

WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.

1 to 6-Duke's Sex Slave: Verbum Sap!

by Arthur Kay

1-Duke's Sex Slave: Duke Daze!

When I had my very first orgasm, as a young boy, I couldn't believe how fantastic it felt. I had masturbated while looking at a deck of French playing cards. Naked women were shown performing all kinds of sex acts on men who were wearing only the proverbial pair of black socks. The pictures were in black and white and very grainy, but they filled the bill.

I was very turned on by the ones where the woman was taking the man's cock into her mouth. And, the amazing thing is, I didn't know why. All I knew was for some unknown and strange reason, the sight of it made my cock and balls stir into full battle mode. Which was certainly good enough for masturbation.

I masturbated quite a lot back then. Three times a day was usual for me, but many days I would spank the monkey five or six times. My record for one day was eleven times! Yeah, my dick was sore, but very happy!

I just couldn't get enough of that fantastic, wonderful cum-shooting feeling.

At one point, I don't remember exactly when, I was curious about tasting my own sperm. To do this I unloaded my cum into a waxed paper cup, then upended the cup and let it slide down into my open mouth. I then swished it around in my mouth before swallowing it all. Although the taste was strange to me, I altogether didn't hate its effect on my tongue and throat. Like your first Scotch, it could be seen as a bit of an acquired taste.

It reminded me somewhat of salty onions. I also liked the fact that this salty onion taste would stay in the back of my throat for hours and hours and could be tasted everytime I swallowed. From that day forward, even today, I usually swallow my own cum after masturbating. And, if not in the mood to do so, I cum into a small jar and freeze it. Later, when I feel the need to taste some cum, I'll nuke it (15 seconds on high, Ms. Stewart!) to warm it a tad, and swallow it down. Sometimes the jar would have more than one load in it, like three or four. I'd dish it out to my mouth a little at time, extending and savoring the taste.

Well, anyway, one Saturday afternoon, back then, found me

tossing a Spaulding rubber ball against the stoop of a brownstone. My life would be changed forever on that day when Johnny Dukes showed up.

Johnny Dukes, or as everyone in the neighborhood called him, The Duke, at 17, was also the roughest, toughest kid in the neighborhood. He stood about six feet tall and was over two hundred pounds of solid muscle, the product of daily weight lifting.

The Duke was one rough bastard, to be sure. Grown men feared this kid. And he would fight anyone at the drop of an insult, real or imagined. Rumor had it that he had never lost a fight, which I found was, as did most folks, very easy to believe.

It was also rumored that a boy named Robbie had been killed by The Duke because he had somehow displeased him. Robbie, so the rumor went, was then dumped into the local lake. Or, in some versions, buried in the local park. Take your pick.

Years later I found this tale to be absolutely untrue. Robbie's parents had simply moved out of town taking him with them, as good parents most times do.

Seems the rumor was started by none other than The Duke himself, probably to enhance his already fearful reputation. It sure worked! Everyone I knew at the time believed it was true and the story got even more sordid with each telling. It grew from a mere killing to a full-fledged hack-Robby-up-into-little-pieces story. Brrr!

It was also rumored, which I later found out *was* true, that Robbie was The Duke's "boy," his personal sex slave. Which, in a strange way, gave Robbie, a thin, spindly kid, a certain kind of you-better-leave-me-alone aura. Where before Robbie had been teased for being a tad feminine, from the moment he became "Johnny's Boy," or "The Duke's Boy," no one, not even the rougher kids, messed with him.

It was common to hear one tough kid tell another tough kid, "Hey, man, leave him alone! He's The Duke's boy!" Such was the fear all the neighborhood kids had of Johnny "The Duke" Dukes.

It was also common knowledge throughout the neighborhood that Robbie liked sucking dick. All a guy had to do to get blown was get Robbie alone and say the magic words, "On your knees!" Robbie would quickly comply and wait for the guy's cock to be offered.

These same magic words had been, it was also well known and found to be true, used by fifteen guys from a rival high school football team. After one particular game was history, they had taken him into the men's room, put him into one of the stalls and, one after the other, took turns feeding Robbie their cocks and cum.

It was also said, though not proven, that Robbie loved it so much he went to their school looking for a rematch. At least that was the story going around at the time. Or I should say more accurately, stories, which were many and varied. Not only had the rematch taken place, so the story went, but the number of guys had jumped to 20. Or 30. Or 50. Or any number in between. Pick one. In all versions, Robbie was named their

team mascot: Tiger Mouth, the Maneater.

One truly wild version had the guys keeping Robbie in a tool shed behind the school for a week, using his oral services at will. In this scenario, Robbie was said to have worn a dog collar and was chained to a lawn mowing tractor.

Now, if The Duke had found out about these shenanigans and these guys usurping his private stock, so to speak, all hell would have occurred. Because peace remained, I assume Duke stayed ignorant of it all.

"Watcha doin' squirt?" The Duke said from behind me. This startled me so much I jumped. "Nothing, Duke," I said, my fear immediately coming into the picture. "Just playing around, Duke." Man, I was nervous! He looked even tougher up close and personal.

He then demanded a cigarette. I took one out of the pack I had rolled up in my tee shirt's sleeve. Then he demanded I light it for him. Then he demanded I, 'careful now, kid!' place the lit butt into his mouth. I slavishly complied, my hands trembling. No one, but no one, ever denied or refused a direct request from The Duke's. I was sure enough too scared to be the first sucker to test those waters.

We had some lame teenage chitchat and then, at some point, The Duke invited me to go to his cellar clubhouse to lift some weights with him. Now, I sure as shit didn't say, "No Thanks, Dukie, old chum, I've got better things to do! See ya around sometime!"

No sirree, Bob! The Robbie in the lake episode was way too fresh in my active young mind. Shit, if he told me we were off to rob a bank, I would merely have asked, "Which one, Duke?"

Thus, off we went to The Duke's "clubhouse." The Duke and The Dope.

Duke lived with his father, who was disabled from a car crash. Seems Duke and his parents were out for one of those Sunday go-nowhere drives, when the father, mighty drunk at the time, lost control of the wheel and tried to find out just how hard those concrete pilings along the highway really were. Duke got off with a few bumps and bruises. His mother, poor woman, died instantly. His father was paralyzed from the waist down.

Dear old dad now spent everyday in his bed on the topmost floor watching TV and swilling beer. In essence, Duke now ran the household and, in effect, it was his house to do with it what he wished.

The Duke's house, on a corner, was unkempt in appearance and needed more repairs than you could list on one sheet of paper. The lawn, if one could call it that, needed a good mowing and the dandelions ruled the grass.

The Duke led me around to the back of the house where we entered his cellar "clubhouse" by going through a wooden door which lay flat on the ground. He bent down, opened a lock, and, as he lifted the

door up, told me to enter.

I went down six or seven old wooden steps, on very unsure and shaky legs, and found myself in a not-too-bad-looking cellar room. The neatness of the place totally surprised me. It looked as if it had a regular cleaning routine in place. The floor was wall-to-wall carpeted, a pleasant green color, and one wall was fully mirrored. There was a sofa and desk present and I found the sight of the place warm and friendly. Especially the wall covered in pictures of women in various stages of undress. The place sure looked male-friendly, to say the least.

In front of the fully-mirrored wall was a weight lifting setup and alongside the weights was a full-length, roll-around mirror, the type you might find in most men's clothing stores.

The Duke got me a bottle of beer, the first I'd ever had, and we talked, if you could call it that, about things that I no longer remember. I do remember the beer hitting me quickly, as did the second beer he "offered" me.

In no time, I had a real buzz on and my fear of the Duke had greatly subsided. Oh, for sure, it was hovering above my head somewhere, but we were now buddies, old Dukie and me. Two chummy buddies downing a few brewskies together and chatting it up. To old buds who would soon lift weights together. Yeah, right! Was I young and dumb, or what?

"Ok, Scooter, let's get down to some weight lifting." The Duke said this as he stripped off his tee shirt and started removing his cut-off jeans. I'll never forget him then adding, "Get naked, stupid, after all we don't want to get our clothes all sweaty now, do we?" Made perfect sense to me at the time.

Man, how naive could I have been? But it sounded logical to me and I foresaw no other possibility looming other than two guys lifting weights who cared about their clothing. Maybe it was the beer. Or my age. It was probably both.

After he had stripped off his shorts and underwear, I couldn't help but notice that although he didn't have an erection, even in its flaccid state his cock was longer than my usually 7 hard inches. It hung down way down and flopped from side to side as he moved, slapping against his legs. I guess I stared a bit because he said, "Yeah, it's a beauty, ain't it?" He reached down and fondled himself, twirling his cock in a circle and laughing. "You like looking at it?"

I had no idea how to answer that question. A "No!" would have been an insult thrown at him and a definite "Yes!" would have meant something else entirely. I felt myself redden up and quickly averted my eyes from his crotch area. I also felt as if I had been caught doing something I shouldn't have done, but I didn't truly know what that was. The two close friends I had, Richie and Donny, had yet to discuss "fags" and "queers" with me, or each other for that matter.

So, very lamely, I'm sure, I said, "It's . . . it's a beauty, all right,

Duke. I wish I had one just like it. You must drive the girls wild with it!" He just looked at me and grinned which made me more nervous than I can tell you. Then he motioned for me to catch up with him in the getting naked category.

Well, in a short time, there we were, in his clubhouse, both naked as jaybirds, Duke, the killer of Robbie, and little old me, the beer-sodden sheep, ready for the slaughter.

Being totally naked in front of The Duke felt very strange to me, indeed, as did the fact that I had a stirring in my balls area. It confused me and I fought back the urging to have an erection. I also fought the urge to peek at The Duke's cock again, which he was now unashamedly playing with and jerking it, pulling on it.

A super-quick stolen glance in the men's store mirror told me that he was getting an erection, a fact that both scared and fascinated me. His cock looked huge, unhuman-like.

I hadn't even the slightest clue as to what was going to transpire. I had been naked with other guys before in the school gym's shower room so his "getting all sweaty" comment made perfect sense to me. And the next weird thing we did made perfect sense to me, too. Ha ha! Friggin' idiot!

He grabbed my arm and led me into a small bathroom that had a stand-in, stall shower, a commode, and a very tiny porcelain sink. The small room was spotlessly clean, which surprised me.

"Gotta grease up, Scooter!" The Duke said matter-of-factly. "Don't wanna get cramps now, do we?" Cramps! It made perfect sense to me! At least, until he told me to bend over and grab onto the commode's seat with both of my hands.

I followed his order, but it sure seemed odd to me, especially when I heard him opening a jar of something behind me. His comment, "Cute butt!" didn't exactly inspire ease in me, either. But, I was too scared to say or do anything.

I had an inkling all was not kosher when he spread my ass cheeks and applied a greasy substance to my anus, then inserted a lubed finger and rotated it a bit. Then he added a second finger. It felt strange, to be sure, but what did I know about the weight lifting game? Ha ha! Innocent schmuck.

At the same time, it also had a profound sexual effect on me. I didn't know about prostate glands at the time, but I found myself starting to get an erection, in spite of myself. This made me feel ashamed and it embarrassed me no end, but when I glanced under my left arm and saw that The Duke was also erect, it seemed as if it was somehow natural and OK. A thing between us weight lifters that was the usual order of things.

As he sawed his two fingers in and out of my rectum, he asked me, "Feel good?" I mumbled a "Yeah" as I felt his fingers dig in a bit way too deep. However, it was true. It did feel good. Like the relieved feeling you get when crapping. A later friend of mine used to say: "The most

overrated thing in the world is fucking and the most underrated thing is shitting." He had a point there.

Duke said, "I can't hear you, Scooter! Now say it, I love your big fingers in my ass! Say it! Now!"

I said it, "I . . . I love your big fingers in my ass, Duke." He laughed. Not a derisive laugh, but one of those laughs that say "Oh, yeah!"

"I'll bet it does, Scooter!" he said and laughed again. "Just wait, baby, until my big dick is in your poop shoot. It'll feel so good you'll scream for joy!" He paused then added, "Now, rotate your cute little ass on my fingers." I complied, moving my ass in little circles as his fat fingers probed in and out. As I rotated, he said, "Good boy! You're doing just great. We're gonna get along just fine you and me."

Then he said, "Now, add going up and down on my fingers to the little circles." I tried, but it seemed impossible, like crossing your eyes and rolling them at the same time. However, after a few mistakes I succeeded. I would complete half the circle on the trip toward him and the other half on the way back. I didn't know why, but it was starting to feel very nice. My erection was reacting, too. It was harder than ever before.

"Good boy, Scooter!" The Duke said. "You learn fast. I like that in a guy." A compliment, for crissakes, for doing good circles and back and forths while letting him ass fuck me with his fingers. What next? A fucking gold star?

Now, it must be pointed out that The Duke hadn't made any direct threats. So far, everything was implied by mere innuendo. I don't know what would have happened if I told him to stop it, dude, I'm going home. I just had the overall impression that I would have somehow regretted choosing that option. And, if truth be known, I *was* aroused, not to mention very curious.

He continued holding both fingers very still while I circled and rotated on them. Then he bent over me and whispered loudly in my ear, "You know you're The Duke's boy now, don't you?" In fear, I mumbled, "Yes!" which was true and I knew it. He added, "Good. We understand each other. And, you'll see, Scooter, it's gonna be great fun."

Why he kept calling me Scooter, I never found out. I do know that every time he said the name, it sent a shiver through me. I also wondered if he called Robbie by the same name. I figured he had. I could picture Robbie, small and spindly, standing just like I was now, working on The Duke's fingers with his girlish ass. Yeah, I thought, Robbie went down this same path. Strange the way the mind works in times of stress.

Duke then told me to turn around and, as he dried his hands on a towel, he handed me the jar of what I now saw was, as I had guessed from the smell, Vaseline.

"Grease me up, Scooter!" The Duke said. Ha ha ha! I actually stood there like an idiot waiting for him to turn around so I could lube his asshole as he had mine. Moronville, next stop!.

"My cock, you dummy," he growled, "grease my cock!" I reached out, but before I could put any lube on his cock, he said, "Hold on, Scooter, I've gotta piss." He grabbed my arm and led me quickly into the bathroom. Uh oh! I had an idea of what was coming. I didn't think he just wanted me to hold it for him. Oh, no. Funny maybe, but I remembered the French playing cards. Three of the women had been pictured with men's dicks up their asses. I hadn't paid it much attention at the time, but it sure stood out in my mind now.

"Get into the stall and on your knees, Scooter. Quickly!" Now I knew what was going to happen for certain, but what could I do? I knew he was going to piss in my mouth, but I didn't say a word. I didn't karate chop him, either and say, over his prostrate body, "See, Duke? That's what happens when you try to fuck with The Scooter Man!"

Oh, no! I simply got into the stall and dropped to my knees, quietly and obediently awaiting his further instructions. The idea of it happening, his pissing in my mouth, made me queasy and very lightheaded, but these feelings soon gave way to the strong overriding fear I had in me. Oh, well, how bad could it be?

As I knelt before him, he squeezed the base of his cock hard to control the piss flow and said, "Look at me!" I looked up at him. "As I piss I want you to swallow rapidly so you don't get any on the floor. You understand me, Scooter?" I nodded meekly. "Good! Now, open your mouth and put it on my prick! Hurry now!" I complied, with my eyes closed shut, feeling very humiliated.

In a moment I felt his warm, bitter-tasting piss enter my mouth and hit the back of my throat. It came out in a flood and my mouth quickly filled up. I swallowed, gulping audibly. More piss followed and more and more. I swallowed and swallowed and swallowed. It seemed as if he'd piss forever. Beer will do that, I guess. I had tears in my eyes, which were still tightly shut, not from crying, but from the taste of his hot, acrid-like piss.

He stopped pissing and I thought he was done. He wasn't. He was once again squeezing the piss off at his cock's base. He soon let it burst again by releasing his hold. It burst into my mouth forcefully. I swallowed. Again he stopped and again he burst forth. It felt as if I was sucking his cock and he was cumming the world's biggest cum load. A bitter load, at that. Finally, he was done pissing. I swallowed what remained in my mouth and could taste it fully. It was piss, no doubt about that.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and told me to kiss the pee hole and thank his cock for pissing in my mouth. Totally humiliated and degraded, I felt I had to comply.

With my eyes still closed, I sought out his cock and brought it to my lips. He laughed at my blind man's groping. Then he tilted my head up and said, "Open your fucking eyes, Scooter! Otherwise you're insulting me!" I opened my eyes and looked at him, feeling like a four year old who was being reamed out by daddy for being recalcitrant.

"Sorry, Duke." was all I could think of to say. He grinned at me. "That's OK, Scooter," he said gently. "You'll learn. Now, kiss the peehole

and say what I told you to say." I kissed his peehole and said, "Th . . . th . . . thank you for pissing in my mouth."

He then told me to add, with more peehole kisses, "My mouth is yours to piss into any time you want." And, "I love the taste of your piss in my mouth." Would the day come when actually I did? I didn't think so, but I said the words anyway.

The only upside to all this was it seemed to please The Duke immensely, which made my chances of living another day seem more likely. And weirdly, the degradation must have appealed to me somewhat for I realized I had a stiff-on that was truly harder than usual; in spite of taking another guy's piss.

We then went back to me greasing him up, the taste of his piss fresh in my mouth.

Now, it must be said that at this time in my life, I had no interest in other men's dicks, in men in general, and men sure as shit didn't turn me on. In fact, today, men, per se, don't turn me on. Not even mildly. Give me tits and pussy, if you get my drift.

I didn't have, as one could say, a gay bone in my puny little body. But, for some unknown reason, as I applied the "grease" to his cock, I felt a stirring in my own crotch. As I touched, and saw, his member start to erect itself, my own cock twitched. And his cock was truly unreal. I marvelled at it's size. Over eight inches long, very thick, with a long head that was easily over two inches long, from its peehole tip to its highly pronounced ridged flange. The elongated cockhead took up fully one-quarter of his overall length.

His erection, when at full bore, stood more that just straight up; it was seemingly bound to his stomach, and higher than his belly button. It was super-hard with large, rope-like veins along both sides which magnified its thickness. It looked, in a word, menacing.

The cockhead was a lighter skin tone than the shaft and purplish-pink in color. And, if you pushed his cock downward and let it go, it would spring back to his belly as if magnetized. An amazing sight! It really fascinated me. To this day I have never seen a cock quite like it. Truly one of a kind and that ain't no lie.

My greasing done to his liking, The Duke led me over to the weight lifting setup and told me to try and lift the weight on top of the weight rack.

Shit, it weighed over two hundred pounds; so I could hardly budge it. This seemed to satisfy him and he told me to just hold onto the weight's crossbar with both hands. This put me in a bent over position, my ass upended and exposed to the air and to The Duke's gaze.

He then told me, very forcefully, "No matter what happens, Scooter, don't let go of the weight! OK?"

I said "OK," feeling very exposed, totally helpless, scared, and excited at the same time. I knew what was going to happen now and I had resigned myself to just let it happen. The thought of trying to run, fight,

argue, reason with him, or anything else, never even entered my head at this time. If it did, I don't remember it now.

Duke then got behind me and I felt the head of his cock touch and probe my anus, pushing inward. He had one hand spreading my cheeks and the other helping his cock work its way into my ass hole. I could feel the pressure being applied by his cockhead as it sought entrance into me. For some strange reason I no longer felt scared. As long as he didn't kill me, who cares? was my reasoning. As long as I didn't end up in the lake, like poor Robbie, who cares? If he was going to fuck me, let him fuck me. After all, how bad could it be? It hadn't killed Robbie. Or had it?

He entered me a bit, perhaps an inch, and I felt some pain. Not excruciating pain, but pain is pain. I let out an involuntary "Ow." He then told me if I relaxed and just opened up my asshole it wouldn't hurt so much. I tried that, using muscle control, and he plunged in a few inches more. This time it didn't hurt as much, but it sure had a weird effect on me. Bright shooting stars burst in my head, huge goose bumps covered my entire body, and a cold draft ran across my ass cheeks. Amazing how well I remember that cold draft of air! Some things you never forget, I guess.

Duke moved into me a few more inches and told me to look in the wall's mirror. He had rolled the full-length store mirror into a position behind me that allowed me to actually see his cock going in and out of my young ass.

"See, Scooter? You're getting fucked just like a girl!" I had never seen my ass before and seeing it now both amazed and confused me. In contrast to The Duke's muscular legs and hard masculine cock, my ass looked very soft and . . . girlish! There was no other word for it. If I hadn't known better, I'd have thought I was looking at a man fucking a young teenage girl doggy style. I was mesmerized and staring. Duke caught it.

"Yeah, Scooter, you've got one sweet girlie ass on you. Even cuter than Robbie's." Then, as if remembering, he said, "Wasn't that long ago Robbie was looking in this very mirror and also seeing my big prick in his cute little ass-pussy. He loved it, too." I still stared, shocked by the visual before me.

The Duke then said, "Now, sweet cheeks, like Robbie did, tell me you love my big cock in your ass-pussy." He then rammed it in all the way and I lost my breath, grabbed firmly onto the cross bar and gasped for air. He laughed. "Say it!"

I said it, in fear and pain, still gasping. "I . . . I . . . I love your big cock in my ass-pussy, Duke!" And, in truth, I did. It felt fantastic! Strange and wonderful at the same time. It was pain mixed with pleasure.

I actually found myself meeting his forward thrusts with my own backward movements. My whole being was now a combination of bursting stars, giant goose bumps, and strange, wonderful feelings. If, before this, anyone had told me I would love being ass fucked, I would have thought they were crazy. Now, as The Duke fucked me, I could smell his musk, his sweat, and the Vaseline. And all of it turned me on.

And his movements in me no longer hurt, in fact they felt great, and as I watched him fucking me in the mirror, my only fear was that he'd find out I had a hardon. I don't know why I cared about that, but I did. Perhaps I didn't want him to know I was turned on. As if it mattered.

At some point, as he deep-fucked my ass, the unbelievable happened. My cock starting spurting! Shooting cum as if it had a mind of its own. It felt different from my normal orgasms, more intense somehow, and it had taken me completely by surprise. Now, this wasn't just a mere precum burst caused by having my prostate massaged. This was a full fledged orgasm, complete with my balls tightening up.

I rushed a hand to my cock to hide this fact from him, but I was too slow. He had seen me spurting in the store mirror.

He leaned over me and I'll never forget his hot breath on my ear as he said, "I made you shoot, Scooter! That's great! Means you love it and we're gonna get along just fine." He licked my ear and neck and added, "From now on, every day, every fucking day, Scooter, you're going to do me. And later on today, I'm going to show you how I like my cock sucked. Ever suck a guy's cock, Scooter?" I answered, truthfully, "No, Duke, never have." He laughed.

He said he didn't think I had and this fact seemed to delight him. "Well, Scoot," he whispered, his hot breath bathing my ear lobe, "You're not only going to suck the cock that's now up your ass-pussy, but I'm going to show you exactly how I like it sucked. OK?" I mumbled an "OK." I was resigned to my fate. After all, how bad could it be?

In truth, the idea didn't totally turn me off. I had tried, unsuccessfully, to suck my own cock. Many times. The closest I came to doing it was when, lying on the bed with my ass running up the wall and my body doubled over, I managed to get my cock a few inches from my mouth. It was frustrating not being double-jointed enough to get it any closer to my lips, but I managed to jerk off in that very uncomfortable position and squirt my load directly down into my mouth. I liked the cum hitting my outstretched tongue and dripping back to my throat. Man, I sure would have given an arm if I could have sucked myself off completely.

The Duke, dug his fingers into my hips and proceeded to fuck me like a rag doll! Fast, furious, eight inch full-depth strokes. It had me breathless, gasping, lightheaded, and feeling as if I would pass out. I could hear his groin making slapping sounds as he pounded against my buttocks. I could hear myself moaning loudly as he went in and out of me. He had said that I would end up screaming for joy and I didn't make him out a liar. I started to yell.

"Oh, man, oh man! Ooooh, man! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, God, oh, man!" I was in fucking heaven! The pleasure I felt was indescribable. I yelled and I yelled.

Duke was also yelling something, but I couldn't hear him. I was yelling too loudly and my ears were all blocked up. I stole a glance in the wall mirror and the lewd sight amazed me. His cock looked like a piston going in and out of my asshole, in and out. And, it felt fantastic! He'd pull

out to where he had only the tip of his cock in my ass and then plunge to his full length. He'd pull back and do it again. In and out, in and out. The feeling was unbelievably wonderful. I felt absolutely giddy from it all. I glanced in the wall mirror and saw that I looked drugged and glassy-eyed.

My goose bumps felt as if they were the size of golf balls! The stars in my head were bursting all over the place. I was getting the fucking Fourth of July from an ass screwing. I could see, in the mirror, that he was sweating as he worked my asshole. His muscular legs had a glistening effect, a sheen, spread all over them as he pounded my ass silly.

Then his voice finally came to me: "Tell me you love me fucking you, Scooter! Say it!" I screamed, really meaning it, "I love you fucking me! Yes, Duke, I love you fucking me!" He let out a huge laugh as he squeezed my waist harder, pulled me toward him, and continued his assault. He said, "Your ass, Scooter, is nice and tight. It's really pleasing me." I pushed back toward him and he liked me doing so.

"Scooter! I'm gonna stay real still. I want you to fuck my dick by moving back and forth." I complied and it felt strange. As I moved my ass back and forth, feeling his cock go in and out, my senses seemed even more acute. I could feel his full cock more, even the flange of his head. He even seemed longer as I pushed my buttocks back against his belly. I was enjoying the action more now that I could control it somewhat. I also varied my speed, going deliberately, sensuously slow, then speeding up for a bit. It was lovely.

He then ordered me to reach under and play with his balls. And, the bitch is, I loved it, having his hairy balls in my hand. I caressed them, feeling the eggs inside roll about. And I loved all the other feelings, the new sensations, the goose bumps, the shooting stars, everything. If The Duke had said to me, right then and there, "Got a surprise for you, Scooter, ten more guys want to fuck your ass, one after the other!" I swear I would have said, "Only ten, Duke?"

Then, another strange thing occurred. When The Duke shot his load in my ass I could, naturally, feel his penis twitch and pulsate, but beyond that, I could feel his cum shoot in me! It felt like a ball of fire! Hot, hot, hot. I didn't know it at the time, but my body temperature's normal rating is one and a half to two degrees lower than most folks. Thus, my "normal" body temperature is between 96.5 to 97 degrees. This accounted for my being able to feel the difference between his cum and my body temperature. It might have been my imagination, but the ball of fire seemed to be the size of a man's fist.

When some of the Duke's cum dripped out and dribbled down my leg, a stupid fleeting thought crossed my mind about getting pregnant! God, I was feeling too damn girlish for my own good!

When The Duke finished cumming, he stayed in me until he went totally limp, talking about how great it had been and getting me to "admit" how much I had enjoyed it. As he talked I could feel drops of his sweat falling on my backside. What a fucking workout! I was satiated, to say the least. But The Duke had more in store for his Scooter.

He then took me back into the stall shower.

He told me to wash my ass and had me wash the Vaseline off his dick. While we were doing this he talked about cocksucking in general and my mouth in particular. He asked again if I had ever sucked a cock, and I truthfully replied, again, that I hadn't.

"Well, today Scooter, is your lucky day! We're gonna bust *that* cherry! And, you'll see, before we're through, you're gonna love sucking my cock. Right?" "Right, Duke." was all I said.

He then stuck one of his fat thumbs in my face and told me to put my mouth on it and suck it and go up and down on it. I complied, feeling idiotically strange and baby-like. He told me to get his thumb good and wet. "Don't swallow your saliva, Scooter. Just let it flow out." I mumbled an, "Mmm hmm" as I fellated his thumb, my saliva spilling out.

As I sucked he said, "Yeah, you got a really hot mouth, Scooter! Nice and wet, too." Then he had me suck his two middle fingers at once. He told me to move my tongue around as I sucked and also told me to vary the pressure of my lips on his fingers. I followed his directions and found the sucking action to be most pleasurable.

By this time, if you haven't guessed, I was resigned to my fate and, if truth be known, the idea of tasting someone's sperm other than my own, did have its own weird appeal. That I'd have to suck him off to get to the cum taste was a given to me and I didn't care.

Why he didn't tell me, then and there, to suck him off, I don't know. I do know I would have complied willingly, without the slightest protest or argument. My erection was back in full swing and I now actually wanted to suck his big cock. In truth, if he had said he had changed his mind and I couldn't blow him, I would have been greatly disappointed. He had ass-pussy fucked me and I had loved it. I had no doubt I would love sucking him off, too. It seemed as natural as natural can get.

He ordered me to towel off. I did and we then went back into the clubhouse. The Duke plopped down onto the couch, his hairy, muscular legs splayed out wide, his hairy cock and balls on full display. He looked truly lewd as he sat there playing with his dick with one hand and rubbing his balls with the other. I no longer tried to hide my looking at his cock. I didn't care any more. I knew I was going to suck him off. He knew it. I also knew he was going to tell me how to suck it and how to pleasure him. I was ready for whatever orders he chose to lay on me.

He ordered me to kneel down between his legs, which I did. I rested my elbows on his legs in preparation for blowing him. I took the base of his erection in my right hand and started my head down toward his cockhead. He had other ideas. He reached out and put a hand on my shoulders and told me to wait. He said, "Mmm, you're eager, Scooter! That's great, but first things first. I want my balls sucked on. Sucked on real good and gotten real wet. Now, Scoot, I want you to get a mouthful of saliva and put your mouth on my nuts when I tell you to. Got it?"

"Yes, Duke." I said. I mustered up a pool of saliva and waited.

He then ordered me to suck on balls, which were sizeable though not overly huge. They were covered with so much unruly pubic hair it was hard to see them. He told me to take each ball fully into my mouth in turn. I complied, saliva dripping freely, feeling each ball egg with my lips and tongue. Somehow, his balls, combined, reminded me of a walnut, complete with that walnutty center crease.

He then had me lick his cock all over. He told me to cover his cock, from his balls to the plump, bulbous head, with wet lip-kisses. Lip-kisses, he said, were the greatest.

He told me to use both my tongue and my lips so it would be wetter. He said, "Get it wetter and it be better!" A poet, that Duke.

Funny, I do remember, at some point, being eager to put his big cockhead in my mouth and being annoyed at all these seemingly idiotic preliminaries. But I did as I was told. With a hardon that hurt. And, I didn't care if he knew it or not! I was horny as hell and tempted to jerk off during the process, but I felt it might anger him.

I was past the point of no return. I had been ass-fucked, loved it, and was now administering my wet, hot mouth to The Duke's large, super-hard 8" stomach-magnetized penis. I wanted to suck him off and have him dump his cum-load into my mouth so I could swallow it, taste it, feel his individual brand of salty onions in the back of my throat, and sense it back there for hours and hours.

Finally!

"Get more saliva and put your mouth on the head, Scooter!" I did both and was amazed at the length of his cockhead as my lips ran over the very pronounced ridged bump. The ridge stood out a full quarter-inch from the shaft's surface. I could feel my lips alter shape as they bumped over the flanged ridge. And, no denying, it felt good in my mouth. I could feel the split of the cockhead's hard underside as it touched my tongue.

My future ex-wife later called the flanged ridge "a speed bump for the lips!" So true. And, amazingly, sucking a cock requires no previous training! It's as natural to a human being as breathing or eating. No one needs to be trained to suck a lollipop, do they?

Being a great cocksucker, however, does take practice. Duke was about to teach me a trick or two and put me on the road to becoming a great cocksucker. Whether I wanted to or not. I wanted to. Duke reached out and tilted my head up.

"Now, Scooter," he said, looking right at me. "I want you to take my whole cock into your mouth, all of it! Every last inch!" Was he serious? My French playing cards, my sex education to date, didn't show that being done. It didn't seem possible without choking to death.

I made an initial effort, but when his hard, spongy mushroom cockhead hit my gag reflex, I balked, gagging, and almost upchucked all over his crotch. My eyes teared up.

Duke then told me concentrate in order to suppress and control the gag reflex as I went down on him. He told me to go very slowly until he hit the gag reflex so I could concentrate more on controlling it. He told me to breathe through my nose and to just let my saliva flow. Then he inspired me when he said, "Because, Scooter, if you don't do it on your own, I'm just gonna have to hold your head and force it down your throat!" I got the message.

I must be a quick study because on my first attempt I took all eight inches, right down to his balls, into my mouth and down my throat. Without gagging at all.

It felt so very strange. As my lips locked around the base of his dick and I could feel the entire 8" length down my throat, I felt impaled. And, if truth be known, I felt intense sexual excitement. And an accomplishment of a sort.

As the pubic hair on his crotch touched my nose, he whooped, "I'll be fucking damned, Scooter! You did it! Fantastico! It took Robbie a whole fucking month! Now . . . do it again!" I did. He then taught me to vary the show. Work the head with a lip and tongue bath. Take it all. Work the head, deep-throat. Waggle the tongue. Vary the pressure.

"Now, kid, more tongue action. Tighten your lips. Suck it. Lick it. Now, suck it." School was in session! And the pupil was paying close attention. And, fuck it, it felt fantastic! My mouth felt like a tool that I was using not only for his pleasure, but for my own, too.

My lips felt great as they crossed and recrossed the cockhead's speed bump. The hot wetness of my mouth also felt great as his cock got all slathered up from my deep-throat actions. Whenever my lips neared the base of his cock, I could feel him throb and pulsate, both with my lips and with my thumb on the underside of the base.

The Duke told me to stop for a moment. "Get a load of saliva in your mouth and then put your mouth back on it." I did as instructed and when I put my mouth back on his cock my saliva made it all even more sexual somehow.

As I deep-throated his cock I had tears in my eyes. Not from crying, but from my gag reflex suppression exercises. Also, my saliva, which The Duke told me not to swallow, was cascading down his cock and onto his balls making his crotch area sopping wet. This seemed to turn The Duke on even more. "That's beautiful, baby, really great. Nice and wet! Ooooooooooh! You suck real good, Scooter. Now, let me mouth fuck you."

He then stood up, vise-gripped my head in his hands, and told me to put both my hands on his ass cheeks. He then said, "I want you to squeeze my ass as I fuck your mouth. And pull me to you. Got that?" I mumbled an "Mmm Hmm." around his dick and squeezed and pulled both his muscular ass halves toward me in further agreement.

With only my mouth holding onto his cock this way, I could feel it pushing upward against my lips in an attempt to attach itself back to his belly. Its pressure was enormous. I had this weird idea rush through my

mind that I would be lifted off the floor by the damn thing! There I'd be, dangling in mid-air, held there by The Duke's massive erection.

He then started mouth-fucking me in earnest. Slowly at first, very deliberately, then somewhat faster. That he was enjoying himself, I had no doubts. As he plunged to his full depth, straight down my throat, I had a tough time not gagging, but I soon learned to relax my throat to such a degree that I could take all of him in easily.

There we were, him mouth-fucking me, sawing his huge dick in and out of my mouth, and me taking it all and squeezing his ass cheeks. I found myself involuntarily pulling his cheeks in my direction as he fucked my hot, sloppy-wet mouth. I continuously gurgled and my mouth made shlushing noises as my saliva flew out all around his cock. My saliva was now coming out copiously all around his dick and dripping silently onto the carpeted floor. I could smell the musk and sweat coming off of his balls and it spurred me on.

Duke suddenly stopped and said, "Look up at me!" I looked up, his cock half in my mouth, saliva still dripping out all over. He clamped my head for emphasis as he said, "When I shoot I want you to swallow every drop and keep sucking until I tell you to stop. Got that, Scooter?" I nodded. "Good. And, just before I shoot, I'll pull it all out except for the head. This way you will taste it and it won't go directly down to your belly. Got that?" I nodded again. "And, when I'm shooting I want you to swirl your tongue all around the underside of my head. Got that?" Again, I nodded. "Good, here we go."

Then, with a sudden inspiration, The Duke told me to go and fetch the clothing store mirror. I complied. He set it up so he and I could look into it and see me sucking him off. I had to look to the side somewhat, but I saw the entire action very clearly. He did, too.

We went back to his mouth fucking me and a minute or so later he came his load. His sudden yell made me start, "Ooooooooo fucking shit, fucking shit! Ooooooooo!"

The first blast shot forcefully to the back of my throat and I could feel it sliding downward to my belly. I swirled my tongue around his bottom side as directed. His cum was hot and thick and copious even though he had cum not more than thirty minutes ago. It also had the texture of thick yogurt. As some of it dripped out of my mouth, I could smell the musky, detergent-like smell, of his cum load.

As I swallowed his cum, The Duke reminded me to keep sucking, to suck it until he was fully drained and soft. Thus, I sucked his cock until it went totally flaccid in my mouth. Deep-throating it now was very simple, indeed. It felt flabby and wobbly in my mouth. And wonderful. I had given him pleasure and in doing so I had received it.

The Duke's cum tasted stronger, if that's the word, than my own. Saltier, too. And, for sure, there was way more of it. So much more that some of it had oozed out past my lips and I could feel its sticky wetness on my chin.

The Duke pulled his limp cock out of my mouth and plopped back onto the couch. I was still kneeling before him. "Now, Scooter, kiss my cock and tell it you loved sucking on it." I leaned forward and planted a kiss on his flaccid penis. "I loved sucking you," I said to his peehole, feeling a bit stupid, but truthful. "Now, Scooter, I'm gonna give you a treat. I want you to jerk off with my cockhead in your mouth. You are to shoot your wad into your hand and await my orders. Got that, Scoot?" I saw what was coming as I nodded.

Thus, with his limp cockhead in my mouth, my right hand on its base, I jerked my dick with my left hand. It had softened up somewhat, but in no time it was fully erect. As I sucked on him I found myself involuntarily moaning. I was hot and wanted to shoot badly.

The Duke reached out and caressed my neck. "Atta boy! You enjoy yourself. You deserve it after the great blowjob you gave me. Now, after you fill your hand up I want you to lick it all up." His words got to me. I wanked in total abandonment. Then the moment arrived. I took my right hand off his cock and cupped it under my cock. I took my mouth off his prick as I felt the first sensations. In amazement I watched my load hit my palm. It was twice its normal volume! And it felt more intense than usual. I moaned. Duke laughed. When I had emptied my balls completely I raised the cum-laden hand to my face and licked it up. Duke said, "Way to go, Scooter!"

Later, while I got dressed, The Duke informed me that this was going to be a regular, daily thing. Any objections, Scooter? Scooter had none that he could think of. Not if he wanted to see tomorrow. And, fuck it, I was hooked on cock now. And cum. I knew it, and I knew I loved it. And I knew The Duke knew it, too. His constant grins told me as much.

He then told me I was a fantastic cocksucker, better than Robbie, but if I ever sucked another cock without his direct permission, I'd join Robbie. Point taken, Dukie, my new old chum!

"Scooter?" Duke said. "I'll let you in on a little secret. You know your little playmate, Richie?" I nodded not knowing what was coming. "Well, he was here, in front of that mirror, just last week. And just like you I fucked him and he sucked my dick. Liked it, too, he did. In fact, he loved it so much he came back the next day for more! But I didn't enjoy his blowjobs at all. His mouth was too small and his teeth kept raking my cock something fierce." He saw me staring at him. "Didn't know your little Richie loved getting fucked and sucking cock, did you?" I said, "No, I didn't." How could I? Richie? My friend Richie? It was mind blowing! He never let on. Then again, what did I expect Richie to do? Say, "Hey! You'll never guess what I did today! Got fucked by The Duke and sucked his dick. And I loved it, too! What's new with you?" Wow, was I floored.

"Well, Scooter, tell you what. If you and Richie ever decide to suck each other off, it's OK with me. You got my permission. OK?" I nodded. "And, who knows? Maybe I'll have the two of you put on a little show for me, a 69 show. Would you like that, you two sucking each other's cocks off?" I knew enough to say, "Sure." But I had trouble picturing it happening in real life. True, all The Duke had to do was say, "Do it you two!" and

we'd be sucking each other like champs.

And now that The Duke had put the thought in my mind, it kind of turned me on. I remember picturing in my mind having Richie's cock in my mouth. I had seen his cock a few times before. We had joint-masturbated using my French playing cards. His cock, like mine, was about 6" in length, but a little fatter. And, if memory served right, he had come a lot when he shot his wad. Damn! I was becoming cock crazy! Cum crazy, too. I was actually looking forward to the next time I was alone with Richie.

And armed with what I now knew about him, all I had to do was deal the cards! Shit, I was getting hard again just thinking about it. The Duke interrupted my daydreaming by saying, "Now, Scoot, go home! I'll see you tomorrow, same time. OK?" I nodded.

Scooter, the obedient sex slave, went home. On shaky legs, to be sure.

When I got home I found I still wanted to cum some more. So I gave my cock another beating, swallowing and mixing the taste of my cum with the taste of The Duke's cum that I could still feel in the back of my throat. As I masturbated, I thought of how I had been fucked by The Duke and how I had sucked his man-sized, rock hard cock. And, how good it all had felt.

An hour later I jerked off again. And, swallowed again. Then, in the middle of the night, I awoke and beat that poor thing again. And I swallowed more of my cum. In this session I picture sucking Richie off and then being sucked by him.

In the morning I resisted the temptation to do it again as I knew I'd be seeing Duke later in the day. I wanted my cock hot and hungry.

Thus, began the new life of a cum-loving cocksucker. Scooter, The Duke's new boy and absolute sex slave. One of his favorite positions was to have me sit on him, facing him with his cock up my ass, and jerking myself off. He told me to shoot on his chest and then lick it all off. He liked the way I would spasm and pulsate around his cock as I came. Many times, my anal pulsations were what pushed him over the edge. And it felt great to me, too. As I shot my wad, my ass opening and closing around his dick, the heat of his cum drove me wild. What a sensation!

Another thing he kept doing, to show his complete mastery over me, I guess, was pissing in my mouth. Usually this was done after he'd consumed a few beers. At some point it became an every time event as, for some reason, The Duke took to drinking more and more. Though, I swear, he never had more than 3 beers and not once did I see him drunk. And, whether I liked it or not, I not only got used to the taste of his piss, I came to enjoy it.

Why I did I really don't know. I do know it was a terrific turn-on to be ordered to my knees for a mouth pissing. My cock would get hard as steel as I took his, usually, limp cock into my mouth and waited for his warm stream to begin. And I had become so expert at quick swallowing that not a drop was spilled. Also, the humiliation factor had changed somewhat

over time. It was now sexually exciting instead of debasing. He enjoyed it immensely and I enjoyed giving him pleasure. Sick? Who the fuck cares?

I saw The Duke just about every day for five years. Robbie was reborn and had risen from the ashes! I was the Duke's new sex slave boy and all the other kids knew it. And they feared me as they had Robbie. Well, as my grandmother used to say: "Out of every bad thing something good happens." Right on, Gran! I guess.

The Duke also led me into a world of sex that you don't read about in too many books. But that's another story!

End. 1-Duke's Sex Slave: Duke Daze!

2-Duke's Sex Slave: Teddy, Bare!

I had been servicing The Duke sexually every day for about three or four weeks when I, by accident, added another guy to my sex calendar. Teddy N.

My father was the superintendent of the building we lived in so I picked up a few bucks here and there by cleaning people's bathrooms. I charged \$2 a pop. I didn't have too many customers, maybe four at any one time, so it was easy to squeeze them in with my going to New York City to service The Duke's gay guys.

Teddy N. had moved into the building, so, with my cleaning gear in hand, I knocked on his apartment door, introduced myself and told him what I was offering, and the price. He said sure and told me to come right in.

Teddy was about 60 with a slim build, bright white hair and dark horn-rimmed glasses. He looked somewhat like a college professor. In real life, he sold real estate.

The first time was uneventful. After some intro conversation, I cleaned his bathroom. He paid. Told me to come back in two weeks to do it again. I left, \$2 richer. I did catch him staring at me a lot as I worked and his conversation was sort of sexual, but not quite. You know, he'd say jokingly, "My last cleaning person wasn't as cute as you." That sort of thing. But I'd had enough experience with gays to know something was afoot.

The next time was different, to say the least. I showed up ready to work and he said he had to go and mail some letters. He went out the door and I went into the bathroom. It didn't look at all dirty, so I figured I'd have an easy time of it.

Then I noticed a magazine lying on the hamper. The title of the magazine had been ripped off, but there was no mistaking the full-color cover picture. A kid, about my age, was sucking on a man's large-sized

prick. And from the looks of it, he was quite enjoying himself.

Naturally, I picked up the magazine and leafed through it. All the pictures on the inside were in black and white and all showed men and boys going at it. Oral, anal, you name it, they were doing it. When I flipped to a certain page, a penny fell out onto the floor. I picked up the penny and continued flipping pages.

What I saw on those pages gave me one helluva hardon and I was tempted to whack off then and there. But, because I was going to see Duke in a few hours, I didn't.

When I heard Teddy's key turning in the lock, I panicked. I tossed the penny back into the magazine, placed it as I had found it, and got to working. I found out later that he had placed the penny in there to see if I had opened the magazine. Clever.

Teddy came directly into the bathroom with a "How's it going?" and before I could say a word, he said, "Oh, I shouldn't have left that magazine out like that. You're too young to see stuff like that." He leafed through the magazine and, I assume, spotted the penny on the wrong page, and said, "Or are you? Did you enjoy looking at these pictures?" I knew I was busted, so I mumbled "Mmm hmm."

He said, "Did you see this one?" With shaky hands, he spread the pages before me and I could see a kid sucking on a very large prick while caressing the guy's balls with his free hand. What made the picture somewhat exceptional was the kid had the guy's cock in his mouth right down to the pubic hair. He was deep-throating a nine or ten incher.

I played absolutely dumb. "No, I . . . I didn't see that one. I . . . I didn't know someone could do that, take it all like that. Geeze."

Teddy was on a roll now. "Look at this one!" He showed me a kid sitting on a guy's lap, the guy's cock buried up his ass, while the kid sucked off another guy. The kid was also being sucked off by a third guy. It was lewd to say the least.

"And this one!" A different kid was sucking two cocks at once. Cum was all over his lips and face and he was smiling right at the camera. "Geeze!" was all I could say. I had a hardon that actually hurt, especially around the cockhead area.

Teddy then opened the magazine to the middle spread. It showed, life-size, three men's cocks and the kid's. Alongside each cock was a ruler! The men ranged from slightly larger than 7" to 9-1/2." The kid topped out at slightly over 5."

Teddy said, "I'll bet you \$2 your cock doesn't get as long as this kid's five incher. Do we have a bet?" Because I topped 6-1/2," I said OK. Teddy reached out and pulled my shorts and underwear down to my ankles so fast I didn't have time to think. He then stripped off my polo shirt and there I was, naked and hard, before him. He told me to step out of the

clothes on the floor and I complied.

He knelt down in front of me and started stroking my balls. "Whoa, I think you're gonna win this bet!" Then, before you could say, "Blow me down," he had his mouth on my cock. His mouth was super hot and extremely wet. It felt fantastic and I knew it wouldn't take long for me to pop. But he stopped almost immediately and stood up. He pressed both hands to my shoulders and gently pushed me down to my knees.

"Your turn!" was all he said as he unzipped his fly. He undid his belt and pushed his pants and underwear down and stepped out of them. His cock was big! Like the men in the picture, he had to have had at least 8" of very wide dick. It looked absolutely menacing, with a large, spongy, bulbous head that had a very pronounced ridge.

"Put your mouth on it!" he commanded. I grasped the base of his shaft and leaned forward until my lips touched just the tip. It was sticky from his excitement. As I brushed my lips from side to side over the gooey tip, he said, "Open your mouth and put it on my cock! Now!"

I complied, feeling the swollen head enter my mouth, my tongue touching the bumpy underside. When my lips passed over the flanged ridge I could feel my cock getting harder. Teddy moaned above me.

"Oooh, yes, that feels great! Now . . . take more of it!" I took a few more inches until the cockhead was just touching the back of my throat. I paused there before coming back up a few inches and then repeating the whole process. I wanted to tease him a bit before deep-throating him. Besides, I didn't want him to know I could do that trick. So, I pretended to gag on one of the downward pushes. Then I played a game.

I looked up at him. "Do you really want me to try to take the whole thing?" I asked, coyly, and putting the most innocent look I could muster up on my face. "Yes!" he said. "Do it slowly and relax your gag reflex and you'll see, you'll soon have my whole cock in your mouth." What fun!

"OK," I said. "But you're awfully big. I don't know if I can or not, but I'll try." My playing innocent and coy was having a profound effect on Teddy. His legs were shaking and his breathing was raspy.

I proceeded to suck him deeper and deeper. At around 6" I again pretended to gag. "Go slow!" he ordered. I drew in a breath and went down on him again. This time I didn't stop until I felt his pubic hair tickle my nose. "Yeah! You got it! Now, do it again!" I did. "Do it again!" I did. Then I alternated with deep-throats and working the cockhead really good. Teddy was a goner.

"Oh, shit, I can't hold back any more! Here it comes! You ready for it?" I mumbled, "Mmm Hmm" around his shaft. He had me firmly by the head now and was mouth fucking me slowly, deliberately, as if trying to make the losing fight last longer. Finally, I felt his cockhead expand in size as he let loose his first burst. Most men's cockheads don't expand when they come, so when I run into one that does, it's a real pleasure to my lips,

tongue, and mouth.

Teddy burst a bucket. As he spurt his cum into my mouth, his cock throbbed, twitched, and pulsed like a garden hose lying on the grass. What a load! Spurt after spurt filled my mouth. I swallowed and he filled me again. I swallowed and he did it a third time! As I swallowed this last time, I heard him say, "For your first time blowjob you were terrific. Absolutely fantastic! Now, I'm going to return the favor."

Teddy helped me up and led me into the bedroom. He propped up some pillows and told me to lie on the bed and just relax and let him do all the work. I just lay there with my cock pointing straight up at the ceiling. I wanted to fondle my balls but I resisted the temptation.

He took a tube of something out of the drawer of an end table and squirted some on his fingers. He then got between my legs and started sucking me off. He sucked on my balls until they were sopping wet and then he licked my entire cock all around, getting it soaking wet, too. Then, he took my cock into his mouth.

As he slowly sucked me off, he worked his fingers into my asshole. "This'll make it feel even better when you squirt." he assured me as he probed and plied my anus.

As he sucked me off and deep throat me he had two fingers up my ass, moving in and out. My cock was so ready I couldn't contain myself. He hadn't sucked me but a few minutes when I felt that overwhelming urge.

I tried my best to forestall it, but I knew it was useless. I tightened up and then, when I couldn't hold out any longer, I let it have its way. Man, did I shoot! It seemed to pour out of me. Teddy gasped at the first blast. "Mmmm." was all he said. As I unloaded we both started moaning. Me going "Ooh!" and Teddy going "Mmmm!" repeatedly.

Teddy said, "That was some load, young fella!" Then he added, "This has me excited and ready to go again. Only this time, a little different." With that said, he spread my legs and placed them on his shoulders. I felt him positioning his cockhead against my anus, seeking entry. I relaxed completely and waited.

"This will only hurt for the first few seconds. After that it will feel really good." As if I didn't know! What fun. I even faked an "Ow!" as he entered a bit. All he said in deference to my small yowl of pain was, "Relax. It's going in! There, it's in now." He was right. I felt his cock fully in me.

I signaled that I wanted to remove my legs from his shoulders so he pushed them to the sides. Completely on top of me now, I stopped playing games. I wrapped my legs around his waist and ran my fingers up and down his back. I said, "It doesn't hurt any more. Feels good, too." He said, "Told ya so."

He then proceeded to fuck me, slowly at first, then wildly, as if I was a rag doll. We fucked for over half an hour, as it seemed that Teddy was having trouble getting a second orgasm so soon after the last one.

It didn't matter to me. I just hung on to him and enjoyed it all. Even the squeaking of the bed seemed to be erotic. As he pounded my ass into the mattress I felt that familiar stirring in my balls. I knew I was going to squirt a load.

As we neared the home stretch, so to speak, Teddy picked up the pace. Sweat poured off of him onto me as he worked my ass. The bed bounced and squeaked. Then I shot my load. All over both our bellies. This triggered Teddy and he let out a yell, "Oh, fuck, here I come! Take me, baby, take me! Ohhhhh, shit, oh God!"

I felt the heat of his ejaculate splashing my inner ass as he collapsed on top of me. His sweaty cheek pressed against my neck and I could hear his heavy breathing. He groped with his head to find my lips and, when he did, I felt his sweaty lips kissing mine. We played tongue tag for a bit and then he said, quite breathlessly, "You are going to clean my bathroom once a week from here on! Ha ha! Any more than that would kill me!"

I laughed and said, "Roto Rooter man!" He laughed and told me that that reminded him. At some time in the future he wanted me to fuck him, too. I said OK.

As he peeled himself off of me, he noticed my sperm on the both of us. "I thought I felt you spurt! That's great, and a new one on me. I like it." He then lowered his head and licked my sperm off of my stomach. He then scooted up over me and put his belly in front of my face. "Lick it off, too, baby. All of it!" I licked it away, tasting the saltiness of his sweaty belly.

Thus, began my young sexual adventures with Teddy N. I saw him just about every week, with a here and there twice, for about five years. And, amazingly, I never did clean his bathroom--ever again!

One of our favorites was to 69 and try to time our orgasms so we came in each other's mouths at the same time. We succeeded about 90% of the time, which was truly amazing. I love it when I can cum in someone's mouth and have them cum in my mouth simultaneously. It's fabulous. Giving and getting at its best.

And, in all that time, The Duke and Teddy never found out about each other. Hee hee. My little secret!

End. 2-Duke's Sex Slave: Teddy, Bare!

3-Duke's Sex Slave: Rocky Lovin'!

In the first three months of my being Johnny "The Duke" Dukes' sex slave, he had fixed me up with over a hundred gay "dates." He made \$20-25 a pop and would give me a fiver from each. I didn't complain. He didn't have to give me a dime, had he chose not to. After all, I was The Duke's "boy."

On one such date, as we sat in Duke's car outside the guy's apartment house, he gave me his usual instructions: "Do everything he tells you to do, Scooter! Don't embarrass me." I said sure and he told me to go and ring the bell to 4B, the guy's apartment.

An hour or so later, I was standing in front of the apartment house as The Duke pulled up. I got in the car, handed him the usual envelope containing the cash, and he asked, "Everything go all right?" I said it had and we set off for his brownstone in Brooklyn. He pulled a five spot from the envelope and handed it to me. I thanked him and pocketed the cash.

On the 45-minute ride, The Duke seemed different somehow. It was as if he had swallowed the canary and was gleefully pleased with himself. "When we get to my place," he said, "I want you to tell me all about with the old guy. Every detail. Don't leave nothing out. OK?" I said OK and was a bit surprised. He didn't usually probe about what went on between the guys and me.

When we were in his basement "clubhouse," he didn't waste any time. He undressed and he ordered me to do likewise. He then sat on the couch, his legs spread out wide. "Now, cocksucker, " he said, "get between my legs and tell me all about it." I knelt between his legs and he told me to just play with his cock while I told him the entire story. This was all very new to me.

Now, The Duke's cock always mesmerized me. He had a unique dick, for sure. His erection, when at full bore, stood straight up, seemingly bound to his stomach, and higher than his belly button. It was super-hard with large, rope-like veins along both sides, which magnified its thickness. The head was a lighter skin tone than the shaft and purplish-pink in color. If you pushed his cock downward and let go, it would spring back to his belly as if magnetized. An amazing sight! It both scared me and fascinated me at the same time. To this day I have never seen a cock quite like it.

His cock quickly stiffened as I stroked it and a large drop of pre-cum formed at his peehole. He noticed it and said, "Oooh, lick that off!" I did as told and he said, "Now, tell me what happened with the old fag. And, give me every juicy detail." I pried his cock from his belly, straightened it out toward me, and released it. Boing! It snapped back to his stomach making a slapping sound. Amazing!

"Well," I began, trying to remember. "He let me in and told me his name was Clive. He was wearing a flowery robe . . ." Duke interrupted, the first of many such interruptions. "How old was he?" he asked. This struck me as strange because he sure as hell knew how old the guy was. Why was he asking me this now? Oh, well, I thought, whatever.

"Sixty, seventy, I guess. It was hard to tell as he had some kind of makeup on. You know, his face was made up something like a woman's, but not quite." Duke nodded and said, "But an old, old fag fart, eh?" and motioned for me to continue. I nodded and continued my story.

"Well, then he took me into the bedroom, took off his robe, and told me to slowly undress. He said something about how he was sure going to enjoy himself because I had such a nice young body. Shit, Duke, he looked like he was drooling!" Duke laughed as I played with his stiffening hardon some more.

"And . . . ?" Duke asked.

"Well, when I was naked, he came over to me and started feeling me up all over, especially my ass. Then, he, uh, uh, . . . he started kissing me, and I . . ."

The Duke grinned. "Did he stick his tongue into your mouth as he kissed you?" I noticed Duke's legs were starting to tremble. "Yeah, he did. And after each kiss, he'd tell me how beautiful I was, and all."

"Did you tongue him back?" the Duke wanted to know. "Yeah, not at first, but he told me he wanted me to, so I did. He seemed to really like that . . . a lot! So, I did it each time he, uh, kissed me."

"Then, what happened?"

"Well, he kept putting a finger into my ass while he was kissing me and asking me if I liked that. I told him it felt great. Then we got onto the bed and he told me to get between his legs and suck on his cock . . ."

"Describe his cock to me." This really surprised me. Was Duke gay and slowly letting me know it? I couldn't imagine it, but stranger shit than that has happened in this crazy fucking world.

"Oh, it surprised me, I guess, because when it was hard it had to have been, oh, I don't know, over 7 inches long. And, pretty thick, too. This surprised me because I didn't know men his age could still get it up, if you know what I mean." Duke nodded as I continued. "And, his cock had a large head, slightly bigger than yours, but not nearly as long." I squeezed his cockhead for emphasis.

"Go on." he said as I fondled his nutsack with my other hand.

I was getting into it now. I had a raging hardon from reliving it. "Well, he told me to lick his cock all over and get it really wet. He said he liked it when it was really wet. So, I tongued his cock all over. Then he said to put it in my mouth so I sucked his cock for a few minutes, and, oh, he moaned a lot while I sucked him off . . . and he told me to take it all in, which I did. This impressed him no end and I thought he was going to pop his nuts right then and there, but he didn't. He just kept telling me to take it all. And other directions. You know, like 'suck the head.' and 'now lick my

balls,' that kind of stuff."

"The old fuck liked your sucking his cock, for sure. Tell me, did you enjoy sucking his big old fag dick?"

"Yeah, I guess. It was sorta nice. It got really stiff in my mouth which felt good. And I mean really stiff. With an upward curve to it. Oh, I forgot . . . his balls, when I first saw them, hung way down low, but after my sucking him off a bit, they tightened right up to the base of his cock. This amazed me, too. Oh, I also forgot that he had me suck his balls, too." Duke said "Yeah." as I massaged his balls for emphasis.

Duke asked, "Did you enjoy sucking on his balls?" I squeezed Duke's cockhead.

"Yeah. And I got them real wet, the way you like me to do to you."

"What happened next?" Duke was absolutely leering at me now.

"Well, he told me to get on my back and hold my legs up . . . you know, as you sometimes do . . . on my chest." Duke nodded, as if picturing it.

"Then he took a small tube of something and greased my ass up. And, he put some on his dick. Oh, and he kept kissing me all the while he did this. He also sucked on my nipples and licked my neck and ears. He was breathing so damn heavy I thought he'd have a heart attack!"

"And . . . ?" I saw that The Duke was getting even harder, if that was at all possible. I stroked his large boner and imagined Duke saying to me, "Gee, that sounds so good I'd like to try it for myself! Give me your cock!" My bone got harder just thinking about it.

I continued my lewd story. "He got between my legs and put his cock into me. Then, " I had to think, "he leaned forward and put his body on top of mine and buried his face into my neck. Then, he started fucking me, very slowly, and then he told me to kiss him again, which I did. Man, he must have kissed me fifty times!"

"Then . . . ?" God, did I have a hardon!

"Well, then he told me to wrap my legs around his back, as far up on his back as I could manage. He told me to wrap my arms around his neck, too. I did and he started fucking me real slow, but hard. Oh, the bed made squeaking noises while we were fucking and it . . . "

"Was he kissing you at the same time he was screwing your ass?" Duke asked.

"Oh, yeah, lots of them. He'd fuck me and kiss me at the same time, telling me how much he loved me and loved fucking my tight ass. Oh . . . you know how sometimes I shoot when your fucking me?" The Duke nodded. "Well, at some point I did the same with him. I couldn't help

myself. I just started squirting all over our bellies. He noticed and it really turned him on! He reached between us and scooped up some spunk and put his fingers in his mouth and sucked it off. Then, he got some more spunk and put his fingers in my mouth. He told me to suck it dry. Then, he kissed me some more."

"Did his old fag cock feel good up your ass?"

I nodded. Then Duke said, "No. Say it aloud. I want to hear how much you liked his big old fat fag cock in your ass."

"I liked his big fat fag cock in my ass. It felt good, especially when he went fast. I had those tingly sparks going on in my head, you know, the fireworks, and big goose bumps all over my body."

The Duke nodded for me to continue. "Well, he started fucking me real good, getting a good rhythm going, kissing me all the while. The bed was squeaking something fierce. Then he finally shot his wad." I put my tongue on The Duke's peehole to lap up more of his pre-cum. "And, just like with you, I could feel the heat of his cum as he spurted. It felt really hot."

"Then . . . ?" Duke asked. Shit, I thought, Duke's heading for sucking me off!

"He told me he definitely wanted to see me again and, oh, and next time he wanted me to fuck him. Then, I got dressed and went outside to wait for you." My story was over. Not quite, as I remembered something else. "Oh, he also said that at some time in the future he wanted to empty his load into my mouth."

"So," Duke said. "You really enjoyed sucking his dick and getting fucked by him. Is that right?" I nodded, but this wasn't what he wanted. "Say it out loud!" he said.

"I really enjoyed sucking his cock and having him fuck me." It was true. I had.

"Now, slave boy, suck me off! Suck it good as you always do. Make me spurt! I want to shoot my sperm into your hot, fucking, cocksucker mouth!" When you gonna reach out and play with my dick, Duke?

Duke's cock looked swollen and ready to explode. It even felt hotter than usual. More pre-cum, a huge blob, had formed at the tip. I leaned forward, licked it off, feeling its stickiness, and then took his long head into my mouth. At the feel of my hot mouth on him, he moaned and his legs trembled again.

"Oh, God, that's feels good! Oh, yeah, suck me, baby, suck me good!" He had hold of my head in both his hands and was slowly and deliberately mouth fucking me.

"Do you love sucking my big fat cock?" With my lips around his

cock I said, "Mmm Hmm."

"Does it taste good?" Again I said, "Mmm Hmm."

His cock felt stronger than usual as I deep-throated him a few times. In a few minutes time, he started to spurt. I had my thumb on the base of his cock and counted the spurts. Nine in all. More than his usual six or seven. I guess he was hotter from hearing the story. As I felt the first blast hit the back of my throat, I gently sucked his cockhead. Then, my mouth filled up, twice, so I had to swallow twice. I stayed on his cock for a few minutes until he went soft and he told me to stop sucking. He lifted my head up toward him.

He asked, looking me in the eyes, "Did you enjoy that? Sucking my prick?"

"Oh, yes, it was good." I replied. Here it comes, his offer.

"Did I spurt a lot?"

"Wow, did you ever! I had to swallow twice." What's with the questions, Duke? Reach out and put your hand on my dick, if that's your plan.

"Tell me, do you love the taste of my love juice?" I said, yes, I did.

"Now, I want you to kiss my prickhead and tell it you love it." What the fuck was going on? I lifted his limp cock up to my mouth and kissed the peehole.

"I love you." I said to his cock. He told me to do it again and then again. Kiss. "I love you." Kiss. "I love you."

I was about to keep doing this silliness to eternity's end if necessary, when he said, "Now, my cocksucker, I have a nice surprise for you. Look at the closet."

I turned and looked at the closet. It was a closet, for crissakes! Except for the door being open a few inches, it wasn't remarkable.

"Rocky!" Duke yelled. The closet door opened and out stepped Duke's next-door neighbor, Steve Rocco, AKA Rocky. I thought I'd die! He had seen and heard everything! My tale of the old gay guy, how I sucked the old fag off and let him fuck me. And he had seen me sucking Duke's prick. Kissing it! Telling his cock I loved it. My heart was banging in my chest. I felt faint as sweat formed all over me. Now I knew why Duke had me relive it all. He was doing it for Rocky's benefit and perverse pleasure.

And, I knew Rocky. Christ, my father had taken me into *Rocco's Appliance Repair* store on more than one occasion. Shit, they even played poker together now and then. Oh, man, if Rocky ever told my dad . . . well, I didn't even want to think about that now. And any fucking idea of Duke sucking my dick just went out the old window.

Rocky was a rough looking, muscular Italian guy, in his mid forties, over 6' tall, and barrel-chested. He was married to a little thing of a woman that the other women called The Shrew. She had absolutely no sense of humor in her and had a face that resembled a mouse, or possibly, a rat.

"Say hello to Rocky, my slave cocksucker." Duke said. I stammered, "Hell . . . hell . . . hello, Rock . . . Rocky." Rocky laughed. The Duke laughed. I didn't.

Duke said, "The cat's got his tongue, Rock, but don't worry, it'll loosen up when he's got a big Italian salami in his mouth." Rocky laughed.

"Yeah, if it don't choke him!" he said to Duke. And, then he said to me, "You like big Italian salamis, cocksucker?" They both laughed. Again, I didn't, but I nodded. It seemed the best thing to do.

"Slave," Duke said to me. "What's the rule you never break?" I knew what he meant. I said, my legs wobbly, "Do everything he tells me to do and don't embarrass you." I was calmer now for I knew what was going to occur. I also felt sexual excitement welling up in me, especially in my crotch area. I started to get a hardon. The Duke noticed.

"Well, he's excited and all yours, Rock. I'd love to stay and watch it all, but I have to run some errands for the old man." Rocky thanked The Duke and said he'd take real good care of his cocksucking slave. Duke left us and there I was, naked and alone with Rocky.

Rocky rubbed his crotch area as he said, "I don't want to fuck you, baby, that's for faggots to do, but I do want you to suck me off like you did the old guy . . . and how you just did it awhile ago to Duke. OK?" I nodded and said, "OK."

"My wife's been up in the country for weeks now, so I've got a big load of juice stored up. Think you can take it all?" I nodded, not knowing what else to do. "Good." he said. He rubbed his crotch some more and I could see a large bulge beginning to form in his pants. It looked humongous. Almost to his knee.

"Now, come over here and get on your knees." I walked the few paces between us and knelt, naked, before him. He reached out and tilted my head up toward him.

"Let me feel that nice mouth of yours." With that he stuck a thumb into my mouth and told me to suck on it. I did, going up and down on it. "Oooh, suck it, baby, oooh, real hot, honey, your mouth is real hot!"

As I sucked up and down on his fat thumb, he said, "My old lady won't blow me no how, so I can tell you this is gonna be great for me. I haven't had a blow job since Ella moved out of town."

I knew Ella. They called her Ella, the Cellar Dweller. All any guy wanting a blowjob had to do was go around to her bedroom window and

pull the string she had connected to a little bell in her room. If she was in, she'd open the cellar door and you were in!

Ella had sucked off just about every guy in the neighborhood. Probably including my father! Who knows? I do know she once sucked off 18 guys in one evening, me included. I was guy number four. The Duke had set it all up.

Rocky pulled his thumb from my mouth and took off his pants. He folded them neatly and placed them on the couch. Then, he said, "Take off my shorts, baby! Slowly!"

I hooked a finger on each side of his boxers and slowly edged them down. Man, was his crotch hairy! A real mop of black hair. Sticking out of this mop was his thick penis. It looked as if it had a hair coat on to keep it from getting cold. And, man, was his cock thick! Even flaccid it looked 2" wide, maybe more. I remembered his reference to an Italian salami and pictured it with a condom on. Put it in the deli window and it would sell out in minutes. He stepped out of his shorts and took off his T-shirt. We were both naked now, except for shoes. We both still had our shoes and socks on!

His thick member got semi-hard as he grabbed it and wiggled it in front of my face. As he played with himself, he rubbed the cock's tip against my lips, pushing it slightly past my lips and pressing into my teeth. I could feel an immense drop of pre-cum form, making my lips very sticky.

As he worked his cockhead back and forth over my open lips, he said, "Oooh, man, I'm gonna love this!" I opened my mouth to put my lips around the head and take it in, but he pulled back.

"Not yet, honey, I want to get him real hard first." He then told me to fill my mouth with saliva and suck on his hairy balls. I mustered up a large mouthful of saliva and put my mouth on his nutsack. Man, his balls were hairy, too! And large! I had never seen balls this big. Together, they seemed as large as a grapefruit. As I sucked his nuts, getting them very wet, he slowly stroked his cock above my head. He said, "Lick off the tip!" I noticed a large blob of precum on the tip of his excited cock. I licked at it. "Oooh, yeah, I'm gonna fuck your mouth something fierce!"

I sucked on his nuts for a few more minutes getting them sticky with my saliva. He then pushed me away. I saw that his cock was fully erect now. And, it looked unreal! Over 10" in length and as fat around as a woman's wrist. The head wasn't that pronounced, but it was long, even longer than Duke's. Probably 2-1/2" would be my guess. His pee hole was very pronounced, a deep cleft. It reminded me of an innie belly button.

I had sucked some big pricks before, but nothing like this. He said, "Ain't it a beauty? I'll bet you can't swallow it all as easily as you did Duke's!" Funny, but I remember thinking, how could his wife have such a sour puss all the time when she had this thing to look forward to?

He continued, "Tell you what, if you can take me down to my balls,

as you did Duke, I'll give you \$5!" A challenge if ever there was one but, in truth, I didn't think I could manage it.

I took the base of his thick prick in my right hand, got a build up of more saliva, and put my mouth on his the large, long cockhead. Man, its width was stretching my lips out. I heard him say above me, "Gotta warn you! Poor Ella, who really knew how to suck cock, could only take half before she was gagging up a storm. Threw up on me one time, too." He laughed, as if remembering the scene.

Well, fella, I ain't no Ella! I felt that lots of saliva might do the trick, if anything would. So, I kept coating his cock with my saliva. Even with the saliva, I felt like gagging each time the cockhead started down my throat. But, I was determined.

It might choke me to death, but damn it, I was gonna deep-throat this monster. I concentrated real hard on suppressing my gag reflex. In a while, I had half of him in my mouth with two or three inches of his wide cock actually down my throat.

I relaxed and concentrated some more. I pushed my mouth forward on his dick. Another inch. Then, another. Soon I had over 7" of his huge cock in my mouth and down my throat. In spite of an occasional retch, the finish line was in sight. All I had to do was go slowly and I'd be \$5 richer.

Rocky moaned. "Holy shit, man, I think you're gonna do it!" Then, as if to fuck me up, he rammed his full length down my throat, all ten plus inches of it. As my lips crashed against his pubic hairs I retched and gagged up a storm. Tears flooded my eyes and I felt as if I was about to throw up any second. Ella all over again.

I tried to pull back for some relief, but he held my head firm with his strong hands. I concentrated very hard and somehow managed not to upchuck, although my throat muscles were constantly twitching. I felt impaled on his massive piece of meat.

He held me this way for a few minutes more. Then, when he saw I wasn't going to give in, or throw up, he let my head go. For some air, I rushed my mouth back up to the cockhead, then fully off of his cock. "Sorry, kid," he said. "I don't know what got hold of me." Yeah, right, you cheap fuck. Doesn't want to pay the fiver. I looked up at him, tears in both eyes from choking.

He had a pained, sort of guilty look on his face, as well he should. He said, as he picked his wallet out of his pants pocket, "Listen, kid, here's the fiver. No hard feelings. OK?" I nodded. "Now, I want you to do it again, down to my balls, only this time I won't try to gag you. OK?" I nodded again. "Good." he said. "Now, get to it. Take me all the way down! Right to the fur!"

I wiped the tears from my eyes and once again grabbed his cock's base. It would be, I knew, as easy as shit now. I had weathered the worst. I worked up some more saliva and took his cock back into my mouth. I let

the saliva coat half his dick before pulling back, getting more saliva, and then going down on it again. I did this a couple times more before taking the full 10" plunge. Slowly, to be sure.

As I neared his pubic hairs, I heard him say, "Man, you suck cock a whole lot better than Ella. Any day. Oowee! That feels great. Oh, yeah, suck it good, hon!"

He was holding my head again, but this time he was gentler. As I sucked his humongous prick, deep-throating him on every third or fourth downward stroke, I got an erection. Man, his big prick sure felt fantastic in my mouth. I loved how it stretched my lips wide and made me feel totally throated by it.

With each downward movement I could feel the ropy veins on each side of his dick bumping the sides of my mouth as I went over them. I had never felt so cock-mouthed full before. I felt gorged on his cock. And I loved it.

Without asking for permission, I started masturbating my raging hardon with my left hand. Hell, I needed release, too, after all this bullshit. When he noticed, he said, "That's right, honey, you enjoy yourself, too. I like that."

I knew I was getting close to popping my own nuts, so I worked his cockhead really well. I sucked like a champ. With my eyes open, I could see his entire prick just before it fully disappeared into my mouth and down my throat. I was trying to time our orgasms so we'd shoot off together. I think he sensed this for he started to mouth fuck me gently. "Ooh, man, that is terrific! Suck me, baby. Take it all."

Then he yelled, "Oh, God, I can't hold back!" I scooted up to where just the head was in my mouth. I wanted to taste it, not have it empty down my throat. At the same time, I wanked my cock real hard. As I jerked off I could feel his cock jerking and spasming, twitching like crazy. I could smell the musk coming from his balls.

"Here it comes!" he yelled. Rocky started moaning as he spurted into my mouth. I started moaning around his cock as I came my own load.

It felt weird, as if I was somehow coming into my own mouth, in a circular fashion. He came a bucket of cum, thick and, I swear, it even had lumps in it. He moaned louder as he shot burst after burst into my hot mouth, his legs wobbling.

I moaned louder, too, as I swallowed and swallowed his hot sperm while I unloaded my own. I could smell the hot muskiness of his cum as he spurted into my mouth. Then, I vacuumed sucked his cock completely dry for a few minutes.

As his cock softened up, he pulled it from my mouth and looked down at me. I was licking my lips and still swallowing, tasting the saltiness and acidity of it all.

"That was," he said, "the best fucking blowjob I ever had! No fucking lie! You are good, baby. One helluva cocksucker!" He smiled at me, so I smiled back. Then, he said, "Tell me, aside from my trying to gag you, did you enjoy it, too?" He looked sincere.

"Yes, Rocky, I did. It was really good." And, if truth be known, I had enjoyed it . . . immensely. And, for sure, I hoped we'd be doing it again some time. He must have read my mind.

"Good. Next time I'll be gentler with you. And, speaking of next time, Duke told me I could have your cocksucking services any time I wanted. That OK with you?"

"Yeah, Rocky, if Duke said it was cool, it's OK by me. Just arrange it with Duke."

"Well, I'll do that, for the "now and then" stuff, but I want to set up a regular weekly thing, too. My repair shop is closed on Wednesdays from 3 to 5 pm, so we could get together then. OK?" I nodded and said, "If it's OK with Duke."

"Oh, he's already given me the OK on that. So, we're all set then? Each Wednesday at 3 pm?"

"Sure, Rocky. Each Wednesdays at 3."

"And, who knows? I just might change my mind about fucking a guy. You do have a nice tight looking ass on you. Cuter than that old bag I'm stuck with." He spun me around for a better look-see.

"Yeah, I can picture fucking it!" Then, he added, "Do you think your ass could take my big prick in it?" I noticed he was getting hard again just thinking about it. "I think so, Rocky, if we grease me real well, that is."

He laughed. "Oh, don't worry, we'll lube you up real fine." He looked at the clock and I thought he was going to split. He didn't. He had other plans. I thought he was going to fuck me then and there, but I was wrong. He wasn't up for that yet.

"I want to shoot in your mouth again. OK?" Surprised at his rapid recovery, I nodded and got to my knees again in front of him. Here we go again, I thought. But he had other plans.

He turned his back to me and said, "Now, I want you to lick my asshole while I whack off. Duke told me you like to do that. Then, when it's ready to shoot, open your mouth up and take it all. OK?" I looked up at him and nodded. "No one, but no one, has ever licked my asshole, but I've always fantasized about it. You don't mind doing it, do you? Duke said you would do it if I asked."

"I'll do it, Rocky, if you like." I reached out and spread his ass cheeks. His very hairy brown hole appeared. I buried my face into the

warm crack and started tonguing his ass hole. He moaned as he jacked off. "Oh, that feels great! Lick me good, honey." I licked and licked, driving my tongue into his hole. At some point he whirled around and I knew it was time to open my mouth.

"I wanna see it go off in your mouth!" he said. He placed the tip of his cock on my tongue just as it blasted off. The first two powerful spurts hit the back of my throat. This was followed by his cum bubbling up and dribbling all over my tongue. Some of it slid off my tongue onto the floor. "Oh, baby, oh, baby, oh, God! Yes!" he said as he unloaded.

Then, he put his cock a few inches into my mouth and told me to look up at him. I complied. He looked sweaty from the effort he had put out.

He cradled my head gently in his hands and said, "You look beautiful with my big prick in your mouth and my sperm all over your lips. Taste good, darling?" I nodded. His use of the word darling surprised me.

"Shit," he said. "I don't ever remember being this fucking horny! I've shot twice, and, if I could, I'd shoot again! Oh, well, we'll save it for another day. OK?" I nodded again. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and reached for his pants. He put them on and came over to me. I stood there still totally naked.

Then, he surprised the living shit out of me! He put a hand on my ass, fingered my hole a bit, and kissed me! And, I mean kissed me! A tongues dueling kind of kiss. You could have knocked me over with a feather! He kissed me for what seemed a long time before placing his head against my ears and neck. He then licked my ears and neck and said, "You tell anyone we did this, even Duke, and I'll kill you! Got that? It better be *our* little secret. OK?"

"Mum's the word, Rocky, for sure. Count on it. I won't breathe a word to a soul."

"Good!" he said and then kissed me a good one again. Then, he said, "Listen. My wife's away and since I'm so fucking horny, I want to get together with you later on tonight. I'll clear it with Duke. You be at my shop right after dinner, say 8 pm?"

"Sure, Rocky, whatever you say." He kissed me once more and then whispered in my ear, "Gotta go and buy me some Vaseline." He laughed. "Because I got a strong feeling I'm going to fuck you good tonight! Hell, I know I'm gonna fuck you! And, it'll be my first time fucking a guy." I believed him. Then an idea hit me.

"Rocky, would it be too much trouble for you to pick up an enema kit, too? I think if I'm cleaned out good it will be better for both of us." He grinned and said it would be no problem.

I sensed he wanted to leave, but something seemed to be stopping him from doing so. As if more words were somehow necessary just to

make sure we understood each other and to make sure I didn't have a wrong impression of him.

"Listen, kid. I ain't no faggot. Got that? But my wife ain't that good in the sack, if you get my drift. And you suck cock real well. And . . . "

"Rocky, I know you ain't a fag. Shit, you're a married man! If you want the truth, and you may not believe this, I'm not a fag, either. I just like getting it on with a guy. And, I enjoy sex. Duke broke me in and I didn't think I'd like it at first, but now I do. It's no big deal."

"Yeah, you got it. Just two guys enjoying themselves. No harm in that, is there?" He sounded as if he was trying to sell himself on the idea.

"None whatsoever." I said. Then, to change the subject, I added, "Plus I do want to see if I can take that monster cock of yours up my ass!" He laughed just as we heard Duke opening the trap door to the clubhouse. He whispered in my ear, "See you at 8, darling!" I nodded, again surprised at his use of the word darling.

"Duke," Rocky said, "I have something to ask you about."

I was at Rocky's shop at ten minutes to eight. Rocky had the Closed sign on the door. He let me in and led me to his office in the back. He wasted no time getting me naked, cleaned out with the enema, and all lubed up. As I watched him undress I knew I wanted him to fuck me something fierce. The idea of a cock that big really turned me on. I knew he would have no trouble getting me to spurt while fucking me, and I was looking forward to it. If I could take him, that is.

Naked now, he came over to me and took me into his arms. With both his hands on my ass he kissed me. It felt wonderful. I took his cock into my hand and played with it, feeling it stiffen. Then, he surprised me. He put his hand on my cock, too! We played with each other's beginning erections for a while, and then he whispered in my ear.

"What I want to do," he said, his hot breath bathing my earlobe, "is fuck your ass real good and then suck you off." I didn't think I heard him right. He wanted to suck my cock? As if reading my mind again, he said, "Why not? I'm game for new things. Would you like it if I sucked you off after fucking you?"

"Oh, yeah, I'd love it!" I couldn't believe it, but I wouldn't question it. "But," he said. "I don't want you to shoot it in my mouth. You tell me when you're gonna spurt and I'll finish you off with my hand. OK?" I said OK. He then kissed me many more times, kneading my ass, fingering it, and fondling my prick.

Then, he surprised me further by dropping to his knees and taking my 7" hardon into his mouth. Man, his mouth felt hot! And very wet. As I looked at the top of his head bobbing up and down, I couldn't believe what was happening.

He worked his mouth up and down my cock taking a good two-thirds in. He reached around with both hands and grabbed onto my ass cheeks and pulled me towards him. Unbelievably, I watched my entire 7" disappear into his mouth and down his throat. He was deep-throating me! While holding my ass cheeks. Man, you never ever know, do you?

He'd then go back to the head and . . . swoosh . . . right down to my pubes. Shit, I was gonna pop! "Rocky! I'm close to going off!" I yelled. He ignored me and continued sucking. "Rocky! Stop! It's gonna shoot!" I yelled even louder. I knew he heard that, but he didn't stop and wouldn't let go of my ass cheeks. As I tried to pull back away from him, he pulled me firmly back into him.

"Sorry, Rocky," I said. "But I can't hold back!" I let loose a cum barrage, spurt after spurt after spurt. I heard him gurgle as he swallowed my juice. And, still he sucked me and forced my ass toward him. And, he sucked some more, totally draining my dick. It was, probably because it was so unexpected, one of the best blowjobs I had ever had.

He took his mouth off my cock and looked up at me, sheepishly. "Guess I lied about not swallowing. I don't know what came over me, but it seemed if I didn't swallow it, the whole thing would have been incomplete somehow." He audibly swallowed. "And, you know, it don't taste all that bad!" He laughed, so I did, too.

The world seemed full of surprises that night. Then, another surprise. He reached out, took my dick in his hand and kissed it! "I love you!" he said to my cock. "I love you, I love you, I love you." I wonder where he got that line from?

He stood up and said, "Darling, you ready for the fucking of your life?" I said I was. He went to the couch and I soon learned it opened into a bed. We got onto the bed and he told me to suck his cock a bit to get him fired up. I complied.

Soon, he was ready, his large cock pointing straight up at the ceiling. "On your back, baby, and pull your legs up." I got into position and he went between my legs. I hadn't noticed how he had done it, but he had the jar of Vaseline with him. He lubed his cock up good.

He then probed my asshole with his cockhead, pushing in as he did so. The first inch was the hardest. My damn sphincter wouldn't cooperate. I forced myself to totally relax and at the same time, get ready for pain. And, the pain sure came! As he pushed in another inch or so, I yelled out, as my asshole stretched beyond belief. "Ow!"

"Hold it a second, Rocky." I said. "Let me relax a bit." He stopped pushing inward.

"OK," I said. "Try again." He did, slowly and gently, an inch at a time. It hurt, but there was also immense pleasure, too. Finally, he got tired of fooling around. He just rammed the whole fucking dick into me! Wham! I felt him slam against my ass cheeks. I thought I'd faint, but he

was in me fully now and there was no turning back.

I had both of my legs resting on his shoulders. He pushed them aside and got fully on top of me, his barrel chest pressing close to me.

"Wrap your legs around my back!" he ordered. I complied and it seemed to lessen the pain. He then started fucking me, slowly, deliberately, in and out, all 10 of him.

I wrapped my arms around him and stroked his back, running my finger nails up and down his spine. "Kiss me, darling." he said. I found his mouth and we kissed and moaned into each other's mouths as we fucked. I felt the spittle from our kiss drip down the sides of my mouth. I felt my raging woody pressed hard against his crushing, sweaty stomach.

Now, I had been with a ton of guys, but this time was different. The feel of his body as he fucked me was getting to me. Touching something feminine inside of me. I felt . . . wifely! Girlish! Like a wanton whore! It was the closest I'd ever come to having my asshole feel like a woman's pussy. Although I still felt like a straight arrow, I knew he had touched something quite gay in me. I responded by something I'd yet to do with anyone. I worked my asshole muscles around his cock in an attempt to increase our mutual pleasure.

This had a profound effect on Rocky. He was now fucking me slowly, deliberately, and passionately. As he would his wife, I imagined.

"I love you fucking me, Rocky!" I said. He must have misunderstood, for he said, "And, I love you, too, darling!" He then abruptly stopped his fucking. He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "You heard me right. We're now lovers! We ain't gonna get married and pick out furniture, or nothing like that, but I want you as my part time wife. OK?" I said OK. Our parameters had been established.

He proceeded to fuck me some more and then whispered in my ear. "Tell me you love me, too!" It felt weird, but it also seemed called for. "I love you, Rocky, I love you." He stopped fucking me once more.

"Listen. I know you have sex with other men to get Duke pocket money, and I'm sure as shit not the jealous type, but you don't tell them you love them, do you?"

"No, Rocky, never." It was the truth.

"Good. Keep that reserved for me. For us. OK?" I said OK. This pleased him.

He went back to fucking me. His new man-wife. And, what a fuck it was! I was clinging to him with arms and legs like some woman who hadn't seen her man in years. His big, unreal cock had me going through pain and pleasure. Our joint sweat was pouring out all over the place. The bed was squeaking along with our movements.

Then, it happened! I started spurting! Washing both our bellies with it. A second later, he came. The heat of it burning my insides.

We lie like that for a while. Then, he lifted himself off and surprised me some more. He licked my cum off of my stomach! "Yummy!" was all he said, my cum still unswallowed. Then, he kissed me again, spitting some of my cum into my mouth. We swapped it back and forth until it disappeared completely.

Then, he flopped back onto the bed and drew me to him. He held me in his strong arms and said, "That was fantastic! I have never shot like that before. And, your ass is so wonderfully tight! Oh, God, how great it was."

He tilted my head up and kissed me again. A warm, hot kiss. A kiss only two men can know. I knew I'd never really be able to love him, but the fantasy of it all was good enough for me. Then, he surprised me again.

"Let's rest a bit and then I want you to fuck me!" Whoa, man, is this heaven?

I joked, "Do you think we have enough Vaseline left over?"

"Hell, if we don't, we'll buy more! In fact, I might start buying it by the case to get the discount!" We both laughed. Then, again as if he read my mind, he said, "Look. In truth, I can't really love a guy. But it's fun to pretend, you know?" I said I knew and I felt the same way. "Good. We have an agreement."

Did I fuck him that night? Yes, doggy style. Was it good? Fucking A! Did we ever get together after that? Every Wednesday and "here and there" . . . for years!

And I started swallowing his piss, too. On one occasion, when Rocky mentioned he had to piss before he could cum, I offered my mouth to him. He was surprised, but he took me up on it. After that, it became a regular occurrence. And, now and then, Rocky would swallow my piss, too. His "try anything attitude" was obviously appreciated by me.

Sometimes, not often, we'd take turns pissing in each other's mouths. We'd then do a piss-kiss, which I found very enjoyable. And Rocky swore he'd never tell The Duke; he never did.

I went into the Navy and we only got together on an occasional shore leave of mine. But after discharge from the service, although I had gotten married, we still saw each other every Wednesday. Come rain or shine.

Rocky and his shrew wife eventually split up and he married a real sweet gal named Brenda. She always had a smile on her face! But, even with both of us married, we still did each Wednesday. For more than 20 years, until he up and died of cancer.

Wherever you are, Rocky, I love you. Even though we never did pick out that furniture together!

And, Duke, you son of a bitch you . . . thanks. I don't know your motives for playing it the way you did, but I do know my life was greatly enriched the day Rocky came out of your closet and into my arms!

End. 3-Duke's Sex Slave: Rocky Lovin'!

4-Duke's Sex Slave: Suck or Sink, Sucker!

I had been The Duke's personal sex slave for about a year and I had been with many different gay men each and every weekend. "Be obedient, Scooter, and do what they tell you and make me proud!" was The Duke's oft-repeated phrase just prior to the meetings. I made him proud, too! Why not? I loved sex and was good at it.

While he made twenty, twenty-five bucks per pop, the five bucks he doled out to me helped financially. If that sounds like rationalization, so be it! I have no guilt or shame in the matter. I loved sucking cock, tasting cum and, sure as shit, I loved having a dick up my ass. I also loved a good screwing with a woman, if that means anything.

On most summer Saturday mornings I would go the public swimming pool in Sunset park, Brooklyn. The pool officially opened at nine o'clock in the morning, but I liked to get there around quarter to eight or so to practice my swimming. Believe me, it needed the practice.

To get to the pool required a trek up a low-angled, rising path that was at least a hundred feet long. Once there, I would climb the low wooden fence, remove my polo shirt and shorts, and swim. I always wore my bathing suit under my clothes; so, in no time I was splashing around, practicing this, practicing that.

On one particular Saturday, as I practiced floating, with my clothing resting on a small concrete bench, I heard voices coming closer up the path. Although I paid it little thought, some fear factor in me made me get out of the water for a look-see. A quick peek over the fence sent shivers of fear through me.

Four teen guys, rough and tough ones at that, were not more than thirty feet from the fence.

I recognized the tallest of the bunch. They called him Spike, a nickname he received because he sometimes wore one of those German Kaiser-like helmets with the large spike on top. He was without his usual helmet at the moment, but he still had the look of a Nazi maniac.

I recognized the others, too, but their names, or nicknames, were unknown to me. These kids lived in a different neighborhood and attended a different school, so my familiarity with them was limited. All I knew about

them was they were rough, tough, and diehard juvenile delinquents.

Fear prompted me to run to the bench, grab my clothes and head for the fence on the other side of the pool, but I wasn't fast enough. I wasn't three feet away from the bench, clothes in hand, when I heard Spike yell, "Hey, guys, lookee here! It's The Duke's boy! Hey, cutie, where do ya think you're going?" I stopped in my tracks, trapped, but good. Trouble was brewing, for sure.

Spike motioned for me to sit on the bench. As I complied, he took a standing position directly in front of me, towering over me.

"You like swimmin,' punko?" Spike asked, nastiness in his voice. I nodded.

"Looke that, boys, he can't talk! Probably from sucking Duke's big ol' pecker!" His cronies guffawed in appreciation of this witticism. "That it, punk?" he said, "Sore throat from too much cocksucking?"

"N-no." was all I could manage.

"You mean," he said, "you *don't* get a sore throat from lotsa cocksucking?" More guffaws from his attentive peanut gallery audience.

"I mean . . ." I started to say, but, Spike interrupted me. "SHUT UP, CUNT! What YOU mean is unimportant; it's what I MEAN that counts. Nod if you get it, creepo!" He hadn't just said the words, he spat them. Fear ran rampant through me. I resisted the urge to wipe off his spittle as I somehow sensed it would further anger him. I nodded. He then grabbed my hair and pulled my head back.

"Now, shithead," he snarled out, "let's talk about cocksucking. OK! You like to suck on a cock?" Before I could even muster up an answer, he bobbed my head up and down in a 'yes' mode. My scalp hurt something awful.

"Good." he said. "Then, you sure won't mind sucking a few more cocks on this fine day, now would you?" Again, he force-nodded my head. More pain clobbered me.

I felt like crying from the humiliation, but I fought it back. I didn't mind it if I sucked all their cocks, but there was something very sinister and deadly about Spike. I had the feeling this just might be the last day of my life. Poor kid, they'll say, he was found floating face down in the community pool. Tsk, tsk, poor schnook shoulda had someone with him!

Still squeezing my hair rightly in his fist, Spike turned to his boys and said, "This is the guy we heard about. The one who took Robbie's place as The Duke's sex slave. Ain't that right, slave?" He looked me straight in the eyes. I nodded before he could yank on my head again.

"And you suck Duke's cock anytime he wants. Right?" I nodded again. It was the path of least resistance. "And, old Duke fucks your ass,

too. Right?" Again, I nodded. This seemed to please Spike for he seemed gentler somehow.

He then said, "Stand up, sweet cheeks!" He still had my hair in his grip.

I stood, legs trembling. Spike let go of my hair, reached down, and started rolling my bathing suit down my legs. He stopped to just above my knees. The bathing suit, wet and taut, seemed to bind my legs together as if it were a wet, woolen rope. Spike turned me around to face the bench and told me to bend over. I complied, my ass now fully exposed to all their views.

Spike reached out and squeezed my left ass cheek. "It ain't virgin ass-pussy no more, boys, but it sure is cute!" He then squeezed my right ass cheek. Then, using both hands, he spread both my cheeks apart. "Say it out loud, fucker, you want to suck all of our cocks and get fucked. By all of us!" I swallowed, audibly, and said, "I want to suck all your cocks and get fucked by all of you." More guffaws.

Spike said, "Turn around, pussy, and get on your knees." I complied, feeling the wool rope tighten even further around my legs.

"Tommy!" Spike said harshly. "Go to the showers and bring back some soap and water." Tommy rushed off in the direction of the community showers. You could always find some used soap and a few paper cups in there.

Spike then shed his cut-off jeans. Underneath, he had on a bright red, tight-fitting bathing suit. Standing in front of me, he pulled his trunks down to just below his balls, which hung down, plump and very hairy.

He moved closer, positioning his flaccid penis inches from my face. "Suck it, bitch!" he commanded as he leaned in and pressed the limp cock into my lips. When I hesitated, he again grabbed my hair, hard, and looked me right in the face. He said, "Look, pussy, I'll give you two choices, 'A' and 'B.' 'A', you swallow all our cocks and drain 'em, or 'B', you swallow the pool and drain it. Choose, fucko!" More guffaws from his gang.

"'A' . . ." was all I could manage to say. Then, holding my head with two hands, he pulled my mouth even closer to his still flaccid cock. It bunched up, limply, against my mouth. Resigned, I reached out and held the base of his dick, lifting it up in an effort to straighten it out somewhat. It was floppy and hard to control.

"Suck it real good, sport!" Spike growled. I opened my mouth and put it on his prick. It tasted salty and very sweaty. I could also smell sweat coming from his balls. As his cock stiffened in my mouth, I felt the lack of any discernible ridge around the head. It was almost non-existent, smooth to the point of almost completely blending in with the shaft.

His penis, average in length and skinnier than most in width, was

certainly no showstopper. I could easily have deep-throated him, but no way, Jose! When it was fully erect, I noticed it had an acute upward bend and I could feel the tip hit the roof of my mouth.

Spike said, "Now, go up and down on it! Shit! I know you can suck my dick better than that!" I started going up and down, sucking him off. I only took half of his 6" into my mouth and this pissed him off. "Fuck, man, get all the way down on that thing! Now! Or it's pool time!"

I felt it wise not to piss him off further so I took more of him in, to a depth of about five inches. This seemed to placate him and he said, "Wow! He can sure swallow cock, can't he?" The others agreed. Someone said, "Yeah! He sucks like a champ!" I heard Tommy returning to the wolf pack. He put the soap and two paper cups filled with water on the bench.

"Tommy," Spike said, "go and be lookout. Anyone comes along, holler." Tommy went to his post, which would enable him to see completely down the approach path. No one could approach without his seeing them.

"He sucks good!" Spike said above my head. "He sure do!" someone else said. Another bozo said, "Wowee! I can't wait until it's my turn."

"And look!" said a voice. "He *likes it!* The fucker has a stiff-on!" It was true, I was hard. My dick had betrayed me. It was a real turn on being on my knees with Spike's cock in my mouth and knowing I was being watched by the other guys. A feeling of relaxed sluttiness was coming over me. I sucked in and out on Spike's unremarkable dick, trying to make it feel better to my lips. I also knew that if it pleased Spike, my chances of living out the day would improve.

"Oh yeah, he's Dukie's boy all right!" Spike said as he started to slowly mouth fuck me, moving in and out, keeping time with my up and down movements. He was fully hard now, which wasn't saying too much, and his cock would sometimes reach the back of my mouth. This excited him. He kept trying to make me choke on his prick. "Wow! Look! He's taking it all!" he said, which wasn't quite true, but who cared? I didn't.

When he finally came, it was as unremarkable as his cock. Two small dribbles and old Spike was finished. Of course, he carried on as if he was unloading Niagara Falls!

"Swallow all my jizm, boy," Spike said as he came. "All of it! Oohwee! Holy shit!" Then he went flaccid in a heartbeat, pulled it from my mouth, swiped it across my lips once, and yanked up his swimsuit. Mr. Unremarkable was kaput.

"I'm going for a cig, guys, so enjoy yourselves!" Spike said on his way to where Tommy kept lookout. Over his shoulder, Spike hollered back to us, "Fuck his mouth good, guys! And, then we'll give his ass-pussy a good workout!"

The second kid shed his jeans and pulled his swim trunks down. He too pushed them to a few inches below his balls. This kid, however, was already on the way to a full erection. I noticed it was thicker than Spike's as I took the bulbous head into my mouth. When my hot mouth made contact with his prick, his legs started wobbling.

"Ooh, that feels great!" he said as I felt him quickly swell to his full size. Fully erect, he hit around seven inches with a nicely formed fireman's-helmet type cockhead. Still tasting Spike's sperm burning in the back of my throat, I sucked this new prick with just a bit more of my cocksucking skill showing.

Then, he surprised me by pulling his cock completely out of my mouth.

"Damn!" he said loudly, "Gotta piss!" He started to head toward the men's room. This gave Spike an idea. "Piss in his cocksucking mouth, Joey! Old Duke probably does!" Oh oh. Joey turned back and approached me, his limp cock in his hand.

"Good idea, Spike!" he said. "Open up fucker!" He held my chin with one hand and rubbed his wobbly cockhead on my lips with the other. What could I do? I opened my mouth and took his prick in. He started pissing immediately. As I gurgled and swallowed he said, "Oowee! Lookit him swallowing my piss! The fucker loves it, Spike!" Oh oh. I knew what else was going to happen.

One by one, Spike being the next after Joey, they pissed in my mouth. All four of them. Spike, and two of the others, ended their pissing session by pulling out prematurely and letting loose on my face, my hair, and my body. I was pissed in and pissed on. The fucking dirty bitch is, I had an erection! And it didn't go unnoticed, either.

"Fuck! He's got a woody! Look!"

"Yeah, he must love the fuckin' taste!"

"You love the taste, pissmouth?" Spike asked, pulling my head up and forcing me to look directly at him. "Answer me!" What could I do? "Yes, I love the taste." They all laughed. Then the last guy stepped up and shoved his prick into my mouth for his turn at the human urinal. I swallowed his piss as I had with the others.

An amazing fact is I didn't feel even the least bit humiliated or debased. You only get those feelings in front of people whose opinions you care about. These guys, to me, were less than subhuman so I didn't give a rat's tit what they thought.

The kid I had started to blowjob stepped forward.

"Now," he said. "Where were we? Oh, yeah, I remember, pissmouth, you were going to suck my dick off!" Resigned, I took his soft cock into my mouth and worked it to a hardened state. As I sucked him,

the smell of piss was everywhere and the taste of it filled my mouth. There was nothing left for me to do now but suck him off and get it over with.

And my fucking hardon was still there!

The fear in me, lessened a little, but still hovered in the background. This prevented me from taking him all the way in, but I did try to give him a better blowjob. And I used my tongue action a bit on the underside. He noticed. "Keep doing that, it feels good." he said. Then, in a louder voice, he said, "He's swirling his tongue around my tool!" Yeahs and guffaws came from somewhere behind me.

I also alternated my lip pressure, but he didn't mention this, either not noticing (how could he not?) or feeling too good to care. I sucked him heartily, my own hardon raging for a release I knew it would not soon get. When he came, his load was sizeable. Four hefty spurts and a few last-second bubbling, copious dribbles. I had given me a mouthful.

I swallowed his sperm and he pulled out. He then wiped the head of his dick across my lips, as he had seen Spike do, and pulled his trunks up, going to join Spike and Tommy, leaving me by myself with the third kid.

I had noticed this kid playing with himself while I had been sucking kid number two. Now he was standing before me, trunks down, dick in hand. He massaged the sizeable head of his cock with a rubbing back and forth motion. "Suck it!" he said. "But put more feeling into it. Understand?" I nodded and took his prick by the base and placed my mouth on the head.

His penis was long, around 7+" and it curved acutely downward. It was also very blunt headed, like a mushroom. As I sucked it, I could hear indistinct conversation and sporadic laughter coming from the lookout area. I knew the others were watching me, but I didn't care. Fuck them! They want a cocksucker; I'll give them one! With that thought in my mind, I reached out with my other hand and started caressing his nuts. At my touch, he jumped and moaned loudly.

"Fuck!," he said. "He's lovin' up my ballies!" I heard laughter from the lookout post.

When this kid came, his cock twitched violently and pulsed wildly. He spurted, hitting the back of my throat, and groaned, the only one of them so far to do so.

"Oooh, oooh!" he moaned, as he came some more. "I'm gonna drown you, you fucking cocksucker!" He was cumming a bucketful!

I tried to swallow, but he had my head held fast and I couldn't back up far enough. As he twitched, spurted, and pulsated, my mouth filled to its capacity. Then, to overflowing. I couldn't swallow, so I was forced to open my mouth slightly around the spewing dick. As I did, his cum dribbled out onto my chin and down onto the cement deck. And, still he

spurted! And spurted even more. It was totally unrealistic and unbelievable. My lips and my tongue felt very sticky and cum covered.

Finally, he pulled back an inch or so and I was able to swallow. My mouth was so filled with his cum that my swallowing was distinctly audible. I know I heard it. He surely heard it. In fact, judging from the renewed guffaws from the lookout boys, even *they* had heard it.

Fear came back as I wiped his cum from my chin with a hand.

He said, almost yelling, "I couldn't drown the fucker, he loves it too much!" More guffaws from the lookout.

He pulled his prick out of my mouth and looked down at me. "Kiss the tip and thank it for giving you my sperm." I complied, and damned if he didn't dribble a bit more. Then he made me do it two more times. "Thank you for giving me your sperm." Then he put the "hose" away and joined Spike and the gang. I thought of The Duke and how he liked telling me to kiss his peehole and say similar words.

Tommy came over to where I was kneeling and, without a word or a waste of time, had his trunks down and his cock in my mouth. He had a sizeable prick, too. Over eight inches, very close to nine, with a thick, large knobby head and large flanged ridge; it was impressive. He could give any woman the fucking of her life.

My own cock, which had softened a bit, was now again stirring to its full state of hardness. Tommy's cock felt hard and swollen and fantastic in my mouth. It fit my mouth really well and I was enjoying it. I not only tongue-swirled it and lip-pressure-varied it, I threw all sense and caution to the wind and deep-throated it! Right down to his balls! All eight whatever inches! Then I swooped back up to the head, worked on it a bit, feverishly, and then swooped all the way down again, until his coarse pubic hairs tickled my nose.

As I repeated this a few times, Tommy flipped out. "Holy shit, guys!" Tommy said. "Look at this! He's taking every fucking inch of my ol' biggie! Every fucking last inch!"

The gang came over and I had an audience! I didn't give a rat's ass anymore. I worked his cock like a pro, giving the guys quite a show! I sucked and licked with complete abandon. His cock was soppy wet from my saliva and my mouth made audible sucking noises. I worked his dick to a fare-thee-well, licking, sucking, tonguing, and deep-throating him.

"Take it all, cocksucker!" someone said.

"Choke him, Tommy, choke him!" someone else said. Spike said, "Oh, yeah, he sure loves sucking dick! Old Duke must be in Heaven!"

Tommy tried to oblige choking me by taking my head in his hands and pushing his huge dick all the way down my throat, sawing in and out feverishly, my nose banging against his belly. He mouth fucked me, in this

style, for a few more minutes before he spurted his love cream.

As he was about to cum, he pulled his cock back leaving just the blood-gorged head in my mouth. The palm of my right hand felt his balls rise up. My lips felt the cockhead swell up and greatly expand as the first hot spurt of his cum hit the back of my mouth.

He pulled his cock out completely, still spurting, and moved it back and forth over my lips and still open mouth. I felt more cum being spewed, some entering my mouth, some splattering on my lips, my chin, and in my hair. I felt his cum going into my nostrils and some wild flying blobs hit my eyes. Someone said, "Geez!"

I swallowed, audibly again, as load after load bombarded my face and mouth. I was awash in his cum. My face and my shoulders were covered by it. I had never seen a cock spew so much cum before. The spurt pulsations I felt at the base of his cock were numerous. Twelve, fifteen? Who knew? I had lost count.

"Geezez, Tommy," someone said, "where did you get all that spunk?" As Tommy backed away from me to admire his handiwork, he laughed and said, "Been saving it up for a cocksucker just like him." Everybody laughed.

I took my polo shirt to wipe Tommy's "spunk" off my face, but Spike stopped me. "Don't waste good jizm, punk," he said, "especially since you seem to love the taste!" He scooped up some "jizm" from my face with a forefinger and placed the cum-laden finger in front of me.

"Suck it off my finger!" Spike commanded. The sperm, white and glistening, was clumped up in a large blob on his first knuckle. I leaned forward and, taking his finger in my mouth, I cleaned the sperm off. He repeated this two more times. Then he said, "Now, sweetie, I'm gonna give your ass-pussy a workout!"

He ordered me to bend over and put my hands flat on the bench. I complied, the bathing suit still binding my legs tightly together. As I stood there, ass at their disposal, I could taste their cum in my mouth and, everytime I swallowed, I could feel that burning sensation cum leaves in your throat. And, damn, I still had a hardon that had a mind of its own. One good point was I now no longer tasted the piss, only their cum.

Spike used the soap and water to lube his cock and I soon felt his smallish cockhead probing for entry into my young ass. The soap lube wasn't doing too great a job, however, so I yelled out in pain as he penetrated me. "Ow! Ow!"

Spike slapped my ass cheek hard and shouted, "Someone put a cock in his mouth to shut him up!" Kid number two, the seven-incher guy, came around to the other side of the bench and forced his cock, which was only semi-hard, into my mouth.

As I felt him stiffen up somewhat, Spike put a strong grip on my

hips and rammed his dick all the way into me. My "Ow's" were now muffled around the dick I had in my mouth. Then, it stopped hurting. So I started to suck the dick I had in my mouth in earnest.

Spike rammed brutally in and out of me, slamming into my ass cheeks, and the cock in my mouth started moving in and out in unison. One of them said, "Hey! Let's meet in the middle!" They then started timing their ins and outs. As Spike went into my ass, the guy in my mouth did likewise to my mouth. They had a rhythm going. In a moment more, I felt Spike's hot cum bathe my insides. He let out a yell, his first, as he climaxed.

"Oooowee, tight fucking ass-pussy!"

Spike pulled out of me with a phloop-like sound and told one of them to take his place. In no time, another cock was rammed up my ass. It was Tommy. My asshole, being lubricated with Spike's cum, suffered very little pain as he entered. Spike, acting as an observer now, said, "Oh, yeah, he likes it! Got another woody, he does!" I did. And, I didn't care who knew it.

Tommy's eight inches was working its magic on my ass. Lighting bolts shot off in my head. Goose bumps appeared all over my body, especially my legs and ass area. As Tommy worked me good, I felt him constantly hitting my prostate. Out of my control, my cock started twitching and then, beyond my control, it started spewing cum.

Someone said, "Holy shit, Tommy, you made him shoot!" Tommy laughed and, spurred on by it, fucked me savagely. It felt so fantastic; it was all I could do to remember to suck on the cock in my mouth.

Then, Tommy yelled and shot his cum fire into my rectum. The heat was terrific. As he twitched behind me, the cock I was sucking started cumming in my mouth. I hadn't been sucking him all that well and it caught me totally by surprise. Plus, he hadn't seemed even fully hard.

I started gagging on his cum as it splashed the back of my mouth and trickled down my throat. To get a hold of myself, I backed up a bit so only his cockhead was in my mouth. He came a bit more and I somehow managed to swallow it without retching. He told me to vacuum suck his dick and I complied. Once totally drained, he pulled his cock out of my mouth. I swallowed and tasted him deep in my throat.

As Tommy pulled out of my anus, I felt his cum dripping out and down my legs. Before I could think much too about it, the fourth guy was probing my asshole with his hard dick.

Then, Spike surprised me by getting around to my front and putting his cock up to my mouth. Shit! He was hard again! He must have been turned on just from watching.

The kid in my ass didn't last too long. In minutes he was pouring hot cum into me. Spike was just getting going with his ins and outs when

someone said, "Hey! Someone's coming!"

He was right. We could hear voices coming up the path. "Oh, shit!" One of them said. The fourth guy quickly stuffed his prick into his bathing suit. Spike did likewise. I followed suit, unrolling my bathing suit, pulling it up.

I took this opportunity of confusion to grab my shoe and clothes, run to the fence, scramble over it, and sprint down the path, past the pool attendant, his keys in hand, chatting with a family of four.

I hollered "Good morning!" as I flew past them. When I reached the bottom of the path, I looked over my shoulder. Spike and the gang were nowhere to be seen. They had chosen not to pursue me.

I went home and jerked off that afternoon thinking about the scene I had been part of, still tasting their cum burning in the back of my throat and my ass still sore.

My cock, which was hotter than a poker, soon filled the palm of my unused hand with cum. Much more than usual. I gave it a look, lifted the palm up to my face and let the warm cum slip into my mouth. Then I licked off the rest. Yummy!

I was so turned on I jerked off two times more that afternoon. And, in the middle of the night I woke up from a dream of a large cock in my mouth. In the darkness I jerked and swallowed my cum again. I went back to sleep and in the morning I repeated the same scenario.

I never went back to the pool again. I stayed away from Spike's and the gang's neighborhood, and was glad they all went to a different school. Of course, I never ever mentioned this to Duke. Or anyone else for that matter. Until now, that is.

End. 4-Duke's Sex Slave: Suck or Sink, Sucker!

5-Duke's Sex Slave: Duke Daze Continued!

As previously mentioned, The Duke led me into a world of sex not seen in too many books. And I loved it! Which, over time, made me very good at giving sexual pleasure. I found that the more of a "giver" I became, the more I enjoyed it myself. To hear someone, man or woman, moan in appreciation as they unloaded because of my manipulations was beyond heaven to me. And it was way more real.

The Duke once had me suck off an elderly black cab driver when we didn't have quite enough money for the fare. The black guy told me he was in heaven as I sucked his 7" plus of solid, jet-black cock meat. I learned that day that some black cock are smoother feeling than white cock. Tighter skin or something. And, the old guy's cum was even stronger tasting than The Duke's, though not as voluminous.

As I deep-throated him in the back seat of his taxi, he almost had me laughing by his quaint phrasing: "Oooh, honey chil', I declare, youse is gibbin' me de best suckin' I's ebber had!" And his, "Shugga, where'dya ebber loin to suck a dick like dat?" And his truly poetic, "Youse got de lips so hot dey is hotter den de honey from de bee's ass!"

When he came his load, while firmly holding onto my head with both his strong hands, he said, "Ooooh! God sabe me! I done died and gone to da hebbenly place! Ooooh! Honey, honey, honey! Youse killing me, and dat's for sure!" It was the first, and last time, I swallowed a man's cum while grinning from ear to ear.

Duke also smuggled me into an X-rated movie theatre and charged six guys five bucks each for a blowjob by me. I sucked all six of them off listening to women fake orgasms on the screen while I swallowed the real thing.

Four of the men had average pricks, but two of them were truly hung. They each had well over nine inches, closer to ten. Both were pleasantly surprised when I deep-throated them. Both moaned up a storm. One guy shook and bucked so violently I thought he was going to slide off the seat and right onto the floor. These two, with the biggest cocks, also shot the biggest loads.

A funny thing also happened. As I heard a guy on the screen say, "You sure know how to suck cock, Honey. Ooooooh. I'm c-c-coming! Oooooooooooooo, yeah!" the third guy unloaded in my mouth! Perfect sync! At some point, as he spurted, I heard someone say, "Swallow it all, baby! That's it, take it all!" To this day, I'm not sure whether it was from the screen or from the guy I was blowing!

Duke also took me over to New Jersey and introduced me to a guy named Bernie. A short, fat, bald Jewish guy in an ugly looking plaid suit, Bernie owned a bar that had six glory holes in backroom. Although women usually worked the holes, Duke said to Bernie, "Put a wig on 'im and who'll know?"

Bernie agreed and put me in hole number 3. Because the "workers" used a back entrance, the customers, in the front bar, never knew who was behind each hole. And, because the cubicle was lit by only a small red light, it was hard for them to get a glimpse of the person sucking them off. That, plus the blonde wig he had me wear and a photo of a woman on the customer's side of the fence, sucking dick, added to the overall illusion.

Thus, there I was, ready to go to work and make Duke some extra money. Well, I wasn't in the small room five minutes when in came my first "customer." A short, fat, bald guy, wearing an ugly looking plaid suit! Mr. Bernie! Checking out the new hire personally. I felt as if I was being auditioned, and I guess I was.

"Let's see how good you are, Chickie," he said. "And, if you're as good as Johnny says you are, I'll see to it that your first time out is real fulla stiff-dicked customers."

I heard him unzip. A second later, his limp prick popped through the 4 " hole. Flaccid, it was chubby and thickish, if you get my drift.

I took him into my mouth and slowly felt him harden up. Full bore, it didn't top 6," but it was quite thick with a large, spongy cockhead. It felt good to my mouth and lips. In a few minutes, I felt his cockhead swell up greatly. Bernie moaned softly and his cum soon followed. A large copious load which I swallowed, quite audibly, for his benefit.

He had only one word of advice concerning improvement: "You suck good, kid, but like I've told all my girls, be sure to pull the guy's balls through the hole and play with them while you suck him off. He'll cum faster that way and the faster they cum the more money you can make. Got it?" I told him I did and would do it with the next guy.

He told me I could expect the next customer in a few minutes. I later found out he charged each customer twenty bucks of which The Duke got half. Duke, generously I thought, gave me a deuce each. I'm not saying I sucked a lot of hard cock that afternoon, but I did earn \$58! You do the math!

And it amazed me just how many different types of penises came through the hole. Fat ones, skinny ones, short ones, long ones, thin and long, fat and short. You name it. And cocks that pointed up, cocks that pointed down, cocks that pointed straight out. Even some bent way out to the side. And the range of cum varied from truly sugar sweet to bittersweet to downright fucking nasty. In volume amounts that were equally varied.

Well, I worked at Bernie's Seafront Bar and Cafe on and off for about five years or so. Probably once or twice a month. And not once did any of the customers catch on to the fact that it was a guy's mouth on their pricks. Nor did I ever hear a complaint. Remind me sometime to tell you about Susie, a glory hole co-worker. What a story she had to tell!

Duke also introduced me to the gay world. Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, he would drive us into New York City after arranging phone "dates" for me with gay men. Duke had a little black book with hundreds of men's names in it. He said Robbie had gotten them for him by standing on a corner at Times Square and 42nd Street and hustling gay guys.

"Do everything he tells you to do, Scooter! Don't embarrass me!" was his only prior instruction. He was paid, I found out later, twenty to thirty dollars, of which he gave me five. That was a lot of money to me at the time. Besides, I wouldn't have asked for a raise.

I was fearful that The Duke would tell the gay men that I would swallow their piss, if they liked, and I'd end up swallowing gallons of the bitter tasting stuff every week. But Duke allayed those fears. He told me he didn't want anyone else pissing in my mouth. He also told me, quite adamantly, that if anyone tried to get me to do it, I should tell him and he'd give the guy a good talking to.

No one of the gays ever did. One straight guy, Rocky, didn't ask, I

offered, but I never told Duke about that. Four kids at a swimming pool forced me to do it, but I didn't tell Duke out of fear of escalating it into a war. But that, as you know by now, was another story!

I averaged eight to ten gay guys each and every weekend. Fat gays, slim gays, handsome gays, ugly gays, white gays, black gays, tall gays, short gays; even a set of twin gays. I serviced them all. I sucked them off, fucked them, got sucked and fucked by them. I came in their mouths and their asses, and they did the same to me.

I even made a gay stag film with another teen and three gay men in their fifties and sixties. My fifteen minutes of fame! Who knows? It could still be out there. Waiting for its long overdue Oscar! In black and white, the way those old films were made. I was told by The Duke that it was backed by Mafia types, but that's another story.

And, every now and then, The Duke would fix me up with a woman. A horny housewife looking for some outside sex. Hookers looking for a no-fee involved, plain old good fucking. Nymphomaniacs. Threesomes. Foursomes. Orgies. You name it, we did it. And I loved every fucking sexual minute of it.

During our many "woman" sessions, I was usually there to watch The Duke fuck her. Every woman yelled her brains out, but one woman in particular, a married gal named Fritzie, actually passed out it felt so good to her. I watched the whole lewd scene from a closet, of all places.

Fritzie would usually acquire a hotel room and The Duke would meet her there. However, one time, and it only happened the once, she was pressed for time and asked Duke to get the room. She'd reimburse him later. Duke saw it as an opportunity for me to play Peeping Tom and share in on some of the fun.

Before she arrived, I got into a closet. I left the door slightly ajar. When Fritzie arrived I couldn't believe how beautiful she was. Exquisite. And young, no more than mid-twenties. She had a body I would deem flawless. Each breast stood straight out and looked like half a football. Her breasts had very large nipples. Add a small waist, wide hips, and long, long legs. And a face to fucking die for. Why she was fucking around on hubby I never found out, but it didn't really matter to me.

She came through the door, hungry as hell, and was out of her clothes in less than two minutes. She was all over The Duke who had gotten naked before she arrived. She kissed him, groped him, grabbed him, and went frigging crazy. I haven't seen anything like it even today. Then she dropped to her knees, right in the middle of the room, not more than six feet from where I was hiding, and sucked him off until he came in her mouth.

Now, Fritzie didn't just suck his prick, she devoured it! Ravenously. She moaned and groaned as if sucking his cock was the only thing keeping her alive. Now, don't get me wrong. Fritzie wasn't sucking him off violently. No sir. And she didn't use high speed up and down on it motions, either, Oh, no. She was doing it with slow, deliberate, but unbridled passion. Unbound and unleashed. I learned that day how to

make love to a cock with a much higher level of ardor, that's for sure. I couldn't wait to imitate it on The Duke.

He told me later that she always wanted him to come in her mouth so that he'd take longer when he later fucked her. When he did fuck her, she yelled so loud I thought the cops would come. Then she passed out. Bam! Good night, Irene! Just like that. Did it every time, Duke told me later.

Duke used the opportunity to scoot me out of there. I left and immediately found a men's room where I could spank the monkey. And taste the monkey's latest hot jizm. While picturing the hot scene I had witnessed from the closet. What a load I shot that time!

Between sex with Duke every day, the gay guys on the weekend, the glory hole now and then, and Duke's various women, I was having sex an average of 75-80 times a month! Young and dumb and full of cum! There's truth in those words. And, speaking of cum, I once did the math and came to the conclusion that I was swallowing about 3 cups of it a month!

Doesn't come close, though, to Susie that glory hole co-worker. She worked, on average, 10 hours a day, 7 days a week. 70 hours a week of steady cocksucking and swallowing. I once figured, at 5 men an hour, on average, Susie was swallowing a whopping 62 cups of hot cum a month! That's almost 4 gallons of cum. Each and every month! Or 48 gallons a year! Take your pick. Now, that's a person who surely loves the taste; she told me she never spit it out. Never.

To me, it seemed, back then, as if everyone in the world was horny! Everyone wanted sex and got it, whether they paid for it or not. Though, in the so-called "real" world, no one wanted to admit it.

Leave it to Beaver and *Father Knows Best* were the popular, family-oriented, TV shows of the time. Shoot-em-up westerns, war stories, spy movies, and love stories were what the sexless, the so-called pure, and non-prurient society went to see in their local movie theatres.

As the American comedian Lenny Bruce once said, "We let our kids watch gory war movies, blood everywhere, heads being blown off, but watching two people fuck is a taboo!" Amen, Lenny.

As I look back on it now, I'd rather suck the bejabbers out of Duke's hard, pulsing, stomach-magnetized prick than watch *Nightmare on Elm Street*, Part VII. Any day.

Epilogue: I joined the Navy. On my first leave after boot camp I returned to the neighborhood and learned that The Duke had been stabbed to death in a bar fight with an Hispanic guy half his size. A quick and ridiculous fight over a woman! The duke was twenty three at the time. All I had to remember The Duke by, along with sexy memories, was around eighty phone numbers I had secretly taken from the gay men. But that's another story!

Back then, at times, I had wondered, naturally, whether I was gay or not, like the men I was servicing. I came to the conclusion that I wasn't,

not that it would have mattered one way or the other. Guys just didn't do it for me. Sure, I loved sucking cock and getting ass fucked, even kissing a guy, but there was always something missing. In fact, many of the gay men told me, "Too bad you're not gay. I could easily fall in love with you."

I don't know how they knew or saw the difference in me, but perhaps one of them hit the nail on the head when I asked him for his idea of what constituted a gay guy.

"A man having sex with another man doesn't mean he's gay, even if he enjoys it; it just makes him experimental. Falling in love with a man, on the other hand, can and usually does point in the gay direction." Only one gay guy's opinions, to be sure, but it seems to fit me to a tee. I can love 'em, but I can't love 'em! If you get my drift. I then rolled over and put my hot mouth on his big, fat 9" gay cock!

Now, sucking all this cock and being fucked by many men, over and over, could easily have fucked up my young and impressionable mind. It didn't. Probably because I went into it with no preconceived ideas about it all. There was no Jerry Falwell in my life, at the time, preaching that homosexuality is abnormal. Thus I had no guilt trips, no bad feelings about myself which might have poisoned me.

To me, today, it is the Falwells of this world who should feel the guilt. Because of their vitriolic rhetoric, filled with hatred toward homosexuals, they have the blood of every gay male on their hands who has been beaten or murdered by gay bashers.

The bitch is, The Jerry Falwells, and the Pat Robertsons of this world, are so self-motivated by their "crusade" they can't see all the blood dripping from their fingers. But I'll bet you dollars to donuts, Matthew Shepard sees it! He put some of it there.

And Richie and me? Well, that's another story now . . . isn't it?

End. 5-Duke's Sex Slave: Duke Daze Continued!

6-Duke's Sex Slave: Gettin' Rich!

A few days after The Duke had told me all about my friend Richie, how Richie had sucked The Duke off and taken it up the ass, I was still flabbergasted. It was like learning that your best friend really has two heads, but you can only see one of them. Richie, for crissakes!

I had never thought about Richie in any way but as a pal, but now that I knew his little Dukie secret, he took on a different aura. We had, as mentioned, masturbated together while leering at my French playing cards, and I had seen him spurt his loads many times into a paper napkin, but I had not given it any other thought whatsoever.

As I've said, we each didn't have a gay bone in us. But now, the idea of us "doing" each other had an irresistible sexual appeal to me and I made up my mind that any fantasy I was harboring could, and would, become a reality. After all, I reasoned, how hard could it be to set it up?

Richie was around my age and basic overall proportions, but I knew, and I knew he knew, that in future years he would be the handsomer of us. I wasn't exactly chopped liver, but whereas he would be looked upon as handsome, I'd be considered cute. Which was fine with me.

Regardless of how Richie looked, or would eventually look, he didn't, per se, turn me on. I didn't sit around saying to myself, "Gee! I can't wait to have him in my arms and plant wet kisses on those Adonis-like lips!" Far from it. To me at the time and, even today, he was just Richie. Nothing more and nothing less.

However, now that I liked cock a tad, I saw the sexual possibilities and *that* turned me on. That and the fact that I was now picturing fucking someone. I had to know what that was like, for I hadn't, so far anyway, fucked anything but my fist. Five fingered Mary.

Like The Duke, I also had a clubhouse. Whereas his clubhouse was in a house, mine was in the basement of an apartment building. My father, the building's super, had set aside an 8' x 12' storage room for my personal use, complete with a lockable door. It was where Richie and I whacked off. It was also where I raised many types of tropical fish, kept all my books, board games, my stamp collection, and sundry other items.

It was furnished, if you could call it that, with 6 fish tanks of varying sizes, a large bookcase, a two-seated settee, two folding chairs, and a table for board game playing. If it matters, the floor was gray painted concrete and three of the walls were wooden planks. One wall, the street-facing wall, was brick. It was the only wall that had paint on it, a pure white. There was also a one-foot by three-foot mirror hung on the inside of the door.

There were only two ways to get down to the basement. The elevator, which was less than 20 feet from my clubhouse, and a door about 40' away. No one ever used the door, including my father, for it was old and made a helluva noise when opened. Thus, I could hear anyone coming down to the basement simply by listening for the elevator doors to open. The only reason any of the tenants had to venture down there was to do their laundry. This occurred rarely because most folks had a washer and dryer in their apartments. Thus, I was rarely ever bothered in my private little haven.

Anyway, I was in my clubhouse when I heard the elevator come down. A moment later I heard the my secret knock: Knock, knock, knock. Three short raps. Clever, eh? I opened the door and there stood Richie, looking bright and chipper. "Hey, man, what's happening?" he said, sauntering in.

I wasted no time. "Nothing, cuz," I said jovially. "I was just getting ready to deal out some cards. You want a hand?" He knew what I meant and said, "Sure!"

Masturbation, here we come! I locked the door and went to get the

French deck. When I had them and turned back around I saw he had wasted no time, either. He was plopped out on the settee, his shorts and underpants down around his ankles, and his cock wobbling in his hand. Aside from his blue tee shirt, he was now basically naked. Can you set the stage for a seduction any better than this? Yes. Add my hardon to the stage. OK. Done.

I pulled up a folding chair and placed it about a foot closer to him than I normally did. I was now less than 3' away from where he sat. If he noticed the difference, he didn't bother to mention it. With my back to my chair, I slowly pulled off my shorts and underpants. I didn't rush it because I wanted to check his reaction.

I watched his face. Yep, he had glanced at my cock. For more time than would be considered polite, if you get my drift. I stood there a minute or so, my erection pointing right at his face, and made some small talk concerning the French cards. As I yammered away he was taking little sneak peeks at my dick and I noticed his own cock was getting fairly erect.

Still standing in front of him I said, "Man, oh, man, my cock is exceptionally hot today. Guess it's 'cause I haven't given it a yank in a while."

"Shit," he said. "I haven't beaten mine in over two weeks! Been too busy with family crap, you know?" I nodded and said, "Wow, you must have some load built up!" I was still standing, but now I was massaging my dick and balls. Right in front of him. He was doing the same to himself.

"Yeah," he said. "It's gonna be a two tissue day!" I laughed. He laughed. The sexual tension could be cut with a knife. My mouth felt dry. My legs felt wobbly. His mouth must have felt dry, too, because he kept running his tongue over his lips after talking.

With trembling hands, I gave him part of the deck. My legs got even wobblier, so I sat down. I didn't miss the fact that his eyes had followed my crotch from standing to sitting. He pulled his eyes off of me and put them on the cards in his hands. His free hand was now massaging his plump cockhead as he gave the cards the once over.

I let a minute go by and then started the ball rolling.

"I guess, Richie, by now you know that I'm The Duke's boy, dontcha?" The mere mention of The Duke had an electrifying effect on him. His eyes opened wide and he stared at me. He looked nervous. He stopped massaging his cock.

"Y . . . Yeah, I know." was all he said, trying to compose himself. I felt he was ready to be led down the primrose path.

"Tell me, Richie, how'd you find out?" A natural question, I thought, to get things going. He said, "Oh, I dunno, it's all around." Then he made a mistake by saying, "Maybe The Duke spread the word, you know, for his reputation." Talk about opening the door.

"No, Richie, it wasn't The Duke. Shit, he plays it real cagey and doesn't want anyone to know. He hasn't even told me to mow that fucked up lawn of his for fear that someone sees me. Nah, it wasn't The Duke." I paused for effect. "I know! Maybe it was that Halverson kid. You know, the one who lives next door to Duke who's always poking his fat face out of his upstairs bedroom window?"

Richie nodded and said, "Yeah, could be him all right." I pressed further. It was time to take the gloves off a tad.

"Then again, Richie, you've been to The Duke's clubhouse a few times and no one is going around saying you're The Duke's boy. Right?" I waited, letting it sink in.

"Ri . . . ri . . . right. I guess it wasn't Halverson, after all." He was sweating now. His prick had gone limp even though he was still fondling it. He knew I knew and I was now ready to move in for the kill.

"Rich, don't be embarrassed! Duke told me all about your little visits. It's no big deal." I paused, gauging his reaction. "So you sucked his cock. So what? I did, too! It's no big deal! And you only did it a few times, he's got me doing it every day, come rain or come shine."

"Really?" He seemed greatly relieved by my "confession." I noticed that his cock was beginning to harden up again. Good boy, Richie. Hang in there with me. We're halfway home.

"Oh, yeah, cuz, every fucking day. Just like old Robbie used to do for him. You could say I've replaced Robbie as The Duke's personal cocksucker." I waited for this new confession to take hold.

"Do . . . do . . . do you like doing it? Like Robbie did?" He had a full erection now.

"Yeah. It's different, if you know what I mean?" He nodded. Yeah, he sure knew what I meant! I went on, "And it feels good, too. Why wouldn't it? So I like doing it. Didn't you like doing it?" The pregnant moment had arrived. Would he balk or join my team?

"Well, kinda, I guess. It was different. Well, not the first time, maybe, but . . . " It was time to delve a little deeper with my new teammate.

"Yeah, me, too. I almost upchucked the first time, though. That fucking Duke has a dick like a horse, doesn't he?" He nodded, so I added. "I almost choked on the frigging thing. Did you choke on it, too?" Again I waited. A short while passed before he spoke.

"Yeah, he's fucking large, all right! I thought I'd choke to death when he told me to swallow all of it." Richie was opening up to me. I laughed and said. "Yeah, me, too. But I managed to do it. Did you?"

"Yeah, kinda. But Duke was pissed that I couldn't take the last inch!" Richie was getting into it now. "But, man, it was just too fucking big! How'd you do it?" I grinned. He couldn't be riper, could he? School was in session and I had a rapt pupil. True, I was feeling very predatory, but I didn't let that get in the way of anything. I sensed that he was up for it and it was only a matter of time.

I told Richie how to suppress the gag reflex and that by going very slowly, half-inch at a time, it was easy. Richie listened with open ears and a fascinated look on his face. He nodded here and there as I outlined how to deep-throat someone's dick.

I stood up, turned sideways to him, and moved a foot closer. My hardon was pointing straight out. For his benefit I forced it to twitch up and down. Then I pointed to a place on cock and said, "See? When your mouth gets to around here, that's when the cock hits the gag reflex." I quickly checked his face. He was staring at my erection.

"That's the time to start going real slow." Fuck it was time to get it on. I turned toward him, my hard cock less than a foot from his face. I didn't miss the subtle fact that he hadn't instinctively pulled back. Not an inch. In fact, he had actually moved forward on the settee, toward my dick.

God, my mouth was dry! I licked my lips while I fondled my cock in front of him, and said, "Well, since we're both members in the Duke's cocksucker club, how about I show you how to do it, to take the whole enchilada? OK?" The ball is in your court, Richie.

All he said, while fondling his dick, was, "OK." I knew he thought that I was going to drop to my knees and start blowing him, while spouting instructions, but I had other plans. I moved in even closer to his face, my hardon pointing directly at his lips.

"Now, Rich," I said, pushing my cockhead to within an inch of his lips. "Put your mouth on it and don't move forward until I tell you to. OK?" He looked puzzled as he looked up to me.

"OK, I . . . I guess," he said. "But you are gonna do me, too, aren't you?" He wanted to make sure the deal was going to be reciprocal. I was home. Score one for me.

"Absolutely! But I want to teach you to take it all before you drop your load so you don't lose your, uh, your inspiration. Get it?" He nodded. It made sense to him, somehow. I, myself, had no fucking idea what I meant, but it had worked.

I stood there and waited for the longest minute of my life. Then he leaned forward and put his right hand on the base of my stiff cock. It was electrifying! I trembled immediately and let out a moan. He leaned in more and put his mouth on my cock's blood filled head. Wow! His mouth felt fantastic. The first mouth I'd ever felt on my cock. It was so hot and so wet. But toothy, too fucking toothy.

"Richie! You're teeth are scraping me! Try to hide them behind your lips." He complied and I didn't feel his teeth at all after that. He continued sucking on me.

Damn, I thought, it won't take me long to blow my nuts. I had to concentrate on my tropical fish to make sure I finished our little deep-throat lesson.

After he had gone up and down on my cock a few times, driving me wild in the bargain, I told him to go the distance. I must be a good teacher for he hardly gagged at all. On only his second attempt I could feel his nose touch my pubic hairs. He was breathing heavily through his nose, as I had told him to do. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. It felt just too damn good.

I reached out and tilted his chin up a bit. Looking him right in the eyes, I said, "Now, Richie, when I unload we don't want it to go straight to your gut. Do we?" Looking right up at me, he shook his head from side to side on my dick. "So, when I'm ready, you make sure that only the head is in your mouth. OK?" He nodded on my dick. "Good. Now suck it real good, taking it all on every third up and down stroke, and when it's ready to shoot I'll tell you and you get up to the head. OK?" Again, he nodded up and down on my dick, but this time adding an, "Mmm hmm."

As he worked it, alternating with deep-throat and cockhead workings, I told him to roll his tongue around the underside. "That adds great pleasure," I said, "as you'll see when it's my turn to do you." He complied and went back to sucking me off, adding his tongue to the action. My lips were still dry, so I ran my tongue over them.

I looked down at his bobbing head and I could hardly believe it was happening. Here he was, willingly, sucking me off. I stole a glance in the mirror from the door. I had positioned it to the side of the settee and could now see that his eyes were tightly shut.

I tested my command voice. "Richie! Open your eyes!" I watched as he obeyed. "Good," I said. "When your eyes are closed you miss out on seeing what it is you're sucking on. Understand?" I watched him nod on my dick in the mirror. What fun!

I reached out and took his head in both hands. As I deep-throat mouth fucked him I told him to play with my balls with his other hand. He complied, fondling my nutsack gently and expertly. As I sawed my cock in and out of his hot mouth he was gurgling and making slurping sounds with his lips. I was alternately my view of him by looking down at him and catching him in the mirror. Man, it was a hot scene! I was so hot. Then my moment came.

"Now! It's ready! Here it comes!" He moved his mouth up to the cockhead area, like an obedient student, and waited. He didn't have long to wait. I busted out a deluge of cum. As I moaned up a storm I heard him moaning, too. He was obviously liking it as much as I was. It was obvious to me in the mirror view.

I counted my spurts. Seven. More than my usual five. He had had a cum bath, no lie. I heard him audibly swallow three times and on the last swallow he moaned loudly. No doubt about it, Richie, like me, enjoyed sucking on a cock. And it's cum reward, too.

When my last spurt was finished, I told him to keep sucking. "Get every drop, Richie!" He did, moving his mouth up and down my cock as it deflated itself. I pulled it from his mouth and sat down, drained and weak in the knees. He sat there just blinking and licking his lips, a stoned look on his face.

"You did great, Rich! You took it all the way! Tell me, did you enjoy it, too?" He nodded, still blinking and licking his lips. I noticed that he had lost his hardon. He finally spoke.

"Fuck," he said, laughing a bit. "You shot a lot! I thought you were gonna fucking drown me!" I laughed. He laughed. One cocksucker down, one to go. I left the chair and knelt between his knees and reached for his cock. As I put my hand around it, I said, "You ready for your turn?" I asked. "Yeah." was all he had in him to say.

I leaned forward, but instead of taking his limp cockhead in my mouth, I aimed my head lower and put my mouth on his balls. He twitched in his seat, let out a grunt and then a moan, one right after the other. Now, when he had been doing me, I could have told him to suck *my* balls, but I didn't want to push things. That would come later.

I looked up at him. "The trick is to get the balls nice and sloppy wet. Get lots of saliva in your mouth. Adds to the overall pleasure. Feel good?" He nodded and said, "Oh, yeah, man, it feels great!"

I went back to sucking on his nuts, slopping them up real good. His cock twitched and started expanding, the cockhead pushing against my tongue. Richie instinctively reached out and put his hands on my shoulders, one on each side of my head. As he did, he moaned and moved forward slightly.

It was time to suck him off. I took his semi-erection into my mouth and immediately deep-throated it. I stayed with my lips glued to his pubic hairs for a moment or two and then I travelled my wet lips and tongue up his shaft and slathered up his plump cockhead.

I pulled my mouth off of him. "Good and wet!" I said. He moaned in agreement. I wondered if he was thinking of The Duke just then. His wetter is better stuff. What the hell, I thought, I might as well throw that in, too.

I said, "Remember what The Duke liked to say? The wetter the better?" He nodded and said, "Yeah!" He had remembered all right. And I now knew for sure that he had gotten Duke's dick and balls all sloppy wet, too. And just from his "Yeah! I knew he had enjoyed it.

In an effort to discover if Richie would follow all my orders, I made up my mind, then and there, not to ask anymore. If he was compliant it would serve me well in future. Now, it should be mentioned that in a fair fight, Richie could easily kick my ass. But I sensed that he was a giver, a pleasurer, and being slaved a bit would appeal to him. Besides, he had followed all my commands thus far.

"Stand up!" I commanded. Without protest, he stood up, his cock now fully erect and pointing at the ceiling. "Now, Richie, before I suck you off, I want you to tell me you loved sucking me off." He failed to speak, so I threw him a harsher command. "Say it! Now! How you loved sucking my cock!"

Looking me right in the eyes, he said, " I loved sucking your cock!" Then he ad-libbed. "Yeah, I guess I did! It felt good. Especially when you had it all the way in. And I did that without choking. I even when you spurted in my mouth. That was good, too." OK. We're hot now.

"You liked the taste of my sperm, too. Right?" He nodded and said, "Yeah, it's strange tasting, but not bad." I decided to explore even further.

"Much better than The Duke's piss, right?" I waited. I wasn't sure if The Duke had pissed in his mouth or not, but Richie didn't know that. He thought for a moment and I suspected he was wondering if I knew The Duke has pissed in his mouth. Finally, he answered. With a question.

"Did The Duke piss in your mouth, too?" Case closed, I rest my case.

"Yeah," I confessed. "And now he does most every time. It tastes, ha ha, like piss, but you know, it does have an excitement to it. Don't it?" I waited with bated breath.

"Yeah, it's real nasty tasting. But you're right, it was kind of a turn on, in a strange way. Know what I mean?" I nodded. Boy, did I ever. I decided to push things even further.

"You feel like peeing now?" I said with the world's driest lips. He got my drift and said, "Yeah, I could probably piss now." Man, I knew I could! The trick now was to get him to go first. I brought out my commanding voice again.

"Richie, you do me first and then I'll do you! Then I'll wash it down with some of your sperm. On your knees, Richie!" He offered no resistance whatsoever. As he started to kneel I had to pinch the base of my prick to stop it from peeing too early. I now had to piss something fierce. In a moment, my cock was in his mouth. I unpinched the base and started spuming piss.

The Duke had taught him well. He swallowed rapidly and didn't spill a drop on the gray cement. I peed and peed and peed, not holding back at all. He kept up royally, swallowing audibly throughout. When I was finished and had pulled my cock from his mouth, I saw him make a yucky

face.

"Man, I don't think I'll ever get used to the taste!"

"You will, Richie, just like I have. I didn't like it at first, either." He nodded.

Then it was his turn to piss. I took his now limp dick into my mouth and waited. Time was passing and I thought he might not be able to go, but then he suddenly started his flow. The warm, bitter liquid quickly filled my mouth so I swallowed. He too pissed like a fucking racehorse, but when he was finished I didn't let him pull it out. I held him firmly in my mouth.

I grabbed his ass cheeks, pulled him toward me, and proceeded to blowjob him. He got into the swing of things immediately by placing both hands on my head. In no time he went from semi-limp to fully hard. His 7" plus circum sized erection felt fantastic to my mouth and lips. I liked how his cockhead was shaped with a highly pronounced flanged ridge. As my lips bounced over the ridge I couldn't keep from moaning in pleasure and ecstasy.

I felt him go down my throat on one of his forward thrusts so I pulled his ass toward me even more. We soon had a nice rhythm going as he mouth fucked me, deep-throating me with each inward thrust of his ass cheeks. I could smell the hot musk aroma emanating from his balls. I was in cocksucker heaven!

We did this for five minutes or so and then he said, "I can't hold back, man. Here it comes!" I scooted back to his cockhead. The head swelled up and a second later I felt his warm juicy cum splash the back of my throat. As he let out a deep moan, I ran my tongue side to side. Four more solid spurts joined the first one in the back of my mouth. My mouth was now totally flooded, my tongue swimming in his cum. I swallowed with a big gulp as he unloaded even more cum. He was right, he had a load stored up. A big one, for sure.

He came so much I had to swallow four times! When he had finished, I vacuum sucked him for another minute or so, listening to his constant moaning. Man, it was great!

I removed my mouth from his cock and stood up. "Rich, you fucker, I thought I was gonna drown!" He laughed. I laughed. Two guys just having fun together.

We got dressed and I showed him the new Molly and Guppy babies that had come along in last few days. We bullshitted idly for a bit and then it was time for him to go home to dinner. However, I wanted some assurance that we would have some rematches.

"So, Rich, you want to do this on a regular basis now, or what?" I waited, nervously.

"Shit yeah," he said. "Why, didn't *you* really like it?" Ha ha. Like it? I loved it.

"Oh, yeah, I liked it. And I sure want to do it again. How's tomorrow sound?"

All he said was, "Great by me!" Then he greatly surprised and delighted me by adding, "And I'll try to steal a few of my old man's brewskies. It'll help us piss!"

In shock, all I could say was, "Great!" He had swallowed my piss and my cum. And had loved it. I knew, then and there, that getting him into ass-pussy fucking would be a snap.

He left and I was still hot so I jerked off, still tasting his piss and cum in my mouth. Shit, I didn't need no stinkin' French playing cards, either! I came a hearty load into my palm and licked it up. Yummy!

From there on we got together for sex almost every day for five plus years. We tried 69 quite often and managed to shoot off at the same time more than not. Mouth pissiing had also become a regular thing. On our third get together, I introduced ass-pussy fucking to the picture. He took to it immensely. Sometimes we'd take turns screwing each other, cumming in each other's ass. Other times I'd screw him and then give him a blowjob. And vice versa. Of course, his ass wasn't virgin. After all, The Duke had fucked him, which was something we discussed. Seems he had, after the initial pain of The Duke's oversized prick, thoroughly enjoyed it.

Sometime during the first three months, The Duke happened to see the two of us together so he dragged our cocksucking asses to his clubhouse. He had us go through sexual hoops. Richie and I 69ing. Fucking each other. And both of us working The Duke's cock and balls, then switching places.

He'd ass-pussy fuck one of us and have the other guy blow the one being fucked. He pissed in both our mouths, individually and at the same time. He had us piss in each other's mouths, too, while he supervised. Many times, The Duke would fuck one of us while that one was fucking the other.

He also liked it when one of us fucked the other in a missionary position on his sofa. Duke would sit in a chair in front of the sofa and direct. "Fuck him harder!" "Now put your arms around him and your legs around his back!" "Kiss each other!" Then he'd join in by putting his stiff cock between our faces and ordering us to take turns sucking on it. When he'd cum he would shoot in one mouth and tell that guy to spit it back and forth with the other guy. While he watched. In other words, name it and he most likely had us do it.

After one particularly hot session with The Duke, Richie and I ended up sitting on the swings in the playground behind the Junior High School. We were all keyed up and were in no hurry to go home. So we

smoked some cigarettes and threw the bull. At one point in the lame conversation, Richie said, sounding serious, "You think it's all over the school?"

I still had the vision of what we had done with The Duke swimming around in my head so I asked stupidly, "What's all over the school?"

"You, me, and what we do with The Duke." Oh, I thought.

"Nah," I said. "We'd have sure heard something by now, dontcha think?"

"Guess so." He didn't sound too convinced.

"Why?" I asked. "You worried we'll be labeled sickos?"

"Yeah. Kinda. Aren't you?"

"No, man, we *are* sickos, so what's to worry about?" He laughed. I went on.

"I know I'm a fucking sicko, that's a given! Christ, I keep thinking about your fucking cock and The duke's fucking cock all the fucking time! I was in the fucking grocery store with my Mom yesterday and got a fucking hardon from looking at a fucking salami!" He laughed. I then added, "And from the fucking bananas, too!" He laughed again. I had thrown in all the fucking this and fucking that for comic effect.

"Bananas?" he said. "Shit, I'm way sicker than you are! I was eating a fucking banana the other day and fuck all if I didn't start to fucking suck on it!" I now laughed.

"You think that's fucking sick?" I threw back. "Shit! The other day in fucking class I got one fucking hardon when the fucking teacher used the word 'come!' and another when she used the word 'shoot!'" He laughed.

I laughed and continued, "Yeah, and then, fuck all, she used the fucking word 'prick' in a fucking sentence! I wanted to fucking jerk off right then and there!" He laughed.

He asked, "How'd she use the fucking word 'prick' in a fucking sentence?"

"She was telling us how it was a fucking good idea to get fucking flu shots, you know? Well, one fucking girl yelled out that she hated fucking needles and the teach said, 'Oh, don't worry my dear, all you'll feel is a little prick!' Talk about being a fucking sicko, I wanted to fucking yell, 'Oh, yeah, well, I'd rather feel a big prick if it's any of your fucking business, lady!' Now, how's that for a fucking sicko?" We both laughed.

"Shit! I can top that!" Richie said. "Sometimes after one of our fucking sessions with the fucking Duke I go home and fucking dream about it! In fucking color, no less! There's you, me, and fucking Duke

going at it. It's so fucking vivid it wakes me up! Most times with a fucking erection. Sometimes the fucking erection dies right away and I can go back to fucking sleep. Other times, the fucking dick won't die until I choke it to fucking death!" I busted out laughing.

I had no more examples to throw out, so I said, "Well, brother sicko, who fucking cares? We love doing it and can't get enough. So what? Fuck 'em all, anyway!"

"Right on, cuz!" Richie said. "Uh, tell me, since it's still early, you up for some, uh, oral?"

"Here? Now?"

"Yeah, why not? I'm horned up a bit. Ain't you?" I did feel stirrings. I looked around. Darkness was coming down, it being winter and all. Not a soul was in sight. They were all home getting set to eat dinner. In the semi-darkness I felt Richie's hand grope my crotch.

"What the fuck," I said. "Whip it out, sicko!" He did and I knelt and went down on him. Then he went down on me. We then went home with cum loaded throats to have din-din with the family. Two fucking cum-loving sickos.

From here on in, it was The Duke and the two of us. The Duke even had Richie turn tricks each weekend with the gay guys. Sometimes, we'd be offered as a twosome. Many times to a pair of gay twin brothers. And, throughout it all, Richie and I still got together in my basement clubhouse. Shit, we couldn't get enough hard cock! And hot cum.

Young and dumb and fulla cum! Right on, sicko!

And, In case you're wondering, yeah, it was Richie that was in the gay fuck film with me. But that's another story!

End. 6-Duke's Sex Slave: Gettin' Rich!