

“He eyed George’s ass. He started wiping one hand back and forth on his big, veiny cock. ‘Listen, baby,’ he said. ‘Keep your mouth shut.’ He planted one foot on each buttock and pushed the crack open, licking his lips at the hairless pink slit...“He knelt down, reached behind him and found a small flashlight. He parted the ass-crack and aimed a bright beam at the red cavern. ‘You’re pointless,’ he growled, looking over its glossy walls. ‘I need a snoutful.’ He did a nosedive and smelled something rancid but rich, like the trace of perfume in a king’s tomb. He flattened his face on the butt, sucked and chewed at the hole, but his treasure was stuck in its vault. He introduced a few fingers. They twisted the tube in an interesting way, but not wildly enough. ”’Fine. have it your way,’ he said. ‘Don’t give me what I want, but you’ll be sorry, kid.’ He started slapping the ass with ferocity. He laughed out loud as the pert globes turned purple and twitched into ugly shapes. ‘This’ll teach you to mess with me,’ he thought. The skimpy body was tossing around like a beached fish. The sight made his prick leak. ‘I’ve landed the boy of the century,’ he thought. ‘No shit. Man, those sunken eyes, that runny nose, those chapped lips.’ He gave his hand a rest...“As a reward for the youngster’s behavior, Philippe gave the ass a quick tongue bath. ‘Good as new,’ he surmised with a wink. ‘Now let’s complete the job.’ He fit the huge, sopping head of his love muscle to George’s pucker and worked the entire seven inches inside. ‘Oh, you’re the loosest one ever,’ he groaned. Arching his hips, cock touched bottom. When he withdrew, it was covered with crumbs. ‘Fuck, fuck. fuck,’ Philippe chanted,’ increasing his tempo. ‘You’re gross!’ And it wasn’t too long before gobs of come



plummeted into the wimp with a noisy splash. Cut.”

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When I see his face I think, "Why not have sex right this second, while what's-his-name's ass is still fresh?" I kiss him brusquely. He tastes like hamburger. I steer us onto the bed. Clothes are flying around. He lies on his back. I fold his legs until his knees touch his shoulders. I pin them there with my shoulders. There are almost identical spots on each ass-cheek where his skin's as smooth as a normal boy's. I press my hands down there, stick my cock up his ass, then look into his eyes. They seem scared of the ceiling for some reason. I can't believe my luck. He's very loose, but I find if I press very hard he tightens up, and there's enough inner friction to get me off.

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"My little friend thinks you're cute. I mean he thinks George is cute, but he likes George's men. Look, I'll explain it some other time. Point is, you interested? Sex, I mean. Now, him." I'm torn. "Sure," I say, "but I don't even know the guy's name." ...Instead I strip him while he shifts his weight from on leg to the other...He revolves jerkily, feeding me parts of his front and back. He's very clean and kind of tasteless, like plastic. I try the old finger approach, really scrounge inside his ass...I pry the cap off a Vaseline jar, coat one fingertip, wipe it inside his ass, screw him onto my cock. He bounces up and down. I kiss his shoulders and shoot.

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