

Beach Bums

(MMM, rom, sm, ws, puke, diaper, scat)

by bluepervina - © 2005, 2011

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Jack drove out to the beach after work. The sun was just setting; he drove west with his eyes half-blinded, but he knew where he was going. Between two beachside mansions sat a modest white house on stilts, and there was just enough space to park his convertible Saab between the pylons and out of the next day's sun. Bruce, his best friend, was waiting. Hopefully the beer was plentiful and well-iced. And there was plenty of lube.

He had the entire weekend to himself – plus a day. His wife left that Friday morning on a plane, bound for the North Carolina mountains and a rendezvous with her kin. She'd taken their two daughters with her and had sadly kissed him goodbye at the airport. Jack had lied and said he was too busy with work to travel over three-and-a-half days, so he begged off and would stay home. Which meant he'd stay at Bruce's and spend the Labor Day weekend fucking.

"Ready to go?" Jack hollered up from his car. Bruce appeared on the deck that surrounded the house, tanned and well-muscled in his white linen shirt and khakis. He wore his hair in a ponytail always, and he had distinguished-looking heavy platinum hoops in both ears. There were hoops in his nipples as well, and Jack could see their outline against the shirt as Bruce descended the steps toward him. Bruce's brown leather sandals completed the rich beach bum look, and as he slid into the seat beside his longtime lover, Jack couldn't help but once again catch his breath in the fresh revelation of how lucky he was to have found such a classy, kinky stud.

"You look tired," Bruce said, reaching out and rubbing Jack's knee as he backed the Saab out toward the narrow beach town's main road. They were headed to a beach-side bar at the far end of the island, called Ruck's, which served up the best gumbo and smoked mullet on earth, as far as Jack was concerned. It was just what he needed to set his mood straight for the weekend's fun and to push back the scraping claws of fatigue that always dogged him at the end of his week.

"I'm OK now," Jack smiled back, throwing the convertible into gear and

roaring them 2.3 miles north. Along the way, he said, "I've been wearing them all day, you know," and he unzipped the fly of his smart wool trousers so Bruce could see. A bright pink pair of panties was easily visible between the teeth of the zipper, but Jack reached in and pulled them aside to reveal the black leather straps of the cock restraint he'd been wearing. Bruce grunted his approval and leaned over, pinching Jack's right nipple between his expert fingers for a good minute before letting go and leaning back.

"That's the spirit!" Bruce laughed. "I bet that was some fun having that on in court today."

Jack was a real estate lawyer. "How many times do I have to tell you?" He rolled his eyes mock-dramatically. "I do real estate. I don't have to go to court, man. Not for *trials*. Jesus."

"Well, you might if somebody here sees you wearing it," Bruce muttered, and Jack hastily tried to zip with one hand as he steered into the crowded parking lot at Ruck's. Since they were in a convertible, people heading into the restaurant could easily see down into their laps as they walked past. It took a moment to furtively yank his zipper the last few millimeters up, but then all was well. On to dinner.

Bruce bought, as was his custom. Ever since selling off his company in the mid-nineties, life had been good for him. The majority of his profit from the sale got reinvested in the market, and the tech boom that shortly followed reaped him enormous reward. Still using the market to make money for him, Bruce had now amassed a fortune that would keep him secure for the rest of his life. As long as he didn't suddenly try to buy Costa Rica or something.

"Pitcher of Bud, and let's say... eh, three Jack shooters each, right?" Bruce announced to the waiter as soon as he arrived at their table. "And a dozen oysters on the half-shell... and gumbo for each of us... and then we'll do some real ordering after that," he chuckled, "if we can still remember where we are."

The beer and the bourbon got both men plenty comfortable with their Friday night, and they sat at their table by the window, with its magnificent view of the Gulf of Mexico at twilight, and played footsies. Bruce's shoes were off, and his bare toes danced their way up and down the damp cotton of Jack's socks, his feet long since out of his cramped but handsome loafers. It was excruciating for Jack whenever his cock made to rise in arousal. The restraint became a choking, painful instrument of torture, and it caused him a great deal of squirming and shallow breathing while he willing it to go back down. Bruce, of course, made it worse by just staring at him as he agonized.

But the mullet was ordered, more beer consumed, and eventually Jack felt the urge to piss suddenly come on him all in a hot, pressing rush. He told Bruce, and they went ahead and settled the bill, swinging by the tiny restroom on the way out. There was one stall and two urinals all compressed within a room not much bigger than a linen closet. The

urinals were so close to one another that there was no space between for the customary short partition. The two men were alone as they entered, the stall door hanging partially open, blocked by the jutting lower bowl of the second urinal.

"Yeah... a nice, cozy piss...." Bruce murmured, as he sidled up to the second urinal, unzipped, and let his water flood out. Jack, standing right next to the door back to the restaurant, had to wait and jiggle his cock a bit, trying to get it to soften a little more so he could go. His eyes peered through their dizzy fog at the urine cascading down beside him, and he couldn't help but sigh. And as the last bit of that long breath died, he suddenly felt his dick release, and his own gushing piss began to thunder down onto the stained porcelain and the baby blue deodorant cake.

"That's it, Jackie... nice, hot piss!" Bruce cheered, already re-zipped and clapping him on the back. He leaned in close and licked Jack's ear, breathed hotly into his neck as he kissed it. Jack rolled his head ever slightly and moaned. Bruce nibbled on his earlobe and whispered, "You know I love watching it, remember?"

Outside the door, a waiter could be heard walking by, asking someone else about a salad order. Something bumped the wall on the other side of the urinal, jostling the door but not opening it. Bruce stayed on Jack's neck and ear, kissing, licking, nibbling, breathing so low and so slow. Jack's eyes were closed, and all he did was feel it all. And then he felt the splash.

Opening his eyes, he looked down and saw Bruce's large, bronzed hand playing back and forth through his still-rapid flow of pee. As his lover danced his fingers across the jetting piss, hot splashes of it rained back against Jack's front, pelting his crotch, wetting his pants obscenely. Jack's nearly choked on his sudden desire, his breathing came so hard; all he wanted to do was lie down right there and let Bruce find a dozen other men to come in and soak him in his clothes, from head to toe, with their stinking, boiling piss.

Bruce chuckled softly, watching Jack jerk a little with pleasure. "You little pig, you," he intoned, closing his fingers over the head of Jack's cock as the urine stream weakened and then died. He gave it one affectionate squeeze, then pulled up his hand and wiped it back and forth several times across Jack's dress shirt. It soaked in a few places large enough and deeply enough to see the matting of his chest hair beneath. And its rich stench was all around him, that glorious piss-stink he'd loved all his life.

"Fuck," Jack muttered, then laughed. He got his cock back in his pants and took care to give Bruce a quick kiss on the cheek. "Thanks, stud," he smiled. "I owe you one."

Before Bruce could kiss him back or laugh or drag him into the stall for a serious moment of cock-sucking, the door was flung open; three men attempted to bunch themselves inside the claustrophobic restroom, much like idiots outside elevators often attempt to enter

before bothering to look inside it to see who might be coming out. The first man ran right into Jack as Jack stepped back away from Bruce in surprise. The other two men attempting to follow the first piled all into each other, until their combined klutziness pushed them and Jack straight back into the stall's nearest partition and up against the sink. Bruce laughed, "Whoa!" He had his hands out helping to catch and steady any man he could reach.

"Jesus!" said one of the men, then, "Thanks." They all managed to keep their feet and navigate their way around each other, Jack and Bruce finally getting through them to the open doorway. In those close quarters, pressed almost sensually up against the strangers as he shuffled his way out, Jack smelled powerfully the odor of piss; he caught one man as he passed sniff and glance down dully at Jack's splotched shirt, but he stared openly as if not at all comprehending what he saw, not able to add the stench to the stains and come up with the obvious. It was clearly not a leap the stranger was able to make. He blinked in a dim sort of way and awkwardly let Jack go on out the door.

A few moments later, Jack was slowly attempting to meander the two of them home. He was at the very end of his tolerance for alcohol, was just the perfect shade of drunk for the night, and he could tell that Bruce was, too. They laughed even more, touched even more. Talked even less about stupid, mundane things. The car hummed along, almost seeming to drive itself. The breeze that blew over them took away most of the piss smell that still clung to Jack, but Bruce, ever Puckish, raised his hand to Jack's nose from time to time as they went along, giving his lover some sweet moments to inhale the scent of dried urine that still clung to Bruce's unwashed fingers.

"Hey! Pull in here," demanded Bruce suddenly, pointing at a brand new convenience store about halfway between his house and Ruck's. "I need some smokes."

When he came out, Bruce was accompanied by a scrawny-looking kid in baggy painter's jeans that barely hung onto his bony hips. He wore a black Emerica t-shirt with the sleeves ripped off, and his hair was shaved on the sides, long on top, and fine strands of long blonde hair fell all about his head in a lazy way, stirred a bit like spaghetti just thrown into the boiling water.

"Hey, Jack, look who I found!" laughed Bruce, who tossed a carton of Dorals into Jack's lap and then graciously held the door open for the boy. Nearly tripping over his own flip-flops, the kid scrambled to get behind the seat that Jack hastily folded forward. He glanced once at Jack and muttered something that must've been a thank you, and then he glued his eyes to his own hands, clutching a one-liter bottle of Mountain Dew in his lap.

"It's Raylene's kid, Cory," chuckled Bruce, settling in the passenger seat. Raylene was Bruce's regular drinking buddy, a divorcee with all kinds of money pouring in. She lived in a house similar to Bruce's just a quarter-mile down the beach. "You remember him, don't you? He

used to be the guy wakeboarding in front of my place 24/7."

Jack did a double-take, and Cory turned red. "Yeah, matter-of-fact, I do remember him. Wow! You've grown up a bunch, kid." Jack was lying. Except for the haircut, which had definitely thrown him, everything else about the boy seemed the same as it was the last summer, when he was hanging around their beachfront, almost like a lost puppy, showing off his little wakeboard tricks. "You off at college now?"

Cory cleared his throat and looked out the side as they rode. "Yeah," he grunted, taking a swig of his Dew. "I'm up in Gainesville."

"Well, congratulations, man," Jack smiled, remembering some good times there. "That's where I went to school, too. I know you're having loads of fun!"

"Yeah," said Cory flatly, and he rode on with them in silence. Jack had to glance back over Cory's shoulder twice on that drive, checking traffic behind, and he couldn't help but notice that Cory's jeans were riding so low as he sat that nearly half the white of his underwear was visible beneath his t-shirt. But it was thick underwear, or baggy, or some kind of pair of shorts or something he had on, because it was clear there was more bulk to the undergarment than a normal pair of BVDs would show. Jack, in his hazy brain, barely thought about it, though, and soon he quit glancing back entirely and just kept on driving.

Bruce was trying to make conversation still, without much success. "So where's your skateboard, Cory? I heard from Raylene that you're skating more than ever now, got some kind of traveling competitive thing going on sometimes too? Some kind of skate club in Gainesville, right?"

"Yeah, well," muttered Cory, "it's more than a club, really.... But I'm just takin' a break down here this weekend. Tonight. I guess. Didn't even bring down my board...."

As the boy's voice dully faded away, it was clear to Jack that the kid was regretting accepting the ride. But Bruce would not be Bruce if he didn't bull straight on ahead and force the boy to talk some more. He grabbed a question from out of the blue and let it fly: "So, Cory, you still smoking as much pot as you did before, back when you were such a little dick-beater hanging around my house all hours of the day?"

Jack couldn't suppress his short laugh, and he looked back briefly, just in time to see Cory roll his eyes in a heartfelt and spontaneous commentary upon the infinitely moronic ways of adults. The boy shook his head in disbelief and then shrugged, looking down at his Mountain Dew. "Yeah, dude. Of course. What-the-fuck, right?"

They dropped Cory off in front of his house, a modest beachfront frame home built in the sixties, raised up on a small forest of twelve-foot wooden pylons, each one as thick as Bruce's considerable chest. The boy shrugged his way out of the backseat and mumbled his thanks

to them for the ride, slowly threading his way through the pylons and out toward the darkened beach, which lay out of sight over the slight dunes. He was already fishing in his pocket, pulling out a large joint, finding his lighter with the other hand, the bottle of soda lidded and tucked beneath his arm. As Jack's car backed away, Bruce reached over and sharply slapped the horn. A short blare of noise shot all around the underside of the house, making Jack jerk nervously despite himself. Bruce laughed hard at him, but he watched Cory too; and the boy never even flinched.

"What a burned-out little fuck he is now," chuckled Bruce, lighting up a cigarette as Jack turned them back onto the road. "We'll have to come down and visit his snotty little ass later on. I really think we will."

By the time Jack had killed the engine beneath Bruce's house, his fly was unzipped and his cock was being tugged free. Bruce was done with his cigarette and bent over, slurping up and down his lengthening rod, mumbling happy sounds to himself. Jack lifted his ass off the seat and let Bruce pull his pants and Jockey's all the way off, kicking free of his shoes in the process. He lay the seat all the way down so he could angle his ass and legs a little better, and soon Bruce's finger slid wetly up Jack's musky asshole. Bruce poked at Jack's prostate in a delicious rhythm that matched his sucking mouth perfectly. Jack just closed his eyes and listened to the dim boom of the waves in the distance. There was nothing as good in this world as sex at the beach. Nothing.

The finger withdrew. The sucking stopped. Jack sat up, startled. Bruce was getting out of the car and heading toward the steps. "Well, come on," Bruce chided quietly. The sounds of parties on a nearby condo balcony echoed faintly among the pylons. "Let's go get serious about it, why don't we?"

"No fair!" whispered Jack, gathering his clothing and scampering up the steps. "You are a fucking cock tease, godammit!"

Bruce had the door open for him, and as soon as they were inside they locked in a passionate kiss. Jack tasted some of his own pre-cum in Bruce's mouth, along with the flavor of cigarettes and a hint of their gumbo and oysters. His hands worked to get his lover fully undressed, as Bruce did the same with him. Soon they were both nude, pressed tightly together, hips working to grind their cocks against each other's hard belly.

Jack withdrew this time, dancing away toward the wall of sliding glass doors that faced the darkened beach below. He got down on the Berber carpet on all fours, pressing his cheek to the rolled fibers and swaying his back. His ass was high in the air, and he knew how delicious his balls must look. The scant moonlight coming into the darkened room was plenty for Bruce to see by, and Jack was rewarded with a low whistle.

"Mmmmmm, Jackie," murmured Bruce, "Lemme' have a lick of those sweet nuts...." And then Bruce's tongue was on his scrotum, licking, slurping, tasting up and down on his sack, around each shaved globe

over and over, just delicately enough... just rough enough... and Jack could only tremble and moan. Then Bruce's tongue moved up his perineum, the delicious ridge of skin that lead straight from the root of his balls to his asshole. Over and over, the tongue caressed his ridge up and down, until his sack was dripping with Bruce's saliva.

And then his tongue found the hole. Jack gasped and pushed his anus back against Bruce's face, and his lover happily obliged by driving his tongue even deeper into Jack's musky, loose hole. Around and around the tongue went, licking hard against the inside of Jack's tingling anal ring. Bruce's hand came up and began to lightly stroke Jack's cock and balls. An agony of sweet strokes and subtle squeezes, a little tug timed just right as his tongue stabbed deeper than ever.. and Jack had to pull away. He fell forward upon his face, chest heaving, arms splayed out to his sides.

"Oh God! Jesus!" Jack breathed. "Too much! Fuck!"

Bruce crawled on top of him, chuckling. "You look like you're ready, eh, bitch?" His fat cock wedged between Jack's asscheeks like an enormous crowbar. It was huge and hard and slimy at its tip. Jack's anus spasmed; his ass humped reflexively against the weight of it lying in his crack. His own cock plowed back and forth upon the springy, rolled carpet, crushed beneath their combined weight, quickly getting raw.

Bruce's mouth was on Jack's ear, nibbling, licking, breathing hot against him. Bruce kissed his neck and bit his shoulders, his teeth going in hard, chewing against his skin in time with their slow, hard humping. Jack knew he'd have marks all over him for a solid week, but he could find ways to avoid his wife seeing. It took some care and some luck, but the inconvenience was worth it. Between his cock scraping across the carpet, Bruce's cock sliding up and down his asscrack, and the teeth gnawing mercilessly at his skin, Jack was powerless to do anything but grunt and buck and beg for more.

"Oh yeah, fucker, bite me!" Jack growled. "That's it, fuckin' chew on me!"

Bruce bit down harder, grabbed Jack by the back of his hair and ground his face into the carpet. He lifted his cock just enough to reach in with his other hand and jam the head straight into Jack's sloppy, wet asshole. In one searing thrust, Bruce's huge cock sank to the root. Jack was powerless to move. He could feel a rug burn grind itself into his cheekbone as Bruce continued to smear his face into the berber. His shoulder felt like it was bleeding.

"That's it, oh yeah, bitch," Bruce muttered, his hips twitching as he settled his cock inside Jack as deeply as possible. "Way down in that hot ass. Deep inside you, you goddamn faggot...."

Bruce then pumped his cock steadily inside Jack's ass, from head to root, over and over, taking his time. He chose different spot on Jack's flesh, biting down hard and unexpectedly. Sometimes he slapped him viciously on his ass or the side of his head. He then picked up his pace,

reaching down to wrench back one of Jack's arms, twisting it up brutally behind him in a police hold. Jack screamed in agony and wept freely like a child. But his cock at that moment spurted thick hot jets of come against his belly and the carpet, and he couldn't help but choke out a strangled "YES! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" even as his body writhed to get out of the painful hold, despite his waist and ass spasming joyously through his orgasm.

Bruce laughed cruelly, "Yeah, little fucker, cry like a baby and come all over my fuckin' rug...." And then he suddenly released Jack's arm and grabbed his shaking waist in both hands, hammering his cock into Jack's wet asshole with all his strength. Jack's prostate felt nearly crushed, its throbbing no longer rhythmic, but constant, a sensory overload that shot straight through every nerve in his body, strangely enrapturing and paralyzing him at the same time, his neck and head and arms alternately stiff and flopping about of their own accord. His cock continued to fire, but no more jism was left; his gland shot off anyway, again and again and again, painfully driving Jack even higher in his twisted heights of pleasure.

As for Bruce, he jetted rope after rope of semen deep inside Jack's ass, continuing to pound his cock to the full until every ounce of come was spent. He bent forward then, breathing heavily, and kissed Jack tenderly, over and over and over, all over his back and shoulders and neck. He kissed the side of Jack's face and licked up his messy tears. He kept his cock inside until it was soft, and then he withdrew, still kissing and petting Jack as the other lay there beneath him, exhausted, sore, and euphoric.

For an hour the two of them slept there on the floor, wrapping arms and legs together, still naked, unwashed, their sweat and semen drying slowly. Jack had a dream that he was on a merry-go-round, tied with his upper body hanging partly off the side, so that his head was only inches above the rocky ground that spun by below him. He was naked and his cock was pointing straight up. Bruce flashed by every second or so, his strong arms flinging the playground wheel ever-faster around and around. Beside him stood the boy Cory, drinking a Mountain Dew. "He's a dizzy bitch, ain't he?" Bruce said to Cory, but the boy only shrugged and rolled his eyes. As Jack continued to spin, helpless, in the dream, he saw flashes of the two like a zoetrope animation staggering rapidly across his vision, a flipbook tweening of moments that he craved to see more of... Bruce still spinning the wheel, but somehow also getting his cock out and letting Cory kneel to suck it... Cory suddenly naked, so scrawny, but with a huge long cock, squatting himself over the bottle of soda, fucking it slowly up into his own pink asshole... Bruce pissing a fountain of golden rain from his cock, all over Cory's upturned face and open mouth, the boy weeping in humiliation and in need, his own cock spewing huge globs of come as he jerked on it frantically....

"Hey, Jackie," Bruce whispered, and Jack was awake. He still felt like he was spinning, but already the dream was forgotten. His body was

softly rocking as Bruce shook him tenderly from his sleep. "Hullo, stud," Jack mumbled, smiling.

Bruce found Jack's mouth and kissed him, soft at first, then with more heat, more tongue. Jack responded with his own rising passion, letting Bruce roll over on top of him, lie full-length upon him as he held off his weight with his gorgeous arms. Each man felt the other's cock slowly stiffen against his belly; each man groaned and kissed ever more deeply, their crotches rocking back and forth, their cocks fucking hungrily against each other, trapped inside the tight vise of their two hard abdomens, the stickiness of dick-scum slicked and smoothed deliciously by the fresh pre-cum that now leaked out of both slits, mingling, greasing.

Bruce broke off the kiss, though, and stilled his hips. Jack whined a little in his throat and looked pleadingly up at his lover. Bruce couldn't suppress his laugh. "Jesus, Jack! You really are a bitch!" He bent and kissed him once more, briefly, then stood up. Jack, from his back on the floor, watched in rapture as Bruce towered above him, all legs and cock and balls. And drippy! A splotch of unidentified fluid landed messily on Jack's throat, slowly sliding off onto the carpet, as he stared hungrily up at his man.

"What?" Jack asked thickly. His hand went to his cock and gently stroked; still a little sore from the carpet, but ready for more....

"Well, buddy, I gotta piss," Bruce said, hands on his hips. His cock bounced goofily as he talked, like it tried to mime the words but was completely out of synch and utterly uncoordinated. "But I'm too hard to piss now, thank you very much."

Jack laughed and continued to stroke himself. "Sorry, Bruce, but you kissed me that time."

Bruce waved that off and looked away, through the sliding glass door at the nearly pitch black Gulf of Mexico beyond. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Listen, what is it, like, midnight now? You think anybody's still out there?"

Jack laughed again, but he stopped stroking and manfully got to his feet. He only groaned once from the pain that lanced up into his sore shoulder. "Fuck, Bruce, but you did get drunk tonight! How the hell should I know who might still be out there? You're the one who fucking lives here, remember? Not me!" But he came up behind Bruce then and put his arms around him, letting his rigid dick slide thickly against the hard crack of the bigger man's ass. They stood that way, hotly pressed together in the warm room, for a long time, Jack kissing Bruce's back and shoulders just as tenderly as he had been kissed before. But then finally Bruce broke away and turned.

"All right, that's long enough! Let's go down there and let me piss on you out in the open air, OK?" Bruce nodded enthusiastically at his own plan and immediately slid open the glass door and stepped onto the deck. A drying rack stood nearby with some swimming trunks clothes-pinned to it. He pulled off a pair for himself and a pair for Jack, tossing

them to him and then stepping quickly into his own. "We need some camouflage for the walk down to the water's edge, eh?" He grinned. Jack grinned back and stepped into his trunks. His cock tented the front outrageously, but he didn't care. It was dark, he was horny. What the fuck.

--2--

Cory knew the honk was coming. If one thing never changed, it was Bruce. Always with the horn, forever trying to get a laugh. Fucking rich asshole, but at least he was good for free booze or some pot whenever Cory ran out. And he never cared much about closing his windows or locking things. Made it easy to get in and snoop around. Spy.

Not that he needed to do that tonight. He'd seen enough of the Jack and Bruce show on other weekends. It was all sweat and teeth and muscles. A lot of jackhammer stuff, and Cory honestly didn't know how Jack took it. How the hell could he even like it that way? But whatever. Tonight was just not the night for all that. Cory took a nice long drag on his joint, hitched up his pants a bit, and headed out for the beach. He had other shit on his mind.

Tyler was done with him. After nearly a whole year of doing everything right, or at least trying to, Cory's boyfriend had dropped him cold. It had been his first openly gay relationship; since he was so far away at college, he felt like a completely different person, free to be himself at last, and what he'd wanted above all else was to just find a guy and not worry about any of the stupid hometown stuff. No more talking in code on the phone. No more playing it so stone cold straight at school and at the mall and on the weekends. No more idiot girlfriends to drag around and spend money on. He could give and get blowjobs in his own room without worrying about a fucking thing. He could ride as much cock as his ass could take, any time he wanted, any way he wanted, and he didn't have to worry that some chatty bitch would find out and spread it all over town – or worse, that his mom would stumble in and see her boy for what he really was. That could fucking well end the money, at the least.

He sucked again on the fat, sweet joint and suppressed a small shudder. Thing was, Cory didn't really know how his mom might be about it. Hell, her best friend most of the time was Bruce, who didn't worry about anybody knowing his preferences. But, then again, Bruce was this huge muscular rich guy who didn't need anybody's approval. Plus, he could kick ass if somebody gave him trouble about it. At the very least, his money could change a mind or a mouth pretty fast. More than a few cops on the island kept quiet the complaints about Bruce's beach adventures over the years. But that was Bruce. Cory could only sit back and dream about shit like that.

The warm breeze swept across him over and over like an endlessly unfurling bed sheet, fresh from the drier. Waves murmured up and back, in and out, across the shallow tidal sands, a pleasant sort of

conversation that Cory missed deeply when he was away at school. The sound and the smell and the softly moving air, the beach he'd grown up loving was in his blood too deep to deny, and he couldn't help but like coming back home. Even if it was for no other reason than what he was doing just then: sitting on the sand, smoking, settling into himself, just finding a minute or two with no seams whatsoever. Nothing but a sweet moment of unbroken solitude, surrounded but serene, the sand and the waves and the stars keeping him company and keeping everything else away.

So Tyler had a problem. Big fucking deal. Cory shuffled out of his slides and let his toes dig a little in the sand beneath his house, then he set off toward the water and his regular spot. The fine powder was good and cool and helped keep his anger down. It was so hard to be pissed at anything on a night like this. So hard to find enough fault with Tyler to truly miss him that much. What was it worth anyway? Had he really thought his first real adult love would last forever? He was a freshman, after all! Think of how many more years, how many more men there can still be before some next big change. Tyler's just the first, but think of the next! Think of anything else, at least, but Tyler's cock – or Tyler's balls resting on your tongue, or his ass when he danced, or his toes in your mouth, his fingers so deep inside you....

"Fuck!" Cory exhaled, shaking his head a bit and reaching down to adjust his pants again. Damn things slid all crazy now, something he hadn't expected, but he'd remember from now on and wear better-fitting jeans or something. He'd remember because he knew he would do it again. Even though it had crushed his life with Tyler, he had made a choice. Tyler could find someone else now, but Cory had to keep becoming the adult he wanted to be. The free man he deserved to be.

He sat in a weathered wooden beach chair, deepset, seat riding the sand, with a high back and long armrests, his legs relaxed out straight on the cool quartz powder of the shore just thirty feet off the waterline. His ass squirmed and scooted until everything felt just right. He'd been in that same chair hundreds of times in his life, of course, but he took an especially long time to settle into it just then. After all, it was the first time he'd been in it wearing a diaper.

The mere thought of it stirred his cock, and he couldn't help but feel for the dozenth time, at least, the outline of his penis beneath the puffy layers of super-absorbent synthetic. What a fucking miracle all of this was! How had he even thought he was really free – really even alive at all – before realizing this amazing fact about adult life? He could wear a diaper, all day if he wanted, and nobody would notice, nobody would care. Even if somebody did care, nobody ever had to know. The stores sold them to adults just the same as to kids! And medical supply stores sold even better kinds, and they didn't care at all if you came in and bought a whole case at once. Online stores were great, too, or so Cory had been told, but he didn't want to wait for the shipping and he didn't want to pay extra for the fast delivery. So he'd tried Wal-Mart first, and their adult brands had been OK. But then he

hit Tassler's Medical Equipment and Supply, Inc., and their store was enough for him. He'd tried all three of their major brands now and had finally settled on the diaper maker and style he liked the best. All that had been left were two things: wearing them 24/7 and letting Tyler know.

It was the letting Tyler know part that he'd tried first, after his weeks and weeks of covert experimentations were through, after he knew for certain how important this new part of his life was going to be. He was ready to go toward wearing them full-time, but since he had a full-time lover it would be impossible, and stupid, to try to hide this crazy thing he now loved. Tyler sat across from him for nearly an hour as Cory had tried to explain. Tyler had been there, after all, when it had all started. He'd gone with Tyler to that all-gay fetish party on Halloween in the fall. Tyler had already gotten quite drunk before they arrived (he was dressed as Captain Morgan), and he more or less dozed the night away in a wicker patio rocking chair while Cory in his "207-boned Skeleton" costume had been free to roam, if not to romance.

A dozen or so of the guys had been wearing diapers; Cory, having never thought about such a thing before, was thunderstruck. He'd spent most of the night hanging out with the diapered guys (who'd all sort of stuck together, their respective "daddies" bringing them drinks or whatever throughout the night), and he even got to watch several of them piss or shit their diapers. He felt the warmth from the outside as it spread and filled the fibers. He massaged the hot, heavy bulge as it sagged down between a guy's thighs. He even got to see a couple of them get changed – wiped, powdered, the whole works. It tripped him out harder than any drug had ever done. His entire perception of adulthood, of queerness, of freedom, all of it changed. The diapered guys talked about how they lived their lives in diapers. He learned what it took to keep things discrete, to make it a real life's choice and not just some occasional horny thing. He even learned brands of diapers to look for, how and where to buy, what some web sites there were that could help him learn more. And of course he got their names and numbers, and he heard about their local chapter of the GAB/DL Club. He made it to their next party, the very next week, matter of fact.

It had been his first moment of broken trust with Tyler. He'd told him he had to study, that he was hitting the library for an all-nighter. What happened all night, instead, was that Cory had gotten drunk, put on his first ever adult diapers, and let nature happen. A half-dozen Kendall Wings later, there was no doubt. He'd changed himself the first couple times, of course, being shy; but the last several changes he had whomever was near take care of him, and it only added to the thrill and the euphoric rush of freedom that once again turned his perceptions inside out. Not a hand touched his cock but to clean it. Not a finger neared his asshole but to wipe it and powder it and keep it nice. It was not cheating.

But that didn't matter to Tyler, of course. Who knew that even gays could be uptight, close-minded prudes? Cory shook his head softly, breathing more smoke into the night. Whatever. He was gone. It would've happened sooner or later, anyway. Cory knew that about himself now. He was always going to be different, and shame - at least so far - wasn't a part of that experience. What he liked was what he liked. He craved what he craved. How could he help it? He didn't go looking for his lusts, after all. They were already a part of him, and they felt as natural as his arms, his legs, his beating heart.

As normal and as inevitable, in fact, as the urge to shit; Cory shifted his ass slightly as the sweet sensation of fullness rattled up from his colon. Then, with one long, gentle push, he let the first fat turd pass through his pulsating sphincter and come to rest, firm and warm, inside the snuggling safety of his diaper. The kid took a deep drag on his joint, closed his eyes, and pushed again... and again... until every turd was squeezed out of his ass and squashed thickly inside his faithful Abena's, with not a single seep into his jeans to worry about.

Sighing, truly happy for the first time in weeks, Cory gazed up at the high, clear vault of stars and gently traced the outline of his cock as it steadily hardened beneath the diaper.

--3--

The Gulf of Mexico was warm this time of year, even at night, so it felt a lot like bathwater and less like ocean. Jack was sure it would stimulate Bruce's bladder tremendously once the two of them got down to the water's edge. Soon they were ankle-deep, still holding hands and enjoying the rhythmic, muted scrape and slide of the night-time Gulf's calm wavelets, the sound surrounding them there at the wet ocean shore and creating a sense of absolute unity, privacy, solitude... as if the two of them were alone on the earth, enfolded, protected. Jack sighed and squeezed Bruce's hand.

"Sentimental fucker," Bruce chuckled. "You're not going to start quoting Thoreau again, are you?" He was enjoying the moment, too, smiling serenely, gazing out across the dark waters at a distant buoy, its signal light blinking in and out of sight with the rise and fall of the far-off waves.

Jack shook his head. "No, this time I was thinking more of Rembrandt." He could make out Bruce's profile in the midnight gleam off the water. Bruce was rolling his eyes.

"Choose only one master," Jack grinned, "Nature."

Bruce snorted with derision, then spit the ensuing loogie far out into the shallows. He squeezed Jack's hand, though, and looked him dead in the eyes. "Who the hell gave you permission to choose?" he sneered, all fuck-devil Top. His hand let go of Jack's and went instead to the crown of Jack's head and pushed. "Get on your knees, Jackie," and Jack quickly did, mouth open and ready. Bruce's other hand was

tugging his swim trunks down, freeing his thick, piss-ready cock.

"All right, baby..." Bruce grunted, as much to Jack as to his own penis, encouraging them both; then he sighed as the urine finally came, a heavy, smelly, salty torrent that blasted Jack squarely between his eyes. Bruce growled and played his piss-spray all over Jack's face, the eager mouth of his lover straining back and forth to catch it. Jack couldn't help himself, he mewled like a lovestruck tomcat caught behind a fence. He wanted that warm, strong drink; he craved to taste it, to swallow it, to bathe in it. Finally, unable to stand being teased any longer, Jack rose up and put his mouth around Bruce's cockhead, chugging as much piss as he could, his cheeks distended, his mouth leaking urine all around.

"Goddamn, I love how you want that so bad," murmured Bruce, and he grasped Jack's ears as the last few spurts went down his lover's throat. "You are such a nasty, nasty bitch, Jackie..." Bruce moved his hips, fucking Jack's captive mouth as his cock began to stiffen. Soon he was fully hard and happily ramming himself down Jack's throat. It was usually a fifty-fifty deal with Jack, as far as face-fucking went. Sometimes he could handle it, sometimes not. And just then it was not.

Jack convulsed, shoved himself away from Bruce's crotch, but not quickly enough. Before the tip of Bruce's cock even cleared Jack's lips, he puked. A giant froth of piss, beer, and seafood exploded from Jack's mouth, splattering Bruce from waist-to-toes and back-splashing all over Jack's own face, neck, and chest. Whimpering, beyond all control, Jack bent double and vomited again; then again. The sand was thick with the chunky, rancid remnants of Jack's appetite. His mouth was dripping as he shuddered, bent over on his hands and knees, light-headed from convulsing, his throat raw and sore.

"Aw, fuck it all!" Bruce flicked a small piece of Jack's puke off his abdomen. Then he stroked his still-hard cock, cleaning off a large blob of vomit in the process. He examined his messy fingers, then flicked wet little bits at Jack's sagging head. "You had too much to drink tonight, baby." Bruce, barely considerate - but trying - managed to keep his chuckling mostly suppressed. He did ask with complete sincerity, "Are you going to be all right?" And then he went back to stroking his engorged penis, expecting only one answer from his lover.

Jack nodded, still gasping for breath, and came back up to the large, slick cock. It smelled like rotted cheese, fermented orange juice, dead fish. Jack choked down another convulsion, closed his eyes, and drove his mouth onto Bruce's throbbing dick. He couldn't breathe anymore, though, since vomit had backed up into his sinuses, too, packing in the mucous and sending a sticky mess out his nostrils as he tried to catch his breath. He had to pull off, once again, and went back down on all-fours.

"Sorry! Jesus, I'm sorry!" coughed Jack, waving a hand weakly a few inches above the sand. "Just gimme a minute, Bruce, just hold on..." and Jack spasmed again as a new fit of coughing nearly had him

retching once more. Bruce smoothed the back of Jack's hair with his large, strong hand, bending down to him tenderly.

"Hey, c'mon Jackie, let's just walk it off for a little bit. I don't mind." He grabbed Jack beneath the arms and lifted him to his feet, keeping a steadying arm around his lover's waist. "You need some air, that's all." He kissed the top of Jack head, and Jack, despite his puke-induced delirium, got yet another strong jolt, deep in his heart, a pounding in his chest that marched him even farther down the road of love than he'd already gone. Bruce was his true mate - his one, deep, lasting love. Not Angela. Never Angela. He thought she felt the same about him, in fact, so it didn't really worry him. Theirs had never been a marriage for love. It was something else. For show, perhaps. For fun, maybe. They were steadfast friends, after all. Never fought, laughed a lot, threw great parties. But nothing electric, nothing primal and terrifying and absolute - nothing like the way Bruce made him feel.

"Thanks, Bruce," Jack muttered, leaning into the larger man's strong side, throwing both his arms around Bruce's still-naked waist. "I'll be OK in a little bit, I promise." Jack's head spun from alcohol and sickness and lust, and he felt nothing but Bruce's warm, sticky body against his. There was the constant reminder, too, that Bruce's cock was still out and ready; its semi-hard length slapped rhythmically against his thighs as they walked, a sound that finally stirred Jack's own dick, once again. He turned his head, kissed Bruce's sweaty neck, and whispered, "You don't happen to need to piss again, do you? I'd like to wash this nasty taste out of my mouth...."

Bruce, who'd been looking inland, laughed softly and steered them both to a stop. "As a matter of fact, I do." He grinned down at Jack with a wicked hunger, "And I think I'd like to do it with a little audience this time!" Bruce jerked his head inland, toward a dark row of stilt-houses, and Jack strained to see something that looked like people. There was a whole lot of varying darks against dark, shadows upon shadows, moonlight not doing much, starlight even less. But then he saw it: the cigarette. Someone was about halfway between them and the houses, smoking. He continued to stare, and finally he could make out the lean, slouchy outline of a young man, casually puffing away and staring straight up in the air, lost in his own private world.

--4--

Cory was halfway through his second joint when he finally gave up on teasing himself. His long hand slid underneath the front of his diaper, down over the length of his cock, and onto his balls, where the first thick clumps of shit could be felt. Listening to the exquisite squishing of his fingers as he flexed them against one another and against his sack, the turds gone to paste and squirting wherever the pressure sent them, Cory closed his eyes and moaned. He put the tip of his middle finger just inside his asshole, which was still rather loose and easy from the large turds it had just expelled. Fucking just the tip of his finger in and out, Cory's sphincter began to quiver, and his cock

jumped repeatedly, straining against the bonds of diaper that held it.

He soon pulled his hand back up to his cock, groaning, relishing the sensation of his own slippery shit as he stroked it up and down his gland, the stink wafting up to his face in wave after wave, the filth of it all filling him with more lust than he knew he could take. It would only be maybe another half a minute, then he'd come. Cory leaned back, stroking with one soiled hand, smoking with his joint in the clean one, his eyes squeezed tight and his nose and nerves working overtime.

He had no clue that Bruce and Jack were walking up from the water. Cory hadn't noticed them at all. Bruce waited to speak until he was sure Cory wouldn't accidentally drop his joint and burn himself, but he almost did anyway, he was so startled. "Mind if we join you?" Bruce calmly asked. Cory yelped involuntarily, just like a scolded puppy, and immediately held his hand still inside the stinking disaster of his diaper. His cock throbbed in his grip, nearly ready to burst, but Cory clamped off the urge with a mighty pincering of forefinger and thumb. "Oh fuck!" he gasped. "Oh my fucking GOD!"

Bruce, of course, laughed. Jack, holding onto his lover like he was the last buoy in some threatening sea, just seemed to smile a little in the darkness, but he said nothing. Cory could see Bruce's cock swinging between his legs, in silhouette against the barely-lighter sand. As usual, the sight of it made Cory catch his breath. "W-what, I mean - aw... Jesus Fuck! Aw, man!" Cory was a stammering, embarrassed little kid; it was a nightmare. He'd been caught masturbating in his own shit, in a diaper no less, by the only man in the entire world that he actually could say he loved. He'd wanted Bruce as his father and as his lover for as long as he could remember, and now Cory'd be nothing but a sad, sick little kid, and Bruce would never have anything to do with him again.

"Relax, kid," Bruce quickly said, hearing Cory's strangled sobs of embarrassment and frustration. "I'm fucking naked on the beach in front of you, OK? I'm covered in this sick faggot's puke, and I'm about to piss down his throat for a second time tonight. I think that makes us all equals here, right?" Jack laughed quietly and turned to chew on Bruce's closest nipple. Cory caught his breath and simply stared back at the two horny men, his shitty hand still around his aching cock, his heart still smashed to atoms and scattered with the wind. He couldn't think - or do - anything.

"Hmm," Bruce pondered, one hand coming up to idly stroke the top of Jack's head as he continued to suck and nibble at his chest. "Well, son, can I at least have a hit of that fine-smelling stuff?" He held out his hand for the joint, and Cory automatically passed it up to him. Bruce drew on it, long and deep, then passed it to Jack, who did the same. They shared it around three more times before Bruce flicked the last pinch off into the night, its tiny flame arcing away like some hopeless signal flare swallowed by the vastness of the night. Cory watched its progress through the void until it disappeared, and then he swallowed hard, bolstered by the pot, and dared to voice a thought.

"You got any idea what I've really been doing here?" he asked the two older men, "I mean, besides smoking? Besides just jacking off?" His heart roared its every beat, hot and loud up through his chest and throat and into his ears, so that he could barely hear anything else. He was going to tell them. He might as well. They were going to figure it out soon, anyway, if their noses worked properly.

But Jack already knew. "You shit yourself, obviously," he said calmly, "and you've been playing in it. And in a diaper, no less." Cory heard Jack click his tongue emphatically, while Bruce was straining to see what Jack apparently already could. "I was wondering what was so odd about your crotch when you were in the backseat earlier.."

"Oh, you little cheating bitch! Looking at some other guy's junk!" Bruce declared, mock-outraged. But Jack went on.

"...since it looked like the thickest underwear I'd ever seen. I should have put two-and-two together and just brought you straight home with us." Jack broke off then and chuckled. Bruce grunted, nodding his agreement. Cory sat silently, still mostly stunned, but no longer as scared. What the hell were they trying to say? He was nothing but the weird skater kid down the beach, right? The one who spied on them and stole lighters and loose cash from the glove compartments of their cars and who was gone off to college and good riddance and all that, right?

Bruce had the answer, in the form of a command. "Pull that hand out of your pants, kid. I want to see what it is I'm smelling."

Cory, shocked and reeling, could do nothing but obey. He pulled out his hand, smearing shit halfway up his stomach in the process, and held it up for the two of them to see. In the dimness of the night there were but darker splotches and irregular lumps and bumps upon his palm and fingers, but it was proof enough. The smell hit all three at the same time, the ocean breeze merely a faint swirl at that moment, enshrouding them in a heady cloud of stench that dizzied them for several moments. They were all still, all inhaling steadily, all staring at that filthy, anxious hand.

Then, without warning, Bruce pushed Jack forward; the smaller man fell to his knees beside Cory, grasped his wrist in both hands, and stuck all four shit-covered fingers into his mouth. The kid snapped his head around to stare at Jack's mouth as it moved up and down on his filthy digits, his head reeling, nothing but a roar of blood and confusion. All he could do was to stare and to feel.

Bruce was talking then, directing Jack with a coolness and certainty that hit Cory like a splash of frigid water. Whatever Bruce said, he realized, Jack would do. Bruce had complete control and not one smidge of doubt about anything. Likewise, Jack was relaxed and happy to be active, like a dog put to work for a good master, sure of his reward, eager to please. Cory admired and envied them both; he couldn't decide -- even later on, when he'd masturbate again and again to the memory of that night -- which way he'd like best, the top

or the bottom. What he did know, for sure, was that the middle was a truly wonderful place to be. That was where Bruce put him. That was how Bruce skewered him.

"Jackie, baby, pull him out of those jeans... let's see that diaper on his scrawny little ass." Jack immediately let go of Cory's shit-and-slobber-sloppy hand to grasp at the kid's jeans, tugging gently while Cory obligingly raised his ass a little and reached down to hold onto the heavy, reeking Abena, to keep it from sliding off as well. The slight coolness of the breeze on his naked thighs stood his hairs on end, and his cock hardened more than ever.

Bruce towered over them both, leering down at Cory's exposed infantile state while Jack lovingly ran a hand over the bulky surface of the saturated synthetic. Close up now, Cory could make out the remnants of food or slobber or something around the edges of Jack's mouth and on his chin. There were flecks of the same stuff on his chest and arms, too. Dried and indistinguishable, but evidence of something rancid, nonetheless. Intermingled with the powerful odor of his own turds, Cory now caught a whiff something sharper, more spoiled, the closer Jack's face got to his own.

Cory threw his head back, nearly gagging. "Oh, God!" he moaned, kicking his legs reflexively, swallowing hard, trying to breathe. The two older men laughed.

"Settle down, kid," chided Bruce, "or else you won't enjoy it." Then Cory felt hands moving his own away from the diaper. Hands were ripping open the Velcro, pulling down the front to expose his rigid cock, slimed in shit, glistening in the dim midnight, bouncing up and down rapidly as Cory panted for breath. He forgot all about puking.

Jack's mouth hungrily sank onto Cory's filthy dick, sucking and licking and scraping at his length with more expertise than the kid could've ever imagined. It was the blow job of the gods, the best he'd ever have, the one he could never, ever forget. Over and over, Jack's face lowered until his nose was buried deep in Cory's shit-clogged pubic hair, the entire length of his long penis sliding perfectly down Jack's well-used throat.

Cory's shock overcame his primal need, and he couldn't come right away -- a surprise to all three of them, but not a problem. As Jack realized that Cory was going to last, he began to run his hands over the kid's filthy ass and over the insides of the diaper he still sat on, which contained a seamless coating of thick, brown shit-sludge. The man's hands methodically came up, over and again, to rub on Cory's exposed stomach and thighs; up and down and around went the shit-slicked hands, pasting the kid with his own stinking crap. Cory's cock strained more than ever as he tilted his head to watch himself get painted with shit. The stench was so strong, he could even seem to taste it now, the sickness that roiled his stomach just a few moments earlier now simply felt like butterflies, like the nervous, childish anxiety of a first date. A first fuck. A first shit bath.

Bruce abruptly pulled off Cory's shirt, and soon the kid was covered in shit up to his neck. Jack pulled off his cock then, and, with a sly nod from Bruce, he brought up both hands and slid them all around over Cory's throat, and then his face. Three, four, five times Jack's hands went back down to scrape up more shit, spackling his cheeks and forehead with blob after blob of Cory's own nasty, reeking waste.

Cory's eyes -- squeezed shut throughout Jack's work on his face -- finally flew open as he felt the man's fingers spread shit over his lips; then Jack sloughed some off a few fingers into each nostril, and he sat back, glancing up at Bruce. The large, powerfully-built man had been slowly stroking his hardness, standing just behind Jack as he'd knelt there on the sand. Cory could see vast evidence of puke-stuff all over Bruce's thighs, but he thought nothing of it now. That wasn't strange at all!

"You ever tasted it, kid?" Bruce asked, nodding at Jack, who held up one thickly-coated shitty finger in front of Cory's face. Cory didn't do anything but stare. He'd tasted his own shit a lot in the past several months, but only a little lick or suck here and there. Only to clean a tiny smear of it off his finger or off a dildo he'd ridden really well. Only a few times off Tyler's cock, his lover going to pains to pretend he didn't know that his dick was slimed in shit and being cleaned by his supposed one true love. It all flashed through Corey's mind in an instant, along with the thought that, no matter what he answered, he was going to get a substantial taste of his own shit right then and there.

So he simply opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue a little, moaned with a lust he couldn't possibly contain.

With a catch in his breath, Jack wiped the first finger-full of crap across Cory's tongue, then both men paused, still as stone, to watch the kid close his mouth and slowly swallow. Cory managed to swill enough saliva in with it to get it down somewhat easily, and he proudly opened his mouth and stuck his tongue back out, not even close to choking. Jack gave him another finger covered thickly in shit, then another, then another. Cory put his filthy hand back on his cock and steadily stroked it as Jack fed him the smashed-up turds.

Eventually, Bruce said, "Let's do it now, gentlemen," and Jack stood up and backed away from Corey in order to pull off his own swim trunks. Bruce took Jack by the shoulder and gently pushed him down toward Corey. "You lay on your back where Corey is, Jackie, and raise your legs and ass like a good little bitch." Corey scrambled to get up without getting sand stuck all over his shit-covered parts. The world spun as he stood, trembling, beside Bruce, trying to focus in the dim light on Jack's sand-crusting feet rising toward him, his hands pulling apart his ass-cheeks to hold open his loose, moist hole.

Then Bruce's rough, hard paw was pushing on Corey's shoulder. "Now, kid, you get down there and fuck my bitch. Go on. Put your shitty self right on top of him and let him have it. He won't mind getting just as dirty as you, so don't worry about all that. Just fuck him." Corey let

himself get shoved steadily down, until he was crouched, catcher-style over Jack's haunch.

Bruce was leaning down, his breath hot on Corey's neck. "Now put that long cock of yours in that hot ass, boy," Bruce whispered, "and lean into it." Corey brought his cock head up against Jack's willing sphincter, pushed steadily, and buried himself to the balls inside the older man. Jack let out an "ooof!" of approval, then brought up his hands to clasp at Cory's neck, pulling him down and nearly over-balancing him -- except that Jack's legs were raised so that his calves rested on Cory's shoulders, keeping him from falling completely off.

It took just a moment for Cory to get accustomed to the position. It took only slightly longer to adjust to smelling his shit even more strongly, now that he was squishing it between himself and Jack all along his entire front. He was about a dozen good, deep strokes into rutting when he felt what he should've been expecting all along: Bruce's cock pushing steadily against his asshole.

"Come on, kid," Bruce breathed into his hair, "give me your sweet little hole." The man's teeth were sliding across Cory's shoulder, his tongue was licking at his earlobe, he sucked hard on the kid's neck. "I've let you spy on me and jack off for a dozen years now, boy, and I know you've wanted my cock all along.... And now you're off at college, coming back here like a man, fucking yourself in your own shit right here on my beach. You know you're gonna goddamn get it now!" Cory moaned at the truth of Bruce's words, and he slowed his thrusts until he was dead still, jammed fully inside Jack and arching his back, trying to turn his face and kiss the man about to fuck him. Bruce leaned over and gave him his tongue; Cory sucked on it and groaned, willing his anus to relax and give way to the dick already nosing its way in.

"That's it, yeah..." Bruce murmured into Cory's mouth. "Let your pretty little whore ass open up for me, go on... relax and take it... yeah... Feel how thick a man's cock is? Feel how it splits your little-boy ass in two? ...You want it all the way in? ...You do? You little whore.... Well, here it is!"

Cory cried out with pain and fathomless need as Bruce finally thrust his entire length and girth up the kid's rectum. The man's cock was a heavy, thick log inside him; bigger than the biggest turd he'd ever had; it filled his ass completely, impossibly, and rattled every nerve in the kid's body. All he could do was hold onto Jack as the man below him panted beneath their combined weight. Cory's prostate was absolutely crushed, and as soon as Bruce began to pump his cock in and out, the kid's dick let loose a torrent of semen inside Jack's ass, filling the older man with his hot juice again and again.

It was a seemingly endless agony of pleasures, for even after all his semen was pumped out of Cory's cock, Bruce's thrusts were nevertheless continuing to prime and launch the kid's prostate into action. It was the most torturous bliss Cory could've ever imagined. Certainly nothing in high school or college -- and definitely nothing with Tyler -- had ever been half as intense as this. In the end, he

simply buried his shit-covered face in Jack's sweaty chest and sobbed, weeping, pitiful, while Bruce stroked his way to completion.

And Jack, jism trickling out around the still-hard cock lodged deeply in his ass, groaned lustfully and watched Bruce tower over them, his face savage, triumphant. His lover's brutal thrusts echoed through Cory into his own ass, and his own gland was soon overpowered and pumped rope after rope of semen over his shit-streaked chest and face.

Finally, when Bruce was done, in a growling, bruising mash of orgasm that left Cory crushed down hard against Jack, there was but one thing left for them to do. As the kid continued to whimper and cling reflexively to his lover below, Jack clasped his ankles around the kid's neck to hold him steady; then he winked up through the darkness at Bruce, hugely looming above, his entire form shrouded in the shadows of the night.

His cock was obviously, and entirely, still held out and ready, even if it was not quite so hard as before.

As the first jets of piss thundered down across Cory's ass and balls, the kid stiffened and gasped in shock. But Jack held him there strongly, ready for the struggle, so Cory quickly relented and closed his eyes. Soon, as the torrent of hot urine reached his matted hair, soaking him utterly, the piss running down around his face to mingle in the still-moist shit upon his cheeks and lips, dripping into the open mouth of the ecstatic man below him... Cory realized he was lost. Finally, fully gone.

Happily, crazily, laughing in great sobbing bursts, the kid leaned down and kissed the pissy, shitty mouth that waited below him. Surprised, Jack hungrily kissed his new rival right back, deciding to worry about love later and lust now. Soon Cory was thrusting in him again, and soon after that Bruce was back to it inside Cory. It was, after all, a beautiful, perfect Florida night; and under the warm blanket of darkness they could risk a few moments of raw truth with one another, and share their needs. They'd chalk up the consequences later.

But first they'd careful clean up the mess. Or, at least in Bruce's case, he'd clean up the mess and pay off the witnesses. Because sound carries a long way across a beach in the soft summer night. And a sweaty knot of grown men smeared with puke, piss, and shit does, truly, stink out loud.

by bluepervina - © 2005, 2011

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