

The House on the Island, Book 2

by Para*Psyte and
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[M/M, MC, vampire]

[Synopsis: 'Delivery' food gets a whole new meaning when six jocks have to spend a night on an island.]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his

shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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The House on the Island, Book 2

1. Dart

The bet was, if we lost, we had to do it. We lost big time.

The dare was, we had to spend the night on the island. No big deal. It's supposed to be haunted, but that's just a load of bullshit. There's some big house on it, but it's been vacant for years. Dustin said he heard somebody bought it, but nobody believed him. No one had lived there since ... well, since forever, so why

should that change?

It was me, Dustin with that damned cowboy hat he always wore, the twins Josh and Brandon, Scott, and Grange in those camouflage pants and Army boots he always wears. We're all on the university soccer team. I play goal--my name's not important, but everybody calls me Dart. Dustin is just about my best friend in the whole world. He plays forward. As for the twins, they're both hotshots--Josh plays midfield, and Brandon plays forward. Scott and Grange are defenders.

We bet these guys on the lacrosse team that we'd win the homecoming game. We lost the game and the bet. Losers had to spend a night on the island. That was the

lacrosse team's idea. Kid stuff, I know, but it was a Saturday night and we were all really drunk at the time.

So there we were, loading our sleeping bags into this really old rowboat at the dock on the lake shore. The sun was setting quickly. The guys on the lacrosse team were laughing and giving each other high-fives as if this were really humiliating to us or something. Yeah, well, not as humiliating as losing a bet to the lacrosse team.

Lacrosse, for God's sake! You run around on a field, swatting a ball with a glorified butterfly net--what kind of sport is that?

Anyway, it's a big lake, and we're rowing

out toward the island. We're just heading to the closest part. But when we're nearly there, Dustin gets this weird look in his eye and tells us we should head around to the west more. We were all like, "Screw you, Dustin," because it means rowing farther than we had to, but we do it, and sure enough there's some old pier there. We pulled up to it and climbed out with our stuff and tied the boat off.

From there, all we had to do was find a place to sleep until morning.

There was a stone walkway and some stairs. They led up to the house. It's a huge-ass house too. We went on up and tried the doors. Locked up tight. No lights. Curtains drawn inside the windows, so

we couldn't see a thing. Not a single sign of life.

Grange said he had a bad feeling about that place, and we ragged him because he's supposed to be this big, brave ROTC soldier guy, but he convinced us to take our gear out into the trees a little way. We found this clearing and we spread out our sleeping bags.

It was a warm night. We stayed up drinking beer we'd brought in a cooler and talking a while, just bullshitting and the usual bragging about girls we'd bagged and stuff. After a while, we stripped down to our shorts or our underwear, and we laid out in our sleeping bags or on top of them, and we fell asleep.

I woke up sometime during the night. Some small noise, some kind of motion. I looked over at Dustin. He was asleep alongside me, on his back, on top of his sleeping bag in the warm night air. He had stripped to his boxer shorts before going to sleep, and I could see his body perfectly.

And I could see his boxers were open, and his hard cock sticking up through them and then disappearing into the mouth of someone hunched over him. Disappearing, reappearing, then disappearing again as the man's head bobbed slowly up and down on him, sucking him. I didn't recognize this man--an unknown.

Dustin appeared to be sound asleep,

completely unaware that some guy was swinging on his joint. It seemed pretty unreal, like some dream, so it didn't upset me. I tried to reach out to him, to say something, to wake him up, but I couldn't. I couldn't say anything, or move my arm. I could barely work up the will to turn my head. To turn my head and look down.

Someone else had pulled back the flap of my sleeping bag, exposing my body to the night air. Someone had pried open my shorts and pulled out my hard rod. Someone was sucking on it, so slowly, sweetly. The man who sucked me, he looked up at me and he just smiled, and his eyes seemed to have this warm, golden-orange glow, and I felt this calmness flow all through me, and I just

let my head sink back, and his mouth returned to sucking me, and I started to cum in his mouth and cum and cum ...

2. Dustin

I remembered the dream. It was like someone had been sucking me off. Felt really nice, and I remember I really enjoyed it. I just started shooting, and that mouth just swallowed it all.

When I woke up the next morning, I knew it had all been a dream. I sat up. My morning hard-on had worked its way out of the gap in the front of my boxers, and I tucked it back inside quickly, before any of the others woke up and saw it.

I really had to piss, so I stood up and headed off into the trees to take care of my bladder.

Dart came up beside me, but he barely acknowledged my hello as he pried open his fly and started to pee. He gets weird like that in the mornings sometimes. I knew better than to sneak a glance at his cock in his hand. Dart would have caught something like that right away. He's my best friend and I really like him, but I knew he wouldn't understand if he found out.

Back at the place where we spent the night--not a camp, exactly--some of the other guys were stirring too.

And they weren't too happy about it.

"Who the fuck took my fucking shirt?" Grange was bitching. "And where's my

damn cell phone?"

"My backpack's gone," Scott was saying.
"Anybody seen my backpack?"

And Josh was climbing out of his sleeping bag stark naked, standing there with his hand in front of his crotch. "Okay, who's the ass-wipe who took my clothes?"

I had to look away quickly, because it would have been suicidal if anybody caught me staring.

So when I went looking for my shoes and found they were missing, I figured I got off lucky, considering.

I think we all came to the same conclusion at the same time.

"The lacrosse team!"

Brandon muttered, "Those fuckers must've followed us."

Dart didn't look so convinced, but that's just him.

Josh grabbed my cowboy hat off my head and cradled it in front of his crotch. "I'm borrowing your hat, Dustin."

Scott and Grange chorused with, "Ewww!"

I told Josh, "You better not get crabs or anything on my hat."

Dart was his usual pushy self. "Okay, guys, let's spread out. See if we can find

where they hid our stuff."

So Josh and I ended up at the little pier. Surprise number two: Our rowboat was gone.

Okay, not such a big surprise, I guess.

"So *now* what?" Josh said. I think he was getting pretty damn tired of keeping my cowboy hat clamped over his crotch.

I looked up the pathway. "There's a house. Maybe there's a phone."

"I thought the house was abandoned?"

"You got a better idea? Maybe they left the phone on. Or maybe we can find you some pants."

The house was locked up tightly. Doors all locked. We started checking windows. Found one out back that we managed to shove up far enough that I could fit. I needed a boost to climb in, which meant Josh had to put down my cowboy hat to help me up.

Uncut. Hm.

I tumbled through the gap in the window like a sack of potatoes. Okay, I was in. Lots of old furniture sitting around. Air didn't smell musty or anything, but I didn't see any signs that anyone had been there recently.

I went around and found the door and let Josh in. I went looking for a phone. He

headed upstairs, looking for a bedroom closet and clothes. I watched him climb the stairs and whispered to myself, "Nice ass."

Damn! I had to be more careful. If the others found out, especially Dart, they'd freak.

Okay, so I found a phone in one room. Dead. I found another in the kitchen. Also dead. This place was huge! Some kind of rich man's mansion. In the kitchen, I started going through some cabinets. I was hungry, and maybe there was canned food left behind.

"Hey, Dustin! Where the fuck are ya?"
Josh's yell from the front rooms.

I hollered back, "Back here. In the kitchen."

Josh came storming in. He had on a pair of jeans now--damn!--and a shirt, and he dropped a backpack on the kitchen floor. "Guess what I found upstairs. Our stuff. All of it."

"Huh?"

"It's all upstairs. Those lacrosse fuckers must have stashed it there last night."

"That's a good start. But the boat's still gone."

Josh started rummaging through the backpack. "Brandon keeps his cell phone in here. Maybe we can call someone ...

Yo! Check it out, dude!" He hauled out Brandon's phone. He punched a few buttons and frowned at it. "Dead. The muthafucker's dead! Fuck!" He threw, and it clattered across the kitchen counter.

"What about Grange's?" I remembered him bitching about his cell phone being missing too.

"Dunno. Didn't see it."

"Let's go look."

Josh led me up the stairs to the bedroom where he had found his clothes and Brandon's backpack.

My shoes were there, and I pulled them on. There were some other clothes, like

Grange's shirt. No cell phone, though.

I said, "What's Grange's number? Call his phone and let's find it when it rings."

Josh looked at me like I was a total idiot. "Call how exactly? Brandon's phone is dead, dummy."

Okay, maybe I was a total idiot.

While Josh checked the dresser drawers and the closet, I poked around under the bed.

"You hear that? Sounded like something downstairs," Josh said.

I pulled my head out from under the bed. "Huh? Probably one of the guys?"

"Probably. I'm gonna go down and check it out."

"Okay."

I poked around under the nightstand. Nothing. Under the desk? Nothing.

On my knees, I looked up, just in time to see Josh in the doorway again. He had his shirt off--hadn't he put it on again earlier? Not that I was complaining.

And he had this really distant look in his eye.

And he had someone else's hand on his shoulder, someone behind him, guiding him through the doorway.

Beyond Josh's head, and the blank expression on his face, I could barely see the shadowed face of the man behind him. He was smiling slightly at me, as if he knew some important secret. His eyes held mine. In the darkness of the hallway behind Josh, they seemed to glow, a gentle golden glow. I could feel his confident strength in his gaze.

"Hello," the man said. "A kindred spirit, eh? I have a proposition for you."

3. Josh

Couldn't look away from his eyes.
Looking into them felt like ... like
dreaming.

Heard something. Some noise downstairs.
Went to check it out.

Saw him the minute I walked out in the
hallway. Didn't know him. Just some guy.
Standing there, waiting. Looking at me.
Looking right into my head.

I just froze. Couldn't move. Couldn't talk.
Couldn't look away. Couldn't do nothing
but just stand there looking.

Then, something made me take off my

shirt. Like he told me to, inside my head. I just did it. Unbuttoned it, and took it right off.

He put his hand around my shoulders. Turned me around. Yeah, like I was hearing his voice inside my head. Telling me what to do. Marched me back into the bedroom.

Dustin was rooting around under the bed. Took him a second to notice us. I didn't care. Standing there, with that man's hand on my shoulder, it felt good. This feeling like warmth in my head. His voice talking to me. It felt peaceful. All I had to do was listen. No more worries.

Dustin looked up at me. Looked real

surprised. Looked past me at the man. I didn't care. I just stood there. I felt him inside my head. Saying everything was all right.

Dustin just kept staring at me. Like always. Always staring. Staring at the man.

The man said, "I've got a proposition for you."

I felt him. In my head. Telling me. Guiding me.

"Do you want to know what it is?" he said. Face closer now. Warm breath on the back of my bare shoulder. His hand stroked down my chest. Down my smooth,

muscular chest. Yeah. Down the ridges of my tight belly. Fluttering. Tingling. Responding.

"I can give you what you want," he said. His finger. The button of my jeans. Unsnapping.

Dustin watching. Staring. Watching.

"Do you want it? Yes? Yes, you do." My jeans. Unzipping. Pulling out my cock. So hard. Really, really hard.

Dustin crawling. Closer. Coming.

"Yes. We have an agreement." Pulling my cock out. Sweet feeling. Voice in my head. Everything's all right. So hard. Exposed. So hard. So sweet.

Dustin touching me. Mouth. Kissing my
cock. Kissing it. Swallowing it.

4. Dart

Where the fuck were they?

Dustin and Josh had been gone practically forever. They'd gone off looking for our clothes, just like the rest of us. But everybody else came back empty-handed pretty soon. I mean, the fucking island was big, but it wasn't *that* big.

And Josh was naked, except for that silly cowboy hat of Dustin's. Where was a naked guy going to disappear to?

There had to be something going on. Hell, Dustin's my best friend in the whole world, but sometimes I would catch him

looking at Josh and Brandon funny. I thought maybe there was a little something going on that Dustin didn't want us to know about.

So now we had to go looking for them too.

What we found was the boat gone. Had Dustin and Josh taken it and left us? That didn't seem likely--Brandon was pretty adamant that Josh wouldn't have gone off and left him. Since the twins were never far apart, I had to admit he was probably right. Beside, Dustin wasn't a flake. He wouldn't have gone off without telling the rest of us.

What we found was the house locked up--they hadn't gone in there.

What we found was a whole lot of nothing.

It was getting late in the morning, maybe close to noon, and we were getting hungry and antsy, and we wanted to go home. I was gonna *kill* those fuckers when they finally showed up! This was getting ridiculous. I was bored, and I had better things to do than sit around on some island all day.

We split up. Scott and Grange went one way. Brandon and I went the other. The plan was we'd each make a circuit of the island.

So Brandon and I, we head off to the left, and we're walking around, and we're

yelling out, "Dustin! Josh!" We're looking around, and we're still seeing a whole lot of nothing. And speaking for myself, I was getting pretty pissed off. Man--*smack!*--I just wanted to hit something about then.

And then Brandon said something like, "Look over there," and I did, and there's Dustin and Josh heading our way. Just strolling along like nothing's happening.

Somewhere, Josh had found a pair of jeans to put on. That meant Dustin had his damned cowboy hat back, and Dustin had that on and his jeans. Neither of them was wearing a shirt. Josh looked kind of zoned out--he was walking in this really fluid, loose-limbed way, really slinky. Dark brown hair. Smooth chest. Normally, he

didn't show off his body too much, though he had a nice, muscular build that the chicks really liked. Right then, he was moving in a way that seemed pretty sensual, like he'd just gotten laid or something.

Dustin, his cowboy hat kept me from seeing his expression at first. Dustin was the same age as I, a year older than Josh and Brandon, and his body had filled out a little more with muscle. His chest didn't have a hair on it, so the muscles stood out. There was something different about the way he was moving too--he was walking with almost a swagger, like he had the power and the authority and he knew it.

"Where the hell have you guys been?" I

demanded.

Neither of them answered me.

Brandon's voice was uncertain: "Josh? You okay? Where you been, bro?"

"Shhh," Dustin said, nearly whispering. "That's not important right now."

Dustin came to a stop right in front of me. He thumped up the brim of his hat, looked me right in the eye with a smirk, and said, "So which of you wants to be first?"

5. Brandon

Ever looked at someone and thought, "Not right"? That's the feeling I got, seeing Josh.

I won't give you bullshit about some secret bond between twins. You know, the one where twins are supposed to know what happens to each other or share a secret language? It's not like that.

Still, I just looked at my brother, and ...
Not right.

Something about his eyes. Like it wasn't *him* inside his head. Guess I'm not explaining this right.

Josh smiled at me. Weird smile.
Confident. But blank at the same time.
Y'know? Some kind of emptiness where
he should be. Looking at him made me feel
weird inside too. Something pulling at me.
Like gravity. Tugging at my head. Trying
to pull me in.

Disorienting. Tried to break away.
Whatever's inside his head was trying to
get in mine. Felt it trying to wrap around
my thoughts. Shook my head to clear it.
Again, again. Just in time to see Dustin
standing in front of Dart. Whatever was in
Josh was in Dustin too, only stronger. A
lot stronger. It coiled around me. Some
kind of connection between Dustin and
Josh, like Dustin was calling the shots.

Dustin looked Dart right in the eye. He said, "Sleep." Dart's eyes closed. Head fell back a little. His body kind of turned, and he sank down, real slow, to the ground. Didn't get up either.

Josh's hand on my shoulder. Turning me. I just let him do it, all docile. Looking eye to eye. Somehow, it wasn't Josh in there. I couldn't think straight. Couldn't concentrate.

Josh's hands on my shoulders, pushing down. I went down on my knees. His cock sticking out of his open jeans. I'd seen it before, sure, but it still fascinated me. Hard. Long. Calling me somehow. His hands on my head. Guiding me forward. I couldn't concentrate. Couldn't fight it. His

cock head touched my lips. My mouth fell open. The head slowly pushed inside.

Something under me. Couldn't focus. Passive. Hands opening my pants. Touching my cock. I'm hard too. The taste of Josh's cock in my mouth. Sinking. Couldn't stop it. Couldn't break free. Fingers pulling my cock out of my pants. No control. Pulled along. Josh's cock pushing deeper in my mouth. Something in my head. Josh's eyes locked on mine. Something in them. Something warm and wet clamping around my cock. Sucking. Sucking Josh. Sucking me. Dustin. Dustin sucking me. Electric feeling. Something in me. Dustin sucking. Sucking away something in me. Couldn't focus. Josh's eyes. Body going limp. Slowly. Losing.

Letting go. Sinking. Dustin sucking me. My
load boiling. Wanting out. Starting.
Cumming. Cumming. Sinking. Eyes
closing. Blacking out. Cumming.

6. Scott

I didn't have a clue what was going on. One minute we're all together, then Dustin and Josh are missing, and the boat's gone. I was going to really fucking *hurt* me some lacrosse players.

Grange and me, we were searching through the woods. Tra-la, tra-la, searching through the woods. Yeah, right.

Where the fuck were they? Grange and I were both hollering our heads off like fools, but they weren't answering. Grange is in the ROTC, and he's got some loud lungs on him.

After a while, it got to be funny. We started dreaming up all these wild things that Dustin and Josh must have gotten into. Off having sex in the bushes? Eaten by alligators? Kidnapped by aliens for an anal probe? Maybe you had to know Dustin and Josh, but we were laughing our asses off.

We'd been out there looking for a while, though, so we were also kind of pissed. It had to be--what?--mid-afternoon? I don't know.

I do know Grange was getting incredibly pissed. I'm pretty laid-back, but Grange is a hotshot with a temper. He was laughing and shit at the jokes, but I could tell he wanted to kick some butt. For him it

wasn't an issue of, "Where are they," but "Whose butt am I gonna whup first." Military boys are like that.

I was pretty much ready to give up on them. I was tired, frustrated, and hungry. We'd done what we had to, so all I wanted not was to go home. Hell, I was even getting ticked off at the way Grange was bitching about everything.

Then there they were. Dustin and Josh, coming out of some trees ahead of us.

"Hey, guys," I yelled. "Where have you two been?"

They didn't say anything. They just kept walking toward us. At least Josh had

found himself a pair of pants.

"What's going on here, dude?" Grange muttered under his breath. "What's with them?"

And yeah, the moment he said that, I knew exactly what he meant. There was something pretty fucking weird about them. The way they were looking at me. The way they were just walking right up to me without saying a word, just smiling a little, and looking right into my eyes.

I'm a tall, muscular guy, and I can be pretty imposing, but they just walked right up to me, looking like they were trying to stare a hole in my head or something.

"Duuuude?" Grange sounded spooked or something. Right then, I didn't care.

Dustin just walked right up to me and stood there with his face an inch from mine, smiling and looking right into my eyes. He got down on his knees in front of me, still looking up and holding my gaze, and he started working on my fly. Dustin opened my pants and tugged them and my briefs down a little below my hips. I guess it didn't matter to me. I just let him.

Beside me, Grange bitched, "Uh, dude? What the fuck? Dude?"

I didn't let him break my concentration. My cock was out now, waving proud and hard in the air. Dustin kissed the tip of it,

and this shudder ran through me. Then he took the head inside, and I felt his mouth begin to make love to my meat. I liked it. A lot.

I heard some commotion beside me. Grange? I didn't give a shit about him anymore. Everything I cared about was centered on my cock and Dustin's mouth.

I was feeling something different. Something I'd never felt before when girls blew me. Inside me, it was all sliding around, or maybe slipping away. I didn't care. This felt so damn good. Dustin's mouth was doing things to me no girl's mouth had ever done.

All I wanted was to blow my load. I just

wanted to bury my big ol' cock down
Dustin's hungry throat and cum, and I was
doing exactly that, cumming and cumming,
and feeling every thing going dark, but
cumming and not caring about anything
else as everything else faded away ...

7. Grange

I ran fucking forever.

I just freaked out. Dustin and Josh were acting just too fucking weird. Then when Dustin walked over to Scott and knelt down and started blowing him--*shit*, man! I just ...

I just had to get the fuck outta there.

I'm just some Army brat from the sticks. If the guys want to get into shit like that with each other when I'm not around, that's their fucking business, but I'm straight and I never saw anything like that go on between the guys before.

I'm straight. I'm twenty-two. I'm good-looking, and all the chicks say I have a great smile. I have blue eyes and dark blond hair, cut military-short. I have a great body and a couple of tattoos on my arms. I'm a nice guy, and I'm in the ROTC to be an Army officer after graduation. But I never in my whole life saw anything like that before. I fucking had to get out of there, and I never wanted to see it, fucking ever again.

So I ran. The fucking island wasn't that big, and there's woods and underbrush and stuff fucking everywhere. Where was I going to go? It was pretty obvious we weren't getting off the island by boat, since it was fucking gone. It was too far for the others to swim to shore, a long way

off, but I figured I could make it. Besides, I needed a little time before I had to face the other guys.

Fuck, the lacrosse team had taken my shirt and my cell phone. I was gonna kick their fucking asses too.

The island was probably closest to the lake shore from this one side, and that's where I was. I sat down and started tugging off my fucking boots. I was gonna fucking swim across that damn lake and get to the pier on the other side and bring back a rowboat. Or maybe I'd just say fuck it and send someone else back to get them.

I stuffed my socks into my boots. I had on a pair of camouflage pants with boxer

shorts under them. I took a deep breath while I was stretching out my arms and psyching myself up, and it was time to wade out into the lake and get this fucking show underway.

I got out into the water a few steps, up to my calves, and I couldn't take another step. This voice whispered in the back of my fucking head, "Atten-*SHUN*, soldier!" My body snapped immediately to attention. When I felt his fucking hand on my shoulder, it barely registered. I hadn't heard him come up behind me--it was like he was in fucking stealth mode or something. His hand came down my arm and turned me around.

Dustin looked me right in the eye for a

second, then he got down there on his knees in the water and got right to fucking business. He popped open my pants and unzipped them and pulled them down to my knees, and my boxers too, and let me tell you, I was *so* fucking ready. My cock was already fucking harder than it had even been before, even with a chick. I didn't care that Dustin was a guy. I just wanted to get off. I just wanted him to fucking blow me and make me drop my payload down his throat.

His hands were kneading my thighs, but I didn't care. I couldn't take my eyes off his and the way they seemed to have this fucking light inside them. I was groaning, and he was pulling on my cock with his mouth and whirling his tongue around my

fat, uncut prick. Sometimes he'd come off to lick the little dribbles of pre-cum leaking out of the piss slit, and then he'd fucking go down on me again. It felt so fucking *amazing*. I'd never known a guy could make me feel that good.

I could feel my dick rub against the back of his throat. The hot wetness of his mouth sent these little coils of electricity flowing up from my balls. So fucking amazing.

The best part was how hungry for me Dustin was. I love it when someone blows me enthusiastically, and he was pretty damn into it. He was going all the way down on me, just burying his face in my pubes, then coming up almost to the tip, over and over. I felt his fucking hand up

under my ass, copping a feel, and I didn't care. He was about to make me cum, and I wanted to feed him my whole fucking load. I felt his spit-wet finger slip against my asshole and nudge its way inside. My hole clamped around his finger, and I felt the cum start to fucking bubble up in my balls.

Dustin sank my cock deep in his fucking throat. I could feel how hungry he was. I definitely wasn't thinking clearly. I didn't care about anything but discharging my weapon and feeding him my load. I just wanted to fucking cum. He was taking something from me, and you know something?--I didn't fucking care. He was welcome to everything as long as he took my load. Everything was exploding out of

my fucking balls--so fucking sweet--and I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. Maybe it felt like Dustin had won somehow, but if it felt this good, then I had fucking won too.

8. Dart

I woke up in the dark. I was lying on a bed, spread-eagled on my back, in the dark. Naked. Some bedroom with old furniture. The house on the island? Probably.

What was going on? Last thing I knew, I had been outside, and Dustin had been looking me in the eye and telling me, "Sleep."

Damn. I guess I had.

It seemed to be dark outside, as best I could tell. I could turn my head a little, but I couldn't move my arms or legs. I wasn't

tied down--I just couldn't move. I couldn't even sit up.

"I made an arrangement," a voice said from the foot of the bed. I peered into the darkness. Nothing. "And you're going to help me complete my side of the bargain."

This man emerged from the black rectangle of shadows at the door. Behind him walked Dustin.

Dustin was naked, his eyes vacuous. Something had emptied out of him.

"I believe you know my latest pet?" the man said, stoking the back of Dustin's neck.

I managed to say, "What's going on here?"

"Shhh. Don't worry your head with things like that."

There was something calming about his voice.

"That's it. Just relax," he said. He looked me up and down. "You really are quite the prize. No wonder my pet has been in love with you." I felt, rather than understood, what he meant. It confirmed something I'd suspected for a while. Through the connection of our eyes, I sensed the man meant Dustin had given away something in return for what was about to happen. But it felt so good, I felt I was getting a prize too.

I felt his eyes boring right into my head,

like Dustin's had, only far stronger. This warm, golden-orange light. Looking into it, I felt this tranquil throbbing ooze through my whole body, like seduction.

I wanted to sit up, get out of there, but my body betrayed me. I could only lie there, and I was getting hard. Really hard.

It felt really great.

Dustin was moving. Climbing on the bed with me. I couldn't look away from the stranger's eyes. I felt Dustin between my legs, bending my knees up.

"Shhhh," the man soothed, "you'll enjoy this."

Dustin's tongue licked at my ass, down in

the crack and over my hole. It felt ... funny, but I could see how some guys might like it. Mostly, I didn't care, as long as I got to stay lost in the stranger's gaze.

Dustin did a lot of things down there, with his tongue, then with his finger. He was lubing my ass, and I didn't give a shit. He bent my knees up toward my shoulders and pressed himself against me, slowly, slowly skewering me with his dick. He held that position for a moment, his body pressing down against mine, his blank face inches away from mine. Then he started drawing his dick out with excruciating slowness until just the tip remained inside me, then he plunged hard inside me with one swift, sure stroke. My voice moaned softly.

He was pumping his hips hard and fast. Slamming his cock in and out of my cherry ass with punishing intensity, his balls slapping against me with each thrust. Meanwhile, I was lost in the stranger's stare, drinking it in, feeling him bore deeper and deeper inside my head. Dustin buried his face in my opposite shoulder, kissing and nipping gently.

He was breathing hard, dripping sweat from his forehead onto my chest. He thrust into me and whimpered, and with his next stroke the whimper got louder, like a trailing groan.

"He's getting close," the stranger said to me. "It's time."

The stranger coiled himself on the bed, bending close over my torso. His mouth found my cock and--*damn!*--he began to suckle it. Dustin's thrusts pushed my cock in and out of the man's mouth. I felt him drawing on me, taking something, and I let it go. I just relaxed and let it all go.

I felt Dustin's body shudder. He was cumming inside me. He arched his back, and his body thrashed and bucked.

I didn't know what was happening--I only had part of the picture, and I didn't care. I knew something was ending, and I hoped Dustin's deal was worth it. Maybe this would be what I wanted too. Right then, though, I cared about just one thing. When I shot, my load splashed against the back

of the stranger's throat, and my eyes began to close, and I felt my thoughts sinking pleasantly into darkness.
