

Licks

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Jim considers buying a friend's country cabin, and meets a local man who gets into his head.

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 are 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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-

In memory of Felix Lance Falcon, the best editor I've ever known and a good friend. I miss you, George.

Licks

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That first Thursday, taking two days off work to make a long weekend, Jim learned the "road" leading to the lake was hardly more than a trail, muddy but still passable, barely, and he cursed it each and every time his ancient Ford pickup bottomed out. This was backwoods mountain country, miles from anywhere. He had long ago cut off the radio, disgusted, unable to pick up anything but holy-rolling Christian stations with their Bible-thumping preachers pleading with him to repent his evil ways. "I got your repentance right here," he said, grabbing a handful of Jim-bone and squeezing. The gesture was wasted with no one to see it. He put both hands back on the wheel as the trail took a sudden left into the underbrush, the pickup bouncing at ten miles an hour on protesting springs.

He looked into his rearview mirror--miraculously, actually, because had he not looked, he would have never seen the mountain-biking kid coming up fast behind him--and did what he could to make room for the fool. "You're crazy, man!" Jim yelled out the window, making the biking boy laugh back at him and flip him a good-natured bird, his Spandex-ed buns shining in the sun. Jim watched the boy's bulging calves, sun-browned and feathered with smooth, straight hairs, and he grabbed his crotch again. This time it was a half-hard handful. He shook his head, not sure what was going on down there. He hadn't had a queer thought in years, and now, all of a sudden ...

He was going to the lake to do a little soul-soothing, a chance to get out of the city for a bit. A friend from work told him about this place, this lost little lake, clean and quiet, tucked out of the way, a little to the

north, a little to the east. The trail ended, and he parked his truck in a field of tall summer grass.

He did not pull his gear out of the truck bed. Instead he went walking toward the blue shimmer of water he could see through the trees. He passed the mountain bike lying on its side but thought nothing of it. He looked across the lake. From where he stood he could see nearly the whole of it, its edges lined with fir trees and pines, surrounded by the mountains of the Appalachian range. Hillbilly country, and Jim cracked an inbreeding joke when Sam first told him about the place, though Sam assured him the nearest locals lived miles away. The lake was long and narrow, he thought he might be able to swim it from end to end without much trouble. He noticed the silence, nothing but birdcalls and the soft noises the wind made through the trees. He folded his arms across his chest, felt something like redemption. There was a cabin somewhere nearby. He touched his pockets for the key. The windows would be shuttered and the place was going to need some serious airing out, Sam had warned. "It's on the primitive side," Sam had told him, making an inscrutable face. Sam's wife was wanting him to sell it, this little cabin on some remote ancestral land near where Sam had grown up, and she thought Sam had found himself a taker with Jim. Sam seemed to think so too. "Just check it out," Sam had said. "I'm selling it cheap."

Well, so far, so good, he thought, finding a path that ran along the shore, heading for a dense cove of trees that seemed a likely location for a cabin. He heard a small whoop and a splash and saw someone--the mountain-bike boy, he deduced--cutting through the water. *Maybe skinny-dipping,* Jim wondered hopefully, but then he saw the boy climb up out of the water onto a rock that barely broke the lake's surface and saw those fine legs still black-buttred in Spandex. The kid's upper body was finely developed too, and as he stretched his arms up over his head, the water runoff made him shimmer in the midday sun. Jim caught

himself staring. Just then the boy seemed to spot him too, looking at Jim with cupped hands over his eyes. He raised and waved a wary hand, as if unsure it would be seen. Jim waved back and got on his way again, talking in his head about how stupid he was, checking this kid out in broad daylight, being so obvious.

As he pushed his body through the tall grass, his jeans legs switched by weeds, he thought about the last time he saw Sam; the night before, when he was picking up the keys to the cabin. Sam's wife Carol was going to be out, and Sam had told Jim to just come around to the back of the house. Armed with the six-pack of beer he had brought, still chilled from the store cooler, he found Sam there, asleep in a tee-shirt and boxer shorts on a hammock on the deck. He was stretched out, his arms thick and akimbo. *What a hairy little fucker*, Jim had thought, looking at his dozing friend, legs spread wide, toes pointed at the sky. Sam wasn't tall, and he had that cocky attitude common to men of small stature. He worked extra hard in the gym and even harder on the job, where Jim had gotten to know him, both of them senior mechanics at Bart's Brakes & Body Shop. But seeing him there like that, laid out in the sun and half-snoring, the little dynamo looking so vulnerable, turned the Jim-bone dick to marble. He took a moment to scope out the hairy cave of Sam's crotch, shadowed, hard to make out. Jim thumbed his boner through his pants, working it to a less conspicuous position. The damned thing buzzed like an antenna, as if picking up some mysterious signal Sam radiated in his sleep.

Sam shifted suddenly, his hand going down to where Jim's eye's had rested so intently, and scratched. One furry ball popped out of the leg-hole, and then another. Sam scratched again, his eyes closed, his mouth pursed, then falling open. He snorted, and Jim marveled at Sam's bowling bag: *Look at those fucking stones!*

Now what? he had wondered. He had a six-pack in one hand. He checked out the yard, looked back at Sam's open legs, the low-hangers that drooped like heavy, overripe fruit on the vine. He licked his lips and noticed the fine sheen of sweat that had formed on his upper lip.

Sam opened his eyes.

"Jimbo!" he muttered sleepily.

"What?" Jim barked, startled, almost dropping the beers.

Sam pushed his fists against his eyes, squirming on the hammock, his chest rising and spreading under his tee-shirt. "Oops!" he said and his hand flew to his crotch, where he pushed his balls back up into his boxer shorts again. "Thought I felt a breeze." He grinned like he knew a secret. "I'll take one of those," he added, hand in mid-air and waiting for a beer.

"I gotta use the toilet," Jim said suddenly, handing the six-pack over to Sam, who directed him to the one downstairs. By himself, standing in front of the pisser, Jim pulled out his boner and tried to will it down, but it was not going anywhere. A drop of precum peeped up from the pee slit. "Aw, jeez," he complained aloud, resigning himself to the task at hand. He tugged at the loosely circumcised, flatheaded prong a couple of times, half-disgusted, half-amazed with himself. He looked up at the ceiling and blamed that fucker Sam for his problem and spurted an urgent load into the toilet.

He stepped into the deep shade of firs, the needles slippery under his shoes, then the sun was on him again almost as quickly as it had disappeared, and he saw the cabin in the clearing. Pine trees fenced it in and made it secluded, but some had been cleared away, allowing a view of the lake. He ran up to the porch and stood there, and he could see the boy again, the rock being a kind of natural dock. He was tempted to go

on down to the lake shore, but the boy being there ...

Instead, he dug into his pocket for the key. The place was in much better shape than Sam had led him to believe, but Jim guessed Carol hated it enough to be unable to speak nicely about it, even while trying to unload it. He went around un-shuttering the windows, getting a good, refreshing breeze going, and took the sheets off the furniture--all functional, sturdy. He stepped out on the porch again and started down to the water. He was hot and dusty and decided it was time for a swim. The mountain biker was gone. Jim scanned the lake for anyone else, found it empty, so he stripped down to nothing and stepped out onto the half-submerged rock that jutted some twenty feet out into the water.

The lake water was cold but felt good, and he flailed around the way he did when he did not care who was watching him. He had once had a decent stroke, having taken swimming lessons when he was a kid, but now he was out to cool off. He splashed and kicked and climbed out and jumped back in again and again. When he'd had enough, he lay down on the rock, the water lapping around him, and he was, for the most part, half-dozing and drying in the sun. He was almost asleep when he heard twigs snap and a metallic rattle. He opened his eyes and saw the mountain-biking boy poised on his bike near the shore-end of the stone dock where Jim lay.

"Hey," the boy called to Jim.

Instead of scrambling for cover--there was nowhere to go but the water, anyway--Jim decided to tough it out. He sat up and crossed his legs, putting his elbows on his knees. "How's it goin'?" he replied, a pained smile on his face as the kid rode out onto the rocks, hopping from one to the next with what looked like great exertion. Jim was amazed the kid got as far as he did before toppling into the water.

"Fucking shit!" the kid yelled when he resurfaced. "I used to be able to ride all the way out to where you are!"

He got himself and his bike out of the shallow water and, leaving the bike, joined Jim on the last big flat rock.

"Where's Sam?" the boy asked.

"Sam?" Jim said, surprised, though there was no reason to be; the cabin had been in Sam's family for years, apparently, and was bound to be known by whatever locals lived around these parts. Up close, Jim saw the still-bare-chested boy wasn't really boyish; the "kid" was probably on the young side of his mid-twenties. Jim was barely thirty himself; not such a big difference. Still, the kid--Jim could not think of him as anything else--was a good-looking guy. His brown hair looked longer now that it was wet and dripping, plastered to his neck and the sides of his face. He got down on his haunches, thigh muscles swelling, and Jim saw the crotch of his biking shorts was worn to gray, bulging pleasantly. He glanced down at his own wad of cock and balls just to make sure it was all there and not hanging out in plain view.

Bike-boy stuck his hand out. "My name's Felix, but nobody calls me that," he said, apparently comfortable enough to shake a naked man's hand.

"So what do they call you?"

"A little bit of everything," the young man said, looking out over the water. "They call me Licks mostly." Probably the boy said *Lix*, Jim realized, but he heard *Licks*.

The boy paused. "Sam isn't coming up?" He sounded disappointed.

Something about the boy's penetrating eyes bothered Jim, something a little too frank, and he dared not give in to the temptation to look into them. His own discomfort was growing, and he felt he had better make a run for it before he embarrassed himself. He stood up quickly, seeing his dick had already begun to swell. It was fat and heavy and swayed ponderously. In no time, Jim knew, it would pulse upward. "Uh, Sam's at home. He wants to get rid of the place--thinks he's going to unload it on me." Jim stepped around the squatting boy and made his way over the rocks toward his clothes. Licks got up and followed.

Jim was relieved to get his jeans on, but the boy seemed intent on staying and strolled amicably along with him toward the cabin. Jim's cock was in that halfway stage; it lay hotly against the top of his thigh and felt good there. He eyed Licks, whose own dick, trapped in the tight confines of his shorts, enjoyed a position of some prominence, having all the appearances of half-erection.

"My dad runs the service station up the highway," Licks was saying, helping carry the other box of groceries from Jim's truck. "We got ourselves a little general store there too so if you ever need anything, just give a holler. I'll be happy to run it out to you."

"I'd have to holler pretty loud," Jim said. "No phone in the cabin. No reception way out here for my mobile either."

Licks laughed. "That's right. I keep forgetting." He set the groceries down at the foot of the porch stairs and put a hand on a support beam. "I always liked this place," he said. "For a while after he moved to the city, Sam used to come out all the time."

"Did he?" Jim said.

"Oh, yeah," Licks said, "Him and me would swim and hike and stuff, and

sometimes he'd send me to town for a bottle, and we'd play poker when I'd come back." He put his forehead against the beam. "You a good friend of his?"

Jim shrugged. "We work together."

Licks nodded but did not say anything. He seemed to Jim a little sad. "I'm getting kind of hungry," Jim said. "I got a couple of steaks in the cooler there. Why don't you help me get this shit inside and find a grill and let me feed you?"

Licks' face brightened into a grin. "That'd be nice," he said, picking up the box of groceries and bounding up the steps.

After dinner they went down to the rock again and stood, barefooted, ankle-deep in water just inside lake edge and listened to the fish jumping. The moon was out, along with a million stars. "Me and Sam used to come out here all the time at night like this," Licks said, his voice quiet, as though he didn't want to disturb the peacefulness of the night.

"You really miss him, don't you?" Jim said, feeling the radiant heat of the young man's flesh.

"Yeah, but now you're here," Licks said and Jim wondered if he was going to have to entertain this big ol' kid for the whole of his long weekend.

Jim looked over at Licks and saw Licks was already looking at him, smiling. Their eyes met, and Jim suddenly felt caught, as if he was unable to turn away, drowning in Licks' eyes as easily as the warm lake water might swallow an unwary swimmer. What was it about that boy's eyes, the way they seemed to be looking right into Jim's head? "What ..." Jim managed before he lost what he was going to say.

"Huh?" Licks said, realizing something. "Didn't Sam ever ...?"

Jim did not fully understand the question Licks was asking, but shaking his head no seemed to be the right answer, so he did.

Licks' eyes intensified. "All the men-folk in our family can do this, but I'm the strongest. Just relax. Let it happen."

Jim said nothing because there seemed nothing to say.

Licks smirked and said, "Well." All the noise of the night disappeared then, sucked out as though by a vacuum, and Licks said, "Let me suck you off."

The fumbling hands on his fly, the sudden, hot breath licking his uncovered stomach: the piss-warm water kissing up to his ankles--the combination hoisted up his pecker. The head peeked out from under the waistband of his briefs. Licks tongued over it, forgetting for the moment to finish undoing Jim's jeans. He put his hands up Jim's shirt, fingers seeking out the tiny, pointed nipples, pinching and pulling them. Jim's fingers tangled, confused, in the boy's hair, and he wondered why he couldn't stop himself and whether he should. He wanted to be a man, and men did not do this shit, but he also wanted--more than anything else at that moment--to feel Licks' mouth sliding hot and wet down his rock-hard cock.

His hands slipped down to the boy's naked shoulders--it was difficult not to think of Licks as some innocent country boy, simple, eager to please--and massaged his meaty deltoids. He was lean and built, and Jim remembered from the afternoon the brownish hair that grew here and there on his chest--around his nipples, up and out of his skintight black shorts, up to his navel and then over it, fanning out, thinning out over his rolling abs. He felt the boy's hands again on his legs, and his pants fell

down to his ankles, into the water, and Licks bathed Jim's groin with a flood of spit.

"Fuck," Jim breathed, and he heard his voice echo over the lake. The dark eyes of the mountain watched him. He closed his own as Licks took him into his mouth. *What am I doing*, he asked silently, and gasped as Licks' head made another deep plunge, taking all of Jim's burning cock. The hard seven inches posed no problem to the boy, nor did the circumference; Licks adjusted his jaw like a snake and took the whole of it with an ease that amazed Jim, who'd never experienced such an awesome blowjob. He tipped his head back, looked up at the sky, and marveled at his luck, reminding himself to thank Sam for this cocksucker who seemed to come along with the cabin, like the furniture and the view. Then he got to thinking about Sam and his little Licks. *Good old Sam. All those weekend trips out to the cabin without Carol, getting hammered, getting blown--that lucky dog!*

Now he was the lucky dog, and his head felt clearer. He grabbed Licks' head and fed him more Jim-bone, wanting to feel the boy's tonsils tickle the tip of his dick. The boy gargled his own spit, trying to keep up with the face-pumping Jim was giving him. Dick tingling, Jim pulled out and pressed the spit-coated thing against Licks' face. "This what you like, Licks?" he asked. "You like this big fucking cock? Is it better than Sam's?" He leered down at the boy kneeling at his feet in the water. Licks had his hand dug into the front of his bike shorts, jacking away. He nodded up at Jim, who stroked the kid's cheek, putting his fingers into the boy's hungry mouth. Licks sucked Jim's fingers with the same hunger as he did Jim's dick, and this made Jim crazy. Their eyes met again, and Jim felt dizzy, disoriented, and Licks grinned, pulling his mouth off Jim's fingers and toward his dick again. Jim felt Licks' mouth glide over his cockhead once more. He stabbed into Licks' mouth again, pounding his meat against the back of Licks' throat. He gritted his teeth and lifted up

on his toes, trying to hold back the flood he now felt welling up in his nuts.

"Aw, fuck," he shouted, releasing gush after gush of cum into Licks, who sucked it all down greedily. Licks pushed his shorts down and shot a sputtering load. It glowed in the moonlight, as did his impressively large penis, thick and pulsing, still drooling.

"Wow," Licks said, getting up. He leaned against Jim, pressing his body against Jim's, seeming to stare deeply into his head with those eyes of his. "We're gonna be good friends, ain't we, Jim?"

"Oh, yeah," Jim sighed, holding the big boy close. He felt Licks' lips on his throat, his big hard-on snuggling up to Jim's softening one. *Real good friends*, he thought.

Jim grew accustomed to Licks, his odd stare, and his mouth. Hiking with the boy, he'd feel a tug on his waistband and turn to find Licks handling his enormous pecker with one hand and staring into Jim's eyes, fingering up the front of Jim's shorts with his other hand, waiting for the inevitable spurt of growth. Swimming nude, they'd both be as hard and randy as teenagers, wrestling and humping underwater. They would break the surface and Jim would look around and find himself drowning in Licks' stare. Next thing he would know, they were scrambling to the rocks so Jim could empty his nuts into Licks' throat and Licks could jack his load onto Jim's wet and sun-browned body. Rest and relaxation had turned into sex-sex-sex, and Licks was perpetually hard, perpetually horny. But he wouldn't do anything but blow Jim. Jim had tried once, not exactly gung ho on the idea, to reciprocate, and Licks wouldn't let him. "Let me take care of you," he had said, making a point to bore his eyes into Jim's. "Yeah. That's what I like."

So Jim let the boy do what he liked, sitting up on the porch on that rickety ancient rocking chair, Licks between his thighs like a dog, lapping up the stiff prong that jutted from Jim's dark bush. Licks' head bobbed, his tongue stiff on the sensitive underside of the Jim-bone, his unshaved chin rough on the dangling balls. Jim stroked Licks' hair, petting the boy, forcing more and more dick down his throat. He'd noticed he was being more and more free with the boy, taking liberties, using his mouth like a pussy. Most recently he liked pulling out and slapping his cockhead against Licks' cheek, stretching thick ropes of hot precum across the boy's face, watching it shine across his nose as he smeared his piss slit against the rough stubble alongside the boy's lips and then again into his gaping mouth. He'd done that earlier and then surprised himself by getting down on his knees and licking the goo off, causing Licks to spray Jim's crotch with his own hot spew.

They were at it again. Jim's naked legs were spread wide, the hair on them tickled by breeze. He felt like a new man. He put his hands behind his head, enjoying this leisurely blowjob, listening to Licks slurping and moaning, making more than enough noise to cover Sam's quiet approach.

Neither the sucker nor the sucked realized that their privacy had been violated until Sam cleared his throat. Then both men jumped in the air, and the old rocker gave out under Jim on his way down. Sam busted out laughing, Licks put a hand over his heart, and Jim picked himself up out of the rocking-chair rubble.

"You two are something else, I'll tell you," Sam said, giggling still. "I've been watching for some time, and I am impressed."

"Hey, Sam," Licks said, naked and bonerized.

"I see you've been treating Jim here neighborly, and I want to thank you," Sam said, holding out his hand to shake Licks'. Licks took the hand and let Sam pull him off the porch. Jim watched the two men embrace, kissing hungrily. They were smiling, staring into each other's eyes. Jim had the impression they were wrestling somehow, in some charged erotic way he couldn't see. Licks pulled and tugged on Sam's clothes, unbuttoning his shirt, fumbling with the zipper of his jeans. Jim's erection, scared away by Sam's arrival, returned now, reinforced.

"You never could beat me, cousin," Licks said. "You know I'm stronger than you, 'specially since you moved to that city and got married and stopped practicing your gift--but I like it better when you're in charge. Be in charge, Sam. Tell us what to do."

Sam blinked. His eyes were glazed with something like lust, but he grinned, into it. He croaked, "Get my pants down and get busy."

Licks moved Sam to the porch, working his jeans down to his knees. Sam sat his white-briefed butt down and let the boy pull off his hiking boots and relieve him of his pants and socks. The sight of the man's bare feet triggered something animal in Licks, and he got down on all fours and licked Sam's wriggling toes. Sam looked over his shoulder at Jim who stood, stiff and transfixed, amazed at the spectacle.

"I could use one of these at home," he said, laughing. "But what would Carol say?"

"And you want to give this up?" Jim said, finding his voice finally. His throat was thick, and he had a hard time keeping his eyes off of the bunched muscles of Sam's shoulders, his grapefruit-sized deltoids, and the deep drop in the waistband of his white briefs where black and curly hairs sprouted.

"Yeah, just to get her off my back. But I want you to take it. See what I mean?"

Jim thought he saw what Sam meant, but he also saw Licks' tongue sliding up Sam's black-haired shin, sticking the hairs to the skin. A glistening drop of cum welled up like a tear and fell from his dick head, trailing a dewy string

Sam stood and looked Jim right in the eye. Jim felt that now-familiar drowning feeling, only this time from Sam. "Licks here's going to pull down my shorts and get to working on my knob, Jimbo, and I was thinking you'd kindly lick my asshole while I'm enjoying a little trip down my pal's throat." Jim could only blink. "If you were to lie yourself down, Jimbo, I could squat over your pretty face. You get it now?"

Jim wiped his face with his big hand, shaking his head, trying to clear it of the sudden compulsion to do exactly what Sam said. It made him feel dirty, nasty. "I don't know," he said.

"You never ate asshole?" Sam said, incredulous. "Not even a girl's?"

"I never went with any girls like that," Jim offered lamely.

"And Licks here didn't--"

Licks' head snapped up. "You said I was to stay true!"

"Easy, cousin," Sam said, tapping Licks' cheek gently. "Get back to my legs--you're almost there," and then to Jim: "Just lie down and stop worrying about me being in your head. Get your head close to the edge of the porch, Jimbo."

He put his head on the floorboards and looked directly up at Sam's white

cotton butt. The briefs eased down, slowly, and Jim was presented with Sam's full moon, thick white glutes dusted with hair. He gulped.

"Chowtime!" Sam snickered and he squatted over Jim's face, the dark crack opening, fat pink lips coming his way. They seemed to kiss Jim's chin stubble, and then Sam readjusted his stance and they landed smack on Jim's mouth. Jim kissed back and worked his tongue around and tried to keep his nostrils clear for breathing. He felt Licks' chin on the top of his head, making him hungry. He started eating Sam's butt, pretending it was pussy, but that did not do too much for him; after a while it seemed that he had always wanted to munch on Sam's hole. He stroked the man's broad back, reaching up and around, trying to grab his nipples but they were lost to him in the hair mat that covered Sam's chest.

"Damned if this ain't heaven," Sam sighed, and Jim agreed, his hair growing spitty from Licks' dripping drool. "Now, what say I turn around now and let you boys switch? That suit you both?"

Licks nodded vigorously, still riding Sam's pecker, but Jim had some reservations. He had been willing to do some work on Licks, but Licks was different and had earned a grudging tongue bath. Sam, on the other hand, was a slick-assed motherfucker, not to mention a coworker. He was also hotter than hell and Jim had long been eyeing him up, following the older man around the garage in the beginning like an apprentice. Sam, mid-thirties, was only some five years older than Jim, and he was looking especially good, especially at that moment, with his big, dripping cock dangling over Jim's face. Its huge helmet was red as a tomato and similarly shaped. Jim had seen it soft in the men's room often and knew even that it was uncut--Sam tended to stand back from the urinal. The hair around it was thick and matted with Licks' spit. The balls swung over Jim's forehead.

"Stop fighting me, Jimbo. All you gotta do is get it wet for Licks' ass," Sam said, staring hard into Jim's eyes and head.

The Jim-bone hopped.

"Just do it, baby," Sam said, Licks already getting to work on his ass.

Jim opened up, and it dropped in--as easy as that. He closed his lips around it and sucked--easier still. Then Sam worked it in and out. A fucking breeze. Sam's huge, baggy balls covered his nose and stopped his breath; not bad--not bad at all.

"And now..." Sam said, bossy motherfucker. He pulled his plug out of Jim's salivating mouth, grabbed Licks by the arm, and hauled him up.

"If you'll just lean yourself over right here, Licks, I'll bet Jim wouldn't mind sucking you some while I fuck that ass of yours," Sam said, spitting on his cock and working it up.

"Hey, Jim," Licks said groggily, leaning over the supine man.

"Hey, Licks," Jim murmured back.

"I could suck you some, too," he said, and Jim nodded. Sam stabbed into the boy, making him grunt. "Fuck!" Sam hollered. "This is what I've been missing!" He humped Licks' ass with firm, even strokes, driving deep and taking the boy's breath away. Jim got on his hands and knees and pushed his face into Licks' crotch. The damn thing was as big as a tailpipe, and Jim had trouble getting past the head. Licks pressed his face into Jim's back, his cheek smeared back and forth by Sam's thrusts, his tongue licking the sweat from Jim's shoulders. Jim grabbed the fat prick and jacked it, his mouth all over the head, crazy for the sweet leakage that spilled out each time Sam hit the kid's prostate. He heard the sharp

slaps as Sam rode the boy, and his own pecker was aching from loneliness. He repositioned himself so that he was sitting before Licks and all the boy had to do was bend over and take him into his mouth.

"Maybe the two of you should switch again," Sam growled, grinning, sweat running into his eyes. He ran a hand over his forehead, his arm huge and flexed. He rode Licks one-handed for a while, letting Jim enjoy the show, while Licks gave Jim some inspired head. The boy's mouth was like a vacuum; he was drawing the cum up from the well. Jim's nuts all but disappeared, and Licks began to snort as Sam banged into the pliant ass. Jim fell back, hitting his head on the remains of the rocking chair, the pain minor compared with the pleasure he was receiving from Licks' mouth and roaming fingers. Licks played with Jim's little asshole, poking it gently, rubbing it with his thumb. It was slippery with spit from the boy's mouth, and the thumb slipped in easily, making Jim yip and tense up, but he soon relaxed and even wriggled his ass, trying to suck in more of that probing digit.

"Aw, shit, boys," Sam hissed. He got up on the porch, straddling Licks, whose mouth he pulled off of Jim and filled up with his own big rod. Jim watched with admiration as Licks sucked the thick and veiny uncut monster, watching Sam's ass checks flex, the dark crack of his ass winking at Jim, making him dizzy. While Licks caught the first blast of Sam's load, he jacked the Jim-bone furiously, causing Jim to cry out and geyser his own hot cream, all over Sam's knees. And Licks, still stroking and sucking his two neighbors, brought himself off with a silent gush and a copious flow of juice that shot across Jim's chest.

Back at Bart's Brakes & Body Shop, Jim and Sam were sitting out behind the shop eating lunch. Naturally the events of that weekend at the cabin had made them the best of friends these days.

"Carol's going to her mother's for the weekend," Sam said, waving his sandwich around. "Thought maybe you'd come by Friday night and play some cards." Sam looked Jim in the eye, like he was looking directly into Jim's head again. "Or ... something," Sam smirked.

Jim felt a tingle in his head and the tickle of his tight overalls against his hardening prick. At Sam's suggestion a few days ago, he'd stopped wearing anything underneath them.

"Or ... I was thinking," Sam said, around another bite of his sandwich, "that we could go to the cabin, see what Licks' doing."

"Yes," Jim said, disoriented, the crotch of his overalls tenting already.

Sam grinned. "But Friday seems awfully far away. Why don't I come by your place tonight and try to talk you into buying the cabin again. Carol says I ain't working on you hard enough anyway."

"Well," Jim said, breaking Sam's stare and using another bite of his apple to try to clear his head, "Carol knows best, I guess."
