

Amor Vincit Omnia

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Paulus quietly entered the RCR, sneaking on the tip of his toes so as not to be detected by the only other person in there, his well-to-do older brother. Pressing a few random buttons on his way past, just for the shits and giggles and because he knew how it infuriated his by-the-book sibling, he crept up behind Valentinus until he was no more than an inch away from his gleaming white robe, preparing to give him the fright of his life. As he silently raised his hands, preparing to jump on the seemingly intensely focused Valentinus, the leg of his brother rose swiftly behind him, delivering a painful blow directly to the testicles of a momentarily stunned Paulus. Letting out an almost inaudible groan, he sank to the floor, eyes watering as his hands futilely covered his crotch. Not once looking up from what he was doing, Valentinus warned sternly, "Don't fuck about in my control room, Paul." The message, both verbal and physical, was well and truly received; Paulus whimpered an acknowledgment and began to struggle to his feet. "Now, what do you want? I have a lot of work to do before Thursday." Paulus raised himself up, clutching the edge of a particularly colourful control panel, and his speech was punctuated by deep gasps as he replied, "I just came to... see what you were... up to. I was... bored." "Well, as you can see, I'm very busy." Paulus looked up at the hundred or so video screens that formed the fourth wall of the room, each displaying live surveillance footage of a different couple, many of whom were in some romantic situation or another. Spotting a particularly amorous pair making out on a park bench in New York, Paulus made an exaggerated motion as though to vomit. "Don't you get fed up of this lovey-dovey bullshit, Vale?" he asked his brother, whose job it was to monitor this activity all year round and attempt to spread a little more love in the mortal realm. Paulus didn't believe in love, however, and abhorred the job he had been given out of pity as Valentinus' secretary - the one proviso on his stay in Heaven was that he earn his keep, not having quite earned the privilege while on Earth. Valentinus carefully adjusted a control to clear some clouds so that an elderly husband and wife in Melbourne could enjoy a gorgeous, moonlit walk along the beach, brushing his petulant younger brother to the side as he swept majestically around what he considered his masterpiece, the Relationship Control Room. It was a feat of engineering, even by Heaven's standards, and had more potential to seriously impact humanity than any other department. God himself had recognised Valentinus' efforts by having an angel deliver a particularly delectable fruit basket. "There is nothing more beautiful nor precious than love, dear Paulus. The sooner you learn that, the sooner you will realise how important the work I do here is." He pulled a large blue lever, releasing a flock of doves as a wedding party emerged from a church in Dresden.

“By the way,” he continued, casting Paulus a sideways glance, “Whatever happened with that guy from International Relations?” “Andrew? It turns out he wasn’t cross-dressing that day; he was wearing a kilt , whatever that is.” Paulus smiled as he remembered the muscular legs of that burly Scot in a skirt. “Not even gay, would you believe? Cock-tease.” “Those Brits have always been a bit fruity, if you ask me,” Valentinus offered consolingly. “I really do wish you would find a nice guy to settle down with though.” Paulus scoffed incoherently at the idea, always having fancied himself much more of a ‘player’ than the settling down type. Besides, Heaven was hardly teeming with eligible gay guys. God had no problem with it but a few of the senior angels were a bit ‘old-fashioned’ in that respect. They probably just need a good arse-fucking, Paulus reckoned. “This thing you call ‘love’, big brother, is all in the mind. There is no relationship that can’t be broken... and I’m going to prove it to you.” A wicked plan had hatched in his mind and a devilish grin spread across his face. “Paul, I really don’t have the time for your mischief; not this week. Gabe’s already had it up to here with your shenanigans and I’m not sure I can save your arse again .” Valentinus looked exasperatedly at Paulus, already knowing it was useless to try to stop him. “Let me handle Gabriel; I’ve got dirt on that ‘angel’ like you wouldn’t believe! Now, give me any couple and I bet I can break them up before Thursday.” He looked excited and determined, thinking of all the fun he could have with this little project. The older brother gave a grim look, distinctly unimpressed at having been distracted from his work for so long. “If I do this, will you leave me alone?” “Sure thing.” He resembled a dog, begging for a bone. “Fine.” A perfectly-rolled scroll containing two names and some background details was conjured in Valentinus’ hand. “I warn you,” he said gravely as he extended the scroll to Paulus, “This couple is one of the best examples of true love I’ve seen in centuries.” Paulus snatched it from his hand, barely hearing his last words, and with no more than a quick “grazie”, he vanished into the air, Earth-bound for the first time in over fifty years. “Fucking idiot,” Valentinus grumbled under his breath, returning to his work. *** Paul materialised, to his pleasant surprise, in his home town of Rome, right outside Saint Peter’s Basilica. He was confident that, with the home advantage and lifetime of experience as a sleazy Italian, his ‘assignment’ would be a cinch. The scroll told him that the happily ever after he was to destroy was that of Mario and Denisa Santelli, newlyweds who had just returned from a six-month round-the-world honeymoon. Valentinus had included a note to say they were high-school sweethearts who had saved themselves until marriage, at which Paul simply rolled his eyes. It took him a few minutes to become accustomed to his human form again. Although outwardly he looked identical, his body on Earth had much more functionality and was more difficult to make bend to his will; in Heaven, it seemed you barely had to think of something and it was done. His limbs felt heavy with the comparatively extreme force of gravity taking effect, and he paced a little outside the church to get used to walking normally. After a few curious looks from passers-by, he realised he was still in his ‘work’ clothes—a long, brown robe secured by a piece of rope (worn for comfort rather than style)—and that he must have looked like a nut-job to these twenty-first century Romans and tourists. Slipping into a nearby alleyway, he let the robe fall away to reveal his naked body which, in his vanity, he admired for a moment before dressing himself in an outfit both simple and suave. An open-collared white shirt showed off just enough of his tanned chest to be alluring, tucked into pressed

black trousers which hugged his tight, toned buttocks and accentuated his impressive package beautifully. The coup de grâce, however, was the pair of hand-made, Italian leather shoes, gleaming in the sunlight as Paul stepped back out into the street. He scanned the street and his eyes came to rest on a man sitting alone outside an expensive-looking café. How Paul knew that was Mario Santelli, it was impossible to say, but it most assuredly was and, judging by the way he kept glancing at his wristwatch, he was expecting Denisa to join him soon. The scrawny, curly-haired lad could not have been more than twenty-two years old; his baby face possessed a certain youthful charm and he looked like lamb dressed as mutton in his pointedly 'mature' clothing. "May I be seated here?" asked Paul in his rather dated Italian. It was a requirement in Heaven that everyone speak English (God was something of an Anglophile) and so he was a little out of practice with his mother tongue. "Actually, I'm expect—" "And I shall be gone as soon as she is present; I only wish to rest my feet for a moment and enjoy this unseasonably warm February morn." Something in the way he oozed confidence and sophistication made Paul impossible to refuse. The weedy Mario nodded his assent, looking once more at his watch and then up the street, presumably in the direction he expected Denisa to come from. Paul stretched in the metal chair and sighed loudly and contentedly. Eyeing his prey, he contemplated the optimal way to break this nervous young fellow, tapping into his God-given intuition for detecting people's weaknesses and attacking them mercilessly. Everyone had something, some fatal insecurity, which would ultimately be their downfall. Within a minute, Paul deduced Mario's—his youthful naiveté and inexperience. "Married, I see." He nodded towards the gold band on Mario's left hand which he was absentmindedly fiddling with. "It is your wife you await, yes?" "Si," he replied quietly, placing his hands on his lap, "We are only recently married. I love her very much." His words seemed almost more to himself than to Paul; this poor boy reeked of someone who had gotten in way over his head. He peered up at Paul's smiling face momentarily and then back up the street, anxiously willing his bride to appear. "So young to be married, when you know so little of the world." Paul's charm naturally drew you in, his velvety voice containing so much seductive mystery and hidden wisdom; he possessed an altogether worldly quality, you might say. Mario's response was defensive but only made the point more abundantly clear. "I have traveled a great deal with my wife," he said almost too quickly for Paul's unaccustomed ears to understand, "We have seen many places in these last few months." An imperceptible movement from Paul brought the two men closer together and their eyes locked in an intense stare which simultaneously confused and entranced poor, overwhelmed Mario. "Seeing the world is one thing, but opening your eyes to the truth of what really goes on is another entirely." The words were sharp, direct but not threatening; Paul's voice seemed to make an offer, a promise, that wasn't quite understood by the stunned groom. "There is great evil in this world," he continued, his voice lowering as he placed a hand on the inside of Mario's thigh and began to inch it slowly towards his crotch, "But there is also pleasure the like of which you have never even dreamt of. There is so much a young married man like yourself might never experience, but it's never too late." He lifted his hand, just grazing the gradually growing bulge, and sat back to survey Mario, breathing heavily and looking altogether flushed. Paul magicked from his shirt pocket a business card with a number on it and slid it across the table. "Call this number tonight if you want a

taste of my world; I'm very discreet." Before Mario could find it in him to respond, Paul was already strolling confidently down the street without so much as a glance backwards. As he watched him walk away, he spotted Denisa coming in the other direction and his heart started to pound with guilt and shame. He snapped up the card from the table and, with only a second's hesitation, pocketed it, sipping from his coffee in an attempt to steel his nerves. The homely-looking Denisa flounced past Paul, not heeding the dashing gentleman one bit; she obviously had eyes only for her Mario. He smirked, sure that by planting the seed of doubt in his mind, that smidgen of curiosity, that Denisa would not for long remain all that he desired. Pulling out the scroll, he found that Valentinus had added a little note beside Mario and Denisa's names: *Amor vincit omnia*. Laughing at his brother's short-sighted ideals, he rolled it back up and sauntered off to rediscover his old stomping ground in the light of a new age. *** Paul was on his knees in the restroom of a grimy pub in downtown Rome and had a mouth full of Italian cock when his phone rang in his pocket. Releasing the meaty eight-incher and continuing to stroke it, he gave the embarrassed-looking man an apologetic wink and answered, "Pronto!" For a few seconds, there was nothing but silence on the other end and Paul took the opportunity to give the bulbous head of the cock in his hand a cursory lick. At length, and with another prompt, the shaky voice of Mario came through, "Hello. I, uh... we met today and, uh..." "And you've called because you want me to show you a good time, si?" Paul encouraged him, shushing the recipient of his blow job as a pioneering finger sought out the virginal anus of the nervous bloke. Mario almost whispered, "Yes," not trusting himself to say any more, it seemed. Paul inserted his middle finger, slick with saliva and pre-ejaculate, into the tight hole of his hairy toilet-stall companion, eliciting a deep gasp. He could hear Mario's heavy breath as the innocent boy patiently awaited his reply. "Good, you won't regret it," he lied before giving him the address of a hotel in the 'rough' part of Rome—where all the dirtiest clubs were. "Meet me in the lobby at seven thirty. Make an excuse as to why you won't be home." He hung up before Mario could say another word, pocketing the retro Nokia (Lord knows they would never process the expenses form on this little trip) as he returned to the task literally at hand. "Sorry, Antonio." The hunk of Italian beef remained silent as he watched his cock disappear into Paul's skilled mouth, his mind wanting to end this sordid encounter but his muscular body refusing him. He grunted a little as Paul's tongue swirled around his glans, sending sensual pulses through his body to his extremities. Deeper and deeper he went, the thick pole filling his mouth and tickling his throat. Forcing a second, unexpected finger in, he took the whole thing in one, his gag reflex long forgotten, and Antonio's pleased groan echoed loudly around the otherwise empty bathroom. Paul sucked, his fingers sinking deeper to massage the prostate and transport the rugged man to a new realm of pleasure. His balls tightened and he splayed his hands flat against the cubicle wall, indicating the impending eruption. In seconds, lashings of thick, white semen surged up through his veiny cock, escaping at the other end into Paul's gullet, and not a drop was spilled. Paul stood to find himself facing Antonio's wide chest, another foot of the mammoth man still towering over him. He patted him on his gruff, stubbly cheek and said nonchalantly, "Thank you for that, big man; give my best to your girlfriend, won't you?" Leaving him dumbfounded with his trousers around his ankles, Paul slipped out to quickly wash his hands and face before he left. The cocky-looking fellow in the

mirror shot him a cheeky smile as he straightened up his clothes and headed for the exit. Making his way through the pub, he passed by the disgruntled girlfriend of the all too easily seduced Antonio, looking wholly put out by the amount of time he had been in the restroom. He emerged from the toilet, dazed, confused and flushed, with his shirt still slightly untucked, just as Paul pushed through the door to leave and he couldn't help but laugh. "See, Vale," he said, looking up to the early evening sky, "I can do this for fun!" His phone buzzed then and he found a text message from an out-of-town number but quickly deduced it was his brother. *Amor vincit omnia*, it read. "Yeah, yeah; whatever you say, bro!" The hotel was far enough away to justify taking a taxi but Paul, feeling positively jubilant, decided to enjoy the low, warm sun and stroll there leisurely. The magnificent city of Rome smelled just as it had when he and Valentinus were children and yet was virtually unrecognizable. He came to Saint Valentine's Church, built in the 1960s, and paused to observe it. It was still being built the last time he was here and, now he saw it, he was quite underwhelmed. Just fuel for his brother's ego, was how he saw it. People often forget that he's the patron saint of fucking bee-keepers, too. Paul smiled to himself at the thought, oddly comforted by people's ignorance of that obscure fact. They had never made him patron saint of anything, though he was sure he could get the "butt-sex" gig if it ever came up, not that it would. A young woman greeted Paul at the reception of the hotel with an overly cheery smile, flicking her hair back flirtily. Barely acknowledging her, he swept across the lobby into the elevator, just squeezing in beside a tall, handsome man before the doors closed. They stood in silence for a few seconds as Paul surveyed him, particularly noticing his enticing rear-end. The thought of biting down on those tight cheeks caused him to start salivating. He checked his watch—6.30pm. I've got time, Paul thought. The elevator squeaked to an abrupt halt between floors. "For God's sake," Paul said, barely concealing his mischievous smile, "Looks like we're stuck here for a while..." *** Paul came down from his room, freshly showered and recharged, shortly after 7.30pm to find a visibly nervous Mario waiting for him in the lobby. Just as when Paul had first laid eyes on him, he was anxiously checking his watch every few seconds while glancing around him, looking for someone. He had changed since the afternoon and now sported a too-large shirt, too-short trousers and an old, worn pair of shoes which had seen better days. It would do for what Paul had planned for him. Mario's mop of curly hair bounced as he rose to greet Paul on his approach, overcompensating for the unfamiliar situation with excessive formality. They shook hands and exchanged names for the first time on this, their third interaction. Half a smile attempted to break the surface of Mario's cute, youthful face and Paul was tempted to fuck the innocence out of him there and then. He wanted to have a little fun with this first, though; let loose a little while out from under the watchful eye of Herr Gabriel. They walked to a bar two streets away where quite a young crowd liked to drink. Paul thought it would be best to loosen him up with a few shots of tequila before letting him experience a night of sinful rapture at L'uomo Paradiso, a deliciously devilish night-club he had researched. "What's your poison?" asked Paul as they approached the bar. Mario looked bewildered at the question, as though he had been asked what his favourite breed of octopus was, so Paul just patted him kindly on the shoulder and ordered two of their fruitiest cocktails and a double round of tequila slammers. "Relax, Mario," he responded to his worried look, "Just enjoy yourself." "Grazie," he

mumbled as he took a shot glass and a slice of lime from Paul's hand. Paul, starting to enjoy himself, took Mario's free hand up to his mouth and licked slowly along the back of it, much to Mario's astonishment, and shook a generous serving of salt onto it before doing the same to himself. Paul raised his glass, indicating for his young companion to do the same, and toasted, "To pleasure for its own sake." Salt. Tequila. Lime. Mario coughed a little as the liquor burned in his unaccustomed throat and Paul chuckled through his lime wedge. "First tequila?" "Si." He looked up and laughed, his eyes watering. Paul started to think that this might turn out a better night than he had expected. As more and more alcohol was consumed, Mario's tongue grew looser and Paul managed to eek out all kinds of information about him. They sat close but not intimately as the modern-day Roman opened up about his life to this perfect stranger, a Roman from years gone by; a much-needed vent about his many self-criticisms, his fears for the future and, more than anything, his relationship with his wife. He had no doubt that he loved Denisa unconditionally but he sometimes felt like he had missed out on his youth, on things like tequila and late-night clubs, because they had settled down so young. She seemed more than happy to be "the wife", a role she had modeled on her fifty-year-old mother, and now Mario felt middle-aged and entirely overwhelmed with responsibilities no one warned him he was signing up for. Paul listened attentively, genuinely interested in his story and his woes and acknowledging that rare feeling of sympathy. It seemed strange to him that this was the couple Valentinus had such confidence in and yet their relationship had cracks so easy to find and use to destroy it. It was not at all Vale's style to give him an easy time of it; he rather liked to set insurmountable challenges and hope that Paul's failure would teach him some lesson. Something was amiss here, though he couldn't quite discern what. Picking up a serviette to wipe his mouth, Paul noticed some calligraphic writing in the lower corner and held it up to his face to read. He nearly spat out his mouthful of Cosmopolitan when he saw that the tiny letters spelled out *Amor vincit omnia*. Mario looked concerned. "Is everything okay?" His hand reached out to touch Paul's shoulder. "I'm fine; I just..."—he crumpled the paper napkin in his hand—"I just remembered that I was supposed to call my brother about something. Would you excuse me for a moment?" "Sure." He let his hand drift down Paul's body as it moved away from him and his blurring eyes followed him until he was out of sight round the corner, taking another large sip of his drink. Once sure he was out of earshot, Paul took his phone out and rang the number from which he had earlier received the text. The phone made a curiously pained noise, as though trying to fulfill a purpose it was never intended for, but it did eventually connect and begin to ring. Valentinus answered promptly. "Paulus! How's it going?" He sounded jovial but tired as he always did around this time of year. His voice sounded distant and echoed down the line with a slight lag. "Cut the Latin crap, Vale! I'm trying to work here and I don't need your little messages cropping up everywhere." A deep belly laugh resounded down to his ears. "You're 'trying to work'? You're trying to destroy this young man's life. Besides, I'm not trying to interfere; I was just letting you know that I'm tracking your progress." "Well, message received. Now, leave me alone." Valentinus laughed again and Paul detected a hint of mocking. "Take care of yourself, Paulus," was all he said. When he returned, Mario was swaying slightly in his chair as he tried to suck the bottom of his glass up through his straw. "Another?" he asked rhetorically, picking up

the empty glasses and taking them over to the bar. Mario got up from the table to follow him and brazenly placed an arm around his waist, his hand resting just above Paul's hip. Like shooting fish in a barrel, he smiled to himself. After one more drink, though it was still quite early, they decided to leave for the club. The drunken Mario clung to Paul the entire walk there, making their path somewhat more convoluted and unpredictable than anticipated but infinitely more entertaining, from Paul's point of view. The same amount of alcohol that had given him a pleasant buzz had rendered his young, inexperienced friend inebriated, though he knew a good dance would balance him out a bit. The club consisted of a long, polished bar tended by several hunky men in tank tops, a number of scattered tables and shadowed booths, and a huge, round dance-floor with colourful lights darting their way around to illuminate for an instant the club's patrons. Paul drew more than a few looks from the exclusively male clientele when he entered, none deterred by the fact that he was so obviously not alone. When they reached the bar, Mario took him by surprise by putting his hands on his shoulders and pulling him into a spontaneous, albeit sloppy kiss. After the moment of shock, he took a little more control of the situation and guided Mario with his mouth and his tongue, holding him at the waist to steady him. Any hint of guilt Paul was starting to feel disappeared—this was all on him now. Their bodies pressed closer together as the kiss became far too heated for a public place and he grabbed what little there was of Mario's ass in both hands, wanting it. They stood like that for a moment after the kiss ended, looking at each other thoughtfully. Mario looked confused as he appeared to study Paul's features through half-open eyes. "I've never kissed a man before," he slurred, finally letting go of him and stumbling back a step or two. "There's a first time for everything." Paul winked at him then reached out to grab his arm to stop him from falling backwards. "You were pretty good at it," he continued. He blushed momentarily, trying to suppress his idiotic grin, and propped himself up by his elbow on the bar. "You weren't so bad yourself." Paul simply laughed. This kid's alright, he mused, now thinking of the evening much less as an assignment. He found himself already aroused by Mario's goofy, drunken charm. He ordered a glass of water for his companion, knowing he was no good to him passed out, and got himself another shot of tequila, now not intending to stay long. It would be better, he reckoned, to strike while the iron was hot. The glass of water was drained in two gulps, the double tequila in one, and Paul led Mario by the hand to the still-sparse dancefloor. European techno pulsed loudly from the enormous speakers by the DJ's booth, making audible conversation impossible. Neither man wanted to do much talking however. Their bodies began to move quite naturally together to the music, sliding and grinding against each other. Mario, mentally freed from his marital restraints, let the rhythm flow through him and danced like Paul was sure he had never danced before. Paul went behind him and held his hips with strong hands, holding his crotch and hardening cock against Mario's ass and directing him with his movements. His hand slid forward along the crease of his pelvis to find a growing bulge which he ran the palm of his hand over, feeling it throb at his touch. Mario turned his head back to the taller Paul and their lips locked in another wet, impassioned kiss. They continued to grind together as Paul let his fingers creep under the waistband of Mario's trousers and down to grab a handful of his now fully-hard cock through his underwear, stroking it through their kiss. His own erection pressed eagerly against Mario's rear,

straining belligerently against its confines. Paul's need to fuck him grew to breaking point and he squeezed hard on the flesh in his hand. "Let's go." Their walk back to the hotel was punctuated erratically with raunchy make-out sessions at the side of the street and exploratory gropes down disused alleyways. The two men wanted each other in the most carnal way imaginable, fueled by impatience and lust. Mario seemed to be regaining enough sobriety to walk without excessive support and, at the times when they weren't sucking the face off of each other, he hurriedly pulled Paul down the road. The receptionist's disappointed and slightly envious look went unnoticed by the pair as they tumbled into the elevator. Mario frantically kissed the neck of Paul and pushed his hand up under his now untucked shirt to feel the bare skin of his toned chest. Paul mashed the button to his floor, growing desperate now to slam into the tight, virgin hole of the married youngster. Their hard dicks collided and rubbed against one another through four layers of fabric. They all but ran down the hall to the door of Paul's room and Mario reached round from behind to begin to unbuckle his belt as he fumbled for his key. My God, he's keen, was the thought that ran through his mind as a hand reached down and closed around the flesh of his stiff cock. He caught sight of his elevator fuck-buddy further down the hall and managed to fire him a wink before he finally got the door open and rushed in with his new lover. Paul sat Mario down on the edge of the bed forcefully, taking control now that they had entered his domain. He leaned down to kiss him deeply but broke it quickly, crouching down to unfasten and remove the skinny lad's trousers. Reaching under his ass, he pulled them, along with his underwear, down to his ankles in one fell swoop, his circumcised cock springing out to stand to attention, the engorged head bright red and begging. He wanted so much to devour the thick pole and suck it as hard and fast as he could until his mouth was filled with Mario's sweet nectar. Containing himself in a desire to make sure the boy enjoyed and remembered every pleasurable detail of the evening, he planted his hands on the naked, hairy thighs and slowly began to lick his entire shaft until it was coated in a thin layer of saliva. Mario leaned back on the bed with his hands and closed his eyes, his mouth agape. Paul cupped his balls in one hand, squeezing and massaging them to heighten the pleasure, and placed his lips over the head of the cock, flicking the slit twice with his tongue. There was a pause, which caused Mario to look down. As soon as their eyes met, Paul sucked with intensity on the cock in his mouth, eliciting a long, loud groan from the young man it was attached to. He held eye contact, hypnotised by the erotic scene, and Mario blindly began to unbutton his shirt, throwing it off from his shoulders as though finally free of some awful, constrictive chains. Paul's mouth didn't move but the sucking never let up and he used his free hand now to firmly stroke the remainder of the cock. His own cock ached for attention in his trousers, but this moment was all about Mario. His only preoccupation was with giving this beautiful man an orgasm the like of which he had never experienced. Another moan escaped Mario as the connection was broken but Paul's hand continued to pump his shaft, purposefully tempering the pace to prevent him from coming too soon. He prompted him to lie back on the bed with a gentle shove and lifted his legs up to expose his ass to Paul; there was no resistance, only complete trust and submission. Paul ran his tongue over Mario's fuzzy scrotum, taking first one ball then the other into his mouth. He worked his way down to the crease of his ass, pushing one cheek aside with the hand not stroking his cock to give access to his

tight little anus. With the flat of his tongue, he pushed against the hole, feeling it involuntarily spasm at the unfamiliar sensations. Then, with the tip of his tongue, he began to tease the entrance, poking lightly at the puckered hole until, at length, it began to relax. All the while, Mario moaned and groaned in delight, never saying a word but surrendering to these foreign delights almost immediately. The hand job stopped as Paul brought his other hand down to spread him wide and allow his tongue to push just past the barrier and wiggle a little inside Mario's ass. He tightened around him, trying to push the intruder out but Paul's skilled tongue persisted until the tension eased and it could go yet deeper into the forbidden hole. Mario's own hand took over from Paul's and he began to beat his solid cock, incensed by the tongue-fucking his ass was receiving. His near screams of unadulterated pleasure filled the room and could probably be heard two or three rooms away in every direction. Two fingers replaced his tongue, continuing to stretch and prepare his sphincter, as Paul's mouth came back to the cock. The time for holding back was over and he was ready to sate his animalistic hunger. He took as much as he could into his mouth, the saltiness of the pre-ejaculate tantalising his tastebuds, and began bobbing up and down with ever-increasing urgency, sucking and swirling his tongue to stimulate the glorious eruption he knew would come. It went deeper and deeper into his mouth, pushing down into his throat until Paul's nose was buried in the dense, black forest of Mario's pubic hair. Mario's asshole clenched around the fingers now knuckle-deep within it and his legs tensed in anticipation of the imminent climax. Paul held his lips tightly just beneath the head and, with two zealous jerks, Mario wailed in ecstasy as his balls tightened, his cock spasmed and thick ropes of hot, creamy semen gushed forth into Paul's welcoming mouth and rushed down his furiously contracting oesophagus. It came out with such velocity that Paul struggled to keep up and a small amount spilled out of the corner of his mouth and dripped down his chin. The whole of Mario's body went limp on the bed once he had given his final spurt. Paul, still fully-clothed, crawled up over his pale, naked body until they came face to face and dark brown, smiling eyes looked up into his. The exhausted young man lifted his head as though to kiss him but, instead, licked the dribble of his own ejaculate from his chin to his lower lip, culminating in an appreciative peck before collapsing backwards once more. Fuck, this guy's sexy, Paul marveled. With a more serious look on his face, Mario said quietly, "You're going to fuck me now, aren't you?" "Only if you want me to," Paul found himself saying automatically. What? The answer to that question is, 'Yes, I'm going to fuck you until you can't walk straight!' Do you fucking like this guy or something? His internal voice was stunned and confused by his uncharacteristically caring attitude. He should have felt like he had earned that ass and it was his to fuck but now, with those cute, innocent eyes gazing up into his, he was all concern. "Don't hurt me," was all the response he got, a pang of affection filtering through his voice. He kissed him tenderly to put him at ease, wanting him to enjoy the experience as much as he could without a fog of guilt obscuring his mind. Mario's exposed body trembled with nerves and vulnerability; Paul gently caressed him with his soft hands to calm him. He stood and went to the dressing table at the side of the bed, pulling his shirt over his head as he went. A bottle of lubricant came to his hand and he tossed it to Mario without a word. His hard cock was uncomfortable in his trousers now, painfully seeking release from its prison and heaving a sigh of relief when it was

granted, protruding prominently into the warm air of the stuffy hotel room. Once naked, he crossed the room again to open a window, waving down to the late-night passers-by in naught but his birthday suit. Mario was dutifully massaging copious amounts of the oily lube into and around his asshole, readying himself for the meaty beast he had just caught sight of for the first time. On Paul's approach, he handed back the bottle like an obedient puppy. "Relax," Paul reassured him, squirting a liberal helping of the fluid on his distended cock and rubbing it in whilst eyeing its target. "The more relaxed you are, the better it will feel." Bending down slightly, he lifted each of his ankles so that his heels rested comfortably on his shoulders, having the effect of raising his ass and aligning Mario's virgin hole perfectly with Paul's tumid dick. He slid the tip of his pole up and down his crack, steadily increasing the pressure with which he pressed against him, nearly ready to enter. To the consternation still evident on Mario's face, he simply asked, "Do you trust me?" Though he had very little reason to do so, Mario nodded his head and inhaled deeply. Paul's cock found its mark and pushed a little, testing the waters. About half of his glans entered him as some of the tension left Mario's body. He gasped at the mild intrusion but did not protest and continued to control his breathing. Paul pushed a little more until the whole head of his cock popped in and was gripped tightly by the strong anal muscles surrounding it. This may have been the tightest ass he had ever fucked and, if it kept up like this, he had a feeling it would not be the longest of encounters. He thanked God for the earlier elevator escapade which should grant him a little more staying power now. Gradually, more of his cock slid in with no resistance or complaint from the panting Mario. His hole stretched wide to accommodate his admirable girth until Paul was buried to the base inside him. They paused for a minute, catching their breath and adjusting to the feeling of being so intimately linked with each other. As Paul began to move slowly inside him, Mario closed his eyes and clenched fistfuls of the bedsheets on either side of him. Even with the lubricant, it was a snug fit and every small movement took a good deal of effort and care. Paul could feel himself being squeezed, bringing his long-awaited orgasm into view on the edge of the horizon, just far enough off to be aware of. As it grew more comfortable for them both, he began to thrust steadily, pulling out to about half his length before pushing back in all the way. Mario's spent cock began to fill with blood again and he timidly reached down to hold the organ in his hand, too sensitive still to stroke. Paul took a firm hold on his thighs as his thrusts became more confident and he began to truly fuck this young, Italian man. The sensations for them both were amazing, every re-entry like an electric jolt through both their bodies. He pumped into him harder and faster, losing himself in the heat and rush of the moment, spurred on by Mario's grunts and whimpers of approval. Leaning forward to plant his hands on the bed and bending Mario's legs back over himself, he started to rut ferociously, thighs slapping loudly against buttocks and sweat streaming down his face. His orgasm galloped towards him from the horizon, growing more vivid and detailed by the second. And there it was, right before him, almost catching him by surprise with its sudden arrival. He was ready, though, and hastily retracted his cock, grabbing it firmly with his right hand and jacking it just a few more times before unleashing a massive load over the cock, torso and face of his astonished lover, accompanied by an almighty groan. Mario let his legs fall down from Paul's shoulders and droop off the bed on either side of him. With one hand, he

scooped up some of what had landed on his face and licked it from his fingers unhesitatingly, savouring the taste. Paul, all energy having now left him, collapsed onto the bed beside Mario, pulling his face towards him for a grateful kiss and tasting himself on his tongue. They lay there silently for a while, breathing heavily and enjoying the cold breeze drifting in through the window. When Paul looked back across at him, he saw that tears were silently streaming from his eyes—he had entered into mourning for his marriage. What have I done? His remorse was real; he knew he had done a truly bad thing this time. *** Mario woke an hour later to a knocking at the hotel room door. He was still lying bollock-naked on top of the bed, semen dried into his chest and freezing from the open window. There was no one at his side and no sign of Paul or any of his clothes or things anywhere around the room, as though he had vanished into thin air. Another knock made him jump to his feet and scramble to make himself decent for the mysterious midnight caller. He opened the door shirtless to find his wife, Denisa, looking both stern and deeply confused. She looked her husband, struck silent by her unexpected appearance, up and down and brushed past him into the room, glancing around inquisitorially and suspiciously. “I received a call, Mario,” she began, going into the en suite bathroom, looking for something, or someone, “That told me to come to this room at this time to ‘find out what my husband is really up to tonight’. So, Mario, what have you been up to tonight?”

Valentinus slurped on his extra-large strawberry milkshake from McDonald’s as he reclined in his chair in the RCR, watching the scene. He pressed a button on his intercom to address his brother, “Paulus, I didn’t even know you were back yet! I nearly missed this. Get in here; your ‘hard work’ is about to pay off.” “I’m not interested,” came the sullen reply. Valentinus laughed and took another large sip. “He’s just started to confess to everything. It’s like a slow-motion train-wreck, man.” The bearded saint chuckled, putting his feet up on the control desk to enjoy the show. Paulus lay on his small, single bed staring blankly at the ceiling, full of regret and feeling sick to his stomach. How could he have done that to poor, sweet, innocent Mario, and then just left him to deal with it by himself? He had thought it might be better that he wasn’t there when Denisa arrived but maybe he could have explained things to her, made her forgive her loving but misguided husband. His point was proven to his brother but he took no satisfaction in having ruined Mario’s life like that, a life thrown away for one night of sexual bliss. He tossed and turned the rest of the night but sleep eluded him completely. At around 6am, his older brother’s voice came through on the intercom again, sounding positively jubilant. “You up yet, Paulus? I want to show you something.” “What is it?” “Come to the RCR; you’ll see.” Dragging himself from the bed, he trudged down the long, clinical hallway of the Relationship Department to the ajar door of the RCR from whence came the thunderous chuckle of Valentinus. How can he be so happy when a young couple’s marriage has just failed, on Saint Valentine’s Day? Paulus wondered. When he entered the room, he was confronted with the still image of Mario and Denisa kissing, filling the whole of the largest screen in the room. He paused in his tracks and stared in bewilderment, recognizing the shirt drowning Mario as the same one that drowned him the night previous, and the photo in the background as belonging to the hotel room where they had been. “What’s this?” “Ahh, Paulus.” Valentinus spun round in his chair and stood to greet his brother, ushering him into the room. “What’s this?” he repeated, this time gesturing to the massive image

before them. "Reconciliation," the jovial saint declared proudly. "They stayed up the whole night," he explained to a baffled Paulus, "Talking openly and honestly for the first time since they got engaged, really. This picture was taken about ten minutes ago, when Denisa decided to forgive Mario for his... indiscretion." "She forgave him?" Paulus failed to comprehend how any woman could, in only a matter of hours, reconcile the fact that her husband had done the nasty with another man. "It is Saint Valentine's Day, after all," laughed Valentinus, ruffling the hair of his younger brother playfully, beaming with joy. "It would appear that this was just what the young couple needed to finally start being honest with each other about what they wanted and expected from this marriage, and their love is so strong that they're both willing to work on solidifying their relationship." There was silence as Paul took in every detail of the photo, genuinely feeling the love between the two subjects. "I don't fucking believe it." He looked up at the smug grin on his brother's face and knew what was coming. "You're going to say that Latin crap now, aren't you?" "Amor vincit omnia, Paulus." "I guess it does, Vale; I guess it does."