



*Leap*  
OF FAITH

JAY D. CLARK

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# Love is an Open Road

*An M/M Romance series*

## LEAP OF FAITH

By Jay D. Clark

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love is an Open Road?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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By Jay D. Clark

## Photo Description

A hunky, muscular bear with a shaven head and a trimmed beard sits on a pool deck. His muscular partner, also with a trimmed beard, but cropped hair, is down in the water between his legs, left hand on his right thigh, other hand on his left pec, contentedly sucking the shaven-headed hunk's cock.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*Those bastards are after me again. I know if they catch me, they will kill me. I hopped a fence and fell into a pool/hot tub, interrupting two very sexy, naked men. Great, now these two will probably kill me.*

*Thank you,*

*Sincerely,*

*Lori*

P.S. I would like a contemporary, mmm romance with an HEA. The rest is up to you!

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** m/m/m ménage, erotica, public nudity, sex in public, group sex, sex addiction, college sports (swimming), college performing arts (theatre), homoerotic art (photography, ceramics), LGBT family, religion, gay fraternity, bears, age gap, tattoos, nicknames, open relationship, HEA

**Content Warnings:** homophobic language, bigotry, hate crimes, graphic violence, controversial psychotherapy, graphic sexual content, stepbrother incest

**Word Count:** 77,393

# **LEAP OF FAITH**

**By Jay D. Clark**

## Chapter One

### *Leapfrog and Leprechaun*

#### *Devin*

With two empty energy drink cans at his feet, Devin O’Keefe struggled to focus on the duet scene being presented. Students knew Tennessee Williams was a favorite of his, and so a pretty girl and hunky boy were portraying the beachside tea ceremony from *Night of the Iguana*. Neither the intimacy of the black box theatre nor having only second-semester students there helped him get into their performance, or any of the dozen before them. The students knew him, and his sometimes infamous directing style, well enough. The longer he let an audition piece run uninterrupted the less interested he was in either the presentation or the presenters. Nothing, so far, intrigued him.

O’Keefe let the scene go, said nothing, and simply contemplated a third energy drink while the girl left the stage in tears with the boy offering his shoulder for comfort. He looked at his assistant, a lanky grad student, and hissed, “Where the fuck is Pratt? I picked the damned play with him in mind for the lead, and he isn’t even here to audition. Goddamn him, anyway. Last time I let myself get enthused over the talents of a transfer student.”

Riley Vilseck paled. “I texted him ten minutes ago. He texted back that he was coming.”

“Coming is no doubt exactly what’s making him late,” O’Keefe grouched. He looked his grad student over. “He’s had his way with you, too, hasn’t he? Damned ginger leapfrog.”

Vilseck blushed and grinned. “Jealous or just a gay prude, boss?”

“Ouch. I’m losing the directorial fear factor,” O’Keefe countered, allowing himself a brief grin.

“Oh, it’s still there, except when you cross the line,” Vilseck assured him, matching his grin. “You cross the line a lot. But you also bring out talent in the worst of us. It’s more trust and respect, with a touch of fear, that keeps everyone quiet, patient, and waiting on your whims.”

“I’ve taken my lumps in the provost’s office for crossing the line,” Devin admitted. “I push you to the limits of what you kids will accept, and do. I’m

edgy. You can't walk the line without sometimes crossing it. That you get it, and me, is why you are in that chair as my grad director."

"I know. That's why we put up with the bullshit that goes with. We're all edgy people, too."

Devin was ready to call the first few auditioning actors back up for a second go when the ginger-haired Pratt hobbled out onto the stage, barefoot, bare-chested, and a towel around his waist, a crutch under his right armpit. Pratt crossed at an angle that highlighted his cut chest, tight abs, and the bold tattoo on his upper left arm: a tiger on the shoulder cap and tropical blossoms trailing down to his elbow. But it was the intensity of the actor's hazel eyes that kept O'Keefe's attention.

Dillon Scott, a lean, lanky junior, wandered out in a woman's white petticoat, also bare-chested, and barefoot. Dillon, affecting both a sensuous, southern drawl and a sweet falsetto, complained, "One of those no-neck monsters hit me with a hot buttered biscuit so I haven't changed!"

Pratt sat on a simple bench, one leg stretched out, and answered, "What'd you say, Maggie? Water was on s' loud I couldn't hear ya..."

Scott came up behind him, put gentle, sensuous hands on Pratt's broad, muscular shoulders. Pratt indifferently flinched them off, but the tall, fit blond slid his hands back onto those broad, bare shoulders. "Well, I!—just remarked that!—one of th' no-neck monsters messed up m' lovely lace dress so I got t' cha-a-ange..."

Devin sat up and set down his third, and yet unopened, energy drink. He let himself betray the barest hint of a smile as Pratt became Brink and Scott became Maggie, in the opening of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. The chemistry between the two half-naked young men was electrical. Their mocking, minimalist approach to costume and props was lost in the pure intensity of their portrayals.

As the scene progressed, Devin opened a browser on his phone, found his e-copy of the play and then handed the phone to his grad student. "Mr. Vilseck, go read Sister Woman and Big Mama when they come up. Let's see how the two of them handle that."

As the two young men got to that point in the scene, Tyson Henry, also barefoot and bare-chested wandered out, a pillow in a towel tied around his lean, black waist in mock likeness of the perennially pregnant Mae Pollitt, his thick pecs as prominent above the pillow and towel as bare breasts. Just as the

young black man delivered the character's few snide lines in perfect falsetto, Pratt, still in character of Brick, pulled the towel from around his waist. Naked and barely leaning on the crutch, Pratt drawled, "Suck it, Sister Woman. Just suck it."

The entire evening drama class went wild and gave the three actors an ovation. Devin just sat still, waited for the applause to settle down, and opened his third energy drink of the evening, feigning a yawn before taking his first sip. Everyone froze in place as Devin affected a southern drawl, "It takes real balls to go all male with that scene and make it work, but it's an asshole move to dick around with the words of Tennessee Williams for a cheap laugh. I know this is just Stockton, California and the University of the Pacific, but we actually do respect the work of the masters of theatre a little more than to mock Tennessee Williams at his best."

Devin waited out the gasps and let a moment of cold, hard silence fill the space between him and the three young men whose faces had gone from triumphant to frightened. "Mr. Scott, Mr. Henry... since you have gone and sold your souls to the likes of our young devil, Mr. Pratt, your fates will be his, as well. The three of you will fucking well do it again and keep going until I say you can stop, or you can walk on out and keep walking. And since you boys like to go minimalist, you can do it bare naked. Mr. Vilseck has my phone with the script open on it. He will prompt you, as needed; just make sure you don't need much."

As Scott and Henry started to strip down in front of O'Keefe, he caught his grad student mouthing some silent, sentiment of sympathy to the proud ginger boy, and Devin scowled at him, "Riley, you can strip bare as well, so as to bond with them in their fates, should they fail. And try to remember, you are here to learn to direct, making you my bitch, not theirs."

O'Keefe waited as Vilseck stripped bare, and the four young men took their marks to start anew. Literally stripped of all pretense, their futures in the drama program riding on their performance, the young men outdid their previously amazing performance. Pratt and Scott displayed the same sexual chemistry as before but generated even more tension in every word, gesture, and interaction. Vilseck, as lean, fit, and hung as he was, managed to make Big Mama come alive as she cajoled Brick to get dressed for Big Daddy's birthday party. In the end, Devin made them run almost forty minutes into the first act, a little surprised that they knew so much of it before Vilseck and the cell phone helped them through the rest until Devin finally called it.

O'Keefe gestured them down to the front edge of the stage and said, "The four of you did well. I'll post cast listings tomorrow. Now get the hell out of here. I have a hot dinner date, and I don't want to keep my guy waiting any longer than I have to. Riley, you stay, shoo stragglers out, and lock up. And yes, you'll still help direct and get a speaking part. Good night."

As Devin turned away, he adjusted the crotch of his jeans as discreetly as possible. He had not been the least bit immune to the manly charms of the four young hunks staging that play in the nude on his orders. Devin had only punished himself with the sweet agony of being rock hard through the whole forty minutes. The four young studs were so comfortable acting nude that he was sure he could have them perform that way and like it. He certainly knew he liked their performance, and so did the lump in his pants.

"Shit. I'm going to be late to work," O'Keefe overheard Pratt complain as one of the other guys handed him his cast off clothes and he checked his phone. "No way to pedal the five miles out and be clocked in twenty minutes. I'm fucked. Really fucked."

Devin swore at himself for wanting to get involved, even if he caused the time shortage. He turned around, looked at Pratt, and said, "Where do you work?"

"I'm a bartender at the Paradise," Pratt told him with an almost flirty wisp of smile. "And I've used up all my winning smiles and sweet empty promises. I needed to be there on time."

"Where's your bike?"

"Chained up, out front," Pratt told him, trying not to look hopeful.

"You can put it in the bed of my truck, and I'll drop you off," Devin offered. "Pull on your jeans, and give me the rest of your stuff. You can finish dressing *en route*, after you load the bike."

The hot, gorgeous ginger gave the drama instructor his best pretty-boy smile, and O'Keefe understood why so many guys gave it up for the kid. He was just so damned easy on the eyes, with just the right blend of vulnerability and devil-may-care bravado. His expression made his shoulder and arm tat, that tiger amid delicate blossoms, all the more apt. But he was a fucking leapfrog who rarely had sex with the same guy twice, or twice in a row, anyway.

O'Keefe accepted Pratt's mess of shirt, boxer briefs, boots, and backpack and then started for the door of the black box theatre. Pratt pulled on his jeans,

and raced after, tucking his big cock and balls in just as Devin glanced back at him. The drama director didn't let his gaze linger, focusing his mind instead on his waiting, and equally hot, date. Dating students rarely ended well, and sex with the ginger leapfrog would be no more than jerk-off company to the kid, no doubt.

Pratt managed to unlock his bike and catch up with O'Keefe, as Devin reached his Ford F-150 Raptor. The leapfrog hefted the crossover bike into the truck bed with easy muscularity as Devin clicked open and started up the vehicle. He set Pratt's belongings on the passenger seat, climbed up to strap himself in. Moments later, Pratt joined him on the other side and also strapped in.

"Nice rig. Newer than my daddy's. I like the moderate lift kit you have on this one, not too high, just high enough."

"No wheels of your own at school?"

"No wheels except the bike after I came out," Pratt told him. "Daddy's a preacher up north, near Redding. I'm his only son, three daughters, one boy. He couldn't disown me outright for coming out, but he doesn't help much. Tuition, books, and the rest is on me. So, I need to work."

"That sort of explains why you leapfrog, ginger boy." O'Keefe snorted, as he put the truck in gear and backed out of his parking stall. His action was smooth and practiced. His choice of vehicles reflected his own rural roots and was not a bad choice for an openly gay college professor. "You're smart, good-looking, and obviously horny. I just hope, you're careful, too."

For an answer, Pratt reached into his snug pants pocket and pulled out a handful of condoms in their foil wrappers. "Careful enough for you?"

"That supply last you a week or just one day?"

"Depends on the week and the day." Pratt grinned. "And I happen to like leapfrogs, and not just 'cause you labeled me one. Your nickname for me has pretty much stuck. I'm more used to being called 'Tiger,' by the way."

"It wouldn't have if you didn't earn it, Leapfrog." Devin grinned at him in the pale glow of the parking lot lights as the truck passed through it. The tiger and tropical blossom tat on his left shoulder and upper arm looked especially sexy on him at that moment. "You do get around. But I would never call you 'Tiger.' 'Kitten,' maybe, but never 'Tiger.' You're smooth, and not just smooth skinned, Leapfrog. And you do have a job tending bar at the only gay bar

anywhere near campus, so others think you're smooth, as well. Which bar just so happens to be where I'm meeting my date. So, when you see us together, be both sweet and discreet."

"Aren't I always?"

"Charming, flirtatious, and seductive, you have down pat, Leapfrog." Devin snickered, looking Pratt over as he slipped on his boots and then just stuffed his other things into his backpack. "Your sense of discretion is a work in progress, at best. But when you see who my date is, I think you will find a level of discretion you never knew you had."

They came to the stop sign at an exit onto the street where the street lamp, overhead briefly, more brightly illuminated the interior of the truck. Pratt's hazel eyes were dark and almost colorless in the lamplight, but the astonished look in them betrayed his sudden epiphany. "Fuck. You're dating Troy Benson, my goddamned swimming coach, aren't you? And this isn't just a first date; he's your fucking boyfriend, isn't he?"

Devin hesitated at the stop sign, looking the ginger leapfrog over thoughtfully. "Interesting guess. So, make your case, or are you just letting me know what possible date would most unnerve you?"

Pratt grinned, looking the drama director over frankly enough that Devin decided that he needed to move the truck out from under the street lamp and into traffic. The relative dimness of the street did not prevent Pratt from gazing at him. "Coach Benson's gay, fit, more auburn than me, and just enough younger than you to not feel he's too young."

"So, you think I have a thing for gingers, Leapfrog?"

"Everyone has a thing for gingers, when they're hot." Pratt snorted. "Even other gingers."

"You're a ginger, and you're hot, but you're not my type, Leapfrog," O'Keefe assured the young stud. "I could window shop you all day and never think about making a purchase."

"But you like to look my way, making it easier to keep you looking when I'm on stage and killing the role," Pratt confidently countered. "I knew we'd won our way off the shit list ten minutes into the second run of that scene. You just kept us going because you liked looking."

"And there you go, using your mouth to dig a hole for yourself again," Devin teased him. "The only time your mouth isn't getting you into trouble is when it's full of someone else's words, or someone else's cock."

“You are a damned good director, Dr. O’Keefe, but you must suck at cards,” Pratt assured him. “You enjoy it when I sass you, one-on-one, like this. You know you do.”

“If I didn’t, you’d be peddling to the Paradise in a big hurry, wondering if being a stagehand was still a possibility. That fact doesn’t change the only two safe uses of that pretty mouth of yours.”

The hands-free phone system of the truck played a ring tone that made Pratt grin. “How many people do we both know who have Steve Grand’s ‘Stay’ for a ring tone? You his southern king?”

“Just stay the fuck quiet while I answer, so he doesn’t get the wrong idea by you being here.”

Devin answered, and a rich baritone said, “Hey, babe. I forgot to put my wallet in my jeans when I changed after practice. I don’t want to give up the table. Mind swinging by the house to get it for me before you get here?”

“We’ll worry about that after, sugar boy. I’ll treat. You can pay me back later, if you know what I mean. I’ve been horny for you all day. Love you.”

“Love you more.”

When the call ended, Pratt let out an almost boyish giggle. “So, the lump in your jeans I thought I’d caused was really all about him?”

O’Keefe shook his head. “My cock’s not that well-trained, but my heart and mind are. I won’t be thinking about you while Troy and I fuck one another later on.”

Pratt nodded at the obvious erection in Devin’s jeans. “But you’re still thinking about me now?”

“Are you going to pout if I don’t make a pass at you?”

Pratt’s grin faded. “Ouch. Wow. I’m a horny guy, but I’m not that needy.”

“And I can be an asshole. But you knew that before you got in the truck.” O’Keefe dialed back his fun at the boy’s expense a little. “You are very easy on the eyes, tiger tat, ginger hair, and all of it. You’re also fun to tease and verbally spar with. Sorry to have hit a hot button for you.”

Pratt looked at his professor, took O’Keefe’s right hand from the steering wheel, and put it on his left shoulder. “You know you can touch, as well as look, and still just window shop.”

O'Keefe nodded but mostly kept his eyes on the road, only stealing the occasional glance at the shoulder and arm his hand touched. He let out a throaty sigh. "For the record, Troy and I are secure enough to allow one another a stray hookup, here and there. We just avoid straying with our own students. Your ears should burn, however, since we both had things to say about you, Leapfrog. You're easy on the eyes, and you do good things for both programs."

"So, what's the 'but' I sense coming?"

"Well, that's just it. There isn't one," Devin assured him, letting his hand gently trace the ropey veins of Pratt's muscular upper arm. "No 'but' coming, and nothing else coming. The policy against faculty dating students is not enforced, except as part of a coercion or harassment complaint, but we're not crossing that line with you. You're valued, nice eye candy, and off limits by Troy and my mutual agreement."

"God, that kills me," Pratt shook his head and adjusted the crotch of his jeans. "I feel complimented, insulted, horny, and a little dirty, all at the same time."

"And I'm frankly surprised you can harbor such complex feelings," Devin snarked with a grin, returning his hand to the steering wheel, after adjusting the crotch of his own jeans. "I'm sure two of those condoms from now, you won't even worry about us or what we think."

"You'd be surprised about what I think about before, during, and after sex."

"One more reason to never find out," Devin assured him. "Troy and I tend to keep conversation to short utterances of pleasure during sex. We're not into deep philosophy, right then. Or do you manage to keep those excessively deep thoughts to yourself while fucking?"

Pratt shrugged, his smile a little muted. "Like you said, you're never going to know that, are you?"

"Touché."

"So, you two share a house?"

"Nice change of topic. And none of your business. But for the record, we share two houses. His and mine. Mine's near campus, and you've been there for cast parties, leapfrogging from bedroom to bedroom. His is pretty close to the Paradise, hence the request to fetch his wallet."

Pratt glanced at the time on the truck music system. "We probably have time to stop and still get me there by nine. We have ten minutes, if that time's accurate, and the club's not more than five minutes away."

“An attempt to show gratitude or just nosy curiosity about Troy’s digs?”

“Are you always this much of an asshole?” Pratt snorted and then grinned. “But, yes and yes. I’m grateful and curious. You got me. Satisfied?”

“As satisfied as I dare be with you, Leapfrog...” Devin nodded, and signaled to turn left. As he slowed to negotiate the left turn, he said, “It’s in this neighborhood.”

The houses were large, older ranch-style homes, set back from the street, all with large backyard fences. The street curved just enough that few homes actually faced one another. Devin pulled up into the drive of a large home with simple but exquisite landscaping. It featured trees, mounded earth, big rocks, sprawling vines, wild flowers, an artificial stream that bubbled with recycled water, and almost no lawn.

“It’s very drought-friendly, even with the white-noise stream running twenty-four-seven,” Devin told Kyle as he turned off the truck, and they got out. “My water bill with my postage stamp lot is about twice as much as his.”

Devin unlocked the front door and then gestured for Pratt to enter ahead of him. “You wanted to see it, so you should let yourself take it in unobstructed.”

The interior was impressively masculine, arty, and quite openly gay. The couches and chairs were smooth, dark leather. Lighting was all soft and indirect. Colors were soft, muted earth tones, all very friendly to bare skin. Decorations were limited to dried flowers in unique containers, and an occasional bit of ceramic art, depicting some rough, unfinished male form. Three huge black and white prints from the Robert Mapplethorpe X Portfolio dominated the largest wall, and the room. Devin thought of them as peeing in a glass, cock on a block, and pinky in the urethra. “And no, we’re not into BDSM. Troy just wants it clear that it’s a gay man’s home with no pretense to it.”

Kyle looked around and then back at Devin. “I really like it, and it fits the coach’s personality. Arty, clever, and yet understated. Your house also says a lot about you, at least the parts I remember seeing. I didn’t really focus on your house as much as the other cast party guests.”

“Especially the hot, hunky ones, Flower Kitten. Both houses are arty, making you a good fit in either with that lovely shoulder tattoo. His is snug and understated, mine ample and overstated.”

“You know you like the tat on me, so why pretend otherwise?”

“I’m not pretending anything, Flower Kitten. I love the tattoo and how it looks on you, but Hell will fucking freeze over before the kitty on your shoulder becomes my nickname for you, Leapfrog. You should have had a frog tatted there, instead of that striped kitty.”

“Frog tats all look goofy. The fierceness of the tiger juxtaposed to the tenderness of the flowers is a better look for me, and you know you agree. It looks hot on me.”

“Mustard and ketchup would look hot on you, Oscar Meyer. And that’s why I’m leaving you here in this room while I get the wallet. You fit right in with all the other art.”

O’Keefe left Pratt to look at the photos and the room, while he went to Troy’s bedroom, found Troy’s wallet, and went back to find Kyle focused on a ceramic piece that depicted a hand holding an erect cock. Pratt looked up and grinned mischievously. “His erection or yours?”

“His ceramic art, his big hand, my cock.” Devin shrugged. “He took a latex mold of it, and cast it in plaster to model for the ceramic version. He swears he did not amplify any detail.”

“Makes me want to suck it.” Pratt sighed, gently setting the raw, unglazed ceramic down.

“So not going to happen,” O’Keefe assured him. “Shall we get you to the club before you grow a pumpkin, Kitty Blossoms?”

“Sure, and thanks.” Kyle nodded. “And thanks for letting me know that you do like my tiger blossom tats, even if you have to taunt me about it.”

“No prob. Teasing is what I do best, besides direct plays.”

Back in the truck and on the road, Pratt let out a throaty sigh. “I’ll be thinking about that living room and Coach’s ceramic of your cock all night, you know.”

O’Keefe did his best to ignore the quickening of his own cock. “Your head, your thoughts to think as you wish, Leapfrog. But fretting over it won’t get you lucky, not with me.”

“I never say never, Doc. I just count on my leapfrog luck when it comes to such things.”

“Leapfrog’s luck, huh? Not calling on your kitty-cat-flower tat for luck to get laid?”

“I use all my talismans, when I really want to get laid.”

“Don’t count on the frog or the flower kitten against my leprechaun’s luck, instead.”

“You’re a bit tall for a leprechaun, and a bit hung, as well.”

“But I’m Irish through and through and just as stubborn, too. Your ginger charms won’t win me over. So, I’ll trust my lucky charm, leprechauns over leapfrogs, flowers, and cats. You’ll see.”

Neither man said anything else until Devin parked the truck in front of the nightclub and they both got out.

“Thanks again, Leprechaun.”

“No problem, Leapfrog.”

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

### *Bullwhip and Leprechaun*

#### *Troy*

Carefully nursing his drink, Troy Benson waited for his life partner to arrive at the nice, but low-key bar. Vague dub step dance music played while some gay and lesbian couples moved in time on the dance floor. Two fit, young gay guys were giving one another a dance off on the two dance poles, both shirtless, and ripped enough to make them fun to watch. They were obviously a couple, and they aimed their moves at one another but still enjoyed having an audience while flirting with one another. A lesbian couple played billiards at one table, while a gay couple was playing pool the next table over. What little food there was all came from vending machines, or came in with patrons in takeout bags, like the two In-N-Out Burgers bags in front of him.

Finally, he saw his man enter the bar, chrome-domed, bearded, lean, and fit. Although, Troy's favorite bartender, and swimming star, Kyle Pratt entered separately, thirty seconds or so behind Devin, Troy instantly recognized the furtive exchange of glances between them. Pratt went to the bar, slid his backpack behind it, and slipped a bartender's apron around his lean waist. Kyle left his proud chest bare, as it usually was when he was at the bar. Devin walked straight toward Troy, but with one good, long glance at the fire-haired hottie behind the bar.

Troy split his attention between his lover and the boy they both loved. That silly tiger and tropical blossom tat on Kyle's arm, along with his hazel eyes, lanky muscularity, and fiery red hair, always made Troy as hard as the proverbial rock. Every argument against having the boy that Troy had with Devin, or himself, ended in a stalemate. Devin and he both wanted the boy to be theirs, to share.

Business there instantly picked up, and Troy turned his attention to his man as Devin sauntered over, bent down, and kissed him before taking the chair across from him. "You finally break down and tap that ginger boy?"

"I gave him a ride here after keeping everyone late." Devin shook his head, looking nonetheless a little guilty. "I did my best to look surprised that he works here. And I let him guess we're a couple but not without him noticing the hard-on he gave me."

“And being that up close and personal made you want to have him, right then and there.” Troy nodded, looking over at the bar. “Why do you think I spend the last cash in my pants on takeout and then drag you in here for drinks while we eat it half cold? The kid has the same effect on me, I just don’t pretend otherwise, at least, not around you.”

Troy watched Devin let out a deep sigh and nod. He lost the gruff, untouchable look he affected around other people and became the sweet, open guy Troy loved, and enjoyed. Troy eyed the food bags but waited Devin out. Devin eyed him back and then opened both bags. “Three sets of burgers and fries? And one of the burgers is a triple-triple. You bought food for the Leapfrog?”

“I thought we could go sit at the bar and have the bears feed the boy.” Troy grinned at Devin. “If you’re game, that is.”

“What if his manager objects? I didn’t drive him here so we could get him fired in front of us.”

“She won’t. Sharon thought what I had in mind was fun and will just want to see how it plays out,” Troy assured his doubtful partner. “I figured that we’d let you do the teasing with the food, since you’re usually an asshole with him, anyway.”

“And then, you can be the good coach and actually let him eat it?”

“We can reverse roles, if you prefer.”

“Fuck no. I must really be twisted inside, but I like the idea. He’s so damned hot and so much fun to tease. He almost pouted when he realized he couldn’t just smile his way into my jeans.”

“And you let yourself get good and hard for him, just to fuck with him all the more.”

Devin nodded. “I absolutely did, although I did let up a bit, when I teased him close to tears. His leapfrog ways are self-therapy for some deep hurt within him. Or rebuffing his advances would not have hurt him that way.”

“Did you just ease up the teasing or did he get you to give him a little sugar anyway?”

Troy grinned as Devin stared at him and then nodded. “He played me. He got me to trace my fingers on that tiger blossom tat of his and perked up as soon as I did so.”

“He may not have merely played you, Drama Bear. The tat is part of his sexual identity, and you touching it reaffirmed his desirability. Let’s just not trigger his issues again with your bad boy charms, okay, my love? We want him to want us, not despise us.”

“So, you still want to tease him with food and play him a little?”

Troy laughed at Devin. “I sure love you. You should see how much this all excites you.”

“I’m just glad you love me with all my kinks and twists, Swim Bear.”

“I love you, and your kinks, and twists,” Troy assured him. “It must be the Irish in you.”

“There’s likely some Irish in you, too, what with that auburn hair of yours.”

“There’re gingers in every gene pool, love,” Troy assured him. “We’re the genetic anomaly that the rest of humanity loves, and loves to hate. That’s why the ginger boy gets to both of us.”

Devin suddenly fished in his front pocket and pulled out Troy’s billfold, handing it to him over the table. Troy looked at it and then grinned at his lover. “So, how much of my house did you show him?”

“Just the living room. I left him there, while I went and fetched your wallet.”

“And what was he eyeing, or touching, when you got back?”

“You know exactly what captured his attention, and it wasn’t your Mapplethorpe prints.” Devin grinned at him, making him smile. “He told me that your ceramic made him want to suck me.”

“Too bad my best ceramics of your lovely man parts is at your place, instead of mine. He might have taken you by force, then and there. I think we need to spend the night at your house, instead of mine. We always sleep better there, especially when we stay up late, fucking.”

“And are we staying up late to fuck, tonight?”

“After we get done teasing him at the bar, what else do you think we’ll be good for? Pole dancing?”

“The only pole I want to dance on is yours,” Devin assured him.

“As long as I get to suck you and you come in my mouth after fucking, if you last that long.”

“If we last that long.” Devin nodded. “Neither of us keep it edged as long as we used to.”

“The downside of getting older, but at least we’re doing it together.” Troy nodded, standing up, and taking the food bags. “Eleven years, and counting. Shall we go feed the boy?”

The bar seldom had empty seats, not when Kyle Pratt was tending bare-chested, as he most often did. But Troy had promised the manager a nice tip to keep two seats open for his partner and him. He would have paid her ahead, but realized he had left his wallet at home when he had to scour pockets for change to pay for the burgers and fries. The last five quarters and three dimes needed had been loose change in the beverage caddy of his car.

Luckily for him, the manager liked Troy’s suggested tease of Pratt enough to take his promise of a generous tip. The moment he and Devin claimed those reserved seats at the bar, Sharon Donovan came over and Troy slid two Benjamins under the hand she set on the bar in front him, discreet enough that only Devin noticed him doing it, or her pocketing the money. When Pratt looked up from serving another customer to see his two favorite and most demanding instructors in front of him, Troy and Devin noted the grin on Kyle’s manager’s face.

“Hello, Leapfrog.” Devin grinned at Kyle. “What would you recommend to go with our double-doubles and fries from the folks down the road?”

His hazel eyes flashing in the soft light, teeth bared in an easy grin, Pratt quickly set a wine glass in front of Devin and a beer mug in front of Troy, angling his lean, muscular frame to present his left shoulder and tiger blossom tattoo to both men.

“A Guinness for the fellow ginger.” Kyle nodded at Troy, setting a chilled brown bottle in front of him, deftly popping the cap for his coach. He then produced a bottle of merlot bearing an interesting winery label: *Frog’s Leap*. “I promise that once you sip this merlot, you’ll never want another, especially when paired with good red meat.”

Devin gave Troy a glancing grin before putting his hand on the bottle Kyle still held, their hands touching. “And what red meat would you say pairs best with this red wine?”

Troy watched the instant chemistry between his long-time lover and the younger man as their big hands touched. Hazel eyes all the more intense, Kyle deftly uncorked the bottle, gently tugged it free of Devin’s grasp, and poured

some in the glass. He gave both older men a steady gaze, eyes resting last on Devin. "Take a sip, and then you tell me."

Devin gently hefted the glass, inhaled the aroma wafting off the rim, and slowly sipped a small taste. "Rich berries, earthy spices, and perhaps a hint of rich mocha. Frankly, this would pair best with seducing a hot ginger and sucking his big cock."

Kyle blushed slightly and then more deeply, as Devin leaned toward Troy, and Troy to him, so that they could slowly, sensuously kiss one another in front of the ginger bartender, sharing plenty of tongue. Both older men watched him react to their long, lavish kiss. Troy pulled back and grinned. "Thanks for sharing the flavor, Drama Bear. It also pairs well with tongue."

Troy opened the food bags and took out the three burgers, and three sets of fries. He set a paper-wrapped burger and box of fries in front of his partner, another set of both in front of himself, and placed the last, largest burger and last box of fries in the space between them, right in front of the tall, muscular, and obviously hungry Kyle. He smiled to see how much the boy wanted the food, and wondered if it would be offered to him. But the kid had a lot of self-discipline and just gave the older men his best, toothy smile, and waited them out.

Devin grinned at his partner. "As we all know, Swim Bear, they tell all the boys at Yellowstone to never feed the bears. But do they tell the bears to never feed the boys?"

"I don't know, Drama Bear. Maybe we should ask the park ranger. You know the bears have to obey the ranger."

Kyle suddenly looked at the other bartender, the older butch woman who was also his shift manager, aiming his smile at her. Sharon laughed. "Personally, I'd make the boy earn each bite. He's pretty, but can be a handful, a big handful."

"Or a happy mouthful, from what I hear," Troy chimed in. "Ginger boy has quite the reputation around the pool, and not just for swimming fast."

"And backstage, too. The Leapfrog gets around."

The older woman nodded. "If we had a menu, bartender boy would top the fresh meat list. Some of his ten-minute breaks turn into twenty, but no one's complained about his service."

“It’s a good thing we have big... ah... hands, Swim Bear, to handle a big... handful,” Devin played off the manager’s previous words, setting his hand next to where Kyle lightly rested his big, long-fingered hand on the edge of the bar.

Kyle put his hand over the older man’s hand briefly, as if to compare and measure them together. “Our hands seem like a good fit, Drama Bear.”

“You don’t get to call him that,” Troy gently chided the younger man, reaching forward to take Kyle’s hand off of Devin’s, “not just yet, anyway. Nicknames are earned, Leapfrog, not just taken. And you have certainly earned yours.”

The brief moment in which Kyle’s hand was sandwiched between the two older men’s hands was electric for all three, even though Troy kept talking while taking and placing Kyle’s hand away from Devin’s.

“Have I really, Swim Bear? It’s not like either of you have seen me in action, not that way.”

“But we have seen the before and the after of your hookups with guys in our programs, Leapfrog,” Devin corrected him. “You seldom hook up with anyone twice in a row.”

“Maybe I haven’t found the right man, or men, to be more exclusive with.”

“Maybe, but if you keep using nicknames you haven’t earned the right to use, the bears won’t be feeding the boy,” Troy warned him. “We’ll feed the trash can, instead. And it’s getting cold.”

“Point taken.” Kyle nodded, suddenly a bit more serious. “Your burger, your game, your rules.”

Troy grinned at the manager, and at Devin. “See? The bears can train the boy after all.”

“First bite.” Devin nodded, looking at his partner, the manager, and then Kyle. “Show us what you would pair with that burger for yourself. And no cheating or you won’t get a second bite.”

Kyle nodded, and quickly produced another bottle of the same label but a different wine. “Frog’s Leap Heritage Blend does it for me,” Kyle remarked as he uncorked it, and poured himself a glass, giving his manager a glance to make sure she approved his taking a drink on the job. She nodded and smiled; Troy noted how her smile surprised the boy. The hunky barman met Troy’s gaze, affecting a perfect smile. “It’s fun, fruity, and richly flavorful, but not always

popular with the single-note wine-tasting crowd. It's a bit casual, and uniquely playful for a high end wine."

Kyle offered each of the older men a whiff of the bouquet, and a single sip, before taking one himself. He set the glass down, reached for the burger set before him and took one generous bite, setting it back down, chewing slowly, obviously savoring it, taking another sip of the wine in the process. As Kyle chewed and sipped, Devin put fingers to the tattooed blossoms on the barman's left arm. Troy nodded, and Kyle grinned, visibly pleased to have them fuss over it.

"'A bit casual and uniquely playful' could just as easily describe you, and the tattoo you chose to represent you," Troy observed. He took a sip of his Guinness Original Stout and a bite of his burger and then nodded. "You also picked well for me. This actually is my preferred beer for all occasions."

"I'm glad you like the beer, and my tattoo, Coach."

"Troy and Devin will do, Kyle." Troy grinned at him. "First names here, okay?"

Troy waited for Devin to take a sip of his wine and then a bite of the burger before him, but instead, the older, shaved-headed man uncharacteristically put one hand on Troy's free hand, and the other over the bartender boy's. He grinned at them both and then put his hands to taking a bite and a long, slow sip of wine.

Kyle observed of the older man, "Devin, you really are a leprechaun, you know, what with the prickly personality and wide mood swings. Very charming, and a bit crazy at the same time."

Talking with his mouth full, Devin playfully reprimanded the boy, "That's not the way to earn another bite."

"Oh, I think I have," Kyle countered, looking at Troy and then his manager, both of whom nodded at Devin's expense. "Two votes to one. I'm biting it and taking some fries, too."

The ginger bartender took an even larger second bite of his triple-patty cheeseburger, and a bit of gooey burger and cheese escaped to fall on his broad, bare chest. Before he could swipe the goo away, Devin grabbed his hand and pulled Kyle forward, slightly over the bar top and then leaned forward to lick the morsel off his chest, his tongue giving Kyle's bare nipple a little slather, as well. "Prerogative of the crazy leprechaun you all think I am."

The manager giggled, and Troy grinned, but Kyle's hazel eyes blazed with the look of wanting more as he set the burger down and took a sip of wine. He settled for reaching for the fries, but Devin flicked his hand away. "You can have them, but Troy and I are going to take turns hand-feeding them to you. No hands, just open mouth and chew."

"I'll play that game." Kyle nodded and then shrugged, his muscular frame rippling sensuously with the simple gesture. "But what will earn me another lick like that last one?"

"That's just it." Devin grinned at him. "You only get one, and you've had it. No more until we reshuffle the deck. And the game is still going."

"You are such an asshole, Leprechaun." The Leapfrog sighed and then opened his mouth to await a French fry.

"Uh-uh." Troy shook his head. "Mouth open, for sure, but eyes closed and lean forward over the bar."

The young man obeyed, pausing to adjust the front of his jeans before doing so. Troy grinned at his partner and set a long piece of fry between his own teeth. The manager, Sharon, giggled, and Devin grinned. To Kyle, who waited with mouth open and eyes shut, Devin suggested, "It might help to have your tongue out, so no one drops the fry."

"Now I know this is some sort of trick." Kyle snorted but, with eyes shut, put his tongue out and waited, trying suppress a giggle, his torso muscles rippling before their eyes. "I'm ready."

Troy leaned forward and presented the fry between his teeth to Kyle's waiting tongue. In the process of capturing the fry, Kyle ended up briefly kissing Troy and then almost choked on the fry. His hazel eyes flashed open, but before he could kiss the older man again, Troy pulled back. Kyle looked pleased and pissed, making the fry dance on his limber tongue before swallowing it. "You're quite the trickster, yourself, Coach. Kind of like Indiana Jones's bullwhip. A flick here and a flick there to get exactly what you want. Bullwhip and Leprechaun. I won't need to borrow your pillow-talk nicknames, after all. Your turn, Leprechaun."

Kyle opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, but left his eyes open.

"You should close your eyes," Troy told him.

"You used up the element of surprise the first time," Kyle grouched but obediently closed his eyes. "And there's a lot of fries in that box."

“So, stop talking and just wait for it,” Troy advised him.

Devin carefully placed a longish piece of French fry between the tip of his tongue and his upper lip. He slowly and gingerly leaned forward toward Kyle’s open mouth and protruding tongue. He deposited the fry and managed to tongue the younger man’s open mouth without making him drop the fry. Kyle obviously wanted to forget the fry and tongue him back but accepted the fry and chew it, his hazel eyes opened and locked on his two older, but still sexy tormenters.

“Good choice,” Troy told him. “Spitting the fry and going for Drama Bear’s tongue would have cost you the game.”

“But we’re glad you liked the special delivery,” Devin added. “We’re all having fun, aren’t we?”

“Okay, you did surprise me,” Kyle admitted, after swallowing the fry and taking a sip of his red wine. “So, what next, earn a bite of burger or more French fry teasers?”

“We’ve had a little ‘Truth.’” Devin split a grin between his partner and the ginger barman.

“And more than a little ‘Dare,’” Kyle agreed.

“So, a little more ‘Truth’ is in order,” Troy told them. He nodded at Kyle’s shoulder and arm tattoo. “We’re all Tigers here; it’s the school mascot, so why is that one special to you? You had it when I first saw you at your section finals in high school.”

“You came to my section finals in high school?”

“I go every year, when I can.” Troy nodded. “I’m from up there. I swam for Shasta High, class of ninety-six. You swam for West Valley High, orange and black, like us at UOP, but not Tigers.”

“I got called ‘Tiger’ in high school,” Kyle told them. “I was a ginger, a loner, and a scrapper—I got into a lot of fights, especially after I came out to be with the guy I liked. He wasn’t a fighter, and coming out killed him. He couldn’t take all the harassment and took his own life. I got this in his memory. I’m the tiger, and he’s the blossoms. The tat reminds me to be tough and tender.”

Troy gave his partner an approving nod, and Devin said, “You get a bite, and half of the fries, Leapfrog. We both liked the answer.”

“I should get the whole damned thing, because it was a great answer, and it was even true.”

“You really should, but we still want to play some more.” Troy grinned at him. “So, take your bite, and munch some fries. Then wait on some guests, while we plot against you.”

Kyle nodded, his eyes on the older men as he ate a bite of burger and two handfuls of fries.

The game had attracted a lot of the evening crowd to the bar, and Kyle was busy for a good ten minutes, with his manager working just as fast and yet cordially beside him. Once everyone hanging at the bar to watch the sexy food game had been served, Kyle turned back to Devin and Troy, meeting their eyes.

Troy looked him over, eyeing his arm tat with new eyes, and said, “Tell us what you best like to do to a guy and what you best like done to you. You get one bite of the burger for each answer.”

“Snap! You got me with that one, Bullwhip,” Leapfrog snorted, and shook his head. “You know I want to bullshit you, and take my chances on getting away with it.”

“You know,” Troy agreed, grinning at him, “We both think that more than half of what you normally say is bullshit, Leapfrog—it’s part of your charm.”

“So, just be witty, charming, and let us decide if it’s true, partially true, or your usual rich blend of manure,” Devin chided him with a grin.

Kyle’s smile faded a little, and he fingered the wine glass in his grasp, making all the muscles in his veined forearm twitch. “What if I make a little riddle of my preferences, and you two tell me what you think I like?”

Devin snorted, and Troy laughed. The auburn swim coach asked him, “So, what’s the secret, are you just pretending to be gay, and you really prefer girls?”

“Lord no, Bullwhip! I just tend to find out what the other guy likes and get my jollies as I help him get what he wants out of our hook up. There’s nothing two guys can do together that won’t make me come and like it.”

“You’re that versatile?” Devin scoffed.

“Actually, I am, but I do have some preferences, Leprechaun.”

“Old bald bears with tight abs and decent cocks?”

“Leprechaun, you’re not that old, yet; I like the chrome dome on you. I haven’t seen the abs, but the cock, if anything like Bullwhip’s ceramic, is more than big enough for me.”

“So, riddle away, Leapfrog.” Troy turned the topic back to focus on Kyle.

“Rub me, suck me, fuck me, and let me do the same; it’s not just the action, but the partners in the game.”

“Catchy rhyme,” Devin noted, “but the devil’s no doubt in the details, sparse as they may be.”

Troy chortled and gripped his partner’s arm. “I think I have it.”

“So, whisper it in my ear, Bullwhip, and if you’re right, you’ll know when I take another tasty bite.”

“Is this going to be like the river boat ride in *The Princess Bride*? All rhymed and whatnot?”

“Only if that pleases you guys.” Kyle nodded and then leaned forward for Troy to whisper in his ear. Troy did so but used the moment to also feel up Kyle’s firm, powerful pecs. Kyle grinned at him, picked up the half-eaten triple-patty cheeseburger, peeled back the papers, and took a big bite. Mouth full, and chewing, he added, “But no hints to Devin, or you forfeit, and I get the rest of the burger, and the fries.”

A little morsel of chewed burger escaped Kyle’s mouth as he talked and chewed. Troy grabbed his arm, pulled him forward, and licked it off his broad bare chest, tongue lavishing the fire-haired hottie’s other nipple. Troy grinned and explained his apparent violation of their own rules, “Turns out threes are wild in this game, and we just drew the Three of Hearts, so I played it.”

Instead of the responding grin Troy expected from the ginger, Kyle blushed, his face a puzzle. His expression stole the smile from Troy’s lips. Before he could pull back, Kyle gripped his arm, and forced a smile. “I liked that, loved it, actually, so it’s not you.”

“You sure? I wouldn’t want to damage our swimming relationship over silly gay bar games.”

“You haven’t. You didn’t. It’s telling you what I like, sexually. Having you know that about me, makes me feel really exposed and vulnerable. It’s just new and awkward for me. And guilt’s second nature to me. But it’s not you guys, not at all. I like the game and playing it with you.”

Troy nodded, patted the big hand on his arm. “Even so, I think we should call the game. Devin?”

Devin shook his head. “There’s the answer I want it to be and then, really big doubts it can be that simple and sensual. Let me whisper my answer, and if I’m wrong, I concede the game.”

Kyle leaned forward toward Devin, who promptly licked his ear and then whispered into it. Kyle nodded. “You both guessed it right, but that still makes me feel really nervous. You’re my two favorite instructors, and I don’t want you thinking any more poorly of me than you already do.”

“What in the hell makes you think either of us dislikes or disrespects you in any way?” Troy scoffed at him. “This game should be sending just the opposite message, Ginger Boy.”

Devin nodded. “Your secret’s safe with us, but you might want to share it with Sharon, there. Since she’s who let us play this fun game with you.”

Kyle looked at his manager. She grinned back at him and shook her head. “You’re easy on the eyes, Ginger Boy, but that part of guy business is of no interest to me. If you had a ginger-haired sister who wasn’t messed up with Bible bullshit, then I’d be all over that.”

Kyle nodded and then instantly attacked the rest of the cheeseburger, and the fries, letting the full extent of his appetite finally take over. The older men also attacked and ate their burgers as Kyle ate his. Troy eyed his partner and the young ginger, each of them splitting their attention between the other two. The swim coach found himself strongly approving of the Leapfrog, thinking that perhaps the tiger and blossoms on his left shoulder and arm more aptly labeled him than the nickname they gave him for his very active libido.

Once all three burgers were history, and the three men were munching fries, and sipping their drinks, Kyle told them, “Thanks so much for the game and the food. If I didn’t have to have the bronze meal plan as a condition of tuition, I think I’d starve. You can only eat Top Ramen so many times before the dried noodles make you want to wretch.”

“That means you live off campus,” Devin observed dryly, his eyes betraying his real sympathy more than his voice or words. “Perhaps, you should start dropping by for brunch or lunch and dinner, on weekends. We both like to cook. And we sure don’t want you starving on our watch.”

“Thanks for the invitation, but—”

“It’s more of a suggestion, bordering on an order,” Troy interrupted him. “Neither of us is going to jump your bones, Ginger Boy. We’re staying the night at Devin’s house. I’ll text you the directions. Be there in time for breakfast.”

“I know where Devin’s house—” Kyle paused, and shrugged. “I sort of know where it is. Riley drove both times we had cast parties there, and I sort of spent my time giving head to this guy or that, not taking them all the way, just helping them get in a party mood, so to speak. You can text me, but I still have my doubts about imposing or begging on your doorstep.”

“You probably have your first class before either of us do, so just give yourself time to stop and eat before class. Now that I know what’s holding you back from hitting your best times for me, I’m not taking ‘no’ for an answer.”

“And what if I wanted you to jump my bones?” Kyle asked his swim coach.

“You’ll have to go to class with a full stomach and blue balls in that case,” Troy told him. “I’m just as stubborn about that as Devin. Flirting with you here, where you work, and us as the guests, is one thing, but anything more is a whole other kettle of fish.”

Kyle looked really uncomfortable. “God, my fucking Bible-bullshit upbringing is rearing its ugly head. I so want to say ‘yes,’ but that damned chorus of neutered choirboys in my head keep shouting ‘no!’ Damn them anyway. Count me in for breakfast, tomorrow, anyway.”

Once Devin and Troy had finished off their drinks, Troy pulled a crisp new Benjamin from his wallet. “This should cover our drinks, and tips for both of you.”

“That’s too generous.” Kyle shook his head.

“Tips are one place where you never argue with the customer,” Sharon chided him, lifting the bill off the bar. “I should split it sixty-forty with you just to make sure your greedy, capitalist values kick back in, Ginger Boy. Generous tips help you earn good tips.”

“The game’s technically over, but threes were wild, remember, and we still have two left to play,” Troy teased Kyle. “Let us each play our last three, and you’ll feel better about the size and sum of my tip.”

Kyle’s grin told the swim coach that he was fully on board with that idea. Taking that cue, Troy grabbed Kyle by the forearm, pulled him forward over the bar, and then planted a leisurely kiss, sharing plenty of tongue. When they

parted lips, Troy said, “Now give my partner his half of that, and you should feel less like you’re taking advantage of us.”

Kyle more than willingly shared an equally passionate kiss with Devin, who patted his cheek afterward and said, “What happens at the Paradise, stays here, Leapfrog. Understood?”

Kyle gave them a half-serious little grin. “I never kiss and tell. It’s always the other guy that does all the gossiping about what a good time we had together. I can be discreet; I am discreet.”

Troy studied the yearning gaze in his swimming star’s hazel eyes and gave the young stud a long, slow nod. “I think Devin and I can play fairy godfather enough to give you a little wish fulfillment on that true desire of yours. But, we’re just starting with breakfast, and no strings beyond that. The rest will all be one step at a time, okay?”

The ginger barman grinned. “I love the idea of you two as my personal fairy godfathers.”

“We all do.” Troy nodded and then added, to Devin, “You’re wrong about one thing, Drama Bear. You know we’ll be talking about this all night long, including when we’re in the sheets together.”

Devin split his grin between Troy and Kyle. “I think I’ll be just fine with that, Swim Bear. See you at breakfast, Leapfrog. Your fairy godfathers need a little one-on-one. Good night.”

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## Chapter Three

### *Leapfrog's Wild Ride*

*Kyle*

A little after midnight, Sharon tapped Kyle on the shoulder. "Time to clock out and pedal that tight ass of yours home."

Kyle grinned at her. "Yes, Mommy."

"If you were mine, you'd still be a ginger, because you'd be adopted or artificially inseminated, since no man's dick's going in me," Sharon teased him back. "I wish you were mine, though. Your mom's a fool to not cherish you and spoil you. Now, get out of here and get some rest."

She doled him out exactly half of the tip left by his two instructors. "That's what's above your usual reportable amount for the night. The rest has to be reported and taxed."

"That's thirty-five more bucks in my wallet until payday than I had before." Kyle grinned.

Sharon looked him over, making him lose his grateful smile. "I can manage, if you want it back."

She shook her head, pulled a crisp fifty note from her pocket, and pressed it into his palm. "That's half of what Troy paid to make sure those two seats stayed open for their little game. You earned it and you need it more than I do."

"Thank you, Sharon, you're the best," Kyle assured her as he pocketed the money and pulled his backpack out from under the bar. "It's Friday, so I can stay tonight as long as you need me."

"You ought to shirt up," she told him. "It's cold out there, well as cold as we get in these parts."

Kyle grinned at her over his shoulder. "I like the cold night air on my skin while I'm pedaling home. It helps keep me awake."

"And pedaling doesn't?"

"Not always. It gets pretty boring about halfway there. Staying shirtless helps, a lot. 'Night."

Kyle sauntered out of the bar into the parking lot. It was a cold, clear night, cold enough to see his breath and make his nipples hard. Except for the car sounds from the nearby expressway, the bar could have been on another planet. All the other businesses in the suburban strip mall were dark, closed. He could hear sparse, muted talk around some of the scattered parked cars.

Kyle walked to the lamp pole where his bike was chained up. He checked the tires and the bike before unlocking it, making sure it was the way he left it. He'd been pranked before, tires deflated or worse, but the bike was in good condition. So, he unlocked it, swirled the chain and lock around the seat post, relocked it, and got on, promptly spinning away, the chill making him glad for his backpack and riding helmet.

As he left the parking lot for the looping access road that crossed over the expressway, he heard a pickup roar to life behind him, saw headlights turn on, and watched it go past him in the same general direction, toward town on the surface streets. As quickly as it passed, he sped up, noting to himself that it was a dirty, off-white Dodge Ram.

Kyle's bike was a moderately priced crossover, twenty-one gears with a twenty-seven inch center post for his long legs. For his height, he was more long-armed and long-waisted than long-legged, except his "third leg." That appellation always made him grin; he could feel the seat press against his manhood as he pumped away and sped up to a fast, yet relatively easy-for-him twenty-five miles per hour. Within five minutes he was generating enough body heat to welcome the splash of cold air against his skin as he pedaled.

Along a stretch of road with few houses and some open fields, Kyle saw the same dirty, white Dodge truck that had passed him, at the side of the pavement, parking lights on, engine idling. He cut across the road toward the oncoming lane to give the vehicle a wide berth. As he sped past, the truck dropped into gear and the driver punched it forward, quickly matching Kyle's speed.

"Hey, pretty boy, feel like making some more tips?" a guy only a year or two older jeered out the driver's window at Kyle. "You suck me, I pay you. Deal?"

Kyle looked the guy over and then sped up some more, pushing himself to thirty miles an hour, his single headlight weaving across his path with each powerful pump of his legs. The two other guys in the cab laughed and jeered at the taunt. They were fit, athletic guys, but as ordinary as horse manure to his eyes. He had a hard time taking them seriously, even as a threat to his safety.

Kyle heard something whirl through the air and then a beer bottle smash on the road, slightly behind him. He glanced to see two other guys sitting up in the truck bed, getting ready to throw more bottles at him, confirming his worst fears about the truck. They were local farm-boy homophobes out to do some gay bashing for “kicks” as they saw it, and he was just fresh meat to their asshole game.

“Run, faggot, run!” shouted a blond muscle boy, throwing another empty beer bottle at him. Kyle glanced at the shadowy trajectory of the bottle in the clear night air and barely dodged it. He allowed himself a grin as it thudded into weeds on the shoulder of the road.

“Fuck, I missed the damned queer,” yelled the blond bottle-thrower.

“We’ve got more bottles. One of ’em has got to hit him,” the other, ugly one shouted. “We’ll take him, rough him up, and make him suck us before we beat him some more. Run, faggot, run.”

Even though the assault should have had him scared, Kyle found himself liking what he saw in the blond hunk pitching bottles and just missing him each time. The other four, not so much.

When a dirt track came up on the left, heading across an open, fallow field, Kyle cut sharply onto it and heard the truck screech to a halt on the pavement behind him. He knew all the trails and tracks across that field by day and night, having anticipated just such a possibility. By crossing trails, and changing course, he was able to stay ahead of the truck, and away from bottles thrown from the open bed. Their jeers and anti-gay curses became laughable admissions of defeat.

Growing up in a small town had taught him the risks of being openly gay. It had been too much for his first boyfriend, who killed himself rather than take the abuse they both got after they came out to be together. The torment had the opposite effect on Kyle, it made him tougher, a fighter, but not aimlessly so. Kyle had no more boyfriends after Tony died, but plenty of hookups. Tony’s death at his own hands still haunted Kyle. The tiger blossom tattoo helped him remember Tony, and remember to keep his anger in check enough to also enjoy life, and other guys. Even so, he ached inside for Tony all the time. None of the dozens of guys he’d been with satisfied him like Tony had. And haters, like the assholes in the Dodge truck behind him, took Tony from him. He could not let these haters win, and not just because his life was on the line. He had to live, win, and keep Tony alive in him.

As Kyle cut across various trails and tracks in the fallow field, the chasing truck bounced and careened behind him. The two jerks in the back tried to launch bottle after bottle at him but missed, sometimes narrowly, cursing each time. Kyle saw and took his bike over a large dirt mound, going airborne for a second, BMX-style. When the truck hit the same dirt mound and bounced up, the ugly guy fell out, screaming, and the truck came to a stop. The hot blond hunk stayed on his feet and in the truck bed as it lurched to a stop. Before the blond muscle boy got out to help his friend, he stared at Kyle for several seconds. Kyle paused long enough to glance at the blond and then sped off without waiting to see what happened to the ugly one.

Kyle raced back to the road, knowing which tracks would lead him there. Once on the pavement again, he pedaled as hard as he could, pushing past thirty miles per hour for as long as he could. He knew he would eventually have to drop his speed well below twenty miles per hour, but he kept maximum speed for as long as his legs and lungs could take it, extra glad he had the burger, fries, and glass of wine to fuel his body.

When he finally had to slow down and take a breath, Kyle was back in an area with more houses and more street lighting. There were sidewalks and alleys, if he needed them. He hoped that falling out of the truck had stopped the hateful idiots, but before he fully had his breath back, he heard the truck and the cursing behind him again. This time, the driver gunned his engine and Kyle knew they meant to run him down. He dodged his bike across lanes and between parked cars and then up onto the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street. The truck sped past, and the guys in the back hurled more bottles, one striking a car, setting off its alarm.

Kyle pulled his phone from his jeans pocket, activated it, and saw the text his coach had sent him for a second before the phone low battery message came up and the screen went dark. The address was near where he already was. And there was no calling the police, not then. Mindful of the texted address and where he was, Kyle cut into an alley, then across a street, and through another alley, hoping to confuse his angry pursuers enough to lose them. But no matter how many times they had to screech brakes and ignore traffic safety, the haters in the truck stayed after him.

He soon found Devin O'Keefe's house and sped past it on the sidewalk, looking it over, caught between his fear of being harmed, or even killed, and his fear of arriving unwelcome and with real trouble on his heels. He circled the block with the truck careening wildly behind him, the jerks in it cursing him

and throwing beer bottles at him. He was exhausted and, frankly, afraid that being tired made him even more vulnerable to his pursuers. His more certain fear conquered the less certain one as he started around the block a second time, cutting through the alley. The truck passed, screeched to a stop, and then lurched around to pursue him down the alley, but he was already to the end. Kyle rounded the block a third time, made sure which house was the right one, rounded the corner, and sped for the alley a second time.

Kyle pedaled around the corner and into the alley. Counting the slight differences in back fences, he stopped at the third fence down from the corner, got off, and flung his bike over the fence. Just as the truck entered the alley and the headlights splashed his hot, sweaty frame, Kyle grabbed boards and launched himself over it, as well.

Warm water enveloped Kyle, and he plunged down to see his bike resting on the bottom of the softly lit swimming pool. He wanted to pull it off the bottom of the pool, but needing air much more urgently, he pushed off the bottom for the surface, thankful his phone's clear case was rated for deeper water yet. He broke the surface, gulped air, and let out a frustrated shout, "Fuck! Fuck, Fuck! Fuck!"

"If that's what you're here for this late or this early, get your ass over here," Kyle heard his swim coach's rich baritone tease. "Interesting way of dropping in, Swim Boy."

Kyle whirled around in the water, arms and legs propelling him around with accustomed ease. Devin was sitting on the opposite edge of the pool, naked, his big cock erect and wet from being sucked. Troy was down in the water, grinning at him, and as quickly as Kyle faced them, went back to sucking on his partner's cock.

Devin let out a groan of pure pleasure, opened his eyes, and told Kyle, "Watch if you like, but if you want in on this, get those wet things off, and get over here where I can put my hands and mouth on you, Ginger Boy. Time for a little wish fulfillment from your fairy godfathers."

"You're not pissed with me jumping your fence like this, bike and all?"

Troy kept sucking Devin's cock for a moment, pulled off, and said, "We heard the ruckus the first time those fuck heads in the truck went around the block, cursing and pitching bottles at you, so we called Devin's private security company."

Troy gave Devin's cock another slurp or two and then paused, listening. The sound was almost too faint to detect, but steadily grew louder until the wail of multiple sirens filled the night air. The jerk offs in the truck could be heard cursing and then trying to evade the cops. A loudspeaker called for them to stop and surrender, sirens still blaring. "We called the security company; they called the cops, so no cops at our door, and no fuss or muss for us."

Devin said, eyes blissfully closed, "Now that we can more clearly hear the sirens and someone giving those assholes a reason to fear, let's get down to the serious business of some wish fulfillment for our fairy godson in our magic well of wishes."

"What do you have in mind?" Kyle grinned and started kicking off his boots and wet jeans, grabbing the side of the pool for support in the process. He immediately put his soggy backpack on the narrow deck between the pool edge and the fence, feeling himself get hard at the invitation, the harrowing chase and narrow escape all but forgotten.

"Threes are still wild, but how about an oral daisy chain to start things off?" Devin suggested. "If you two don't mind getting out of the water and laying out on the grass, under the stars?"

Kyle poured water out of one boot and set it aside while he wrestled the other one off. He nodded vigorously, dumping the water out of the second one, and then slid out of his jeans in one fluid motion. "We won't get in legal trouble for having nude sex in your backyard?"

"In case you didn't notice, that fence you leaped is seven feet tall and double-boarded to prevent accidental viewing of any kind," Devin assured him. "We're legal to do anything consenting adults might desire out here, and as long as no one complains to the university about us."

Kyle grinned, launched himself clear of the pool wall, and lightly swam to the two older men. He instantly claimed Devin's cock with one hand and reached down in the water to claim Troy's in his other hand. "Two cocks in hand and plenty of bush! Count me in, my fairy god-bears, count me in."

Devin bent down enough to share a kiss with Kyle, leaving his hand on the younger man's face. Troy then kissed Kyle as well, reaching down to claim the younger man's erect cock in one hand. "It's cold out there, and we're wet, so Devin's going to get us towels to dry off and lay some more towels out on the grass, while you and I get your bike off the bottom of the pool."

Kyle found himself reluctant to let go of the older men's cocks, enjoying holding them and the attention of their owners, but he did so. Devin got up and went for the towels, which were stored in plain sight in their own roofed caddy across the wider end of the pool deck. Kyle and Troy took deep breaths and plunged down to grab Kyle's bike, the effort easy as pie between the two of them. They gently hefted it up and onto the side deck opposite the back fence. They swam to the end and both nimbly climbed out into the chill air, taking thick, oversized bathing sheets from Devin. Kyle took his time drying off, enjoying the view afforded by his naked professors.

Both men obviously trimmed their body hair some, so that their cut, veined muscles would show through, but the hair on their chests made them look all the more sexy and inviting to the smooth-chested Kyle. Devin had a fair amount of gray body hair mixed with the blond, while Troy's body hair was just as richly auburn as his trimmed beard and the hair on his head. When Devin turned and Kyle saw his smooth back and buttocks, Kyle blurted, "Waxed or shaved?"

Devin twisted to glance at his own ass and grinned. "I was born pretty much this way, but I had it lasered when that technology first came available. Troy has me wax his back every five or six weeks."

Troy shrugged his shoulders and turned to show Kyle his smooth back and ass. "We love the front lawns but not the back ones, so to speak. But I dislike doing anything permanent, and waxing is fun when you have a partner to help with it."

"Meaning that Troy likes the pain of having all that hair ripped off his back at once," Devin told him. "You'll have to be around to watch and decide for yourself how much 'fun' it really is."

Kyle stepped forward to the two older men and put a hand to each man's chest, enjoying the feel of their warm skin through the trimmed body hair. Both men responded by putting hands to Kyle's smooth chest. Troy also gave his tiger blossom tattoo some gentle attention, making Kyle's cock pulsate in anticipation of having oral sex with them.

"I use a number three razor head on my chest; Devin prefers the number four," Troy told him. "Trimmed enough to see the muscle, but long enough to not scratch in close quarters."

Once Kyle and Troy were dry, Devin took their damp towels and folded them onto a deck chair, while Troy playfully took Kyle by his erect cock and

gently led him to the bathing sheets Devin had laid out on the lawn. The air was chilly enough to make everyone's nipples hard, and give them goosebumps but they lay down together in a loose triangle, Troy keeping possession of Kyle's erection, so as to make the selection for all three.

Kyle let himself be directed to Devin's erection by Troy's selection of his. Devin had a cock that arched out and curved downward, and Troy a cock that curved up, but not as much as Kyle's. He saw the playful glimmer in Troy's eyes as the three fondled one another's erections. When Troy suddenly pulled his cock like a lever down between his legs and let it go to catapult back to his lower abs, Kyle just grunted and grinned, in pleasure and mild pain, gripping Devin's cock just a little tighter. Devin chortled, looking pleased, and gave Troy's cock an extra squeeze as well.

Troy grinned at the chain reaction and pulled Kyle's cock down, ready to do it again. Locking gazes among them, Troy told him, "I suppose other guys do this to you all the time, but you like it, and I like it, too."

Kyle nodded. "I like it, and it gets done to me a lot, but you make it special by just being you."

"Good answer." Troy grinned, releasing the cock to slap Kyle's lower abs with an audible pop, once again causing the rippling effect of extra tugs and squeezes on cocks around the triangle. Troy pulled Kyle's cock down a third time, but before letting it go, he licked it, tonguing the bulbous tip generously. When he let it go to pop Kyle's front, Kyle arched back, let out a groan of pleasure, and then immediately mouthed Devin's big cock.

Kyle rammed his mouth onto the big cock, and forced it down his throat, burying his nose in Devin's pubes. Devin arched back his head and gasped in pleasure. As Kyle slowly pulled off the long, gooseneck penis with its big head, Devin arched over to lick and then suck on Troy's cock, which was not quite as long but thicker than either of theirs and had a mushroom cap head.

Troy went to sucking Kyle's cock, noting how the two bears differed in their cocksucking styles and rhythms. But slowly as the three continued to suck one another around the triangle, Kyle felt himself fall into a joint rhythm and cadence with them, still able to express some individual style, but in perfect harmony with the others. The pleasure was intense, building, and satisfying. Kyle sensed that they were all edging at about the same time. As he eased back, so did Troy and Devin, keeping one another edged in tightly synchronized unity. Time felt as if suspended completely until Devin, for all of Kyle's valiant

efforts to keep him from going over, gushed a good load in to Kyle's mouth and onto his face. Troy came next, hard and heavy into Devin's mouth, and onto his face.

Rather than suck Kyle even harder as Troy came, Troy pulled his mouth off Kyle's cock and clasped it tight instead. Kyle, at the very brink, watched the older guys writhe and arch in pleasure, doing his best to intensify Devin's pleasure with after climax tongue action on his cock. Once both men were spent, they moved around so that both of them could take turns mouthing and licking Kyle's long member, sometimes licking him high and low at the same time. He oozed pre-cum in rivulets, the two men keeping him at the very edge of losing it, until eventually, almost painfully, he did. Then, Troy and Devin took turns letting him gush on them and in their open mouths, each getting a fairly good spurt and several dribbles. Troy, however, claimed the right to milk his cock after he finished coming.

Devin got up and, as soon as Troy finished mouthing Kyle's spent cock, helped the other two up. "It's damned cold out here. So, let's get our things, go inside, and snuggle in front of my fireplace."

Kyle started to walk back toward the pool to get his things, but Devin took him by his spent penis, stopping him, and shook his bald, bearded head. He put his other hand to Kyle's tiger blossom tattoo in the soft lamplight of the small, ornate backyard, tracing his fingers over the exquisite tribal lines and smooth skin beneath. "I'm keeping possession of you for a bit, Tiger Blossom. Troy can get all our stuff, since he got more time on this lovely cock of yours."

"So, if I'm to be 'Tiger Blossom' now that you two have had your way with me, I also get to call you 'Drama Bear' and 'Swim Bear,' or no deal on calling me that."

Troy slipped a hand around Kyle's lithe waist, pulled him close, and slipped him his tongue, lavishing a prolonged kiss on him. After their kiss, Troy told him, "You've earned the right to call us by our pillow names, and we hope you like our pillow name for you, 'Tiger Blossom.'"

"But because you're also our student, you need to keep pillow names, ours and yours, to private conversations among us," Devin cautioned Kyle and then drew him close with a tug on his cock to share a prolonged, tongue-wrestling kiss with him as well. "Whatever this is, or becomes, among us, the pair of us plan to stay in the picture as long as you want us to, even if only as your two fairy godfathers and nothing more, Tiger Blossom. But make sure you use

condoms when you leapfrog around, if you keep doing so. We're willing to share you, but not any diseases your wild ways might bring our way. We've stayed disease-free by being both careful and picky."

Kyle let himself be tugged and guided into the house as Devin used his already firming up penis as a pull toy. Devin's words gave him a lot to think about. Top of that list was his long dead boyfriend Tony. But the moment they reached the wide French doors and left the cozy, classy backyard, dominated by the pool up against the back fence, Kyle found himself feeling a bit like Dorothy seeing Oz for the first time. And even the ever-present memories of Tony took a backseat to the interior of Devin's home. Kyle had been there before, for cast parties, which devolved into fun, raunchy orgies. But this time, was its own first time, as well. He'd never been both a guest and the main attraction before as the gentle tug on his cock reminded him.

Troy's home had been simple, bold, and cleanly masculine, although also proudly gay. Devin's was opulent, majestic, and gay in an overstated way. The Tiffany shades on every lamp depicted Greek male nudes and male body parts. There were gay art pieces everywhere; paintings, photos, ceramics, bronzes, and cut marble. The ceilings were old-fashioned and high, the furnishings plush and comfortable. The doors between the family room and the main hall were all stained glass, and each scene depicted Greek mythological hunks and creatures interacting romantically, male to male. The most prominent creature was a hunky stud of a centaur, sometimes depicted with the name "Chiron" nearby, and sometimes a motto: "Making Our Presence Make a Difference." Green and gold were everywhere, and in nearly every design, but the other colors of the rainbow also stood out and caught the eye.

Devin led him by the penis through the entire first floor of the huge home in a grand tour. Kyle let himself be Devin's pull toy through the large formal living room, Devin's study, the main hallway, the walk-in guest closet under the grand staircase, the dining room, the kitchen, and the family room, separated from the kitchen by a counter that was also an eating bar. Devin then led Kyle by his cock back to the family room and the blazing natural gas fire, where Troy waited for them, sitting on the rug, using the sofa seat as his backrest.

"Every time I've been here before, I was focused on having my way with some hot guy or other. This is the first time I've ever really just looked at your house for its own sake. I love it."

“I’m glad you like it, Tiger Blossom.” Devin smiled, squeezing his cock and caressing the tattoos on his left arm. “Let’s sit here with Swim Bear for a bit and visit. We can tour the upstairs later, and you can pick out your room.”

“My room?” Kyle questioned as he let himself be coaxed to the floor with tugs on his now fully erect penis. Devin worked it just enough to keep it hard but without quite making him want to have sex then and there. “You want me to move in, already?”

Troy gave his partner a cold, withering glare, and pulled Devin’s hand off Kyle’s erection to take possession of it himself. “I’m taking back the joystick and control of the conversation, Drama Bear. Way to go. For a guy’s whose whole thing is storytelling that was not a smooth move.”

Troy gave Kyle’s cock several sensuous jerks, making the young ginger catch his breath and let out a pleased sigh. “I love the action on my ‘joystick,’ but what’s with the offer to move in?”

Troy bent down and licked the head of Kyle’s cock. “Mind if I suck you again?”

Devin pushed Troy back and took possession of Kyle’s cock from him. “You talk and let me suck. You said I jumped ahead too fast, so you take all the time you need while I just enjoy the boy and his ten-inch toy.”

Kyle loved being the object of their gentle lovers’ rivalry and having them squabbling to keep possession of his erection. He watched Troy accept Devin’s trade off and counter demands and then watched Devin grin at him and start working his cock, bending down to suck it. The rush of pleasure almost, but not quite, took his mind off Devin’s mention of having him move in. Gasping with pleasure, he locked eyes with Troy and demanded, “Talk to me, tell me about it.”

Troy contented himself by putting hands on Kyle’s tattoo and his muscular torso. “After we left the bar, we decided to use our student directories and go track down your current digs. We were both appalled by the nasty little shack of a house that you pay so much for. Four hundred bucks for a bedroom that’s smaller than Devin’s guest closet and use of a tiny bathroom, a dirty kitchen, and a living room from the *Twilight Zone*. We both have spare bedrooms, several of them, and we hated the idea of you spending so much of what little you earn to live in that shit hole, so we were planning to offer a choice of rooms here or at my place, maybe even at both.”

Kyle nodded but did not answer, too taken with the pleasure of Devin slurping and sucking on his cock. Devin pulled off, grinned up at him, and then pulled Kyle's cock down between his legs and let it go to violently slap his lower abs. Kyle startled, his whole frame trembling, as he grunted and groaned in pleasure. He tried to reach for one of their cocks to suck, but the two older guys kept him sandwiched between them, and the sole object of pleasure between them.

"We'll both get hard enough to give it another go, eventually," Devin told him. "You're younger, and recover from coming faster, easier than we do, so just let us pleasure you. Okay?"

Kyle nodded and then Devin played catapult with his cock two more times before mouthing it and sucking some more. While Devin sucked Kyle's long, uncut cock, Troy went to kissing and licking his nipples and then kissing and tonguing his mouth. By the time Kyle came the second time, he was arching, twisting, and moaning in pure pleasure. Once spent, he collapsed back between the older, fit men and happily let Devin milk the last drops from his cock. They let him quietly snuggle between them for several minutes before Devin eventually put the question to him, "So, are you willing to let us spoil you by moving in with us?"

"No, strings," Troy assured him before he could answer one way or the other. "Roommates with benefits, if you want them, or just roommates. A room here and a room at my place, if you like, and the same four hundred a month, except that meals will be included."

Kyle grinned at them and gently shook his head. "I could eat four hundred dollars' worth of food, and probably want more, in a month."

"And that's a reason to turn us down?" Devin demanded, tugging on his spent cock.

Kyle shrugged and slowly nodded. "I have issues, a lot of baggage. Are you two sure you want to deal with all that?"

"Everyone comes with baggage. And yes, we're prepared to deal with that, too."

Kyle snaked his hands down to take each of them by their penises and give each a little tug. Both cocks responded, swelling toward erection. "I think I'm going to save my answer until after we fuck. My fairy godfathers owe me the honor of being in the middle of a fuck sandwich. Do that for me, to my satisfaction, and I'm yours for as long as you two want me."

Troy grinned at him. “So, do you prefer to fuck and be fucked, or to suck one of us and be fucked by the other?”

Kyle gave Troy’s erection a playful tug. “Actually, I want a scoop of both flavors, Swim Bear. Like I said before, ‘Rub me, suck me, fuck me, and let me do the same; it’s not just about the action, but the partners in the game.’ Threesomes and group sex is what really does it for me.”

“Sounds like our Tiger Blossom likes a little frottage, as well.”

“I do, Drama Bear, and what I’ve never had, not ever, was to be double-fucked,” Kyle confessed, his hazel eyes bright but heavy lidded. He yawned and then asked, “Any chance of you old boys being up for a little of that?”

Troy grinned. “I guess there’s only one way to find out.”

Devin nodded. “But first we have to pick out a bedroom for you.”

Kyle smiled at him. “Not here? By the fire?”

“We could, but I’d like to just cuddle some more, first,” Troy told them, eyeing Devin.

Kyle gave Troy a suspicious glance but smiled at his smile and nodded, letting his head rest a little more heavily against Devin. Kyle felt so safe and secure, wedged between the two older men. He blinked and had to tighten his grip on their cocks. Troy gently caressed the boy’s chest, not in a sexual way but a gentle, comforting way. Kyle smiled, felt his grip on their cocks loosen, and shut his eyes, with every intention of opening them again, right away.

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## Chapter Four

### *Tiger Blossom's Baggage*

#### *Kyle*

The moment Kyle woke up and smelled hot coffee, buttered toast, and a hot, cheesy omelet sizzling in a pan, he knew they had played him. They had let him lull himself to sleep while cuddling with him. He had obviously needed the rest, and perhaps they did, too.

Kyle stretched out, felt the couch cushions under his bare skin and a light blanket over him. The gas fire still danced on the hearth behind glass doors, and early morning light streamed into the family room. His cock was hard, his bladder full, but the makeshift bed on that couch felt luxurious compared to the thin mattress he was used to sleeping on. He made himself get up and then wondered where the nearest bathroom was.

Troy was in the nearby easy chair, dressed for school in his gym warm-ups, reading from his tablet. Troy glanced up just long enough to give Kyle an admiring look over. “Bathroom’s just past me on the right, and the fresh toothbrush still in its wrapper is for you, Tiger Blossom. I expect a morning kiss, after your bladder is empty and your teeth are clean.”

As Kyle nodded and then sauntered by; the older man reached out to gently slap his firm, bare butt, earning a little grin. Kyle left the door open and emptied his bladder into the toilet, flushed, and then made use of the fresh toothbrush and a good squeeze of toothpaste. The glass-enclosed shower stall next to the toilet called to him as he brushed his teeth. He reached over, turned on the hot water, and finished rinsing out his mouth, then adjusted the flow and got in. He did not take long, using enough scented body wash to take care of the necessities, including his hair, and then get out. He dried off and went to deliver that good morning kiss, feeling a lot more presentably himself.

Troy was still sitting in the easy chair reading. Kyle sat on the arm of the chair, leaned in, and tilted up the older man’s bearded face to kiss him. Troy’s free hand immediately drifted to Kyle’s manhood and claimed it with a firm, yet gentle squeeze. Kyle shared plenty of tongue in the prolonged kiss, remaining perched on the chair arm when the two gingers finished, letting Troy keep possession of his engorging cock. Troy went back to reading, his hand gently stroking Kyle’s erection, not enough to really get him going, but enough

to keep him hard. Kyle looked around, saw his neatly folded, and apparently freshly laundered clothes on the arm of the couch.

“I should probably get dressed,” Kyle noted without moving.

“You can do that anytime you please before we go out the door.” Troy glanced up at him, still stroking and caressing him. “What would you normally be doing before heading out?”

“Doing some calisthenics to make sure my abs were good and tight.”

Troy put down his tablet and put his other hand to Kyle’s abs. “They are good and tight, Tiger Blossom. But if doing some exercise gets you ready for the day, don’t let me stop you.”

“I feel like the pet cat. I want to go do other things, but getting petted feels so damned good.”

“Good analogy. And you should feel as free around here as the proverbial pet cat. We’ve adopted you, so now it’s up to you to adopt us back or wander off as you choose.”

“I love the touch and the personal attention, but I’m going to do those exercises.”

Kyle gently pulled away and got up in one fluid motion, Troy letting go with a little grin. Kyle was rock hard as he went down into pushup position on the carpet. His cock hung down only a little in this position, as hard as he was, and he went to doing a standard set of twenty, followed by a wide-arm set, and a narrow set with his hands forming a diamond under him. Seeing that Troy was watching him, he went Superman for his fourth set, literally springing off the floor and stretching hands and feet out for that brief fraction of a second before dropping back into pushup stance to do the next pushup. The exertion made his erection fade, and his long cock hung down enough to tap the floor with every downward move of his body.

As he moved over onto his back to do some leg lifts, Kyle saw Devin in the archway between the kitchen and the family room, shirtless, barefoot, and in his usual style of dressy jeans for class. “Breakfast is ready, but it’ll hold long enough for you to do your exercises.”

Kyle nodded and focused himself on a set of forty leg lifts, followed by a hundred sit ups, and another hundred twisting sit ups, doing all of it in less than ten minutes. He bounded off the floor, wandered over to Devin, put arms around him, and planted his mouth on Devin’s. Devin’s hands slid around him and gripped the cheeks of his firm ass, making him grin through their kiss.

“Go load up a plate. I’m going to sit where I can pet our new tom cat, too.”

Kyle grinned at him and stepped past into the kitchen. Four bar stools lined one end of the island in the middle of the large kitchen. Food and plates occupied the other side. Kyle helped himself to a plate, loaded it with two pieces of omelet and two half slices of toast. He poured himself a mug of coffee and instantly took a sip. “Good coffee.”

Kyle selected one of the two middle stools to sit down, pleased, and not the least surprised when the two older men sat to either side of him. Devin, who ate left-handed, sat to his left and put his right hand on Kyle’s manhood, stroking his cock alive even as Devin took his first forkful of omelet. Troy sat to Kyle’s right and put his left hand around Kyle’s bare shoulders.

“My two classes today meet in the afternoon,” Troy spoke up after swallowing his second bite, “and I have no appointments this morning during office hours.”

“I have one appointment at eleven,” Devin told them, “and then the Theatre Productions class from six to eight.”

Sensing that they expected him to affirm his daily schedule to them, Kyle said, “I have two classes this morning, one at ten and the other at eleven. In the afternoon, I have swim practice at three and Theatre at six. Then I have to be at work by nine until they close at two a.m.”

“And you’re not bicycling out there again,” Devin told him, pulling a set of keys from his left pocket. “I have two vehicles. You can drive the Edge to work. The fob is actually the garage remote.”

“I have my bicycle.”

“You absolutely do, but you also have a driver’s license,” Troy told him. “I checked when I did your laundry this morning. Room, board and the use of a car aren’t going to totally corrupt you. You’ll still need to buy your own condoms and other supplies.”

“You make it sound as if rubbers top my shopping list.”

“Don’t they?” Devin grinned at him and then took another bite of omelet. “You sure don’t scrimp on those.”

“They have to be comfortable, and they have to be good enough to do the job.” Kyle shrugged. “And name brand matters.”

When everyone was done with eating, Kyle cleared, rinsed the leftovers down the disposal, and stacked the dishes neatly in the sink. “Dishwasher clean or dirty?”

“Clean.” Troy nodded. “We ran it last night.”

Kyle opened it and started emptying it, getting visual directions from the older guys every time he pulled out something different. In two minutes, he had the whole thing empty and had a good idea of where the guys kept everything in this kitchen. As soon as the dishwasher was unloaded, he put the breakfast things in it. He then took care of the omelet pan, being very gentle while washing it with the green scrub pad and some kitchen detergent. Only after he wiped all the counters did he finally scoop up the offered set of keys, noting the ring also had two door keys, one to each house. “Thank you for letting me do something to earn my keep. I want the sex to be for fun, and not merely repayment.”

“And that’s exactly why offering you the keys and the invitation to live with us is so simple, and easy,” Devin assured him. “We both know you well enough to know you have strong values, and you’re stubborn about keeping them.”

“But thanks for doing your chores in the nude like a Swedish houseboy.” Troy grinned at him. “Feel free to hang free around both houses or bundle up. We like the view, but want you to be comfortable, too.”

Kyle glanced down his front and then gazed back up at them. “You guys help me feel very comfortable here, this way.”

Devin nodded. “Now, to some simple practicalities. Both houses have security systems right inside all doors that go outside. You now have your own pass code: your birth year backwards—4-9-9-1. The security company has a copy of your driver’s license, so if you fuck it up and they show up, they’ll know you’re supposed to be there. When you bring home boys to fuck, don’t share the pass code or leave them in either house without you.”

Kyle nodded. “Is the use of ‘when’ a prediction or an invitation?”

Troy sighed, his expression somewhere between a grin and a grimace. “Merely an apt observation. We all like sex, but you’re younger and inclined to want more of it. We want you to be safe and to make safe choices when you stray from our little arrangement. That’s all.”

“And, if at some point, I want the three of us to be exclusive?”

“Don’t get your hopes up,” Devin advised. “We’ve been together longer than you’ve liked boys, unless you started at age ten, and we’re still not completely exclusive. Case in point, you.”

“And if you decide to host an orgy, just make sure we’re on the guest list,” Troy added. “If it gets too wild and strenuous, we can just watch and keep the liquor pouring.”

“And speaking of which”—Devin suddenly remembered—“don’t do pot in either house, unless we’re home. My having a medical marijuana card is a bit more convincing than you having one. Booze, yes, pot and other drugs, no, when we’re out.”

“And if a guy doesn’t have a good fake ID, no booze, unless his real ID says he’s twenty-one,” Troy told him. “Even in this neighborhood, that many hot young guys and loud noise will bring cops around to snoop, especially if we’re at the other house.”

“How do you know I’d host an orgy here and not at Troy’s?”

“Bigger house, more bedrooms, nicer pool, and a backyard licensed for complete nudity.” Devin did not quite brag. “And less likelihood of damage to irreplaceable art, although I don’t want to come home and find that a likeness of my cock has been used as an impromptu dildo. Soaking human feces out of unglazed ceramics can be a real bitch.”

“If that ever happens, I’ll see to all the cleaning,” Kyle promised. “Right after I rip the offender a new asshole. Better yet, I’ll rip their asses if any such guests even touch those hot ceramics.”

“Good.” Troy nodded and handed Kyle his phone with the photo gallery open. “I want to sculpt your cock next, so pick out the shots you like best. I sort of snuck them while you were asleep and hard as a rock. I was tempted to suck you off, too. But I thought you needed the rest more.”

“I’d love to wake up with either of you on my cock or your cocks in me.” Kyle grinned at them. He quickly glanced through the variety of photos, some of his cock and balls alone, some with one or both of the older guys grasping or touching his manhood. He quickly identified his favorites for Troy and then kissed them both. “You two really are my fairy godfathers.”

“We know,” Troy agreed. “But even we can’t shield you from all the pumpkins, prickly spindles, and poisoned apples out there. So, be smart, and let our magic work for you, not against you.”

“I sort of want to drive to class, even if it’s a complete waste of gas.” Kyle suddenly frowned, looking them over. He was half-afraid Devin would want the keys back for even suggesting it.

“I put you on my insurance as a part-time driver and the tank’s full.” Devin shrugged. “My only demands are that you drive it to and from work and that no one but the three of us drive it. Gas from here on is on you, unless you need gas for work between paychecks. And make sure to park in staff parking, since it has the sticker, even though you’re fine to use student parking, too.”

Kyle hugged Devin, kissed him, kissed Troy, and then hugged them both before rushing to the family room, hastily getting dressed and heading out to the garage, his tank top still in hand. He took a deep breath as he looked at the charcoal-grey Ford crossover, walked around the vehicle, and then clicked the garage remote and the ignition button on the key itself.

“Excuse me,” Kyle suddenly heard an elderly voice behind him. He turned to see an ancient woman eye-fucking him for all her old eyes were worth. It creeped him out, and not just because she was old or a woman instead of a man. It was as if ogling him was somehow her personal right to exploit at her leisure.

“Ma’am?”

“Are you the houseboy or a service person?”

“What I am is late for class, ma’am. Is there anything else?”

“Well, I just wondered if you were one of those perverted homosexuals that always seem to visit this house. This used to be a much more decent neighborhood, you know.”

“Yes, ma’am. I’m one of those homosexuals who like to visit this house and ruin the neighborhood. I’m renting a room from my two favorite teachers, so I will be living here, too. You’ll have three homosexuals living next door from now on. Cool, huh? But as I said, this homosexual is late for class, Homosexual Perversion 101, if you must know, ma’am. Good day.”

Once the offended neighbor stalked off, muttering to herself, Kyle briefly and quite informally thanked God for his good fortune, got in, adjusted the mirrors, and drove out, closing the garage behind him. He so wanted to peal out, but years of being careful with every asset, including his own cock, kept him from doing that. Driving it and having it for his use was cool enough.

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*Troy*

“God, I hate his parents,” Troy told his partner as quickly as their Tiger Blossom disappeared out into the garage. “His happy, sad, and fearful reactions

make you wonder if they ever gave him a real birthday or Christmas celebration. They have to be the worst assholes on the planet.”

“Assholes or not, they paid for him to come here, and that let him be part of our lives,” Devin reminded him, running fingers through the auburn lawn on Troy’s peccs.

“I thank God or the universe for that.” Troy grinned at the gesture, snorting. “I’ll probably blame it on their Jesus, if I ever meet them, just to rub it in good. Yeah, I’m glad he’s ours now, but it’s going to take work to undo the damage they’ve done to him. But he’s so worth the trouble.”

“It’s a good thing, then, that you don’t mind dirty hands when you shape and mold the raw clay.”

“That could describe you, just as much as me, or any other Delta Lambda Phi brother; we make our presence make a difference. It’s what we do,” Troy reminded Devin. “We see all the same potential in the gay students in our two programs but double helpings of it in Kyle.”

“Redoing this house in the likeness of our old college fraternity and drawing gay students to us, who could be frat brothers and friends, not just students all figures into the mix.” Devin nodded. “I caught myself wanting to explain the gay fraternity inspiration for the house to him as I led him by his cock through it, but he’s not ready for all that. That needs to come after he comes for us a bunch of times. Maybe that will let him relax into seeing his other potentials.”

“What he needs, I think, is a visit with my mom.” Troy suddenly grinned. “I’ll call her and tell her we’re sleeping at my place, and sleeping in late.”

“You know she’ll be there all the earlier if you do that. You really want her disturbing us at some ungodly hour of the morning?”

“Not us, but I do want her there bright and early, so long as Tiger Blossom also sleeps over, with us. Otherwise, I’ll have to text her and say we’re here, even if we’re not and he is. No one can help a gay boy unpack his personal baggage like my mom, even if she is a smother.”

“A surprise visit from your mom is the definition of tough love, Swim Bear, smother of a mother and all. But the boy does need some nonsexual loving, and no one makes a gay boy think less about sex than your mom. She can take the edge off a cock faster than electrical shock.”

“That’s harsh, Drama Bear.”

“You know I love your mom, and I’m glad she’s your besty—”

“Second best friend, after you, and I know. It’s just sounds harsher coming from you than me.”

“That’s because you like to soften the edge on criticism, and I don’t. That’s why you coach swimming instead of football. You’re allowed more finesse in the coaching, Swim Bear.”

“And directing plays allows you to be a dictator and an asshole, Drama Bear.” Troy grinned and then kissed Devin. “You know you love that part of the job.”

“But the point is that do we want her using her unique brand of ‘nude psychotherapy’ on the ginger without warning him first?” Devin cocked a brow at Troy. “Not everyone’s a fan of getting naked so an old lady can help you sort what has you fucked up.”

“Do you want to try to explain my mom’s counseling methods to the ginger? I sure don’t.”

Devin sighed and shook his head. “That didn’t get me to try it. I just thought seriously about ending our budding affair, then and there.”

“She basically had to ambush you in the shower while I was making breakfast for us,” Troy recalled. “But once you had that first session with her, you were hooked.”

“Exactly. So, we set him up to get ambushed and hope it takes with him, like it did with me.”

Troy snickered. “I’m sure glad that was your idea.”

Just then, the front door opened, and they heard someone keying in their security code, the click of high heels, in place of scuffling sneakers, told them exactly who was there. Troy shouted out, “We’re in the kitchen, Mom.”

The sound of her heels in the hallway, then through the dining room, let them know and grin at how much she hated taking the shorter route through the family room in heels. The woman, a good fifteen years older than Devin, appeared in the doorway between the dining room and the kitchen, her hair a shade of red too bright for her age, and in a green dress too short for a woman half her sixty plus years. Troy gave her an approving nod, noting that she still had good legs for a woman her age. “What do we owe this occasion to, Sweetie?”

“You know I like to stop by and tidy up for you boys.” Marie Benson greeted her son with a kiss on the cheek before also kissing Devin. “You won’t hire a maid, when we all know you need one. Although a live-in houseboy will do, which means you won’t really need me, any more.”

Troy looked his mother over, winked at Devin, and told her, “You’ve seen the ginger leaving in the Edge, haven’t you?”

“I did notice he has lovely red hair and hazel eyes, just like me,” she admitted, her spike heels making her nearly as tall as her son. “Planning to marry your mother?”

“Kyle’s our student, and he’s a kid who could use our help, and yes, he’s pretty damned good in the sack, even though the two of us have only had a little taste of him, so far,” Troy told his mom, watching her face. Her steady smile gave him no clue as to her real feelings as he told his mom about Devin and his obsession with the ginger, and their decision to do something about it. “He’s fun, funny, easy on the eyes, and pretty amazing for a kid who shows all the signs of an unhappy home life. And we both know you did your best to spoil me rotten, so—”

“So, you want me to ‘smother’ him some,” Marie guessed with a little grin. “I can do that.”

“He could use a double-dose of your brand of loving,” Devin observed. “His parents are Evangelicals, and while they pay his tuition, he gets precious little else from them, except their disdain, from what we gather.”

“What you want me to do is help the boy unpack his personal baggage so the two of you can fuck him senseless without it weighing on your consciences,” she told them, patting both men on their cheeks. “I’ll make a point to meet him, get to know him, and help him, if I can. But if you two plan to keep him around and make him part of your lives, you need to invest some of yourselves in him, as well. And you both know that if I do this and get emotionally attached to the boy, you had better never kick him to the curb, or there’ll be hell to pay with me.”

“That won’t happen,” Troy assured his mom, looking over his taller, bigger, and chrome-domed partner. “We’re both too invested in the kid, emotionally and professionally, for that to happen.”

Troy found himself under the thoughtful scrutiny of his mother, who nodded as much to herself as him. “No, that’s not the real worry between you

two, is it? You're both afraid that he'll outgrow you and then leave you, after you invest even more of yourselves in him. That's a real risk you'll have to live with. Welcome to parenting, fairy godfather style, emotional incest and all. If you want to keep him, you have to live with that risk until he decides otherwise. And then leave the door open for him to come back if he does leave you, just as I have always done with you. But count me in, if only to help keep you two from fucking things up on your own."

Troy gave his mother a very vulnerable look. "And you think we will fuck it up, with him, Mom?"

"It could go either way, and with the best of intentions," she candidly advised them. "No guarantees, but I think I can help tip the prospects more in your favor with him, but I'll need to do things my way. I'll know more after I meet him and see how he interacts with me."

"Well, we have some thoughts about that, suggestions, really," Troy told his mom.

She smiled, patted him on the cheek again, and said, "You can always suggest, son, more ideas are always good. But, since I am here to clean, you'll have to wander around with me, if you're going to talk anymore. I have other things to do today, it seems, so tick-tock."

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### *Kyle*

Parking in the staff lot, near the classroom building where his ten o'clock class was, turned out to be somewhat anticlimactic for Kyle. Having the car to use as his own made him all the more aware that he really didn't have anyone to share the special occasion with, except the two older guys who gave him the car. He needed to be discreet about such things, so as to not harm either of his two bears for taking him in and loving him.

There were any number of guys in Theatre or on the swim team he was friendly enough with to have sex, and on his terms, at that. But, fuck buddies weren't real friends, not like Tony had been. In the end, Kyle just sat in the car until time to get out and go to class, gazing at a photo of his long dead boyfriend, wishing he could have shared the moment with Tony.

The brisk walk from the car into the building did him good, until he got to the classroom door and saw the note instructing him to sign in and leave. Class had been canceled. Kyle felt lost and empty and didn't know why. He lingered

outside the empty classroom after signing in and then turned away to wander slowly back to the car.

Halfway back to the Edge, Kyle decided on a course of action, one that meant missing his next class as well, but it would at least keep him busy without calling up one of the guys he knew he could fuck at a moment's notice. Any other day, that would have been the plan if a class canceled, find a hot guy to fuck away the hour with. But that was not what weighed on his mind.

Ten minutes later, shirt off, and pushing himself enough to work up a sweat, Kyle busily packed up his small room in the crappy hellhole of a house and loaded his few personal belongings, mostly clothes, into the back of the Edge. The backseat easily folded down to give him more space, and he filled most but not all of it. Since his bike was already at Devin's house, he literally could pack his entire world into one load of the small crossover vehicle, including his laptop and his tablet.

Driving back to Devin's house with the vehicle loaded helped lift his spirits, as did the feel of the faux leather seat against his bare back. He docked his phone into the car stereo and listened to his play list as he drove, taking his time, and being almost hyper-careful in his driving. Once there, he touched the garage door button on his key and then carefully backed into the garage to make unloading easier. Kyle was sure he had the car deep enough into the garage to safely close the door, but he got out to visually make sure.

As he did so, Kyle saw the same older woman standing in sight of the open garage, this time with an equally ancient man standing next to her. And the old man was looking him over as thoroughly as the old woman, expression somewhere between envy and hatred. The old man said, "We do not need any more of your kind in this neighborhood."

Kyle stepped toward the garage door opening, glancing at the front bumper and the space to the opening, and then looked up at the old man. "Yes, you do. I obviously make the neighborhood look better or you wouldn't ogle me so much. If you don't like the view, don't look. Bye, now."

Kyle closed the garage door with the remote in his hand.

Kyle went inside, pulled off his shoes and pants, deciding to take up the invitation to live naked when he was there. First, however, he needed to decide which bedroom, other than the one Devin and Troy claimed, would be his. Going up those stairs alone for the first time, and bare naked, got him more than a little hard. Imaging himself in bed with the two older men, both of them

lavishing sexual attentions on him had him very hard by the time he reached the top of the stairs and looked around the wide area that served as landing and hallway to the various bedrooms. He counted seven doors, two each on two opposing walls, and three on one wall of the landing with the fourth side all railing to one side of the staircase.

Starting with the door straight ahead of the top of the stairs, Kyle started inspecting rooms. The door turned out to be at the end of a very large room that extended back along past the opening of the stairwell, and had to be the master bedroom, given its size and the massive size of the California king bed at the other end of the room. It had its own natural gas fireplace, a sofa facing the fireplace, huge walk-in closets, a huge flatscreen TV, and a bathroom almost half the size of the entire little shack of a house he had been living in. Kyle contemplated lying out naked atop the huge bed to give it a try but continued exploring instead.

The room next to the master bedroom was considerably smaller, but had its own bathroom, and was still twice the size of the room Kyle had paid four hundred dollars to rent. The bathroom had a shower stall, toilet and sink all tucked together without feeling cramped. The walk-in closet was almost as large as the bathroom. The queen-sized bed did not dominate the room, leaving space for a desk and chair, a dresser, and a widescreen TV on its own long, narrow table. He noted the brand-name condoms in a candy dish by the bed, along with tubes of lube.

Kyle had the feeling he'd fucked another drama boy on that bed during a cast party, but he wasn't really sure. Once again, this part of the house was brand new by just being empty, quiet and in daylight, no wild party in progress with hunky lust on his mind, even if he did have an erection at the moment. His party flashbacks were so different from the same space in daylight.

The next five bedrooms were similar to the second, varying some in where windows, bathroom, and walk-in closet were, but all included queen-sized beds and other furnishings, each in its own color pattern and furniture theme. The seventh bedroom was more generous in size than the previous five, but less so than the master room. And like the master bedroom, it had its own gas fireplace, chairs in front of the fire, and a king-sized bed. But before he could go inspect the bathroom, a tall, redheaded older woman in a green dress and heels stepped out and looked him over with a grin.

“You must be Kyle Pratt, my Troy’s Tiger Blossom boy. I’m Marie, his mom, and what passes for a maid, here.”

“Swim Bear hired you, his mom, as his maid?” Kyle blurted, his erection fading, but without making any useless effort to hide or otherwise cover himself. He did start walking slowly backward toward the door.

“I work for free. It lets me snoop. So, you are picking this room for yours, aren’t you?”

Kyle stopped and slowly nodded. “My being naked in front of you doesn’t bother you?”

“Lord, no.” She grinned. “I have a gay son who’s known he was since he was thirteen, and has no sense of modesty whatsoever. But I do want a hug and a kiss, as long as it doesn’t freak you out.”

Kyle felt his cock engorge just a little, the kinkiness of her invitation having that unwelcome effect on him, making him all the more leery of close personal contact while he was naked in front of her. But he found himself nodding assent just the same. When he did not close the distance, she did and put gentle hands to his arms, leaning in to press her generous bosom to his broad, bare chest, kissing him on the cheek. “See? You didn’t melt or get hard having an old lady touch you.”

She stepped to his left side and slid one hand behind him, caressing his back, while lightly fingering the lines of his tribal tiger and flowers tattoo. “That’s really lovely body ink. And you are exquisitely beautiful in a very manly way. But what I like about you best are your tender, open eyes and easy smile. Whatever burdens are on your heart, you’ve stayed a hopeful, cheerful person anyway. I like and admire that in you. But it doesn’t hurt that you have cut muscles, tight abs, and a big cock.”

Kyle grinned at her frank assessment of him as a man and a person. He was frankly surprised to suddenly feel completely at ease to be naked in front of her. There was something about her that made him suspect he would feel just as naked, yet comfortably so, fully dressed in front of her.

“I envy Swim Bear, having a mom like you,” Kyle told her, a little shocked to open up to her so easily, and without coaxing. He gave his head a shake. “My mom barely talks to me and has pulled back from me, ever since I came out at seventeen. Even before that, she would never hug me without a shirt on and constantly chided me for going shirtless as much as I did.”

“Shirts on, shirtless, or naked, boys are just boys to me,” Mrs. Benson assured him. “And I have a need to mother them. Troy calls me his smother,

and I am. I like you and plan to smother you, too, if you don't mind, Tiger Blossom."

Kyle nodded at her. "I'd like that, a lot."

"Good." She grinned back and then leaned in on his arm, reaching up and kissing his cheek again. "You won't hear me using their other nickname for you. Who you fuck and how often is your business, including when that includes my son. 'Tiger Blossom' fits you better, because you are both tough and tender, and in just the right mix. Just remember to allow the tender to come out around me, and we'll be fine. Now, get your things up here, and I'll make us lunch, but don't even think about dressing to come down and eat. You are perfect just the way you are."

"I was thinking about slipping on gym shorts, for decency's sake."

She shook her head. "Being naked in front of me makes you feel a little more vulnerable than you like, but that's exactly what helps you open up, so stay naked, and let yourself be vulnerable around this old lady. It won't hurt me, and it'll do you some good, okay?"

Kyle felt the truth of her words and nodded his assent. It was not a sense of modesty but the fact he felt exposed, vulnerable in front of her, and again, he suspected clothes would not really help.

She patted his cheek. "And that's not just for today, for now. I want you naked whenever I'm in either house until being naked around me is no longer a big deal to you. Then it won't matter."

Kyle had to really think about that notion. It pushed a lot of buttons in him, brought up all sorts of difficult moments with his own hostile, angry parents. But he finally nodded and said, "Okay, I'll strip down if I have to be naked when you come over. But you know they're going to mock me over it."

"No, they won't." She shook her head. "Devin had to be naked in front of me for a year before I let him put a stitch on in my presence. It won't take nearly that long with you."

After she left the room, Kyle put a self-conscious hand to his manhood and let out a somewhat resigned sigh. She made him feel at ease and all wound up at the same time. He had intentionally performed his audition piece for Devin in the nude, with a mixed audience of guys and girls. But Mrs. Benson brought out a level of body-shyness in him he never knew he had. The idea of sitting down naked at lunch with her weighed on him trip after trip from the back of

the car in the garage to the bedroom up the stairs, staying nude as he made each trip. But once his belongings were all piled in front of the bed, he reached in a bag, and found a pair of orange gym shorts. Kyle slipped them on and bounded downstairs to go to lunch with Troy's mom in the kitchen. Even before he reached the kitchen, Kyle could smell hot, Mexican spices and grilled steak.

"Drop the shorts at the doorway, or you won't get even a bite of my fajitas, Tiger Blossom," Marie Benson warned him without even a glance in his direction.

Kyle froze in his tracks, hands on the waistband. "How did you know?"

"I've been raising boys for a lot of years," she told him. "Gay boys are a special treat, but they're still boys at heart. So, drop the shorts and go sit down, or go hungry. Your choice."

Once Kyle was nude and seated at the kitchen island, Mrs. Benson set a plate with four fajitas in front of him, each full of grilled steak, grilled red bell peppers and onions, and smeared with sour cream and freshly made guacamole. As Kyle took the first bite, his hazel eyes lit up, and he mouthed around the food, "Thanks. It's so good."

She stepped around behind him and gently began to massage his neck and back as he ate. It was all very weird and awkward to him, but Kyle let himself relax into her penetrating touch, and the luxury of good food so early in the day. As he started on the second fajita, having gobbled down the first, his thoughts drifted to the older guys who made this all possible and the fun he had sucking one while being sucked by the other. Between the deep massage and his own thoughts, Kyle was rock hard before he realized it and went rigid under Mrs. Benson's fingers.

"There you go, letting your Bible-thumping upbringing get in the way of relaxing, really relaxing," she told him gently. "The sight of your penis engorged is pretty, but no big deal, and certainly nothing for you to be ashamed of. So, let yourself relax and enjoy the food. You can even stroke yourself, if that helps. Let yourself be pampered a little, okay?"

Kyle nodded, noting how her mentioning his erection softened it a little but did not make his cock go limp. He took another bite of the delicious fajita but could not immediately let his thoughts drift again, not even when she attacked his tense muscles with probing fingertips on his smooth skin. He ate and felt himself get hard again, as his muscles yielded to her insistent fingers. He mostly thought about how awkward it was to sit there naked with his cock hard,

while a woman old enough to be his grandmother gave him the best massage he had ever had.

As quickly as Kyle finished chewing the last bite of food, Mrs. Benson asked him, “So, what were you thinking about before you caught yourself enjoying the moment and stopped?”

Kyle let out a deep, throaty sigh, almost a groan, and confessed, “I was thinking about my first time with your son and his partner, my two favorite teachers.”

“It was that good or that bad?”

“It was memorable, epic, wonderful,” Kyle exulted, surprised at how easy sharing details with her was, “even if it was just sucking one another’s cocks in a daisy chain. I’ve had a little three-way sex, enough to know I love it, but never like that, where all of us connected so perfectly.”

Kyle’s muscles really relaxed under her touch, his cock got hard enough to ooze, and yet he felt really safe in sharing his thoughts and feelings with her. Then, he started to worry about how very much pre-cum he was oozing and felt his muscles stiffen up some. She leaned into his ear, and whispered, “It’s okay to wipe away the pre-cum, taste your fingertips, wipe it on your thigh, or just ignore it and let it ooze. There are no wrong choices, as long as you let yourself relax.”

Kyle was not comfortable with touching his own erection in front of her, but her words made doing nothing a choice, instead of a paralyzing lack of one. She continued massaging his back and shoulders, hands occasionally straying to his pecs, and throat, and whispered to him, “Think about sucking Drama Bear and tell me what you liked best about having him in your mouth.”

Kyle opened his eyes and looked at her. “They told you about me having oral sex with them?”

“Tiger Blossom, I’ve trained my two grownup bear cubs to tell their Mama Bear everything, just as I’m training you now. Who else knows about your fun night and exciting morning?”

“No one,” Kyle admitted. He shrugged, his erection fading fast, as he added, “I sort of told my dead boyfriend’s memory, or at least the picture I keep of him. There was no one else to tell.”

“So, now you have me, your Mama Bear, to tell anything, everything, be it happy, sad, lustful, painful. It doesn’t really matter, unless it matters to you. Ready to share some more?”

Kyle stared at her, his erection completely gone. He felt four long years of pain and anguish well up, heart pounding. Memories flooded his mind: his parents reacting to him coming out, the gay-baiting in school, finding Tony hanging from the three-meter diving board. He had to strangle back a raw, tormented shout. He felt himself tremble, gasp, and groan as sudden tears flowed.

Instantly, Mrs. Benson had him in her arms, his chest against hers, and she let him convulse, sob, and bite back anguished cries, until he was suddenly calm again. He looked up at her, vulnerable, spent, and open to her. She smiled at him, smoothed away his tears, and said, “I don’t do windows, but I always do tears. Ready to share some happy thoughts with your Mama Bear before you toddle off to swim practice, Tiger Blossom?”

Kyle glanced at the kitchen clock, shocked to see how much time had passed. He still had a good half hour before he needed to drive to swim practice. “What would you like me to share?”

“What was it like to have both of your two bears sucking and licking you at the same time?”

“It was heaven, pure heaven. I’ve had two guys giving me head before, but not like this...”

Marie Benson pulled up a barstool, sat down next to Kyle, with one hand on his bare knee, and let him tell her all about sex the night before with their two bears. Kyle was suddenly okay if he got hard and oozy in the process of sharing. After all, it was just Mama Bear he was sharing with.

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## Chapter Five

### *Mama Bear's Miracle Boy*

#### *Troy*

It was not by casual accident that Kyle Pratt's swimming locker could be seen through the window of Troy Benson's coaching office. Tiger Blossom arrived a little bit early and made a show of stripping bare in front of the window, taking his time to pull on black swim briefs, tucking in his cock and balls to bulge the pouch. As Pratt tied the drawstring, the silhouette of his big cock pressed against the snug, opaque fabric. Benson had to adjust himself and redirect his attention to his clipboard and coaching notes, but he still found himself glancing up, regularly.

Goggles and swim cap in hand, towel over his bare shoulder, Tiger Blossom sauntered to the office door, opened it without knocking, and thrust his head and half of his torso in. "I met your mom today, while I was moving my stuff in. We had lunch together. Interesting lunch."

Benson studied the ginger's face for some reaction but saw none. "How did it go?"

"Which part? The delicious food used to bribe and bully me into stripping nude? Getting a back-and-shoulder massage that had me rock hard, while naked in front of her? Me, crying like a baby on her shoulder? Or me spilling my guts to her about sex with you two, as if we were BFFs?"

"That pretty well wraps up her usual welcome-wagon repertoire." Troy Benson nodded, with a little grin. "But what did you think of all that? About her?"

"Aside from feeling like a lab rat bribed to do tricks for food, I actually liked it, her. I left for here feeling pretty good, until I had questions and decided to do a little research on my phone.

"It took some effort to find 'nude psychotherapy' and get some fucking idea about the naked-massage-and-talk thing. I like her. I like how our first session made me feel, even if you two blindsided me with her. I should be pissed as hell at you two, but having her around helps."

"Enough to have more sessions with her?" Troy asked the question weighing on him.

Tiger Blossom stepped completely into the office and closed the door behind him. “I’ll still see her, as often as she wants me to, because it works for me, but not as a condition to have sex with you guys. I’d move back out, first, quit both of your programs. But sex with you and seeing her for my own sake have to be separate deals, or no deal at all.”

“Moving out, now, would hurt all three of us just as much,” Troy told him. “You like us, a lot. And we like you back. I knew you had issues to have so much random binge sex, and I knew my mom could help. I just didn’t know how to explain her way of helping so that you would try it.”

“And it never occurred to you to ask me if I wanted help with my sex addiction?”

“Do you?”

“I like the sex, but sometimes I scare myself at how fucking easy I can be. It can get dangerous.”

“Your leapfrog ways scare the shit out of me, Tiger Blossom.”

“But, I’ve seen shrinks before. And they either want me to do prescription drugs or pay for endless sessions. Your mom was different; it never felt like I was seeing a shrink, not even after looking it all up. Is she always like that, even with you? Or was all of that all about me and my twisted ways?”

“Growing up with her was pretty strange, looking back.” Troy nodded, knowing he needed to be open, candid, even a little vulnerable just then. “You’d never know that I was born Mormon and that until I came out she was just another Molly Mormon stay-at-home mom.”

“Your mom and you are about as ‘Mormon’ as I am ‘Evangelical,’ and my dad’s a preacher.”

“My dad came from a prestigious Mormon family; one of his great-grand-uncles was head of the Church back then. How the Benson clan dealt with me, my dad’s youngest son, over coming out is what set her on a totally different path.”

“There’s one place where Mormons and Evangelicals are in total, asshole agreement.”

“She saw me as perfect, just the way I was, and decided it was the Church that had the problem. She tried everything, searching for something that would help me see myself as she saw me, and nude psychotherapy is what worked for

me, and for her. She divorced my dad, got custody of me, and my next older brother, James. We left the Church. I only see my dad on his birthday or mine. I avoid my two oldest brothers, twins Ezra and Taft, as best I can.”

“Just like that because you came out, and she felt that strongly about you being gay?”

“She’s a passionate person. It shows in everything she does.”

“She was very passionate in how she made our first session go. I found reference to touch therapy and to nude therapy, but not both together. Is she even licensed as a shrink? I’m not complaining, but I couldn’t find an exact match for what she did with me. And yet, I feel better, a lot better, about everything.”

“How she gives therapy is a little strange, even within the nude psychotherapy crowd, adding in the whole massage and whispering thing. She’s licensed now, but never lets the ‘rules’ keep her from doing what she thinks is right. She’s been that way ever since I came out to my dad and her, twenty-four years ago. Her training and experimenting on us went hand in hand, as I grew up.”

Benson glanced at the clock on the wall. “Time to go work out. Talk more later?”

“We can talk all you like, but I want some real sex with you guys before my next session with her. Either my cock’ll be worn out, or I’ll have stories that’ll make her blush.”

“Nothing makes her blush. Nothing.” Benson got up, nodded at the door, and motioned for them to use it. He started to open the door, then didn’t. “Here, you need to be ‘Pratt,’ and I need to be ‘Coach,’ or ‘Benson.’ I have to compartmentalize my feelings, or this won’t work. I think of myself as ‘Benson’ here. You should compartmentalize things, too.”

“I already do, ‘Coach.’ It’s how I keep my heart from breaking all over again whenever I think about Tony. Having you two in my life just means two more pigeonholes in my heart.”

Benson nodded, wanting to kiss Pratt, then and there. Instead, he just opened the door for them.

Once the entire team gathered outside near the starting blocks of the huge Olympic-sized swimming pool, Benson reminded the team, “We host our first home meet of the season tomorrow. After you do our usual three-k warm up

swim, you'll do some time trials to let us see what to anticipate from you tomorrow. Your last best speeds from last year will be your seed times for tomorrow, even if today's speeds are better. Let's get going."

Once everyone went off the blocks to circle swim four or five to a lane, Benson tried to focus equally on the young men, assigning his assistants to various lanes and swimmers to watch. The blessing and curse of Kyle Pratt for him was that top swimmers like Tiger Blossom fell to him to oversee and help refine for competition. As a college junior and a transfer student, Pratt had already carved out his niche on the team as a sprinter and a valued relay team member.

During the workout, Benson saw a marked improvement in Tiger Blossom's performance, allowing the coach to gaze a little more at the swimmer who was also his new lover. But it took effort to watch that long, lithe body perform off the starting blocks and in the water without Troy's gaze drifting down to the big package that stretched Tiger Blossom's swim briefs in all the right places. Memory of that cock in his mouth kept bringing Benson's gaze to the bulge in Tiger Blossom's swim briefs. Troy had to make himself watch his other swimmers and not solely focus on the one that still made his heart race. He wanted to share the moment with Drama Bear, or with his mom, now that she knew about the ginger.

Being one of those guys who could one-thumb touch-text as easily as he could touch-type on a standard keyboard with two hands, Troy discreetly texted his partner.

*1st session w/ Mom ok; not too pissed w/ us. Will see her again.  
Wants sex & therapy kept separate. Wants more sex.*

When Benson heard his phone ping receiving a reply, he glanced down at it.

*Good. I'll stay on alert at rehearsal. Let you know how it plays out here.*

Benson texted his mom.

*TB ok w/ session. Not too pissed w/ us. He'll see you again.*

*Dinner. My house, your house, Devin's? You pick, I cook. 8?*

*My house. 7:30. TB works 9 to closing. You tell Devin.*

*Cluck-cluck, sweetie. Man up. They're your men.*

*Yes, Mama Bear. They are.*

Troy knew that having his mom's approval of the threesome was as much a curse as a blessing. The relationship was new, rough, and bumpy, at best, but in her mind it was a done deal, as simple as when he came out to his dad and her. And that little announcement totally changed all of their lives, drastically. How would the addition of Tiger Blossom to his relationship with Devin change all of their lives again, including his mom's?

"Coach?"

Benson glance up at the light touch on his shoulder to meet Pratt's eyes, realizing his bulging man pack was just a foot or so from his face.

"Everyone's done warming up."

"Thanks." Benson nodded and saw that both of his assistants and all the guys on the team were gazing expectantly at him. "Fifty free, lane one. Oba you time. Hundred free, lane two. Gunderson, that's you. I'll time hundred fly in lane three. We'll rotate, and go from there."

Before Tiger Blossom could step away, Benson said, "Dinner, my house, seven thirty. My mom's cooking. Devin'll be pissed to lose a half hour of rehearsal."

The ginger grinned. "I'll clean up that mess for you, but you'll owe me. Better take a nap after dinner, old man. I'll have plans when I get home from work."

"Better get to your block before I have to kiss you in front of everyone," Benson advised him.

"That would be sexual harassment." Tiger Blossom grinned and winked at him.

Troy sighed. "True, but I can fantasize being free to kiss you publicly."

"I'd rather fantasize about some real three-way fucking, later tonight."

Benson ended up changing which coach timed what. He knew that if he let anyone time Pratt, other than himself, he would end up fucking up the timing of whoever swam in his lane while Tiger Blossom was on the blocks or in the water. Of the twenty-four swimming events possible, Pratt was slated to compete in three individual events and two relays: the fifty free, the hundred free, the hundred fly, the two hundred medley relay, and the two hundred free relay.

Benson walked to the end of the fifty-meter pool to time the single-lane event. He raised his hand, and when he dropped it, the swimmer on the block

would go. Most of the six guys easily broke twenty-one seconds on that even, but Tiger Blossom came really close to breaking twenty seconds, going just seventeen hundredths of a second over, a new personal best. Tiger Blossom shaved time in both of his other individual events and did the same in his two relays, pushing his relay mates to push themselves. At the end of his final event, one of the other guys tried to give him a congratulatory kiss, instead of just a hug across the lane lines. Pratt moved just enough that the kiss got him on the cheek instead of the mouth.

“What’s up with that, Pratt?” Sky Patterson groused at the ginger. “We’ve shared a lot more than a kiss, you know.”

“I have a boyfriend,” Kyle calmly proclaimed loud enough for everyone anywhere near him to hear. “In fact, I have two boyfriends. I’m part of a threesome, so no more leapfrog ways for me, even if you were a lot of fun in the sack, Patterson.”

“Fuck. Of course, you’d have to have two. You’d fucking wear out just one. Get to meet them?”

“Fuck no, Sky. You’d poach, or try to.”

Patterson grinned. “You’re probably right.”

“And if it doesn’t work out, you’ll be first on my list to help console me.”

“If it doesn’t, I’m sure you’ll need a lot of consoling.”

Two lanes over from Pratt, Rick Bersani asked, “So, if not ‘Leapfrog,’ then what?”

Benson watched Pratt tap the tiger head on his left shoulder, then each tropical bloom on his bicep. “I’ve been called ‘Tiger Blossom’ by guys that I really liked before.”

Bersani nodded. “You said you got those tats to remind you of the kid who killed himself in high school.”

Pratt pulled himself up to rest against the pool gutter by his left arm. “Yeah, sort of. Tony hung himself from the three-meter board, but it was the asshole bigots in my small town who killed him. I got the tat to remind me to not only be tough like the tiger that I am, but tender like the blossom that Tony was. We came out for one another, but he couldn’t take the shit storm the other kids and a lot of adults gave us over it.”

Adeeb Johl, two lanes to Tiger Blossom’s right, spoke up, “I was swimming for Foothill High when all of that went down. Tony Park’s death made national

news. The whole county went rainbow for a month after that. What was all of that like?"

Benson saw the look that Pratt gave Johl before pulling himself out of the pool and stalking away.

Patterson snapped at Johl, "You'd think a Punjab boy would be more sensitive than that, asshole."

Johl ignored the jab at his home culture. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean... I'm sorry."

"Patterson, the cure for one asshole remark is not to make another," Benson rebuked the swimmer. "And Johl, think before you speak, next time. He was sharing important things to him, not playing twenty questions for your curiosity. Everyone's got their story, including you, right?"

The dark-haired, brown-skinned hunk looked up at Benson, his dark eyes very serious, and nodded. "You know I do, Coach. You've let me tell you about it."

"And when I get Pratt back out here, you're going to share some of it with the rest of the team, so that they know that you didn't mean to be insensitive."

"Yes, Coach." Johl looked less than thrilled at the prospect.

Benson looked at his two assistants. "Get the rest of the timing done as best you can while I go fetch Pratt back."

Troy found Kyle stripped down in the showers, head against the wall with the hot water mostly streaming down his bare back and tight, muscular ass. Stepping to Kyle's left and staying clear of the water flow as best he could, Troy put a gently hand to one of the tribal blossoms on the ginger hunk's powerful arm. "A little too much blossom and not quite enough tiger just now, out there, Tiger Blossom."

The ginger rotated his head, leaving it pressed to the tile wall and looked down at the fingers on his arm, his long cock immediately starting to engorge. "I know. You want me to go back out there and finish practice with the team."

Benson shook his head, letting his fingertips play hop scotch from tribal flower to tribal flower. "I want you to want it, too. I want you to let Johl share his story, too, so you'll know where he's coming from. His words were poorly chosen, but his heart is pure, just like yours."

Tiger Blossom turned off the water, took the coach's hand, and put it on his hardening erection. "That's how much you affect me, Swim Bear. You're in my

head and heart. We've kissed, touched, and sucked one another, but I want to fuck you and be fucked by you, as well."

Troy gently gripped the ginger's cock and put his other hand to Kyle's cheek. "I want you just as much, but not here, and not now. So, suit up and let's go hear what Johl has to say. Okay?"

As Tiger Blossom towed off his lower half enough to ease putting his swim briefs back on, he said, "I was sharing all that to make it so that if you slipped and called me 'Tiger Blossom' in front of them, it'd be no big deal. I guess I wasn't as ready to share details as I thought I was."

"I know. I got that immediately, and it made me hard as rock for you as you said it," Troy told him, allowing himself a moment of tender openness. "I wanted to tell everyone that I was one of your two boyfriends, but it's against the rules for a reason, even if the rules are not actively enforced. Anyone could accuse me of coercing you, if they knew about us. At best, we'd have to agree to not date while you're our student. At worst we could be sanctioned or fired."

"I know, and I like it when you two 'coerce' me." Tiger Blossom grinned as he tied the drawstring, adjusted his manhood in his swim briefs, and then grabbed Troy's hand to his bulge one more time. "I like seeing how this affects you. It makes me swim harder, faster. I want to win for you, not just for me. I think about you, and winning."

Troy briefly gripped Tiger Blossom's manhood through the taut, thin fabric. "I hoped that was the case, and not just because of one session with my mom. That means a lot. Thanks."

Tiger Blossom's erection had only partially faded by the time they got back to the team, his black swim briefs barely containing it. The coach wished he had done a better job of adjusting his own erection within his jeans before stepping out in front of everyone. Activity in the swim lanes all gravitated to the end where the blocks were, and stopped by the time they arrived. Everyone had their eyes on Pratt and Johl, who climbed out of the water and extended his hand to Pratt. "I'm so sorry. I never meant to offend you. Thank you for sharing what you did."

Pratt ignored the hand and pulled Johl into a hug instead. Johl stiffened initially at the torso to torso contact, but the coach also saw the front of his swim briefs bulge a little more tightly. Johl looked at the coach, who nodded encouragingly. Pratt looked at Benson and also got a nod.

"Coach says you have something to share with us as well," Pratt told Johl as he released the other young stud from his embrace. "I'd like to hear your story."

“I was born in India, as many of you know,” Adeeb told them. “But my life was pretty bad. My parents were poor and in debt. I was sold into prostitution to pay their debt. When I was thirteen, some Christians rescued me, sent me to America. I was adopted. I learned the language, learned to swim competitively but never fit in. I slowly realized that I was gay, and not just because of the prostitution. I didn’t dare come out. I just worked hard to get good grades and scholarships. My family still doesn’t know. I rarely date, so as to not get outed. I’m still more Sikh than Christian, but can’t tell my family. Being Christian, and straight, is everything to them.”

Benson looked around his team. “This stays guarded among us all. Adeeb needs our support as his team. And we’re going to be there for him, as a team, right?”

Tiger Blossom pulled Adeeb back into his arms and held him close. “You saw all the media attention when my Tony died and wished you were me? You shouldn’t. It was pure hell.”

Adeeb shook his head. “No, back then, I wished I was Tony Park and had the guts to kill myself. I wanted to die but couldn’t, so I kept swimming. Swimming is my whole life, my freedom.”

Kyle held Adeeb out to arms’ length, and shook him. “Don’t ever say that, never think it. I loved Tony, but I’m still mad that he let the haters do that to him. You’re important to us. Live for us.”

Kyle looked at the coach, his boyfriend, and Troy understood. “Kyle’s having dinner with my partner and me after drama rehearsal at my house. My mom’s cooking. You should join us and meet my mom. She helps people like us deal with life. Maybe, she can help you, too.”

That simple invitation outed the budding relationship Benson, Pratt, and his partner Devin, then and there. He saw the realization in the eyes of his assistant coaches immediately, and several of the team members almost as quickly. Adeeb Johl smiled, almost grinned, his expression telling Benson that he, too, understood that he and his partner were Pratt’s new boyfriends. “Thank you, Coach, I’m honored. I’ll be most glad to join the three of you for dinner with your mom.”

Lance Oba slapped Miles Gunderson on the back and then said to Benson, “We’ll keep your personal news in house, as well, Coach.”

“Thanks.” Benson nodded. “But if you have to choose between protecting yourselves and loyalty to me, I’ll understand. Devin and I consider Kyle family at this point.”

“And you’re family to all of us, Troy,” Gunderson told him glancing around the circle of young adults, “and so is Tiger Blossom. No one here is going to out you guys to the university, right guys?”

Benson and Pratt looked around the team and saw everyone was united in their support of them.

After practice, once Kyle had gone off to Theatre rehearsal and Devin, Benson phoned his mom to tell her of the additional dinner guest and his story. When he finished recounting events to her, she asked, “And what does this tell you about Devin and your obsession with the ginger?”

“That it was more than just sexual attraction that made us want to make him ours.”

“Exactly. He brings something to the table to make Devin and you better people and a stronger couple,” she told him. “But the age difference and the idea of a threesome, made you fight it. Aren’t you glad you didn’t let conventional thinking steal him from you?”

“I’m happy for that, Mom, but I’m still afraid we won’t keep him, or that we won’t make it as a threesome. How many successful threesomes are there out there? There can’t be many.”

“And that’s why you have me involved, to improve the odds. So quit fretting and get your ass home to help me get ready for dinner. Bring that new boy along, if you can. I should start working with him, right away, don’t you think?”

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## Chapter Six

### *Tiger Blossom in Bloom*

*Kyle*

Having use of the car didn't really get Kyle to the theatre any faster. He parked there before swimming practice and jogged to the pool. He didn't have to jog back, because Troy dropped him off. After inviting Adeeb to eat with them outed them to the team, letting Swim Bear drop him off was the simple and practical thing to do. He kissed Troy through the driver's window and Johl moved from the backseat to the front of Troy's Ford Escape. After they pulled away, he put his swim gear in the Edge, turned to walk in and found himself flanked by Tyler Henry, Dillon Scott, and Riley Vilseck, his three audition buddies from the night before.

Vilseck looked at the other two guys, and snorted. "Leapfrog's fucking them both, and has been fucked over by 'Dr. K.O.' himself. That's it. I quit. I'm done working for that asshole."

Kyle bit his lip. He could see all three of the other guys were upset, but not at him. He'd had his way with all of them, and yet was still friends with them, making sure they knew up front that he was interested in sex and friends, nothing more. "I didn't get the part of D'Artagnan? Another of the Musketeers?"

"Treville. He gave you Captain—fucking—Treville."

Kyle let out a sigh and then nodded. "He didn't want to appear to be giving me the part because of moving in with him and my swim coach. I like him. I like them both. I'll get over it."

"It's not fucking right, and you know it," Tyler snarled. "I'm done. The four of us should be the leads together. Breza lacks the build and the balls for the part. I'm gay as hell, and I have way more chemistry onstage with the girls than he does. Pussy straight boy. I'm not wasting my time learning that many lines so that shithead can fuck up the play. So not going to happen."

As Tyler stomped away, Riley said, "We're blowing off rehearsal, for tonight anyway, and going out to the Paradise to drink, dance, and play a little pool. Come with?"

Kyle shook his head. "I'm going in. You want me to say anything to him or just play stupid about it all?"

“I need his class to get my M.F.A., but the other two are talking about dropping out of Pacific, and applying elsewhere for Spring. You’re driving his car, sleeping under his roof. Don’t fuck that up for us, especially if you like him. We know what we’re doing, and that it could cost us.”

Kyle let out a long sigh and then shook his head. “I’m not throwing any of you under the bus, just because I want to fuck the director, in a happy way. He could lose everything over this.”

Riley patted his cheek. “If it doesn’t work out with the asshole, you still have my number. I suck at relationships, but I do great at rebound sex. You know I can make you come in gushes.”

“And if it does work out with Drama Bear, I still want to be friends, Vilseck. We have good chemistry onstage, too.”

“Drama Bear? The guys are going to love that. They may not have the balls to call him that, but I do. I still like him, which is why I’m so pissed, and all the other guys, too.”

“So, you’re not going to out us to the university over this?”

“Lord, no!” Riley snorted. “That would be so against the gay bro code. We just need to vent, over beer and one another. If I get laid over this, I might even forgive your ‘Drama Bear.’”

Kyle patted Riley’s cheek back, not wishing to be seen kissing anyone, not even on the cheek, that was not one of his two bears. Riley ran to catch up with the other two, even if it was his car they would be leaving in. Kyle walked the rest of the way to the black box theatre and went in.

He looked the cast list over, unpinned it from the bulletin board, and entered the nearly empty and softly lit black box. The only real lighting emanated from the lights on the arena stage at the center of the room. The only person that Kyle could see in the house was Devin, seated three rows back on the side where the seats extended only five rows deep, each on its own box riser. He stepped up the two steps to the low, square stage in the center of the box, looked out at Devin and said, “I’m Kyle Pratt, and I’m sleeping with the director. So, if you’re wondering how a no-talent like me got the part of Captain Treville, well, now you know.”

Out of the darkness behind him, Kyle heard a loud guffaw, and then the voice of Ciprian Breza, “I should be Treville, and you should be D’Artagnan, and we all know you’re shagging the director. He was eye fucking you the

whole time last night. I may not be your equal on stage, Pratt, but I won't stay here and be O'Keefe's bitch just because you two are fucking. Maybe I go find your queer-boy buddies and get one of them to suck my cock, so I can be like you."

Moments later, after they heard Breza get up and leave, Kyle stepped down and went up to where Drama Bear sat, silent, and as motionless as a stage prop. Kyle sat down next to him, and said, "I'll play whatever fucking part makes you happy, Drama Bear. I'll still want to have sex with you, even if you want the car back and for me to move out. I want both of you that bad."

"I totally fucked up, fucked you over in the process, and the most pressing thing on your mind is having sex with me? God, that makes me hot and hard for you. You could so fuck us over, right now, if you filed a harassment or coercion complaint against us. And I still want you, bad."

"That's not going to happen, not from me, anyway, because I want you that bad, too," Kyle told him. "By the way, Troy and I got outed to the swim team today, but everyone there's cool with it. I think our cast and crew will accept it, too, once you switch back roles between Breza and me."

"So, how did I fuck up so bad that everyone wants to just quit? Is it you, or is it me?"

"Neither of us," Kyle told him, "not directly, anyway. You make this big fucking deal that the only issues that matter on stage are talent, dedication, and hard work. By switching Ciprian and me, you broke faith with your own mantra."

"And?" Devin clearly did get it.

"Drama Bear, no one slaves for you because they're afraid of you. We stick around because we believe in you. You do good shows, make good actors of us. Tonight, you made everyone doubt you, instead of trust you. Sitting here, acting tough about it, gets you exactly nowhere."

"So, what do I do about it now, now that I fucked up?"

"You haven't fucked up so bad you can't fix it. Switch it back, be open with them about us, and they'll be fine with you and our sleeping arrangements. You're gay, I'm gay, and we're both hot. And I want you, both of you, but I know we need to be discreet, because of the rules."

Devin grabbed Kyle by the face, pulled him in for a kiss, and Kyle eagerly met him half way. After sharing tongue and saliva, Drama Bear told him, "I

sure as fuck don't deserve you, but I want you to be mine, ours, in every way, tonight."

"Or very early tomorrow morning." Kyle snickered. "The good news is that your fuck up lets us go home to Troy's house now, instead of later. The bad news is that his mom is there, cooking dinner, and we have a swim team member coming for dinner. But he's cool with the whole threesome thing, so at least we can kiss and flirt a little before I have to go to work."

"You know how to get there?"

"I do. If you mean you'd like us to go together, we can, but which vehicle stays here?"

Drama Bear nodded. "Bad idea, I'll lock up and see you over there."

Kyle put a playful hand to Drama Bear's shaved head and then patted his bearded cheek. "We can lock up together and walk one another out. And we can visit, hands free, by cell phone, while we drive to Swim Bear's place. I like being with you, around you. And you need to let yourself enjoy that. Everyone, but you, knows you were totally eye fucking me last night. It's okay. I like your eyes on me that way, in front of everyone. I want more of you on me, in me."

Drama Bear kissed him again, told him, "I like it both ways; Swim Bear does, too."

"Me, three. But, I want more fucking and less talking about it. So, let's get out of here, and go join everyone for dinner."

Kyle walked with Devin as the older man checked every exit of the building, including those backstage. While the university had both security and custodian services, Kyle knew how OCD Drama Bear was about everything, and anything important to him. Devin kept looking at him as they walked and checked doors, one or two of which were ajar. "Is this something you prefer to do alone?"

Devin shook his head. "Just no one ever does this with me. I either do it or pass it off to my grad student assistant director. It makes it less tiresome to have you make the rounds with me."

They checked the final door from the outside, ready to go to their vehicles. Devin pulled Kyle to him, and once again, he met him half way to lock lips, wrestle tongues, and swap spit. Drama Bear pulled back, a bittersweet expression on his face. "You know I won't be much fun for you or Troy until I make this square with everyone else. It'll gnaw on me all weekend."

“Better not get in the way of sex, or there’ll be hell to pay, and not just by you come Monday evening.” Kyle grinned at him. “But you can ease the guilt now. You can swing by the Paradise and catch most of the guys in the cast there. All the gay guys, and probably most of the straight ones, too. I’d go with, but you know how much I hate going in early when they’re busy.”

Drama Bear smirked. “I wouldn’t know. I usually make you late getting there for work.”

Kyle laughed and kissed him again. “So true. But it’s one more thing I love about you.”

“Ooh. Look who used the ‘L’ word first!”

“I’d say ‘fuck you,’ but that’d just add to the lists of fucks you owe me.”

“So, you don’t love me?”

“I’m not confirming or denying until you and Troy do the deed with me.”

“Nicely played, but you did use the word first.”

Kyle shrugged. “It’s a word I plan to use a lot, once you two assholes fuck me properly.”

“So, you don’t want to top?”

“I want it all from and with both of you. Now, kiss me one more time, and go clear your excessively OCD conscience with the guys at the bar.”

They took their time, happily exploring one another’s mouths with care and letting their hands drift over one another with easy abandon. After they parted, Kyle wandered over to the Edge, his cock hard and oozy, confident he had Devin feeling just as oozy for him.

Kyle stopped beside the crossover, took out his phone, and texted Drama Bear:

*Stopping by your house for my toiletries. See you at Troy’s.*

*Wish me luck.*

*Break a leg, any leg, just not the third one.*

When Kyle got to Devin’s house, he didn’t just get his toiletries, he used his anal prep kit. Chances were against getting fucked before work, but he knew he’d be a better flirt during dinner if he was ready to fuck, and be fucked. As an ex-Boy Scout, he liked to be prepared. He also just plain liked using the kit, feeling the sensation of warm water cleansing his rectum and sphincter. Using

the kit several times a day was as much part of his routine as staying fit, eating right, and dressing casual, but sexy.

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### *Devin*

As Devin drove to the gay bar from campus and thought about the seven or so guys likely to be hanging out, three openly gay, two possibly gay, the rest straight, he found himself detouring to his favorite fast food place instead. At first, Devin chided himself for going into mental neutral, and then he thought about it. The Paradise did not serve food, except for vending machine fare; upset boys, some actually legal, and the rest using fake IDs, could get drunk pretty damn easy on empty stomachs. They all needed dinner, and since it was his fuck up, dinner needed to be on his dime. He just made sure he had his wallet, not wanting to make Troy's mistake the day before.

Pulling into the drive-through lane and reaching the intercom and menu board, he ordered ten of everything: triple-triple cheeseburgers, French fries, and milkshakes. He decided on milkshakes over sodas because milkshakes were more calorie dense for drinking boys. When it came to the milkshakes, he ordered six chocolate, two vanilla, and two strawberry, all in beverage boxes.

Devin drove to the bar, found parking, grabbed the food bags and drink carriers, and sauntered into the bar, as if he always went there with dinner for ten in his arms. The Drama boys sort of stood out in the soft lighting of the bar, especially the straight ones. Riley Vilseck, Tyler Henry, Dillon Scott, and Ciprian Breza were in one booth with Jack Lee, Corey Hammond, and Blake Harris in the other, the last three looking a little like deer in the headlights among the usual array of lesbian couples, young hunks, older guys, and mixed groups. Devin counted seven heads split between two booths. He walked up, ignored their stares, and set bags of food and beverage boxes down on both tables. He handed each young hunk the flavor of shake he thought best matched that kid's personality. Without waiting to be invited, he slid into the booth where Riley Vilseck sat, eyes wide to see the food in front of him, and Devin seated across from him.

"I fucked up," Devin said without hesitation. "I gave the ginger the part he should have had."

"And I'm out of a part altogether for mouthing off to you," Ciprian snorted, eyes down.

"Not yet, you're not, Captain Treville," O'Keefe told him. "I'm the one that fucked up, not any of you kids. So, the food is to keep you young studs from

getting drunk off your sorry asses on empty stomachs. And it's my peace offering for fucking up. No more booze until you polish off what I brought for you. No tofu-eaters here? It's all beef."

Riley noted the extra bags and beverage container. "You got that much for yourself?"

"Nope. I'm not staying or eating. See those three young hunks over at the bar?"

Riley looked, letting his eyes linger on the two bare-chested, tanned blonds, and one creamy-skinned brunet in a tank top. "I'd fuck or let myself be fucked by any of them. You know them?"

"I know of them, better said. They're swimmers, friends of the ginger's. And they didn't know this place doesn't do food, either. Tiger Blossom told me they would be here, too. Go invite them to join you. Get to know them a little. At least one of them is gay, possibly all three. Do it as a favor to Kyle, and yourselves. They're all pretty hot."

Devin stood up. "Last thing, Kyle is living with Troy and me, now. The three of us are dating. Any problem with that?"

Ciprian grinned at the others. "I told you that the Leapfrog said that."

"Of course, he did." Devin nodded. "But that nickname is officially retired. Troy and I are claiming an exclusive on him, so no more leapfrogging. Call him 'Kyle', 'Pratt', or 'Tiger Blossom,' which is Troy's and my nickname for him, but no more 'Leapfrog.' Got it?"

Breza smirked, shaking his head. "And I was going to let him be my first. You know how to really be the buzzkill, Drama Bear."

"First guy or first human, Breezy?" Devin retorted with a smirk of his own. "And my lovers' nickname for me is off limits in the theatre, but just fine away from it. Okay, Breezy?"

"Sure thing, Drama Bear." Breza grinned. "Do I get extra credit for getting extra friendly with the swimmer boys?"

"Nope, but you might get more cock than a first-timer can handle," O'Keefe teased him back. "I've seen all three in their swim briefs. Better stick to girls and blow-up dolls, Breezy."

"They make handheld pussies now for that sort of thing, Drama Bear," Corey Hammond spoke up from the other booth, turned halfway around to look

at O'Keefe. "But even straight boys like to have their cocks sucked by gay boys. Kyle sucked me off, a couple of times. I'm going to miss that about him. Leap—Tiger Blossom gives really good head."

"Yes, you are going to miss it," Devin agreed. "The ginger does give good head, but not for anyone but Troy and me, from now on. Better make friends with those swimmer boys, after all."

"I don't think so." Riley shook his head, startling Devin. "None of us will out you guys to the university. We understand you want to be a threesome. But if we're in for the penny, Drama Bear, you're in for the pound. Meaning, Kyle's family to us, so that makes you family, too."

Devin nodded. "Okay. I can live with that, so can Troy. So, go make those swim boys part of our family, too. We have better odds of making it, if all our guys are one family instead of two."

Blake Harris laughed and then asked, "Can we keep this Devin O'Keefe? I like this version better, no offense to your other self, but I love the joking and bullshitting. We'll still snap to when you talk to us as 'The Director,' but you're fun this way."

"We can give that a try, but first a couple of you need to man up and go invite those swimmer boys to join you. Once you do that, you get to eat, and I'm out of here."

Ciprian stood up and pushed Riley out of the booth. "The Czech and the Pole will do it. Come on, Riley."

"'Vilseck' is German, not Polish, Bel-Ami Boy."

Breza grinned at him. "I'm as hung as any of those boys. But you'll have to suck it to see it."

"The fact you've seen any of their cocks to compare makes you almost as gay as the rest of us."

Breza shrugged. "Be that as it may, my conditions are the same. You have to suck it to see it."

Vilseck shook his head, grabbed Breza by the arm, and propelled him toward the three hunks at the bar. O'Keefe and the others watched as the two hunky, drama boys introduced themselves to the swim team members, chatted them up a little, and then invited them to join their group in the two booths. The three came over willingly. O'Keefe could tell they were as hungry for the company of other hot young guys as for the promised food.

Breza introduced them to the others, “These are Kyle’s swim team buddies: Sky Patterson, Rick Bersani, and Jorge Sisniega.”

Tyler Henry looked the very blond, but very tanned, Latino swimmer over and asked, “You any relation to that hot blond Latino underwear model?”

“I get asked that a lot, by gay guys. No one else knows who the fuck that is. And no, I’m not.”

Breza looked the shirtless hunk over. “I’m not gay, but I could be, for you. Damn.”

Sisniega looked him over. “Look all you like but don’t touch. And if you want to see ‘it,’ you’ll have to suck it. So, don’t ask, unless you want to suck me. And I’m much too much for you.”

Dillon Scott grinned up at Breza. “Breezy, you’ve just met your soul mate. You two need to get a room somewhere.”

O’Keefe cut into the banter, “So, has Kyle talked to you guys about being action extras in our upcoming play? We’re doing ‘The Three Musketeers’ and we need as many guys as we can get to be extra Musketeers and Cardinal’s Guards in the action scenes.”

“No food unless we agree?” Sisniega was instantly suspicious.

“Sit down, join the guys, enjoy the food, and at least think about it. I need to leave. If you feel like joining us, you can let Riley know. He’s the assistant director and one of the Three. Kyle’s playing D’Artagnan. And you can tell him, also, if you like.”

“The ginger’s playing a lead in another play of yours, from what we hear.” the milky-skinned Sky Patterson snickered, winking one of his large amber-brown eyes. “A big role.”

O’Keefe looked him over. “Yes, he is. And there’s something else you have in common with these guys as former lovers of your coach’s and my new bedmate. And we’re claiming dibs. Who knows, one of these guys might even agree to console your *grief*, so to speak.”

The ten guys all laughed, and Rick Bersani shook his head. “The way I see it, Drama Bear, is that we’re sharing Tiger Blossom with you, not the other way around. As long as Kyle wants to suck my cock for his pleasure and mine, I’m going to let him. It’s his choice that matters.”

The hunky brunet's words united all ten guys. They all loved Kyle and did not want to give up any part of what they had with him or of him, but they were willing to share.

"And we told him as much," O'Keefe admitted. "We'll share him, and like it, if we need to. He has the same effect on us, as the rest of you. I see that now. Thank you for sharing him with us."

O'Keefe soon left them to share food and conversation on their own. The food, their shared association with the ginger, and O'Keefe's request had bonded the two groups into one, at least for the time being. Devin left smiling and content.

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*Kyle*

The drive to Troy's house was hampered a little by it being a weekend evening and a lot of people driving north, probably to Sacramento. Once there, he parked on the street, walked up and unlocked the front door, remembering to use his pass code before the security alarm went off.

He could hear three voices drifting from the kitchen, and at the sound of Marie Benson's voice, he grinned. Her nudity rule did not allow for dinner guests, so he decided to turn it around on her, by stripping down, then and there. He made a neat stack of his castoff things on the arm of a chair in the living room, noted the neat pile of Adeeb's things, and sauntered through as naked as the Robert Mapplethorpe photos on the wall. Rounding a corner to enter the kitchen, he saw Adeeb Johl leaning against the island, just as naked as he was. Adeeb saw him and grinned. "Now, I definitely do not feel foolish, not being the only one naked here."

Marie was in a blue dress instead of a green one, making her hazel eyes look bluer to match. Troy was shirtless and barefoot but still had his jeans on. Adeeb was already very easy on the eyes, but nudity made him all the hotter. Kyle had seen him naked any number of times in the locker room, but not in Troy's kitchen in front of Troy and his mom. It was an odd mix of creepy and cool. Adeeb stepped away from the island and pulled him into a warm, body-to-body hug.

"Thanks for the invitation. They fed me, and I had a lovely chat with Marie and Troy, but now I must really go. I have study group, and I want to visit you at the bar, later, if that's okay."

Kyle nodded. “We can visit a little while you dress, and I’ll walk you out. But please do stop by the bar after study group. I want to show you off to people, maybe set you up with a friend.”

Adeeb gently pulled away from Kyle, went to and hugged Marie and then Troy, both of them perfectly at ease with the swimmer’s nudity in front of them. “Tuesday at ten a.m., right?”

Marie picked up a business card from the counter. “My home is my therapy office. See you then and there. It was really lovely to meet you, Adeeb. I’m looking forward to working with you.”

Adeeb hugged her again, kissed her cheek, and said to both Coach and her, “Thanks, so much. I feel so much more positive, about everything.”

The tall, built young man with delicate, yet manly, features and caramel complexion let ginger Kyle escort him to the living room. “That was really cool, but a little weird at the same time.”

“It is, but the weird factor goes up when you get blindsided by it all,” Kyle assured him. “I’m glad Troy—the coach prepared you for it better than he did me. I loved the session with his mom, but I sort of blasted him for not forewarning me. She totally took me by surprise.”

“That would have freaked me out,” Adeeb assured him, as he reached for his clothes. “Stripping naked in this living room was a little less strange with those photos on the wall. They’re weird and cool enough to make it okay to get naked to see an older woman for counseling. Her massages and whispers in the ear made me feel safe, warm, and really, really naked at the same time. I actually got a boner at one point, but she was very nice about all that. It really bugged me, since I’m a total six on the Kinsey Scale. But I do feel better about my life.”

“You just described my first session with her, except she fed me while counseling me.”

“Me, too. She had Coach take over cooking, made me a huge sliced turkey sandwich, poured me a glass of milk, and then started massaging my shoulders while I ate,” Adeeb told him, putting on his briefs and pulling up his jeans.

“She fed me steak fajitas.”

“She said she knew I wouldn’t want beef and that I could be gay and pure before God.” Adeeb slipped on his shoes without socks, rolling those and his shirt together, staying shirtless.

“It’s cool she respected your Sikh traditions and understood their importance to you.”

“She made me feel important, valued. You have no idea how long it’s been since I felt that, even with swimming to let me know I make a difference. Swimming is what I do, not who I am.”

“She has the same effect on me,” Kyle assured him.

They hugged again. Kyle kept behind the front door while opening it enough for Adeeb to pass. “See you later tonight at the bar.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

Kyle locked the door, reset the security system and went back to the kitchen. He walked up to Marie and gave her a hug around her waist from behind, no longer weirded out to be nude around her. “Thank you, Mama Bear, for helping my friend.”

“Encouraging him to see me helped you, too, Tiger Blossom,” she observed, turning enough in his loose embrace to peck his cheek. “You leave Drama rehearsal early?”

“It got canceled, and not because of this dinner here,” Kyle sighed and then told Marie and Troy all about the play cast walk out on Devin. “It really crushed him.”

“Didn’t it also hurt you to have him give you a lesser part to hide his feelings for you?” Marie gently demanded of him. “Everyone else freaking out just let you mask how much it hurt.”

“I’m not going to lie. It hurt, but seeing him hurt was worse. And because of you, I knew which feeling mattered most to me, then. And I was able to help him see what was wrong, and he let me suggest how to fix it, and not just because it benefited me.”

Kyle suddenly felt Troy’s arms around him, pulling away from Marie into a more romantic, intimate embrace. Kyle turned in Troy’s arms and sought Swim Bear’s mouth as the older man sought his. They tongued one another, shared saliva, and took their time exploring one another’s mouths before parting lips to breathe. Swim Bear’s hand slipped down to cup Kyle’s manhood, completely at ease to do so, right in front of his mom. Kyle did not pull away, but he felt the blush rise and deepen as his cock started to engorge.

Without looking at them, Marie said, “You be the massage hands for Tiger Blossom, while I finish dinner, Swim Bear. I can talk to him while you touch and help his mind drift in healing ways. If that’s okay with you, Kyle?”

“Troy’s an okay substitute for you and your hands, Marie,” Kyle assured her. “It won’t freak me out so much if his touch gets me aroused.”

“And that’s a good thing. The nudity has value in therapy only if it helps your mind drift in healing ways, free of the things that lock our lives down in unhealthy places. Clothes are great, but they can also trap us in hurtful places, harmful ways. So, sit down, relax into Swim Bear’s touch, and let your mind go where it will as we talk. Some of what we talk about may not be fun, but we need to look at the source of pain, while in a safe place, to get rid of it and heal from it.”

Kyle obeyed, sitting on a barstool while Troy got behind him and started massaging him, really digging into his broad, muscular back and shoulders. He felt himself get hard but closed his eyes and embraced the sensation of Swim Bear’s hands on him. When he felt Troy reach over him and slide pressing hands down his pecs and abs, Kyle opened his eyes to gaze up into the coach’s intent eyes, but Swim Bear kept focused on the task of relaxing Kyle’s muscles. Kyle closed his eyes again and left them closed, even when Troy’s massaging hands briefly stroked his erection before dancing fingertips over his front and back to his shoulders.

“Think back about Tony Park and what about him made you need to come out and claim him publicly,” he heard Marie ask after a while, his cock still quite hard.

Kyle realized that being aroused at that moment actually helped him recall Tony and his feelings for his dead boyfriend even more intensely. Feelings he had buried for years all bubbled to the surface of his mind. It was if he was sixteen, almost seventeen, and kissing Tony for the very first time, pausing their bikes after a cattle truck almost got Tony from behind. They were heading home from swim practice on that narrow country road in the evening twilight. The fear of almost losing Tony made him act and kiss the other boy.

“He let me kiss him, and he kissed me back. We kissed again and again and got home very late,” Kyle shared with Troy and Marie. “He had wanted me as much as I wanted him, but we were both afraid to mess up our friendship. First kiss to last, we only had seven weeks together.”

“And if you knew then that you would still lose him to death all too soon,” Marie pressed him, “would you have still kissed him for the first time that day?”

“I would have kissed him sooner, more often, made love to him every moment we could,” Kyle told them. “I don’t regret anything, except not having

more of him, not having more time with him. I just wish I could have been there to stop him, keep him safe, and hold him tight, forever.”

“How soon did you come out and how soon after did things get bad for Tony?”

“Tony was already out to his parents and fought with them every day over it. He was Korean-American and the only boy of six kids. His parents insisted his duty to them came before everything, including his sexual orientation. They expected him to marry and have kids, regardless of being gay, regardless of loving me. I thought coming out to them would make it better for him, but it made it worse. His parents called my parents, and then all hell broke loose.”

“How? Why?”

Troy really dug his fingers into Kyle’s muscles as they retightened under the pressure that Kyle felt as he struggled to recall his most painful memories. He let himself relax into the massage and let his memories surface, so he could share them aloud. “My dad tried to exorcise me in front of his congregation. He called homosexuality the ‘devil seed’ and tried to command the devil out of me in front of everyone.”

“That’s crazy,” Troy snorted and did his best to knead out suddenly knotting muscles in Kyle’s shoulders and back. “What did you do?”

“I walked out of his church. He tried to stop me, so I punched him and called nine-one-one.”

“That could have ended badly for you,” Marie remarked as she stir-fried all the ingredients she had carefully cut and chopped.

“It really could have, but my father kept spouting off about me being devil possessed in front of the responding deputies, so they took him in and sent me to child protective services. My swim coach got me placed with an LGBT-friendly family in our high school service area.”

“I never knew you were in foster care,” Swim Bear said as he continued to massage Kyle. “Did that last long?”

“No, just a few weeks. My dad had to take sensitivity training classes or do time for child abuse. When he talked about disowning me, the family law judge put him on a five-year probation and told him that he would pay tuition and books for me for four years of college, or he’d still go to jail for what he did to me. Since I was out, I lived out, even after I went home, and my dad had to let me, under court order.”

Marie turned to smile gently at Kyle. “That turned out to your advantage.”

“For me, but not for Tony. What happened to me outed him, too, but his parents kept pressuring him to go back in the closet. Then, kids from my dad’s church started harassing Tony, calling him racist, bigoted things, and his parents blamed him, and me, for it all. When he couldn’t take anymore, he hanged himself.”

Marie studied Kyle’s face. “But even his death was not the worst part, was it?”

Kyle nodded. “Tony’s parents were relieved. His dad said Tony was better off dead, and my family would be, too, if I died as well. I never said anything, but he must have, because Child Protective Services came and took Tony’s sisters away from his parents. Tony’s dad would not take the classes required by the court and lost his parental rights. He had to move out, and the girls lived with just their mom.”

“Hate is a powerful thing, but love is stronger,” Marie assured him. “You had some good moments in all that chaos with Tony. You kissed him, made love with him, didn’t you?”

Kyle nodded again, gathering his thoughts. “We had a lot of sex in those seven weeks, sometimes daily. I fucked him, and he fucked me. We got out at night and met in a barn that belonged to the same family that fostered me after he died. We knew they knew because there were always clean sheets and blankets in that loft for us. We sometimes found cookies and other treats left for us. They took me to Tony’s funeral and sat with me, since my parents wouldn’t go. Tony’s parents didn’t want me there, but with so much media there, they didn’t dare refuse. The Cranes were, are good people. They still send me cards at Christmas and for my birthday.”

“That means they care, and their love for you is more powerful than the hate in your family or Tony’s. It didn’t save Tony, but it did help save you, you know.”

Kyle nodded. “I think so, too.”

Marie turned off the heat under the food, left the stove, and stepped around to put her hands on Kyle’s left arm. “The tattoos are one tribute to Tony, but all the sex you have, is actually another. Two boys so versatile and so very horny for one another. Losing Tony left a void that never fills, except when you have sex. And the reason, until now, that you traded partners like dirty socks, is because your heart still belonged to Tony.”

“And while I love him, and always will, I’m ready to let someone, two someones, actually, into my heart, and not just my body. So, I’m not sick or twisted for wanting sex all the time?”

“Have you ever hooked up without a condom, even once?”

“Never. I’m an athlete, a swimmer. I have to play it safe, and I’m picky. I only have sex with hotties who are as fit and healthy as me. But between the pool and the stage, I find a lot of them.”

“You don’t do drugs, other than a little weed or an occasional drink?”

“Same answer, same reasons. I need to stay in control of me, to stay safe as an athlete.”

“You’re twenty-one, fit, and for all of the multiple hookups, you play it safe.” Marie grinned at him. “Just let it all unfold naturally with Troy and Devin, and everything should work out.”

“No more sessions?”

“Not tonight, anyway. The food’s going to get cold. You can put clothes back on or stay naked. Just remember that you’re eye candy for these old eyes, either way.”

Kyle got up, gave Marie a hug, and went to the living room to slip on jeans, deciding he wanted to go commando for the rest of the evening. As he slipped them on and pulled them up, the front door opened, and Devin entered.

Devin looked pleased, almost forgetting to reset the security system. Jeans still open and his manhood not tucked in, Kyle stepped forward to hug and kiss him, grinning as Drama Bear’s hand slid down him to grip his cock. “Things went well at the bar, then?”

“They sure did, D’Artagnan. Thank you,” Drama Bear told him, stepping back to strip off his long-sleeve polo and set it on the couch. “The guys were pretty supportive of us, and of me, once I owned up to my lapse of judgment. I promised them a little less dick and a lot more balls, going forward. I owe it all to you.”

“You and Swim Bear can thank me later by not being grumpy bears when I come home late and wake you two up for sex,” Kyle assured him as he tucked his manhood into his jeans and closed them.

“That all depends on how you wake us up for sex,” Swim Bear said, stepping in from the kitchen to see what the holdup was.

Taking the initiative, Kyle took each of his two bears by a hand, pulling them into a three-way hug and a three-way tongue kiss, lips only partially engaged but tongues dancing. When they pulled away, all three of them were grinning. “I’ll think of something fun for both of you.”

Marie appeared around the corner. “Stir-fry can always be reheated if the three of you want to take that into the bedroom. Otherwise, dinner is served.”

Kyle grinned. “Coming, Mama Bear—to dinner that is.”

“You’re a smart ass, Tiger Blossom, and I like that.” She grinned back. “You’re a perfect fit for our family.”

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## Chapter Seven

### *Trouble in Paradise*

#### *Troy*

Watching his mom work her counseling magic on two of his swimmers in one afternoon had Troy's head full of past memories of his own. Like both Adeeb and Kyle, his coming out at age thirteen wasn't some bold act of courage. His father caught him kissing another boy, at church, of all places. It was only Troy's third kiss ever and only his second with another boy, and the boy kissed him, both times. He remembered so clearly how disappointing it was to kiss a girl, even if it was just his turn at "Truth or Dare." Then, on a buddy's turn, the dare was to kiss another guy, and Billy Hansen, the only other Mormon in his group of friends, kissed him.

That first kiss from a guy was electrifying. Troy got hard right away and stayed hard the rest of the game. Billy Hansen and he shared glances for the rest of the evening. And at church, all dressed in their Sunday best, Billy pulled him into the men's restroom and kissed him again, taking his time and sharing tongue. It was at that moment, with their tongues in one another's mouths that Troy's dad entered the restroom to go pee, and almost peed himself, then and there.

His story could have ended like Tony Park, with a homemade noose, if it hadn't been for his crazy mom trying to help him see that he was not bad, broken, or defective for liking boys, instead of girls. His dad yelled at him, used all the words forbidden in their home, made him see the bishop. His dad even made him see the head of the Mormon Church, who was his dad's great-granduncle. Troy was told over and over that liking boys instead of girls was wrong, evil, an offense to God, and unnatural. He started hating himself, but he never stopped liking guys.

Troy remembered his mom telling "God's Prophet" to go to hell and take the Church with him. When they got home from Utah, Troy's dad got a bigger shock than his wife telling his beloved "prophet" off. Troy's dad got served divorce papers on the doorstep while unloading the car. Marie had found a sympathetic lawyer, and the lawyer found an equally sympathetic family law judge, who ordered Troy's dad out of the family home pending the hearing and restricted him to court-supervised visits with Troy. Troy remembered his mom

telling his dad that none of it was Troy's fault and that he only had himself to blame for not loving his son more.

Nude psychotherapy was mostly bullshit, and a lot of the practitioners total frauds with a license, but somehow, she'd made it work for them, and for a lot of guys like him, ever since. She studied, took classes, got her degree, and blended it all into a recipe aimed at helping LGBT kids feel free to be themselves, pure and whole, just as they were.

Troy was pretty quiet during dinner with Devin, Kyle, and his mom. Between his old memories and the new ones he wanted to capture and savor, he had little to say, until he heard his mom tell Kyle, "Even though the Church tries to hide it, polyandry and not just polygamy existed in the early Mormon Church. Joseph Smith was a lot more enlightened for his day than most people give him credit for. It was Brigham Young who put the whole church back in the closet."

"Back in the closet, Mom? I thought the church was never out?"

"Not publicly, no, but among the inner circle of believers, absolutely. Brigham Young and the other top leaders of the Church knew all about it. Joseph Smith and some of the other leaders had plural husbands, as well as plural wives. Obviously, Brigham did not approve and bided his time until he headed the church to have things his way."

"So, the founder of Mormonism was gay?" Tiger Blossom looked intrigued by the possibility.

"Not gay." Troy shook his head. "He was bisexual, or pansexual. He was into everyone. They say that's why he was so fucking charismatic as a leader."

"And Brigham Young knew it? Do you think Joseph knew what a homophobe his number two was? Or was there a little 'gay-for-you' between them when Joseph was alive?"

Troy shrugged. "Brigham's last words before dying were 'Joseph, Joseph, Joseph,' so you tell me. But Young was a total homophobe after Smith died."

"He was a strange duck, very pro-equal rights between the genders and yet fiercely racist toward Blacks, but no other race," Marie told them. "He gave women the vote in all the Mormon colonies. Women could own land and run their own businesses. He sent missionaries everywhere, except to Africa. And he was just as homophobic as he was racist toward Blacks. Both marks against Troy and my cultural heritage are on the man that made Utah. And yet, today,

Utah is proudly multi-cultural, and Salt Lake has the fourth highest concentration of openly LGBT people in the United States. So many paradoxes to being Mormon. Too many.”

“The men who murdered Joseph in Carthage Jail all wore blackface,” Troy added. “Some people say Young’s intolerance for Black people started then, as misplaced anger at the mob.”

“By that reasoning, if he couldn’t have Joseph, then no man could have any other while he lived,” Kyle guessed. “His two hates stemmed from his one true love.”

“That certainly makes sense to me, but both ideas cause ‘good’ Mormons to shit themselves.” Troy grinned, leaning toward Tiger Blossom, getting met half way in a leisurely kiss, before the ginger leaned toward Drama Bear and kissed him, too.

Marie waited out all the kissing and said, “The upshot is this, polyandry is in our family culture and heritage. My oldest Mormon great-great-great-grandfather was one of Joseph’s secret plural husbands. I’ve read very old letters, kept from the Church by his family, about how intensely my ancestor loved Joseph, his first love, his true love—above all the plural wives that came later.”

“How old was your three-gee grandfather when he hooked up with Joseph?” Kyle asked.

“Troy—my ancestor—” Marie paused, glancing at her son. “He was just twenty-one, like you.”

“Troy Sorensen?” Troy guessed suddenly. “You named me for him, knowing about him. Why?”

Marie surprised her son with the first blush he ever remembered seeing on her face. “I have my little glimpses of things. I get feelings, intense feelings about things. The moment I first held you after you were born, all I could think about were those old letters. Your eyes made me think of Troy Sorensen in his old photos, and of those letters. I knew his name would be your name. So, when your father came home raving about Billy and you, I knew my premonition was true.”

“Is that why nude psychotherapy works so well for you? It’s really your glimpses about people?”

“That never hurts me in reading people, but everyone has tells, especially when stripped of their outward, worldly things. Touch and massage help me to

connect better, and my training helps me pull everything together in a good way. But my intuitions do help, and you have them, too.”

“Me?” The thought shocked Troy, and yet thinking about the events over the last few days and how much his life had changed because of the choices he felt compelled to make, he nodded. “I guess I do. I do, don’t I?”

“And you are drawn to men who have them, too. That’s why you and Devin work so well, and why Kyle will work out, too. You’re all like Joseph, in that way.”

“Pansexual?” Devin teased, but Troy saw through the humor, and saw that Kyle and his mom did, as well. For all his many accomplishments, Devin still struggled with his own self-worth.

“She means we’re all three intuitive, asshole, and you know it.” Kyle smirked, almost daring Drama Bear to kiss him. “So, let it tell you want I want from you, right now.”

Devin flashed his gaze between his two guys, let out a sigh, and leaned over to accept the ginger’s taunting kiss. Troy leaned across the table after Drama Bear and Tiger Blossom parted lips, to accept a kiss from Devin as well. “Okay. I admit to having a feel for people and my art, as well. I fucked up in casting, because I let fear, and not my intuition, rule me.”

“In cultures much older than ours, intuitive guys were almost always gay, or bisexual, and people understood that the two things went together, more often than not. They were revered, not persecuted for having insights other men lacked,” Marie told them. “But the monotheistic religions somehow developed without appreciation for that simple, human reality. Although, many believe that Jesus was more open to such things, as evidenced by his special relationship to John, the beloved. There’s not one anti-gay utterance by Christ himself in the Bible.”

“Paul more than made up for that.” Kyle snorted and then sighed. “Sorry. I was abused as a kid, and the offending instrument was the Bible, or at least having to read it cover to cover.”

“But Joseph Smith was more like Jesus, less like Paul,” Marie assured him. “Plural male spouses were holy to Joseph, and I believe they still are. That concept came straight from God to Joseph, and may have been what really got him killed. The love in those old letters was real, pure, and reciprocated. It’s on you three to make it work for you, but you have my support and blessing.”

Troy found himself watching his two lovers react to his mom's unguarded openness. He found himself seeing her, getting her as he never had before. She was more cagey than crazy, as it turned out. She was who she had always been; he just had not seen all that was there.

"You almost make me want to believe in Joseph Smith." Tiger Blossom smirked.

"I want you to believe in yourselves and that the love developing among you three is as pure as any religion, because you are men of two spirits, men with one foot on earth and the other in the clouds. You don't have to accept Joseph, Jesus, or any prophet but yourselves. Understand?"

Kyle nodded and suddenly looked at the clock. "The foot on this planet is telling me it's time to hug and kiss you all and then leave for work. I need to be early, just to be on time."

Kyle stood up from the table, obliging everyone else to do the same. Marie, Troy, and Devin all gathered to him, embracing him. Troy watched him react to the torso-to-torso contact among the three of them, as well as to Troy's mom, Marie. Troy felt a chilling, warning urgency mixed with the gentle, familial pleasure of the four-way embrace. He saw each of the others react to similarly conflicted pleasure, and worry. He looked at his mom, who said, "Just freely speak what's troubling each of us, and let's see how our intuitive feelings mix, match, or overlap."

"I have the same uneasiness I felt before those guys chased me last night," Kyle said. "I'm not afraid for me, but if they or more of their ilk go to the bar... with so many of my friends there tonight."

Troy nodded. "The idiots who chased you last night got fined for the bottles tossed and making noise, but that's it. I checked with a friend at the police station. That could happen."

"I'm worried about how the swim boys and drama boys are getting on out there," Devin said. "The newness and fun of being together could make them forget the caution gay guys need to stay safe."

"I'm not worried about most of them, just the really vulnerable ones," Troy added.

"Adeeb tops that list." Marie nodded. "Anyone else?"

"Breza and Sisniega," Kyle said. "They both say they're straight, but both guys sure like having me suck them off. The two of them together, for the first

time, and with booze in the mix... they'll love or hate or love and hate one another. They'll be too absorbed in one another."

"Love and hate." Devin grinned and then shared how the two interacted. "For all their bravado and muscles between them, I think the site and situation might make them vulnerable, too."

"Should we go hang out there, just in case?" Troy offered.

Kyle shook his head. "I'll keep an eye out for them and help remind them to be careful. None of them are weak guys. But getting jumped, blindsided could make any of them vulnerable."

"Now we've voiced our intuitive fears," Marie said, "we also need to anticipate the good that can come of the evening. Your two pools of friends have become one because of you."

"I'm betting on a lot of coming, and some of it being really good for someone." Kyle grinned at her. "I tend to collect some pretty horny friends."

Marie patted Troy and Drama Bear on the cheek as she agreed, "Yes, you do. But all of them are going to be either intuitive or receptive to intuition at some level. Part of what you call pickiness in who you date and become friends with is just you finding guys of similar minds, and not just sufficient hotness. So, if you caution them, they'll listen to you."

"You sure do make me feel like my little quirks make me special." He grinned. "But not special enough to stop the clock. I really need to go."

Troy told him, "Just make sure your phone is handy, and to call us, if anything happens. Or doesn't and you happen to have slack time. Okay?"

After another round of hugs and kisses, the ginger left. When he was gone, Troy looked at his mom and said, "You sure were full of surprises tonight, Mom."

The gentle, serious look she gave him startled both Devin and him. "Whatever else happens tonight, make time to take him to your bed and make him yours, thoroughly. The three of you are going to need the emotional strength of your sexual bonding. And not just tonight. Intuitive energy not only helps us maneuver through difficulty, it draws difficulty to us. Some good fucking will get you guys braced for the shit storm ahead, whatever that may be."

Devin laughed, surprising Troy and Marie. Drama Bear said, "As my drama boys told me tonight, I like this Mama Bear better. Can we keep her?"

Troy grinned. "So, you did have a good meeting of the minds with your cast."

"And with your three swimmers there, as well." Devin nodded.

Marie hugged them and said, "I'm leaving you two with the dishes. And for the record, I'm the same as I've always been. It's you two who have changed, and for the better. Love you both."

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### *Kyle*

Still very much on alert as he parked the Edge under one of few streetlights in the parking lot, Kyle looked around and quickly spotted the same dirty, off-white Dodge pickup from the night before. It was parked away from the streetlights, but even in the faint light that reached it, he saw no one in it. Kyle left his shirt in the car, locked the door after exiting, and stuffed the keys in his jeans as he sauntered toward the bar, his steel-tipped cowboy boots softly clicking on the pavement with each light, springy step of his feet. He kept an eye on the truck, but without being obvious, and entered the bar, satisfied that its occupants were inside.

That realization had Kyle immediately gazing around the room for two distinct groups of guys: his friends and the assholes from the night before. He saw the assholes first; they were playing pool, all five of them. Kyle instantly recognized them, his attention lingering a little on the blond, the only really good-looking one of the bunch. The blond immediately noticed Kyle but did not alert his buddies to that fact. He just stole glances at Kyle from time to time and paid enough attention to the game to not draw his friends' attention, his sly efforts making Kyle smirk.

Kyle ignored them, for the moment, and looked for his friends. The eleven of them were just as easy to spot, taking up two booths across from the bar. And as Devin had suggested his two groups of friends had become just one, especially with just enough liquor in them to blur lines between who was gay and who was not. Seeing them very much together made him grin, but he went to the bar first, got a fresh apron on, and checked in with Sharon.

"Full house, tonight," he observed by way of greeting to his butch, yet still pretty boss. Sharon had to have been a real looker once, one of those girls who never really needed makeup to stand out. Short gray hair, a few age lines, and a total lack of makeup still looked hot on her.

“Your fan club is here *en masse* to celebrate your awesomeness,” she teased him, slapping his solid arm lightly and nodding at both the guys in the booths and the five at the far pool table.

“Friends, really good friends.” Kyle nodded at the booths and then at the pool table. “And not friends. Gay-baiting haters, actually, who tried to run me off the road last night. They got hooked up by the cops but were let go. They’re trouble, and they’re probably here looking for more of it.”

“Not to defend them, not at all, but guys that go out of their way to hate on us like that are probably further up the Kinsey Scale than they know,” Sharon observed. “You want me to run them out, they’re gone. I’ll have sheriff’s deputies here to escort them out, if need be.”

“I’ll deal with it, after I go visit with my fan club for a bit.” He grinned at her. “The night would go smoother, I think, if I could transfer my mob of friends to the bar.”

“Just make sure the ones with fake IDs don’t do any of the buying, and I’ll arrange it while you go get them,” Sharon agreed with a little grin and a nod. “But I get half the tips, and my half in cash, not in kind. There’s nothing ‘kind’ about cock from my point of view.”

Kyle laughed. “This is sort of a wake for my love life. I’ve moved in with the two older guys that were here last night; my two favorite teachers are now my boyfriends. And these guys, here, aren’t getting any more action from me, and they know it. But they’re all still my good friends.”

“Okay. That explains why they came in as two groups and became one when your chrome dome bear showed up with chow for all of them. Those bears do like to feed the boys.”

“They sure do. Both of them fed me some hot sausage last night at their place.” Kyle grinned. “I licked it all up, and they asked me to move in.”

“If I were into guys, ginger boy, you’d top my list, too,” Sharon assured him, looking him over. She got a mischievous look on her face. “I was just thinking that if fairies were really hot hunks, you’d be the king of Tinker Bells. And that put a fun, and a little kinky, thought in my head. Stay there. I have something in the back.”

Kyle patiently tended bar while Sharon left, was gone several minutes, and came back with a can of glitter spray. She cocked her head at him inquisitively, and he snickered and then nodded. “Sure. Glitter me. But just a touch.”

Sharon turned out to have a very deft hand with the spray can. She artfully put a fair amount of the iridescent glitter on his tiger and tribal blooms tattoo and then a lighter dusting on his shoulders, pecs, and abs. “Look in the bar mirror, and tell me what you think.”

Kyle looked himself over in the mirror and said, “Dust my hair a little, too, if you don’t mind.”

“Bend down, you’re too tall for me to reach and do a good job,” she told him, very pleased.

Kyle complied and then looked at himself in the mirror when she was done. “You can do this to me every night I work. I like it. And it’ll make dealing with the assholes a whole lot more fun.”

“Oh, shit. I forgot about those guys.” Sharon looked appalled and then laughed and nodded. “I suppose it will, but it could also mean having the cops see you all decked out that way.”

“That’ll be their problem, not mine. I’m proud to be me, and this just makes me prouder.”

Sharon laughed. “Go get your friends. I’ll clear the bar by discounting tabs and what not.”

Kyle grinned and sauntered around the bar end and toward his friends, letting his boots tap and click a little louder with each step, his tight ass swaying just a bit as he went. Several of his friends noticed him by the glitter on him, and all of them were staring at him, mouths open by the time he got to their booths. “My boss dolled me up a little, just for you guys. You like it?”

“Is it edible?” Adeeb Johl asked, grinning. Adeeb had wasted little time getting to know the drama boys as he brought the friend count there to eleven. “I want to lick all the glitter off you.”

“Fuck yes!” Jorge Sisniega exclaimed. “Now, I’m totally gay for you, Tiger Blossom.”

“Better save it for Ciprian, since neither of you are Kinsey zeros.” Kyle grinned at him, nodding at Breza. “And yes, Adeeb, it’s edible, but if anyone’s licking it off, it’ll be my two bears.”

Breza grinned. “I always knew I was at least a three. Seeing you like that makes me think I’m at least a four. As for Sisniega, he lost the coin toss, twice. Now he wants best of five.”

“Forget the coin toss,” Kyle advised them. “Get a room, get naked, and try sixty-nining one another. That way you both take the same risk and have the same chance to win.”

Vilseck sighed. “I’m going to miss having you pound my ass, Tiger Blossom. But damn, you look hot that way. Makes me want to run lines from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* with you, with you as Puck, of course.”

“We can do a little of that tonight, Riley, after you guys move this over to the bar,” Kyle told them. “My boss is clearing it for us as we speak. The only thing is, if your ID’s a fake, don’t be the one to order or pay for the booze. So, let’s get up and wander over.”

“And ‘Puck,’ for the record, is in *The Tempest*, not the other play,” Dillon Scott corrected as they got up, reaching over to tweak Riley’s nipple, exposed by his mostly open shirt. “And if you want your ass pounded, I’d like to audition for that part.”

Adeeb looked Dillon over as he stood up. “I’m sort of on the fence about the action extra thing. I thought one of you drama boys might want to persuade me to get off the fence.”

Tyler Henry moved over to Adeeb and slid an arm around the swimmer’s lean waist. “What sort of persuasion do you have in mind, swimmer boy?”

“Depends on how versatile you are,” Adeeb answered coyly. “I like things both ways.”

“Then, I am the drama boy for you,” Dillon assured him. “Tyler’s a great top, but a lousy bottom. The things he can do with his tongue in your ass almost make up for it, almost.”

Conversation rapidly went downhill from there, but Kyle was able to get his friends over to the bar without much nudging. Once installed, the eleven guys only left one barstool open. Kyle made sure it was the one on the end, nearest the section of open bar by the cash register.

Once they were all seated, drinks in hand, Kyle commented to Adeeb and the others, “Don’t let Dillon put you off on Tyler. None of you guys are more versatile in bed than me, and I’ve enjoyed each and every one of you, even if it was just giving you head, Ciprian, Jorge, Corey, and Rick. Every one of you guys is a hottie and a lot of fun. It’s my hope to stay friends with you all, and for you to enjoy one another, as I have enjoyed you.”

Riley raised his glass to Kyle and said, “To the best guy I’ve ever had sex with.”

Seven of eleven guys raised their glasses and took a sip.

Rick Bersani raised his glance. “To the best head I’ve ever had, male or female.”

All eleven raised their glasses to Kyle, and took a sip.

“That’s high praise, Rick.” Kyle grinned at him. “Most people don’t think of being called a ‘cocksucker’ as a complement, but I sure do. I really like it, and do my best to be good at it. After me, Sky is the best cocksucker on the swim team. In Drama, it’s a toss up between Dillon and Tyler. Dillon loves it, like I do, but Tyler does magic with his tongue, even if he prefers tonguing ass over cock. I hope you three can help Rick out, from time to time, since he’s as close to a Kinsey zero as exists among us.”

Corey blushed. “What about me?”

“You’re at least a two, maybe a three. Since you brought it up, like to share?”

Corey’s blush traveled down as far his shirt was open, but he said, “I let Kyle kiss me, and I even tried sixty-nining him, once, but ended up just giving him a hand job as thanks for sucking me.”

Sky Patterson slipped off his barstool, stepped over two spaces and slid his hands into Corey’s open shirt, and planted his lips on Corey’s mouth, slipping Corey his tongue. Corey let himself be kissed and then said, “Wow! What was that for?”

“I’ll trade some kisses and a hand job for a blowjob. If Kyle liked sucking you, I know I will.”

Kyle grinned at Sky and looked at his other friends. “Now that’s what I want to see from all of you. You’re the best guys I know, except for Swim Bear and Drama Bear. I love you all.”

Tyler nudged Adeeb. “So, between Dillon and me, which drama boy would you pick, Adeeb?”

“Huh, what did you say?” Adeeb answered absently. His eyes were glued on a blond muscle boy in a very tight tank top, and the hottie eye-fucked him back. Kyle did a double take on the blond, then glanced at the far pool table and saw only four assholes there. The blond let himself share the barest wisp of a smile with Adeeb before his face lost all expression, and he presented himself at the bar next to the register. He affected idle disdain, asking, “If you’re all

done feeling one another up, could I get another pitcher of dark beer? I may be blond, but I like my beer dark.”

Kyle noted how Adeeb smiled at the blond’s last words and how the blond aimed them at Adeeb. Kyle looked him over, noting the blond guy was cute enough in his jeans, boots, and tank top, but he sucked at pitching bottles from a truck bed, for all of his tight muscles. Kyle let out a sigh and said, “Pay for it, and I’ll bring it right out to you at your pool table.”

“Don’t worry about it. I can wait for it.” The blond was already glancing and smiling at Adeeb.

Kyle shook his head. “I wasn’t being polite. If you want the beer, take it my way, or not at all.”

The blond gave Kyle a suspicious look. “You got a problem with me?”

“Nope, but I sure hope you catch better than you pitch. So, cash, and I carry or do without.”

The guy blushed, pulled out a twenty, dropped it on the bar, took one last lingering look at Adeeb, and said, “Keep the change.”

Adeeb looked shocked as the blond walked back to his friends, glancing back at Adeeb. Adeeb said to Kyle, “I’ve never heard you diss a guy over sex like that, not ever.”

“I never had sex with him, never plan to. He has a lousy throwing arm, that’s all. He thought I didn’t know, but I do. He’s trouble, and so are all his buddies. Stay clear of them. Okay?”

“He’s kind of cute,” Johl persisted. “A little butch, but easy on the eyes.”

“And an asshole with a cold heart,” Kyle warned him again. “Thinks he’s a Kinsey zero, but comes here to play pool with his ‘straight’ buddies. They are all T-R-O-U-B-L-E. Got it?”

“Sure, Kyle. I got it,” Adeeb told him, but his eyes were still on the bottle pitcher. Kyle knew Adeeb had it bad, and for exactly the wrong guy, but the bottle pitcher was a hottie, sadly.

Kyle got a cold pitcher from the refrigerator under the bar, filled it with the same dark beer the assholes had been drinking, putting just enough head on it, and took it out to them. The bottle pitcher had obviously shared the fact that Kyle made them, because they all stood up, chests out, looking as dangerous as they could when he sauntered over with clicking boots, swinging hips, and

glittered hair and torso. He knew at least three of them liked how he looked for all of their put on bravado. He set the beer down in front of them, and softly, but clearly said, “Careful, boys. You’re in a bar full of faggots who aren’t afraid to brawl. And you’re outnumbered.”

“You ran like a little rabbit last night, Tinker Bell.” a brawny honey-blond snickered.

“But, you’re the one that flew out of that truck bed, Peter Pan. How many bottles did you throw? And not one hit me, not one. I like to suck cock, but you guys just suck, period.”

“You want to take this outside, pretty boy?” the bottle pitcher, and one true blond, asked.

“Sure, just me and a dozen of my best friends. No problem, Blondie.”

“One on one? You pick,” the curly-haired, lanky brunet taunted him.

“Oh, and I’m supposed to ignore that knife in your pocket?” Kyle sneered. “Sorry, I can spot a switch blade under denim as easy as cock. Sadly, your little knife makes the bigger bulge.”

“Someone else, then?” a dark-haired, olive-skinned punk cut in. “How about me?”

“Another knife and another little cock. I’d pick Blondie,” Kyle grinned. “He’s cute, has a nice package, and he’d be worth fucking, once I beat the shit out of him. But that’s so not happening.”

“No? Why not?” the blond asked, winking at him. “If you can beat me, you can fuck me.”

Kyle eye fucked the blond for several seconds and then shook his head. “You’re welcome to stay, play, and drink. But if you look for trouble, here, you’ll get it, and not for the better. Trust me. Blondie can come to the bar to buy the next pitcher, and I’ll bring it. The rest of you, stay here.”

Kyle turned to walk away, but the blond muscle boy grabbed the pitcher of dark beer, and splashed Kyle with it. Kyle’s friends at the bar were off their stools and to him almost as fast as he could turn to face the five assholes. His friends ringed the five troublemakers with balled fists, but Kyle raised his hand. “Blondie just slipped. I’ll get you some rags to clean up your mess, Blondie, right after you fork over another twenty to replace the spilled beer.”

“Like fuck I am.”

“I’m good with that idea, if you are.” Kyle stepped forward.

The blond took a swipe at him, but Kyle dodged it, brought his fists in tight, and pummeled the blond with two powerful punches, one to the face and the other to the abs. The muscle boy went down in the spilled beer, and Kyle used a boot to push him down flat into the liquid. The other four assholes stood motionless, eyeing the eleven guys backing Kyle.

“Reach for your wallet, get out a twenty, and hand it up,” Kyle advised, glad he didn’t have beer-soaked boxer briefs under his beer-soaked jeans. “Or I’ll just use you to mop up the mess.”

Kyle pressed his boot heel down into the small of the blond’s back for emphasis. The muscle boy unwillingly complied, getting out his wallet with one hand, and using the same hand to pull out a bill. Kyle took it from him before he could check it. “A fifty’s even better. I’ll keep the change, as my tip, right? If you need the change, I could let you earn some back, a little gay for pay?”

“Keep it, all of it.”

“No more trouble, or accidents with the beer?”

“No, none.”

“I’ll let you up, but you’re still cleaning the floor. I’ll supply the wet rags and the bucket.”

Kyle took his boot off the blond, and when the muscle boy sat up, Kyle offered his hand. The blond just stared at it. Kyle told him, “Take the hand or take another fist. You pick.”

The muscle boy accepted Kyle’s help to his feet, then tried to pull his hand away, but Kyle held it tight. “Relax, so I don’t have to break anything. You’ll get your hand back when I choose.”

The young guy looked at his friends, who all looked away. He looked back at Kyle, furious, but well aware he was powerless against him. “Now, what? Kiss and make up?”

“Careful what you ask for in a gay bar, buddy.” Kyle grinned at him, getting laughs and giggles from everyone but the blond and his four friends. “Clean up your mess, behave, and learn. The next lesson will cost you more. I’ll have another pitcher of beer for you, once I clean up, and you do, too. Lose the tank top. It’s a mess, and you’ll be easier on the eyes without it.”

The blond hottie shook his head. Kyle put pressure on the hand he clasped in his. “When you get your hand back, lose the shirt, or I’ll help, and I won’t be gentle.”

Kyle squeezed his hand until the other guy nodded compliance. Kyle let his hand go, and the blond hunk started to comply, but glanced at his friends’ snickering gazes and stopped. Kyle stepped in toward him, grabbed the front of the tank, and tore it apart with his hands. The force in his hands made the blond’s eyes go wide. Kyle stepped back. “You finish taking it off. And don’t look at them. Look at me. Any one of them sneers at you again, and he’ll do it with black eyes and a fat lip.”

“Why are you doing this to me?” the blond hunk demanded, as he obeyed and took off the tatters of his ruined tank top. “You singled me out for a reason, besides the beer I threw at you.”

“Because you have balls and brains enough to be worth the trouble. They don’t, and aren’t.”

“And I’m supposed to thank you for doing this to me, in front of them?”

Kyle made a sweeping gesture at the guys behind him. “Do yourself a favor. Get better friends.”

Looking at his friends, Kyle turned to face the other four troublemakers. “You’ve had enough, tonight. I’m cutting you guys off and kicking you out. You can leave in peace or in pieces.”

The four glowered powerlessly at Kyle and then turned away to leave. The brunet, their apparent leader, turned to glare at the blond, but Kyle caught the shirtless muscle boy by the wrist. “He’s staying. He hasn’t cleaned up his mess, and I owe him twenty bucks of beer. You guys are gone, as in in the truck and on the road. I’ll get Blondie a ride, later.”

The lanky brunet snickered. “I bet you will. Save a horse, ride the cowboy.”

Kyle glanced at Tyler, who stepped forward quickly and punched the brunet in the eye and the mouth. His eye immediately swelled shut, and blood welled on his split lip. Tyler readied himself to punch the guy again, but the brunet backed off, eyes wide with fear.

“You’ll pay some more to speak again,” Tyler promised him. “Now, get out.”

When the four guys were gone, the blond looked at Kyle. “I’m not a fag—I’m not gay.”

“I never said you were gay or straight,” Kyle told him. “That’s for you to know about yourself, no one else, no one. I just said you have brain and balls. Tonight, the balls won over the brains.”

The muscle boy nodded, and Kyle could see all the tense muscles in his torso loosen, just a bit. The gesture instantly made him think of Marie, and it made him smile. Getting the guy naked would be awkward and probably make things worse, not better, but his bare torso was clue enough into some of his thoughts and feelings. “So, Blondie, you got a name?”

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## Chapter Eight

### *Coming Out Therapy*

*Kyle*

The blond hunk looked Kyle over, his expression caught between opposing emotions. He was unhappy to have lost and be left behind, but Kyle saw a hint of curiosity and good will. Kyle just waited him out, his friends behind him, draped on one another. The muscle boy's eyes wandered over all them and then came back to Kyle.

“Chris Kaplan. I sometimes get called ‘Kap,’ or ‘C.K.’”

“I might call you ‘Fuck Me,’ since that was your wager before I beat you.”

“I probably shouldn't have said that.”

“But you did, and I really ought to collect. You're hot and have a real nice ass.”

“I'd have to fight you, again, if you tried.”

“Well, Chris, you could resist and still get fucked, but I have boyfriends, two of them.”

“I hope that means ‘lucky me.’”

“I'm the lucky one. They're great guys and even hotter than you,” Kyle pulled his phone from his soggy jeans pocket, tapped the screen a couple of times, and brought up photos of his bears.

“They're fit looking guys, but aren't they too old for you?”

“Not in bed, they aren't, and they're both hung like horses.”

Kyle watched Chris fight a smile, and lose. Chris asked, “So, now what? After I clean the floor?”

“You hang out with us, until I say otherwise,” Kyle told him, keying his phone again, discreetly bringing up Google search and entering, *Chris Kaplan, Stockton, CA*.

“So, you beat me up, hold me captive, and now want to be friends?”

“You can walk right now, if you want, but it'll cost you,” Kyle told him, glancing up from his phone. “You took the first swing, remember?”

“So, my choices are fight you to leave or stay and what, watch you gay boys make out?”

“Stay and get a little sensitivity training at the price of your time. Or fight to leave. You pick.”

“And if I fight?”

“I’ll use you to clean that floor and then kick your sorry ass to the door.”

Chris looked Kyle over, glancing down at Kyle’s stylish, steel-tipped boots. “You’re that good?”

“My MMA trainer thinks so. I could give you a free lesson, bruises included. Or Tyler could. He’s in my sparring group. Gay boys like to stay fit, and we need to know how to fight.”

Tyler nodded. “But if I fight you, I fuck you. I don’t have a boyfriend, and I’m feeling horny.”

The blond hunk looked the black stud over. Kyle, and all his friends, could see that Chris liked what he saw in Tyler, but could not, would not admit it. “I’ll take your word for it.”

“Good. Start cleaning with what used to be your shirt. I’ll get you the bucket and more rags. Back to the bar, boys. The next pitcher’s on Chris here. Don’t dawdle, and I’ll save you a glass.”

As everyone wandered back to the bar, Kyle looked at his search results, rejecting several for being the wrong age, one for being the wrong gender. He quickly found the person he wanted, and glanced through the various files, most high school sports mentions from five years or more in the past. For all the bottles that Kaplan threw at him, and missed, Chris was pretty damn accurate with that pitcher of beer, and on the fly, at that. Kaplan’s high school sport mentions confirmed Kyle’s suspicions; Chris had a golden arm, not one made of rubber. All those bottles missed him on purpose. And he took a beating in a fight that should have been much closer.

Once back at the bar, Kyle took off his wet bar apron, trading it for a dry one. Sharon took a warm, wet cloth to Kyle’s torso, wiping away all the smeared glitter from his tanned skin. He gazed into her eyes as she finished cleaning his skin. “You’re not mad at me, are you?”

She put her free hand to his cheek. “Hell, no. I’m proud of you. I’m just not sure what to do about your jeans. Slip them off and let me hand wash them. The apron’s cover enough, legally.”

Kyle nodded, kicked off his boots, and took down his tight, wet jeans. The guys at the bar whooped at the sight of his bare ass as he slipped out of jeans, and he grinned at them. Sharon took the jeans from him, went through the pockets, handed him his phone, wallet, and keys. She pocketed the loose change in one pocket, winking at him. “Your cleaning fee.”

“I need to get a bucket and rags for Blondie over there.”

Sharon looked over at the blond hunk and his cleaning efforts. He was soaking up beer with the shreds of his ruined tank top and then wringing the rag out over the empty pitcher. “He’s doing okay as it is, but I’ll get him some wet rags to get the sticky off the floor when he’s done.”

Adeeb appeared at the end of the bar, having left his barstool. He put his hands out. “Point me to the sink in the back and let me wash Kyle’s jeans out.”

Sharon looked him over and handed him the jeans. “Just being helpful or looking to get hired?”

Adeeb grinned and shrugged as he accepted the jeans. “A little of both, maybe. I like this place.”

“First time here for you, isn’t it?”

Adeeb nodded. “I don’t get out much. Swimming and school keep me pretty busy.”

“You’re certainly pretty and built enough to draw guys to the bar,” Sharon considered, looking him over. “Show me your ID. You really have to be twenty-one to work for me.”

Adeeb surrendered the jeans back to her, got out his wallet, pulled out his driver’s license, and handed it to her. She nodded, handed it back, and he put it away. “Take off your shirt.”

Adeeb did so and tossed it to Bersani, who was watching the whole thing. Adeeb took a muscle pose and grinned for Sharon. She nodded approvingly. “I’ll expect you to work shirtless like Kyle does. It’s better for business. Would you have problem with wearing a turban and going shirtless? I know it’s offensive to expose skin in a turban for some Sikhs, but I think it would look hot on you. If that makes you uncomfortable, it’s just a thought, really.”

“You got a couple yards of cloth, and I’ll tie one here and now, so you can see how I look.”

Kyle grinned at his friend. “You know how to tie a real turban. Wow! I’d like to see that.”

Sharon sighed. "I do have some cloth in the back. But it's kind of girly, especially for me. I've got it to make something frilly to impress my girlfriend. Since she's now my ex-girlfriend, I might as well let you put it to use. I'll get it and set these back there for you to wash after."

"And I get to just stay breezy in the meantime?" Kyle grinned. "But I'm not complaining."

"Get a beer mug to put your tips in, if that's your real worry," Sharon advised.

"You know me too well, Sharon."

"You can shadow Adeeb and let him do the bartending until I get back."

As quickly as Sharon left to go into the back room of the bar, a gay couple came to the waiting counter of the bar. Adeeb quickly tied a bartender's half apron around his waist and asked, as he tied it, "What can I get you gentlemen?"

The two older guys looked him over appreciatively and said, "Two whiskies, neat."

Adeeb smiled at them as he brought up two whiskey tumblers. "Do you have a preferred label, type, or nationality?"

The older man, his hair totally white but his face still really smooth, ageless, shrugged. "We usually drink plain old American corn whisky. Got any suggestions, young man?"

"Call me Adeeb and have you ever tried an Irish whiskey?"

The younger guy in the couple smiled at his partner and nodded at the muscular, caramel-toned bartender. "We've thought about it, Adeeb. What would you recommend?"

Kyle stood back and watched as Adeeb smoothly reached for the Jameson, opened the bottle, and poured a shot into each glass, having a good eye for the fill. "This one's top end, price wise, but it's damn smooth and worth every penny."

The two guys each took a glass, sniffed their glass, and then took a sip.

"Wow!"

"Damn, that's good."

The older man produced a twenty, and set it in front of Adeeb. "Keep the change. And thanks."

“Thank you, Adeeb. This’ll be our new drink.” The other man grinned at him.

Adeeb looked at Kyle. Kyle grinned at him. “First tip is all yours. The rest you split with me or whoever’s supervising you, until Sharon turns you lose to do your own thing.”

Sharon stepped out from the doorway into the back room, some sparkly, sheer pink fabric in hand. “You did well, on your first try, Adeeb. You have a job and you can start now, working under the ginger. Okay?”

“Okay.” Adeeb nodded. He looked at Kyle, who also nodded, then looked back at Sharon. “Is that the cloth for me?”

“That depends on how the turban turns out,” she grinned, handing him the cloth. “Just no questions about what I was going to do with it.”

Adeeb let the cloth drop to its full length, then deftly gathered it width-wise. He bit one end, and started wrapping the top of his head, hands working quickly and artfully. “The key to a good turban,” he said, keeping the cloth in his teeth, “is in the gather, the wrap, and building a high crown or peak of bumps just above the forehead. It makes the turban look regal, majestic.”

In just a few minutes, but with a dozen or more separate wraps around his skull, Adeeb deftly built an authentic-looking turban in that shimmering pink. As he took the end from his mouth, he used it to tie the artfully wound cloth in the back, and make final adjustments. He turned to look at himself in the bar mirror. He liked how the pink set off his dark eyes, and smooth brown skin. “What do you guys think?”

Sharon nodded. “I like the look and that cloth on you. Is it okay if I get a selection of pretty colors and cloths for you?”

The other guys in their group all whooped their appreciation at Adeeb. Dillon said, “I’d love to make love to you in that, it’s so hot on you.”

Adeeb grinned at the drama boy, leaned over the bar to kiss him. “I think that can be arranged.”

“After you get off work.” Kyle grinned. “You’re here until two a.m., with Sharon and me.”

Adeeb grinned and shrugged. “I’m good with that. You know why I wanted to work here. This is like heaven to me. I’ve known I was gay for half my life, almost. But I’ve been with you as many times as all my other guys put together. And we’ve only had sex, what, four times?”

“Five,” Kyle told him. “I count the first time I sucked you off after swim practice.”

“That was really nice, for me, but you didn’t get off. You just made sure I did, after edging me.”

“I stroked off, later, remembering the taste of your cock and balls in my mouth. It still counts,”

Kyle assured him. “I love the way your foreskin pops back from the head of your cock all at once, after you get really hard. Your foreskin is so long, tight, and symmetrical when your cock’s soft, and then pop, all out of the way in one magic moment.”

Adeeb grinned and then got a little more serious. “It hurt like fuck the first time I got hard, really hard. I thought I broke something. It still smarts every time, but now I expect it. I’m glad you like it. It weirded out my first sex partner. He was circumcised. I was his first uncut cock.”

Kyle saw Adeeb looking out across the room at the blond down on his knees, using the rag of his shirt to mop up the beer he’d spilled. His friend still had it bad for the hunky blond. Kyle gave Sharon a glance, nodded at Adeeb and then the blond. She smiled and nodded. “I’ll keep down the fort. Just play nice with the boy. I think you’re right about his potential.”

Adeeb looked between Kyle and Sharon. Kyle handed him a beer mug from inside the cold glass refrigerator. “Pour him a dark beer and let’s go take it out to him.”

“You don’t trust me to do it by myself?”

“I trust you to be smart about flirting with him, Sugar Pop,” Kyle assured him, using his pillow name for Adeeb. “But he still needs to earn my trust when you have flirting on your mind.”

“I can handle myself, Tiger Blossom,” Adeeb contended as he drew the iced mug of beer.

“Not like I can, or Tyler can. You’re a stud, and both sweet and tough, but that boy’s a brawler, like Tyler and me. So, I’m tagging along. If he gets nasty about you flirting, I’ll thump him.”

“So, keep it low key with him?”

“Not at all.” Kyle shook his head. “Be your own charming, flirty self. It’s on him to behave.”

Adeeb smiled, held the mug out, and walked toward the blond, putting just a little sway to his hips, as he took long, slow strides toward him. Kyle stayed a pace or two behind, barefoot, and his bare ass getting a round of cheers from their friends at the bar. The blond looked up and stopped working as he saw Adeeb approach, shirtless, in a pink turban, and carrying a beer to him. The blond's momentary, unguarded little smile faded as soon as he saw Kyle stepping up behind Adeeb, naked but for his bartender's half apron.

"Thirsty, Chris?" Adeeb asked the blond, extending the dark beer toward him.

"You work here, too?" Chris asked, gently, carefully accepting the mug from Adeeb's hand.

Kyle noticed a little flash of eye contact, catch of breath, between the two guys as their fingers touched in the transfer of the beer mug. Chris was higher on the Kinsey scale than Kyle had first thought, a lot higher, but he was still fighting it. But he also had it bad for Adeeb, and Adeeb now had his first clue of it.

"I just started tonight." Adeeb grinned. "Kyle's training me."

"I saw you tying that turban at the bar. It looks... it looks good... on you." The compliment cost Chris a blush. "You're a lot more cut, built than that baggy shirt gave you credit for."

Adeeb grinned. "I'm going to hand wash Kyle's jeans in the back, after a bit, can I take your jeans, and wash them, too. You can't be comfortable in them, all wet and everything."

"I'm not sure I'd be any more comfortable in just boxer briefs, they're soaked, too."

Adeeb looked at Kyle. Kyle nodded. "We can lend you a bartender's apron, if you don't mind the breeze from behind. It's up to you."

Chris considered the offer. "I'll let you take the jeans, but I'll keep my boxer briefs."

He set the beer on a table nearby, got up, kicked off his shoes, and undid his jeans. He took them off, and emptied the pockets onto the same table: wallet, keys, phone, and a pager. He gave Adeeb the pants, letting their fingers touch and eyes meet just a little longer than before. He held up the pager. "If this goes off, I have to have the pants back immediately, even if they're soapy."

"Firefighter?"

Chris nodded and shrugged. “EMT stationed with the firehouse. They roll, I go, but sometimes it’s just us rolling in the ambulance. I’m off, but still on call.”

Kyle got a hard look on his face. “All of you are firefighters?”

Chris blushed, shook his head. “Just me. We all grew up together, kindergarten through high school. Reeves and Sparks are fourth-generation dirt farmers; Harrison and Garza go to Pacific because Mommy and Daddy can afford to let them be useless there, instead of at home.”

Chris’s sudden, brief bitterness surprised Adeeb. “That’s a little harsh. And they’re friends?”

“They used to be, not so much now. I’m pretty disgusted with them. I don’t have a lot of friends, not even at the firehouse. I was lucky we weren’t charged with anything by the police last night.”

Kyle watched Adeeb play courtesy-clueless on that last part, but knew Adeeb liked “hot and hunky bad boys,” as long as they were more hot and hunky than bad.

Kyle nodded. “You stand out naturally and never quite fit in the way you want to.”

“Something like that. Fitting in here would be just as chancy for me at the firehouse.”

“With one big exception,” Adeeb told him, catching and hold his attention. “My friends would really have your back, if I asked them to.”

“Even Kyle, there?”

“Especially, Kyle,” Adeeb assured him, taking the jeans, but putting his free hand on the hand Chris used to give him the jeans. “And I want him to have your back, now. Right, Kyle?”

“You’ve got it,” Kyle promised. He noticed the effect that Adeeb’s hand on Chris’s hand had on the blond’s wet boxer briefs. The bulge of his cock was not so slowly swelling. “As long as I can trust you with my friend. I can trust you with him, can’t I?”

Chris looked up and nodded, his gaze immediately drifting back to Adeeb’s dark eyes. “I’m not sure how safe I am around Adeeb, but he’s safe with me and always will be.”

“You know my name.”

“I-I hung around the bar before ordering to make sure I had it down,” Chris admitted, blushing down to his navel. He locked his eyes briefly on Adeeb’s before dancing his eyes over the brown hunk. “I had to know I’d say your name right the very first time I used it.”

Kyle watched Adeeb put a hand to Chris’s bare chest, and Chris didn’t move or pull away, although the muscles in his chest twitched under the contact. Adeeb let his hand gently caress the skin and the muscle below, and Chris let him, eyes locked, breath getting ragged. Without a glance at Kyle, Adeeb suddenly leaned in and put his mouth on Chris’s, and Chris met him half way, opening his mouth to accept Adeeb’s tongue. Neither Chris nor Adeeb saw Kyle grin at their sudden passion. Adeeb was too busy putting hand all over the guy to pay attention to Kyle grinning at their kiss. Adeeb pulled back and looked at Chris, studied his face with a little smile. Chris smiled back and leaned in to initiate a kiss of his own, putting his hands on Adeeb for the first time. When they parted lips, both finally noticed Kyle, and Chris blushed.

“I never did that before,” Chris told Adeeb with a nod at Kyle, who nodded back. “Kiss a guy. God help me, but you make me feel things, want things that no girl ever has.”

“Don’t worry about God,” Kyle advised him. “God made you this way, so accept yourself as perfect the way He made you. Anyone who says otherwise is wrong.”

Chris looked at Kyle. “You knew about me, didn’t you? I’ve tried so hard to hide it, to fit in. Some people suspect, but you knew.”

“Like the Bible says, some are given the gift of knowing,” Kyle told him. “The Bible also has a fair amount of bullshit in it, but the Gifts of the Spirit are true enough. My gaydar’s a hundred percent.”

Chris grinned at Kyle’s biblical reflections. “Raised Evangelical?”

Kyle nodded. “My preacher dad shit holy bricks when I came out.”

Chris grimaced, shaking his head. “I’m not ready for that. I don’t know if I can ever—”

Adeeb put a gentle finger on his mouth, silencing him. “I’m not out to my family, either. No pressure here. Just shut up and kiss me again, okay?”

“Okay, I can do that.” Chris nodded, and eagerly complied.

After that kiss, Kyle said, “You’re out to us, and that’ll be enough to deal with. No one here will out you to anyone else. You have my word on that.”

“Thanks.” Chris nodded and then let Adeeb pull him into yet another prolonged kiss.

Kyle left them and went back to the bar to see his other friends trading cash. He looked at them. “Any of you who bet against my gaydar deserved to lose the cash. I knew he was one of us.”

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## Chapter Nine

### *Blood Orgy*

*Kyle*

Once the blond's wet jeans were stacked on his next to the big commercial sink in the back room, Kyle went back to the bar, and let himself get drawn into visiting with the rest of his friends. He kept an eye on Adeeb and Chris's prolonged make out session and saw that Sharon was watching, occasionally glancing at the clock. "Should I go tell them to cool it?"

Sharon shook her head. "I'll credit him for the time he works, not for the personal time. That's all. You know they're going to end up in the back room together, sooner or later, right?"

Kyle looked at her, smiled, and slowly nodded. "I take it you've stepped in on me back there, a time or two?"

She snorted. "I take a look every time you're back there, pleasuring some guy. Watching two guys go for it is still fun, even if some of the moving parts don't do much for me, personally."

"I've worked for you for almost five months and you never said anything about it, until now."

"Thought you got away with it cold, didn't you?" She snickered at him. "Think again."

"Man. If I thought you were okay with it, I would have had someone back there every time I worked." Kyle snorted. "Too bad I'm benched with my boyfriends."

"I'm sure you'll eventually give both of them the official tour," she told him, reaching up to pat his cheek. "The only question is whether you give them the tour one at a time or both together."

"God, Sharon, I wish you were my mom," he told her, giving her a hug. "I love you."

"I know you do, that and the tips you generate are the two reasons I keep you around, Ginger Boy." She grinned. "You're good for business and easy on my old heart. That's rare."

Kyle gave her cheek a peck and then glanced out toward the pool tables, but Adeeb and Chris were no longer there. As he scanned the room, Sharon patted his abs and said, "Don't look, not directly, but Adeeb is slipping him into the back right now."

Kyle did his best to not look directly at the doorway into the back and saw some white and brown muscled frames slip by. Sharon smoothed her hand over the front of his torso. "Give them time to get settled in to what they have in mind to do back there before we take a peek around the corner. The more they're into it, the less likely they're to notice us."

"So, that's how I never saw you catch me with a guy back there." He grinned. "Clever girl."

She smiled. He let himself focus on the bar and keeping the other guys happy for several minutes. When she tapped his muscular arm, he quietly, yet quickly got free and followed her around the corner, barely putting their heads into the room. Chris stood facing the doorway, his eyes closed, chin raised high, and little gasps escaping his mouth. Adeeb was on his knees in front of Chris, giving him head, deep throating him and sucking him hard. Adeeb pulled off, looked up at Chris, and said, "Face fuck me. Put your hands on the back of my head, and fuck my mouth for all you're worth."

Chris said, eyes still shut, "I don't want to ruin the pretty turban you tied."

"You won't, but I wouldn't care if you did, so face fuck me, face fuck me hard."

Kyle and Sharon pulled back around the corner as Chris opened his eyes to glance down. Kyle whispered, "That's so tame compared to what I've done with a guy, to a guy, back there."

"Yes, it is," she agreed, keeping her voice very low. "But everyone has their own threshold for sex, and both these boys are amateurs, next to you. If I go tend bar, I can trust you to keep an eye on them without getting caught or letting anyone come back here to interrupt them?"

Kyle grinned. "So, you had a dual purpose in spying on me. Thank you for having my back."

"Protecting the privacy of couples back here protects the business, too," she told him. "It gives couples another reason to come back. We just need to keep it all on the down low, okay?"

When Kyle could hear Adeeb gurgling, not quite choking on Chris's big cock, he snuck another glance around the corner. Chris had his eyes locked on

Adeeb's, his hands planted behind Adeeb's turbaned head, his abs rippling with the rhythm of his cock action in his new lover's mouth. For all the gurgling noises coming from Adeeb, he appeared perfectly at ease with the intense action of his partner. Then, Chris paused, gasping a little, and pulled back. "I'm so close to going, and I still want to suck you."

"You don't have to," Adeeb told him. "This is your first time with a guy, so don't push it."

"I want to," Chris told him, pulling him up to kiss him. After the kiss, he said, "I want to see for myself if what I heard you and Kyle say about your foreskin is true, Sugar Pop."

"You heard all that, across the room, with all the noise?"

"You and Kyle were pretty loud, and I was listening for your voice," Chris told him. "Just seeing you for the first time made me want you, made me want to accept this about me, to have you. So, let me go down on you. Okay?"

"Let's trade around, so I can watch the door," Adeeb suggested.

"Once I start sucking you, I won't stop, unless you want me to," Chris assured him. "I want to taste you that bad."

Adeeb kissed him again, and Kyle pulled back around the corner, a little surprised that their almost clumsy sex banter had him tenting the bartender's half apron. If anyone intruded, there would be no hiding that tent or what was causing it.

He heard them shift around, heard Adeeb let out soft groans of pleasure. Kyle glanced around the corner, saw that Adeeb's eyes were closed, chin up, and mouth open. Chris was licking his cock, sucking his balls and helping him to get rock hard. All of a sudden, Adeeb let out a little gasp, and Chris snorted. "Damn, if that isn't cool to watch. Just like Kyle said it would. I love that."

The blond went to sucking the head of Adeeb's long cock, licking the retracted foreskin, and then pushing his mouth further and further onto the shaft. The first time he got even half of Adeeb's cock in his mouth Chris gagged and pulled off. Adeeb's eyes flashed open, and he gazed down into Chris's face. "You okay?"

"I'm fine, and I'm going to deep throat you. I want to, so bad."

Chris gagged several more times before he finally buried his nose in Adeeb's pubes. When he pulled back without gagging, he said, "Your pubic hair smells so spicy, so manly."

And with that said, Chris was on Adeeb's cock again, deep throating him again and again before settling into to really sucking as much as he could more comfortably get in his mouth, but still deep throating Adeeb every few sucks. As Chris helped Adeeb progress, the swarthy-skinned hunk raised his gaze from his blond lover's eyes and looked directly into Kyle's eyes. Before Kyle could pull back, Adeeb grinned at him and gestured with one hand for him to stay.

Chris suddenly pulled off, gazing up at Adeeb, and said, "So, is he staying put this time?"

Adeeb nodded. "Kyle's watching the door, and us, too."

"Thanks for having our back, Kyle, but all the in and out is distracting, and you don't want to miss the finish," Chris said, without looking, and then started sucking Adeeb even harder. Chris pulled off just as he got Adeeb edged. "Paint my face and get some in my mouth, too?"

Adeeb gave Chris a frown. "I thought I was your first blowjob, either way."

"I've never done this with anyone, either way, but I've had my suspicions about my orientation, and I've jacked off to a fair amount of gay porn, while trying to tell myself I was straight."

Adeeb nodded, getting a look that just hearing Chris's explanation was sending him over the edge, Chris sucked him some more and then pulled back, so that when Adeeb shot his load, it would paint him and his mouth. Adeeb gushed thick ropes of cum, and Chris caught as many as he could with his tongue, the rest thoroughly painting his face.

As quickly as Adeeb was spent, he pulled Chris up, and kissed him, licking his own cum off Chris's face. Chris rotated them around as they kissed, and Adeeb licked him, to trade positions. Chris told his lover, "I want to see Kyle's reaction, when you make me come. He made this possible, so I want to see what he thinks of us doing it."

"I'm sure glad you're not a shy one about sex," Adeeb snickered as he went down on Chris, adding right before mouthing the tanned blond's pale-pink cock, "You sure are fun."

Chris let out a moan from the middle of his chest and then sighed. "You, too. Fuck, that's good."

Kyle split his attention between the lovers in front of him and the doorway beside him, making sure to meet Chris's gaze whenever the blond hunk glanced

his way. Adeeb did a much better job of getting the blond edged and keeping him edged than Chris did for him, but eventually Chris gushed nice, ropey spurts of cum onto Adeeb's face and into his mouth. After they kissed, and Chris licked his cum off Adeeb's face, Kyle stepped forward to join them in a group hug.

"Your hot finishes sure got me horny." Kyle grinned, glancing down at his tented apron.

Kaplan nodded, snickered at the tented apron, and then became serious as he met Kyle eyes. "There's something I should fess up to, Adeeb. I still don't understand why Kyle's been so good to me, not when I was such an asshole to him, along with my ex-buddies, last night."

Adeeb smiled at him, cupped his manhood with one hand, and patted his pecs with the other. "I knew before I ever kissed you that you were part of the crew that jumped Kyle last night. As soon as you left the bar after his exchange with you, I told him he was being rude. He said you were trouble, all of you, and that he was dissing your throwing arm, not your sexual performance, as I thought."

"That makes what you did even more of a mystery to me. Why didn't you just kick me to the curb with those other guys?"

"I'll trade you questions, and let's see if your answer to me doesn't answer your question as well." Kyle smiled. "Game?"

"I owe you, so I'll play along." Chris nodded with obvious confidence.

"Why are the four I kicked out now 'those guys,' and your 'ex-buddies?'"

Chris hugged Adeeb close and put his hands on Adeeb's manhood. "Because having this guy make my heart pound puts me in your camp, not theirs."

"There you go. Score and game," Kyle told him. "You set off my gaydar the moment I saw you in here tonight. And once I had your name, I googled you, found out you went all-section in baseball as your team's pitcher. You played water polo and you wrestled, going all section in both of those sports. So, how did you miss me every time last night, yet get most of that beer on me with a quick toss and then go down so easily tonight? You wanted to switch sides, even if you couldn't admit it, not even to yourself."

"I'll own up to all of that as true, even the last part. Hell, especially the last part. But it doesn't explain why you'd take a chance on me, especially when

you already told Adeeb I was nothing but trouble. You went to a lot of trouble for me on a hunch.”

“I did go to a lot of trouble over you, but not for you.” Kyle glanced at his hot dark-eyed friend.

Adeeb nodded and said, “He did it for me. Kyle saw that for all his warnings, I still wanted you. He’s that good of a friend. And I let him, even after I figured out why he said you were trouble. Now he’s your friend and so am I.”

Chris pulled Adeeb to him, planted his mouth on Adeeb’s and wrestled tongues. “I don’t want to be just your friend. I want to be your boyfriend, as in only boyfriend. No sharing.”

“Not even with me?” Kyle teased.

“Especially not with you.” Chris grinned. “Unless Adeeb wants it. Then, I’ll share.”

“Well, you are currently the only friend of mine, gay or straight, whose cock I’ve never sucked.”

Adeeb laughed. “If I agree to be your boyfriend, I’d give you a one-time-only hall pass to let Kyle suck you. Kyle gives head like no one else.”

“Rain check on that one,” Chris said. “I avoided hitting Kyle last night because I was ashamed of what my ex-buddies had us doing, but everything I did tonight was because I want an excuse to get to know you better, even if it meant losing friends I’ve known since kindergarten.”

Sharon suddenly poked her head around the corner. When Chris and Adeeb started to pull up underwear at their ankles, she laughed. “Horses are already out of the barn, boys. But now that play time is over, Adeeb and Kyle need to get back to work.”

Both Kyle and Adeeb nodded compliance while grinning at her, chorusing, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Don’t ‘ma’am’ me, Tiger Blossom, Sugar Pop,” Sharon play-snarked back and turned her attention on the tall, hunky blond. “Chris, you can stay naked and stay back here while Adeeb hand washes jeans and boxer briefs. Then, they go in the dryer, and you can put on an apron for cover and go occupy a stool. When the clothes are in the dryer, Adeeb, you can take out the trash. It’s late enough that we won’t need to dump it again before closing, and I hate having

my guys hauling trash to the dumpster after we close, given how isolated this bar is. When we leave, we all walk out together and make sure everyone has a safe ride home. Got it?”

Kyle looked at Chris and Adeeb. “Boyfriends? Or still just talking about it? I’m asking because there’ll be bets on it, both ways. You both want one another, so just go for it, if you want my two cents on it.”

Chris stepped out of his boxer briefs, picked them up, and dropped them on the sink side counter, watching Adeeb’s face the whole time. Adeeb looked him over, up and down, twice, and nodded, finally. “Boyfriends. But if you have money on that outcome, Kyle, we get half.”

Kyle laughed. “I can live with that, because now, I’m the only winner on that bet. I’d have lost all my tip money for the night on any other outcome.”

“So, were you protecting our privacy or your bet?” Chris asked him with a little smile.

“Both, of course. I think it’s an established fact that I like everything I can get both ways.”

Sharon patted him on the pecs. “Yes, you do. And if you bet my half of your tips, we’re splitting the winnings three ways, especially since you are the three-way boy, these days.”

“We can do that.” Kyle grinned at all three friends. “The odds were too nice to not use every dollar in the mug to cover bets, and now they’re going to pay. And the good news, for you, Chris, is that all our friends will accept you as their friend because of that bet they just lost.”

Kyle left the back room, went out to the rest of their friends with his best poker face on, and then when everyone got silent and looked at him, he grinned. “Pay up, boys, they did the deed, and are now an exclusive couple. As I’ve said before, betting against my gaydar is a loser’s gambit.”

When Kyle got to Bersani, Rick only offered him half the promised pay off. “I need the rest for cab fare.”

“Like fuck you do, Bear Cub.” Kyle snorted. “First off, no cab comes here after two a.m., and second, I’ll take you home, so you can still pay up.”

Sky Patterson laughed. “You lost that bet, too, ‘Bear Cub.’ It really sucks to be you, considering what you bet me.”

Kyle gave Bersani a long gaze, and Rick looked nervous. “You going to pay up on that side bet?”

Rick nodded. “Just not in front of everyone. I’d like a little privacy with Sky for that.”

“Complete privacy is going to be tough, but I can cut your audience down to the new couple, if that’s okay?” Kyle suggested, glancing at Sharon, who had just rejoined him at the bar.

“You can take them back and stay to watch, since I bet you have bets on that as well.” She snickered with a shake of her head.

Kyle shook his head. “That one got past me or you can bet I would have put out odds on it. Let’s go boys, assuming an audience of three won’t kill you, Bersani.”

Bersani did his best to appear more reluctant that Kyle suspected he was. He’d privately put Rick at a Kinsey three, and if he was giving head to Sky out of bi-curiosity, it totally fit what Kyle perceived of his swim team friend. Rick sure enjoyed having Kyle give him head, so he had to be curious about giving it himself. Halfway between the bar and the back room, Kyle cautioned Sky, “If he sucks you and hates it, you’re going to let him off without finishing, right?”

Patterson’s smirk faded when he saw how serious Kyle was. “I won’t risk our friendship over it.”

“Good man,” Kyle told him. “Just be gentle with him; give him every chance to like it, okay?”

Sky nodded. “Can I let him give me a hand job, if mouthing me doesn’t work for him?”

“Nothing wrong with giving him that choice. You know how he likes to twist out of things.”

“And if he likes it?”

“That I have bets on, and I’ll split the winnings if you do get him to like it. I just never thought his first time would be with you. Nice play though.”

“That’s the thing, he offered the bet, I never asked it.”

Kris grinned, but seeing Bersani waiting in the back room, he kept his thought to himself. Then, he looked to the commercial sink and saw only Chris leaning against it, naked. “Where’s Adeeb?”

Chris nodded at the back door. “He’s taking out the trash, like Sharon asked. Why?”

“Alone, with your ex-buddies god-knows-where? How long?”

“Three minutes, max.”

“Toss me my jeans and get yours on. It’s three minutes there and back, going slow. And he has you to make him move faster,” Kyle told him. As he caught the jeans thrown to him, Kyle looked at Bersani and Patterson. “Redeeming that bet’s going to have to wait. Get the guys and get them out that back door, pronto. If Adeeb comes in all happy and fine, dandy; drinks are on me. But I’m afraid it won’t be that way. Let’s move.”

Bersani gave Patterson’s a little arm squeeze. “Be my search partner?”

“Absolutely, especially until you pay up, Bear Cub.”

They disappeared out to the bar as Kyle and Chris scrambled to pull their jeans up. Once Kyle had his jeans up and fastened, he grabbed a Phillips screwdriver from a drawer and tossed it to Chris as soon as his jeans were up and fastened. Then, he pulled out a slotted screwdriver. “Better than nothing, since we know at least two of them have knives.”

Chris set the screwdriver down and pulled a thin switchblade from his jeans. “We all had them. I just know how to actually conceal mine. If it’s knives, you’ll let me take the lead. Ready?”

Kyle nodded. He left unsaid the obvious observation that he was trusting two lives to a friend that had been a foe just hours before. But he had faith in his ability to read people, and everything about Chris told him he could trust the guy with his life. “Let’s go.”

Stepping outside, Kyle put a hand to Chris’s chest and then pointed at something glittering on the dark pavement. “Broken glass. Watch your feet.”

They stepped carefully, eyes mostly focused ahead. They rounded the back of the building toward the space between buildings where the dumpsters were. Hearing voices, they stepped faster, and yet more cautiously. Rounding the corner, they saw the four guys pinning Adeeb to the pavement, two guys on his arms, one each on his legs. They had Adeeb’s pants and underwear down, and the guy on Adeeb’s left thigh was brandishing a blade over the young Indian hunk’s genitals. “I say we give the rug jockey, here, a Jew cut. Take his little queer ass out of action until it heals from trimming. It’s not like he doesn’t have foreskin to spare. Here, first snip. Let’s see how he likes it.”

The knife went down and the curly-haired brunet grabbed Adeeb by his long penis, inserting the blade tip into his foreskin and yanking it up, making blood gush. Adeeb screamed and writhed in agony under them. The other guys all laughed until Chris charged them, his knife out and his eyes deadly serious. Before they could react, Chris's knife flashed and blood gushed from the arm of the guy nearest him, who sat on Adeeb's right arm.

The wounded guy screamed and rolled away from Chris and off Adeeb. The other three all jumped to their feet, the last two flicking out their knives and hunching down for Chris's next strike. Kyle dove down to cover Adeeb and then pulled him away from the three remaining combatants and their knives, shielding his wounded friend with his own body.

"Reeves, Harrison, Sparks," Chris called the three by their last names, "get Garza and get gone before he bleeds out or I have to make more of you bleed. You know who's the best knife among us, and you're looking at him. You can walk away or you can bleed. I won't warn again."

Kyle saw a wild, tough fierceness in the blond stud as he faced down his former friends. He saw Chris react to the slightest whimper or pained cry from Adeeb, as the wounded hunk clutched his hands to his manhood and shivered in Kyle's protective embrace. Kyle realized that Chris was very much his equal in every respect as the blond defended Adeeb with that knife.

"Fag-lover!" shouted the honey-blond that Chris called Sparks. Taking a run at Chris, Sparks flashed his knife, but Chris moved faster, smoother, and blood squirted, but not from Chris. Sparks went down hard and had to drop his knife to stop his own bleeding as best he could. "Fuck, you could have killed me, Kaplan. Fuck, I'm bleeding hard."

"You'll bleed out in about ten minutes if these assholes don't stop fighting to help you," Chris told him. "Garza has less time. I cut again, and who's going get saved and who's bleeding out?"

"Fuck, Kaplan, we just nicked the faggot's foreskin. And you're fucking trying to kill us."

"Nope. I'm just defending my fucking boyfriend from you homophobic assholes. If that cut gets infected, I hunt every last one of you down and do more than circumcise you without your permission. Clock's ticking on Sparks and Garza."

"We're putting our knives away, see?"

“Nope. We all know better. Knives go to ground and get kicked to me, all four of them.”

Just then, the other ten guys from the bar showed up. Chris said, “Knives out, stay back. I have this. So, Garza’s got about six minutes and Sparks eight. Stall me more and I’ll cut again, and it’ll be you, Reeves. You cut my boyfriend, so you know what I’ll do to you, if I need to.”

“How do I know you won’t revenge cut me anyway, fag-lover?”

“Take your chances, asshole. Obey me, and you have some chance. Stall me thirty seconds more, and you bleed for certain.”

“Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Okay!” Reeves dropped his knife and kicked it toward Kaplan.

“Harrison, knife down, or I still cut Reeves, and then I come for you with no mercy.”

Harrison dropped his knife and kicked it toward Kaplan.

“Garza, knife down and kick it to me, or I’ll still let you bleed out and make them watch. Same for you, Sparks.”

Both knives clattered to the pavement and were kicked toward Chris. “Now, back up and let my friends take you down, Reeves, Harrison. Resist and I promise to make it hurt, a lot.”

Kyle nodded for his friends to obey Chris, cradling Adeeb in his arms. They moved forward as Chris told them, “Put them on the ground and make sure they can’t move, because they’ll try to cheap shot you for sure. Kick the shit out of any of them that try anything.”

Four guys took Reeves down and pinned him, spread-eagle, to the pavement. Four more did the same to Harrison. Patterson and Bersani stood clear, flanking Chris as he rushed to Adeeb.

“What about me?” Garza screamed. “I don’t want to die. Help me.”

“That little nick’ll take hours for you to bleed out. Just fucking take off your shirt and use it to apply direct pressure. You don’t even need a tourniquet, you fucking pussy. You, too, Sparks,” Kaplan sneered. “So, shut the fuck up, because if you move or speak, I’ll have my new friends really work you over. Bersani, get the knives, but scoop them up into something. Don’t touch them yourself. We want them as evidence against these assholes.”

“Don’t call the police,” Adeeb shouted, still trembling in Kyle’s embrace, hands bloody from holding his own penis. “Can you fix this, Chris? Without going to a hospital? They’ll call my folks, and then they’ll know about me, about us. I’ll lose you. I’ll lose everything.”

“Let’s get you into better light,” Chris told Adeeb, putting away his knife, and putting hands on his lover. His voice and his whole demeanor shifted from deadly and threatening to tender, caring, and solicitous of Adeeb’s feelings. “I’ll see if your wound is something I can fix with my EMT bag. I can do sutures, even fairly small, tight ones. But I have to see how damaged your foreskin is. Okay? You’re my only priority. I just had to make sure the assholes couldn’t hurt you any more. Understand? But if we have to, we’re going to the hospital and deal with other shit as it happens, okay?”

Kyle and Chris helped Adeeb to his feet. Chris looked at Kyle. “He’ll suffer less if we carry him. Can we carry you, Adeeb? Walking right now will hurt like hell, every time anything touches that wound.”

Adeeb nodded, and the two young hunks hefted his lighter weight between them, carefully carrying him toward the back door of the bar. Kyle caught Chris’s gaze on him. “What?”

“You were either incredibly brave out there or just damned stupid. But thank you for risking yourself to shield Adeeb. I knew I could play them with Adeeb safe in your care.”

“You and I are more alike than either of us wants to admit, Blondie.” Kyle grinned as they carried Adeeb. “You’re our friend now. I’ll have your back the same way we both had Adeeb’s.”

Chris Kaplan nodded. “I know, and I know I don’t deserve it.”

“You earned it ten times over, just now, saving Adeeb, so shut the fuck up about not deserving my friendship, or I will have to hurt you.”

The half-smile Kaplan gave Kyle suggested to him that he was welcome to try, and that it would cost him more than two quick punches. “I lost four friends and gained eleven, plus a boyfriend. Whatever bets you had out on me, I’m the clear winner.”

“We both are,” Adeeb managed to say, “Fuck, it hurts.”

Sharon, who came out only moments before, ran ahead and held the door for them. She got around them and went into the bar, turning all the lights up, full bright. The few patrons left in the bar at that hour all knew about the attack.

Kyle and Chris carried the wounded, bleeding Adeeb in with very sympathetic people looking on. Sharon quickly cleared the largest table in the room, using her bartender's apron to wipe it down.

Kyle and Chris laid Adeeb out on the table, and Chris gently spread his legs apart. "You're going to have to let go of your penis and trust me to be careful, even when it hurts like fuck. Okay?"

Adeeb nodded, let go of his penis, both hands bloody from gripping himself. Chris slipped his left hand under the penis to support it, but he did not yet touch it with his right hand.

Chris glanced at Kyle. "You need to hold his legs steady. Every touch is going to make him want to snap his legs shut. Foreskin wounds hurt like nothing else, because of all the nerve endings."

"And the bleeding?" Kyle asked.

"Low-volume bleeding like that is his friend right now," Chris assured everyone, including Adeeb. "It's keeping the wound track germ free and helping to reduce the pain."

Chris looked at Sharon. "Got something like leather that won't hurt Adeeb's teeth if he bites down on it? Having something in his mouth he can bite, but won't choke on, will help."

"I could roll some napkins together and then tape the roll if that would help."

"Good thinking. That should do it. If we can suture him here, he's going to need to be pretty drunk to get through it. And I don't dare examine him, if we can't keep him controlled."

Chris looked at Kyle, again. "You should call your two bears and let them know about this. I'm sure your swim coach has a medical release form, so we can get Adeeb into emergency services, if we need to without calling home. And since they're your support, you need them here, too."

Kyle blinked. "Me? I'm fine."

"You're hanging in there, being tough for Adeeb, and the rest of us, but it's wearing you down. Your two guys will help you keep it together to be the emotional rock we need. You make us all stronger, me especially. Understand?"

Kyle nodded. He understood more than Chris suggested he should. Chris himself was near his stress limit. He'd changed friends, life perspective, come

out to new friends and old ones, and the fate and future of his new boyfriend rested on his good judgment at a moment when he had to be questioning if he had any real friends. Chris needed back up, emotionally, so he could make the right choice. And he had none, except Kyle, and hopefully his two bears.

Kyle loved both bears, but the one he needed to call for this circumstance was Troy. Kyle fished his phone from his damp jeans pocket and made the call. As Kyle placed the call, Chris put his hands gently to Adeeb's face, and caressed his lover's cheek. "I'm here for you. I'll take care of you. Let me take care of you."

"Stitches will bench me from sex and swimming for weeks," Adeeb finally voiced his worst fear, "Assuming I'm not damaged worse than foreskin. You won't want to be around me, with me."

"I won't want to be anywhere else, but with you," Chris assured him, eyes glittering. "You can stay with me. I have my own place, no roommates. It's small, but there's room for two. And when you're better, if you want to, we can make it permanent, and you can move in with me."

Kyle didn't hear Adeeb's response, because just then, Troy answered his call.

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## Chapter Ten

### *Orgy of Love*

#### *Troy*

Sometime shortly before midnight, Troy's eyes popped open, wide awake. Devin was still spooned against him, warm, furry, and solidly muscular. Drama Bear's big hand draped over his manhood. Everything felt as it should and yet didn't. He was worried about Kyle and not even the coziness and warmth of his longtime partner helped him shake that feeling. The moment he moved, contemplating getting up, Devin's hand quickened on his manhood, gripping his cock. "Did I wake you, Drama Bear?"

"You're stressing over the ginger, aren't you, Swim Bear," Devin observed with a yawn. "Me, too, even if I've managed to drift in and out of sleep some. As much as I love snuggling here with you, I want to get up, get dressed, and go close out the bar, just to make sure the night ends well for him. Tell me I'm crazy."

"I'm crazy, too, then, because that's exactly what I want to do." Troy nodded. "Shower, first?"

Devin snorted. "We're going to a gay bar, and we went to bed clean. No one's going to care, if we smell like one another and cum. It might even make Tiger Blossom horny for us, then and there. I've overheard stories about him giving guys personal tours of the prep room behind the bar. If everything's good, maybe he'll give us a little tour, too."

Troy rolled in his lover's embrace, so that he could leisurely and properly thank Devin with a kiss. Drama Bear knew how OCD he was about personal cleanliness and was helping him ignore it, so they could get up and get going. After their kiss and a little hand to genitals play, they got up and used the toilet, standing shoulder to shoulder to aim and pee, simultaneously and together.

Troy looked at his partner. "There's room enough to try this with Kyle and see if he likes the idea."

"You dribbled the rim." Devin grinned. "Guess who gets to wipe up after us. And, yeah, I like this little tradition of taking the first piss together, so we definitely need to offer it to the ginger."

Cleaning the rim and the floor with toilet paper helped Troy resist the urge to get into the shower. Devin started brushing his teeth as Troy flushed the toilet. He compulsively washed his hands, and then brushed his teeth, not worried that Devin hadn't washed his. He knew exactly where Devin's hands had been, and while they brushed teeth, Drama Bear's free hand drifted down there again, making Troy grin. They rinsed their mouths, kissed, and Troy put his hands on Devin's manhood, making Devin suck air. "Damn. Your hands are wet and cold; just the way I like them and where I like them."

They pulled on jeans, decided on tanks and denim jackets, and both picked cowboy boots, looking very much a couple in their apparel. They were deciding on which vehicle to drive, when Troy's phone rang. He saw it was Kyle and answered, "We're awake and dressed. What's up?"

Troy heard the suppressed anxiety in the ginger's voice. "There's been a knife fight at the bar. Gay-bashers attacked and cut Adeeb. A paramedic friend's with him, but Adeeb doesn't want us to call the authorities. He's more afraid of being outed to his parents than of his injuries."

"Where'd they cut him?"

"They took him down and sliced his foreskin, pure asshole hate crime. He never had a chance to defend himself."

"We're coming now," Troy told him, switching his phone to speak. "I'll make the call. The university has a zero tolerance policy on hate crimes. Same guys as last night?"

"That's part of the problem and the complication. Our paramedic was one of them last night, but he's who defended Adeeb from them tonight. And he and Adeeb hooked up before it went down. So, this could all blow back on him for switching sides and doing the right thing."

"We get there, assess the situation, and decide how to go from there, but if Adeeb needs to go to the ER, it forces our hand, you know that," Devin jumped into the conversation. "His health and safety have to be the priority."

"Chris, our EMT, knows that. He wanted me to make the call. Adeeb refused to let him."

"Got it. No calls, yet. We'll be there in five. Devin's driving. Bye." Troy ended the call and pocketed his phone. He gave Devin a half-embarrassed look.

"You can call her in the truck," Devin told him, giving his partner a one-arm hug. "She'll be pissed if we don't while it's happening. And we both trust her opinions and advice."

“Meaning neither of us has even a fuck-shit solution for this, right?” Troy commented as they strode through his ranch-style home toward the front door. “Sure hope she does.”

Devin went out first and clicked his truck remote for it to start up. Troy keyed the security system, followed behind, and locked the door. Then, Troy took out his phone and punched in his mom’s quick code, waiting for her to pick up as he got in the Ford pickup on the passenger side, and strapped in. Devin strapped in behind the wheel, gave his partner a little hand tap on the thigh, and put the truck in gear to go, his pressure on the gas smooth but firm, taking them to the speed limit in seconds. Once out on the main road, Devin opened the engine up and pushed the speed limit all the way to the bar.

Marie picked up on the eleventh ring, a little out of breath, but very much awake. Her first words were as intuitive as ever, “Something happen to the ginger?”

Troy quickly told her what they knew of the situation and she said, in response, “We’ll be there in ten.”

“You live further away than that, Mom, and who’s ‘we’?”

“I’ve been renewing an old acquaintance and he drives fast, on the road, anyway. Be nice, and I’ll introduce him to you when we get there. And you’ll be glad I brought him along. Bye.”

Troy relayed all that to Devin, who just shared a grin with him. “Like Mom, like son, and thank God for that.”

Devin soon slowed to exit the expressway and make the curve into the strip mall where the gay bar was the only business open at that time of night for miles around. The parking lot had close to two dozen vehicles in it, and they could see through the glass in the front door that the lights inside were on full bright. Devin parked close to Kyle’s Edge as Troy now thought of the car. They got out, Devin tapped the remote to lock it, and they went in.

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*Kyle*

As quickly as Sharon returned with the makeshift mouth guard, made of rolled paper napkins and duct tape, Chris put his rubber gloved-hand to Adeeb’s cheek. “The guys got me my paramedic’s bag. I’m going to examine the wound, and it’s going to hurt, a lot. Bite down on this. Sharon’s going to hold it, so you can bite or release it to talk as you need to. Okay?”

With Kyle holding Adeeb's thighs apart and Sharon putting the taped bite stick in reach of Adeeb's mouth, Chris gently pressed back the cut foreskin on his boyfriend's penis. Without a glance at Rick Bersani beside him, he said, "Spray it, just enough to clear the blood, but just mist it, and keep at it until it clears."

Bersani obeyed him, steeling himself as Adeeb yelled and bit hard into the taped paper stick. Kyle gently but firmly kept Adeeb's thighs spread, while Sky Patterson pressed down on Adeeb's bare shoulders, the brown hunk gripping Sky's much paler, veined forearms for support. As the misting spray of wound cleansing liquid did its work, Chris gently pressed the foreskin further back, so that he could examine all of the head of the penis, his lover writhing, biting down, and screaming all at the same time. Chris let the foreskin relax and waited for Adeeb to lie still to report, "No damage to the penis head, Adeeb. None. Just the tear to your foreskin. And I can suture that or we can still take you to the ER. Just remember, until now, I've only sutured dogs and cats in my dad's veterinary clinic. But I am good at it. You choose. Hospital or me."

"You do it, Chris," Adeeb told him. "I trust you. No hospital. I don't want my family to find out about me this way, because of this. I can take the pain. I can."

Chris wiped his gloved hand on paper towels and then put it to Adeeb's face. "You won't have to. Now that I know there's no other damage, I can put lidocaine on the wound edges before I clean them for suturing. It'll reduce the pain considerably. We'll just have to wait a few minutes for it numb the foreskin. But it will sting as I apply it, so bite down again. Okay?"

"Okay, thank you. I-I love you," Adeeb suddenly blurted, and then bit down hard, visibly embarrassed by his hasty words.

Chris grinned at him. "I love you, too, Sugar Pop. I loved you the first time I laid eyes on you."

"That was just lust." Kyle snickered. "What you did for him outside and what you are doing now, that's love, real love. And we all love you for it."

Adeeb giggled, then screamed as Chris gently applied the lidocaine, and then giggled some more while biting down hard. Chris put his gloved hand to Adeeb's lean, brown cheek. "You did good, Sugar Pop. In a minute or two, I'll clean the wound and suture it. Once we get you stitched up, I hope you're okay with me being the outside spoon when we go to bed for a while."

Adeeb pushed the bit out of his mouth with his tongue. “You can do more than spoon me while my cock heals, you know.”

Chris shook his head. “I’ll stay horny and blue-balled as long as you have to, Sugar Pop. I’m not doing anything you can’t do, until we do it together. I might have to punch Kyle here around a little, but I’m waiting for you.”

“You want to join our MMA sparring group?” Kyle looked surprised. “We’re an advanced group, but if our trainer agrees, I’m good with it.”

Chris grinned at him. “I googled you, too, you know. I bookmarked a couple of your bouts to view later. You might look at some of mine before we spar. I won’t throw any matches with you in the future. I got my man, so I’ve got no reason to pull my punches, now.”

Kyle patted Chris’s cheek. “I’ll be you’re punching bag, if you need me to, for Adeeb’s sake. But I won’t pull any punches, either, now that I know you’re definitely not a pussy, like them.”

Everyone but Adeeb glanced over to the far end of the room where Reeves, Harrison, Sparks, and Garza sat, tied to their chairs, gagged, and glaring at everyone. Dillon Scott and Tyler Henry stood guard over them while everyone else ringed the makeshift surgery table, and those at or on the table. Several of the guys snickered at Kyle’s remark, but they were all still in awe of Chris.

“I’ll admit that I underestimated you after the beer toss.” Chris nodded. “You dance in addition to the swimming and the theatre? You move like a cat, not like the usual MMA muscle-ox.”

“I’m your ordinary, well-rounded gay guy.” Kyle smiled. “I dance, I fence, I swim, and I fight.”

“Yes, you are. Thanks for making coming out feel normal and natural,” Chris told him, suddenly serious, and then he gazed into Adeeb’s eyes. “Time to check on the lidocaine, Sugar Pop.”

Chris let his left hand drift down to Adeeb’s penis, and he very gently touched the wound, eyes locked on his lover’s. Adeeb breathed sharply, but said, “It’s getting number. You can start.”

“I’m going to put a simple, freshly unwrapped plastic spoon inside your foreskin, once I have wound edges clean, which will make them bleed again, and weaken the lidocaine. The spoon will act as my backing while I do the needle work on each suture. I’ll place five separated sutures along the wound track, and you’ll probably feel the last one worst, but I can’t reapply the

lidocaine until the wound is sutured together. Lidocaine inhibits healing as well as managing pain, which is why we want it at full effect when I flush it out of the wound track. Once I get this sutured, a little lidocaine on the surface won't stop the healing but will help reduce the pain some. Ready? I'd still bite that stick, if it was me instead of you."

Adeeb let Sharon guide the paper and tape stick back between his teeth, and he bit down. He squirmed some, but Kyle did not have to press too hard to keep his powerful thighs apart as Chris worked quickly to clean the wound track and started sewing sutures into place. Rick was at his side, as a very attentive surgery aide. Bersani watched everything Chris did and even anticipated the paramedic's needs, based on the process and supplies at hand. Kyle watched the whole team of friends doing their part to move the procedure forward. Chris moved quickly to sew, tie, and trim each suture in rapid, but precise succession. The wound track formed a little ridge of bright red on smooth, brown skin, and as soon as Chris tied and trimmed the last suture, he set aside that kit and accepted the lidocaine Rick had ready for him to reapply.

Chris sighed once he was finished with the lidocaine. "You can spit the bit, lover boy, and everyone can let up on Sugar Pop. We're done."

Adeeb spit the stick from his mouth while Sky and Kyle let up and stepped back. Chris pulled off his gloves, dropped them on the prep tray Rick still held for him, and put his bare hands on his boyfriend. "Kiss me, Sugar Pop. I want to taste you."

As Adeeb sat up and presented himself for Chris to kiss, Kyle noticed not only Troy and Devin standing nearby, but Marie and an older man in a dark suit, his arm possessively wrapped around Marie's still slender waist. He patiently waited out the prolonged, passionate kiss then tapped his two friends on their bare shoulders and nodded toward the new arrivals. "Chris Kaplan, here's Troy Benson, Adeeb's and my swim coach, his partner, Devin O'Keefe, my drama coach. They are also my new boyfriends, a status you inadvertently helped bring about. This is Marie Benson, Troy's mom and one of two women I wish was my mom. Sharon King, here, my boss, is the other mother I never had. Marie will have to introduce her date to us."

Marie smiled at her date, he nodded, and she said, "This is Grant Westwood of the D.A.'s office. Grant and I go way back."

Westwood grinned at her. "We sure do, back when I did family law. Now, I just put people in jail, after we convict them, of course. Marie has me here to

help sort this mess out for you kids. I must say, Mr. Kaplan, you have deft, clever hands. Sutures are not the usual domain of an EMT, so where did you pick up that skill?"

"My dad's a local veterinarian. I've helped him during animal surgery since before I went through puberty, and I'm twenty-two. I let my boyfriend, my patient, know all his options and that I've done all my sutures, to this point, on cats and dogs. So, we didn't break any laws."

"I never said you did," Westwood told him, shaking his head. He took a couple of steps forward, looking down at the sutures in Adeeb's foreskin. "That's damned good work. I've seen a lot of badly done stitches in my line of work. You really should be a surgeon, son."

"I'd like to but no money, and once my dad knows I'm gay, probably no family help either."

"Marie told me that was part of the problem for both you guys. And Adeeb, I'm just as pleased to meet you. I'm really here to help you two and do what makes things turn out best for you."

"I'm pleased to meet you, all of you." Adeeb grimaced more than smiled. "But I'm as embarrassed as hell to have my wounded junk on public display. Can we cover it, now?"

"Nope, not yet." Chris laughed, shook his head, and hugged his boyfriend's shoulders. "You handle so much fucking pain just to bitch about people seeing that amazing cock of yours. We could charge money for that exhibit. Hell, Sugar Pop, Kyle probably has already."

"Don't give the ginger any ideas." Bersani grinned. "I don't need to lose any more bets because of him."

"And you still have one to pay up," Patterson reminded him. "And hopefully sooner than later."

"As soon as we have a little privacy, Patty Cake, we'll take care of it," Bersani promised.

"You're getting about as much privacy as you guys gave me, as in none," Adeeb told them, "if the payoff is what I think it is. I'm so watching this when it happens. Kyle could sell me a ticket for that event."

Kyle grinned then said, "We take care of all that in due course. Let's get back to the serious matters at hand. Adeeb, what do we do about the guys who

attacked and cut you? That's what Coach, Devin, Marie, and Mr. Westwood are here to help us with. So, what do you want?"

"What I really want, I know I can't have. But I want them to fear, and feel helpless, and have to watch someone hurt them with no mercy, like they did to me. I know that's terrible, but that's how I feel."

"And you needed to let yourself feel it and say it," Marie assured him. "Everyone that loves you, Adeeb, feels exactly the same way. But what can we do legally that doesn't harm you further? You do have options. It's not all or nothing. And they need to be punished."

"I'm the reason there's a problem of what to do next," Chris told Westwood. "Until a couple of hours ago, I was part of that group of assholes. I went along with their shit to keep telling myself I wasn't gay and that the bigoted shit they did helped me to be the real man I wasn't."

Westwood nodded. "I'm well aware of that. But you have some strong advocates for you here, and I trust them that you're worth bending a few rules to see justice done. Okay?"

"I sure hope I am."

Westwood told him, "I've seen enough here to know that Marie is right, as usual, about you. And from what I hear, you're a real hero tonight, twice over. So, your indiscretions are off the table, Chris, but not those four assholes over there. We need to decide what to do about them, that won't blow back on Adeeb, you, or harm what you and Adeeb have together."

Adeeb looked nervous, worried. "Anything you do means involving the police and risking our families knowing about all this. That means crime photos of my penis, stitches and all. I don't want my sewn-up cock to be how my family finds out I'm gay or for it to hurt Chris's relationship with his family. I'd at least like to have the stitches out and be back to having sex with my boyfriend when that load of shit hits us."

Westwood grinned. "I sure don't envy the next few weeks for you, either way. But I don't have to involve the cops as much as you might think. If I get them to cop to lesser crimes, after I put the fear of God into them, it's just a matter of turning over their illegal blades to the police, and your stitched up cock won't ever be evidence of anything but your boyfriend's love."

Adeeb nodded, looking genuinely relieved. "I'm good with that, more than good, in fact."

Westwood let out a deep sigh. “I’m not, not personally. They committed a barbaric hate crime on you. They could have maimed you sexually for life, or could have killed you. But justice is also about keeping the victim from further harm by the injustice done to them. And so, I need to know that you can live with me offering a plea bargain so they confess and go to jail with no trial at all, just a confession before a judge and nothing that involves you at all, as their victim?”

“Absolutely! Thank you, so much. I could kiss you right now.”

“A handshake and possibly a hug, would be less awkward for me,” Westwood told him, glancing down at Adeeb’s spread thighs and clearly visible manhood. Marie nudged him. “But if you feel the need, you can kiss my cheek.”

Westwood let Adeeb kiss both cheeks, share a brief embrace, and shake his hand, stealing only a glance at Marie for her approval. She grinned and he became a little more enthusiastic about it. Standing back, he said to Adeeb, “Excuse me while I go play cat with the rats over there.”

“Can we watch?”

“Sure, just don’t say anything, anything at all to them or me, not while I’m playing cat to their mice. But once I pounce and they sign confessions, cheer all you like.”

As soon as Westwood was crossing the room, Sharon stepped next to Marie. “So, you’re Tiger Blossom’s other foster mom?”

“I am.” Marie beamed. “Kyle told me everything about you, except how pretty you are.”

“Me, pretty?” Sharon shook her head. “I don’t do makeup or doll myself up.”

“And you sure don’t need to. You have amazing skin and bone structure.”

Kyle watched the two older women interact, unable to look away, but almost terrified by seeing it happen. He forgot all about Westwood and the tied up assholes across the room.

Sharon blushed, but was clearly pleased. “You’re pretty easy on the eyes yourself. Too bad you’re straight and I’m taken.”

Marie smiled coyly. “I’m not that straight, Sharon, but just how taken are you?”

“We’re a steady couple, but it’s an open relationship. She uses the hall pass more than I do.”

“I wouldn’t mind helping you take a turn on that hall pass, sometime. I cook, but we could eat out, if you prefer. I just want our first date to be fun and memorable.”

“Me, too. I’m okay with whatever food arrangements you prefer, Marie.” Sharon grinned. “As long as we do some eating in. That’s what’ll make it memorable, for me.”

“I love how you think.” Marie grinned back. “I think we do have more in common than the ginger, Sharon. A lot more.”

Kyle stepped to them and whispered, “Is this going to end in a tour of the back room, ladies?”

Sharon met his gaze. He knew she saw through his joke and his odd, conflicted feelings. “If it does, are you going to watch us and watch over us, as I have done for you all these months?”

“You’ve watched him do it, do other guys?” Marie giggled. “That must be fun.”

“You’d like the moving boy parts more than me, but it’s always fun when Tiger Blossom roars.”

Both older women giggled and Kyle blushed. “I totally deserve getting roasted by you two, but I’m not sure I’m man enough to watch you two heat up the back room.”

Sharon looked at Marie. “That’s his twisted way of asking for a front row seat. You have bets out on how our first meeting might go, Ginger Boy?”

Kyle glanced around the room and was relieved that everyone else was focused on the crime drama at the other end of the bar room. “Not yet I don’t, but as long as your little love fest stays on the down low, I sure will soon.”

“Bad boy,” Marie shook her head. “He knows I have to dance with the guy who brought me, but we really do need to get together, Sharon, and soon. And I’d be okay with obliging the ginger to watch, if you are, sweetie.”

“It’s either that or split his winnings with us,” Sharon told her. “I think greed will make him willing to watch more than any other pressure, if I know the ginger. And I sure do.”

Marie looked up at Kyle. “Stand over there and shield us from everyone. I want a taste of Sharon before Grant pounces and everyone stops staring that way.”

“‘Everyone,’ meaning ‘Grant,’ I take it,” Kyle observed, noting exactly who’d be blocked as he moved to where she wanted him.

“Good call, Ginger Boy. I’ll still have to thank him in person for helping, after the police come and take those idiots away, but I want a little sugar for me before I do, understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Don’t ‘ma’am’ me, Tiger Blossom,” Marie chided him. “Now, you have to watch us kiss.”

The two older women stepped together and embraced with perfect synchronicity. Sharon was a bit rough and Marie quite gentle in bringing their mouths in full contact, tongues well in play before Sharon crushed their mouths together. For a moment, the two women he wished were his moms became one, and he felt strangely content to watch it happen. When they parted lips he said, “I could get used to seeing that happen on a regular basis. I love you both, you know.”

“No promises, Ginger Boy, but I could get used to kissing her regularly, too,” Sharon told him.

“I loved the taste, but no promises until I try the full menu,” Marie told them, sharing her gaze between Sharon and Kyle. “I still like those moving boy parts, but I could give them a rest for a girl like you. And if I miss them too much, we can always spy on my three boys.”

Just then, the room burst into a roar of cheers. Kyle looked to the far end of the bar and watched as Reeves, Harrison, Sparks, and Garza hesitantly signed hand-written confessions, each with one hand free, and the other tied tight to the chair behind them. He stepped back over to the impromptu surgery table, where Chris sat his arms around Adeb. “So, what’ll they get, in jail time?”

“Two years each in state prison for illegal possession of and brandishing illegal knives,” Chris told him. “I think I’d better lose the knife in my pocket sooner rather than later. I had no idea that just owning one could get you in that deep of shit.”

Adeb grinned at Kyle. “I saw what had you distracted, and we’ll stay mum, if you cut us in on any winnings from bets you place. But you should have seen

them squirm like little pigs as Grant told them they could go down for federal hate crimes, as sexual offenders, and even attempted murder, if he wanted to. I lost track of all the charges he dumped on them. But compared to Chris taking them down outside while they outnumbered him, this doesn't even compare. The saps got snookered twice in one night. Fuck, they're stupid."

Kyle suddenly felt two pairs of warm hands on his bare shoulders, making him grin. "I sure love my two bears."

"Someone needs to come home and actually prove that to us," Devin said, gripping his left shoulder. "We love you, too."

"Ah, you just used the 'L' word."

"But you used it first, so I can use it as much as I like."

"I like that idea." Kyle nodded. "But I'd rather you two used me as much as you like."

"You keep promising us that." Troy chuckled, gripping his right shoulder. "Sooner or later, you're going to have to deliver. So, when do you think this little love orgy is going end?"

"Not sure." Kyle shrugged then gave each of his two bears a glancing look.

"Oh, God." Devin sighed. "Tiger Blossom has an idea. Now, we're in trouble."

"You said I could have an orgy at Devin's place, so it's not like the idea is exactly all mine."

Troy kissed his cheek. "Actually, I like that idea. It solves a number of logistical problems, and increases the odds of us three fucking some before that swim meet tomorrow. Drama Bear?"

"I know. It's our best shot of getting some alone time with the ginger." Devin nodded. "But it's on you, Tiger Blossom, to do the inviting. I need to save my energy for enjoying you."

Kyle snickered. "That's simple."

Kyle pulled gently away from his two bears, stepped briskly to the bar, vaulted on top of it, and stood up, his head just inches below the ceiling. "Hey, everyone!" he shouted, waving his arm. "Orgy, at Devin's house. You can follow my two bears home. Sharon and I just need to lock it down, once the cops get here to take out the trash."

Everyone laughed and clapped at the idea. Riley Vilseck called out, “Anyone needing direction’s to Drama Bear’s party house can see me. I’ll text you the address.”

Nodding at Riley and grinning at his two bears, Kyle hopped down, and went over to Sharon. “I’ll come in early tomorrow, after the swim meet, to help clean up, but I want you to come, too. Okay?”

“No, you won’t,” Marie told him. “Once I give Grant some proper thanks, I’ll come over, crash at Devin’s with Sharon, and she and I can clean this place together, in peace, just the two of us. Just make sure no one claims Devin’s study for a make-out room. The couch in there opens into a hideaway bed, and the door locks, perfect for two old ladies who like to snuggle.”

“Make breakfast for us all in the morning?” Kyle gave her his best smile.

“Only if you wake us old ladies up in time to embarrass you thoroughly before we go cook,” Sharon teased him. “Otherwise, you’re on your own for breakfast.”

“But the door locks. You just said so.”

“I bet your house key is a master key,” Marie told him. “Want to put money on it or bet in kind?”

Kyle kissed her cheek. “I never bet against my two moms. But I will share winnings with you.”

Both women giggled, having no need to ask what bet he might place on them.

“You ever want to make that official, I’d adopt you in a heartbeat,” Marie assured him.

“Me, too.” Sharon nodded. “Something else that ties us together, Marie.”

Kyle grinned and left them to go hook up with his two bears before they left. He put an arm around each of them, pulling them away from his other friends. “I want a kiss, a real one, here and now, in front of everyone, all three of us together.”

Devin grinned, Troy more solemnly nodded, and they turned in Kyle’s embrace to form an inward-facing triangle. Mouths open and eyes narrowed to slits, they met tongues and angled mouths to negotiate a three-way kiss as best they could, bringing everything else in the room to a halt. When they could no

longer maintain that shared kiss, they took turns in two-person kisses all around the three of them. Kyle teased them, “Stay horny for me until I get there.”

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## Chapter Eleven

### *House Warming*

#### *Devin*

If Troy was OCD about personal hygiene, Devin knew he was equally compulsive about his home. He liked using it for parties, but he also dreaded doing so. Something pretty much always got broken or damaged, always. He knew better, but he loved his collectibles, especially images and figurines of hunky guys and phalluses. Why with drama hunks was it always like that scene in the old movie, *Goonies*, where they break the cock off the statue?

It was Troy's handiwork with cocks in unglazed, fired clay that first caused them to meet. Devin was looking for something hunky to replace a broken collectible when he spied the raw fired sculpture of a man's cock and balls cupped in another man's hand. It was Troy's signature still life as it turned out. He loved getting the guys in a gay couples to pose for a photo of one guy cupping his man's manhood in full erection, from which he would sculpt his next piece. And Troy was right, of course, hands and cocks were captivating images, especially gay men wanting a small, joyful sculpture to display. Devin bought several and had to meet the artist. He was amazed to find that it was the hobby of an Olympic swimmer turned swimming coach. He was even more taken by Troy than by his artwork.

Devin that late night, however, first made sure the garage was open and had Chris pull Adeeb's car inside to unload Adeeb, who was still naked and feeling too much discomfort to appreciate why Chris insisted he stay that way. Troy helped Chris support Adeeb so that walking was not pure agony for him, and they ensconced the hunky nude swimmer in a deep, leather armchair in the family room in front of the gas fire. As soon as Devin knew Adeeb was cared for, he started getting on all the other young hunks about enjoying his house but without breaking things. His actors all grinned and nodded, having heard him before. "This old house is a libertine house in the classic sense. We want you to feel safe, to enjoy, and yet to respect the house as you surrender yourselves to pleasure."

"Don't break Swim Bear's clay cocks. Got it, Drama Bear," Ciprian mocked him, putting a gentle hand to his bearded cheek. "And we'll clean up our cum ropes, too."

“Or cum strings, in your case,” Devin teased him back, patting the young actor on his muscle-yoked shoulder.

“That’s harsh.” Jorge Sisniega laughed. Breza grimaced until Sisniega pulled him into his arms. “Now, you’ll have to show me what you’ve got, Drama Boy.”

Ciprian accepted the warm torso-to-torso contact of the hunky, blond Latino. “I guess I will.”

“I have six bedrooms upstairs available for that,” Devin told them and the other young hunks in earshot. “The seventh, and largest bedroom, is off limits. But if you’re not shy about sharing, the only room downstairs off limits is my study. The backyard is safe and licensed for full nudity, as well. There are condoms in candy dishes, just about everywhere. Just remember our party motto: teasing is pleasing, but torment, unpleasant. So, play but safely. Have fun, just safe fun.”

Rick Bersani snorted. “Drama Bear, your house is sort of like a gay frat house, if there was such a thing.”

Devin nodded. “There are gay frat houses, Bear Cub. Swim Bear and I were both gay Greek Life boys in our day: Delta Lambda Phi and proud of it. Still active alumni, both of us.”

“I sure wish we had something like that, here.” Sky Patterson sighed.

“You do, Drama Bear and this house that he lets us enjoy,” Riley Vilseck spoke up to his peers. “This is the gay boys’ orgy house, guys. Get naked and enjoy yourselves. The guest closet has shelves for you to stack castoff clothes. Mine are going there and staying there for the duration.”

Several of the swim boys followed him to the walk-in closet under the stairs. Some of the drama boys were already there, stripping down. Devin looked at Chris Kaplan. “I’ll keep an eye on your boyfriend while you go strip down. You can give him your pager.”

“Thank you.” Chris grinned and stood up to comply, kissing Adeeb before leaving him.

While Chris was gone, Devin said to Adeeb, “I’d like to see both of you be part of my upcoming play. I feel bad for your injuries. You were there because I asked Kyle to invite you.”

“I plan to be part of it. After tonight, your drama boys are as much my friends as the swim boys,” Adeeb told him. “And I met and fell for Chris,

because of that invitation. I could do without five sutures on my cock, but the rest of it was pure heaven for me. So, of course, I'll be in your play."

"And for the record, you look good naked, sutures and all. I hope you'll feel comfortable with getting naked any time you visit here. I like things of beauty in my space, as you can see."

"Easy on the praise, Drama Bear." Adeeb chuckled, visibly pleased. "Too much could get me hard, and that would hurt, a lot."

"Swim Bear will want a photo of Chris cupping your manhood with the sutures, I think."

"A photo of me doing what?" Chris asked, stepping up tall, nude, and very hunky.

Troy walked up, nude, phone in hand. "See the ceramics of a cock in hand scattered around?"

Chris nodded. "I have. Several of them. Now that I'm out, I have to say I like them, a lot."

"They all start out as a photo of a guy palming his man's manhood," Troy said, holding up his phone. "And Drama Bear is right. First up on my photos-wanted list are you two."

Chris looked the older hunk over, as both older men checked him out. Devin remarked, "I hope you two visit often and feel free to wander nude here. Both of you are living art and eye candy."

Troy snorted. "Speaking of which, Drama Bear, you need to get naked, so everyone else will."

Devin nodded, and stripped down in front of them. He folded and set his castoffs to one side. "I'll deal with those after Troy captures your hands cupping one another's manhood. I love to see that process, if you two don't mind."

Chris smiled and shrugged. "I'm not shy. And Sugar Pop sure isn't now, are you lover boy?"

"What?" Adeeb asked, obviously too into admiring his hunky, nude boyfriend to pay attention. "We're good. Pose us and take the photos you want. Oh, oh fuck. Fuck. God, that hurts."

Adeeb had obviously admired his new boyfriend a little too much, as his cock swelled inside and against his repaired foreskin, the dark pink head

peeking out. Tiny beads of fresh blood appeared on the wound ridge, but the sutures all held. Chris hunched down and tenderly cupped one hand under Adeeb's cock and balls. "That's why I did five and kept them close together. You're still going to get erections while you heal, Sugar Pop. You just can't use them, yet."

Troy chose that moment to snap several shots, from different angles, with his phone.

"If I'm going to get hard anyway, would coming hurt the healing process?" Adeeb asked Chris, his cock getting hard enough that the penis head popped out, making the brown hunk gasp. "Oh, fuck! That hurt! But the sutures still held!"

Troy's camera popped several times, as Chris carefully examined his lover's penis. "A few more beads of blood, but the wound track is okay, and the sutures, too. It's not the erection or the coming that's dangerous right now, it's sexual friction on the wound track and the sutures."

"I'm going to do Adeeb's manhood in terracotta and Chris's hands in porcelain, if it's okay with you guys," Troy suddenly interjected, not paying attention to their love banter. "Or I can obscure the biracial nature of your relationship, if you prefer."

Chris looked his lover. "I like my beer, and men, richly dark and full flavored."

"And I like mine blond and hunky as hell." Adeeb sighed. "Terracotta and porcelain is fine. But now you have to take some shots of us reversed, with my hand on my man's manhood."

Devin decided to interject a thought and put the two boys' original thoughts back into play. "Since Adeeb is hard and can come, I'm going to make an exception about my study. When you're done here, with Troy, go in there and have Chris fuck you until you come."

Chris smiled nervously. "I've never fucked a guy before. What if I come before I get him to?"

"You wait until you get hard again and fuck him some more, until he does come without friction on his cock. Adeeb will know where you have to get him in the ass, if he's as versatile as he claims. And it'll do you good to practice hitting it."

Chris got rock hard at the prospect and Adeeb pulled him up to sit next to him, so he could cup that erection in his hand. As the brown hunk did so,

Troy's phone camera flashed. "I'm going to have to sculpt a whole series, based on just you two."

His assertion made both young hunks all the hotter for one another, provoking Troy to take even more shots of them cupping and fondling one another's manhood, Chris very careful of Adeeb's wound and sutures, Adeeb much more freely aggressive on Chris. Adeeb suddenly pulled back, and said, "I'm giving you a one person hall pass on us. If you need some and I'm too sore, or even if I'm fine and you're just curious. You need to do Kyle. You're the only one of our friends who hasn't, one way or another. Just letting him suck you would be okay, but he's good at everything and anything two guys can do together for fun."

"Nice offer, Sugar Pop," Devin chortled. "But your hall pass is worthless unless we match it."

Adeeb grinned up at him. "That's why I offered in front of you two. Are you going to refuse?"

Devin slapped Troy's bare shoulder. "Ow! I heard. I'm just thinking about it. Does this mean we have to give Tiger Blossom a hall pass every time we get a new swimmer or actor who's hot?"

"No, not unless you want to," Kyle interjected stepping up behind them, all stripped down. "I heard while I was stripping down by the guest closet."

"You live here," Devin reminded him, pulling him close for a kiss.

"The guest closet was closer than my bedroom, and I wanted to be naked and with you guys."

"Good answer." Troy grinned joining them for some more kissing and hugging.

"If you're giving me a hall pass on Chris, I think we should all have some fun with it." Kyle grinned. "Ever hear of submission wrestling, Chris? Winner gets to top or at least choose who tops. You wanted to spar with me. Your boyfriend wants us to use a hall pass. We could make quite the event of it, limited to just good friends, of course. Think about it. It could be fun."

Devin looked at Troy and both of them nodded and then kissed, pulling Kyle into the kiss.

Chris frowned, but accepted a kiss from Adeeb. "Two conditions. I need practice fucking my boyfriend, first. Second, Adeeb and I get a cut of your bet

winnings, whichever way you bet. We all know you'll play bookie and that you'll have money on both of us winning, and losing."

"I like those conditions, because I need a little fucking practice with my new boyfriends, too."

"Cool. I need just one more thing from you and your steady hands, Chris," Kyle told him, making Chris, Adeeb, Troy, and Devin all stare at him. "And we need the couch so we can get some photos on Troy's phone of two hands cupping one cock and one hand cupping two."

The other guys all laughed. Chris helped Adeeb to his feet, cautioning him to keep his feet wide, and then accepted Troy's phone. Devin pushed Kyle to sit center, with him on the right and Troy on the left. They tried a lot of poses at Devin's insistence, and Chris went along with it, keeping one hand on Adeeb's erection at all times, and Adeeb helping him to stay hard as well. Finally, Chris handed the phone back to Troy, and said, "We need to go do some of that practice fucking before my boyfriend wears out and needs to sleep."

Devin laughed. "The sofa folds out into a hideaway bed. There're sheets in the closet, and the condoms and lube are in plain sight."

Kyle looked alarmed. "Marie and Sharon were going to use your office, together."

"Mom can use the stairs, Adeeb shouldn't." Troy shrugged, nodding at Chris and Adeeb as they paused in obvious angst. "I'll text her that they're using your room. She and Sharon won't mind using your sheets for their fun. You go let Sharon know before she crashes in the wrong room."

Devin nodded at Adeeb and Chris. "Lock the door. And take your time. See you in the morning."

Adeeb looked at Chris, who nodded. They looked at Kyle, each reached for and grabbed him by one of his thick, muscular arms, pulling into a three-way embrace. Their erections rammed him in his genitals, making him engorge a little. Adeeb said, "We owe you so much. So, we wanted to share a little kiss good-night with you."

The sight of the three young men embracing, buck naked, had Devin more than a little aroused, and he noticed it had a similar, slow-but-steady effect on his longtime partner. When Kyle looked their way for permission, it pleased Devin to no end that the ginger sought his eyes and approval, first. He nodded and noted that his rising erection made the ginger grin. When Tiger Blossom

looked at Troy, he looked at both the reaction in his face and his groin, accepting Troy's nod as well.

The three-way tongue licking went smoothly enough, but as they progressed to taking turns to kiss one-on-one, Devin found himself anticipating and already jealous of Kyle kissing Chris, even before their mouths joined. That kiss was the briefest, and yet the fiercest, most intense of all the traded kisses.

The three-way embrace melted and the young hunks pulled back. Chris tenderly guided Adeeb toward Devin's study. Chris's one glance back at Kyle, heightened Devin's concerns. When they were out of sight, Devin snorted. "You going to ditch us for the EMT, Tiger Blossom?"

"I'm sure as hell going to use the hall pass you guys gave me," Kyle teased him back. "He's still trouble, but in a good way. Chris and I are bookends, both assholes at heart. We'll be friends, sometimes friends with benefits. But he loves Adeeb, and I love you two, so don't fret."

Devin shrugged. "Why us and not him? He's your age, hung, and your bookend, as you put it?"

"You guys are all dick, like me. And that's what I want to come home to, snuggle with."

"Not just dicks." Troy grinned at them. "All three of us have brass ones in the ball sack."

Kyle nodded. "So does Chris. It's why he makes Devin jealous, but shouldn't."

Devin sighed. "I'm tired of talking about other people having sex. We need some of our own."

Kyle kissed him and then Troy. "So why are we here, when we could be upstairs, fucking me?"

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*Kyle*

Getting up the stairs in a hands-everywhere threesome was interesting all by itself, but Kyle totally enjoyed the leisurely process. He loved having his hands on them and their hands on him. Devin was so aggressive and yet so closed. Troy was just plain easy, easy to please and to pleasure. Other groups and couples moved out of their way on the stairs and the railed landing above. The little grins and smiles they got in passing just made getting there all the more fun.

When Kyle, Devin, and Troy got to the bears' bedroom, however, they found it occupied. Sky Patterson stood naked near the foot of the king bed, his cock up and very hard. Rick Bersani, also naked and erect, knelt in front of him, mouth open. Sky had a hand on Rick's face, gazing down into his eyes. "You can just mouth me once, give me a hand job, and consider the bet covered. You're too good of a friend to lose over a bet."

Bersani grinned. "I placed the bet, knowing I'd lose. I needed a reason for my first to be you, other than just asking, 'Can I please try sucking cock on you?'"

"So, why me?"

"You're fucking hot, hung, have that gorgeous dick, and have to ask why?"

"I do, and before you mouth me, as much as I want you to."

"I had one of those 'hypothetical' discussions with Kyle once, while he was sucking me off," Rick said and then giggled. "Yeah, I know. Geek squad to visit while Kyle is blowing you, right? Anyway, I asked him if he had to suck cock for the first time, all over, which gay guy on the swim team would be the most gentle the first time. He said you, without even thinking about it."

Sky looked up, smirked at Kyle and the two bears. "You really say that?"

"I did. And was I wrong about you?"

"I guess we should find out."

Rick took that as permission, grabbed Patterson's cock, put his mouth on it, tonguing it. He pulled back looked up at Sky and smiled. "Tastes good, feels good. I'm going to play some."

"Go for it." Sky nodded. As Rick mouthed him again and started sucking in earnest, he glanced at Kyle and the bears. "Got someplace to go?"

"Funny you should ask." Kyle grinned at them. "You're in our space. So, either you get an audience or you get to take this elsewhere. We're going just slip by, sit on the bed, and fool around a little ourselves while you guys entertain us. Okay?"

"Close the door, at least?" Rick asked, pulling off Sky's cock.

"You boys didn't," Devin teased them. "But we can, so the show can go on."

Rick sniggered as Kyle and bears stepped into the room, Devin closing the door. He went back to lavishing his tongue and mouth on the up-curving,

pulsating cock in front of him, putting a hand up onto Sky's tight abs. Kyle, Swim Bear, and Drama Bear arranged themselves at the foot of the big bed, Kyle in the middle, and gently stroked one another in time to Rick's efforts on Sky's cock. Rick pulled off again to say, "I'm glad it's you. I love your dick. I'm going to try to deep throat it. Okay?"

Sky put his hands to either side of Bersani's head. "Just spotting you, like in the weight room. Nod if you want positive pressure to help and just pull back when you need to. You know you'll probably gag a couple of times before you get it in very deep, so don't fret, just do what works for you. Okay?"

Bersani nodded.

"Was that an 'okay, I understand,' or a 'positive pressure'?"

"Both." Bersani nodded again, keeping his mouth open.

Patterson gently, yet forcefully pressed Bersani's head toward his engorged penis, Rick lavishing it with his tongue as it went into his mouth. He nodded again, and Sky pressed Rick's head to force his cock deeper in. Rick started making gurgling noises, but nodded again, and Sky pressed again. Rick gurgled, sounded as if he was choking, and Sky started to pull Rick off, but Bersani grabbed Patterson's ass with both hands and drove Sky's cock deeper into his mouth. Rick turned red in the face and sounded almost as if he was drowning, but he pressed again, getting it all in and his nose buried in Patterson's pubes. Then, he pulled off, cleared his throat, and grinned. "I did it the first time, just like Tiger Blossom."

"Except I practiced on a banana first, so I wouldn't act like I was drowning on cock with my boyfriend," Kyle interjected. "Still, you did just fine, but tick-tock, less talk, more sucking."

Shifting one hand from Sky's ass to his cock, Rick grinned at Kyle. "Yes, sir. Hands."

Sky put his hands back onto Rick's head.

"Face fuck me."

"That really could make you gag."

"Just do it. If I gag, I gag. Please."

Patterson gently complied, and although Bersani gurgled, he didn't gag on Sky's big cock. "Harder, faster."

Sky grinned down at Rick and face fucked him much more vigorously, Bersani taking it and noisily enjoying it. Kyle found himself grinning, his own

cock pulsating, as he watched. His hands busily stroked his two lovers' cocks, and they lavished similar attention on him. Kyle leaned into Troy and kissed him and then kissed Devin. Both of them appeared to enjoy watching Bersani give head so very well for a first-timer.

Devin drew Kyle's gaze to the expanse of the bed behind them and Kyle nodded. His two bears got up, grabbed him by the arms, pulled him backwards to lie on the huge bed, and then joined him there. He grinned at them. "I want both of you at the same time. One of you face fuck me and the other one fuck my ass. Please, please."

Troy grabbed Kyle and rolled him over onto his stomach. "Hands and knees."

Kyle willingly complied, enjoying the sound of Bersani gurgling as Patterson continued to face fuck him. Soon, he felt Troy's mouth on his ass, tongue shoving, warm and wet into his ass. "That's so good, Devin, face fuck me. Please."

Drama Bear grinned and leaned over Kyle to kiss Swim Bear, and then he offered his oozy, pulsating erection to Kyle's mouth. As quickly as Kyle had Devin's cock in his mouth, Drama Bear complied with his wish and began slowly thrusting it deep into Kyle's mouth and throat. Troy spat onto Kyle's ass and slid a finger into his asshole, making Kyle writhe with pleasure. Troy spat again and thrust in a second finger. After he finger fucked Kyle with three fingers, he spat on Kyle's ass several more times, and gently shoved his cock into Kyle's hole.

Kyle writhed and bucked with pleasure, moaning in delight as Devin started to face fuck him harder and faster. After a few slow, pleasurable thrusts into his ass, Kyle felt Troy start fucking his ass just as vigorously as Devin did his mouth. He found himself humming the words to Hozier's *Take Me to Church* as his two bears fulfilled his greatest sexual desire, gurgling at times, in place of humming but staying with the rhythm of the tune. He loved the change in angle and intensity as they leaned over him, still fucking his face and ass to kiss one another again.

Eventually, and all too soon for Kyle, the two bears pulled back, rolled Kyle willingly onto his back, and slid him, ass first, to the edge of the bed. He heard Troy curse, "Fuck, I should have used a condom, so I could trade off with Devin."

"I used my cleansing kit in the bar men's room, while Sharon counted out the register. Just do it. My ass is clean. Trade and fuck me some more."

At that moment, whether by chance or in response to Kyle's urgent plea to his lovers, Patterson suddenly pulled back and very noisily came on Bersani's face and into his mouth. Devin helped Kyle sit up to view the sight of one friend coming on the other. As quickly as Bersani mouthed Patterson's spent cock to milk it as Kyle always did to him, Devin eased Kyle back down to the bed, and traded places with Troy. Kyle told Troy, "Get into pushup position over me, and face fuck down into me. I want your pubes in my face, too."

As soon as Troy was straddled over his face, cock in his mouth and fucking him that way, Devin spat onto his ass, some of it getting his big balls. "You might want to grab your balls to protect them from me thrusting into you."

But Kyle just slapped his own balls with one hand, while cranking his cock with the other. Kyle's verbal answer of "Just fuck me" mostly came out as happy gurgles, but Devin complied, thrusting in slowly a couple of times before really slamming into Kyle's ass. Every time one of Devin's thrusts put pressure on Kyle's balls, Kyle writhed in enjoyment of the mild pain, encouraging Devin to fuck him even more aggressively. Kyle again started humming and gurgling the same anthem of love, totally in heaven as far as he was concerned. Having his two bears fucking him was going to church, taking him to heaven in the process.

Kyle suddenly felt more weight on the bed, and saw his two friends insert themselves, uninvited into the action, gently pulling his hands away from his cock so that they could pleasure him between them with slurps of their mouths and tongues. Troy just used the shoulder of each young man as a foot brace as he face fucked Kyle all the more intensely. And Devin kept pounding Kyle's ass, ignoring the two young men mutually licking and taking turns sucking Kyle's cock.

Troy came first, pulling back a little to gush some on Kyle's face and mouth but then buried his cock in Kyle's mouth and throat as Kyle reached up and grabbed his ass to pull Troy's body down toward his face. That immediately took Kyle over the edge, and he bucked and gushed for all the pressure that four other guys put on his muscular frame. Devin pulled out of his ass, and finished stroking on Kyle's torso, but also painting the sides of Patterson and Bersani's faces in the process.

Troy tumbled away from Kyle and then moved himself around so that he had first dibs on kissing Kyle, licking away the traces of his cum on Kyle's face and sharing that with him in another kiss. Swim Bear then, gave each of his

other two swimmers a gentle slap, telling them. “You boys did fine, joining us in the end. You really helped the ginger enjoy himself.”

Bersani grinned. “Thanks. And Kyle, I’m so not just a three on the scale. There’s no way I’ll ever kiss or fuck another girl again.”

Kyle twisted around among his friends and lovers, grabbed Bersani by the cock and said, “Patterson, fresh meat. You going to seal the deal and make Bersani your man?”

Patterson grinned at Bersani. “You okay with that idea, being my boyfriend? I’ll suck you off, either way, but I’d like to be boyfriends, if you would?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely!” Rick grinned back. “But like Kyle said, you need to seal the deal.”

Sky barely had Rick’s cock in his mouth, when they heard someone frantically knock on the door and then open it. Chris was there, looking concerned, perhaps even a little frightened.

“What’s wrong?” Troy instantly demanded. “Have Adeeb’s stitches torn loose?”

Chris shook his head. “I had him on his back, and he was edged and about to cum just from me fucking him, and he wanted to film it with his phone. And he did. He got a nice little video clip of me fucking him until he came. And of me stroking the cum onto his abs. And then he decided to send the video of us to Kyle, only your speed dial code is almost the same as his folks. They called him right away. His parents totally flipped out. They said they were coming down here to get him and take him back home to Redding. I have Tyler and Dillon with him right now, but he’s freaking out. They can’t just come take him away from us, from me, can they?”

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## Chapter Twelve

### *Gay Greek Life*

#### *Devin*

Looking at Swim Bear, Devin looked at the naked, unnerved blond hunk. “Troy and I will be right down to help you two deal with this. Go comfort Adeeb until we get down there. We won’t be long. Kyle, walk him down. Okay?”

Devin knew from the relieved look Tiger Blossom gave him, that the ginger needed to be involved. And Blondie looked relieved to have Kyle to take back down to Adeeb right away. Tiger Blossom slid a sympathetic arm around Chris’s lean waist, and the two young hunks left to go downstairs. Devin immediately looked at Patterson and Bersani. “The sofa over there converts into a futon bed. Pull the lever on the side, and it goes flat. Get linens from my closet to the left of the bathroom, make the bed, and put yourselves in it. You swim tomorrow and need some shuteye, regardless of what we do to help Adeeb.”

“We can go crash elsewhere,” Bersani offered.

“No you can’t,” Devin told them. “You sleep here in this room when you’re here from now on.”

Patterson shrugged. “Sure, thanks, but why?”

Troy let out a little sigh, kissed his lover, and told them, “When we let you stay to share your moment with Kyle and us, and then you felt the need to help us fulfill his sexual fantasies, you crossed a line but in a good way. You became more to us than just our students. Kyle is our lover, bedmate, and partner now, but you’re still very special. Friends with benefits, if you will. So, your place here is with us, sharing the room, but your own bed as your own couple. Okay?”

Bersani grinned. “We’re the new gay concubines, and Kyle, your new gay spouse. Got it.”

“Exactly,” Devin agreed. “So, get ready for bed and get some sleep. We had a nap, earlier, before all hell broke loose at the bar, so we’ll deal with this crisis. And we’ll send Kyle up to crash in our bed. You’re going to hate how little

sleep you've had in the morning. So, kiss us goodnight, concubine boys, then get that bed set up, and use it."

After swapping quick kisses among all four of them, Devin and Troy left their room and closed the door behind them. Devin gave Troy a look as they rounded the banister and started down the stairs together, their cocks bobbing and bouncing with each step. "Time to activate our colony application with the fraternal order?"

Troy smiled. "Soon, time to initiate our new partner into what that entails, and how we can use it to help all of these young men belong to us, and one another, for the rest of their lives. And help keep Chris and Adeeb together."

"We are going to piss off a lot of people here locally in the process." Devin grinned.

Troy nodded and kissed him as they reached the bottom of the stairs. "Yes, we are."

Entering Devin's study, they found Kyle snuggled with Adeeb and Chris in the hide-a-bed, gently caressing both hunks with wandering hands as he tried to reassure them, "You guys belong to my bears as much as I do. If anyone can fix this for you two, they will. There's no way we'll let your parents show up and just take you away, like some naughty child, Adeeb."

Devin saw the blond and brown hunks melt against the ginger under the caress of his soothing words and hands, the three as much one flesh in that tender and vulnerable moment as he, Swim Bear, and Tiger Blossom had been earlier in the pure joy of hot sex. Devin felt Troy grip his hand and he nodded for Swim Bear to lead off in the narrative they had not rehearsed but knew would take some time to articulate.

"Tiger Blossom's exactly right about that, Sugar Pop," Troy told the worried-looking brown hunk. "You belong to us; you're our family now, and Blondie, too. If your mom and dad can't accept that, they can just fuck themselves all the way back north, without you. Right now, we want you to snuggle up to your hunk and get some shuteye. After breakfast, or brunch, actually, given the hour, we're moving you two upstairs into a room together, to live here, with us. No more goddamn dorm for you, Adeeb, and no more fucking little rat-hole apartment for you, Chris. We'll put the drama boys on helping Chris move both your stuff in."

Devin sat down on the opened bed and put a hand on Adeeb's broad, bare shoulder. "When your folks get to that dorm room and find it empty, they'll

start singing another tune. They can either love you as you are or go fuck themselves. Either way, we all love you and want you guys to live here, in this house.”

Devin took up the narrative, “Troy and I, once we met, found we had similar taste in art, music, men, and that both of us were alumni of America’s original gay fraternal order. This house is our shrine to being Delta Lambda Phi brothers. We bought it together and remodeled it together in hopes of it one day being a real chapter house of our order. You guys bring our old motto to life by making your presence in our lives make a real difference. All thirteen of you. You have courage, charisma, and heart. We’ve had a preliminary application for recognition on file with the national organization for years, but never activated it, but we want to now.”

Devin let Troy continue their narrative with the three young hunks, “We want this emergency in your life, Adeeb, to be our rally point to bring the order to life here. At breakfast or brunch, we’ll propose to all thirteen of you that we start a colony of the fraternal order and have all of you move in and share this house with us. We’ll press the university to accept us as a provisional Greek house, including rubbing the events at the bar in their faces.”

“That won’t put Chris at risk, will it?”

Both Troy and Devin shook their heads. Devin said, “Chris belongs to us, too, is one of us. We may have to twist some story details in his favor, but he’s a real hero, and that’s no lie. And there’s another reason we want you three to know up front what we plan to get rolling; we’re going to present the national fraternity with you three, plus Bersani and Patterson, as the colony council, as our local officers.”

“The cool thing is,” Troy went on, “that as the thirteen charter members and officers of this new provisional chapter, or colony, none of you have to pledge, just take the new brothers training, and you’re in. And all we have to do to move up from colony to full chapter is recruit three more guys into the order in the next year and a half.”

“Troy and I will handle the start-up costs and the upkeep of the frat house,” Devin told them. “And we are prepared to help all three of you with tuition, fees, and books to get you through to graduation, because Chris, you are fucking well going back to school, next term.”

Chris looked worried. “You guys are great. We love you, and we’ll move in, but that’s fucking shitload of money to send all three of us to school here.”

“We can pay it, if we need to,” Devin grinned at him, “but we mean to make the university eat the cost, or as much of the cost as possible.”

“How? Why would they? For a bunch of gay guys?”

“The allocution hearing of Reeves, Sparks, Harrison, and Garza is set for Monday,” Swim Bear reminded them. “Drama Bear is going put the university president on the spot, first thing in the morning, while the swim boys and I get ready for our meet. Harrison and Garza are university students who committed a hate crime against a protected minority, student to student. If we threaten to break the plea agreement to pursue a full hate crimes scandal, we think the university will cave, and cave generously, in your favor. That makes the university and their deep pockets, liable for all damages, physical, emotional, or monetary to you, Adeeb, and also for your rescuers, Chris, Kyle, Rick, and Sky.”

“Bottom line, go to bed, get some rest, because we have a full morning by midmorning, at the latest,” Devin finished up. “Okay?”

Even though it cost him winces of pain, Adeeb leaned forward to hug and kiss Devin and then Troy. “Thank you, guys. Love you, and we’ll do our part.”

Devin looked at Kyle. “That means you go to bed, too. It’s almost four a.m.”

“You guys going back to bed with me?”

Devin looked at Troy, who nodded, and said, “We’ll go snuggle until our Ginger Pubes lets the sleep fairies catch him. Isn’t that how the fairytale, *Ginger Pubes and the Two Gay Bears* ends, Swim Bear?”

“That sounds about right, Drama Bear.” Troy snickered. “Bersani and Patterson dubbed themselves ‘concubines’ of our relationship with Ginger Pubes, here. We think of you two much the same way. You have your own relationship, but you’re also part of ours with Kyle. So, Ginger Pubes, kiss the concubines goodnight and come snuggle with your bears.”

“Only if ‘Ginger Pubes’ gets fucked to sleep by his two bears, not just snuggled. That’s how the story should end.” Tiger Blossom grinned. He thoroughly hugged and kissed Sugar Pop goodnight, gently feeling up Adeeb’s manhood, mindful of the sutures in his foreskin. He was a bit rougher in feeling up Blondie, giving his long cock an ungentle tug as they kissed, teasing after, “Just because this means the hall pass between us has no expiration date, now, doesn’t mean I won’t make you earn it. Sweet dreams, guys, I love you both.”

“Love you, too.” Chris gave one of Kyle’s nipples an equally ungentle twist. “I wouldn’t want that hall pass any other way, Ginger Pubes.”

Kyle gave Chris a more serious look. “That nickname better stay among the seven of us. I never want to hear it from anyone else, but my six guys.”

“You don’t think the other six deserve to use it, too? They’ve all had personal use of those glorious ginger pubes,” Adeeb observed dryly.

Devin saw a mischievous look on the ginger’s face while his long cock engorged. That rising cock got everyone’s attention, but it was to Devin and then Troy that he looked for approval. Devin just grinned, not sure what sexual activity the ginger obviously had in mind. “Go for it.”

Kyle stood in front of Adeeb, his cock coming fully erect right in front of the brown hunk’s face. Adeeb glanced at the two bears, who grinned and nodded, and then immediately mouthed Tiger Blossom’s cock, deep-throating him right up to his ginger pubes. After Adeeb slowly pulled off, sucking all the way, Kyle presented his erection to Chris, but as Chris leaned forward to mouth his cock, Kyle put fingers to his cock and used it to smack Chris’s mouth and face, making the blond hunk grin and then grab it and mouth it. Chris also deep-throated Kyle’s cock, gurgling, and almost choking, as he did so. It took him three attempts to bury his nose in those ginger pubes and not choke. After Chris pulled off, Kyle said, “How many mouths do you want me sharing this cock with?”

Chris grabbed him by the cock again and said, “However many you choose, as long as my mouth’s one of them and you let me finish sucking you now. I liked that, a lot.”

Devin shook his head. “Sleep and nothing else. Kyle can come down and finish what he started after you both get some, sleep that is. But we’re glad you like cock, Chris, we plan to let you suck a lot of it and whatever else you’d like to do with us. Good night.”

Kyle gave Chris a teasing little wag of his cock. “Say goodnight to Blondie, Kyle Jr. My cock says, ‘Good night, Blondie.’”

“Asshole. You’ll get yours in the morning.” Chris grinned at him.

“I’ve got two holes to put that rod of yours into,” Ginger Pubes assured him as his two bears led him from the room, one on each of his powerful arms. “Sweet dreams, just not wet dreams.”

“Same to you.” Chris snickered. “I’ve got dibs on your next cum load. Love you, asshole.”

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*Kyle*

True to their word, Devin and Troy let him take a last piss, brush his teeth, and then double-spooned him in the middle of their huge bed, his erection pressed against Swim Bear’s spine, and Drama Bear’s erection against his, while the ginger snaked an arm over Troy’s lean side to cup Swim Bear’s erection in his grasp. But Troy would not let Kyle stroke his cock, just cup it and lie still, sandwiched between their warm bodies under the covers. As much as he fought his heavy eyelids and luxuriated in the warmth and pleasure of that double spoon, he soon slipped away into dreams.

In his dream, Devin became Chiron, Troy, Triton, and Kyle, Pan, complete with goat’s ears, horns, and hooves. Images blurred and identities changed, but every last guy in their group of friends and lovers had part in the dream as hunky beasts, gods, and heroes. Everything shifted into *Cum White and the Fourteen Hunky Studs* with each and every last one of them boning him to his delight. Every twist of the dream ended the same, with Kyle accepting the sexual attentions of them all, but always cuddling with and enjoying most the company of his two bears, even when he dreamed he was *Dickson and the Wizards of Cum*, with his two bears as the wizards.

Finally, he dreamed Tony was his gay guardian angel, helping him to find his way to Devin, Troy, Chris, Adeeb, Sky, and Rick, assuring him that they were God’s will for him, forever and ever, as an all-male chorus did an A Cappella cover of Hozier’s *Take Me To Church*, their perfect voices also covering the purely instrumental parts. The scene ended in a wedding with each of his fourteen spouses kissing him. On the last “amen” of the song, Kyle’s eyes fluttered open, and he felt hunky lips on his and realized that it was Chris Kaplan actually kissing and caressing him awake.

“Wake up, sleepy, our two bears asked me to be the one to wake you. Tick-tock, we’re only minutes from Marie and Sharon’s pancakes, sausage, and eggs. Your cock’s up, so wake up.”

Kyle felt his cock pulsate at those words and he murmured, “Let me worship at the shrine of your cock, Blondie. Sixty-nine me. I want to taste your cum before I eat anything else.”

Without another word between them, Chris got into pushup position over him, face to groin, and began sucking Kyle. Kyle let Chris guide his cock into his mouth. Blondie immediately went to face fucking Kyle's mouth to his delight. Kyle bucked up his hips as Chris sucked on his cock, doing his best to fuck the face above his manhood. There was no edging or waiting between them, only the urgent need to taste, suck, and make one another come.

But as they drove one another wild with lips, tongues, and sucking as hard as they could, Kyle realized that they were not alone in the room. A glance every which way that he could tilt his head and keep sucking, he saw guys, his guys watching them suck one another: Devin, Troy, Adeeb, Sky, Rick, Tyler, Dillon, Riley, Ciprian, Jorge, Corey, Jack, and Blake. He briefly pulled off Chris's cock getting a thrust into the side of his cheek, capturing Chris's cock in his hand. "Touch us, be part of us. Let us all be one, as Chris and I come. Chris, fuck my mouth hard."

Chris complied, and Kyle sucked him for all he was worth, as their thirteen guys stepped forward to the bed and put gentle caressing hands to both of them, some having to crawl onto the bed to reach them. Chris came first, and Kyle did his best to capture every drop in his mouth but did not swallow. He just let Chris fuck his cum-filled mouth until the blond was completely spent, and then Kyle came in his mouth, and Chris did the same. Pulling off one another's spent members, they turned their heads and gave up a little taste of the warm, creamy treasure to each guy who bent down and kissed them, saving the last taste of one another to share back in one last kiss between them.

As Kyle and Chris lay together on the bed, side-by-side, legs and hands entwined, Devin said, "We are now one in body, heart, and purpose. As we discussed with you before this moment, we propose that we all join together as a DLP colony, and that all of you move into this chapter house today. Troy and I will cover whatever it costs to break your housing leases. We want you here tonight, and every night after."

Troy spoke up, "Obviously, some of us have a swim meet to get ready for, but as soon as it's over, we need for you guys to get what you need to move in tonight and then tomorrow we'll get the rest of your stuff over here and out of your old places. Those of you that are couples will bunk together and the rest will have to decide among you who bunks with whom, two to a room, except this one where we are a threesome. And feel free to share one another as we have all just shared with Kyle and Chris. You are all family to us now."

Devin said, "Hugs and kisses all around, and then let's go join the ladies for breakfast."

After several rounds of group hugs and kisses and as many of the guys left to noisily go down the stairs, shoulder to shoulder, to breakfast, Sky and Rick hung back. Rick said, "If it's all the same to you guys, we like sleeping on the hide-a-bed in this room with you guys."

Kyle looked at his bears, and Devin said, "Good. We hoped that you'd say that when given the chance to claim another room for yourselves. We're thinking about opening the wall between this room and the other larger room next to it, so that the seven of us, you guys, plus Chris and Adeeb, have easy access to one another, and the seven of us have more room together."

Chris looked at Adeeb, who smiled and nodded. Troy said, "We'll have someone here to do the work today, at least to put an opening in the wall between rooms, and then finish it as quickly as possible. Adeeb, carry you or just brace you up going down the stairs?"

Adeeb shrugged. "It hurts, but not so much I can't handle the stairs, especially going up and down them nude. Clothes are the real torture."

"So, stay naked at home for the rest of the weekend, and we'll see about you going out on Monday, when that morning rolls around," Devin told him. "You can hang out with me, during the swim meet you'll be missing. I want you handy anyway, when I start laying on the guilt with the university, right after brunch. Let's go eat before they wait for us the way that farm pigs do."

They ended up waiting long enough for Kyle to pee, having held it all while sixty-nining Chris, and during the fun and affection, and gargle a little mouthwash, the seven of them joining the other eight already enjoying the massive midmorning meal that the two older women had prepared. Kyle grinned to realize that he was just one of fifteen stark naked guys eating in front of two older women in their nightgowns, and instead of feeling weird, it just felt like home. He sauntered over to Marie and Sharon and hugged and kissed them both. And they hugged him back.

"How are my two moms this morning?"

"Thinking that we love being together and here with you boys enough to move in, assuming we're welcome," Marie said loudly enough for everyone to hear her.

Devin shouted over the sudden rowdy cheers, "The study's all yours, ladies. We'll get people in here later to convert it with whatever furniture you want."

Sharon gave Kyle a teasing little pat on his left butt cheek, looking him up and down. "Marie and I hear you've earned yourself a new nickname, Ginger

Pubes. And don't you dare blush. You look cute this way. And it's not like I haven't seen 'Kyle junior' before. Love you, Ginger Boy."

"Love you, Mama Sharon, Mama Marie."

As Kyle settled back to eating his meal, the doorbell rang. Several of the young men suddenly looked concerned with sitting there eating breakfast in the nude. Marie took Sharon by the hand and told the guys, "We'll go see who it is and deal with it. Kyle, tag along to play messenger, just in case we need the guys to get covered or out of sight."

Kyle mouthed a bite of pancake, and then got up to follow them, his long flaccid cock swaying along with his tight, muscular ass, causing several of the guys to wolf whistle after him. He twisted back around, lithe and muscular, to grin at them, then sauntered after the ladies. Kyle kept back from the door as Marie opened it, and the two ladies peered out.

"There are cars parked all along the street," said an elderly voice that Kyle instantly recognized as belonging to the next-door neighbor. "Are they going to be there long?"

"Forever and all eternity," Marie told them. "You are?"

"We're Mr. O'Keefe's next-door neighbors," said the old man, his face also hidden to Kyle by the front door. "Can the cars in front of our house be moved?"

Sharon snorted. "They can be. They just won't be, until our boys feel like. Good day."

She slammed the door. "Those people were eye fucking me. Goddamn them anyway."

Kyle nodded and put his arms around Sharon and Marie. "They do that and other annoying things."

Marie frowned. "Old bigots are always the worst ones."

Kyle shrugged. "Your pancakes are calling my name. No time to worry about the neighbors."

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*Devin*

The formal living room of the house had enough room on couches and end chairs for everyone, and then some. The seventy-inch flat-screen TV over the

gas fireplace was dark, but the gas flame blazed as the fifteen nude guys, and two women in their nighties gathered to listen to the call Devin had placed with the university president, Dr. Henry Samuelson.

“What is so fucking important O’Keefe that it can’t wait until Monday,” Samuelson said by way of answering the call.

“Hanky Panky, is that any way to talk to one of my boys?” Marie instantly spoke up.

“Marie? Marie Benson... er... the caller ID said...”

“I’m here, too,” Devin spoke up. “Marie’s my mom-in-law, so to speak. Troy and a lot of other people are listening in, too, Hanky Panky, so I’d lay off the F-bombs for a bit. Just saying.”

“Same question, fewer words. What’s so urgent?”

“Nothing is urgent, unless of course you want all fucking hell to break loose on the University when we end this call,” Marie told him. “One of my Troy’s swim boys was the victim of a malicious sexual-orientation-based hate crime last night, and I would shut the fuck up and just listen if I was you, because I’m in favor of skipping this call and calling the media instead. Two of your local redneck university boys cut our kid last night. He needed five stitches on the foreskin of his pretty brown cock afterward. They tried to circumcise him in a parking lot because he had a Sikh turban on and they thought he was Muslim, instead, telling him they were going to give a “rug jockey a Jew Cut.” The bigots offended three faiths for the price of one, and they did it because they knew our kid is gay. The victim let the goddamn D.A. plea bargain your asshole university boys down to lesser charges, and I want full fucking justice for the victim. Tell me why we should not call in the press and have the whole fucking thing out there, about how goddamned antigay this school is. You probably should get your usual nine holes of golf in early today, but it might get a little rough for you after our news conference.”

“Hold on, Marie, hold on.” Everyone heard the fear in Samuelson’s voice. “Let’s see what we can do to make things better for the young man, the victim, without causing all hell to break loose and further harm the school.”

“What are you going to do for him?” Marie persisted. “He has to miss today’s swim meet, due to his injuries, and may miss next week’s, too. He’s been outed to conservative Christian parents who want to pull him from the university over this. The whole fucking swim team is demoralized over having

one of their star swimmers humiliated and unnecessarily injured by two useless local boys whose mommies can pay cash for their tuition just to get their sorry asses out of the house. I'm personally encouraging them to sue the university for millions, for starters. Obviously gay students need a place of their own to feel safe around here. Perhaps if some major LGBT rights activists got involved, you'd be inspired to do the right thing by these boys."

"Okay, Marie, Okay. Just tell me what you want for your guys."

"I want six full-ride scholarships, one for the victim, and five for the guys who rescued him from your bigoted legacy assholes," she told him. "And I want them to be signing the paperwork in an hour or there'll be a major news conference in two."

"I'll take care of it. Have all six at my office in one hour. Anything else?"

"Immediate university recognition of Delta Lambda Phi as a university Greek House," she told him. "My two boys are alumni and have spoken to the national organization. We are set to start as a fraternity colony the second we have university approval, although we can go rogue on you and operate as a satellite colony of UC Davis, which will be a feature of the press conference, if necessary. All thirteen gay students who witnessed the brutal hate crime, including the victim, are willing to stay mum about it, if they can be the charter members of the local chapter of DLP."

"I'll call an emergency meeting of the Greek Council this afternoon," Samuelson told them. "I know I have the votes to get it approved. Anything else?"

"The other seven boys could use a little help with tuition and fees, don't you think, Hanky?"

"Done. Tuition and fees for as long as they school with us. Are we good, Marie?"

"We sure are, Sweetie. We'll see you in an hour, only you're bringing the paperwork here, to Devin's house, our new chapter house, because the victim's not putting clothes on until his cock heals enough to stand the pain."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll go draw up the necessary papers now and be there in an hour."

"And not one minute later. Bye, Hanky."

After the call ended, Sharon patted Marie's hand. "It's okay if you need to thank him in person after he comes through for us."

Marie shook her head. “Thanks, love, but his moving boy parts were never that good.”

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### *Kyle*

The drive over to the university aquatics center from the new chapter house was a little somber, and reflective for Kyle, Rick, Sky, and Jorge. Troy drove, and Kyle rode shotgun in the front with him, the other three in the back, all four swimmers already in their racing jammers, shirtless, towels and gear bags in hand. Jorge spent some of the time texting other team members, but mostly they thought about leaving Adeeb behind, and how and with whom Troy might replace him in his relays. Jorge looked up from his phone. “Everyone on the team knows that Adeeb won’t be there and why, Coach.”

“Good, but when we gather to discuss the meet, I want to propose we dedicate our efforts today to Adeeb, and animate everyone to do their best for him.”

Troy parked in faculty parking close to the entrance to the pool, and everyone got out to find the whole team waiting for them in rainbow-hued, multicolor swim suits. Troy’s assistants, Lance Oba and Miles Gunderson, handed rainbow-striped racing briefs to the four swimmers in their proper sizes, and gave each of them a set of multicolored swim goggles. “As soon as we all heard about what happened to Adeeb,” Gunderson told them, “we took a vote, found these things up in Sacramento, and got them. We’re all gay today. This one’s for Adeeb.”

Kyle, Jorge, Rick, and Sky grinned and high-fived their teammates. Before they could enter the men’s locker room to change, the team encircled them, chanting, “Deck change for Adeeb, deck change, deck change for Adeeb.”

And so the four young men stripped off their black jammers in front of their peers to put on the multicolor racing briefs, Lance Oba gathering their castoff jammers for them. Sky Patterson took the time to film the other three deck changing as Adeeb was infamous for doing, using teammates for cover instead of using the locker room. He messaged the film to Adeeb.

Kyle quickly texted everything Gunderson and people said to Adeeb. When he got the excited reply, he said, “Adeeb loves you all and says go win it!”

Jake O’Brien put a final pair of the racing briefs in Kyle’s hands. “These are for Adeeb. I’m glad he and Chris hooked up, even if I’m a little jealous of the knife boy.”

Kyle laughed. “Jake J.O.B., you’ve got a girlfriend, besides your left hand, I mean.”

“Had a girlfriend. I told her about all this, and she dumped my like a bad habit,” Jake admitted. “She was hot and all, but not at all in my corner about anything. I wish I had someone in my life that was. So, I’m back to Jake-jobbing with my leftie. Unless you want to give me some relief.”

Kyle grinned, glancing at Troy, who just shrugged. Kyle said, “I thought you’d never ask.”

Sky Patterson punched Jake’s arm. “You have us, dumb shit. You always have us in your corner. Any of us gay guys would give you that sort of ‘relief,’ dumbass. You’re hot, and you’re hung.”

“Come hang out with us at Devin’s after the meet, and we’ll see about that relief,” Kyle invited, “But let’s get our heads in the lanes for Adeeb, right now, Jake J.O.B.”

Everyone performed to their very best in their racing events, only the relays in which Adeeb would have swum suffered in time. Cameras flashed, and photos went viral on social media as team members racked up win after win. Kyle’s entire fifty-meter freestyle victory, which set a new personal best, team record, and put him in good shape for national finals, got posted as quickly as it occurred. The last relay went their way, but barely, without Adeeb there to swim last and fastest.

By the time the meet ended, there were local sports reporters on site to pepper team members with questions. Kyle, as team captain, became the spokesperson for all. “We swam in solidarity today for our injured team mate, Adeeb Johl, who recently came out and got himself a boyfriend here in Stockton. The team took a vote, bought these suits for this one occasion, and said, ‘Today, we are all gay. This one’s for Adeeb.’ And they made it so, because we are all Pacific Tigers at heart. Adeeb will be back in the lanes soon, but we did this to show him how much we all love him.”

“Why is that?” asked a TV reporter, from Sacramento, given her station identification.

“Adeeb was born poor and abandoned in India,” Kyle explained to the cameras. “His adoptive parents brought him to America, gave him love and a good home. But Adeeb struggled to find himself in his new life in a new place with a new language, eventually learning to accept himself as gay. In all his

struggles, he has been a good friend to everyone on the team, so we celebrate with him finding himself, coming out, and finding love in the process.”

“So, who’s the lucky guy to win Adeeb’s heart and help him come out?” The pretty reporter grinned, having her cameraperson pan the entire team.

“Chris isn’t a swimmer or even at UOP,” Kyle told her. “He’s the hunky paramedic that tended to Adeeb’s injuries. It was love at First Aid, so to speak.”

“Thank you for sharing your story, and the story of your amazing teammate. I guess we all are gay and victorious today at the University of the Pacific with Tiger swimming. This is Jessica Bowen for Eyewitness News, Sacramento, reporting.”

After the cameraperson stopped recording, Jessica gave Kyle her card. “When your teammate is better, we’d like a sit down interview with both of you. And, Kyle, have you ever considered broadcast journalism as a career? You have natural presence on camera. You really do.”

Kyle smiled at her, eyes somber. “The last time I was in the news, it was not so happy for me.”

“I know,” she told him. “I googled you on the drive down here from Sacramento. I’d love to interview you about your life since the tragedy that claimed your first boyfriend. Did that personal tragedy somehow come to bear in making this a happy ending for your friend?”

Kyle nodded. “When Adeeb and I shared our personal stories with the team, it made us all stronger, tighter as a team, as you can see. But part of that is due to our coaches and their open, progressive coaching styles, and to the university for supporting them, and us.”

Rick Bersani came up and gave Kyle a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Marie just texted us. The Greek Council approved our fraternity. Delta Lambda Phi is the new Greek House on campus.”

As quickly as her cameraperson could start shooting again, the reporter asked, “What’s that, you guys have a new fraternity here? Care to explain for our viewers?”

“Delta Lambda Phi is the oldest on-going fraternal order for gay, bisexual, transgender and progressive straight men in America,” Kyle told her. “My twelve best gay friends and I have just successfully started the latest colony of DLP at a major university. And it’s also due in part to our friend Adeeb’s amazing coming out story. I will serve as president and Adeeb as vice president

of our colony. So, today, at Pacific, we are all gay, thanks to the Greek Council. And tomorrow, it's on us as new DLP brethren to make our presence make a difference. Thank you.”

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## Chapter Thirteen

### *Taking Care of Colony Business*

*Kyle*

Arriving home from the university pool, wearing only his old team swim brief, Kyle stripped it off as quickly as possible once he was inside the front door, ready to sling shot it onto the knobbed post at the end of the staircase banister for target practice. The new one he had tucked carefully into his gear bag, which he'd set down to strip. And then, he heard the argument going on between Adeeb and older voices, presumably his parents. Kyle quickly slipped back into his swim briefs. He didn't understand the words, all in Punjabi, Kyle guessed, but the angry tone in the voices of Adeeb's parents was clear enough.

Hefting the gear bag strap onto his bare shoulder, Kyle sauntered into the formal living room, noting that Adeeb was still naked, and that his parents looked as pissed over that as anything else. He ignored their anger, dropped the bag down at Adeeb's feet, slid his arm around the brown hunk's slim, fit waist, and kissed his cheek. "Are these your parents, Adeeb?"

Kyle extended his hand to Adeeb's father. "I'm Kyle Pratt, one of Adeeb's friends and new roommates here at the fraternity house. Isn't it cool that the university honored Adeeb's amazing coming out story by granting our fraternity official status so quickly?"

Mr. Johl was so taken back by what Kyle told him, that he took and shook Kyle's hand, and then looked unhappy that he did so. "What fraternity? The university what? Adeeb did what?"

"Well, we did share a few more of the details of the terrible hate crime committed against your son last night with the university than the public will ever know," Kyle told them.

"Hate crime? What hate crime?"

"Last night, Adeeb got a job working at the same gay bar where I work, and some local antigay thugs attacked him in the parking lot. They cut his foreskin and threatened to circumcise him, mistaking the Sikh turban he wore as a sign of him being Muslim," Kyle told them. He reached down, took Adeeb by the penis, and lifted it for his parents to see the stitches on his foreskin, embarrassing all three—Adeeb and his parents—in equal measure. "Anyway,

Adeeb's boyfriend Chris risked his own life to save Adeeb from his attackers, and even used skills he learned in his father's veterinary clinic to close Adeeb's wounds with proper sutures. Adeeb was so thankful to his boyfriend for saving his life, and his manhood, that they got a little carried away last night. And accidentally sent you that self-made video of them celebrating together."

Before Adeeb's parents could even process what Kyle had told them, he picked up the TV remote, turned it on, and switched channels to the proper Sacramento station. As he suspected, his taped interview and follow-up report were playing. The Johls watched the interview and video as Kyle heard the front door open and swimmers noisily enter. The moment any of them noticed what was going on in the living room, they all fell silent. The door from the garage opened, and there was Chris, in jeans but shirtless, with boxes of Adeeb's belongings. "A little help with the unloading would be nice."

Various swimmers unburdened Chris's arms and pointed him toward the living room. At Kyle's up-raised hand, Chris stopped in the archway of the living room and waited for Kyle to signal for him to enter and greet everyone. Behind him, the other guys took care of unloading Adeeb's car and carrying things upstairs to their new room that opened via rough hole in the wall into the master bedroom.

Kyle activated his phone, tapped up his Twitter account, and showed Adeeb that it was all trending there, as well. "Adeeb's story, the edited version, anyway, is going viral. If you force him to leave us, I will be forced to share all the details with the public, including how much you hate your own adopted son for simply being true to himself."

Adeeb's mother gasped, her expression softening. "I do not hate my son. I love him as much as if I carried him in my womb. He is my only son, my only child. If this is who you are, my son, and you are happy, then so am I."

Adeeb's father slowly nodded his head. "We were angry and hurt, but not at you for being gay, son, but for deceiving us about it. We love you, straight or gay, Christian or Sikh. You are our whole reason for being, and have been from the very first day you became ours."

Mrs. Johl gave her son a hug and a kiss. "I want to meet this boyfriend of yours. I now understand why you are naked, but I hope he will have some clothes on when we are presented."

Kyle instantly signaled for Chris to join them. Mrs. Johl grinned at him. "I'm pleased to meet you, Chris, with some clothes on. No need to ask you if

you love our son, we saw that for ourselves, already, thank you. Thank you for loving him enough to save and protect him.”

Chris blushed down to his belly button, but he also grinned at Adeeb’s parents. “Thank you.”

Just then, Kyle’s phone started playing “Amazing Grace” on bagpipes, so he nodded to everyone before stepping away to answer. “Hello, Dad, it’s been a while since you last called, how have I managed to shame you today?”

The coldness in Kyle’s voice shocked his friends and Adeeb’s parents, but he had already turned his back to take the conversation out of their earshot. He walked and waited for his father’s response, aiming to take the call out to the backyard and away from everyone in the house.

Kyle’s dad said, “We saw your record setting race on TV a few minutes ago. You did good, son.”

“Thank you.” Kyle kept his response short, waiting for the next shoe to fall.

“New personal best and school record.”

“I didn’t know you kept track of my swimming results.”

“Of course, I do. You’re still my son.”

“And you pay for my schooling.”

“That, too.”

After another pause on the other end, his dad said, “But what the fuck, son? Are you that determined to send yourself to hell? Rainbow swimsuits and that goddamned faggot group you say you’re going to lead down there? I really don’t think we can continue to pay for that.”

“Don’t. It’s not a problem,” Kyle told him. “I have other funding in place. I’ll let the county court know that you don’t have to do shit for me now as my education is covered because of, and I’ll quote you, ‘that goddamned faggot group,’ Mr. Pratt.”

“That’s not what I meant to say. I just think—”

“Now, you’re worried about what the court will think, not about me, at all.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is true. It’s the only truth between us. In fact, you never need claim me as your son, because I am sure as fuck tired of having you be my dad. Go to

Hell and fuck yourself on the way. And don't bother to call or have Mrs. Pratt call again. I won't answer. Good-bye, forever, asshole."

Kyle ended the call, let out a yell, and failed to fight back tears that he didn't even understand. He pulled back his arm to fling the goddamned phone into the pool and felt a tender, feminine hand slide around his torso and pulling him into her embrace. Sharon told him, "I'm here, son. Be my son. I love you. I'm so proud of you. I will always be there for you. Let yourself mourn them. Let the tears flow and clean away the pain. I'm here for you."

Kyle crumpled against her and sobbed like a lost little boy. His phone rang and rang. The tune alternated between "Amazing Grace" for his dad and "Onward Christian Soldiers" by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the irony of that choice still making him snigger in his misery. "Mom—Mrs. Pratt really hates the Mormons and won't listen to their 'unchristian choir.'"

Sharon nodded. "I'm not a big fan of that church, either, but good music is good music, even if it was the devil himself playing it. It might be better if the devil was playing it."

Kyle giggled at the thought and found that his tears had stopped. "Thank you, Mom, Sharon. I love you, too."

Kyle felt another set of feminine hands touch his bare torso. "I love you, too, son. We'll both be here for you, from now on."

"Thank you." He nodded, letting both women hug and kiss him, the tension in his whole frame melting away, and with it, a lot of the anger and bitterness from almost half of his young life.

Kyle let out a deep sigh. "I'm ready to move on, past the past, except for one thing."

"What's that, son?" Marie asked.

"I know this is stupid, but Tony's grave has no headstone. His parents wanted him cremated, but I wanted him buried, and the court agreed with me. I stopped visiting there, because how do you talk to bare ground any better than empty air? I'd like to use my school savings to get him that headstone, so he won't be forgotten. Everything I am, ever will be, I owe to him."

Marie nodded, tracing her fingers over the tattoo on Kyle's left arm. "You pick out the memorial you want for him, and I'll make sure it's taken care of. But there's a better way to remember him, and make it forever. You wear it every day and never take it off."

Kyle grinned. “My tiger blossoms. How will that help keep his memory alive?”

“It’ll require a little more ink on your skin,” she smiled, “but if we add the six words of the DLP motto to the blossoms, two words to each bloom, your tattoo can be the tattoo for every charter member of the colony and every accepted member, ever after. That way, your personal memory of Tony will go on forever in the lives of young men the way it never can for him.”

“I like that idea, Marie, Mom; I love it and you for sharing it with me.” Kyle nodded. “But what if the other guys don’t like it?”

“They’ve all agreed to it, including our two bears,” Marie told him. “You’re the glue that binds us together, son. We all love you. And we love Tony because of you, even if we only ever met him through your tender memories of him. So, are you ready to go inside and enjoy this special occasion with everyone who does love you? They’re all inside, waiting for you.”

Kyle nodded. “I sure am.”

“Then, let’s go party, Ginger Boy,” Sharon told him. “There’s some hunky guys inside that want to have their way with you.”

“Me, too.”

“Then, you won’t need those when you go inside,” Marie told him, pointing down at his black swimming racer. “We promised our bears we’d send you to them, good to go, and that means losing those first.”

“I switched out swimsuits when I cleansed my ass for sex in the locker room.”

“We know that switching suits is your code to everyone that you’re good to go, and so do they,” Sharon told him. “But they want you naked when you go inside. So, get that way.”

Kyle grinned at his two moms, took off his swim briefs, surprisingly comfortable to be naked in front of them, and offered them to Marie. She took them and his hand and said, “Sharon and I want to legally adopt you, and really make you our son. You’re twenty-one, so you’ll have to adopt us back. You can keep the name ‘Pratt,’ if you want, but we hope you’ll change it to ‘Benson-Donovan’ or ‘Donovan-Benson,’ since Sharon put first claim on you.”

Kyle nodded. “I like that, and Sharon did claim me first, almost as soon as I started working for you. Kyle Donovan-Benson. Thank you. I love you two so much.”

The two moms hugged and kissed him. Sharon then slapped his bare butt. “There’re some horny men in there to fuck and fuck you back. The rest plan to watch and maybe stroke off a little while they do. We’re going to go get some food ready, and maybe watch a little ourselves.”

Kyle smiled and nodded. “I’d like that, Moms, if you did watch. I love having parents who approve of my sex life. You have no idea how much.”

Sharon nodded down at his rising cock and said, “Actually, son. I think we do. And we love you all the more for sharing. Now go get laid. Food for seventeen isn’t going to make itself.”

“Adeeb’s parents are gone, already?”

“Hell, yes, son.” Marie patted his cheek. “Adeeb hugged, kissed, and had them out the front door at the first suggestion of orgy with you. They’re all in the living room, waiting for you.”

Kyle felt himself get completely erect as he stepped toward the house and the French doors. He went in and sauntered through the family room, to the main hall and then into the formal living room, across the entry hall from Devin’s study. His gaze went from Blake to Jack, to Corey, to Jorge, Ciprian, Riley, Dillon, Tyler, Rick, Sky, Adeeb, Chris, Devin, and Troy. Each was erect, intent, and focused on him. Kyle noticed that Jake O’Brien was also there, not in the circle, but watching, shirtless, his hand gripping his erection through his swim briefs.

Devin said, “The suggestion was made that we might try to pull a train, anal daisy chain style.”

Kyle grinned at the idea. “I guess that means Adeeb gets to be the locomotive, and me his coal car, or perhaps, it should be Chris after him and me after Chris. Let’s sort us out, and line up, guys, and start licking ass to get everyone ready to go. Condoms are handy, so use one.”

“Why? We all had you, and you’ve had all of us,” Blake protested.

“Very true.” Kyle nodded. “Two reasons. Jake J.O.B. is new to all of us, and it’s just smart, anytime we orgy. I don’t want to get your sniffles any more than someone else’s virus on you.”

Everyone accepted that and Kyle looked at O’Brien. “Jake J.O.B., you’re the caboose. You get to fuck the last guy ahead of you on the train. And no one fucks you, later, unless you ask them to. Okay?”

O'Brien nodded. "I can do that and like it. But I'd like to try sucking or being sucked."

"I'll make sure of that myself, Jake J.O.B., promise."

Lining up and bending over to lube one another's asses to prep for cock insertion went pretty fast, with everyone pretty well knowing who they wanted to fuck and be fucked by. Chris ended up behind Adeeb, Kyle behind Chris, Devin behind Kyle, Troy lubing Devin's ass, Sky working Devin's, Rick playing with Sky's asshole, Tyler lubing Rick, Dillon behind Tyler, Riley behind Dillon, Ciprian backing Riley, Jorge on Ciprian, Corey working Jorge, Jack fingering Corey's ass, and Blake behind Jack.

Jake, condom in hand, took a tentative try at licking Jack's ass, his hesitant frown turning into a grin. "Tastes better than pussy to me."

Jack twisted around, grinned at Jake, and then grappled him to kiss him. Jake let him tongue him thoroughly. When they parted lips, Jake asked, "You don't mind that my tongue was just in your ass crack?"

"I brushed my teeth and cleaned my ass, inside and out, for this," Jack assured O'Brien. "I like how you taste, so it's a question of what you like."

"More, please. More tongue and then more of your sweet ass."

As soon as Chris felt Adeeb's ass was lubed and loosened up, he gently eased his cock into his lover's hole and fucked him a couple of strokes. Kyle gently slapped Chris's ass and slid his cock in, fucking him several times before becoming motionless for Devin to insert his cock into him. The logistics of getting fifteen cocks into fifteen asses took a little while, and some guys had to fuck back and forth to keep themselves hard as they waited. Soon enough they were all hooked up and rocking back and forth to fuck and be fucked, caressing one another's backs, and twisting faces to kiss both ahead and behind. When O'Brien slid his cock into Jack's ass, everyone let out a hearty roar.

They kept the train of fifteen running for several minutes, but had to break off into groups of three and four to better manage fucking and getting fucked. Some stayed on their feet, some went down on the carpet, and others moved their lovemaking to couches and chairs. Kyle drifted from group to group, making sure to fuck or be fucked by all fourteen of his friends and lovers. He also made sure guys used fresh condoms every time they shifted from oral to anal. His old leapfrog need to make sure everyone else felt happy and satisfied with him came back, but not in the frantic, self-denying way as before. He

made sure he also enjoyed each of his friends and lovers, making them feel as loved by him as he felt for of them. Kyle took a little longer with Jake O'Brien, making sure the team member and newcomer enjoyed having his cock sucked by a guy for the first time. Jack soon cut in on the action and took over, saying he had wanted O'Brien for some time.

Kyle let himself enjoy fucking and being fucked a little longer by Rick and then Sky. He could not let Adeeb fuck him, but he made sure to gently mouth, and lick each of Adeeb's balls, and lick his cock without getting saliva on the sutures. And he made sure Adeeb came hard and gushing before he moved on to enjoy Chris in similar fashion.

But Kyle gave and enjoyed most fully being a fuck sandwich with his two big, beautiful bears. Everyone else was spent, happy and watching the three of them when they eventually climaxed together. Kyle grinned up at Drama Bear and Swim Bear as he lay back on a coffee table and came on his own abs, and they came on his face and torso, as well. "This is how the story of *Ginger Pubes and the Two Bears* is meant to end."

Chris pushed forward between the bears, took a swipe of cum and licked it, then took another and presented it on fingertips for Kyle to taste. "Silly Ginger Pubes, your story is just beginning."

The rest of Kyle's friends and lovers pressed forward, each taking a swipe of the mingled cum of their "Ginger Pubes and the Two Bears" to taste, the very act binding them all together in love. Chris waited until everyone had their swipe and taste, including Jake J.O.B., to drop to his knees beside Kyle and lick his pecs and abs clean of the remaining cum. Chris shared it with Kyle in a kiss. "Now, you've taken us to church and let us worship at the shrine of your abs."

Chris used Kyle's pecs to brace himself as he got to his feet and then offered Kyle his hand to help him get to his feet from lying on that coffee table. Just then, Adeeb stepped forward with Chris's chirping pager in hand. "Time to suit up, Porn Star. They're playing your tune."

"'Porn Star'?" Kyle snickered. "I like it. It so fits you."

Breza said. "'Bel Ami Boy' was taken, but Kaplan's another Czech surname, like mine."

Chris suddenly said, "Fuck! My car's in front of the garage and blocked in."

Kyle said, "Mine's not. I'll pull on jeans, too, and drive you. When you're done and can come home, I'll come get you."

Kyle and Chris ended up sharing a thirty-second warm shower, dried off and slipped on jeans and boots. Both took T-shirts with, but did not put them on. Once they were on the road, en route to Chris's fire station, the blond hunk put a hand on Kyle's shoulder. "So, how did that call from home turn out?"

"Marie and Sharon are going to adopt me, and I'm changing my last name to a combination of theirs." Kyle shrugged. "They offered right after I told my ex-dad to fuck himself."

Chris nodded but didn't say anything. Instead, he just looked ahead, hand still on Kyle's shoulder. Kyle glanced at him several times and then guessed, "You don't like the idea."

Chris frowned at him. "Of course, I like the idea. I love it, and you. It's the best thing for you."

Kyle looked the hunky blond over for several seconds, caught between concern for him and just plain wanting him bad. It was almost like lusting for himself or his own brother. That thought had his phone out and him dialing Marie. Kinky as the thought was, it was the only solution.

Gazing ahead into traffic, Kyle waited for her to answer. "What up, *hijo quinto*?"

"'Fifth son,' I like that," Kyle assured her. "You count the sons who stayed with their dad, Troy and James, who went with you, and me. Any chance of making it an even half dozen?"

"Chris get a bad call from home on his way in?" she asked.

"Not yet, but he's stressed about it on his way into work," Kyle told her.

"Put your phone on speaker, Tiger Blossom," she told him.

Kyle got the phone with one hand, eyes ahead, and obeyed her without even a glance at it. They heard her say, "Chris, can you hear me?"

"I'm here. And Kyle's making a big deal over nothing. I'm fine."

"You don't sound fine. Sharon's here and we love you like our own, too. And yes, if you need it or just want it, we can adopt you at the same time. So, quit fretting, and go be someone's hero."

"Thank you. I love you, too."

"You and I are going to have to have a little therapy session when you get back," she told him. "You still don't sound fine. Can the ginger do a ride along on your call, if you say he wants to get trained as an EMT?"

“Maybe. It depends on which fire captain’s on duty. But even if he can’t, he’ll be able to hang at the station until I get back from my call. But if he says that, he needs to mean it, or never stop by my work again.”

“It won’t be a lie, will it, Ginger Snap?” Sharon spoke up. “You didn’t see the look in his eyes when you told him he could drive you to the station, Snickerdoodle, or you wouldn’t wonder.”

“‘Snickerdoodle’?” Chris chuckled at the idea.

“It was either ‘Ginger Snap’ and ‘Snickerdoodle,’ or ‘Tangerine Twist’ and ‘Very Vanilla,’” Marie told them. “We don’t really like ‘Blondie’ or ‘Porn Star’ for you, Snickerdoodle.”

“But the two of you are a matched pair, even if both of you have other men in your lives,” Sharon observed. “Neither our bears nor our Sugar Pop is going object to you two using that hall pass on your own, from time to time. So, our adopting you both just formalizes you being ‘brothers with benefits,’ so to speak.”

“It’s that obvious?” Chris wanted to know. “And Adeeb’s not jealous or anything?”

“It’s just as obvious that you really love him that much,” Marie assured him. “That, plus Adeeb still enjoys a taste of Ginger Snap, now and then. And our bears don’t mind sharing Kyle with you for similar reasons. They both like their little tastes of our Snickerdoodle, too.”

“Same here. The bears make me feel loved, in and out of bed. Got to go, Moms, almost there.”

Chris pointed out to Kyle where to park as they reached the fire station, finding it strange that the vehicle doors were down, and there were no siren or loudspeaker calls going on. Even if only the ambulance was going out, that door should be up, and the other paramedic in sight. But the fire house almost looked deserted.

“Something’s not right here,” Chris told Kyle as they got out of the car and then walked into the building, T-shirts draped on their bare shoulders.

Inside, a line of firefighters in off duty clothes met them with grim faces. There were no captains in sight, but the lieutenant among the guys lined up, was an outspoken homophobe. “So, the pussy paramedic brought along his TV boy toy to tour our house.”

“Where’s the call out to?” Chris demanded, ignoring the jibe.

“This is the call out, faggot,” a young firefighter sneered at Chris and Kyle. “Leave in peace or pieces. You pick.”

“You six against the two of us?” Kyle scoffed. “Good thing you called a paramedic. You’re going to need one. We’re ready to dance when you are, girls.”

The loudmouth looked around, peeled off his department-issue tee, and stepped forward to take them both on, a cocky grin on his face. His first swing on Chris missed, and he never got another. Chris stepped in with an easy block, and then an upper cut, followed by a jab from the defensive fist. Chris’s third punch put the firefighter to his knees, and then to the ground as he blacked out. Kyle grinned at the remaining five. “My turn. Next up for a knuckle nap?”

Two firefighters shared a look of disgust and both stepped forward, intending to go two on one against Chris, ignoring Kyle. Kyle closed ranks with Chris, facing their attackers shoulder to shoulder. Punching first, that time, just as soon as the pair got within arms’ reach. Kyle’s first punch to his opponent’s face, threw the firefighter off balance, setting him up for Kyle’s second punch, which dropped him. Chris, wanting to impress Kyle, punched his opponent so hard that the firefighter collapsed and went down on the first punch to his midsection. When, the guy tried to get up, Kyle sunk a steel-tipped boot toe into his side, flattening him.

With a glance at Kyle, Chris stepped forward to meet the last three, one of whom was filming the whole fight on his phone. The other guys took quick steps back, and the guy filming suddenly found himself alone in front of Chris and Kyle. Kyle snatched the phone, turned the camera on the young man as Chris clocked him and dropped him with two punches. Chris stepped past the guy as he fell, and the last two stepped back again. “Do I have to chase you down, Townsend, McHale? Or are you going take your fair lumps like the men you say I’m not? I’m going to punch you out, either way.”

“You made your point. If we ask you to stop, will you?” Townsend asked.

“Sure,” Chris said. “You can take turns sucking one another’s cocks here and now in front of us, or you can stand and fight. You pick. I like to suck cock and I can fight. So, show me what kind of men you are with your fists or your mouths. I’m good either way.”

“And if we just stand here?”

Kyle shrugged. "Then, you're just two gutless pussies, too scared shitless to man up, either way."

One of the guys down behind Chris and Kyle, lurched to his feet and lunged at them. Kyle sidestepped the guy and shoved him down. "This guy's got balls. You two don't. Probably short on the other manly equipment, too."

McHale turned red and stepped forward, fists up. He took a phantom swing at Kyle, not even trying to actually hit him. Kyle grabbed him and pulled the guy close, almost face-to-face. Kyle looked him over, then shoved him away. "We're square with you, if you're square with us."

"You started this, lieutenant," Chris said to Townsend. "You roped these guys into violating department policy to confront us for being gay. This doesn't end well for you, no matter what."

Townsend stepped forward. He took a swing at Chris, and Chris blocked the punch. Townsend turned red, eyes registering that Chris expected more of a fight from him. He nodded and took a more powerful punch at Chris, who just blocked it and did not punch back. Townsend shook his head and punched a third time, only to get his fist slapped away. Chris said, "Now, we're good. I never struck you, and we have you on film trying to punch me. Silva, we're keeping the phone until we upload the film elsewhere. You gentlemen need to rethink what makes a man a man. Next time you page me, it had better be duty related, or I won't be as kind as this time."

Kyle looked them over as he sent the video to his phone from Silva's. "You guys aren't on duty or in city regs all the time. You ever do anything like this to my brother, here, ever again, I will find you off duty and hurt you bad, each and every one of you. You will piss yourselves just to see me on the same street as you."

Kyle checked the play back, nodded at Chris, and then tossed Silva his phone. "You'd be wise to keep that evidence against you, forever. I could edit this to really make you assholes look bad."

Chris looked at Townsend. "Kyle, here, wants to ride along, when I'm on duty next to see if he wants to become a paramedic, too. You'll make sure he's cleared and good to go, won't you?"

Townsend nodded. "I will. And I'll let anyone who objects take that up with you guys themselves. You won't get any more grief from me."

Chris nodded, and then Kyle and he picked up their T-shirts from the fire station floor and left. As they got into Kyle's car, Chris dialed his dad, and

when the elder Kaplan answered, Snickerdoodle said, “Well, Mr. Kaplan, I’ve got some bad news, for you, and some worse news.”

Kyle grinned at him and reached over to plant a kiss on his cheek. “Good boy. I am going have to flip fuck with you for this.”

“Yes, sir, I’m gay,” Chris told his father, smiling and winking at Kyle. “And I’m divorcing you to join a real family, changing my last name to theirs. Have a good life. I sure plan to.”

As Kyle overheard Chris listen to a heated response on the other end, the blond slid his free hand onto the bulge in Kyle’s jeans and firmly gave it a squeeze. Toying with Kyle’s boner through the denim, Snickerdoodle said, “No, sir. I am not delusional or confused. And yes, sir, I am the same ‘goddamned queer’ paramedic identified on TV as rescuing that ‘fucking faggot curry eater.’ Funny how you don’t call them ‘fucking faggot curry-eaters’ when they pay for pet care at your clinic. Please do write me out of the will. As I said, I’m divorcing the lot of you and changing my last name. Well, frankly, you can’t stop me, and while I have ‘no goddamned use for you’, either, I would not wish you dead, asshole. Good-bye.”

Ending the call, Chris told Kyle, “My old apartment is nearby and the bed still has sheets. You’re topping. Be gentle, starting out, when you plow me. It’s only my second time.”

Kyle scoffed. “Second time? What about the ten guys ‘plowing’ your ass between me starting and finishing you?”

Chris grinned and shrugged. “They fucked me, but only you plowed me. Plow me again, please.”

Ten minutes later, Kyle was too busy kissing Chris, stripping him naked, and being stripped naked to comment on the small, sparsely furnished apartment. Boots and jeans off and scattered across the floor, Kyle let himself be guided to the bedroom, two condoms in foil wrappers in his palm, his other hand firmly on Chris’s erect cock. Chris shoved him onto the bed and Kyle let him, dropping the wrapped condoms to one side as Chris mouthed his cock and started sucking. Kyle quickly maneuvered him head to toe on their sides so that they could sixty-nine and explore one another’s bodies with their hands. Chris played catapult with Kyle’s cock against his tight abs, and Kyle returned the favor, making Chris grin. “Suck my ass, prep me, and fuck me hard, plow me like they do in gay porn. Fuck me, Gingersnap. I need to be fucked.”

Kyle pulled the willing Chris up onto his knees, face down, got behind him, and lavished the blond's powerfully muscled ass with his tongue. Kyle spat onto Snickerdoodle's ass, shoved his tongue and spittle into the blond's asshole, licking it. He pulled back, slapped Chris's ass, and said, "Good boy. You prepped yourself well for this."

"I followed your instructions exactly. Now fuck me."

"Soon. I want to tongue you some more. And finger you, so that my cock goes in nice and easy."

Chris moaned, and trembled with pleasure as Kyle's tongue, and then fingers danced in his anus. When Kyle finally used the condom, spat several times on his own cock, and slid it slowly but firmly into Chris's ass, the blond gasped and moaned. "God that feels good. It didn't hurt. Not at all. Now fuck me, fuck me hard."

"You're tight, nice and tight, so we go slow at first and get faster and harder as we go."

Kyle slowly fucked him several times, Chris bucking and trembling with pleasure. "Harder, faster. Please."

Kyle complied, soon fucking his new friend, and soon-to-be brother for all he was worth. After a while, Kyle pulled out, flipped Chris over onto his back, and maneuvered him to the edge of the bed. "I want to see your face as I fuck you. You may want to guard your big balls."

"No, I want to feel you slap them and see your face as you do it."

Kyle thrust into him hard, his abdomen slapping, and gently crushing Chris's balls, both gasping, eyes popping at one another's joyful expressions. Chris cranked his own cock as Kyle fucked him hard and fast, the movement making his balls bounce in and out of harm's way, wincing and grinning every time Kyle got them. All too soon, Chris arched and cried out, "I'm going to come. Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

As soon as Chris painted his own abs and stopped bucking, Kyle pulled out, yanked off the condom, and stroked himself until he shot cum all over Chris's tight abs as well.

Kyle collapsed forward onto Chris, their combined cum slicking between their torsos, and they kissed. Kyle said, "I've fucked you twice, now. When are you going to return the favor?"

“After Adeeb’s well enough to flip fuck with me,” Chris assured him. “I’ve had first gay sex and a boyfriend all jumbled together. I need to save something, even a little thing like flip fucking to do with him first. I love you and I love him, but he’s my boyfriend, and you’re my brother-with-benefits. So, guess which one of you needs to be more understanding?”

Kyle grinned and kissed him again. “I’m okay with that, Snickerdoodle. I love you for it.”

“This was the first time I got fucked start to finish by the same guy,” Chris reminded Kyle. “You were all worried about that swimmer boy, Jake J.O.B., getting fucked before he was ready, and then you basically passed me around like a wine bottle at a picnic. I got fucked by at least ten different guys before you came back and helped me climax and come.”

Kyle blushed and shook his head. “I forgot your ass was virgin. You’re so much my blond twin in other ways that I sort of assumed you’d just go for it, like I did the first time. Sorry.”

Chris grinned. “Thanks, but we’re ‘twins’ that way, too. I loved getting fucked by so many guys the first time. It helped me be ready for this time with you. And not every guy would snuggle with our spent cum slicking bare skin between us. But I like it as much as you do.”

“And?”

“Until Adeeb can fuck me himself, I want you as my only top. You know exactly what I want without even asking. And because Adeeb’s okay with you standing in for him.”

Kyle felt his cock get hard again and felt Chris getting hard, as well. “I guess I’d better fuck you again before we go home, to our real home and real family.”

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## Chapter Fourteen

### *Cookies, Tigers, Beer, and Love*

#### *Chris*

Standing bare shoulder to bare shoulder with other minor actors, his face and torso smeared in stage blood, Chris bowed for the audience during the curtain call. His red pants over black boots marked him as one of the Cardinal's guards "slain" by Dillon, Tyler, and Riley as the titular *Three Musketeers*, and Kyle as D'Artagnan. Those four came out last, also shirtless, but their blue pants entirely stage-blood-free, and bowed. The "slain" Cardinal guard next to Chris, pulled the blond into his hunky brown arms and kissed him in front of the audience. Other couples, gay and straight, within the cast soon followed suit as the audience roared for Chris and Adeeb.

From first night to last in the twelve-performance run of the play, it had been sold out. The first night had been a media night, as the same Sacramento-area reporter went around backstage, interviewing and filming the cast. Part of it was follow up on Kyle and Adeeb, but some of what caused Jessica Bowen to be there for the opening was the fact that all the swimmers on Kyle's team had joined the cast as extras and minor actors. Chris had registered for classes and joined the cast, as well. Now, with the play ending and the swim team finished with NCAA finals, life at the frat house threatened to return to "normal," whatever that was for all of them.

Once the final curtain came down, Devin and Troy, dressed formally for the occasion, joined them backstage. Marie and Sharon also came on stage behind the curtain, along with some other well-wishers for other cast members. With friends and family members of the girls and straight guys in the cast on the set, Devin and Troy accepted hugs and kisses from everyone, but were much more restrained themselves. After the last of those cast members left with their family members, Chris pulled Troy and Kyle into a three-way hug, that soon became five-way as Devin and Adeeb joined in. Sky and Rick joined in, and slowly, the rest of the guys they thought of as both frat brothers and brothers in love did too. Devin said, "Let's save the orgy we all want until we get home. No sense in risking being seen doing such things here."

"Too late! I've seen quite enough already," announced a voice familiar to Chris as his former male parent stepped through the middle of the front curtain.

“Monday, I’m filing a formal complaint against the two of you old faggots for leading my son astray.”

Chris looked at him. “Mr. Kaplan, you should leave. You’re not welcome here. And you’ve exhausted your last recourse in court against barring me from divorcing you and adopting into the family that’s mine in everything but name.”

Kaplan shook his head. “They’re not a family. Just a band of fags and perverts soiling the notion of family by using it to cover their fucking filth. I’ll see them both fired and barred from teaching anywhere else. Useless, perverted bastards.”

Just then, two campus security officers pushed through the curtain. Kaplan looked them over. “I’m leaving. You’d be wise to let me go without touching me.”

After he was gone, Chris let out an angry, frustrated sigh. “If not for him, we could have become family months ago.”

Marie and Sharon pulled him into their embrace and kissed him, making him relax and smile. They both assured him, “We already are family. The piece of paper we’ll sign later this week is for other people, like the one that just left. We’re bound by love and the leap of faith we all took that first day we came together. We beat him before in court; we’ll prevail again. You’ll see.”

Troy, Devin, and Kyle joined in putting hands to and around Chris. Troy said, “If I lose my job and never coach again, having you and Kyle be my brothers, as well as lovers, will be well worth the tradeoff.”

“Exactly so, for me, too,” Devin told them. “We’ll get through this, and you’re so worth it.”

Chris nodded, accepting everyone’s assurances. Adeeb said, “Now we need to go home and let all of your brothers and lovers fuck the holy hell out of that tight ass of yours. We all know how stress makes you want to power bottom the lot of us.”

Chris planted a prolonged kiss on his boyfriend and then nodded. “You know me too well, love. And I love you for it. But you have to start and finish the fucking, Sugar Pop. That cock of yours is amazing in my ass.”

Kyle patted Chris’s ass through his costume pants. “Nice as that ass is, who owes who some topping between us two? Isn’t it about time I felt that big cock of yours in my ass?”

Chris grinned. "I can do that, for you."

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### *Marie*

University Provost Shane Griffin and Dean Ben French looked surprised as Devin, Troy, Kyle, Chris, Marie and Sharon filed into the dean's office to answer the complaints against Devin and Troy of having a consensual relationship with a student. Additional chairs were hastily obtained as the two women sat and the four men stood in patient silence. Once everyone was seated and introduced, Marie spoke before either the dean or the provost could. "Adoption of young adults into my family is a very consensual relationship on all our part, all six of us. Sharon and I are now domestic partners, and we are in the process of formally adopting Chris and Kyle as our children as young adults. That will make them family to Troy and Devin, too. So, whoever is complaining as to that can fuck themselves for doing so. And if I have to go to the media over that, all the other sorted mess comes out, too. Any questions, gentlemen?"

Dean French looked relieved and Provost Griffin a little disappointed. Sharon asked him, "Are you anti-gay or just that much of an asshole?"

The dean grinned at the provost. "Asshole, ma'am. That's what makes him good at his job."

Griffin blushed and sighed. "Guilty as charged. If there's any other relationship involved, your answer covers it, and any future complaints will be summarily round-filed. Congratulations, Marie, Ms. Donovan. Although I will miss having you in circulation to date, Marie."

Sharon grinned at the still hunky older man. "I might give her a hall pass for you, as long as I can watch."

Griffin smile. "Why watch, when you can join in?"

Sharon shrugged. "I normally don't swing that way, but you're cute enough that I could play along, if the two of you were okay with that."

Marie nodded. "Having both of you together would be heavenly. If Ben joined us, then we could just plain orgy."

"The dean and the provost in bed with you two ladies would break so many rules."

Sharon chuckled. "Breaking those would be almost half of the fun."

Both the dean and the provost kept silent and let their eyes and smiles answer for them.

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### *Sharon*

Watching the workmen labor to set the sign in proper concrete footings in the lawn, proclaiming the fraternity chapter house's name, Sharon noticed the older couple talking energetically with a young woman in a conservative business suit as the woman toiled to erect a "For Sale" sign in that yard. Sharon looked the house next door over objectively. It was not quite the mansion the Frat House was, but it was ample and built in the bungalow style of the early nineteen hundreds. As she thought about it, Marie joined her with two glasses of iced tea, a foreshadowing of the heat to come that spring day, once the sun passed its zenith.

"The judge is late," Marie observed, taking a sip, and then kissing Sharon leisurely on the mouth.

Sharon turned toward the neighbors. "Kiss me again, so the neighbors can't miss it."

"Those bigots?"

Sharon grinned. "Those bigots, exactly."

Sharon watched as Marie noticed the "For Sale" sign and suddenly smiled. The two women kissed again, making sure the neighbors could not miss them sharing tongue. As they parted, a large, black SUV pulled up along the sidewalk and parked. The driver got out—a tall, balding man with silver-gray hair. Marie grinned at him. "Hello, Judge. Before we go in, mind walking us over to the neighbors? They've just listed the house for sale, and we'd like to take a look."

The judge looked Marie over and shook his head. "You have that impish grin, Marie. You are up to no good, but sure, I'll play along. Ladies?"

He offered each of the women an arm, and escorted them over to the neighbors' front yard, the older couple looking thoroughly disgusted to see them coming. The realtor looked thoroughly embarrassed to just be there. Marie looked at the price on the "For Sale" sign and then looked at Sharon. "It had better be a lot nicer on the inside than the outside for that asking price."

Sharon looked at the realtor. "We'd like to see the inside."

The older couple got horrified expressions on their faces. “You can’t show it to them. We’re not selling to their kind.”

“What’s that?” the judge demanded. “Did you say you were refusing to let these ladies look at the house with the intention of making an offer?”

The older man, easily in his eighties. “You heard exactly right, asshole. Get off the lawn and take the two old dykes with you.”

The judge immediately took out his pocket credentials and showed them to the realtor, who turned pale as she read aloud, “The Honorable Judge Gerald B. Meyers, San Joaquin County Superior Court. How can I help you, your honor?”

“I’m hereby impounding this property pending a hearing to determine if these two people have violated the 1968 Civil Liberties Act by refusing to sell real property to potential buyers based on race, religion, gender, or sexual orientation. You are not to show this property to anyone or take any offers on it until my clerk contacts you to set a date for the hearing. You should advise your clients to get legal counsel. I’m inclined to order the city to exercise eminent domain and buy the property at fifty cents on the dollar of the assessed tax value of the home, based on the last sale of the property.”

“What does that mean?” the older man shouted, looking alarmed. His wife looked scared.

“It means you fucked yourself by refusing to let us look at or make an offer on the house,” Sharon told him. “You’ll be lucky to get half of the price you paid for it when you bought it and the city will be the buyer. And we’ll still buy the house from the city at a better price.”

“Or you could let us make an offer here and now, sight unseen, and at least not get totally fucked in the process,” Marie told him. “My offer is to take fifty K off the asking price. That’s more than you’ll get after legal fees if the city takes it by eminent domain at half its tax value. And this offer’s only good for about ten seconds. Then, you can just deal with the city instead.”

The judge looked at the realtor. “If they take the deal. Have the papers ready for the ladies here to sign before I leave in the next hour or so, or I’ll get really harsh with them. Good day.”

The judge started to walk Marie and Sharon back to the Frat House. The old man shouted, “Bastards! Oh, oh, wait. We’ll take the deal.”

Sharon looked at the old couple. “That insult will cost you another twenty-five thousand off the asking price. Just nod and say ‘yes’ or we walk, and you can fuck yourselves some more.”

“Okay. Seventy-five thousand off the asking price! We accept. Draw up the papers.”

Marie looked at the realtor. “You should probably put a ‘Sold’ sticker over that sign.”

The judge chuckled and squeezed Marie’s hand. “Still causing trouble and making me enjoy every minute of it.”

“Absolutely, Jerry,” Marie agreed. “And our little fraternity needs room to grow, so you just helped us get more space without the usual bullshit LGBT people often go through to get it.”

“Sadly, too true,” the judge agreed. “But it is getting better.”

They went into the house and turned into the study, which also doubled as Sharon and Marie’s bedroom within the Frat House. Kyle and Chris stood there, both in black, sleeveless dress shirts and black slacks, each wearing a matching orange tie, and a single orange rose boutonniere above his heart on the black shirt. Kyle had the lettering added to his tiger blossom tattoo, and Chris sported a matching tattoo on his left shoulder, which no longer looked fresh, red-skinned, and puffy. Sharon went to stand next to Chris and Marie next to Kyle. Sharon touched the new tattoo and smiled at Chris. He leaned down to kiss her cheek. “Thanks for being there for me in the last several months. Dealing with my old family has been as rough for you as it was for me.”

“Adopting you when we adopted Kyle made perfect sense to both of us.” Sharon smiled up at him. “But you two are so funny in how you decided to combine names in the adoption process.”

“I had to make sure Blondie understood that waiting a little longer to include him was worth it,” Kyle assured her. “Now, we’ll be brothers for real.”

Chris nodded and then snickered. “Yep, brothers with benefits.”

The judge sat at the desk and opened his briefcase to take out some legal papers. Adeeb, Sky, Rick, Tyler, Dillon, Riley, Ciprian, Jorge, Corey, Jack, and Blake, all in matching gear, including matching tats filed in to stand behind them all. They were followed by three pledges dressed similarly, but without boutonnieres or tiger blossom tattoos. Finally, Devin and Troy stepped in, dressed the same, with matching shoulder and arm tattoos of their own.

The judge said, “We are gathered here this day in this county to legalize the intended adoption of these two young men by these two women, as their legal

and lawful sons. Kyle Christopher Donovan-Benson and Christopher Kyle Benson-Donovan do you accept Marie Benson and Sharon Donovan as your legal and lawful mothers from this time forward and as your only legal heirs to all you own, of your own free will?"

Chris nodded. "I so affirm."

"I so affirm," Kyle agreed.

The judge repeated the questions to Sharon and Marie, listing for Marie her other children, including Troy, in the process, and received their affirming answers. "I declare the four of you mothers and sons, now and hereafter by the laws of the state and commonwealth of California. You may hug and kiss one another."

"Thanks, Jerry," Marie told the judge, after kissing Sharon and the boys.

Chris kissed Kyle full on the mouth, sharing plenty of tongue, and then joked, "Vice is nice, brother, but incest is best, right?"

"I won't know, brother, until we've fucked one another as brothers," Kyle teased him back. He looked at the judge, "You are staying to see our pledges sworn in?"

"Of course." The judge nodded. "I'm an old DLP alumnus, myself, although I was in grad school at the time and DLP was newer than this family. I'd like to be here when they covert you from a colony to a full chapter after you swear in your pledges. And after?"

"A nice, public-friendly group photo of us in our formal frat gear, but then we plan to get naked and party."

"Then, I absolutely will stay and even take the photo for you."

Kyle and Chris put their arms around Marie and Sharon. Marie grinned at them. "Sorry it took so many months to get to this point with you boys. Thanks for hanging in there."

Troy and Devin joined the group hug and then Adeeb, Rick, and Sky. Kyle did his best to lavish a lengthy kiss on them all and said, "One more happy chapter in the tale of our fun and twisted family, and one more leap of faith in our lives."

"And it's not over until we get naked and get incestuous," Troy reminded his two new brothers, and lovers.

"Amen." Devin laughed. "Big orgy or little orgy, this time?"

All the frat brothers and the new pledges shouted as one, “Big orgy.”

Kyle grinned at the new pledges: one actor and two swimmers, including Jake J.O.B. O’Brien. “Has DLP’s ‘hands-off’ pledge policy been too tough on you?”

Jake O’Brien answered, “Hell, yes, it has, Tiger Blossom. But thanks for sampling the goods before I pledged, so that I could endure a week without any of you having your way with me. So, swear us all in, so that we can get laid.”

Marie looked at Sharon. “Big orgy means bottomless appetites afterward. Shall we go cook?”

Sharon shook her head. “This time, let’s watch the moving male body parts and just order take out. And maybe do a little making out of our own.”

Marie smiled and then pulled a small jewelry box from her pocket, opening it to reveal two matching gold rings. “Sharon? I love you, so much. Will you marry me?”

“I love you, too.” Sharon nodded. “Hell, yes, I will. I’ll take that leap of faith with you.”

Their four sons, Sharon counting Devin in place of James, the fraternity brothers, and the new pledges shouted their approval, and as soon as Marie and Sharon exchanged rings, they mobbed them both in hugs and kisses. Sharon let herself be hugged and mauled by all their boys, but drew Kyle closest, kissing him on the cheek. “Marie and I owe this last leap of faith to you.”

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### *Kyle*

As quickly as the house became theirs, Sharon and Marie had a sign up in the front yard, proclaiming it: *Delta Lambda Phi - Ambush House*. The original frat house, Devin’s house, became *Streak House*. Kyle and the other frat brothers all knew the inside joke to both names, which were the alternate names for a group of tigers, as well as a nod to the casual nudity inside *Streak House* and the fact that *Ambush House* was acquired by strategic ambush. The neighbor fence between the houses came down and the perimeter fence of *Ambush House* was replaced with the same seven-foot-high double-board fence that surround *Streak House’s* backyard. The enlarged backyard was inaugurated with a rowdy touch football game in the nude.

Transforming *Ambush House* from a large, and largely drab, old house into an arty frat house annex took both vision and a good deal of sweat. Marie and

Sharon's suite on the second floor came together first, along with adjoining suites for the two gay couples and one threesome that had become their family within a family. All seven guys helped bring the house's shared vision to reality, but a whole lot of the finish work ended up assigned to Kyle and Chris. Once everyone helped cover old colors in fresh base paint, Chris and Kyle went to work applying all the various new colors to the ceilings, walls, doors, and moldings.

One warm afternoon in early June, painting in the nude side by side, as they often did, Kyle dipped an unused four-inch brush into the freshly changed rinse-water bucket. Chris was busy applying some high sheen lavender latex enamel on moldings with a detail brush. Kyle swiped the warm, wet brush over Chris's bare butt, and stepped back. Chris did not even flinch or pause in his delicate brushwork. "The water is warm and thin, while the paint would be cool and thick, Gingersnap. You owe me a kiss for that miserable fail of a prank."

"How long do I have to wait for you to collect, Snickerdoodle?"

Chris took a few more strokes with the paint on his brush and then set it carefully down in the water container. He looked over their efforts and then his usual work mate. "We could use a break. Food, sex or food and sex?"

"Sex, food, and more sex." Kyle grinned at him, letting himself be pulled into Chris's powerful, vein-roped arms. "Only this time, you do all the fucking. Just slipping your cock in my ass once or twice doesn't count. It just teases the hell out of me."

Chris instantly got a stubborn look in his eyes. "You know my reasons for wanting you to do most of that."

"I'd call bullshit on those reasons, if I didn't love you so much," Kyle told him. "You're not going to stop loving Adeeb, if you fuck me until you're ready to come, like you do him. Your hesitation is that last trace of Queen Victoria's ghost haunting you with her twisted Puritanism."

"Food and no sex it is." Chris shrugged and gave Kyle a little frown. "You know you like to sixty-nine and then fuck me hard. Your loss."

"We'll do it your way, but it's our loss. You know you want to fuck me as hard as I fuck you."

Chris didn't argue further. He just put a firm hand to Kyle's erection and led him from the room they were painting, using Kyle for a pull toy. When they got to a room that had no fumes and bare, carpeted floors, Chris nudged Kyle into

it. Kyle instantly went to his knees and grabbed Chris by his erection. "If you aren't doing any of the fucking, you don't get to suck me. I'll suck you, lick your ass, and fuck you, and you'll just have to like it. I can be stubborn, too."

Chris reacted to those demands exactly as Kyle expected him to, with a physical attack. Chris grappled with Kyle, intending to take him down and pin him. But Kyle was ready for him and used Chris's first moves to counter him, unbalance him, and take him down. Even as Chris struggled with Kyle for control, Kyle got Chris in the balls just enough to startle him, and then went chest to chest against Chris to power him onto his back. The ball-busting made Chris's cock rock hard, and Kyle swiftly grabbed it, shifted his weight over Chris to sit on it and thrust it into his ass.

"You'll hurt yourself!" Chris protested. "You haven't lubed! Or have you? Oh, god that feels good."

"I prepped and lubed the last time I went pee," Kyle assured him. "And now, I'm going to fuck myself on you. You can fight me or help me, but it's still going to happen."

"Goddamn you. I love you and love how you set me up for this," Chris confessed. "Save a horse and ride this cowboy."

"Good choice," Kyle assured him as he started riding Chris's cock, his own rock hard cock and balls swinging wildly with each thrust up and down. "You'll like... the bet... I made... with the guys."

"Oh, fuck, fuck. Will I?"

"They're... going to... face fuck... us... until... they come... on us... our mouths... gang... bang style."

Chris started bucking up against Kyle's downward thrusts. "Oh, god. Oh, fuck. Thank you."

"I want... it... doggy... style... on feet... promise?"

"Stand and... deliver? Promise!"

Kyle thrust up and off of Chris, got to his feet, helped Chris up, and promptly bent over. Chris, true to his promise, grabbed Kyle by the hips, spat down into Kyle's crack, and forced his cock back into Kyle's ass, making Kyle groan with pure pleasure. Chris fucked him slow but hard for several thrusts and then fucked him hard and fast, his entire torso writhing with the effort. Kyle moaned and hummed with pleasure. "Fuck! Fuck me. Fuck me, hard. Hard."

After several joyfully forceful minutes, Chris had to ease up to catch his breath. "Pile drive?"

"Yes, please!"

They traded positions, Kyle going down to the floor on his shoulders, rolling himself, and his ass upward. Chris grabbed Kyle's thighs, guided his cock into Kyle's upturned ass and began thrusting down into Kyle. "Guard... your balls."

"Slam them... and me."

Chris complied, making Kyle wince and writhe with pleasure and a little pain at every thrust into him. Chris thrust down into him for several more minutes, until he had to drop to his knees, and continue fucking Kyle sunny-side-up, holding and supporting Kyle's ass just above the floor, making his arms ripple with every thrust. Kyle furiously cranked on his own erection until he shouted, "I'm going... to come. Fuck. Oh, fuck!"

As Kyle shot cum all over his own abs and onto his face, Chris stopped fucking him, pulled out and stroked himself until he also shot cum all over Kyle's abs and face.

Suddenly, Adeeb was there, as naked as they were, but totally erect, kneeling next to them, hands on both of them. "I'm so proud of you, Chris."

Chris kissed Adeeb and then bent down to kiss Kyle. The action smooched their spent cum between them, painting their abs and chests. Adeeb shoved his boyfriend back, once Chris and Kyle's lips parted, so that he could also kiss Kyle. "Thank you, Kyle, for loving us, helping us."

"Helping... us?" The idea made sense, but it surprised Chris. "Helping us. Mama Marie?"

"Mama Marie, indeed," Kyle confessed. "She's why I never gave up on this, on us."

Adeeb grabbed them both by the hand, pulling himself and them to their feet. "Time to go pay up on that bet, Kyle. You lost, big time."

"I sure did."

Chris looked surprised. "You lost the bet? Us getting face fucked is you paying up... on losing?"

"'Winning' and 'losing' are just words when you get what you want in the end." Kyle grinned. "Let's go get face fucked in style."

“Next time, let me place the bet.” Chris grinned and then looked down at his front, still smeared in their combined cum. “Clean up, first?”

“Why? They’re just going to paint us some more, Snickerdoodle.”

Chris grinned. “I sure hope so, Gingersnap.”

As they stepped from the room, Drama Bear and Swim Bear joined them, Devin holding a platter piled with homemade gingersnaps and Troy with a platter of snickerdoodles. Chris and Kyle grinned at the food but shook their heads. “Cookies and cocksucking don’t pair well.”

Rick Bersani and Sky Patterson showed up just then with mugs of dark beer.

“Beer pairs well with everything,” Bear Cub assured them, “including cookies and sucking cock. Our moms send their love. They’ll join us after we fill you two with cum.”

“Eat up and drink up,” Troy told Kyle and Chris.

“We need you two fueled up,” Devin agreed. “We’re going to work you two tigers, hard.”

Kyle chewed and swallowed some cookies, raised his beer mug and toasted, “To cookies, tigers, beer, and love.”

The other six all joined Kyle in his toast before leading Chris and him to their happy fates.

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## Epilogue

### *Back to the Well of Wishes*

#### *Kyle*

After all of the wild fun and sexual revelry of the afternoon, a leisurely dinner outdoors slowly dissolved into pairings of guys wandering off to enjoy the warm summer evening as quiet couples. Kyle soon found himself alone, except for Sharon and Marie, as he dutifully helped them clean up. Even as Sharon gave Marie a little wink, hinting at some alone time, just the two of them, Kyle decided he needed to let them have that time sooner rather than later.

He felt very alone, even though he was in one of two houses full of people he loved and he knew loved him. He savored the memory of every cock he'd sucked that afternoon and the hunky hottie it was attached to, but in his heart of hearts, he was still that kid whose bullied boyfriend hung himself, cheating them both out of a life together, forever. He knew that if Tony had lived he probably would never have known Devin or Troy, or any of his other frat brothers, at least not carnally, and probably not spiritually or emotionally, either. But he still missed Tony, a lot. The tiger within him was just another striped cat without the delicate blossom that had been his Tony.

Kyle decided he needed some exercise to clear his head. He put on jeans and his favorite cowboy boots and then got his bicycle out of the garage, along with his riding helmet. The air was a bit humid and sticky but felt cooler against his bare torso as he set off to ride under the streetlights. He rubbed his right hand over the tattoo on his left shoulder and arm as he rode, mind distant from the street and what little traffic was on it. A sudden flash of headlights and screeching brakes brought Kyle back to the here and now.

Kyle hit his own hand brakes a little too forcefully, catapulting himself head over handle bars, like a kid on a real bike for the first time ever. The lithe, athletic ginger twisted in the air, and came down on his boots, but still fell forward, scraping one knee on the pavement. His hands felt chapped from breaking his fall, but only his knee felt raw under the denim. His bike, however, had fared less well than he did. The car had stopped but not without passing over one wheel of the bike, leaving it unridable until the wheel was replaced. He pulled off his helmet, and checked on the very shaken motorist inside the car instead of worrying about the bike or his knee.

The motorist looked more shaken than Kyle, and Kyle spent more time assuring the older man at the wheel he was fine than dealing with his own minor injuries. Once the man drove away, Kyle hefted his bike onto his shoulder and started walking back to the frat houses. It took him a good fifteen minutes to retrace a distance ridden in just five, but the walk did his mind some good.

Kyle realized that he could have died just then, and he had too much to live for, people he wanted to live for. When he got back to the two side by side frat houses, he decided he didn't want to take the broken bike into the house through the front door and answer a ton of questions, so Kyle took it around into the alley, walking until he knew he was behind *Streak House*. He threw the bike over the fence and then grabbed board and leaped over the fence, realizing only in the instant he crossed that the swimming pool was on the other side.

When Kyle surfaced from his plunge into the warm waters of the pool, he saw Devin and Troy on the edge of the pool, naked and arm in arm, grinning at him. Devin laughed and said, "Has our fairy godson come back to make another magic request in our well of wishes?"

Kyle forgot all about his sore knee, soggy boots and jeans, the bike at the bottom of the pool, and the helmet floating beside him. He nodded. "I have, Fairy Godfathers. I have."

"Then what is your request, Fairy Godson?" Troy asked, playing along.

"What would you guys think of becoming Buddhist and traveling to Bangkok with me?"

The question took both hunky bears by surprise. Then, Devin suddenly grinned. "So, which of us do you want to cast as Bell, Art and Joke?"

Troy suddenly caught on, grinned, and nodded. "I'm 'Joke,' because it took me longest to catch on. That makes Drama Bear 'Art' and you our 'Bell.' And since you're asking us to marry you, my answer is 'hell yes.' So, get the fuck over here and kiss us."

Kyle lingered opposite them long enough to kick off his boots and his jeans, letting them all drift to the bottom of the pool, as he swam to his two bears. "God, I love you guys."

Devin and Troy eagerly pulled him to them, sharing individual and then a three-way kiss with Kyle. Devin assured him, "We love you, too. And we'll gladly convert to Buddhism to marry you in any Buddhist temple you like. I think traveling to Bangkok would just make it all the more fun."

“So, does that mean we have to be celibate until we marry?” Troy teased him.

“Fuck no!” Kyle shook his head. “The engagement is not official until you guys fuck me, and let me fall asleep in your arms, just the three of us.”

“I think we can fulfil that wish,” Devin assured Kyle, “as long as you do a little fucking back.”

Kyle grinned and nodded. “Whatever you guys want. I just know I love you, both of you, and want to spend the rest of my life with you. It took almost getting run over to understand that.”

Devin looked down through the lit waters of the pool. “That explains the bike and your knee. I think you’ve put your guardian angel to the test one too many times. But this time was worth it.”

“That’s what really matters,” Troy agreed. “We love everything and everyone you’ve brought into our lives, but we love you most of all. And we want you to share the rest of our lives, too.”

As Kyle got out of the water to walk with his two fiancés to their new room in *Ambush House*, he thought he saw Tony standing in the air over the pool water, a pair of fluffy angel wings on him. He blinked and the image was gone, but Kyle knew Tony had been his guardian angel all along, and that he was home at last and forever with his two bears. “Thank you, Tony, thank you.”

**The End**

## **Author Bio**

*Jay D. Clark was born in and has returned to live in rural northern California after living in other states and countries. His life has been a mixture of really great moments mixed with some pretty difficult ones, both of which inspire and shape his writing. He feels that since his own personal and family histories read like romance novels m/m romance is his writing niche. He spends time with his family and friends, having a passion for reading and writing. He loves rural living, horses, open spaces, swimming and all things outdoors and in nature. He is new to M/M romance but finds in it a sense of completion missing for decades in his own life. The only downside of writing M/M romance fiction is having less time to read stories from the true masters of the genre. Jay D. is thankful for so much inspiration from life and good friends for his writing.*

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