Educating Ken

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Ken's breakup leads to learning about sex from two older men

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"Hey, you alright?" said a voice from behind me. I recognized it as belonging to Nic, the younger and more obviously gay of the partners who owned the little seaside B&B on whose back patio I was presently sulking.

"Yeah, I'm okay," I said. "Or I will be."

"Don't kid a kidder, boyo," he said in a gently amused tone, coming around to sit by me on the padded, loveseat-sized bench. I glanced at him, taking in the blue eyes and attractive face and feeling once again a slight bit of amazement at the fact that "attractive" even crossed my mind. It was still only a few weeks since the first time *any* man had registered in that way for me, at least in any conscious sense.

"No, really," I insisted. "I'll be okay. I've got wine and a book and this awesome view. I'll be fine."

"Tell you a secret," he said, smiling and leaning toward me slightly. "When someone says 'I *will be* fine' or 'I *will be* okay', it means they're not. You can chase straight guys off with that, but that's because they don't really want to hear the answer anyway."

"Ah," I said, returning his smile. "Whereas gay guys..."

"Are genuinely interested." The smile faded into a more serious interest. "I saw your boyfriend leave. Generally when half of a couple takes off three hours after check-in, that's a bad sign."

"Guess it would be."

"Is he coming back?"

"No. No chance. Takes Michael at least a few days to get over being mad. Even if he's inclined to get

past this, it'll be too late for us."

"Too late for this weekend, you mean?"

"No, I wish." I paused a second before elaborating. "We're in the Navy. He's on his way to Great Lakes, has to be there Monday. That's why we looked so hard for a gay-friendly place to stay. We didn't want to look over our shoulders, you know? This weekend was our last together no matter what, it just ended way too soon."

"I know what that's like." At my questioning glance, he smiled and added, "Jon was a colonel in the Army. I'm an Army wife, or I was."

"Ah. God, that must have been just incredibly tough."

"It was. Fortunately I didn't meet him until he was almost ready to retire. No way we could have made it for years and years without outing him. That's why he stayed single so long, he knew short affairs were a lot easier to hide than long relationships."

"I guess they would be, yeah. Hadn't even thought of that."

"Hard to be gay in the service." He grinned. "No pun intended. How long until you see him again?"

"Don't know that I will." I knew I'd never get away with leaving it there, so I went on, slowly, trying to formulate my thoughts as I gave them voice. "We were... finite. This was never a romance aiming for forever. We knew we had up until he left and that was it."

"You *both* knew that? Or just you?"

"Both. Hell, he's the one that couldn't stop saying it. 'We're just friends, Ken. It's just sex, Ken. Shh, don't say you love me, Ken. Not even in bed.' And he was right. We knew from day one exactly how long we had. It would be stupid for us to get all Romeo and Juliet about this."

"But you did?" he asked sympathetically.

"Well..." Suddenly the energy that had left with Michael was back. I stood up, started to pace, realized I was doing it, and anchored myself by leaning my butt on the patio rail. "That's just it. *No.* We didn't. Or anyway I didn't. And I didn't have a clue that he had, either. It was all light and happy and fun, then all the sudden he's talking about *love* and *need* and saying we should come out so we'd get discharged. We went from friends with benefits to lovers with bad chicken dinners in a heartbeat."

"*Bad chicken dinners?*"

"Sorry. Bad Conduct Discharges, BCDs. It's what they give you for coming out.*Bad chicken dinner* is the slang. Everything's got slang in the Navy."

He grinned at that, and there was a moment's silence.

"How long were you together?" he finally asked, I think just to keep the conversation from stalling.

"Six or eight weeks, I guess," I said with a shrug. "Depends on when you start counting. We recognized the attraction in boot camp, but we couldn't really do anything about it until after."

"Wow," he said gravely. "Six or eight weeks. No wonder you're sitting out here like a heartbroken Montague."

"Shut up," I laughed. "I thought you came out here to cheer me up."

"Why on earth would you think that?" he said with exaggerated scorn. "I'm just making sure you don't slash your wrists on the new furniture."

"Oh, nice," I said.

"Yeah, I'm sweet like that." Smiling, he stood and stepped toward the path down to the beach. "Come on. As nicely as you decorate this patio, it's bad karma to let the pretty young guests be all lonely and blue. Walk with me. I'll tell you lots of juicy gossip about the other guests."

"Pretty," I said as I joined him. "Uh huh. Now it's getting deep."

"Oh, you know you're gorgeous, stop fishing for compliments."

I smirked wryly and didn't answer. After a second he laughed.

"You *don't*, do you?" he said. "You've got to be kidding me. Every fag you've ever met must have tried to get in those jeans."

"Now see, this is how you cheer someone up."

He laughed and briefly put an arm around my waist.

"Pretty boy, when you come down for breakfast tomorrow I'm going to parade you past every man in the inn. You watch them watch you, and then tell me I'm just trying to cheer you up."

My face felt hot, and after a second I gently pushed him away.

"Stop it," I said, but I couldn't help smiling. "Michael's the good-looking one."

"He's cute, yeah, but he doesn't have your body. Seriously, I'm not flattering you. You're hot. All fresh-faced and cute and built like a dream. Hang out with the other guests and every bottom will keep both hands on his top at all times."

Now I laughed, and when he slid the arm around my waist again I didn't protest. He didn't leave it there long and it seemed more of a friendly gesture than a move, but it did a good job of reinforcing his compliments. We walked in silence for a moment, watching the waves roll up to the nearly-deserted beach.

"Okay," I finally said. "Explain the *top* and *bottom* thing. I mean, is it usual in gay relationships for one person to always be dominant? Seems weird."

"Wow, you really are new at this."

"Michael was my first boyfriend, or whatever term I should use. I didn't even know I could be attracted to men until him."

"So you made it to... what are you, eighteen?... without knowing you like boys? I can't even imagine."

"Well, I like girls too," I said with a shrug. "Maybe that's why."

"Because you could date without confronting any tough fundamental questions about who you are? Makes sense. Might even make enough sense that you could convince yourself you liked girls specifically to avoid those questions."

I about half-understood him, but I didn't ask him to explain. My mood wasn't exactly primed for deep questions.

"To answer your question," he said, "it depends on the relationship. Some couples are very much like a stereotypical nineteen-fifties husband and wife. Some are equal partners in and out of bed. Most fall somewhere in between. Jon is very much the dominant half of our relationship, especially at night, but

I do assert myself when I want to."

"So it's not just a sexual term," I said.

"Well, most of the time it's used that way, even if it's teasing. There's definitely a sexual connotation, I wouldn't just use it in any old circumstance."

"Okay." There was another moment of silence. "So why'd you say the bottoms would grab their tops? Do I seem like a bottom?"

"Alright," he said with a laugh, slipping his arm around my waist again. "Being queer, lesson one: *Relax*. I wasn't calling your manhood into question. You're very young, you have a hot body, and you seem to be as innocent as you look. Any fag on earth would want to fuck you."

The obscenity, dropped so casually after our more circumspect talk, made me laugh. Which of course was his intent, he smiled broadly.

"Do I gather you did all the topping with your friend?" he asked.

"We didn't get that far. I mean, assuming you mean fucking. We were maybe going to try that this weekend."

"After *all* those weeks together?" he teased.

"Well," I said with an embarrassed laugh, "we were only able to get off base about four times. Our entire sex life was like a dozen oral exchanges and some making out."

"Wow, no wonder you still have that new fag smell. Straight off the showroom floor."

"Great," I laughed. "Here come the test-drive jokes."

The arm around my waist tightened and Nic pointed at me with his free hand.

"Hey," he said threateningly. "No stepping on my smooth lines. Cock-blocker."

I laughed harder at the implication of the wisecrack than at the crack itself, which his mischievous little grin said he knew.

The rest of our walk was more of the same. He kept me laughing pretty steadily, and while nothing

completely pushes a breakup out of your mind two hours after it happens, at least I wasn't just dwelling on Michael. By the time we got back maybe twenty minutes later my mood was pretty good, and when Nic finally excused himself to tend his other guests I sat down with my book in a much better frame of mind.

The truth is, I wasn't heartbroken. Maybe I was trying to talk myself *into* some heartbreak because I was eighteen and everything is supposed to be dramatic at that age, but in the end I was more disappointed in and for Michael than I was personally distraught. There was sadness for my friend's angst, but it was tempered by my irritation that he'd spent so much time saying one thing and apparently feeling another. And further mitigated by the knowledge that, being Michael, he'd have someone else five minutes after he got off the plane at Great Lakes. As the afternoon wore into evening I spent more time grinning about my conversation with Nic than I did pining for lost love, and Nic had no trouble making me laugh every time he had a second to say hi.

There was a break for dinner and another for splashing in the surf, but otherwise I just hung out on the patio or in my room with the french doors open to the patio until well after dark. That's where Nic found me when his day's work was done; sitting in the chair by the bed, finishing my book. I looked up when he tapped on the open door.

"Hey," he said, holding up a bottle of wine. "Jon says being in the service means you're old enough for more complimentary swill. Come out and share this with me."

"Right on."

There was no breakup-angst to the conversation this time. It started out light and laughing and quickly moved into flirtatious, Nic sitting close to me on the same bench as earlier and finding a lot of excuses to touch me and a lot of opportunities to compliment me.

At first I thought the flirtation was harmless, just a way to have some laughs and make me feel better. After all, his partner, Jon, was right inside the inn. I didn't catch on that there was maybe something more to it until Jon came out to join us.

While Nic's slim build, dark hair, and blue eyes were attractive to me in the same non-threatening way that Michael was, Jon was a different matter altogether. For one thing, he was big. I'm around five-ten and at the time of this story somewhere in the 140-150lb range, a fighter working my way up from the lower weight classes to the middle ones. Jon was well over six feet and much heavier, all of it muscle. He was dark-haired, bearded, tanned, very confident and very handsome, but it wasn't the size and the rugged attractiveness that really set him apart. It was the obvious "top" vibe he gave off. I wouldn't have admitted it, but he scared the hell out of me. There wouldn't be any slow, mutual exploration

with this man. Spend time alone with him and all one's same-sex questions would be answered rather quickly.

"Don't let me interrupt," said Jon as he reached us. "I just wanted to offer you a handshake and some encouragement, Ken. Takes a lot of courage to accept your homosexuality at your age. And bonus points for being willing to face it while you're in the service."

He shook my hand, paused to kiss Nic, set another bottle of wine by our nearly empty one, and turned to lean his butt on the patio railing in front of us.

"Thanks," I said. "And it's bisexuality, actually."

"Half points, then," he said with a brilliant smile. "You get the rest when you realize there's no such thing."

Even at eighteen I realized the stupidity of that position. I also realized the futility of arguing it, it's one of those things that always turns into something heated and nobody's mind ever gets changed.

"Be that as it may," I said, answering his smile, "I appreciate the hospitality. And the wine. *Especially* the wine."

They both laughed at that, but after a moment Nic put a hand on my chest.

"Seriously," he said. "Even if it wasn't true love, we feel bad that your relationship ended that way. We'd be more than happy to make sure you're entertained this weekend, free of charge. I'm an excellent tour guide."

"Thanks," I said. "You've already been great. Let's see how I feel in the morning. I may bury that bottle of wine and be too hung over to do any touristing."

More laughter, and the hand came out to touch my chest again.

"Well, we can't have that, can we?" said Nic. "I guess I'll just have to share that bottle with you in the name of being a good host."

"And not at all in the name of continuing to touch your hot little body," said Jon with another of his brilliant smiles. "Remember, Nic, it's *two* bottles of wine before you start feeling up the pretty guests."

"Oh, right," laughed Nic. "I always forget that rule."

I laughed along as he pulled his hand back. After a second Jon winked at me.

"Alright," he said. "One of us has to be functional in the morning. You girls enjoy the wine, I'm going to read a little before bed."

He kissed Nic again as he went by, and I caught the conspiratorial look they exchanged.

Now, I may have been young and naïve, but even at eighteen I wasn't so dense I didn't realize Nic had just gotten Jon's blessing to put the moves on me. Without the wine and without the breakup, maybe I'd have made my excuses and headed for bed. As it was... well... I didn't.

We passed some time in idle chitchat about their inn and the town and my experience so far in the service. Nic was very eager to tell me about his lover's success in the macho, "straight" world of the military, and he regaled me at some length.

"So," I finally said, interrupting the flow of half-understood service stories, "how long have you two been together?"

"About five years. Depends on how you count *together*, we fooled around for a while before we really became partners. Took us a while to see that the age gap wasn't reason to be apart."

"How much older is he?"

"Almost fifteen years. I'm thirty-two, he's forty-six."

"Doesn't that... I mean, that's a lot of years." Tact wasn't something I understood at eighteen. You're shocked, I know.

"Oh, sweetie, it's hard enough to find someone you really love without worrying about who gets old first. People get way too hung up on age. If I have twenty-five great years with Jon and then spend ten years seducing the guests while he watches, I'll call that a wonderful life."

I nodded thoughtfully, then broke into another grin.

"Seducing the guests while he watches?" I asked.

"Uh huh," he said with a playful smile. "Jon loves to watch."

"Oh, hey," I said, looking around as if surprised. "Would you look at that? I seem to be in the deep end, here."

That got a big laugh, after which he'd somehow managed to edge closer to me. One of his arms was behind me now, and his other hand had moved from my chest to my thigh. I don't know if it makes me a slut, but I never even thought of stopping him. He was great-looking and funny and pretty smooth, and spending at least some of my night with him sounded a lot better than spending it alone.

"Oh, no, pretty boy," he whispered. "This is the shallow end. The deep end is watching us from right over there."

Jon could see us from his chair just inside the French doors to their room, a fact of which I was already keenly aware. Definitely a new scene for me, but just as definitely a turn on.

"And you know what he really likes to watch?" Nic went on. "Boys kissing."

We were both grinning as we came together. Kissing boys was still very new to me, but he was damned good at it. His tongue was practiced and facile, moving in and out of my mouth with quick, teasing movements that encouraged me to return the kiss with energy to match his. I'm not sure how long it went on, but by the time we pulled apart we were both breathing hard and I had that awesome, intense, almost high feeling that comes with a great make out session. My face was hot, my head buzzing, and every nerve ending in my body was on high alert.

I laughed when he finally pulled back far enough to tug my shirt up over my head. Our hands had been getting increasingly free for a while, but I hadn't noticed until just then that he'd managed to undo the fly of my shorts.

"What are you laughing at, sexy?" he whispered, his voice thick. I only saw his pretty smile for a second because he took immediate advantage of the increase in available skin, kissing my collar and the top of my chest and running his hands over my torso.

"The realization that I'm a total slut," I said with a laugh. "Couple minutes of chat, couple minutes of kissing, and there go my clothes."

"Mm, you should have been around in the seventies. This would have counted as a lengthy courtship."

"Sorry I missed that."

"More than you'll ever know." His grin was wicked, the more so because he hadn't slowed the pace of his explorations in the slightest. One of his hands presently slid into my shorts, and he let out a wicked little chuckle as it found my cock.

"Ooooh," he sighed. "Okay, we're keeping you. I've always wanted a houseboy."

I started to answer, but as my rock-hard cock came free his hand slid up over the head and I gasped involuntarily. Nic laughed again and kissed me deeply, and all glib remarks were forgotten a moment later as he started kissing his way down my body. By the time he tugged my shorts off and slid to his knees in front of me I was going nuts, my hands in his hair and my hips thrusting upward in search of his mouth.

"Slowly, sexy boy," he whispered. "Just relax, I'll get you there. Let me enjoy this body you've worked so hard on."

Laughing again, I tried to relax. It wasn't easy. Nic kissed his way around my lower body, telling me how much he dug my well-developed abs and my lean hips and my strong thighs. My erection never wavered, and it made him laugh several times by jumping when he found a sensitive spot. He finally caught it when it jumped up and bumped the side of his face as he licked the hollow in front of my left hip.

"I think your cock is going to knock me out if I don't tend to it soon," he said. "It's like a hot-spot detector, I could map everywhere you like to be kissed just by watching it jump."

My laugh turned into a groan as he finally took me in his mouth. Not that he had any intention of just sucking me off. He worked me over like an expert, sucking me deeply for a while, then kissing and licking his way up and down my shaft and gently sucking my balls when he sensed me getting close. Where Michael had sucked me with a fierce, desperate need, Nic's joy and lust were combined with experience. He had me bucking my hips and moaning steadily by the time he finally decided to finish me, and when he at last settled in with rhythm and clear intent I almost screamed with relief.

My orgasm was long and hard, the end product of a week's celibacy plus the day's anticipation plus the bit of fooling around Michael and I had done. I'm surprised I didn't blow the back of Nic's head off. He swallowed every bit of it, moaning with satisfaction, and spent a minute gently sucking my deflating cock before coming back up to kiss me.

"Oh my god, Nic," I said after a while. "That was incredible."

"Yeah. I give awesome head. I'm a cocksucking savant."

I joined his laughter, and we spent a few minutes kissing and touching and joking about the level of his genius before he decided I'd had enough afterglow.

"'Kay, my turn," he said brightly, standing to quickly peel off his clothes. The body under them looked as good as it had felt, lean and firm and very well tended. He was careful to turn around as he tossed his clothes on the table, giving me a good look at his nice round butt.

His cock suited him well. It wasn't huge, but it was as good-looking as the rest of him, thick and with a slight upward curve. He'd groomed his pubic hair carefully, which I've definitely learned to appreciate. I reached for it, but Jon interrupted just as I took it in my hand.

"Why don't you two come in here?" he said. "The guests paid for rooms, not a sex show."

Nic laughed and pulled me to my feet. I was more than a little nervous stepping naked into the room with Jon, especially since he didn't bother to hide his appraisal of my body. He looked me over from head to toe, his eyes resting on my cock for a long couple of seconds.

"Hey," Nic said to Jon, "You said I could."

"I didn't say you should jump him right out on the patio, horndog," Jon said with a laugh. I think he saw my nerves, because he smiled at me and winked. "You don't mind if I watch, do you sailor? You're just so fucking hot, I had to see you with my love."

Thinking that meant he was *just* going to watch, I relaxed a little. Not much, it was still a far wilder scene than I was used to, but enough that when Nic started kissing me again I slipped back into the moment.

His cock was rock hard against my thigh, and mine hadn't gone down much either. I sighed against his mouth when he grabbed them both in one hand, stroking us together. Finally he broke the kiss and tried to guide me to my knees.

"Come on," he said. *"Now* it's my turn."

"On the bed," I said, guiding him there. He laid down and I crawled up over him, kissing his face as I straddled him and working my way pretty quickly down toward his cock. Teasing wasn't really in my repertoire. Not that Nic complained, he put a hand on my head as I got near his cock and guided me right in.

Any question as to whether I'd like doing it to someone other than Michael was quickly answered. Nic's cock felt incredible in my mouth, I was quickly as hard as I'd been before my orgasm. And my nervousness was gone within a very few seconds. I never forgot that Jon was watching, but I ended up putting on a show for him, turning to make sure he had a clear view and drawing all the way up to the tip before taking Nic as deep as I could on each stroke.

The scene must have been pretty hot to Nic, too, because he didn't last long. I thought of trying to slow down when he put his hands on my head, but I was just too fucking hot. I couldn't get enough of the feel of his cock sliding over my tongue, of his very hard, very hot shaft filling my mouth, or of the taste of his flesh. It took careful effort to be gentle with his balls as I held them in my hand, and by the time he finished I was short of breath and my moans matched his.

He guided my rhythm, pumping up to meet me as I sucked and moaning on every stroke. There was plenty of warning when he was about to cum, but I didn't even think of pulling away, and before long I was swallowing the biggest load of cum I'd ever seen. Nic came so much, so hard, that I actually laughed in amazement when he was finally done.

"Jesus, Nic," I said as I crawled back up to kiss him. "How long has it been since you got off, a month?"

"Try four hours," said Jon with a laugh. "He attacked me after you got him all turned on today. Had to replay the conversation word-for-word while I fucked him."

"I got you all turned on?" I asked Nic with a smile.

"Uh huh." He grinned broadly. "And now you've got my lover all turned on."

Suddenly the nerves were back. I turned to look at Jon, but Nic pulled my face back down to his and kissed me for a while, his hands roaming my body. It was an obvious ploy, but it worked. My nature is sexual. All I needed was a little encouragement and there wasn't really a limit to my adventurousness. Which still holds true, it seems to be the story of my life.

"Ready to swim in the deep end, sexy boy?" Nic whispered after a while. This time when I turned to look at Jon he didn't stop me, and when Jon stood and held out a hand I took it and let him pull me up.

It was very, very strange being the smaller person in the embrace. I had to tilt my head back as his arms slid around my naked body and he moved to kiss me, and I was keenly aware of the size of his chest and shoulders and arms. His kiss fit with the rest, firm and hot and strong, and it surprised me

how hot it got me. And how quickly. My arms slid around his neck, and when his hands slid down to my ass I moaned.

"You're so fucking hot," he murmured, his mouth still touching mine. I felt him smile. "It suddenly occurs to me that I'm the only one here with clothes on. Undress me."

My hands shook a little as I reached for the top button on his shirt, which he saw. He gently took them in his and raised them to his mouth for a kiss.

"Easy, now," he said quietly and with a reassuring smile. "You want this. I want this. There's nothing here but a good time, sexy boy. Give yourself to the moment, I promise you won't regret it."

He guided my hands back to his chest and leaned in to kiss me as I unbuttoned his shirt. My hands weren't exactly as steady as rocks, but I was able to open his shirt without any fumbling.

His body was tremendous, broad-chested and powerful and still very well defined. He had a lot of dark hair on his torso, which accentuated his masculinity tremendously. Jon was just a hell of a lot of man.

Just *how much* man I had no idea until I'd unfastened his pants and they dropped to the floor. My hand brushed against his cock through his underwear and I let out a surprised laugh.

"Jesus Christ, Jon," I said, stepping back far enough to look down at him.

"I know," said Nic with a big smile. "I'm in a size queen's paradise tonight."

I've mostly grown out of my size fetish over the years. It's still a visual turn-on, but I definitely appreciate a more normal-sized endowment for certain things. Which is kind of a shame, anything that turns you on as much as a big one used to do for me can't be all bad.

At eighteen, though, I was definitely a size queen. Jon's cock looked huge even through his briefs, clearly outlined as it lay pointed at his hip. I hadn't seen a truly big one other than my own, and it surprised me how much I suddenly wanted it. Jon saw it, too.

"Go ahead," he said quietly, putting his hands on my shoulders to urge me to my knees. I resisted and started to indicate the bed, but he stopped me.

"No," he said. "I saw that you didn't want to kneel for Nic. That's no way to be, Ken, not if you're going to be a good lover. Come on. *Give yourself to the moment*. There'll be plenty of nights where you're

the top. Probably most of your life. But not tonight. On your knees, now, sexy boy."

It's entirely possible that without that night I'd never have learned how hot it can be to be a little submissive. So thank God for Jon and Nic. Jon's big cock was calling out to me, and I have to admit that my burning curiosity about it was no small part of why I did as he asked. After a bare second's hesitation I grinned, kissed him again, and let him guide me down to my knees.

My hands trembled again as I reached for his underwear, but I think more out of excitement than nerves. When they came down, his cock made me gasp. It was only half-erect, but it was long and very thick. The head was big and purple and seemed to be looking at me as it swung free. I must have frozen, staring at it, because after a second Jon breathed a laugh and kicked his clothes away, then reached down to touch my head.

"C'mon," he said. "Introduce yourself."

Just taking him in my hand was one of the most erotic moments of my life. And when I sat forward to first kiss the head of the big cock, then gently suck it into my mouth, I felt my own cock twitch and swell once more to full erection. As soon as he passed my lips any reluctance disappeared, if I'd been hot sucking Nic now I was ten times hotter.

The head of his cock pushed my mouth wide open, and when I tried to take him deep I couldn't believe how far I had to open my jaw. I sucked him with such lust that he had to stop me after just a few minutes.

"Slow," he said with a breath of a laugh. "Slow down, Ken. You're going to make me cum too soon. Come on, work on my balls for a minute, let me breathe. Boy's going to give you a run for your money, Nic, he sucks like he loves it."

Nic laughed as I dove back in on Jon's cock, but I didn't pay attention to whatever he said. I was far too lost in my lust. Kissing and sucking on Jon's balls was fun, but it couldn't distract me from the object of my desire and I quickly had him back in my mouth.

This time he didn't stop me, and soon we had a rhythm. I don't have much gag reflex and I'd practiced taking Michael deep, so after a few minutes I moved my hands out of the way and concentrated on taking Jon as deep as I could on each thrust. Didn't even take all that long, really, no more than a couple dozen strokes before my throat relaxed and he started sliding deeper with each thrust.

"Oh my god," Jon groaned. He put both hands on my head and started thrusting to meet me. Soon he was really fucking my face, which got me so hot my cock jumped with each thrust. I could have

sucked him all night, I was profoundly disappointed when his cock swelled and his stroke shortened, heralding his impending finish.

I felt the spasms of his orgasm when it at last took him, but his cock was so far in my throat that I didn't actually taste his cum until he started to pull back. I grabbed his ass, keeping him in my mouth for a long couple minutes and sucking every last drop of cum from that magnificent prick, and when he finally stepped away and collapsed on the bed I was breathing as hard as he was. My cock was as hard as it's ever been, it stood rampant in front of me.

"That was fucking awesome," said Nic, his voice right on the edge of a laugh. "Damn, Ken. I guess you like my man's cock."

"Little bit, yeah," I said with an embarrassed laugh.

"No need to blush, pretty boy. I like it too. Now come up here and let us show you how much we like yours."

"You do it," grunted Jon. "I'm light-headed. I thought my knees were going to give out there at the end."

Nic laughed and leaned over his lover for some kissing and teasing, most of it too quiet for me to hear.

"It's hell getting old," he finally said. Jon laughed and pushed him off, but after a glance at me Nic leaned back in to whisper some more.

"Sure," Jon said with another laugh. "Go ahead."

Nic kissed him and reached into the nightstand for what turned out to be a condom and a bottle of lubricant. At first I thought he wanted to fuck me, but he had the opposite in mind.

"C'mere, pretty boy," he said. "You killed my usual source of cock, you're going to have to fill in."

As I joined them on the bed I spent a second trying to remember if Nic had ever used my actual name as opposed to "pretty boy," "sexy boy," etc. He started to ask me what I was grinning at, but I half tackled him onto his back and spent a nice few minutes kissing and touching and feeling our very hard cocks rub together.

"Oh," he finally sighed. "Come on, quit teasing me. Let me put this on you."

I'd put on exactly five condoms up to then, all of them awkwardly. And two were for practice. Nic did it like he'd invented the technique, I was wrapped and lubed in seconds without us even moving apart.

"Remember this," he said, holding up the lube. "A lubricated cock is a friendly cock. You're big, you're going to need it."

Saying that what we did was the fuck of my life to that point would be accurate, but it would also be a radical understatement. My adolescent fumblings with my girlfriend back home weren't even vaguely related to this, I might as well have been truly virginal. Nic guided me in easily, face-to-face, and when I started fucking him he drew me down for a long kiss. His ass was hot and tight around me, his cock rock hard between our bodies, and his delighted moans were sexy enough that I know I wouldn't have lasted long if not for my lovers' experience.

At first it was Nic who prolonged the encounter, slowing me down and even stopping me by pulling me tight in his embrace, but Jon soon got involved. He leaned over to kiss Nic, then sat up and started running his hands over my body and kissing me deeply. His right hand slid down to my ass, at first just exploring but after a moment beginning to probe my crack, and when his middle finger reached my anus he left it there, pressing against me with each stroke I gave Nic. It was strange at first, but that's a very sensitive area and it quickly started feeling good in a way I'd never experienced.

My concentration on what Jon was doing took my mind off my orgasm, delaying it significantly. We went on like that for a long time, with me sometimes sitting up to kiss Jon and sometimes laying in Nic's arms, kissing deeply, but always with Jon's finger keeping half my attention away from my cock.

When he finally took it away it was only to go to the drawer for a plug, which was something I'd never seen before. I tensed a little when he started to lube it and I realized what it was for, but Nic laughed and pulled me down for another kiss.

"Relax, baby," he whispered. "You'll like it, I promise. You've liked everything else tonight, right?"

I nodded, and when Jon was ready I held still so he could slip it in. His finger had relaxed me, and with the tapering of the plug it went in smoothly. It was an odd feeling as it seemed to just keep getting wider, but there wasn't any pain, and when it was lodged in place it didn't take long to prove Nic right. The combination of anal stimulation and his ass around my cock was incredible, and soon I was somewhere I'd never known sex could take me. My entire body was hot, but it was like I'd forgotten to orgasm. I just kept fucking Nic and kissing him and getting steadily higher and higher for what seemed like forever.

It was his orgasm that finally triggered mine. We were locked together, my hips pounding into him, when I felt him stiffen. A minute later he gave a series of cries and soaked both of our bodies with another of his enormous loads. I followed him within seconds, as though he'd reminded my body that it liked to cum too. The spasms seemed to come all the way from my ass up through my belly, and they kept coming for longer than I'd ever experienced. I was completely drained by the time I fell on top of him, covered in sweat and gasping for breath.

We laid like that for a while, only moving enough to occasionally kiss each other. We probably would have fallen asleep, but our show had excited Jon, and after a few minutes he laid down next to us and started kissing my neck and shoulder and stroking my body. Especially my ass. He smiled at me when I finally turned to meet his kiss.

"What do you think?" he asked quietly. "Up for one more new adventure tonight?"

As he spoke his hand touched the plug that was still in my ass, making it clear exactly what adventure he meant. The thought scared me and Nic, at least, saw it. He squeezed me reassuringly.

"Come on," he said with a grin. "We can try to tame the beast together while you think about it."

Jon turned over on his back and Nic and I crawled up on either side of him. As soon as I saw his cock, still mostly flaccid but long and thick and beautiful, a part of me knew he was going to get whatever he wanted. We sucked him back to full erection, passing it back and forth and kissing our way around his balls and his belly and his thighs. The big cock turned me on enough that despite my two orgasms I started to get hard again, aided by Nic feeling me up and reaching around to play with the plug that was still inside me. After a few minutes I let out a little moan and Jon reached down to touch my face.

"Fuck," I laughed. "Alright. But we're gonna need a *lot* of lube. Maybe a shoehorn."

They both laughed, and I moved up astride Jon. He spent some time kissing and touching and reassuring me that he was not actually going to rip me in half, then Nic rolled a condom onto him and slowly drew the plug out of me.

"Just relax," Jon whispered. "You already know you can take something back there and it'll feel good."

Easier said than done, but he entered me much more painlessly than I'd expected. We stopped for another long minute of kissing with just the first couple inches in, and when I started moving, taking him a little deeper with each stroke, he sighed.

"God, you're so tight," he whispered. "And that hard-on pressing against me is almost as hot as your little ass."

I grinned and leaned down to kiss him some more, but this was not to be some sweet, gentle exploration. We finally came together, my ass down to his lap and his enormous prick all the way inside me, and he grinned.

"There we go," he said. "Feel okay? Not hurting you?"

"No, I'm okay," I said, a little surprised that it was true.

"Good. Then let's fuck."

He sat up, flopped me down on my back and moved over me, all without pulling out of my ass. I laughed, eyes wide with surprise, but his wicked grin cut off any protest. And turned me on no end.

It was a monster fuck, long and rough and unbelievably hot. I was hot from the beginning, but as I got used to the sensations and especially as my prostate started responding, things really got good. Jon seemed determined to prolong it as long as he could, and we did it in multiple positions, changing each time he got close and sometimes pausing and changing condoms so Nic and I could kiss and suck him while he cooled down.

It was so good to me that by the end I actually protested when he pulled out, and I went looking for the next condom myself when I felt Nic and I had sucked him long enough. Jon laughed and turned me around doggy-style, and now the fucking was hard and fast and clearly intended to get him off. Nic reached under me to stroke my cock and I actually came before Jon did, crying out as I sprayed the sheets. I'd never had an orgasm involving prostate stimulation before, it was wildly intense.

Jon wasn't far behind. He was a big fan of swallowing, as I'd learn extensively over that weekend, and he suddenly pulled out of me and tugged the condom off. I hardly had time to notice the oddly empty feeling before the end of his cock was in my mouth and I was struggling to keep up with the waves of cum. Finally he slid down beside me, Nic peppering both of our faces with kisses.

"Oh," I said after a few minutes, "so *that's* what sex is."

Nic laughed and kissed me while Jon chuckled.

"Yeah, that was the survey course," said Nic. "We can start on your grad work tomorrow."

"Hell yeah," I said, grinning broadly. Our banter was interrupted by a deep breath from Jon that was right on the edge of being a snore. Nic laughed quietly.

"You killed him, you maniac," he whispered.

"Oops."

"Yeah, *oops.*"

In the end he wouldn't have much opportunity to tease his lover, because he fell asleep not five minutes later. I laid awake for a while, increasingly stunned at the how the night had turned out and chasing around in circles about what it meant, but when I finally joined them in sleep it was with a smile on my face.