed lips, until a gleaming film of cock oil coated the lips and all the areas around and under and above.

The smell of the masculine flesh fumed Colby's nostrils, filled his head, intoxicating, demanding!

His lips faltered, slowly, uncontrollably fell open, and Jason sighed, applied slight pressure, and sent the tip of his big, fat cockhead into the void.

Instinctively, Colby's tongue began to flutter over the gaping slit, collecting the honey-thick emission, letting it coat his tongue, film his teeth, flow into the cheeks, until the whole interior of his mouth was redolent with the man-taste, the rich, musky essence of Jason, concentrated into the slight flow of lubricating slipperiness.

"That's a good boy! Man, you know how to treat a special jock, don't you! You really turn on to the taste of a man's hot, spunky meat, don't you!"

Jason's hips shot forward, suddenly, hard, and the whole head slid into Colby's wide-stretched mouth. It seemed to fill him -- just the head! -- and he wondered how he could handle it if Jason tried to ram more, even a little bit, of the shaft into him!

"Oh, yeah! Suck it, baby! Suck that big, horny, nigger-prick! Chew on it, man! Jesus, it feels so good in your hot... wet... cocksuckin' mouth!"

His hips rolled, so the head of his cock spun over every surface of the interior of Colby's mouth. He settled back so he was sitting on Colby's chest, his weight exciting, and somehow reassuring Colby that he wouldn't try to drive any more of that thick-shafted, suffocating-throat-filling-headed monster into him.

But his confidence was short-lived. With a sudden lurch, a surprising hunch of hips and flexing of buttocks, the cockhead slid deeper, several inches of the shaft slipped between his lips, and he panicked, gagging and choking as the enormous, spongy head pressed against the back of his mouth, the beginning of his throat!

"Easy, baby! Easy! Just take it slow and easy... relax... don't fight it! I never choked a stud to death in my life... and I sure as shit don't want to start now... least not before I fuck the ass off you..."

He laughed softly and withdrew slightly, so as to dispel Colby's fear, but a good length of his giant prick remained behind those stretched, pursed, straining lips.

His hand worked steadily up and down the steel-girder hardness of Colby's erection, and neither he nor Colby even remembered that Austin was still there, watching every move of either body, and could only stand, entranced, stroking his own once-more-fiery dick, hovering at the brink of crashing, gut-twisting orgasm as the big, black ramrod prick worked gently between Colby's pale lips, the thick vein running the full length of the upper side throbbing strongly with each of Jason's heartbeats!

"Give it to him... make him take the whole fucker, Jason! Ram it down his

throat... right to the balls... fuck his horny mouth, man! Suck him, Colby! Take his big jock... swallow it! Feel it reachin' for your belly button! You'll think it's all the way down in your gut... if he drives it all the way in."

Frantic with his own excitement, and the erotic tableau before him, Austin was chanting encouragement to both participants. He wanted desperately to see Jason roughly slam his monster cock into the frightened mouth! Wanted to see Colby's golden face pressed right into that ring of wiry-black crotch hair! Then he'd know that the whole length of Jason's ass-splitter was way down inside Colby's cocksuckin' mouth and throat... as he had said, reaching toward the blond's belly-button!

"You want to see me ram him, man?"

"Oh, yeah! Oh, man! I'd... I'd love to see that! Do it! Bury it in him, man! Drive it down his throat! Right down to the balls! I wanna hear your big nuts slap against his chin... when your horse-cock hits bottom in him!"

Colby was frightened, certain that he couldn't handle all that meat if Jason slipped it to him, but strangely, perversely, hoping he would! How would it feel to have somebody that big all the way in him, filling, stretching his mouth and throat?

Jason's hand on his aching, urgent cock worked its magic, and Colby tensed, aware suddenly that he was only a breath away from gushing climax!

He sputtered and moaned, rolling his hips from side to side, trying to disengage the raping thrill of Jason's jacking fist! He groaned and gurgled, trying to warn his masturbator, but he couldn't force words around the mouth-filling cockhead!

Jason, as before, understood, and with a movement almost, too swift to see, much less believe, he swiveled, and crouched low over the swollen, spasming prick, quickly lowering his full lips over the cockhead, sliding steadily lower, taking more and more of the ready-to-explode hard-on!

"Yeah, man! That's the way, Jason! Take his dick! Suck it! Take his load, man! Feel it... feel that big cockhead swell even bigger... feel it shudder... and explode... feel it, man... taste it... feel and taste all that thick, sweet cum bust into your mouth, trickle down your throat... thick as molasses... hard to swallow... take his load, Jason! Make him blast off into your guts!"

Austin's body was contorted by the intensity of his arousal. Knees bent, muscles tensed and contracted, as he beat off wildly, every stroke sounding clearly in the still, pregnant air, as both Jason and Colby approached shattering orgasms!

Colby forget his fear as Jason began the steady up-and-down siphoning, tightening his lips and cheeks, creating a vacuum of thrilling excitement around his ready-to-spurt tool! The heavy black balls were swaying above

his head, brushing back and forth over his forehead and nose. He reached up, cupped the loose-skinned weight in his palm, felt the scrotum begin to shrink, tighten, as Jason's excitement and need soared. He didn't mind when Jason's prick worked deeper into his mouth, started sliding back and forth over his fluttering tongue! He sucked hungrily, and as more and more of the black crowbar sank into him, he accepted, greedily.

Austin watched with wide, glassy eyes, his cock-lubed fist slamming juicily up and down the length of his beautiful tool, his tight-drawn balls bouncing in the air with each stroke, and his spit-drooling mouth hanging open in abandoned lust as he strove to spill his load! He walked, stiff-legged, bent-kneed, to the side of the bed, and stared down at the two hunching figures, one so fair and golden, lying on his back, with that taut-cheeked black ass pumping in and out of him, driving that monumental prick deep, dragging it out until only the tip remained inside the lips to connect them! And Jason, melted milk-chocolate brown, tawny, glowing with the sweat of excited exertion, black-haired head bobbing frantically over the straining urgency of Colby's spasming prick!

A choked gurgle, a gasping staccato of breathing, and Austin knew Jason had unloaded deep down in Colby's well-fucked throat!

A half-choked sob, a gurgling, and the sight of Jason's beautifully shaped head sinking to the lowest point on Colby's convulsing cockshaft, nose pressing into the tight-against-cockbase balls, and he knew that Colby had given up his nectar to the persistently expert sucking of Jason's prick-loving mouth!

He groaned, pistoned his hips, and jacked furiously, only one... two... three squeezing strokes, and then moaned, a long, lingering signal of surrender, and stared down, unblinking, as his jism leaped high in the air, thick and pearly white, and then splashed ploppingly over Jason's musclerippling shoulders and back and ass! Random droplets spattered Colby's forehead and hair!

As all three returned, gradually, to reality, Colby again wanted Jason to pull out of his mouth, but the softening prick remained securely lodged within him. He breathed with difficulty, and then fear returned! The spasms and convulsions within the flaccid shaft of Jason's prick called for terror!

He squirmed and struggled, writhing to escape what he expected to come, but Jason was too strong, too determined!

Only Austin's return to sanity could cope with Jason's remaining fever, and he bent down, lightly tapping the handsome black on the shoulder.

"Playtime's over... for a while. Come on, horny... I'll show you what has to be done! The whole fuckin' bathroom practically has to be torn apart and put back together! And the swimming pool needs some fixing, too."

As though waking from a dream-filled sleep, Jason shook himself, became alert, and slowly, carefully, bit-by-bit, dragged his heavy cock but from

its shelter inside Colby's aching-jawed mouth!

Colby smiled his thanks at Austin as the two naked studs left him stretched naked, sweat-and spunk-stained, exhausted on the bed!

## CHAPTER SIX

Austin seemed to explode through the front door as Colby stepped out of the Porsche. He moved with awkward, loose-limbed grace toward the perplexed blond, a strained smile forcing his lips.

"We're at a standstill... till you get that fuckin' electrician out here to do that rewiring. You lined anybody up yet?"

He leaned on the car's fender, squinting in the bright afternoon sunlight. Colby felt his heart sink. He had forgotten all about the electrician! He'd talked with several, but had not yet found anybody he thought he really wanted to hire. "Tomorrow, man. I promise."

"Tomorrow... shit! Man, you're keeping two good men from doing their jobs! You're forcing Jason and me to fill the time fuckin' and suckin' each other! Man, I'd rather save my loads for you... even though ol' Jason is one hell of a good fuck... and not a bad little cocksucker, either!"

He chuckled and started to reach out to pat Colby on the ass, but the move was halted in mid-air, as a noisy, antique pickup swerved and screeched into the drive.

Austin's eyes swept over the side panel of the old truck, and he turned to Colby with a grin.

"You sly bastard! Forgot to call the electrician, huh?"

Colby's eyes went to the panel and read the logo: ADAM SHELTON ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS AND REPAIRS.

"I... I didn't... I don't even remember talking to anybody named Adam Shelton."

"Well, maybe your fairy Godfather summoned him... knowing how bad he's needed!"

And then both grew expectantly silent as the door swung open with a rusty creak, and the vehicle's occupant emerged. They gasped, in unison, at sight of the man. Blond, hair paler than Colby's, deep-tanned, darker than Colby -- almost the deep-toned skin color of Jason! Even across the distance separating them they could clearly see the dazzling brightness of gem-sparkling green eyes.

"Man, he's not very tall... but man, is he built!"

Austin's voice was a soft hiss in Colby's ear. He could only silently agree. It was as though nature had tried to make up for the man's short



stature by endowing him with rippling, bulging muscles everywhere, all over his almost naked body.

The man's only garments were shoulder-strapped overalls and a pair of ankle-height work boots. His shoulders, most of his chest and the side of his body, far below his hips, gleamed naked in the bright sunlight. It was obvious he couldn't have anything on under the overalls, unless it might be a clamping pouch to support only his dick and nuts!

But, from the bulge in the baggy pants legs, it seemed unlikely that anything was supported, except by nature, as originally intended. Colby was sure the short stud's prick was dangling down the inside of his lag, free and unhampered by civilized undershorts -- or anything else, except the free falling overalls.

Colby wondered, idly, if those shoulder straps could be coaxed into falling so the whole garment would slip to the man's ankles and show the minimum that was flow covered.

As Colby and Austin watched avidly, the stocky figure strode up the driveway and planted himself firmly before them.

"One of you dudes Colby Charles?"

"I am. But..."

"Well, you don't know me, but I was on a job the other day with another electrical outfit and one of the guys... I think his name was Monte Sylvester... or something like that... well, anyway, he just happened to mention that you were lookin' around for somebody to do some rewiring and repair work. So I thought I'd take a chance come out here... and see if I couldn't talk you into using me..."

His bright-green eyes twinkled, and Colby wondered if he had deliberately emphasized the last words. Austin didn't remain silently wondering.

"Man, I sure could use you... if friend Colby can't!"

The leer in his expression left no question as to his meaning.

The husky blond's smile broadened, and a knowing chuckle bubbled from his throat.

"Anyway, my name's Adam... like it says on the truck. Adam Shelton. I do good work... and I'm riot expensive. Looks like you're restoring an old place... probably lots of stuff inside that should be taken care of... specially if you're gonna have lots of appliances. Like electric toothbrushes... hair dryers... you know... all the new stuff that keeps comin' along all the time..."

His deep, rich voice had a breathless quality, as though he never got quite enough oxygen -- and never quite came to the end of a sentence.

Colby liked the look of that short, sturdy figure, and wondered what that

cock, dangling inside those loose, overalls, would look like. Was it short and thick-set like its possessor, or might it be one of those shockingly big ones that some small guys are endowed with?

"Come on in. I'll show you around... and we'll talk about money after you see what I want done."

"Shit, man... don't worry about the money... like I said... I work cheap... and I'm good..."

Austin chuckled, moving, closer to Adam, leaning his head confidentially toward the little man's ear.

"I bet you are, stud! Since we'll be workin' pretty close together... if Colby decides to give you the contract. I'd sure as hell like to find out just how good you really are!"

Again the short blond laughed and seemed to lean toward Austin, but the gesture was aborted, and neither Austin nor Colby could be sure.

Once inside, Colby escorted the electrician from room to room, pointing out various projects, and the shaggy pale-blond head kept nodding agreeably. As they neared the back of the house, the bedroom, study, and bathroom, Colby nearly choked on his own excitement as Adam, thoughtlessly, lost in Colby's description of the work he wanted done, slipped his hands into the open sides of his overalls. It was obvious he was fingering his cock as they walked from room to room.

Colby's voice went dry, and it was difficult for him to speak at all as his fantasy took possession of him, and he lost himself in the exhibitionistic self-fondling, though Adam seemed wholly unaware of his actions. Colby was sure it was a pose, a lure to get the job, if nothing more!

"Well... that's just about it, except I want to put a couple of wall lights and some outlets in... in the bathroom."

"That the bath... over there?"

"Yes. The plumber is in there... working... I decided I wanted to separate tub and shower, instead of having them together. He's installing the shower stall today, I think."

"... oh, yeah... then the room's probably all torn up anyway... and it wouldn't be any trouble to get in... behind the walls, I mean..."

"Oh, no. No trouble. The whole thing's going to have to be replastered and tiled, anyway."

His eyes couldn't resist the temptation, and kept darting to the cloth-covered manipulations of the restless hands. Adam looked as though he were slowly, deliberately jacking off, and Colby felt a visceral tug of desire. It was difficult to keep from reaching out, slipping his hands in beside Adam's, and touching his naked belly... crotch... balls... cock...

getting him excited... hard... horny.

Jason looked up as they swung through the door, and his eyes widened, brightened, as he saw the compact blond figure so unabashedly playing with himself. Before Colby could even introduce them, Jason's voice rang through the acoustical room, and seemed to shatter inside Colby's head.

"Man, if you havin a problem in there, come on over here... I'll be glad to take care of it for you! Just unhook them straps and let your overalls down. I'm at your service!"

He chuckled with delight.

"Yes sir! See... I'm down here oh my knees already... wouldn't be no trouble at all, takin' care of that problem you got a handful of right now..."

He dropped the screwdriver he held and let his big, dark hand slip between his wide-open thighs, rubbing up and down the rapidly swelling bulge between, brazenly groping his cock and balls as he stared hungrily at the faster bobbing bulge in Adam's overalls.

Jason's tongue flashed out, bright pink, startling in the tawny chocolate color of his face, and circled his gleaming lips, then fluttered invitingly in the air.

Adam turned to look questioningly into Colby's blue eyes, then turned his attention back to Jason, still lewdly inviting whatever, attention the little blond might desire.

"Come on, man! You look like you got horns a foot long... come over here... whip that hard dick out and ram it between my lips. Fuck my mouth long, and hard, till you spit out that troublesome load of cum that's plaguing you!"

His deep voice went soft and husky and, as it coaxed, he let his thumb and forefinger close over the tab of his zipper, eased it down, and probed inside; grabbing a handful of his almost-but-not-quite-hard cock, and worked it out of his fly to bob and jerk in the air between his splayed-open thighs. The rubbery thick foreskin had already peeled back away front the deep brown-purple head, and the monstrous plum glittered in the afternoon light.

As Jason's fist closed around the stiffening cockshaft, Colby could hear the gulp of excitement in Adam's throat, and watched as the hands came slowly out of the open sides of his overalls, raised to the metal hooks and, one after the other, loosened them, letting the singe covering slip downward to pool around his ankles, as he hobbled toward Jason, whose mouth gaped wide, tongue fluttering in open invitation.

Colby stared at the huge, fat whang on the little blond. It was disproportionately large for such a little body, but not so spectacular as the enormous balls! Eat of them would be a huge mouthful in itself, and Colby was convinced no living human could possibly capture the pair

and slurp them into his mouth at once.

"How about it, boss-stud? You gonna strip down and join in the fun?"

Jason's dark-brown velvety eyes turned briefly toward Colby and twinkled, inviting, and then returned to the advancing scepter of royal maleness! The fucker's prick was at least as big as Colby's -- maybe even as fat, if not as long as Jason's!

Unthinking, only feeling, Colby worked at the fastenings of his clothes, and in seconds was as naked as the compact electrician! He moved closed and pressed his feverish belly against the warm, smooth back and buttocks. Adam tensed, leaned backward and moaned with pleasure.

"Oooohhhh, yeeeeeeaaahhhhh! Man, I can dig that! Slip your dick between my legs! Rub the head back and forth over my asshole! Man, that makes me hot as hell!"

Colby was glad to oblige and backed slightly away from the warm, naked back, running appreciative hands over the proud, full buns that felt so soft and warm and resilient and, at the same time, solid, under his touch, and then grabbed his own prick and bent it down until it slipped into the valley between those sturdy, muscle-articulated thighs. Immediately, Adam clamped his thighs tight, and started rocking his body back and forth, so Colby's foreskin stretched and peeled back, revealing his sensitive cockhead to the hairy channel between Adam's clenching and relaxing asscheeks, so that chills of excitement flowed endlessly along his spine, right to his guts, getting him hornier with each subtle stroke of cock between buns!

"Oh, man! That's beautiful! I can feel the cock juice leakin' out oilin' me up... gettin' my ass ready for a hard, horny, deep-fuckin' prick!"

Jason released the fully jmnbedded prick from his gurgling, guzzling, gobbling, mouth, and laughed softly as he rose to his feet and started tugging at his clothes, wanting to be completely undressed, as his playmates were.

"Wait for me, you studs! Man, you wanna get fucked and ol' Colby there don't want to plug that gorgeous little hung of yours I'll be glad to ease your misery!"

Now it was Colby's turn to laugh disparagingly. "Jason, you want to fuck this tight little butt, you're gonna have to get in line behind me and I wouldn't wait too long, either. Austin's gonna blunder in here, sooner or later and once he sees this work of art, he's gonna want his share, too!"

For emphasis he squeezed two handfuls of the glorious asscheeks, and felt that shudder of excitement rage through him again, raising his temperature, stiffening his fuck until it was so ramrod rigid it hurt!

"You want it, Adam? You want me to slip it in? You like it up the ass?"

All the while he rocked his pelvis, rubbing the top of his broad, blunt

mushroom back and forth along the hairy crack of Adam's tight-clasping ass! He could feel his natural lubrication had the entire area slick and slippery. Sticking his cock up Adam's ass would be no problem with all that juicy preparation to ease the way.

"Do it! Ram me! Stick me good stud! Rear back and get set... then slam your dick in... all the way... all at once! Christ, I want it! I need it, stud I really need it! Shit, I love a big, hard cock pumpin' my ass full of horny meat!"

Jason was naked now, and again knelt before the sex-and-cock-crazed body, clamping his hands over the rampant cock, squeezing and pinching the massive pouch with its overflowing burden of oversized balls!

"Suck me, man! Take it in your mouth and swallow it! Bite the fucker off and chew it up... swallow it... then eat my nuts! One at a time! Bite 'em off with those sharp white teeth... eat 'em! Man, do it! Suck me! Bite me! Let me feel them strong teeth! Clamp 'em into the skin... on the head... yeah... bite the fuckin' cockhead... make me feel it!"

Jason slurped juicily along the length of that huge erection, head bobbing back and forth, hands restlessly moving over thighs and hips, pausing briefly to squeeze the amazing enormous balls, making Adam groan with the pressure. Colby couldn't be sure whether the groans indicated pleasure or pain, and guessed them to be a combination of both. He felt that pain brought pleasure to Adam, from the brief conversation so far exchanged.

"Suck it, you bastard! Swallow it! Take it all the way... way down your cock-loving throat, you fucker! Suck me off! Take my load, man! Make me shoot that spunk... I want to feel it spurting into your cocksuckin' mouth! Suck, you son of a bitch!"

His hips rocked wildly, as he fucked hard and deep into Jason's gasping, gurgling mouth. Colby held firmly to the fistful of asscheeks, limitedly guiding Adam's backside as he wanted it. His cock throbbed wildly, seeking the opening to that portal both he and Adam wanted stuffed! He groaned and lunged forward, felt the broad end of his cockhead make contact with the satiny clearing in that forest of wiry blond hair!

Adam's asshole!

He thrust with all his strength!

Adam uttered a strangled cry, and then a continuing whimper as Colby's fat prick nosed its way into him, all the way, in one long, slow, uninterrupted slide, until Colby's frantic nuts slapped firmly against Adam's, and the blond hairs, differing in hue and texture, met, mingled, tangled.

"You like that man?"

"Christ... between the two of you... I don't know where I'm at... Jesus, yesss! It's... it's good... great... beautiful! Fuck it, stud! Fuck the

ass off me! Fuck me till I can't take any more! Fuck me, man, fuck me! Fuck! Fuck it! Good and hard! Ram it deep! All the way! Oh! Ohh! Ahhhh! Ooooh! Ooh, shit! Yessss! That's it! That's it! THAT'S IT! FUCK IT! OH! OHH! OHHH! SHIT! OOOOOH! MAN, I'm... there... right... the fuck... there! Gonnaa... Gonna make it! OOOOOHH! Gonna cum, fucker! Ram it! Split it open! FUCKITFUCKITFUCKIT! OHHHH! AHHHHH! YESSSS! THERE! Take it! Take my spunk, nigger! CUM... CUMMM... CUMMIINN!"

His whole body vibrated as Colby rammed in and out of his asshole, now and then dragging his frenzied meat all the way free, to bob in the air until he clamped a trembling hand around the base and guided it back into its fevered nest, the gaping hungry hole where it felt so at home, pumping, ramming, driving, skewering the receptive body so completely!

"Me... toooo! I'm gonna... I gotta... man, I'm... cummmmin'... TAKE IT! CCCCUMMM!"

Colby's whole body felt as though it were dissolving in the fire and fury of his orgasm. His belly quivered, his cock spasmed deep in Adam's guts, and he whimpered helplessly as everything inside him seemed to rage out through the tiny, gaping slit in the tip of his cockhead, roaring into Adam's eager, greedy body, filling him, taking everything that had once been Colby Charles.

He barely managed to support himself on suddenly water legs, trembling in the exhaustion of complete ejaculation! Not an ounce of surplus strength remained. He barely managed to keep from falling as he pulled back and popped his spit-and-cum-polished cock free of the tight clamped asshole!

"Man, you two really shot buckets, didn't you? Now it's my turn to hump that hard little ass!"

Jason let the flaccid length of Adam's spent prick slip wetly from his mouth, to fall and bounce against the massive weight of his balls, and slowly rose to his feet, laying a gentle hand on Colby's shoulder, but meaningfully pushing him backward, signaling his intention to replace him in Adam's saddle!

"You worn out... or can you take another chunk of horny meat up there in your hot belly?"

Adam chuckled and reached for the monumental ramrod!

"Man, I'd hate myself forever if I let that big blackjack get away without nosin' its way up into my guts! Give it to me, stud!"

He bent forward and, holding Jason's cock securely around the base, he ran his wet, juicy tongue round and round the gleaming deep-purple head, wetting it, lubricating it, and then rose to stand erect, staring brazenly at Jason, daring him to take him, challenging him not to!

"You want it, man, you're gonna get it! You really gonna get it! You may never be able to let another hard dick plug you again after I get through! I ain't goin' easy! I like to fuck hard... deep... all the way

in and you're a pretty little guy to handle all the meat I got, to give!"

"I can take it! I want to take it! Fuck me, nigger!"

His green eyes blazed with desire and challenge and independence, asserting his power in spite of his diminutive stature!

"Get down on the floor on your hands and knees! Only way I can get at you... so short I can't get it anywhere near your bunghole if you're standin' up!"

Wordlessly, Adam obeyed, scrambling onto the floor, crouching in an animal pose, impatiently waiting the onslaught of that gigantic prick he wanted so bad to plumb the depths of his insides!

Assuming a fetal position on his knees, head tucked between shielding arms, the small blond began a rhythmically rocking motion, as Jason, tall and graceful, intimidating in his gleaming muscular masculinity, walked around behind him, and fell to his knees, sitting back on his heels, planting big, powerful hands on Adam's hips, and drawing him slightly backward until the small, bulkily muscular physique half-sat, half-leaned against the musclerippling chocolate-brown thighs.

"You gonna get fucked, man! You gonna get it like you never had it before!"

And then, slipping one bicep-bulging arm around Adam's middle, Jason grasped the pulsating base of his monumental prick in the other fist and guided it carefully into the deep crease between those sweat-glistening mounds of Adam's beautiful ass!

"Now, man! Right... NOW!"

With a surging lunge, Jason rammed forward and Adam couldn't contain the squeal of agony that the deep-probing invader evoked. His whole body began to tremble as more and more of Jason's huge salami vanished from Colby's view, sinking steadily, unalterably, uninterruptedly, into the inadequate scabbard between those magnificent buns!

"All of it, man! You're gettin' every inch of my big, horny dick! Gonna ram till it jumps up outta your mouth... gonna fuck you to death, you cock-hungry white honky!"

With a vicious twist of his hips Jason planted the last fraction of his mighty despoiler balls-deep inside the palpitating asshole, and Colby groaned, aware of the deep-filled feeling Adam must be experiencing, remembering how he had felt when Jason rammed his ass!

Adam leaned back against Jason's sweaty, muscle-gleaming chest, flinging his head back against, a broad, rippling shoulder, tense, filled with the maleness of the black giant! He moaned and began a slow, hypnotic, circular movement with his hips and pelvis.

"Fuck it! Fuck my ass, you horny stud! Ride me, man! Pull it out... way

out... and then ram it home again... hard... fuck me hard and deep... and good... NIGGER!"

Jason tightened his arm around Adam's chest, holding their upper bodies firmly together, unmoving, while he rolled his pelvis backward, dragging the whole length of his big dick out of Adam's ass, and held motionless for a timeless instant, only the ups of his cockhead maintaining the connection of two frenzied bodies. Then, with an animal cry of fury and lust, he surged forward, driving with all his strength, burying that black monument way up inside Adam's guts!

"Ooooo... Christ! Yessss! Fuck it! Fuck it fuck it! Ride me, stud! Make me feel every inch of that big jock!!! Cram your big, juicy balls up in me, too! Shit, I want all of you... deep in my belly! Fuck the ass off me, stud! Tear me up! Rip my fuckin' asshole wide open! Fuck it! Fuck it good, black man!"

Jason was dripping rivers of sweat in his exertion to destroy the masochistic receptor of his mammoth tool. His face distorted in a grimace of intensity, he slammed and bucked and retreated and attacked, again and again. Colby stood entranced, unable to believe what he was watching. His cock was rock hard, his balls aching with an urgency to unload! He gasped for breath, and watched hungrily, wide-eyed, unblinking, afraid to miss even the most subtle moment of this wholly animal mating.

"Come get him, Colby! Get down there in front of the bastard... blow him... chew on his nuts, rip 'em off with your teeth! Tear 'em off and spit 'em out, maybe that'll cool him off!"

Colby walked, as though in a trance, toward the wildly fucking pair, but instead of dropping to his knees to conquer the insatiable prick that throbbed ceiling-ward, he planted his feet firmly outside Adam's thighs and grabbed the base of his own cock, pointing it at the gaping, drooling mouth!

Adam regained his senses for a brief moment, realizing what was expected, and he shook his head frantically in refusal!

"Shit, no... man...! Shit, I... I don't... like to... suck... dick! I love it up my... ass... but I... don't wanna... suck."

"Fuck him! Ram it down his damn throat!"

Jason's voice was demanding, insistent, and even though he needed no encouragement, Colby thrilled to the maleness of the order. He reached out and grasped a painful handful of pale blond hair, twisted until Adam shrieked, then dragged the resisting head forward, forcing his cock deep within the gasping mouth!

"Suck it, faggot! Suck my big dick... drink my jism! Take it! Take it, you cocksucker! I'm cummin' already! I'm CUMMIN'!"

And his hips shot forward, driving his cock all the way into the sputtering mouth, as his first surging rush of jazz exploded against the



roof of Adam's mouth. The little blond gagged and struggled, but Colby was adamant and kept humping into him until he was sure every drop of his cum had been ingested and his cock was soft and started to slip out.

Jason was still fucking wildly in and out of the raw, over fucked asshole! He rammed and corkscrewed, pistoning steadily, brutally, as he held the trembling body close against his chest.

Tears were rolling helplessly from Adam's eyes, and Colby felt a moment of remorse, of self-despising, but his pity didn't last long. He realized his vicious mouth-fuck had had less impact on the handsome blond muscleman than the giant tool working in and out of his ass!

The tears were expressions of his delight and transport to rapture, as his body bucked erratically to meet the onslaught of the big prick up his bunghole!

"Yeah, nigger! Keep it up! You're shattering my prostate! Shit, I'm cummin' a steady stream and your big cock is doin' it all... fuck my ass off, said!"

Colby looked down at the hugely throbbing erection, and gasped! It was true! A transparent ribbon of lubricious emission rolled steadily from the lips of the cockhead, spinning down to the floor, pooling there between Adam's quivering knees!

Thoughtlessly, purely by instinct, he dropped to his knees, mouth wide, tongue extended, and began lapping up the spilled, wasted jism, then clamped his mouth over Adam's prick, sucking hungrily, taking as violently as Jason was giving -- from the other end! He worked Adam's cock as demandingly as Jason worked Adam's ass!

"Well, well... isn't this a pretty picture!"

Colby's eyes rolled up and sideways to look into the grinning face of Austin! It had to happen! He was only surprised it had taken so long for Austin to investigate their long absence. As he watched, Austin eagerly stripped naked and moved toward them!

As he knelt there between Adam's trembling thighs, sucking his big, beautiful, thumping cock, his ass waved in the air, and it was obviously Austin's target. As he walked across the bathroom, he raided his hand to his mouth, spit a healthy glob of saliva into his palm, and dropped his hand to massage his rigid upthrusting erection, coating it with the lubricating, viscous saliva!

"Spread your buns, boss! You're gonna get the daylights fucked outta that pretty backside of yours!"

Adam's eyes flew open, wide, staring, and as he whimpered in appreciation of Jason's championship fucking, he began to moan, an unintelligible protest! He wanted Austin's big, circumcised beauty for himself, after Jason finished with him!

"Uh... oh, no... ughh... don't... ooh... don't... fuck... ooh, Jesus! Don't fuck him... me... wait... oh, Christ! That really hit home! Save... that... whopper for... me! Fuck me, after... oooh... after the... nigger... shoots his... mmm, shit... Jesus... after the nigger... shoots his wad off."

He continued, garbled sounds of entreaty and ecstasy, longing for the big prick between Austin's thighs, while devouring the giant up his ass!

"Fuck you, blondie! Watch this... you wanna see some real fuckin'!"

He fell to the floor behind Colby and, using both hands to spread the glorious cheeks, maneuvered his cock, with twitches and spasms of stomach muscles, into position at the lips of Colby's ready asshole, and with a steady, slow, pressure, eased it inside and sank it to the hilt! Colby nearly bit Adam's prick off as the big tool slipped up his ass, but once seated, it was beautiful, and he rocked in tempo with Austin's thrusts, until he heard the constant, unbroken moan that meatful Jason's climax was on him, and the flow of jism in his mouth pumped in great globs onto his tongue and went sliding down into his throat!

Austin's arms came around his hips, gripping his tight balls and ready prick, and started squeezing, kneading, pumping, as Colby sucked hungrily at the big, beautiful prick in his mouth!

"Oh, man! I'm shootin', honky! Take my jism! Feel it gushin' up your ass! Turnin' you black, too! Take it! All of it! CUMMIN' A GUSHER UP YOUR RANDY ASS, YOU FUCKNEAD!" Jason's voice was almost unintelligible, as he pumped with all his strength, then hung motionless, for the moment his body a part of Adam's!

"Christ, I just got in on this game!" Austin roared and intensified the thrust of his ass-ravaging fuck strokes!

"I'm gonna go, man... all the way all my cream! Suck, boss! Suck my dick! Swallow my big, cummy load!" Adam snarled, his hand coming down painfully tight over the sides of Colby's head, holding him as the head of his dick slid into Colby's throat and strongly pulsated a half-dozen times, shooting the last of his load deep into Colby's gullet!

"Shit, I'm gonna give you my jism, Colby! I'm cummin', man... fillin' your sweet ass with COCK HONEY!" And Austin spasmed and fell limp and weak across Colby's bent back, just as Colby's final load erupted to coat his chest and belly, Austin's fist and forearm, and Adam's knees and thighs with great gobs of creamy cum!

## CHAPTER SEVEN

And so, Adam Shelton was hired to do the electrical work in restoring the house. Several good commissions came along at once and so Colby couldn't spend as much time supervising the work (and play) as he had been doing, but he was glad to be kept away now that Adam was there. Aside from arousing tendencies in Colby that he preferred to keep buried in his subconscious, the strutting over butch little stud reminded him a lot of

Seth, and he didn't need that!

Man, I thought I was over that bastard... but that super-butch act of Adam's... reminds me of the big stud and my ass itches for the feel of his big rammer. Shit, I guess I miss him!

So he was glad to keep busy with the new murals, and spend less time at the house.

He knew much exposure to Adam's rampant masochism, and he could easily begin to take too much pleasure in sadistically accommodating his desire to be humiliated.

The few times he did find time to make surprise visits, all three of the beautiful studs were busily working, and he had to admit (if only to himself) that he was a little disappointed. It would have been nice to repeat that strange, unplanned orgy -- but then, that was probably why it had been so flawless, it was unplanned! If the four of them set out to repeat it, deliberately, it would doubtless be less satisfying to all of them, if not a total failure.

Work progressed rapidly, and the day finally came when Austin called and told Colby that he had finished up and would come by for a check if it was convenient.

Colby was breathless as he waited, anticipating a session of abandoned wildness, but when Austin arrived, he was disappointed! The dark-haired, gray-eyed bull stud was dressed, and before Colby could make a pass, made it clear he wasn't going to play, that he was on his way to a hot date that would doubtless drain him dry over and over.

There were tears in Colby's eyes as he let the carpenter out of the apartment, untouched, unsucked, undrained of even one sweet load of jism.

Colby went in and threw himself across the bed and jacked off, and still unsatisfied, beat his cock again, to a pulp, until only a thin trickle of transparent, impotent jism oozed from the swollen, red-chafed lips of his thoroughly flogged prick! He rolled over and went to sleep, still coated with his own cum!

But there was no rest in sleep. Colby was plagued by erotic dreams of Seth. He was stroking the dark, light-flecked hair, expressing his love silently into those gold-flecked green eyes, stroking gently, excitedly that sleek, glowing olive skin, and taking the perfect, unflaived, uncircumcised prick into his mouth, draining it dry, then rolling over and letting Seth drive it, with all his force and strength, up into his guts, spurting load after load of honey-rich cream into him.

He groaned into wakefulness, in the midst of a gut-tearing, shattering orgasm that left him weak and exhausted all the rest of the day!

When Adam called with the news that he had finished all the electrical repairs and hung the new chandeliers, that everything was finished, Colby tried to get him to agree to letting him send his check by mail, but Adam

wanted to see him. He was persistent, and finally brake down Colby's resistance, and they arranged to meet at Colby's apartment the next night.

Colby knew Adam had plans beyond, merely collecting his pay for the completed job, but he made up his mind that he wouldn't play Adam's game, wouldn't succumb to the sexuality of the compact blond stud, nor give in to his own desire, if it came to that!

Adam would come; they would have a drink or two together, and then he would give him his check, show him to the door and that would be the end of their brief and strangely disturbing relationship.

I don't care how fuckin' sexy the little bastard is... I won't let it get to me! I'm not gonna get hot pants and end up in another little S and M party! I don't dig that shit. He's a be little stud... but I've had it with him!

After his shower Colby started to dress, and froze with his jeans half-way up one leg, deciding to take further precautions, in spite of his determination, his self-lectures, that nothing would happen when Adam arrived.

Kicking out of the partially-donned Levi's, he went naked to the tall chest in his room and rummaged through drawers until he found what he wanted, and drew it out and held it up before his face.

A jock strap.

Old, but rarely worn! Colby held it to his nose, sniffing, with mixed pleasure and distaste at the acrid-scented crotch.

Christ, I didn't wash the fuckin' thing after that last time I wore it! It smells of sweat... and piss and cock!

He debated briefly, then, with a careless shrug (at least it would keep his dick out of reach -- and his dangling basket would be cramped up inside it so he wouldn't bulge too badly, too invitingly stepped into it, lifting one foot, then the other, watching the entire operation in the big mirror over the dresser.

He liked watching himself move about the apartment, doing ordinary, everyday things, like dressing, or just enjoying the sight of himself naked, all golden and strong and sexy as hell!

Now, watching himself as he drew the constricting rubbery strips of cloth into place around his hips, adjusting the massive protrusion of his heavy dick and meaty balls into a relatively comfortable position, he felt his senses coming alive, felt himself getting horny, and debated whether or not it would be advisable to jack off before Adam's arrival.

Fuck it!

He made the final adjustments, patting his cock and balls into place

beneath the constricting cocksling, and with one final snap of the leg bands, so they wouldn't cut into the smooth line of his cheeks through his jeans, he turned to make sure he was all tucked in and unbulging, then stepped into the discarded jeans, pulled an old sleeveless sweatshirt over his head, and scuffed his bare feet into a pair of zoris!

In the bathroom a final check, a last running of the brush through his shaggy hair, and he was ready!

Why the hell am I so fuckin' concerned about how I look? Shit, I'm just gonna give the fucker his money and send him on his way!

Vanity!

Pure and simple vanity!

He couldn't bear to be seen at less than his best, even in raunchy jeans and an old sweatshirt he had cut the sleeves out of!

He grinned at his handsome reflection, and blew an impish, spur-of-the-moment kiss at himself and waltzed into the living room, where he tried to settled down with a magazine and a drink. He couldn't summon enthusiasm for either, and tossed the magazine to the floor and rose to take the drink into the kitchen, pour it down the sink, and replace it with a cup of fresh coffee.

Back in the living room, he switched on the television, and sat in semi-stupor, paying more attention to baskets and buns in commercials and story than to the plot or dialogue.

Always cruising, even sitting alone in his own pad watching the box! He chuckled, but realized he was getting a hard-on and shifted in his chair, trying to ease the pressure of the unaccustomed jock against his constricted balls and belly-pressed prick.

He started in alarm when the doorbell sounded.

Ravenous green eyes devoured him as he swung open the door, and a compact, muscular figure leaned in toward him as eyes raked the front of his jeans. He was gad he had put on the jock strap.

"Hi, boss."

"Adam come on in. I've got your check all made out."

"No hurry, man. I got all night and if you're not doing anything... well, I figured we could renew some old pleasures."

Colby couldn't find words. His cock soared against the taut plane of his jock strap and he had to hold his breath to forestall a completely unexpected but persistent orgasm.

As he closed the door and leaned back against it, Adam suddenly moved close to him, hands reaching out, running all over the front of his well-

sheathed body, from shoulders to knees, tracing every sensual line of his beautiful physique.

"Shit, man, I've been hopin' every day you'd come out to the house so we could fuck around, all four of us together, like that last time, but I'm glad now you didn't! It's better... like this... just the two of us... no distractions... even if they do have big, juicy cocks and love to fuck little blond asses! Come on, man... let's strip down. I'm hot as a pistol... horny for some more of that big, humpin' dick of yours!"

Colby struggled, and tried to dislodge the leech like hands that seemed to clamp onto his flesh with suction cups.

"Hey, man cool it I got things to do! You came over to get paid... remember? So let's get you paid and on your way to adventure someplace else! The town's full of gay bars... and street-corner cruisers."

Adam chuckled, undaunted, and persisted until he managed to hook his fingertips at the top button of Colby's jeans, working the button free, and then, with a quick flick of his wrist, ran the zipper down to the bottom of the track and reached inside with one hand, while the other slid insinuatingly up under the loose warmth of the old sweatshirt, and tangled in the light, golden growth of chest hair as he massaged and tweaked nipples, then probed sensually into Colby's sensitive armpits, and began to finger-comb the fine, silky hair there.

"Shit, you know how to turn on a stud, don't you! A jock strap... man, I dig a guy in a good old, worn-out, stinkin' jock!"

"Tough! I... I didn't put it on for you. Come on, Adam! I'm getting angry! Let me go! Cool off! There's plenty of meat around town interested in the same kind of sex you like to get on! I'm not one of 'em! So get your perverted hands off me and let me give you your money... then you can go wherever you go to pick up the kind of stud who likes to treat you the way you want!"

The speech left him breathless, and strangely, helplessly excited. Adam grinned up into his clouded blue eyes, aware of his excitement, still holding his strong hand inside the open jeans, pressing his palm hard against the fully, erect cock under the rubberized confinement!

"Shit! You're a fuckin' liar, boss! Your prick's like a fuckin' rock! You're as ready as I am! All you want is to be convinced, right?"

And with that, his face went mean and he grabbed a handful of the top of Colby's jeans and wrenched, tearing them from waist to hem down one side, so they fell away from the one leg while the other remained sheathed.

Another sudden, unanticipated grab and Adam held the shoulder of the worn sweatshirt in his hand! A quick tug, and the old cloth gave way, shredding, falling in tatters around Colby's waist.

"You fuckin' faggot bastard!"

Without thinking, Colby's hand flashed out, open, but vicious, and cracked loudly against jaw and teeth, leaving a blazing red welt. Immediately ashamed, he couldn't submerge his fury, but lashed out again, backhanding Adam with the same hand, planting a matching imprint on the other side of the handsome face.

Adam smiled, and stepped back, just out of reach, and slowly, deliberately, began unbuttoning his shirt, then shrugged it off his shoulders, to let his hands slide down his deeply tanned, downy haired chest, lingering briefly at his chest to tweak and pinch his nipples to raging erection. Then his hands moved down to his waist, opening his fly, hooking his thumbs in the waistband of his slacks, and pushing them quickly, completely down until they pooled around his ankles. One step and he was half free, another... and he was completely naked except for his socks, which he stooped and skinned off his heels.

"Let's fuck, boss!"

"Get the hell out of here!"

Colby's first moment of reality since the ringing sound of his slap-slap abandon to primitive drives! "Shit, man... all I want is that big prick of yours up my hot, juicy ass! Come on! Fuck me! You know you really dug rammin' my ass that afternoon... out at the house! Give me some mote of that big beauty..."

He gestured with his head toward Colby's lower belly. Colby's eyes slid downward, following the movement of the compact blond's slight nod.

His eyes flared wide!

Christ! His cock was thumping hard, and the head of it had worked its way out the side of the jock strap, foreskin rolled back, the gleaming rose-pink-lavender head drooling a steady stream of cock lube.

"Shit, look at that... and you say you're not horny to ream out my bunghole!"

Something like an animal's growl exploded from Colby, and he lunged forward, fists flailing, furiously attacking the stud who stood quietly, acceptingly before him, taking each blow, a slow change of expression coming over his face, until his eyes fluttered closed, his head fell back, mouth hanging open, raspy, shallow breaths of ecstasy erupting from his gaping mouth, and then, a whimper, a groan, a shudder!

Colby froze in the act of throwing a punch, his eyes suddenly filled with the countenance before him, his nose newly inhaling the heavy musk of sex, and he realized Adam was reaching orgasm!

"Come on, man! One more... just one more! I'm almost there! Can't you tell... let me have it, man! Hit me! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! HIT ME! ONCE MORE! HARD!"

But he didn't have to hit him! The big, beautiful prick thumped wildly,

jerked in the air between them, and, as Adam let out a long, sustained groan, it leaped wildly and erupted, shooting a violent cascade of pearly jism across the space to splatter and drip down Colby's chest and fall in thick, oozing drops into the waistband of the disarranged jock strap!

"Now, man! Please, for Christ's sake! Strip down! Get that big cock out of that jock and ram it up my ass... quick... Colby... do it! DO it... while I'm still shootin' off! Fuck me, man! Fuck my sweet, sweaty asshole!"

And Colby knew he couldn't do anything else! There was no resistance in him, no desire for resistance. He whipped out of the tattered jeans, shoved the ineffectual jock strap down around his ankles and stepped free, the tattered remnants of his ripped-up sweatshirt already having fallen at his feet when he skinned out of the one-legged jeans!

"How you want it, faggot? Should I spit in my hand... or do you want me to ram it up you dry?"

"I don't give a shit long as I get it up my ass. Just slip it to me and fuck the shit out of me, man!"

His voice was filled with remnants of ecstasy as the last bubbled of jism dribbled from the lips of his cockhead! And there was a frantic urgency, an intensity for more action, that made Colby tremble with a mixture of anticipation and fear!

It didn't hinder his attack, though! He moved to Adam, grabbed a firm, sturdy bicep and spun the small body around, holding him in position, his back to him, as he hacked a massive glob of spit into his palm and slathered it all over his rampaging cockshaft, then massaged what was left into the velvety skin around Adam's asshole!

"Hang on to the top of your head, you fuckin' bastard! You wanted it up the ass. Well, here... it... comes!"

Knees bent, he angled the head of his big dick between those beautiful buns and fumbled briefly to locate the asshole, then a bit more pressure, a hesitant pause, and then, with all the power stored in his strong, muscular body, he surged forward, holding Adam helpless to escape if he had wanted to and sank the entire length of his big prick to the balls in Adam's hot, slippery, juicy asshole!

"Oh, Christ! Yes! Yes! YESSSS! Jesus, that's good! Now fuck, man! Fuck my ass and make me shoot another load! Make me cum again without touchin' my horny dick!"

Colby thrust and nearly knocked both of them off balance, so brutal was the attack! Withdrawing, he looked down his sweaty belly, watching the slow appearance of his spit-lubricated prick as it pulled slowly out of the clamped asshole!

"Christ, pull it all the way put! Then ram it in again hard!"



Colby's head was spinning! The man was a maniac! He must be trying desperately hard to destroy himself! The fucker didn't want anything but pain agony... discomfort meanness!

But the big prick sank in deep again; deeper, if possible, than before, and he rolled his hips, making the deep-planted length of his fat prick corkscrew inside Adam!

The blond whimpered and started flexing and relaxing his muscles, milking Colby frantically, urgently!

"Shit, man fuck! Harder! Deeper! I'm cummin'! I'm gonna spurt another load of jism all over your living-room floor, man! I'M GONNA CUM AGAIN!"

And Colby reached around the narrow hips and grabbed the spasming prick, jacked it a couple of hard strokes, and felt it throb wildly in his fist as it blasted off another thick, creamy load!

Colby moaned and rammed with all his strength, and then hung helpless as his cock swelled, the head feeling as though it would burst, and then gushed out its own geyser of jazz, way up inside Adam's compact body!

When they could breathe again, Colby slowly inched his soft prick out of the still clutching asshole, and started toward the rear of the apartment!

"Hey, man... where you goin'?"

"Where the fuck do you think? I'm going to go clean up!"

Adam chuckled, and bounded after him.

"Wait up. I'll help you!"

In the bathroom he stood right at Colby's elbow as he carefully washed and dried his cock, then, as Colby turned to leave, Adam reached out and grabbed his arm, holding him back.

"Hey, listen, stud. I wanna ask you a question."

"Forget it! No more... I've had it... I'm drained dry!"

"Hey, no... that's not what I mean! Listen have you ever... well, damn... I don't know how to say it delicately! Colby, have you ever fist-fucked a guy?"

Colby's eyebrows shot up to his hairline. He had heard such things discussed, doubted the possibility, and never thought much more about it.

"Would you? I mean... would you like... to fist-fuck me?"

"You must be out of your head!"

"Hey, no! I mean it! Other dudes have done it to me before! I want you to

do it! I want to feel your whole fuckin' fist way up in my guts... your whole arm!"

"Get out of here... before I throw you out the fuckin' window... and it's eight stories to the ground!"

"Slit, I mean it, stud! Fist-fuck me!" Repugnant as the idea was to him, something was happening to Colby way at the back of his consciousness, and something less subtle at the front of his body!

He was getting another hard-on!

Hard as he tried to dismiss the suggestion Adam had just made, it kept nagging at him! Fist-fucking a stud! Was it possible?

"You got any grease? Vaseline... hair cream... hand lotion?"

Colby grinned, remembering his cache of jack-off jellies that remained from the days -- and nights -- after Seth left him.

Seth!

The grin faded quickly from his face, and he lunged for the medicine cabinet, determined now that he would stick his whole fuckin' arm up the twisted faggot's backside! That'd show him!

But then he stopped, wondering where his anger was really directed... at the perverted desires of this handsome, otherwise desirable stud? Or was he angry with Seth for walking out on him, and was he using this perverse method to get his revenge?

Sick!

"Where's the fuckin' cream, man?"

Adam stood, bent-kneed, fisting his up-standing prick, as he waited, impatiently, for Colby to find the grease and work it into him!

When he turned back, Adam saw the huge jar and grinned with delight.

"Aha! Vaseline! That works good! Now scoop out a big gob... and start working it into me... around my asshole... then slip one finger up my ass..."

Colby worked slowly, carefully, watching each reaction of the doubled-up physique, as he lay on the bathroom floor, watching what he could between his open thighs!

Colby worked carefully, slowly, working first one finger up the blond's horny ass! Then slowly a second finger slipped in beside the first, and he could feel the lump of solid tissue that was Adam's prostate!

"Oh, shit, man! That's good! That's beautiful! But... take it easy on the joy button! I'll cum three or four times anyway when you get your hand up

inside me... but don't make me shoot off too soon!"

A third finger slipped into Adam, and Colby was amazed at the ease with which the small body could accept the sphincter-stretching fullness!

"Go, stud! More! Three feels good... but four is even greater! And when you get it all up in me... man!"

The fourth finger worked its way into Adam's body, and Colby marveled at the facility with which those narrow hips were able to accommodate such a massive intrusion!

And then Adam's hand came back around his hips, closing strongly around Colby's wrist, intending to guide him through the rest of the ritual.

"Now, you gotta get the biggest part in... your knuckles! Kind of cup your hand... squeeze your fingers together hard, and that'll make the knuckles a little narrower!"

Colby followed instructions, and was breathless with shock as he felt the previously almost impenetrably tight asshole give and stretch so huge! He caught his breath as he applied pressure to his hand, certain he couldn't force it farther in, but with a lot of help from Adam, who was determined to take him, forcing his hand forward, pushing with his own hand, so it would go deeper, Colby felt the stretched out ring stretch even bigger, and with a gasp of amazement he watched as his knuckles forced their way inside the tightly caressing aperture!

"HOLY JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!"

"Yeah, man! That's the way every dude feels first time he sees it! How's it feel, stud? Your fist's almost all the way inside me just the thumb to go... and then you can really pump in and out! Shit, you can probably ram your whole fuckin' forearm up in there!"

Colby was caught up in the strange rite, now, and he worked his thumb inward, pressing it against the palm of his hand, and pressing forward at the same time!

Adam groaned and rotated his hips, and, as he started to whimper uncontrollably, Colby raised his head so he could look over the trembling hip and see that the blond was shooting another jism load all over the tile floor!

A hard shove, and his thumb and the rest of his hand disappeared inside Adam! The diminutive electrician groaned, and winced, but nothing was going to stop Colby now! He plunged his fist deeper, pushing hard, and he couldn't believe the elastic warmth of Adam's deep, inner guts! He was past his wrist inside the little stud's body... and slowly sinking even deeper!

"Do it, stud! Ram it to me! Christ, I love it! Do it! I'm gonna cum again... keep it up!"

Colby thrust and savored the alien sensations that engulfed him completely! His cock surged as he rammed his fist deep into Adam's body, and dragged it out part way, then sank it as deep as possible again, and then moaned and lunged with all his strength as his load blasted wildly from the head of his fiery dick!

And still, as his cock shot bolt after bolt of jism across the hunched ass of the wildly contorting Adam, he felt on fire! There was no end to the sensation that flooded through him.

"Christ, man... that's good! Pump it! Pump it... in and out! Man, it's so fuckin' goooooodddd!"

Colby's whole body raged with unquenchable fire as he rammed his hand and half his forearm deep into the throbbing, receptive ass!

"Shit! Close your fist! Double it up... and ram it in... deep! Deep, man, real deep! DEEPER!"

The small, muscular body writhed in pleasure/agony, as Colby slowly worked his doubled fist deeper inside the amazingly stretched-open asshole!

"Fuck it, Colby... fuck the hell put of it! Pump that fist! Ram it in... hard... deep! Fuck it, stud! Christ, work that fist inside me!"

Colby couldn't catch his breath. His cock throbbed furiously against his belly, as he rammed and probed, entranced by the strange, gripping sensation of Adam's insides.

"Twist! Twist your fist around! Pump it! Fuck it!"

As though he had no mind, as though he were a robot, an automaton, Colby absorbed every instruction, every nuance of Adam's strange eroticism. He worked his fist open and closed, rolled it in the muscle-clenching, squooshy depths of Adam's guts! He pumped back and forth, driving his arm, finally, into the small body, all the way up to the elbow, and worked it furiously, as his own guts churned with repulsive excitement, his balls whirling with an endless urgency as he shot another load of jism all over Adam and another!

The squirming buns, the rippling back; the whole rear part of Adam's body was bathed in repeated ejaculations of fiery curn!

"Oh, Christ! You're good, stud! You really got me goin'! Christ, I lost track of how many times I've shot off! Keep it up, man! Keep pumpin'... and workin' those fingers... open and closed... fist-fuck, you bastard! Keep it goin' till I pass out... till I can't shoot any more spunk."

The voice was growing weak, breathless, but the body still responded, hunching in counterpoint to the thrusts and drives of Colby's in-and-out plunging fist and forearm!

Finally, both exhausted, Adam moaned, a lone, lingering sound of defeat

(or was it conquest?) and blacked out, and just as he drifted off, Colby spurted one final, lame load of jazz all over him, and was suddenly hopelessly repelled by the whole performance!

He withdrew quickly, without gentleness or consideration of damage he might do, and, as his hand popped free, he sprang to his feet and dashed into the shower, turning the water full force, savoring the cleansing spray that bombarded his flesh!

But even after a half-hour under the battering shower he still felt irredeemably soiled! He twisted the faucets off and toweled dry, looking down at the huddled figure on the floor. He was still looking at him as he switched off the light and crept to his bed to fall in fatigue, into deep slumber!

He didn't hear when Adam came to and made his way out of the apartment... without his check!

Colby mailed it to him the next day.

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

It was several days before Colby could look at himself in the mirror after that night of abandoned debauchery with Adam. The memory was inextinguishable and there were nights when he woke in a cold sweat from dreams of the hunching, cum-spurting little blond, of his own muck-covered fist plunging in and out of the impossibly stretched ring that gripped his wrist, his forearm, his elbow as he worked in and out of the body that seemed too small, too fragile, to accept such outrageous use... and abuse!

But he kept busy, and though the sordid memory was never very deeply submerged, he was able to function and as time passed the self-loathing, the disgust he felt for Adam -- and himself -- faded, slowly, but inevitably.

Several commissions came along at once, and Colby was too busy to spend much time at the house. Jason was the only one still working out there, anyway, and he had little inclination to relive any of that day he and Jason had shared Adam's young body in the middle of the bathroom floor!

But when he could manage it, and found a few hours to go out and see how things were going, he was surprised, and pleased, that it wasn't difficult to think about that afternoon and the wild and abandoned perversions that had made his heart pound with frenzy, his breath to rasp in his ears.

And there was Jason, beautiful, tawny-brown Jason, who was glad to see him, glad to drop his skin-tight jeans and fall to his knees to open Colby's fly and work his clinging pants down over trim hips and bulging thighs, to flop the half-soft prick into his mouth and tongue it to rampant, raging erection!

Colby stood, looking down at the handsome, woolly head, remembering the

epithets hurled by Adam in their furious orgy, and hated the little blond even more than ever! Or was it himself he hated? Because of his own ecstasy in that union? Or, perhaps, because, somewhere, buried deep inside him, unnoticed until that day with Adam... somewhere in the basic self, could he be hiding his own acknowledgment of those vicious words spoken so easily in the midst of Adam's sexual frenzy? Did he... could he... think... feel... accept a nigger?

His contemplation was interrupted by the sudden, long slide of Jason's hot, juicy mouth, taking him completely, gobbling his dick, right down to the balls, the silky sandy-blond curls mashing against his nose and chin.

Colby moaned with excited pleasure and backed away, jerking his hips, popping his thrilled cock free of the encompassing mouth, sucking in a quick breath to steady himself, to drag himself back from the too sudden, too close brink of orgasm!

Christ, Jason had just nibbled at his horny chunk of meat, and then one good, long, steady-sucking swipe inside his mouth, and Colby was right at the edge!

He shuddered, and, dropped to the floor, scrambling quickly into sixty-nine posture, and reached out with both hands for the massive black prick, squeezing the big, hairy balls in one fist, while he peeled back the loose, rubbery foreskin with the other, and dove with gaping, dripping mouth to swallow the whole long, thick, choking cock, gagging slightly for taking it so quickly, so greedily, but adjusting easily to its throat-filling mass. He rapidly worked his way up and down its entire length, teasing the pouting lips at the tip of the brown-purple cockhead with his fluttering tongue, then swept wildly downward again, swallowing Jason's dick whole, delighting in the enormous masculinity of the big, butch, muscular brown stud!

He gasped as Jason forced one arm under his hips and wrapped him tight against his chest, pinching his buns as he lowered his head and started the same whirlwind assault that Colby had initiated!

They sucked ravenously, groping and fondling every inch of each other with hungry, restless hands, and both gloried in the challenge, each holding out as long as possible against the juggernaut attack of the other, both hovering breathlessly at the pinnacle of sensation as long as possible, unwilling to surrender to the talents of the other until the last possible moment! Lunge, suck! Colby's guts rolled over, his heart bursting, as he felt the swelling spasms, the surge, the blast, as Jason helplessly gave up his load and pumped great jets of creamy, sweet cum deep in the back of his cock-loving throat!

It was the trigger, and he moaned, whimpered, and still kept sucking at Jason's undiminished rigidity, as his own prick burst, erupted, throbbed in rapid, staccato explosions, and bathed the cock-chafed rawness of Jason's stretched-open throat with his own honey-thick jism!

Later, dressed again, and surprisingly a bit self-conscious now with the handsome black stallion, they chatted briefly over cold beers that Jason

kept in an ice chest in the rear of his car. But Colby's discomfort in the man's presence prodded him to escape as quickly as possible.

He wondered why he was so ill at ease with Jason, and decided it must be an emotional hangover from the session with Adam, and that it would pass.

I sure as hell hope SO! I like the black bastard! I'd hate to lose track of him once the job's finished here! Hope to hell he keeps in touch.

But... later! Right now, all he wanted was to get away, and it showed in his attitude, his behavior, his unintentional coolness.

"Hey, listen, Colby... you better get in touch with the union if you want to get this job finished up! I'm close to finished and it's gonna be time for the plasterers and tile-setters in another day or two!"

Colby ginned, grateful that Jason had turned the conversation toward impersonal, business-at-hand matters. He reached out and squeezed a bare bicep, velvety, warm, smooth and strong! A shudder of sensation flooded through him, and he was tempted to start another session, but decided against it.

"I'll take care of it, stud! First thing in the morning. When do you want them? Day after tomorrow?"

"Maybe you better give me one more day the day after that. Okay?"

"Whatever you say! It's your ball game... for the time being."

He smiled and leaned forward, impulsively, and lightly, sweetly, sexlessly, brushed his lips over Jason's, and enjoyed the warmth, the dry, papery soft-firmness.

As he climbed into the Porsche he realized his cock was hard and throbbing strongly in his crotch! As he drove back toward town the stress became unendurable and he pulled the sleek car to the side of the lightly trafficked highway, and whipped open his fly, worked his raging cock free of its constricting covering, and whacked off, beating a thick, fiery load of jism out of the rebellious erection. He sat quietly in the afterglow of orgasm until he snapped alert, realizing time was passing swiftly, and pulled himself together so he could face the world!

As promised, Colby called the union the following morning and requested plasterers and tile-setters, and as he hung up the phone promptly forgot all about everything but the job that lay before him -- a mural, peopled with naked, satyrlike males, suggestive but not downright pornographic, for one of the private gay clubs in town. His sketches and cartoons were finished, and flow was left transferring the huge drawings to the wall and filling in the background and figures.

Alone most of the time in the rarely used party room (one of the reasons for commissioning the mural was to stimulate interest in more frequent -- and thereby more profitable -- rentals) Colby found himself fiercely groping himself with every naked body, every half-hard cock, every

strong-arched ass he painted. Fantasies of sucking and fucking orgies filled his thoughts, and he decided the best way to rid himself of frustration, and repair Jason's hurt feelings, was a fast trip out to the house and a long, lingering session of cock-lust satisfaction! To memorialize the beautiful black, Colby decided to put him into the mural, and each line, each brush stroke was applied with loving sincerity! When he got to the cock and those magnificent, majestic balls, he was as though hypnotized, trying with all his skill to capture the thick-skinned hood, the entrancing foreskin that he always thought about first when Jason reached into his mind and grabbed hold of his thoughts. He was infatuated by that unforgettable foreskin, so dark, so thick and rubbery, so thoroughly criss-crossed with emphatic, if delicate, veining.

Finally, unable to think clearly of what he was doing, Colby cleaned his brushes and put away his equipment, and left the club, climbed into the Porsche, and sped out of the city, urgently on his way to the house... and Jason and relief from the persistent horniness, the constant hot nuts, the ache of his sexual hunger.

"Man, I'm glad you came out! I been missin' you..."

The toasty-brown face split in a delighted smile of welcome as Colby screeched to a halt and climbed clumsily out of the car.

"No trouble, I hope."

"Shit, no! I got things in control, but those two plasterers... now, that's somethin' else again! No control over them two!"

Colby frowned and squinted questioning eyes at Jason.

As they started toward the house, Colby reached out and closed a gentle hand over the curve of Jason's unforgettable ass. Jason turned his head, grinned, chuckled, and clenched his gluteus in mid-step, and flung an arm around Colby's waist, drawing him close against him, throwing him momentarily off balance.

"I came out here today to fuck at... and feel your big beautiful prick way up in my guts... but with the plasterers here... shit, how could I have forgotten about them..."

"Don't sweat, man! They both gay as pink ink... and brothers to boot! I think they're lovers, but it ain't kept 'em from takin' good care of me!"

He chuckled impishly and scooted ahead of Colby into the house. Colby followed as he went directly to the bathroom, and stopped in the doorway at sight of the two petite youngsters. They looked like kids!

Darker than Jason, they were obviously Latin, rather than Negro. Puerto Rican -- or Mexican -- with dramatically perfect features, emphatic but fine drawn noses, full lips, strong-arching eyebrows and deep-set, dark eyes! And all that facial beauty was perched on long, slender necks topping delightful miniature bodies, lean and graceful, but visibly strong and well-muscled without the bulk of bigger men.



Many they're really something to look at, all right! Maybe... from what Jason said outside... maybe we can get something going after all... and this won't be a wasted trip... and I won't have to stop along the road on the way home and beat my meat!

Jason called a halt to the studs energetic application to duty and introduced them to Colby, who smiled with real pleasure, and freely, uninhibitedly, brazenly, let his eyes run up and down both their trim, lean, well-formed bodies, lingering a long time at the crotches which seemed well-stuffed, in spite of the obvious fact that both wore uplifting briefs which cradled the mass of their maleness.

The boys (the only way Colby could think of them -- they were too delicate to be thought of as men) took in the tall, handsome blond before them, then turned to each other and smiled, almost imperceptibly nodding their heads at the same time. They started to giggle.

Colby couldn't decide whether they were a bit feminine -- or just boyish. Their size lent to the concept of femininity, but their open faces, the pure delight they seemed to take from just existing, and being together, added a strength that might mature and, in spite of their diminutive proportions, become more increasingly masculine as they grew older.

While he was thinking he withdrew, mentally, and was surprised when he came alert to the touch of their hands on his chest and shoulders.

Jason stood a bit to the side and grinned, then with two swaggering steps, moved in and thrust out a muscular arm to reach for and bag a handful of Colby's crotch. Colby jerked, then smiled.

Pacho and Mario (the brothers) looked from Jason's golden face to Colby's, peering as though trying to read their thoughts, then laughed with delight and slapped Jason's hands away and started their own groping of Colby's rapidly stretching, swelling cock. He shot his hips forward, offering himself silently to the small, delicate, plaster spattered hands, as they opened button and zipper, and, in unison, worked his tight jeans down over his hips and thighs, until they fell to his ankles. Pacho was on one side, Mario on the other, supporting him as he lifted one foot, then the other, to rid himself of the encumbering garment; he was thrilled with the touch of their flesh as he wrapped an arm about each sleek back. Soft and smooth and warm, but alive underneath with constantly shifting muscle, sinew and bone! Life! Glorious, young, eager life flowed in both brothers, and it was apparent they weren't wasting any of it, as one took possession of Colby's swaying balls, the other his massive, swollen prick, rolling and squeezing, fondling lovingly, as they leaned toward each other across his chest and met in a long, tongue-flashing, lingering kiss that made both of them breathe hard and start to tremble with excitement.

"Damn, you're a couple of sexy beauties!"

Jason, who had stripped naked while the brothers played with Colby's equipment, moved in close, facing Colby, his cock sliding smoothly in his

back-and-forth-stroking fist, watching everything at once -- Colby's reactions in his face and cock, the intensity of the brothers as they fondled Colby's flesh, his own cockhead appearing beyond the loving ring of his fist and foreskin, then slipping out of sight inside that warm, shielding hood, reappearing again immediately as he jacked himself off with expert and familiar enjoyment.

"Why don't you two guys get outta your clothes... and we can really have some good times... all together... four of us."

Breathless, already wildly excited by jacking his own dick and watching the brothers handling Colby's, Jason gasped and humped, working his fist faster as he reached out and pushed both hands away from Colby's looming prick, claiming it for himself, and, at the same time, giving the brothers an opportunity to strip and show their lovely bodies.

Jason stroked lovingly up and down the length of Colby's foreskin-sliding cockshaft, then slowly seemed to melt to his knees, head lunging forward, tongue way out, to capture the pearl teardrop of cock lube dripping from the head, then on, forward, until the entire cockhead was inside his mouth, caught behind his teeth, which nipped lightly at the sensitive flesh just behind the head. Then with fluttering, enwrapping tongue, he rammed deeper, taking more and more of the loose-skinned cockshaft into his mouth until the tip of the head tapped against the back of his throat. With a mighty surge, he drove his head forward and took all the rest of the massive prod, his lips pressing firmly into the golden ring of cock hair surrounding the thick, vein-bursting base!

Colby nearly fainted with the pleasure of Jason's expert lingual manipulation, the unparalleled blow job he was getting from the loving black stud. His eyes fluttered shut, his head fell back on his taut neck, and he surrendered himself completely to the joy of that ravenously siphoning mouth, that muscle-spasming throat, as Jason applied just the right pressure to bring him to the boiling point almost immediately!

"Christ! Go easy, man! You're gonna make me cum and I wanna get my hands... at least on those two hot little numbers before I shoot a load!"

Jason chuckled around the massive mouthful and raised his head, releasing Colby's prick and smiling up into his blue eyes.

## CHAPTER NINE

Colby looked down into brown-velvet eyes, filled with some special communication, and something inside him melted, seemed to flow out of him, leaving him weak and helpless.

But then Pacho and Mario moved into his line of vision, and his head snapped up, his eyes going wide with wonder at the sight of the spectacular naked brown bodies!

Man, they might look skinny and little-boyish with their clothes on, but naked -- real studs! Miniature models of natural-muscled perfection! Men! In every sense of the world! Including those thick hoses probing out from

their groins, dark-skinned, nearly as dark as the shaft of Jason's big, black prick! Thick foreskins were half-rolled back, revealing bright-pink cockheads! Colby blinked, unsure he was seeing correctly.

But when he opened his eyes and stared pointedly, he realized it was true! The brothers' cocks were as alike as any two pricks could possibly be! One was a trifle thicker, fatter, and maybe a half-inch longer than the other, but otherwise, it was almost impossible to differentiate one from the other!

Fantastic!

Too good to be true!

Colby had always before considered a man's dick as unique and individual as his fingerprints. In a long search, through vast experience, he had come to realize that rarely is any cock like another! Basically the same, all of them are different in countless, subtle ways! But, in the case of the Latin brothers, his unwritten law just didn't hold true!

But his fascination was with the fantastic bodies of the two. Flawless, perfectly developed masculinity, tinted toast brown as though to highlight the beauty they possessed! Their skin glowed with vitality and lustrous healthy youth.

"Christ, you two are really beautiful studs... and those pricks! It's amazing you can keep your balance... don't fall over forward when you get boners."

Mario laughed and reached for Colby, running a warm, soft hand up and down his belly, branching out to finger and pinch first one nipple, then the other, until they were rampant hard and standing out from his heaving chest.

Pacho moved in close, too, and fell on his knees, elbowing Jason out of his way, and dropped his head so he could lick the inner thighs, bathing the sensation-capturing hairs, leaving an ever-growing trail of wet sparkle where his tongue had been, where his spit remained.

As Mario slipped gentle fingertips into Colby's armpits, he shuddered, and reached out to take the shockingly big brown prick in his hand, fondling it as delicately, as wondrously, as Mario was stimulating the hairy patches under his arms.

"Damn! You're beautiful... you and your brother..."

"So are you. And sexy! I'm glad you like boys!"

"Me too, baby! Especially when there are two like you and Pacho around!"

Jason watched passively for a while, then couldn't refrain from joining the action. Walking on his knees, he circled the other three and ended up behind Colby, pressing strong dark hands into the flesh of resilient asscheeks, spreading them, opening up the crevice between, and for a

moment just staring in appreciation at the tight, quivering pale ring of Colby's most intimate, secret flesh.

And then his head moved forward, tongue dashing out of his mouth, to strike the target, first try, and he was rimming the hell out of the throbbing, receptive opening!

"Oh, Christ, Jason, that's so fuckin' good."

And then Pacho deserted his adoration of Colby's spectacular thighs and raised his chin, letting one of the huge nuts drop into his mouth, and began lipping and tonguing and chewing it!

Colby groaned and rolled his hips!

Mario let his hands run down Colby's sides, moving inward over his hips, and then fingercombed the crotch hair to further tantalize him, before he took the enormous, straining prick in both hands and lazily skinned it back, rolled the foreskin forward over the head again, and once more peeled it back!

Colby moaned and started to whimper!

And so they continued to tease him, building his excitement, his need, higher and higher, like a forest-or-brush fire suddenly going out of control, unstoppable until it burns itself out!

"Jesus! Oh, please! You dudes... you got me so fuckin' horny! Suck me... one of you... please! Suck me off! Blow me! Christ, I wanna cum! I'm so fuckin' hot! Let me cum!"

And still they worked at his body, gently, maddeningly, with just enough tension and pressure to keep him at fever-pitch, but not urgently enough to let him pass the pinnacle of feeling!

"Ohhhh! Man, you're all driving me up the... fuckin' walls..."

His hips jerked, his ass flexed, and still Mario jacked his cock while Pacho alternated from one of his balls to the other, sucking and pulling them down as low as possible without pain, and Jason kept rimming his increasingly vulnerable asshole!

"Christ! Suck me off! Eat my dick! Let me cum! Fuck my ass, Jason! Don't just lick it fuck it! Stop teasing me! Let me shoot my nuts off!"

Slowly Jason backed off and released his lingual possession of the well-lubricated asshole. He rose to his feet and went around in front of Colby again, smiling at him in that special way that had made Colby feel so strange earlier.

"Give the man what he wants, Pacho."

His voice was soft, but firm and confident.

Pacho rose from his knees, let Colby's nuts slither out of his mouth, and moved around behind Colby, as Jason took Mario's hands in his and drew them away from Colby's raging prick.

Mario sank gracefully to the floor, and Colby followed him and stretched out beside him, taking him into his arms, delighting in the feel of the small body against his own more massive, more muscular one.

Gleaming black hair flowed around his face as Mario roused himself and rose over him, lowering his mouth to Colby's and clamping their lips warmly together, as tongues met and crossed, each exploring the interior of the other's mouth!

Colby grunted with surprise as he felt hands on his buns again, spreading them, prying them open, and the warmth of breath coming closer as a mouth descended to close over the spasming ring of his asshole and renew the delightful rimming!

But the touch was different, the technique!

He knew it wasn't Jason eating his ass!

Pacho!

Beautiful little stud Pacho was lapping the hell out of his asshole, and both of them were ecstatic with the arrangement!

And then everything changed again, suddenly, as Mario twisted in his embrace, reversing his posture, and diving down to lick his scrotum, lapping his flesh as hungrily as Pacho had done moments earlier! The nibbling mouth pulled away from his asshole and he was aware of furtive movement behind him, but he was too lost in the delight of Mario's magic mouth to pay much heed.

And then a cry of surprise burst from his throat! Pacho's finger was completely buried up inside his ass, rotating, stimulating him wonderfully, and Mario had both his big nuts in his mouth, sucking, chewing gently, drawing them way into the back of his mouth, trying, it seemed, to swallow them, to drag them down into his throat!

Colby was writhing in delight! His body was out of control! He couldn't stay still as Mario sucked his balls and Pacho finger-fucked him, deep and deliberately!

And then Jason was hovering over him, slowly bending his knees as he straddled Colby's heaving chest, letting himself down slowly until his big balls swayed above Colby's face, his giant prick standing out urgently above the deep-brown pouch!

"Suck me, man! Take my horny dick... and let it slide in your mouth and over your tongue... let it slip way down in your throat and suck me good, Colby!"

Spontaneously, as though having no mind of his own, he complied, his

mouth falling open, his tongue prodding for the tip of the dark-purple cockhead!

"Suck it, stud! Make it feel good! Get it nice and wet and juicy..."

And then it stabbed between his lips, slipped easily over his slightly rough tongue, and as he balanced himself on splayed feet, wide-spread thighs, his asscheeks almost against the muscular plates of Colby's hard-breathing chest, Colby sighed with pleasure, feeling the oral adoration consume his prick.

Colby groaned as Pacho pulled his finger out, only to replace it immediately, greased with something and accompanied by a second finger.

Colby tensed, recalling his own insertion of increasing numbers of fingers, as he fist-fucked Adam!

It couldn't happen to him! He wouldn't let it!

But he relaxed, determined that if things went too far he'd quickly stop everything and clean house, throwing everybody (including Jason) out and forgetting about the house forever!

But he had no need to be apprehensive. Pacho worked his fingers in Colby's ass only long enough to assure himself the stud was relaxed and at ease. Then he withdrew and shifted into a new position, at the same time that Jason rose from burying his big black prick down Colby's throat, and Mario released his balls, rolling onto his side, turning Colby to face him, and lunging to capture the head of Colby's prick! Colby liked the feeling and thrust his mouth firmly over the urgent rigidity of Mario's prick, and they began a slow, delightfully unhurried sixty-nine!

And at the same moment, Pacho had found the position that was most comfortable and grasped the thick base of his own prick and guided it between Colby's cheeks. He pressed forward and, with almost no resistance from his partner, sank the head of his beautiful dick into the well lubricated, spit-and-Vaseline-greased asshole!

Colby grunted and opened his eyes wide, wondering what could happen to Jason in this limited arrangement! He didn't have to wonder long. His eyes sparkled as he saw the big, tawny stud position himself behind Mario, and bend himself in half to rim the little asshole furiously, lubricating it so he could ram his giant prod up into the seemingly inadequate body!

He was gonna fuck the kid with that big rammer!

What the hell!

The fucker up his own ass felt as big as Jason's, and he was sure that Pacho must have more than once tried it for size up his brother's hot little box!

Mario obviously knew what he was doing, and he could take care of himself! If he couldn't handle Jason's big tool he'd doubtless make it known to all present!

His concern was unnecessary, as he had really known from, the first. He worked one hand under Mario's hip and gripped his cheek, then laid, the other over the top and grabbed a handful of the other bun, and spread them apart, aware that Jason had already anchored the tip of his cockhead within the tight muscle-ring of Mario's asshole!

Mario's mouth sank steadily over the length of Colby's rampaging prick, taking it to the hilt, letting it flow down into his throat with ease, as he hummed an almost inaudible sound, tensing slightly as Jason worked his way forward, more and more of his obsidian ramrod burying itself inside the small, delicate body!

Colby sucked in a deep breath, then hurled himself forward, sucking in the whole beautiful big prick before him, as Pacho, behind him, hunched his hips with surprising power and rammed his prick deep into his ass!

The four of them ground together, Mario and Colby in wondrous sixty-nine while both were being matchlessly fucked, Colby by the magic prick of Mario's brother, Pacho, and Mario taking every inch of Jason's enormous, wrist-thick, loose-skinned cockshaft!

Colby couldn't decide what he wanted to do with his hands! He couldn't get enough of the digital pleasure available to him!

He toyed with Mario's heavy scrotum, tickling and bouncing, and then slipped his hands between Mario's taut little butt and Jason's grinding, humping belly, feeling the strong strokes of the big dock working in and out of the boy's clutching asshole!

Then, down to his own belly, circling the base of his own cockshaft, tracing the full lines of Mario's mouth as he sucked ravenously, taking it all the way, letting it slip almost out and then slurping it in all the way to the base again!

Reaching behind him, he played with the massive weight of Pacho's balls, and ran a fingertip around the shaft of the thick, hard-humping cock sliding in and out of his ass!

It was too much!

The middle of one of the most delicious club sandwiches one could imagine! Mario working lovingly at his fiery cock, Pacho pumping his insatiable asshole full of talented brown meat, and watching the rhythm of Jason's powerful thighs as they vibrated back and forth with his energetic asshole-lovemaking with Mario!

His belly heaved, his chest felt as though it would burst; his spine was a living flame, and his balls weighed a ton!

Christ, it was too good! It couldn't last! Wild animal groans and cries

filled the air, and bodies heaved and ground together as all four moved closer toward the inevitable climax!

"Oh, man! Take it, boss-man! I'm there! I'm gonna go! Gonna fill your tight, hot asshole full of sweet, scalding jism, man! Gonna fill you up till it overflows and runs out around my achin' prick!"

And Pacho tensed, rammed with all his strength and his big, swollen cock exploded, gushing great spurts of cum deep inside Colby!

Grunts and groans and whimpers signaled Mario's readiness, and Colby pumped wildly, to reach his magic moment at the same time Mario leaped over the orgasmic precipice! He felt the first fierce blast of jism splatter against the back of his throat, and moaned as he sucked furiously, letting his load go as soon as the beautiful brown prick between his lips hot its first geyser of hot whipped cream down his gullet!

Three down!

One to go!

And Jason worked in frenzy toward his own infinity! Wheezing and gasping, pumping with increasing intensity, he began to howl, as the first shattering grasp of Colby's and Mario's and Pacho's orgasms began to dwindle slightly.

"Oh, Christ! Yeah, map! Oh, Christ, that ass! Man... you got the fuckin' best... ass... in the whole fuckin' world... for fuckin', stud! Man... it's... SO... HOT... SO... TIGHT so... BEAUTIFUL! CUMMIN', babe! Shootin' my honey up your honey pot! Take it! Take it! TAKE! IT!"

A long, endless moan of surrender, a smashing thrust, and a long-lasting vibration of the beautiful tawny body, and his cum blasted into the depth of Mario's thoroughly fucked and happily satisfied ass!

The fell away from each other, the multiplicity dissolving, each becoming one entity again, no longer part of the larger unit that had been one and was now four!

They lay happily exhausted, each touching the others, and drifted in the luxurious afterglow of completely satisfying sex and climax.

Colby didn't want to end the idyll, but finally had to rise and climb back into his clothes, and start back to the city.

As he drove past the spot where he had once parked and yanked his meat, he grinned -- and thumbed his nose at the tree under which he had sat in the car and shot his jism into his fist!

A new joy and enthusiasm crept into Colby in the days that followed. The bad memories of his session with Adam were forgotten, except for increasingly rare nightmare moments. The ache in his gut for Seth had diminished, minimized with the passage of time.



Work on the house was progressing rapidly. He was pleased, and one afternoon (after making sure that Pachó and Mario had finished up and wouldn't be around) he called Cash Gillette and invited him to drive out with him and have a look at the project.

Cash was delighted to hear from Colby, but couldn't get away that afternoon, so they made a tentative date to get together the following week.

Austin stopped by the apartment a couple of times and those visits ended in glorious, sweat-and jism-stained sheets and exhausted combatants!

When Jason called and told him that his work was finished, Colby felt somehow deserted, cast adrift.

"Man, I've stretched this job out as long as I could... I done every piddlin' little thing I could find... or think of! Colby, I really hate to finish up workin' for you! Best fuckin' boss I ever had!"

He chuckled in response to his own unintentional double entendre, and then sobered, his seriousness an electric thing, communicable even over the telephone.

"Listen, if you're serious, Jason... do me a favor. Stick around the place like... like a supervisor! I've got my hands full with work and all the other stuff that has to be done to get moved in, so I need somebody out there handling things! Will you do it?"

A brief hesitation, then the reluctant voice.

"You not just makin' room for me to stick around, are you?"

"Hell, no! I need you, man! I need your help!"

Another moment of uncertain silence, and then Jason's deep laugh sounded in Colby's ear. Just the sound of it made him smile.

"Okay, boss! You got your overseer! I keep the hands in line... get out my big blacksnake whip and make 'em toe the mark!"

He laughed again, and Colby tried to hold onto his smile, but the sadistic joke brought Adam and his fist-fucked ass vividly before Colby's eyes.

"Listen, the painter and paperhanger should be out in the morning! See that they get some work done... and don't spend all their time fuckin' the other help!"

"Thanks a hell of a lot! Now that. I'm boss... when you're not around, that is... I gotta keep my hand and my cock to myself! What if it... or they... turn out to be some irresistible stud?"

"Then call me... and I'll be right out."

He laughed and hung the instrument back in its cradle, and returned his attention to the inventory of furniture in storage. Sorting out what he wanted to use, what had to be refinished and or reupholstered, and what could be discarded or contributed to one of the restorative charities.

It took the rest of the evening, and, he was exhausted when he finished, but knew what he was going to do, and had a good idea of how the house would look when it was completely redone and furnished.

Staring for the bedroom, he was surprised at the sound of the doorbell. With a dispirited shrug he went to the door and opened it.

"Hope it's not too late for a social call, man."

Colby blinked unbelievably into gold-flecked green eyes. He couldn't trust his senses! He had to be hallucinating!

"Well... what's the matter, stud? You got a hot trick in there? Am I interrupting something great?"

"Seth..."

"Nobody else... got to thinkin' about that sweet ass of yours... sittin' around all alone nothin' else to do... so I figured I'd take a chance... come by... see if you had the hots... wanted to take on a big one... I know I'm horny to feel you sittin' on it for a while!"

As he spoke his eyes moved restlessly over Colby's Levi's-clad figure, and his hand moved to his crotch, stroking provocatively up and down the obvious bulge of his rapidly growing hard-on.

Colby stood in the door, throat too dry to speak, his whole body in shock, unable to move.

"Well, what's the matter? I'm here... you wanna get fucked or not? Yes or no, man! Either ask me in or I'm gone."

Colby stiffly moved backward, opening the door wider so Seth could enter, and then turned and stared at him, still unable to accept the reality of his presence.

Seth turned, too, looking at him intently, then started to laugh.

"Well, come on, stud! I really got a set of horns tonight! I take it the bedroom's still in the same place."

He was already stripping, shirt cast aside, a patch of white on the floor, and he was working at the buttons of his jeans, all but tearing them off as he rushed to get undressed.

"Shut the fuckin' door... unless you wanna put on a show for everybody in the building and shuck down so we can get the show on the road."

Colby let the door swing shut behind him, and hypnotically started to work stripping himself, wrenching his T-shirt up over his head, stepping out of his moccasins, and unzipping his jeans, twisting his hips until they fell around his feet, and stepping out of them.

Seth reached for him, grabbed his urgently hard cock as though it was a handle, and led him by it into the bedroom, where he pushed him, rather roughly, onto the bed and dived right after him, landing half across his back!

"Man, I been thinkin' all night about that sweet, tight asshole of yours... remembering how good a fuck you are!"

And with no other preliminary, he raised his hand, released a slippery gob of spit into his palm, and slathered it over his out-thrusting prick, smearing the remnants in the crack of Colby's ass.

Crawling between Colby's legs he kneed his thighs wider apart, and made room for himself between, slowly lowering himself, bracing his weight on outstretched hand and tight-together knees, and eased himself down onto Colby's back!

Colby tensed, for just a moment, when he felt the massive, thick cockhead slip between his buns and press lightly against the pucker of his asshole!

"Relax, man! It's not like this was the first time you were gettin' ol' peter! Man, he's been up in your belly so many times I lost count long ago! Relax, man... and just let it happen..."

Colby moaned and made himself go limp as the pressure increased.

Seth sensed the relaxation, and with a grunt he snapped his hips down hard, and the whole head of his big dick sank into Colby, who moaned and rolled his head, clutching at the rumpled bedding, unprepared for the deep drive that had assaulted him.

"Christ, that's good! Good as I remembered!" Another tensing of muscles, another lunge, and half the shaft was buried in Colby's asshole!

"Shit, man! I haven't felt this good since the last time I plugged your bung! Wonder why the fuck I ever wanted to leave this fantastic ass."

Another vicious thrust, and he was buried to the balls! He ground his hips down and Colby moaned! His head flopped from side to side as the giant prick plumbed the depths of his insides, and then drew back, almost all the way out of him, and then was plunged full-depth again!

"Oh, Christ! Seth! Take it a little bit easy!"

"What's the matter, stud? Gettin' fucked too often these days, since I'm not around any more? Takin' on any stud who comes along and wants to ram you?"

He slammed viciously deep into Colby's ass, and groaned.

"Good! Good fuckin' ass, stud! Too good! Can't last! Shit! I'm there, man! I'M THERE! TAKE IT! CUM... CUMMMIINN'!"

His cock exploded deep inside Colby, and he shuddered out his orgasm, then, cock still dripping, he pulled out roughly, leaped into his clothes, turned to smile an unfriendly grin, and left!

Colby lay quietly for a long time thinking about what had happened.

Finally he broke into uncontrollable laughter.

## CHAPTER TEN

Colby had an appointment with the upholsterer, who had already been out to the house and taken measurements of walls and windows. They were to meet at the warehouse where his furniture was stored, and he knew he was going to be late.

Everything in his life seemed to be running behind schedule that day. He had overslept. He had spilled paint all over the floor in trying to rush the work on the new mural. And as he stretched one long leg into the door of the Porsche, the whole seam of his jeans had given way, and he was forced to drive home and change before keeping his appointment with Cohn MacLame!

He was flustered and annoyed as he approached the area where his things were stored, totally unprepared for the gleeful, round smiling face peering at him from under a mane of new pennycopper bright curls, all awry, of course!

"You've got to be Colby Charles."

"You're right... but I don't know why I have to be me! Today I'd rather be almost anybody else!"

"Careful! Sometimes the rash wishes we make come true... and then we can be miserable. From the looks of you, I'd say it should be a nice thing to be Colby Charles."

Colby couldn't hold back the grin, and suddenly marveled at how good he felt. He looked at Cohn MacLame and was impressed. More than the bright-red hair was of more than ordinary interest. The man was tall and lean, wearing a suit of soft gray knit or jersey. He would have attracted less attention if he were completely naked. The tight fit of the suit only served to draw the eye and once caught, it had to trace every brazenly exhibited line of that trim form, lingering a long time at the formidable bulge along the inner left thigh!

Christ, the bastard must be hung for at least four guys! He looks like he's easily as big as Jason! What a cock that must be when it's hard... up and ready!

Colby felt a stirring in his crotch, and tried to subvert it, turning his attention to the task at hand, the sorting and moving of the furniture to be upholstered and used in the new house.

"I hope you haven't had to wait long."

"I just got here myself. A little old lady couldn't make up her mind between flowered chintz and crushed velvet."

He chuckled and his amusement was infectious. Colby was surprised to find himself laughing heartily.

"Let's go see how difficult it's going to be to find what I want out of all this stuff."

Time passed swiftly, but it wasn't as difficult sorting out the usable pieces as Colby had anticipated. Even so, it was after five by the time they were finished sorting and directing Cohn's men in moving and loading the pieces onto his truck to go back to the shop where work would begin.

"Man, I'm sorry. I really shouldn't have taken up so much of your time... I didn't realize how long this was going to take."

Cohn grinned, and his deep-blue eyes twinkled.

"It's all right. After all, you're paying for, my time... and talent. I left the afternoon completely free, anyway. I've had more experience with this type of thing than you, obviously! Matter of fact, I'm impressed by how quickly you were able to make your decisions. Most people think... and then change their minds, then reconsider and then change everything all around yet again!"

"Well, I'm glad I didn't keep you from anything, but I had already decided the things I could use and those I didn't want before I came over from the inventory list the warehouse gave me and from memory."

"Decisive. I like that. What's your sign?"

"Sign..."

Colby looked confused.

Cohn laughed.

"Yes. Your sign... astrologically speaking? When were you born?"

"Oh! July. I'm a Leo."

"Aha! Good! That means we should go with lots of yellow and orange... rust, sun colors. They're good for you."

Colby looked at Cohn, blank-faced for a moment, then grinned.

"You must be a mind-reader... or a magician. I'd already made up my

mind..."

"... to use yellows... and oranges... and rusty shades... right?"

"Right."

"Sensible. Now, another thing that is sensible, very sensible, since I'm starving to death! Let's have dinner... together."

Colby was stunned, but pleased.

"Well... I'd like that... but well, you're dressed... and I'm not..."

"Don't give it a thought. The place I have in mind nobody's going to notice. They never notice anything... except how big your basket bulges as you walk to your table."

What restraints had been between them were now shattered by Cohn's frank admission, and those had been few. Colby was pretty sure of his new associate, but the letting down hair eased the slight bit of tension that still remained between them.

"Let's go."

"Your car... or mine?"

"Both?"

Cohn smiled, a sly, insinuating expression.

"I don't think so. I've got a strong hunch we're both going to end up in the same place... at least for a good portion of the night... if not all night long."

Colby chuckled and flung an arm over the redhead's husky shoulder, and they walked together toward the exit, both hungry, both wanting more than just a well-prepared dinner!

The restaurant/bar was dimly lighted and comfortable, the service was exquisite, and dinner a gourmet delight. But perhaps part of the charm of the evening was the liking the two had for each other.

Time passed quickly, in spite of the leisurely pace of the meal and drinks. When they decided it was time to leave, they looked into each other's eyes, each silently questioning the other, soft blue against deeper, more intent, yet more humorous eyes, and both knew all the answers except one.

"It's trite... but... your place or mine?"

Colby grinned, as he had at so much of Cohn's conversation through the evening, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well... your place should be a lot prettier than mine... but I've got a

hell of a good, firm king-sized bed."

"So have I! And, as you say... my place is probably prettier! Let's go there! It'll serve a dual purpose. You can have a chance to change your mind after you see the kind of work I do for my clients... and then we can check out the king-sized bed and see if mine is as firm as yours."

They laughed and rose, deciding to take the Porsche, and headed for the elegant apartment that served not only as living quarters for Cohn MacLame, but was also a showcase for his business prospects.

Colby whistled silently in appreciation of the beauty of the carefully decorated apartment as they entered, and was surprised when he felt Cohn's arms come around him from behind, and the strong, lean body arch close against his back.

"Man, do you offer these fringe benefits to all your clients?"

Cohn squeezed his arms around Colby's chest, then let his hands slip downward until he was cupping the full, bulging basket in both hands, hunching his hips rhythmically, ramming his pelvis again and again against Colby's Levi's-sheathed ass curves.

"Only every tenth one... or about two a day."

He laughed softly, nuzzling into the hollow of Colby's shoulder, and flicking his tongue repeatedly against the enticing lobe of his ear.

"Seriously, you're the second stud I've taken advantage of... combining business with pleasure, that is."

Colby was impressed, and believed the soft voice so full of sudden sincerity, no longer humorous or bantering.

"I'd think you'd come across lots of dudes who wouldn't mind getting next to that sexy frame of yours."

"Oh, I do. But I'm picky, I guess. I could have a lot that I turn down. They just don't have what I want..."

"And... what's what?"

"Oh, Christ! If I knew, I wouldn't be still looking for it, would I?"

His hands at Colby's crotch were working their magic. The big prick was pulsing up toward erection, swelling with excitement as Cohn manipulated it through the worn cloth of his jeans, working him to increasing readiness.

"Well, this is fun... but why don't we go make that test?"

"Test? What test?"

Cohn sounded puzzled, really confused until Colby laughed.

"To find out if your bed is as firm as mine... remember?"

And then Cohn laughed too, and let his hands drop away from the out thrusting cock-hard bulge in Colby's jeans, and moved around him, taking his hand, and leading him across the room toward one of the closed doors.

Seconds later they were naked, stretched across the enormous bed, an arm's length apart, each studying the other in minute detail.

Colby liked Cohn's lean, hard body. Sharply articulated musculature flowed smoothly from one part of him to the next, all smooth lines, no bulges or unattractive angles. He like the pale skin, too, somehow translucent, as though there were light glowing from underneath, through the skin.

And he was delighted by the cock; a long, sculptured column of ivory, a pedestal designed to display and show off the huge amethyst perched at its upper end. The head was smooth and full-bodied, its slit deep and surprisingly, long. Since Cohn was circumcised, Colby was surprised that the skin of it was so soft and smooth, unlike the pebbly texture of most unshielded cockheads he had known before.

He couldn't keep his hands off Cohn. He took great delight in just running his hands lightly over all the soft, smooth skin he could reach; and even greater delight in the shivery reaction of Cohn's sensitive flesh to his touch.

"Man, you're everything I hoped you'd be when I first saw you... and decided to bring you home with me."

"I'm glad."

"Is there anything special you like... I mean... better than anything else?"

For the first time the redhead seemed uncertain, unsure of himself.

"Whatever's right."

"You mean... whatever's fair."

Colby laughed happily, and pressed his hand into the firm warmth of the red-haired belly.

"Well... now that you mention it... I've never been real hung up on doing trade."

Cohn laughed.

"Well, I'm glad of that! I'd hate to think that big prick was going to waste while you spent your time just sucking other studs' joints!"

They slid closer to each other, and their tactile explorations grew more



impertinent, as they fondled and caressed, stroked and held.

"Maybe I should ask... since you started it. Is there anything you prefer... or anything you don't like?"

Cohn didn't answer for a moment then, with twinkling eyes, couldn't hold back his teasing humor any longer.

"Well, I don't like to get fucked... with a stud's big toe."

Colby made an exasperated face and campily slapped the redhead, then rolled up close to him and wrapped both his arms tight around him.

"Okay. No big toes... but what about big jocks you like them for fuckin' your hard little ass?"

"Man, I'd love anything... as long as it's you and me doing it! I got no hang-ups... except when it comes to rough stuff... either way! I don't dig getting hurt... and I sure as hell can't see how anybody can get it on that way... getting hurt... or hurting somebody else."

Without thinking, Colby suddenly blurted out his experience with Adam, and Cohn listen quietly, not interrupting until it was all out.

"Nothing like that has ever happened to me."

It was Cohn's only comment.

"I can't understand it. I enjoyed it, in a strange, hateful way, while it was happening... but after it was all over... I couldn't even face myself for a long time afterward."

"You didn't start it, did you?"

"Hell, no!"

"And the other dude wanted it?"

"He practically raped me to get what he wanted..."

"Then you've got nothing to feel bad about as far as I can see. It's not your thing, but you did it with a guy whose thing it happened to be. You tried it... didn't really like it... and that's the end of it. You won't do it again. So why chastise yourself for making one misdirected stud happy for a little while?"

Colby felt better than he had about the incident during the long time since it had happened.

"Listen, man, you said because I'm a Leo that I should decorate my house in yellow... and all that jazz. Well, I notice that around here you got lots of browns and different shades of green and that makes me suspect, judging' from what you said about me, that you're an earth sign! Right?"

"Taurus."

Colby looked puzzled for a moment, but Cohn's smile made him brighten.

"... and... Taurus... is... an earth sign right?!"

"Aha! You're very bright! Right. But, enough of everything except the important stuff!"

And he rolled close, flinging his arms around Colby's thick chest, and rolled on top of him, hunching his pelvis hard against Colby's.

"Man, if I didn't know better I'd think you were horny!"

"Oh, yeah? Then you're not so bright after all!"

And he reared up, humped down violently, and his raging cock seemed to be trying to drill a new hole right through Colby's belly.

They wrestled, each new shift of position, each new contact of flesh heightening their hungers, and shortly they were breathing hard, throats dry and raspy, bodies filmed with the sweat of exertion and excitement.

"Christ, man... let's fuck!"

Cohn's mouth came down hard on Colby's, and they writhed in each other's arms, as their bodies arched together, hunching furiously, in the dry heaves of un-united flesh in agonized longing and need.

Cohn tore his mouth free and dropped his head into the hollow of Colby's throat, tonguing the side of his neck, the lobe of his ear, slowly working his way down to shoulder, armpit, then lavishly bathing each of the massive plates of his pecs, devoting long, loving moments to each nipple. Then down through the narrow trail of fine, sandy hair to the deep navel, dipping deep into its shadows, then all over his midsection, on down to hips, thighs, and back up to end lying flat on his belly between widespread thighs, licking, lapping, then sucking hungrily at the massive pouch where his nuts nestled, warm and snug, writhing in the fleshy sac, slowly rising toward his cock base as his excitement soared.

"Man, you got a beautiful tongue!"

"And you got a beautiful body to use my beautiful tongue on."

Colby smiled, then tightened his ass, making his hard cock jerk in the air above his belly. Cohn's eyes widened in admiration of the tall giant.

"Why don't you swing around here... so I can do a little licking and sucking of my own? Why should you have all the fun?"

Cohn obliged, and squirmed around until his legs were at the opposite end of the bed and his hard prick only inches away from Colby's watering mouth.

Colby reared back and extended his hand, closing gentle fingers around the thickness of Cohn's big, pale cock, looking at it inquisitively.

"Hey, man... Taurus... That's the sign of the bull, isn't it?"

"Yeah... why?"

"It fits! You're sure as hell equipped like one! Man, that's a beautiful chunk of prime meat!"

Cohn chuckled and did as Colby had just done, clenched his ass, making his rampant prick jerk strongly before Colby's appreciative eyes.

Slowly, Colby leaned forward, coming closer, his breath warm and thrilling on the pale cockshaft with the amethyst head. He flicked out his tongue and lapped the entire length of the huge, thick pillar, then retreated to the base to begin all over again, as Cohn returned to the delightful scrotum, stuffing it hungrily into his mouth and sucking hard, then rolling each of Colby's balls separately around on his tongue.

Colby groaned and decided he had had enough game playing and opened his mouth wide, lowering it steadily over the huge thick mushroom of Cohn's cockhead. At the base of the head he bit in gently, savoring the male salt-clean-sweat smell and taste of Cohn's intimate areas.

Cohn shuddered with delight and let Colby's balls slip out of his mouth, grabbed his cock and bent it down so he could take the hard, still-sheathed head into his mouth. Once inside, he dragged his fist down the fat shaft, peeling the foreskin free of the tasty morsel that was Colby's cockhead, and began a furious, relentless sucking that drove Colby wild with excitement and pleasure and desire.

In return he sucked avidly at Cohn's big beauty, and tasted the slightly salt, slightly acrid cock oil seeping from the head. It flooded his mouth with spicy male slickness that filmed his teeth and coated his tongue.

They hunched together, each straining to please the other as he had never been pleased before. They sucked with abandoned delight, each trying to take all of the other, each at fever-heat!

Colby's hands were all over Cohn, fondling his heavy nuts, slipping between his taut-muscled thighs, fingering the deep crack of his ass, pinching his cheeks, probing for the opening to his interior channel of delight!

Cohn trembled and moaned, and did his own share of handling his mate's flesh, raising gooseflesh all over Colby's responsive body.

They rocked together, each sucking as though this were the last cock in the world, and his last chance at it. They drank deep and fast, now and then taking too much, too quickly, and choking, gagging, having to retreat, temporarily, but then raging back at each other's delectable erections again... and again!

Bodies quivered!

Jaws ached!

Cocks surged and strained and swelled!

Balls tightened, knotting up close to cock bases, trying to escape into the deep cavities in spastic pelvises!

Colby sucked Cohn's big beauty with all the relish and delight it deserved, a gem to be appreciated, a lollipop to be savored and devoured!

He sucked with his eyes wide, watching every subtle movement of the long-muscled thighs, each slightest ripple of the fiery-bushed belly!

And Cohn couldn't get enough of Colby. Hands, mouth, the flesh of his body -- everywhere he could make contact with the writhing, squirming, sweaty smoothness (or hairiness) trembled with the electric current of excitement as they humped and bucked and reared, advanced and retreated, taking and giving, from and of and to each other!

And then Cohn pulled back, popping Colby's raging, spit-shining cock from his mouth, gasping for breath!

"Colby... oh, Christ! I'm gonna curn! I can't hold it, Colby! I want to wait for you... but... I c-c-c-a-a-a-a-n-n-n-n't!"

Colby could feel the massive expansion, the throbbing urgency in his huge mouthful of prick, and, grasping it tight with thumb and forefinger around the back, pulled it free of his mouth for one moment, gasping, as Cohn gasped.

"Go! Let it shoot! I'm... oh, God! I'm right... with... you."

And then, together, they dove onto each other's spasming pricks, sucking more wildly than ever, and began to pant, as chests, and bellies heaved, cocks convulsed, and jism spewed into both throats at the same moment!

They moaned and writhed, whimpered and squirmed, and cum rushed into throats, overflowed, trickled from the corners of their mouths as they clung dementedly to each other, humping the last vestiges of choking orgasm into and out of each other!

They lay clinging together until both cocks went soft in each other's mouths, then reluctantly, regretfully, rolled away from each other, to lie, breathless, sated, still unable to totally release the moment. They lay still, with hands on each other, Colby running light fingertips up and down the goose-pimpled chest, Cohn, savoring the feel of Colby's thigh under the sweaty warmth of his hand.

They glistened with sweat, exhausted, but still hungry for each other. Time stopped -- and flew -- at the same time.

"Colby..."

"Hmmm? "

"I can't remember it ever being quite that good before... with anybody else."

"I'm glad. It was good for me, too, Colby."

"Hmmm? "

"You're special."

"I'm glad. You are too..."

"But?!"

"But... nothing. I just think... well, it's too soon to try talking about... anything right?"

"I suppose so. But you are special!"

"You know what else I am?"

"No. What?"

"Horny! Hot to fuck that beautiful, tight little ass!"

Cohn chuckled and rolled onto his belly, his firm, creamy buns mounding magnificently between his thighs and the small of his back.

"My pleasure, sir! But... not with your big toe!"

"Absolutely not... I've got something here much bigger... and better... to please both of us with... my dear!"

"Show me... by application!"

Colby knelt between the beautiful, thighs, and planted a hand on each cheek, spreading them as wide as possible, dipping his tongue between, eagerly rimming Cohn's fever-hot asshole. Then, as he raised his head, he nudged the trim hip.

"Not that way... on your belly! Roll over so I can look at you... and kiss you... and suck your big, hard cock... while I fuck the ass off you!"

Cohn rolled onto his back and raised his legs onto Colby's shoulders, gazing intently up at him from deep, too-readable blue eyes.

Colby gripped Cohn's firm asscheeks and held them open, staring down, wide-eyed, as his cockhead found the target and sank slowly into the creamy, pale opening.

"Oh, God! Colby, that's so good! Fuck it, lover! Fuck my hot ass... make

me cum... just pumping in and out of me!"

Colby sank in until his balls mashed against Cohn's upthrust spine, and slowly began to hump! Slowly, as he roused Cohn to fever-hot need, he lowered his head and took the amethyst cockhead between his lips and began to suck!

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Colby and Cohn spent the next several days together, nearly all the time. They chose fabrics for the reupholstery, discussed draperies and curtains, and decided how the tables, chest, and various wooden pieces should be refinished.

When everything was decided, and both were totally exhausted from the excesses of their endless mating, both agreed they needed time to themselves. Some of the magic of those first days had dissipated and both men were able to think more clearly as their minds were freed of the incredible rapport that had developed between them.

Colby was glad to be back in his own apartment, sleeping in his own bed, and the second morning of being alone again, he woke early, bright, alert, eager to get out of the city and see the house.

Jason greeted him with the familiar broad smile, and something strange happened inside Colby, as it had once before, the last time he had been out!

"Man, it's about time you showed up! Your painter's ready to pack up his brushes and go home! Thought you'd died or something!"

Colby hugged him, and swung into step beside him, heading for the door, a fistful of fabric samples clutched in one hand, one of Jason's cheeks in the other!

"Man, you sure like to have your horny hands on my innocent little bum, don't you?"

He laughed, and Colby joined in, delighted to be with him, impatient now to complete the final details, show the color samples to the painter, and start on the last leg of the journey toward having his own home.

Just inside the house they stopped, and Colby let his hand drop away from the delectable curve of Jason's asscheeks, and stopped in his tracks.

"That, dear boss, is the painter! Now, aren't you sorry you haven't been out the last several days?" There was a chuckle in Jason's voice, and a twinkle in his dark velvety eyes, as he turned to see the admiration and dawning lust in Colby's expression!

"Man, that's a painter?!"

"Man! That's a painter!"

"And you're a smart ass!"

"Whatever you say! You're the boss-man!"

He chuckled and ducked, anticipating the swat of Colby's hand, which swept just inches past his head.

They laughed and moved toward the tall, dark man.

"Christ, he's gorgeous!"

"You can say that again, boss-man!"

"Christ, he's gorgeous! Have you got it on with him yet?"

Their eyes twinkled with impish understanding as they looked at each other. Jason just shrugged his shoulders.

"Hey, Judd! The boss finally showed up! Now you're gonna have to go to work... and give that pretty ass of yours a rest! No more sittin' around, protectin' your virginity!"

Deeply tanned, long-haired, the man smiled, and Colby felt himself going weak with desire! One look at the handsome stud settled all his uncertainties as far as Cohn was concerned! If he could get this turned on just looking at another beautiful dude, what chance was there to form a lasting relationship with somebody like Cohn, who wouldn't consider an open, free-to-trick arrangement!

"Colby, his name's Judd Maddox... and he says he paints and hangs wallpaper! So far I haven't seen him do a damn thing."

One strong-arched eyebrow raised toward the classic hairline, and a charming smile spread across the handsome face. Full lower lip curled, but the upper lip was narrow, though perfectly shaped. Dazzling white teeth glistened in the smile, and Colby knew he was getting the full treatment. The stud really knew how to turn it on -- when it was advantageous for him to do so!

"Hi. I've got all kinds of samples with me. We can go into details later."

"Whatever you say, Mister Charles."

"Aha! Listen, man... nobody's called the boss-man 'Mister Charles' since his coming-out party. He don't like it. Reminds him of his old man... and he hated him! Call him Colby... or butch... sweetie... honey, whatever comes first to your mind when you want to talk to him!" Colby looked at him with amazement! He was in a chipper state of mind. But he couldn't be really angry! Instead he leaned over and clasped his hand over the broad, black shoulder and laughed with delight, feeling good, as Jason felt good, just being there, being alive!

Poor Judd just looked confused and slightly embarrassed!

"Don't pay him any mind, Judd. He's starting to get senile! Just grin and bear it!"

"Senile, huh? Man, come on in the bedroom and I'll show you who's senile... and I'll even help you grin and bear it!"

He chuckled again and deliberately reached out and groped Colby. Colby jerked away from the seeking hand, and he looked toward Judd, curious as to his reaction, and was surprised that there was none -- none visible in his expression, anyway!

"Come on, Colby. It's been a long time and old Peter is mighty lonely for a taste of your goodies."

"Knock it off, Jason! You're just trying to shock Judd!"

"That's not all I'd like to do to him, is it, Judd?"

Now there was reaction! The handsome dark-haired stud blushed, right through all that dark tan, and dropped his head, unable, to find words to respond to Jason's playfulness.

"That's all he does, Colby! Every time I make a pass at him, try to get him to drop his jeans... he just lets his head fall on his chest and brushes! I don't think the poor soul has ever had a blow job or felt his hard, hot prick creepin' up inside some willing, cooperative, juicy asshole!"

"Jason! Like I said, Judd, just ignore him!"

Colby was more than a little annoyed with Jason. He felt sorry for Judd Maddox. He was sure he must be unaccustomed to such brash sexual banter, and didn't know how to cope with Jason's free tongue and casual acceptance of himself and his desires.

"Bet he's never even had any pussy. Poor kid! Afraid to use that thing between his legs! Hey, Judd, you know it's not just for pissin', don't you?"

There was nothing mean or vicious in Jason's teasing. He was just thoughtless.

But suddenly Judd's head came up and there was a tentative smile on his lips. Colby was again struck by Judd's beauty, and his eyes moved quickly over him, from top to bottom. He couldn't blame Jason for being so eager to get at him. Judd was tall and lean, strong-muscled, with the face of a choirboy, and bright, shining black-coffee-dark hair that hung softly beyond his shoulders. And what shoulders! Big and square, padded with massive developed muscle that curved, sleek and smooth into rippling biceps. Broad, plated chest, narrow waist and trim hips strained through his short-sleeved blue workshirt and wheat-colored jeans. There was a nice bulge at the crotch, but he was wearing briefs. Colby could see the line of them angling over his tippin' thighs, and had noticed their



outline against the high, sharp curves of his buttocks.

"Colby, would you believe I can't even get him to go in the pool with me, now it's filled? Man, you don't know how good it feels to swim, 'til you try skinny-dippin'!"

"Enough, Jason."

Again, Colby was defending Judd... but his effort was wasted. A new look of confidence, and something like surrender shone in his dark eyes. Perhaps it was just resignation to the inevitable.

He looked from Jason to Colby, and his look was intent, searching.

"You're gay, too?"

Colby was stunned, and automatically nodded his head.

"He kept telling me, but I thought he was just trying to get at me. Not that I minded his passes, mind you, but I didn't want any static... in case you busted in... unexpected, you know..."

And as he spoke, Judd was working at the buttons of his shirt, stripping it from those broad, walnut-colored shoulders!

Christ, he was so dark, his tan deeper than Colby had ever seen before! He was even darker than Jason -- except for Jason's huge, night-dark prick!

"Shit, man, you mean you been dodgin' me just because you scared Colby'd show up and catch us doin' somethin'?"

The handsome head swung to meet Jason's almost-angry look, long hair spraying out as he turned and smiled.

"I gotta look out for my reputation, man. I work on my own and need good references... not bad ones!"

His light, nearly white jeans were down around his hips now, and, as he shrugged free of them, Colby gasped! The demarcation line, of trunks (brief, almost bikini-narrow trunks) was startling! Where he had been covered, protected, his skin was as pale and translucent as Cohn's! It screamed at you in contrast to the deep tone of his upper body and his legs!

"You must spend all your time in the sun!"

It was inane, but the only words Colby could find!

"Every minute when I'm not working!"

Colby's eyes moved restlessly over the beautiful naked stud! He grinned privately, as he studied Judd's nudity.

Maybe just being careful isn't the only reason he was afraid to let Jason see him in the raw! The way Jason runs around the place... bare-ass as often as not... Judd was probably inhibited by the size of his cock, maybe ashamed he's not as endowed as my big, black lover!

Colby was shaken by his own thoughts!

Lover!? When did I start thinking about Jason that way?

But his interest in Judd dissipated any disquieting thoughts he might have about anything else, including Jason!

Judd was a well-put-together stud, all right! The only flaw, if it could be called that, was the size of his equipment! The balls were magnificent, bull-like, but the cock was short and fat! True, it was still soft, but it wasn't in proportion to the rest of his spectacular body!

"Okay, men! Who's first?"

Judd grinned and squatted, those big, beautiful nuts swaying back between his muscle-bunched thighs, slapping lightly into the crack between his hard, flexed asscheeks!

While Colby was gazing in admiration, Jason was squirming out of his hip-hanging jeans, his only garment, and kicking off his shoes! Gloriously naked, he strode into Colby's line of vision, obscuring the sight of Judd, and Colby shifted to the side, eyes wide. He watched as Judd's full lips parted and his tongue tip flashed out to circle the dark purple-brown tip of Jason's cockhead, peeping from the protective sheath of the slightly withdrawn foreskin!

Colby held his breath as Judd's hand came up, fisted around the horizontal, erect cockshaft and rolled the massive foreskin back, feeling the head completely, then slipped down around the thick, fat base and curved palm up, to cup the weight of Jason's heavy-swaying nuts!

"Oh, Christ, man! I been waitin' nearly a week for this... so do it, baby! NOW! Do it good!"

His hips rocked, and Colby hungrily watched the profile performance, as the big, black prick slid forward, the stretching, straining lips accepting, slipping forward, wanting more and more until Judd's nose pressed into Jason's underbelly, the crisp black curls creating cracks and wrinkles in the flawless smooth brown flesh around Judd's mouth, his nose and chin and cheeks!

Colby's cock stiffened in his pants, and he felt the cockhead dripping, wetting the cloth along his inner thigh, as it strained to contain the rapidly swelling mass of his hardening prick.

"Suck it, pretty man! Eat it all up!"

Jason drew back, more than half the length of his big prick reappearing

before Colby's glazed eyes, wet, shining with Judd's spit, beautiful, magnificent, irresistible, and Colby felt a pang of jealousy! He wanted the ecstasy that Judd was experiencing! He wanted to be the one sucking Jason's big beauty!

And he wanted to be sucked! He tore at his clothes, unable to strip fast enough! And then, finally naked, he walked up to the wildly undulating pair and stepped behind Judd's squatting form, reached around his long-haired head, and slipped his hand between his mouth and Jason's belly, running his fingers through the scanty-but-thick circle of hair, finger-combing it, and then let his hand trail downward, so he could play with Jason's nuts and at the same time feel the movement of Judd's lips as he sucked back and forth!

"Damn! You're a good cocksucker, man! You're gettin' me! Really gettin' me where it feel... best..."

Jason rocked more wildly, coming up on the balls of his feet, lunging with terrible power, driving deep and hard into the siphoning, sunken-cheeked face!

Colby pressed his hard-on into the velvety flesh of Judd's rippling back, felt it tangle in the long, dark, silky hair!

He was drooling a thick stream of excitement as he dry-fucked Judd's back, and watched -- and felt -- the action as Jason fucked the handsome painter's mouth! The interplay of the two dark bodies was too much, too exciting, and he groaned as he felt his nuts tighten against his groin, and the helpless surge of excitement as his cock throbbed, convulsed, and gushed a great, thick gob of jism over the brown-velvet back and into the soft thatch of long, fine hair!

He stared unseeing into Jason's wide, amazed eyes, and then heard the husky voice, urging Judd on!

"Suck it, stud! Christ! Colby shot his cream in your hair! You made him cum, man you got him so hot... so fuckin' horny just watchin' you blowin me he couldn't... hold his load long enough to let you suck him... off! Damn! Shit! Fuck! I... I'm cummin'... cum... cummmmm!"

His body arched, his hands clamped hard around the sides of Judd's head, and he groaned and grunted in tempo with the jets of spunk battering into the receptive, fast-swallowing throat!

When it was all over, Judd rose to stand erect again, eyes questioning as he looked at Colby, silently inviting him to take Jason's place in his hot, juicy mouth. Colby slowly shook his head.

"Later! I just shot a wild load all over you..."

"I know! I could feel it! Could feel your cock throbbing it out... feel it splattering all over me... wetting my hair... oozing down my back..."

Colby smiled and fell to his knees, hands on Judd's trim hips, running

down to trace the articulation of his thighs, and lunged forward, mouth gaping, to capture the hard cock! It reached just to the back of his throat, comfortable and its thickness filled him completely! His head bobbed, his tongue twirled and wrapped the fat cockshaft, and he felt Judd's hands on his shoulders, guiding him subtly back and forth, capturing the tempo Judd preferred, and in moments he was rewarded!

Judd went tense, straining upward and forward, as his cock thickened, the head spasming wildly, expanding as though about to burst. Then it exploded, filling Colby's hungry mouth with great gusts of honey-sweet, syrup-thick jism that he had to swallow hard to retain! A huge load, as though he hadn't shot off in months! Colby sucked and kept every drop, took it thirstily down his gullet and savored the fierce orgasm!

And then it was over. A surprisingly short session for Colby and Jason. Both could have continued, but something in the air between them restrained them, held them back, and they were more than a little uncomfortable for the rest of the day.

It was several more days before Colby visited the house again, and was surprised and pleased with the progress Judd had made. This time Judd did Colby for trade, while Jason just stood back and watched. Then, when Colby was finished filling Judd's throat with his creamy load, Jason bent forward from the waist, guided the beautiful painter's relatively small prick to his mouth and quickly sucked him to orgasm.

The three of them swam naked in the pool for a while, and then Colby dressed and prepared to leave. Just as he was getting into the Porsche, Jason came up to the side of the car and laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Listen, man..."

Colby's head jerked up to meet those dark, velvet eyes, and they seemed to cloud over at the contact.

"What is it, Jason?"

"I... well... Oh, shit! Nothin'! Nothin' except... you can get the carpet man out here anytime you're ready! Judd's about through."

Colby smiled, but it felt stiff and unnatural.

"You been having a good time with him? Lots of good blow jobs to keep you cooled off and your meat down?"

"Nah? Maybe once, twice... but he keeps busy and I... I don't much feel like it."

"Why? Because his meat's not big enough?"

"Shit! I don't care how big a dude's cock is if I dig him."

Colby didn't pursue the subject, perhaps because he was afraid of what Jason might say... as he was sure Jason, himself, was afraid.

"Okay. I'll get the carpet man out... tomorrow or the next day."

"Right. Come back soon, man. Always gad to see you!"

The deep, husky voice sounded in his ears as he drove away... and a long time after.

Colby's next visit was a return to the early days of the house's transformation from run-down abandoned house into comfortable home. It was like it had been in the beginning.

Jason was grinning from ear to ear, and led Colby inside as though he were a child being directed into the secret rite of a surprise birthday party.

Judd was handsomely naked in the bedroom, and stretched out across the bed was a sleek, golden-skinned Oriental! As naked as Judd, as delicate and beautifully sculptured as the long-gone Pachó and Mario, but more muscular and husky than the two lovely Latins!

Jason chuckled gleefully as he stripped out of his jeans and shirt and move to Colby, starting to undress him, too.

"Main, you really picked a prize, this time. Terrance... that's the little beauty lyin' there on the bed, waitin' for your big prick... Terrance Chang, carpet-layer... and layer of anything, or anybody else he can get his cock-lovin' hands on!"

Colby fondled Jason's big dick while the stud undressed himself was reluctant to release. Jason as he turned away and moved to the bed to stretch out beside Terrance.

"Come on, man! We been waitin'... hopin' you'd show up today! We're all as hot as firecrackers... 'specially ol' Terrance, here!"

Jason reached down and lifted an astonishingly enormous prick and waved it at Colby, who hypnotically moved toward it, mouth falling open, salivating for the mouth-watering delicacy of maleness! Christ, he had always thought Orientals had little meat! But this might be the exception to prove the rule! It was huge!

But, as he reached the side of the bed, Terrance playfully chuckled, and rolled onto his stomach, thrusting pearly-perfect buns upward, flexing his muscles, then relaxing, tantalizing Colby with the beauty of his ass!

"That's what he digs, boss-man! Friend Terrance loves to get that gorgeous ass plugged! And wait till you ram your cock into him! The way those buns feel against your belly... the way he controls his muscles inside... squeezin' your dick, man, you'll go out of your fuckin' mind!"

Colby hadn't paid any attention to Judd since his first view of Terrance's raging hard cock, and now, as he stared down at the silky, parchment colored buns, he was shocked by the touch of slick fingers.

Turning his head he looked into Judd's grinning face, and then his eyes moved down to his own crotch, and he saw that Judd was smearing the entire length of his hard-on with Vaseline!

"Hey..."

"It's okay, boss-man! You get first go at him today! Judd and I have both fucked him before fucked his ass so often... so hard... any normal human being would be dead by now!"

Colby watched as Judd handed the jar of grease to Jason, who dipped out a generous glob and pressed it between Terrance's high-thrusting cheeks, and began to manipulate his fingers! As Jason worked the grease into Terrance's flesh, the sleek, compact body began to move, to vibrate; hips rolling, buns clenching, whole torso rising and falling, as though Jason's long, blunt fingers were a big prick!

"Now, man... he's all ready! His hungry asshole is greased up as high inside as I could reach and he's horny as hell to feel your big fat jock ram up into his ass!"

Colby was suddenly struck by the fact that, since he had entered the room, Terrance had not spoken one single word! Jason had done his talking for him! Colby began to wonder if he might be mute!

Slowly he advanced, unable to resist so tempting a target, and fell on his knees at the edge of the mattress, spreading his knees steadily wider apart, opening up Terrance's thighs exposing the golden ring of his puckered asshole!

Beautiful!

Breathtaking!

Spectacular!

He gasped at sight of it, and leaned forward to brace himself on finger-splayed hands, as he lowered his pelvis toward the gem of secret intimacy, that unmatched asshole between those so majestic buns!

"Ohhhh! Oh, yes!"

The small body shuddered all over, and the sound of Terrance's voice shocked Colby, who had decided he was unable to speak! But the urgency, the impatience and anticipation in his voice were unmistakable!

He wanted Colby's meat!

He wanted to get fucked!

He really wanted to get his gorgeous ass reamed!

"Do it! Do it to me! Fuck, please! Fuck me! Fuck my ass!"

Breathless, husky, insistent, pleading all at once! In those few words he heard the hysteria, the nymphomaniac need!

"Fuck! Ram it in! Drive it home! Bury it! All of it! In me! IN ME!"

Colby didn't need encouragement. He tensed, lined up on his target, and stretched his knees wider, opening Terrance up a bit more. Colby let his hips sink, the head of his fiery cock pressing firmly against the resilient golden ring of asshole!

"Fuck!"

"Yeah! Fuck him, boss-man!"

"Give him what he wants! Stick that big prick all the way through him! Skewer the bastard on it!"

Judd's and Jason's encouragement fell on deaf ears. Colby was completely enwrapped in the clenching ring at the tip of his drooling prickhead. He tensed, gathering strength and determination, then shot his lean, powerful hips forward -- hard!

Terrance yelped, and tensed briefly, then began to croon a sound of delightful acceptance, and rolled his ass up to meet the descending, invading prick!

A grunt, another lunge, and Colby was buried to the hilt in that responsive, cock-hungry asshole!

His balls slammed forward, against Terrance's, and they swayed together, the heat of each intensifying the holocaust between them!

Colby reared back and plunged violently into the little body again... and again... and again!

Terrance groaned and gurgled and moaned and gasped, lost in the ecstasy of an overflowingly filled asshole! Colby couldn't resist the expert milking of his rod in the clasping guts, and, long before he wanted it to happen, he was gushing his spunk up into Terrance's belly!

When he pulled out Judd took his place, fucked the willing victim long and hard, and then it was Jason's turn! His form was flawless, as he rose and fell, plunged and withdrew his obsidian dagger within the golden sheath! Terrance came with each of them, ruining the sheets!

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Everything was done.

The restoration was complete.

Furniture had been delivered from Cohn's reupholstery and refinishing shop and set in place. Curtains and draperies had been hung. Appliances and utensils and staples had been stored in their places in the kitchen

and pantry.

And Colby felt an uncontrollable pang of sadness. Fixing up the old place had been fun! Would it be -- could it be -- as much fun living there? Alone?

And most unpleasant of all -- sad enough so he wanted to cry -- he had to say good-bye to Jason, his good right hand through the whole process of transformation!

It was quiet now that there were no workmen about, and Colby felt strangely empty now that nothing remained that needed to be done.

Jason was the last.

He had stayed on to help with the final touches and now it felt as though the whole world were coming to an end. This would be their last day together. Tomorrow the utilities would be turned on, he would have gas and electricity, and could move in.

Everything was out of the old apartment, except a few items that were packed and waiting, only because there hadn't been room in the Porsche the last trip out. He'd bring them tomorrow.

"Well, boss-man... we had some fun, didn't we?"

"That we did, Jason! That we did, indeed!"

"I'm kinda sorry to see it all finished... though it's pretty... and comfortable! You got good taste, man! When I first walked on the job I figured you didn't know what you was doin'... didn't know up from down..."

"Maybe not... but I knew what I wanted!"

"Well, if this is what you wanted... like I said before... you got good taste... if you knew it was gonna end up lookin' like it does!"

"I knew..."

They were sitting by the pool, in chairs drawn close together, still beaded with water jewels that the sun was rapidly absorbing from their flesh. Both were naked and each knew the other was getting horny, trying to hide his unavoidably erecting prick.

"Colby..."

"What?"

"Well... I... oh, nothin', I guess."

Colby sat up straight, leaving a dark, wet imprint of his back on the plastic upholstered cushion.



"You wanna fuck, Jason?"

"I'm horny as hell."

"Well, then, let's go initiate the new bed."

"Okay, but... later, huh?" Colby looked at him intently, trying to understand what he was getting at, but he couldn't read the tight expression, thought the eyes looked unusually bright, and Jason refused to meet his glance.

"What's the matter, Jason? What's buggin' you?"

"Nothin', Colby. Nothin'... at... all."

The strong chin quivered, and Colby felt a cold chill down his spine. For a long time he couldn't find his voice. His throat was too dry to speak.

"Jason, come on, let's go inside. I want to suck your cock."

With a gesture Colby could only interpret as a resigned shrug, Jason rose from the chaise and padded across the tiles toward the sliding door to the bedroom.

Inside, it was cooler, and the curtains created a shadowy twilight, as both bodies settled onto the wide bed, automatically moving into each other's arms.

"You said you wanted to blow me, man."

Jason's voice was cold, distant, and Colby felt shut-off. Now it was his turn to be resigned, and he drew his arms away from Jason's broad back and let them move slowly down over his shoulders and chest and belly, until they held the massive prick and heavy, full pouch of churning balls.

"Suck it, Colby! Take it in your mouth swallow it... all the way to the bottom... right down to my horny nuts!"

Colby bent from his waist, folding his body in half and lowered his head, holding the base of Jason's black giant and aiming it toward his descending mouth.

"Suck it, man! Blow me! Make me feel every stroke of that hot, sweet mouth on my achin' meat."

Colby toyed with the foreskin-covered head, pursing his lips over the abundance of loose, rubbery flesh, mouthing it as he liked to do, fascinated that there was so much of it and that it moved so easily under his fingers or between his lips.

"You dig my jock, don't you, stud?"

He sounded choked up, his voice husky.

Colby could only mumble a garbled answer, refusing to surrender the delectable snack of living flesh.

"Take it! Don't just play with the foreskin! Take the head... man, take it in your mouth!"

Colby skinned the head free, and gazed a long time at its dark, gleaming surface. He teased himself by not flinging himself immediately onto it.

"Suck it, for Christ's sake!"

And then he did lower his mouth over the probing head, felt the feverish heat of it inside his lips, in his cheeks, sliding over his tongue. And as he sucked it deeper into his mouth, Jason grabbed his hips, maneuvered him into position so his hard cock was inches from the dark, frill lips, then lunged and took half the length of Colby's big, throbbing hard-on into his mouth!

They groaned and whimpered as each enjoyed the other in his own unique, familiar, practiced way.

Jason thrust and felt his cockhead bend down into Colby's throat. He ground his pelvis against the straining face, and delighted in the feeling of his balls squashing against Colby's nose and cheeks!

Colby eased his hips forward until he felt the resistance of Jason's throat give way, and then humped the rest of his dick into him. They ground their bellies together, hands endlessly exploring every inch and surface of each other, until, with a strangled cry, Jason grabbed both hands full of Colby's clenched asscheeks and held him brutally close as he spurted his load way down into Colby's throat!

The first gush had just begun when Colby ignited, and shot his jism into Jason, unable to hold back any longer!

Both were too hot to prolong this session, both were too high-keyed, anticipating the parting that was imminent. The sex was too fast and frenzied to satisfy either, and as they lay together, the last drops of spunk dripping into each other's throats, they knew it wasn't enough!

It'll never be enough!

Colby was so startled by the realization that he nearly bit through the shaft of Jason's slowly softening prick!

Jason yelped, and Colby slid free, a broad, happy smile lighting his whole face.

"What you grinnin' like a Cheshire cat about you happy you damn near castrated me?"

Jason was actually pouting!

"No! I don't want to castrate you, man! I just found out something... something important!"

His voice shimmered with his excitement. Jason raised deep, velvety eyes to meet bright, smiling blue ones.

"Yeah? What's that, boss-man?"

"I just realized why I've felt so bad since everything's finished... the house is ready to move into..."

"Oh, yeah? Why's that?"

"You, you dumb bastard!"

Jason looked completely confused, but there was a light dawning deep in his eyes, and the corners of his mouth began to twitch, even before he knew he was going to smile.

"Shit, what do I have to say? I don't want what's between us to end, man. I've been missing you already... even while you're still around! Don't you understand?"

Trembling, Jason raised his arms and drew Colby's body close to him, afraid to think any further than that one single moment.

"I asked you a question... don't you understand what I'm saying, Jason?"

"I hope so, Colby! I sure-to-God hope so! But I'm not even gonna let myself think about it 'less you say it... right out!"

He waited breathlessly as Colby tried to find words to express his feeling. And suddenly it was so simple.

"I love you, man! That's what's been bugging me for so long! I... love you... and I didn't even know it... till now!"

Jason sobbed, a dry, choking sound, and then laughter rang in Colby's ears, as Jason hugged him tighter.

"Shit, boss-man, I been knowin' it a long long time! I started bein' afraid you wasn't ever gonna face it, though!"

They clung together silently for a long time, reevaluating everything between them. At least, Colby had to make changes in his thinking. Jason had long ago accepted his feelings, faced up to them, and made his own personal peace, however, things might work out with Colby.

"Jason, you've got to move in here... I want to live with you!"

"You sure, boss-man? You aren't forgetting we got a lot of differences between us, are you?"

"Everybody has differences... and difficulties... but they don't matter

when they feel about each other the way we do."

And then he was stricken by another, more terrible chill, a cold foreboding, a fear greater than any he had ever known.

"Jason... I... how do you feel? About me? I told you I love you... and just took for granted..."

Jason leaned forward and clamped his mouth over Colby's in a long, hungry kiss that ended all discussion and doubt.

"I love you, Colby... if you had to be told! Why the fuck else would I have stuck around here after all my work was finished... and I could have gone on to other jobs... jobs that would have paid a hell of a lot better than you paid me except you wouldn't have been there for me to look at... and touch... and be close to."

"Then, there's nothing left to do, but get your things and move you in!"

"You sure takin' your boss-man role serious, ain't you, man?"

"Don't you want to live with me?"

"I want it worse than anything... ever! But you gotta think about the trouble could come! Slit, Colby, don't forget I'm black! You're white! People don't like queers... but they don't like mixin' up black and white even more! Even some folks who don't mind bein' friends with cocksuckers draw the line at mixed marri... mixed relationships!"

"I don't give a fuck about anything... or anybody... but you and me. Live with me, Jason! Please! I need you! I just realized how bad I need you! Don't desert me, man! We can handle whatever the outside world throws at us... as long as we feel the way we do and are together!"

Jason cuddled him close and chuckled softly, deep in his throat.

"Okay. I guess you still the boss-man! I guess I got no choice, anyway. I sure as hell don't want to say good-bye to you, Colby!"

And slowly, they melted into a long, lingering kiss that rekindled the too-swiftly extinguished fire... in their guts.

Jason leaned over Colby's horizontal form and ran his hands from the top of his head down to his toes, then worked his way back again, replacing his fingers with tongue and lips, licking and lapping and nibbling and kissing up the bulging calves, slab like thighs, hairy crotch, flat, quivering belly, and high-peck chest!

Their mouths met again, a long, smoldering kiss, and both of them came to the brink of shooting off just from kissing, and they wrenched away from each other.

"I want your ass, man."

"It's yours! Take it! Fuck me, Jason! Fuck me good... and hard... so I'll know you're really here... and aren't going to go away!"

"I'm here... and if I go away... you'll have to throw me out!"

Jason went between Colby's legs, on his knees, reaching strong tawny arms under his thighs, lifting, drawing Colby's legs up, hanging his knees over his shoulders.

He grinned a broad smile at Colby, then ducked his head, at the same time planting his big hands under Colby's cheeks and raising them so the tight-puckered asshole was spread before his hungry mouth!

"Eat it! Rim me! Jason, I'm so hot! I'm afraid I'm gonna cum just being with you!"

"Don't! Don't, man! Don't shoot off... not yet! Not till I'm inside you!"

Jason's long, pink tongue slithered out again, probing deep into the clenched circle of Colby's eager asshole! He gasped and panted as he rimmed deep and hungrily, sliding in as deep as he could reach, then retracting his tongue until it slipped free, then dug it in all the way again, as though his tongue were his cock and he was already fucking Colby!

"Ohhhh, man! I can't stand it! It's too good! I'm gonna blow my nuts if you keep it up."

Jason raised his head, and kneed his way up astraddle Colby's body and leaned forward, offering his raging prick to the shiny mouth. Colby lurched upward and claimed it, sucking it deep into him, sucking loosely, knowing this was only foreplay, a pleasant way to lubricate Jason's monstrous fucker!

Jason trembled as he pumped his dick deep into Colby's throat, shaken by his own released feeling, and by Colby's expression of his.

And then he tore himself free and scrambled, backward, down over Colby's body, his cock dripping massively, and found his place between the quivering thighs. He lifted Colby's legs around his waist, and rammed a finger up Colby's ass, hard, making sure it was open and still juicy enough to take his big fucker!

"Ohhh, Jesus! Christ, that feels good! No! No! Don't pull it out... not yet... work it in me, Jason! Keep it up there... as deep as you can work it around... ooohhh! That's it! Man, you really... hit it! Again! Oh, Jesus! Again! Aaaaaahhhh! It's so... ooohhh, so goooooodd!" Jason finger-fucked him furiously, probing as deep as he could reach, twirling his finger with as much pressure as he could summon, working it over every accessible area of the juicy, soft, smooth tissue inside him. He felt the kernel of Colby's prostate and pressed as hard as he could against it, then withdrew and tapped it lightly, an erratic, uneven rhythm that was impossible for the prone receptor to anticipate!

"Do it! Damn! It's so beautiful! Feels like I'm gonna cum, man! It's a fantastic feeling! Nobody could make me feel like this except you, man! Jason!"

And then, because his finger would make Colby shoot off, and because he was impatient to impale him on his throbbing cock, he dragged his finger out and raised on his knees, pressing on the backs of Colby's thighs, bending his body in half, forcing his knees up, against his chest, so that his cheeks spread open wide, exposing the pouting pucker of his asshole ring.

"Christ, you got a gorgeous little bunghole, you know that, boss-man?"

"I don't know how it looks... but I know how you can make it feel! Fuck it, Jason! Fuck my pretty little asshole! Fuck it! FUCK IT HARD!"

And Jason kneeled himself closer so that the tip of his bobbing hard-on, stringy with cock lube, bounced against the clenched ring, lightly at first, then as Jason strained forward, lodged itself in place, anchored tentatively for the ultimate contact!

"Brace yourself, man! I'm gonna shove! I'm gonna push it to you... in... all the way... one lunge... and I'm gonna bury my jock in your sweet, hot guts!"

His voice rasped, his teeth clenched, and Colby could feel the tension of his body against his own. He drew a deep breath and waited for the surging burst of pain that would come when Jason entered him violently!

And then Jason tensed, clenched his ass cheeks and rammed! The head of his prick split Colby wide open, and pressed steadily forward until the whole length of the giant prick was inside.

But there had been no pain. Colby marveled at the power of the thrust and the ease with which he had accepted it -- all of it!

"It's in you, man!"

"Fuck!"

"Feel it! Feel my big black prick workin' inside you... way up there in your guts! Feel it! FEEL IT!"

"Oooohhh! I do! I do! It's good, Jason! GOOD!"

"It's all the way in you... all the way up your hot, cock-lovin' ass!"

"Yesssss! Do it! Fuck it! Do it to me! Do it do it!"

"Take it all, stud! Feel it tearin' you apart inside!"

"Fuck me!"

"Take it!"

"YESSSSSS!"

Animal growls and snarls! Hissing acceptance! Sibilant surrender as the spit-and-pre-cum-shiny wrist-thick black prick slid out until only the head remained clamped within the clutching sphincter ring, then plunged viciously inward again, until Jason's taut black balls slapped, noisily against Colby's up-tilted spine.

"Fuck my ass, man!"

"I'm horny, stud!"

"Me too!"

"Gonna cum!"

"Not yet! Make it last! It's so good!"

"Can't hold it back long, man!"

"Fuck!"

"Take it!"

"Too... good..."

"Me... too... can't... help it... gotta... let it..."

"Go! Do it! Cum! I'm... there... too! Ready to..."

Jason's body rocked back and forth growing increasingly tense as his orgasm surged closet and inevitably closer. He hissed with every breath, rasping in the grip of complete communion with his beloved.

"One... more... thrust..."

"NOW!"

"YEAH!"

"DO IT!"

"YESSSSSSS!"

One final, brutal lunge, powerful enough to snap both their spines, as he hissed out his readiness, and then his cockhead convulsed, his great, thick shaft expanded and stiffened even harder, and he hung suspended between heaven and hell, infinity and eternity, for one breathless, lifeless moment, a lifetime beyond forever and never! And then the spasms shook him, his cock erupted, and the burning, scalding fire seemed to destroy his whole prick, his whole being as the fiery lava raged from him in to Colby!

He shot again and again, filling the well-fucked channel, spurt after creamy spurt, until Colby couldn't hold it, and the great trickles of jism worked their way around the stretching thickness of Jason's cock and ran down into the hollow of Colby's spine, over the majestic curves of his upraised buns, all over the black, tight-drawn clutch of Jason's spitting balls, until both were stained with the frenzied white cream!

And Colby writhed on the still rampant spear, in the agony of almost-orgasm!

"Jason! Grab it! Jack it! I gotta cum! Oh, Christ! Make me shoot off!"

Jason rammed himself deep into Colby's ass, and bent from the waist, taking the base of Colby's dick in his fist, pointing it upward. He lowered his mouth onto the ooze-wet head, gulping it into his mouth, trying to swallow the whole length of cock, sucking hungrily, impatient to siphon off the nectar of his lover's seed!

Colby squirmed in ecstasy, writhing on the double impalement! Jason's cock was buried to the balls in his ass! His own cock was nearly all the way into Jason's ravenous, juicily sucking mouth!

"Now, man! NOW! I'M CUM... CUM... CUUUMMMMIINNNNNNN'!"

He lunged up into the down thrusting mouth and felt his whole body become a big, hard, ejaculating cock! He spurted his juice deep into Jason's throat, and moaned and humped as he listened to the gagging, choking, gulping acceptance of his jism into his beloved's frantically swallowing gullet!

"Take it, Jason! Take every drop! All my cum! All of me!"

They held, as though frozen, cramped, both afraid to move, afraid this could only be a dream that would shatter and disappear if they changed anything!

And then, as cramps raged in Jason's muscles, he had to lift his head, let Colby's flaccid prick flop free to slap softly onto his belly! He straightened, looking down at the miraculous sight of the beautiful blond who wanted him, who loved him -- and felt good!

"Man, it's hard to believe this is for real!"

"Me, too, Jason! It's so good... and I almost let it go!"

"Maybe! I don't think I could have just walked away though, without telling you how I felt!"

Slowly Jason inched his way out of the tight-clutching asshole, and Colby went tense, protesting.

"Don't! Leave your cock in me! I like the feeling."

"You'll like it... I gotta piss... and if you don't let me go..."



Colby considered a moment, remembering, and then raised his knees, opening his ass for Jason to withdraw!

As he started into the bathroom, Colby watched the undulation of his magnificent buns, the ripple of muscle in his back and shoulders and anus.

Maybe he does want to piss in my ass! Maybe I'll let him one of these nights... like Cash pissed in me... and maybe I'll let him piss in my mouth... all over my face... and just maybe I'll play turnabout... and do the same things to him!

He smiled happily when Jason reappeared in the bathroom doorway.

"You sure this is what you want? Are you going to be happy, Jason?"

"Don't even ask, boss-man!"

He ran to the bed and flung himself playfully onto Colby, tickling him until Colby was a witless, helpless mass of giggles.

"How about you, Colby? You been gettin' a lot of stuff you think you can get enough out of just me to keep satisfied?"

Colby grinned up into his dark, gentle liquid eyes.

"I'll manage, and if you can't keep happy... there's always the gas man, the electric man and dude who'll be installing the telephone... the pool-service man..."

Jason's wide-opened mouth, coming down with flicking tongue on Colby's, shut off the words, ended all sound but that of their matched, heaving breathing!

THE END