Educating Ken, Ch. 2

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Twice the sex with half the setup of Chapter one. Enjoy.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/educating-ken-ch-2.aspx

I was chilling in my room at the barracks, all caught up on my classwork and passing the evening with a book, when Nicolas and Jon called. The call was more than welcome, I'd been thinking about them a lot since our weekend together. And not just because of the sex.

Seemed they'd been thinking about me, as well. The call was to invite me along on a ski trip with their friends, and they were pretty excited by the idea. Sounded good to me, too, except for one small problem.

"I don't have skis," I said, interrupting Nic's gushing enthusiasm. "And I barely know how to use them anyway."

"We'll rent you some," Jon answered. "And that's what the bunny slope is for, bunny."

"Besides," said Nic with a laugh,"what makes you think you'll be out of bed for two consecutive hours?"

"Well," I laughed in turn, "I guess that saves me asking if you're sure you have room."

"Yeah, you can sleep with us," said Jon, "when you don't have something else to do."

"Or some *one*, you slut," teased Nic. The conversation turned absolutely filthy when I asked what I needed to bring along. Various parts of my anatomy were discussed, to the accompaniment of enough giggles for a bunch of schoolgirls. There was a lot of affection in the teasing, enough that by the time we hung up I had a little bit of a warm fuzzy feeling to go with my great big horny one.

Permission for a three-day weekend can be tricky while one is in training, but I had a good relationship with the boss. Honesty seemed more likely to succeed than the more typical far-fetched sob stories.

"Chief," I said as I sat down in his office, "I'm not going to bullshit you. My long-lost twin sister who I haven't seen in ten years and who also happens to be gravely ill with something really painful has asked to see me. I need a three day pass in January. Oh yeah, it's MLK day that Monday, so she's also black."

"Well, with a story that solid, how can I say no?" He laughed and kicked a foot up on the corner of his desk. "So what's really up?"

"Got a chance to mooch along on a ski trip to a place called Mammoth. Apparently there's snow in California. Who knew?"

"Good snow, too, at Mammoth. What have you got between now and then?"

"Two exams and that inspection next week."

He nodded thoughtfully, looking past me at his wall calendar for a moment.

"Tell you what," he finally said. "Ace all three, put at least a couple more points between you and the second guy in your class, and you can go. But you'll owe me one, which I *will* collect. Fair enough?"

"More than fair." I stood to go. "Thanks, Chief."

"Perks of being top of your class. Don't make me regret it."

It was 85º Fahrenheit when I left San Diego. To ski. In January. Gotta love California. I'd just bought my first real motorcycle, an old Nighthawk 750, and since no new snow was expected until well after I'd be in Mammoth, I decided to take a chance. I pulled on an old pair of Levis, black boots, a t-shirt, and the brand new black leather jacket that had cost more than the motorcycle. The jeans were thin and tight enough to show my religion, and the t-shirt clung to my shoulders and chest and was short enough to blow up and show my abs as I rode. I couldn't have been better dressed to attract gay men if I'd been in a pink mesh shirt and high heels.

A fact Nicolas made abundantly clear the instant I arrived at the cabin. He waved me into the garage next to their BMW and I'd barely taken my helmet off when he grabbed me.

"Jesus Christ, Ken," he said, shoving me against the car. "Look at you! You're a gay wet dream, kid."

He gave me no chance to reply, kissing me hard and urgently. I can't even call it a makeout session, it was too quick and too hot. It was barely foreplay. Nic's hands were under my jacket and pulling up

my shirt five seconds after he grabbed me. He pinched my nipples, kissed my neck, pushed his tongue into my mouth, and had me hot and moaning within a minute. I started to say something about taking it in the house, but he was already kissing his way down my body and just shoved me back against the car again.

"Damn, Nic," I sighed. "Glad to see me?"

"I think it's mutual." He grinned up at me as he grabbed my rapidly hardening cock. I laughed as he yanked open my fly, but the laugh quickly turned to a moan. He sucked me so fiercely I was afraid he'd hurt me, my entire cock in his throat within the first few strokes and his moans almost as loud as mine. When he pulled back to concentrate on the head it buckled my knees.

The way he was going it wouldn't have taken him long to get me off, but that wasn't his intention. After a few minutes he gave a long moan and let me slip from his mouth. He kissed and sucked my balls more gently, then looked up at me with a big grin and real heat in his eyes.

"This thing is beautiful, Ken," he said in a thick voice. "Do you know how lucky you are?"

"Feeling pretty lucky right now, yeah."

He laughed and stood to kiss me again. This time it went on a little longer and had a little less urgency, but it was still only a few minutes before he took out his cock. He stroked us together for a moment, staring into my eyes from about six inches away. Finally he smiled.

"Your turn," he said. "Jon's been teasing me all day, wouldn't get me off. Said I had to wait for you."

I started to kiss my way down his neck, but before I'd even opened the top button of his shirt he laughed and tilted my chin up to face him.

"I am way beyond the slow, tender stuff," he said. "Your cock was all the foreplay I can stand, handsome boy. Please, pretty please, help me out before I explode."

He pressed down on my shoulders and I let myself be urged. I liked his cock as much as I remembered, liked having it in my mouth as much as I remembered, but I got no chance to explore it this time. He pushed forward as soon as the crown passed my lips, almost faster than I could handle. His need fed mine and I was soon sucking him urgently, his cock sliding all the way into my throat on each fast stroke. My hands held his hips as he thrust, the only sounds his grunts and my moans.

I won't deny it, I loved it. I loved his need, I loved his cock, I loved being on my knees and being used

purely for his lust. My cock stayed hard enough to break glass the entire time, bobbing in front of me with each thrust of his hips. My world was the feel of his cock in my mouth, the taste of it, the faint smell of his sweat, and my only regret was that it was over far too soon. Nic's cock swelled, his strokes got shorter and his tempo quicker, and almost before I realized it he was pumping a huge load down my throat. He always came big, but this was just a ridiculous amount of cum. I must have swallowed four times by the time it was over.

Finally he relaxed and the geysers of semen stopped trying to overwhelm me. I sucked him gently for a while, enjoying the feel of his cock slowly deflating in my mouth and finally taking the chance to explore it a little more with tongue and lips and the capacity for rational thought. It was only with reluctance that I let him draw me to my feet. We spent a couple minutes kissing and touching and smiling at each other.

"Damn, Nic," I finally said. "I thought you were going to drill a hole in the back of my head."

"Didn't I?" he asked, touching my head and neck as though checking. "Well, it wasn't for lack of effort. And don't pretend you didn't like it. You're still hard as a rock."

"Yeah. And since you brought it up," I said, both of us grinning at the double entendre, "why don't you be a dear and get to work."

"Because you still have to say hi to Jon," he replied mischievously.

"Oh, you one-way bastard," I said with a laugh, grabbing the front of his shirt. "You know I can put you on your knees."

"And you know I'd love every second of it." He kissed me on the nose, smiling broadly. "But you won't, because you're loving exploring your bottom side. Aren't you?"

My smile slowly spread to match his while he peppered my face with kisses.

"Yeah," I finally acknowledged. "Yeah, I am."

The mischievous grin came back and he kissed me deeply for a moment, then patted me on the butt and pushed me toward the house.

"Good," he said. "Then since we have that settled, go find Jon. He jumped in the shower when you pulled in, he should be done now. I know he'll be as happy to see you as I was."

Jon was waiting in the front room, sitting on the couch with a glass of wine. All he was wearing was a white bathrobe that was open far enough to show a lot of tanned, hairy chest and short enough to show his thick, strong legs. Everything about him was immaculate, from his neatly trimmed beard to his well-manicured hands to the carefully sculpted body that the robe had obviously been chosen to show. I found myself thinking a word I'd never consciously applied to a man before: *sexy.*

"Damn, Ken," he said as I came in. His smile was a brilliant flash of white teeth in the dark beard. "Look at you in those jeans. Every fag you passed must have chased you all the way here."

"They tried. I outran 'em."

"Good. There are plenty of us here to keep you busy." Another big grin. "Take that jacket off and turn around, let me look at you."

I did, without even really thinking about it. There was a lot to be learned about tone of voice and the expectation of obedience in the way Jon handled himself. You found yourself halfway through doing whatever he'd asked before you really thought about it, just because of the quiet authority in his voice.

"You should never wear anything other than those jeans, ever. Go into a club in those and the leather boys would kill each other to get to you."

I laughed at that, maybe blushing a little. He smiled at me another moment, looking me up and down, then met my eyes.

"Strip for me now, sexy boy," he said. "I want to see that big cock. And do it slow, make me enjoy it."

Hard to take your time when you're only wearing two garments, but I did my best. His gaze was palpable, my cock swelled just from watching his eyes. Finally he stood and stepped toward me. The glimpse I got of his enormous prick peeking out of the robe made my breath catch, and I sighed as he took me in his arms.

We kissed for a while, my arms coming up around his neck and his sliding around my body. Sometime in the middle of it he undid his robe. The feel of his naked body against mine brought me back to full erection, and by the time he stepped back my hips were moving against him a little, searching for friction.

"Such a pretty mouth," he whispered, sliding a thumb across my lips. Suddenly the brilliant smile was back. "Let's put it to good use. On your knees, now, baby."

I took my time working my way down his body, enjoying the feel of his big cock bumping against my stomach and chest. He was in a lot less of a hurry than Nicolas had been, his sighs and touches and quiet compliments encouraging my slow explorations.

His cock was better than half erect when I finally reached my knees. It seemed to aim itself at me, long and thick and lustful, and I couldn't help licking the drop of precum from the tip. The thing was as thick as my wrist, long and heavy and lustful.

"God, Jon," I whispered, stroking his thighs with my fingertips, "what is it about size? Just the sight of this thing drives me insane."

"I don't know, but it's everyone. There's two kinds of people in the world: size queens and liars. A lot of people are going to fall in love with that thing between your legs."

I grinned and licked another drop of precum from his cock. My intent was to go slow, as much for my enjoyment as his, but that didn't last. I kissed and gently sucked his balls, licked my way up and down the shaft, and ran my tongue around his crown, but as soon as his cock slid into my mouth my lust overwhelmed me and I started sucking in earnest, pressing deeper on every stroke. It wasn't long before we were moaning in unison, his hands on my head and mine squeezing his thighs in time with my sucking. I couldn't get enough, the way the huge cock filled my mouth to the point of stretching my jaw just drove me wild. It was everything I could do to remember to be gentle. And the taste of his steadily leaking cum just added to the lust. I made sure to pull back all the way on each stroke both to feel the head with my lips and to get more of his taste in my mouth, when I was all the way down he was leaking straight down my throat.

I don't know how long it went on. Jon had amazing stamina, but I was sucking like I was in love with his cock. Which maybe I was, at that moment. I was half lost in concentration on making it feel as good as I possibly could and half just lost in the taste and feel of it when he pushed me back. I resisted, which made him laugh and push harder.

"Come on, let it go," he said. "You love it, don't you?"

I just looked up at him for a second. I wasn't reluctant to answer, it was just that I was in such a haze of lust that it took me a second to process human speech.

"Say it," he urged, obviously thinking I didn't want to admit it. "Tell me you love my cock and I'll let you suck it some more after I fuck you."

"I love it," I said with a grin. "I love your cock. Best cock I've ever sucked."

That made him laugh. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me.

"Out of your extensive list of, what? Three?"

He backed me up against a desk and we spent a few minutes kissing and touching before he produced a condom and lube from a pocket of his robe.

It was much easier letting him in this time. I'd worried when it was clear I wasn't going to get much foreplay, he just lubed it and lifted my legs as I sat on the desk, but knowing it was going to feel good made it much easier to relax. It wasn't long before I had that amazing warm pleasure spreading through my body, and not long before my cock started jumping with each thrust. My moans quickly turned to cries as he fucked me harder and harder, slamming me against the wall behind the desk and talking filthy, telling me how tight and hot I was and how much he loved my ass. My hands roamed his chest and arms and slid around his neck every time he leaned down for a kiss.

I didn't even realize Nicolas had joined us until he grabbed my cock and leaned in to kiss me. There was a big smile on his face when he pulled back, his stroking hand finding the rhythm of Jon's thrusts.

"They can hear you in Nevada, sweet boy," he said. "You sound so sexy when you get fucked."

He drew my hand down to his cock as he spoke. He was already hard, and I found my hand taking up the rhythm too, all of us being stimulated to Jon's cadence.

"Tell him," whispered Nic. "He loves to hear it. Tell him how much you love it."

"Oh, god, Jon," I moaned. "Fuck me! It's so good!"

I'd have liked to come up with something more articulate, but I was more an animal in ecstasy than I was a sentient being by that point. I could already feel an orgasm building, the kind that seems to take forever and involves your whole body when it finally crests. I squeezed Jon's arm so hard that he had finger-shaped bruises the next day, and when I came it was so intense that the first shot hit the wall behind my head. I absolutely soaked my chest and belly, much to Nic's laughing delight.

Jon wasn't far behind me. He leaned down to kiss me after I came, still pounding hard, then suddenly pulled me off the desk and down to my knees.

"Come here," he said, pulling off the condom. "I want to feel that pretty mouth when I cum."

The sound I made as I went for his cock was embarrassingly close to a desperate whimper. He was all the way in my throat from the first lunge, and cumming by the third. I swallowed greedily, staying on him long after the orgasm had passed, sucking every last drop of cum from the big, beautiful prick that had taken me so high. It was Nic that finally pulled me off.

"Come on, sex machine," he said, his voice a mixture of laughter and desire. "You got me going again. Suck."

I was on him by the time he finished speaking. This blowjob took longer than the last one I'd given him, but not for any lack of intensity. There was no messing around, I held his ass in both hands and sucked him deep and fast. When he stepped back to sit in a chair I followed so closely that his cock barely came out of my mouth, and my chin was on his balls again by the time he was settled. His orgasm wasn't as big as the last, and I actually found myself disappointed that there wasn't as much to taste and swallow.

There was another moment of disappointment when he was done and I looked around and realized that both of my lovers were spent, at least for the moment. I laughed at myself for the sheer sluttiness of wanting more immediately after all I'd just had. My cock hadn't even gone down after I came. Jon, sprawling languidly on the couch, noticed and pointed to it.

"Jesus, Nicolas," he said with a grin and wink aimed at me. "He's not even satisfied yet. You'd better look out, that monster between his legs is ready to go."

"Uncle, uncle," said Nic, throwing up his hands as though in surrender. "Let him go attack Robert and Shane."

"'Shane?'" I laughed. "You have a friend named *Shane*?"

"Never was a man like him," said Nic. We grinned at each other. "You'll meet him soon enough. Or he'll 'meat' you. Whichever."

The way he emphasized the word "meat" made it clear he was making a pun.

"Okay, that's like the fifth time one of you has made a crack about me and your friends. Tell me the truth. Did you invite me up here to entertain them?"

"No, no," Nic answered quickly. "We just meant that you're free to do whatever you want, and they're here, and they're very sexual, and you're very sexual, and we thought maybe you'd like them, and-"

"What he's trying to say," interjected Jon, "is *yes*. We did invite you up here with that in mind. There's no expectation, we won't be disappointed if the only bed you share is ours, but there's also no possessiveness on our part. You're free to be as promiscuous as you like. And we'd love it if you were *very* promiscuous."

"But we'll still keep inviting you to our place no matter what," said Nic, still nervous and talking fast. He slid down off the chair to sit in front of me. "And hopefully we'll be able to visit you in San Diego. And we're already planning to invite you to Vegas next month. We're not trying to pimp you, it's just that the idea of being your age and free and as incredibly sexual as you are is such a thrill and such a turn on to us."

"I get it, I get it," I said, holding up a hand to stop him. There was a momentary silence.

"Then how do you feel about it?" asked Jon.

"I'm not sure. I don't think I'm bothered, but sometimes I'm slow to see when I *should* be bothered. I just never thought of anything like this."

Nicolas started to speak again, but I sat forward and kissed him lightly.

"Nic, I'm not going to stop being... whatever the hell it is we are to each other. I just need some time to process. Let me get a shower and a drink and think a little. Right now I can't see a single reason why I wouldn't let your friends seduce me if they're as charming as you, it's just... like I said, I never thought of anything like this."

He wasn't ready to let it go. I think he wanted to hear me thank them and enthuse at the idea, but Jon put a hand on his shoulder when he launched into another round of persuasion.

"Fair enough," Jon said in that discussion-ending tone he had. "We set up the downstairs bedroom for you, although I hope you won't need it much. We're going to get cleaned up and head for bed, it's been a very long day and some crazy sex fiend just wore us out."

That made me laugh, which brought a big, relieved smile to Jon's face. I winked at him, knowing that he would set Nic's mind at ease. Certainly the knowledge that they intended to pass me around to their friends changed our relationship, but it wasn't like I'd been thinking of them as steady romantic partners or something. It was kind of exciting, to tell the truth. It was just... an adjustment, I guess.

"The hot tub is all warmed up and ready," offered Nic. "If you want to take a soak before you come to bed. Or *go* to bed. Whatever. Robert and Shane said something about maybe using it tonight, so

maybe you can meet them. I bought you a couple swimsuits, they're in the dresser."

"Yeah, where are all your friends?" I asked. "I'm surprised we weren't interrupted."

"Robert and Shane went to bed as soon as they got here," Jon answered. "They don't get as much time together as they'd like. And the Bees won't be here until after midnight."

"'The Bees?'"

"Brian and Blake," Nicolas explained. Seeing my grin, he laughed. "I know, I know. It gets worse, we also know a couple named Trent and Thomas, 'the Tees', and George and Gerald, 'the Gees'. You're destined to settle down with a Kirk. Or a Keith."

"Or a Kimberly," I said with a laugh. "Or a Kelly, which is appropriate since it could go either way."

Jon hadn't revised his 'there is no bisexuality' stance. I saw the annoyance in his eyes, he didn't like even hearing me oblique references to me liking girls, but it didn't cause much reaction in me. On the list of things there's no point in debating, that's pretty high.

The swimsuits Nicolas had picked out made me laugh. They were those European ones that are almost like hot pants, fitting very tight and very low on the waist and ending right below my ass. And they were thin enough that my cock was on clear display, looking almost obscene as it lay pointed toward my hip. I probably wouldn't have taken a soak, but when I'd showered off my coating of semen I just had to try them out.

Robert and Shane were already in the tub when I went out, sitting close together on one side. They were black, both of them bald, and both of them were very, very good looking.

"I'm sorry," I started, holding out a placating hand. "Didn't mean to interrupt."

"Nah, come on out," said the lighter-skinned and slightly smaller guy. He was the color of coffee with cream, with a lean body and big, dark, very pretty eyes. "I'm Robert, this is Shane. You're... I'm sorry, when they told me your name I was busy tearing loverboy's clothes off."

"Ken." I grinned. "Surprised Nicolas and Jon didn't write it on the specials board."

"I think it was on the room service menu," said Shane with a laugh. He stood to shake my hand, and no doubt to show off his chiseled abs. The man was a brick, six-two or six-three and maybe thirty pounds heavier than my middleweight one-sixty-five, not an ounce of it fat. His skin was very, very

dark, and to say he was handsome is an understatement. He was to handsome what Michael Jordan is to basketball. His jaw was strong, his cheekbones high, his mouth wide and sensual, his eyes deep and dark and perpetually amused, even his bald dome was somehow sexy. Shane was simply gorgeous.

Nor was that all he had going for him, physically speaking. He was wearing thin, clingy white shorts, and what they were clinging to looked too big to be real. I only got a glimpse, but what I saw looked thicker than my wrist and hung farther down his leg than seemed entirely reasonable.

He saw me checking him out, but my embarrassment was mitigated by the fact that he was looking me over, too. He smiled and winked, and I grinned wryly.

"You're very handsome," I said. "Robert's a lucky guy."

"Hell yes, I am," said Robert with a laugh.

"You're pretty hot, too, blue eyes," said Shane. He put a hand lightly on my stomach. "Great abs. That's a lot of crunches, right there."

"And you fill those shorts out beautifully," offered Robert. I'm pretty sure my embarrassment turned into a blush. Shane grinned and winked again, and we sat down in the tub.

"Really, don't let me keep you from your alone time," I said. "I thought you guys were in bed for the night, if I knew you had the tub I'd have left you to it."

"Nah, it's all good," said Shane. "We're just in between rounds. Round one is always too quick. Gotta take the edge off, you know? It's been months since we had quality time. Now we can chill and catch up and take our time with round two."

"Right on." I spread my arms on the back of the tub and laid my head back, enjoying the contrast of the cool mountain air and the heat of the water. "But tell me if I become a third wheel."

"We will," said Robert. I could hear the smile in his voice when he went on. "Besides, *quality time* and *alone time* are not necessarily the same thing."

"Jesus," I said with a laugh. "At least buy me a drink first. *Something*."

They both laughed, and Shane excused himself to go into the house.

"How come it's been months since you were together?" I asked Robert while we were alone. "Long-distance relationship?"

"No, we both live in SoCal. We don't hook up as much as we'd like because we have to keep it on the down low."

He spent a couple minutes explaining what that meant. He was a music promoter working mostly with hip-hop acts, Shane was an MBA at a fairly conservative company, and neither of them wanted all the prejudice that goes with being out. It's that much harder when you're already a black man in a white man's world, as Shane especially was. Robert had a beard, a wife who was lesbian and a school administrator and so had the same stuff to deal with. Shane was bi and thus didn't need a beard, a luxury I've always been secretly grateful I share. Well, not so secretly now, I guess, since I just wrote it down.

"You must miss each other a lot in between visits," I said. Hey, I was eighteen. Robert laughed.

"Parts of each other," he said. I picked my head up and looked at him and he shrugged. "It's not that kind of relationship. We love each other for the fucking, not the romance. Don't get me wrong, we're great friends, but what we provide each other is the kind of sex we both need. Not partnership like Nic and Jon have."

I nodded, but before I could say anything else Shane came out of the house with three glasses and two bottles of wine. All three of us laughed as he held them up, and I may have blushed again. He sat on the edge of the tub while he poured.

"Your drink, sir," he said, handing me a glass with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thanks." If I wasn't blushing when he appeared with the wine, the mischievous twinkle definitely did it.

"You know what occurs to me?" asked Robert. "It's pretty late and this is a hot tub. There's a law against wearing bathing suits in a hot tub after ten o'clock."

"Or if there isn't, there should be," said Shane with a laugh. Still sitting on the side of the tub, he pulled off his shorts and tossed them on the deck.

As god is my witness, every bit of conversation after I saw his cock was wasted effort on their part. He could have stepped across the tub and offered it to me right then and I'd have been on it like a starving wolf. The thing was fucking huge. All measurements are lies, even John Holmes wasn't as

big as they say, so let me put it like this: I'm big. Rarely do I see a porn star whose cock is longer or thicker than mine. Jon was a little bigger. Shane's cock, flaccid and hanging down to touch the side of the tub, was bigger than either of ours were when completely erect. Twenty years later, I've only seen one that I'm sure was bigger.

It was a beautiful cock, too. Uncut, smooth and dark, with three visible veins running the length of the top side. The shape of the big head was clearly visible through the enclosing foreskin. His balls were on the same scale, like a couple of golf balls nestling behind the huge shaft. Just the image of Shane's cock still appears sometimes in my masturbatory fantasies, never mind the sex.

I have no idea how long I stared at it. Long enough to make my face hot again when he slid down into the water and broke the spell. They were both smiling broadly when I finally remembered they had faces.

"Don't be embarrassed," said Robert. "Ignoring that thing would be like ignoring a UFO. You'd be out of your mind if you *didn't* take a long look. I'm only half kidding when I say that Shane is just a bonus to the relationship I have with his cock."

"You're not even *half* kidding," teased Shane, smiling affectionately at his lover. After a second he turned the smile on me. "Your turn, sailor boy. But stand up, I want to see those shorts again before you take them off. Those things are like lingerie for queers, man."

Laughing, I stood up in the middle of the tub. I'd known my suit was thin and clingy, but I had to laugh again when I saw that it had now become basically transparent. My cock was having a wet t-shirt contest.

"Oh, nice," said Robert. "We are so getting you a pair of those, Shane. Turn around, Ken, let me see how they look from behind."

He found a lot to say about the fit of the shorts, tugging at them here and there as he pointed things out and not coincidentally touching my ass and thighs a lot. I certainly didn't mind, although my face was hot again, a sure sign that I was blushing. Again. Finally he patted my ass.

"Okay, come on," he said. "We're pushing the legal limit, here. Lose them before the cops show up."

I turned back to face them as I stripped off the shorts, and it was my turn to enjoy watching them take a long look at my cock. Shane grinned at me when I sat down.

"You know we're just greedy, right?" he asked. "There's guys walking around with little pinkies

between their legs 'cause the three of us are hogging all the cock."

"Four of us," I said, returning his grin. "Jon's sporting a third leg, too."

"Is that right?" asked Robert speculatively. Shane laughed and pushed his shoulder and they went back and forth for a minute, teasing and kissing and obviously groping each other under the water.

"Hey, let me see your foot, Ken," said Robert when they'd settled down. I blinked at the non-sequiter. "I've been doing anecdotal research for years to see if there's really a correlation between cock size and foot size."

"That and he's got a foot fetish," teased Shane. "Dude put himself through school working at a shoe store, had to talk himself into leaving when he graduated."

Robert bobbed his head good-naturedly and didn't deny it. I shrugged and gave him my foot.

"About a ten, right?" he asked.

"Yeah, bullseye. Ten and a half, sometimes. That support your research?"

"Yep. Still no correlation that I can discern. You have no idea how many guys with size sixteen feet have broken my heart when I got them home."

We all laughed. He showed no signs of letting go of my foot, in fact he began to massage it gently. I smiled and laid my head back again.

"Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me," I teased. More laughter.

"Better give me the other one," said Shane. "I don't want to hear how I didn't help."

I'd never had my feet massaged before. Highly recommended. Two thumbs up. And one cock.

We talked lightly about this and that for a few minutes while they worked on my feet and calves, then Robert got up to go into the house. I caught my first look at his cock as he left, and while he wasn't his partner, he certainly had nothing to hide. It had to be in the same neighborhood as Jon and I. Shane grinned at me when he was gone.

"I think my partner's being a little smoother than strictly necessary," he said.

"Yeah," I acknowledged, laughing again. "Maybe. Not like I mind, though."

"Nah. And it makes him feel good. You know why he got up, right?"

"Nope."

"When he comes out he's going to sit by you."

"Smooth."

"Yeah." He held up the bottle of wine, and when I held out my glass and he reached out to pour he also slid my foot from his thigh down to the seat between his legs, right against his cock. I breathed a laugh that was half a sigh and almost dropped my wine.

"Now *that* was smooth," I said.

"Like that, did you?"

"Your cock? Shane, you could have saved me a lot of thinking by walking into my bedroom about a year ago and whipping that thing out. I'd have been like, 'Oh, okay. I guess I'm bi.' Then I'd have been on my knees."

"I meant my move," he said with a big laugh. His cock was still pointed down to the seat, now I carefully hooked it with my foot and flipped it upright so I could feel it up a little better. He smiled broadly and stretched his arms out on the back of the tub. They were very nice arms.

When Robert came back he did exactly as Shane had said, sliding down into the water right next to me. I was in the corner, putting us at forty-five degrees to each other with our knees touching, and he used that as an excuse to let his hand land on my knee.

The next few minutes were reasonably funny. Robert used his best lines and tried to smoothly increase the contact between us while I tried to invite him by turning to face him and stretching my arm out behind him and reacting positively to every touch. I even took one of his touches on the inside of my thigh as an excuse to bring my leg up across his knee, leaving me wide open to his advances. Meanwhile, Shane's cock grew steadily harder and bigger and mine reacted in kind, distracting me from whatever Robert was saying. When I realized that if my heel touched Shane's scrotum my toes didn't reach the tip of his cock, I laughed aloud.

"What's funny?" asked Robert.

"I tickled his foot," said Shane. Robert gave him a sharp look, like he was saying, "Dude, we're past playful here, I'm putting the moves on the guy!" Robert grinned, carefully moved my foot, slid over by us on my other side, and immediately found my hand and guided it to his cock.

If the thing had felt big under my foot, now I was almost scared of it. My hand couldn't encircle it, and when I started slowly stroking it I couldn't believe how far it was from balls to tip. Just unreal. And it wasn't even completely hard yet.

Mine was, though. Shane slid a hand down to grab it and grinned broadly at me again.

The makeout session that followed was all kinds of fun. After Robert finally got around to kissing me I ended up sitting with a leg over each of their knees, turning back and forth as they took turns kissing me deeply. Robert's hand roamed my torso and thigh and he kissed my neck and shoulder when I was kissing Shane, and Shane and I slowly stroked each other the entire time. Any reluctance I'd ever felt to kiss a man was long gone now, I was somewhere close to heaven.

Eventually Robert got around to reaching for my cock, and he laughed when he found Shane's hand already there.

"I do all the work, you grab the boy's cock, huh?" he teased.

"He started it," said Shane.

"That right?" Robert whispered, nuzzling my ear. "When did you start jacking that big cock?"

"Um... does my foot count?"

Robert laughed and started stroking me with Shane.

"You could have told me I was falling behind," he said to his lover. "Wasting my time, here."

"Nah, he enjoyed your wooing. You woo the fuck out of a man, babe."

"You little slut," Robert whispered to me, nuzzling my ear again. "One glass of wine and you give it up to the first brother with a big dick."

"And the second," I said with a grin. He laughed and guided my other hand to his cock. The three of us spent an unknowable time like that, kissing deeply and stroking each other and whispering quietly.

I'm not sure they ever kissed each other even once, all their attention was on me. Finally Shane stood and drew Robert and me up with him.

"Come on," he said quietly. "Let's take it upstairs."

To my surprise he picked me up in his arms like a lover. My machismo stretched near the breaking point, but I made myself relax and stay in the moment. It's easy to be dominant when that's your nature, it's much tougher to really explore your submissive side. But oh, so much fun, if you can find the balls for it. I slid an arm around his shoulders, touched his chest with my other hand, kissed his neck, and returned his smile. And I was suitably impressed when he managed to carry me all the way up the stairs.

We stood in the bedroom kissing and touching for another timeless while, Shane and I in each other's arms and Robert just to my left. Finally Shane pulled back a little and gently pressed down on my shoulders.

"Alright," he said with a big grin. "That's enough wooing. Make with the sex."

I laughed and slid willingly to my knees in front of his enormous organ. The sight of it, half erect and a foot from my face, was overwhelming. The foreskin still covered the head, which I assumed meant there was still more growth to come, and it already looked like it shouldn't even fit in my mouth.

Shane sighed as I slid my lips down the shaft on my way to his balls. I explored them carefully, kissing and licking and gently sucking them one at a time into my mouth. His cock felt heavy on my face as I looked up at him, sliding back and forth with my movements. I could see and feel it stiffening, and his sighs turned to groans as I started licking and kissing my way around the shaft. I could already feel the lust starting to overwhelm me. It was hard to do anything gently or slowly.

When I reached the tip I took him in my hand and stroked him to pull the foreskin back. Slowly, since I'd never done it before. The sight of the big, purple head coming out sent another wave of lust through me. I felt my rock hard cock jump involuntarily and I moaned as I began to suck him. He swelled to full erection in my mouth, a feeling I love, and he stretched me to the point where it hurt my jaw a little to try to take him deep.

When he was fully erect I pulled back to look. His cock looked like some kind of pagan monument to lust, the skin tight and dark and shiny and wet with my saliva. I loved the way the skin slid over the hardness underneath, the way his foreskin still had enough slack for me to play with it and tug it with my lips and teeth, and the way he gasped when I did. To a great extent a cock is a cock, but one like Shane's is something else entirely.

I sucked him for a long time. He'd already cum at least once that night, and he had fantastic staying power, but part of the reason it went on so long was that I kept letting him out of my mouth to kiss and lick and basically make love to it with my mouth, worshiping it from balls to tip and even kissing his thighs and belly and down under his scrotum when I sensed him getting close. I didn't want it to end.

I honestly think I may have cum untouched if it had gone on just a little longer. I was painfully hard the entire time. I felt my cock twitch and jump at every reaction from his, and I got that pre-orgasmic feeling like I was almost there more than once. My cock drooled, which was probably a residual effect from Jon's earlier clobbering of my prostate, but definitely only happens when I am very, very excited.

Finally, though, I started sucking with more intent. It wasn't really a conscious decision, I just got so lost in my lust for the enormous cock that I stopped taking him out of my mouth. I bobbed as deep as I could and relished the feel of him filling my mouth. He moaned my name in warning when he got close, but this time I couldn't make myself pull back and let him cool off. I moaned in time with my strokes, loving the sound of his groans and cries, and when he came I swallowed it eagerly, relishing the taste. When it was over I spent easily five minutes tenderly sucking and kissing him while he deflated. It was kind of fun stroking the foreskin down over my tongue while I licked his head, and I made a mental note to try it while I was getting him hard the next time.

At last my senses returned and I let him go. I was surprised to realize he was sitting in a chair, I had no recollection of following him the five feet from where we'd started to where we'd finished. The sheen of sweat on his body gave testament to the intensity of my head. He looked like we'd been energetically fucking.

"That was the best blowjob I have ever seen," said Robert from where he was chilling on the bed. "Unbelievable, man. I thought I loved cock, but that was un-fucking-believable."

"Brother, you have no idea," answered Shane. He drew my hand up and kissed it warmly. "If you keep doing that to me I'll carry you off to Vegas and marry you."

"We need to find a girl," I said with a laugh. "Make it a three-way kind of deal. I don't think I'll ever get tired sucking that cock, but a man needs some pussy, too."

"Deal," he said and kissed my hand again.

"Yuck," said Robert. "Stop reminding me that you're perverts and come give me some of that sugar, Ken."

He didn't need to ask twice. We lay on the bed kissing and touching for just a very few minutes, then I was sucking my fourth cock of the evening. Nor had my excitement faded any, he had plenty of cock to trigger my size-queen tendencies. I sucked him with real joy, and unlike with Shane I was able to get him down my throat. The only difference was that I didn't give him as much "foreplay," I got to know his cock and balls quickly and let my sexual overdrive take hold. I sucked him off like I needed the cum to live. He was moaning and saying my name and actually thrashing around a little by the time he came, holding my head with one hand and a wad of the sheets with the other. He lay breathing hard while I sucked the last of the cum out of his cock, then touched my face and laughed.

"Okay," he said, "that was great, but you owe me one of those half-hour long cock love sessions, boy. I will kidnap you if I have to, I am not letting you get away before you blow me like you blew him. C'mon, you know I've got enough cock to get you hot."

"Oh yeah. You're every bit as big as Jon." *But not as dominant, and thus you will never get me as hot.* "I'm too turned on right now to be able to focus on anything but how much I love having a big one in my mouth. I'll make it up to you."

"Got a little more of that in you before we return the favor?" asked Shane. He was idly stroking himself, half hard again. "I've never been able to get Robert down my throat, now that I've seen you do it I wonder how far you can take me."

"I already tried," I said with a laugh. "Believe me, I wanted that beast all the way in. I learned on Jon's cock, which is about the size of Robert's, but yours is a whole other story."

"Well, come here. I got it down a girl's throat once, I bet we can do it."

My poor cock was begging for release, but that's a self-perpetuating thing. Sucking them was what had me so hard, but sucking them didn't get me off, so I just stayed primed for anything and yearned to have them in my mouth as much as I yearned to get off. Reaching that submissive place has been rare for me in my life, but when I get there it is a true sexual frenzy. I crawled back over to Shane and literally ached with lust when I took the big python in my hand. It took a while to suck him back to full erection, but that was fine with me. I loved the feel of his cock when it was all rubbery and pliant, and I loved taking my time with his balls and scrotum and shaft.

When he was completely back in the game I spent a moment just looking at the thing and stroking it, marveling again at both its beauty and its sheer mass. I was totally convinced that no one, male, female, gay or straight, could see it and touch it at full erection and not burn for it.

Getting it down their throat, of course, would be another matter. Try as I might, I couldn't. It wasn't my

gag reflex getting in the way, it just got to a certain point and wedged. We had fun with the project, laughing and teasing and shifting around, but it just wasn't going.

"Okay," Shane finally said. "We're not going to get it like this. Let me show you how Shondra and I did it."

"You've got some secret method you could have been showing me? Ass."

He laughed at that and led me over to join Robert on the bed.

"Lay down on your back," he said, "with your head hanging off the end."

The idea of being out of control with that monster trying to wedge its way down my throat was more than a little scary, and it must have showed. Shane put an arm around me and kissed my face tenderly.

"I won't hurt you, baby boy," he whispered. "I promise. If you push me back, I'll stop. We are just having fun, it's not about doing anything anyone doesn't enjoy."

I was still nervous, but I let him lay me down and position my head hanging off the bed. He dissipated most of my nerves by teasing me with his cock, trailing his balls across my face and running his shaft up and down across my lips before he finally slipped the head into my mouth. As soon as it was there all I could think about was swallowing it.

His cock, like mine, curved slightly upward. Hanging my head upside down fixed the angle issue that presented, and despite my fears he went down like it was a magic trick on about the third stroke. His satisfied groan was matched by my moan, and I was glad my mouth was full because otherwise it may have been a girlish squeal of delight. It wasn't just that it went, it was that it went so smoothly. It felt amazing. Obviously it felt good to him, too, his moans took on a whole new level of excitement. He set up a rhythm, pulling all the way back until just the head was in my mouth every few strokes so I could breathe. I enjoyed the pull-backs almost as much as the penetration, I loved licking and sucking on the head and reaching up to stroke his shaft with my hand.

It got even better when Robert got involved. I couldn't see him, but when Shane and I had been doing our thing for a few minutes I felt a hand on my cock, followed by a warm mouth. I was so overstimulated I almost came right away, but Robert felt it and stopped, chuckling warmly and stroking my belly and thighs. He said something that might have been "Can't have that yet," but I couldn't hear much with my face stuffed full of cock and both Shane's and my own moans filling my ears.

Robert worked his way around my groin, kissing and sucking and nipping, spending time with my shaft, my balls, my inner thighs, and the sensitive skin under my scrotum. When I felt him lift my knees I didn't resist, and when his tongue touched my rectum I let out a long, loud moan. They said something to each other, but again it was lost to me. Not that I needed to hear to guess what was coming.

Robert licked and teased me until my hips were squirming out of my control and I was just making a long, steady moan around Shane's cock, interrupted by more coherent entreaties for more when he pulled back far enough. Finally Robert's tongue was replaced by what was obviously a lubed finger, then more than one lubed finger, and finally his cock. I pushed Shane back just long enough to say "Condom?" At his reassurance, it was game on.

Freed from the visual comparison to Shane's beast, the size of Robert's cock came home to me. It was big and very hard and he was pretty good with it, and it wasn't long before I was moving back to meet him as well as I could. The pleasure was absolutely intense. I don't know if Robert had a really great angle on my prostate or maybe it was just the sexual overload of being so keyed up for so long, but I was on the edge of orgasm from the very start. Robert's pounding drove me up Shane's cock, and once they had that rhythm down I was just getting fucked at both ends beyond my ability to control it.

I have no idea how long it went on, honestly. At one point Shane pulled back and said something to me, but I was incoherent. I just grabbed his hips and pulled him back to me, groaning something inarticulate and grasping with my mouth. It wasn't long until I had another first: An orgasm completely unassisted by any touch on my cock. The pressure built and built and it first felt like I had an orgasm directed inward, like my entire body had caught fire. The pleasure was overwhelming. As it crested, a more conventional orgasmic feeling took me and I started shooting just an enormous load. It hit me, it hit Shane, and it just kept coming, easily the hardest orgasm of my life to that point.

It was too much for Shane. He groaned and I felt his cock swell and start to spasm. I think the first spurt of cum went straight down my throat, but then he pulled back to stroke just the end of his cock in my mouth and I had to swallow the rest. When he'd finished and pulled back Robert really went to town, fucking me so hard my shoulders slid off the bed onto the floor.

"You sexy little cock slut," he growled. "I'm gonna break these fucking hips. Look at you still dripping cum all over yourself. You love it. Come on, tell me you love me fucking you. Tell me!"

"Fuck me!" I cried. "I love it. I love it. Come on, harder!"

He was right about my cock, too, it was steadily spraying drops of cum all over my chest and face. The angle with me hanging off the bed like that must have had him rubbing my prostate hard. It felt absolutely incredible, and if he wasn't so close I may have cum again, but a second later he moaned and pulled out.

"Sit up!" he said. "I want to watch you swallow it like you do, like it's all you ever wanted. Come on."

I quickly turned over and a second later was swallowing yet another load of cum. Once again I spent some time tenderly sucking him after he came, but this time he was too wiped and pulled away to flop on the bed. Shane and I pulled each other up and collapsed on the bed with him, me in the middle, and I fell asleep to my new lovers' kisses and caresses and filthy sweet whispers.