

Sexual Paradigm, Part 1: Narrative

by Epaphus and Wrestlr

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction—who can say?

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Sexual Paradigm, Part 1: Narrative

Friends can get really annoying after one a.m. At least I thought so as the conversation moved from Eric's pathetic love life to Nicole's crush on one of her English professors. Dante sat across from me, listening intently as Nicole's dialogue transmuted itself into a discussion of lesbian poetics. Dante's aura shifted as the opportunity to argue queer discourse settled itself among the low lights and mustard-painted walls that personified this coffee house called the Poppy Asylum.

"That's what I love about Dr. Stine's shit," said Dante. "When you read about her loving the taste of her cunt on another woman's lips, you know she's a fucking lesbian. You can't read her and say she's not a dyke. She's homosexual and everything she writes is homosexual. It can't be denied."

I decided to pick up the conversation, which meant that I had to turn the focus of it onto me. (I have a bad habit of doing that.) "I was in class yesterday and we were discussing Ginsberg's 'America' and just as we finished reading the last line—you know, 'America, I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel'—this guy behind me had the nerve to say, 'Queer can mean unusual or different, right?' God, I was so pissed. We had just spent an hour talking about how one of the poem's issues was heterosexism and he completely wiped all that away with one stupid heterosexist statement. I was so fucking pissed. The whole class could tell I was just about to blow."

"Why is that such a big deal?" said Eric. Unfortunately, Eric was straight, but he wasn't the bad kind of heterosexual; he was the good kind, the accepting kind, the witty/cultured/intelligent kind. However, he had managed to stop the entire flow of the conversation. We all just looked at him. Even Brandon, who was straight as well, didn't know what to say. Nicole was bisexual and living with a man; her jaw slowly dropped despite her split allegiance.

"Eric," I finally responded, "the guy looked like Dilbert."

Usually, when you read a text you start at the beginning and read until the end, but life isn't really that way. Think about the last time you fucked a boy. You started by removing his clothes, and maybe he sucked your cock and maybe you sucked his. You put a rubber on and you pushed your cock deep into his ass, slowly, and he tensed up and seemed to hate it for the first few minutes. Soon, he began to enjoy it, and you began to pound harder, until the head of your cock tingled and your balls tightened up. You pulled out quickly and ripped the condom off because that's what they do in pornos, and you jacked your cock off until your cum sprayed all over the other guy's ass. He leaned back against you and stroked his own cock until cum was dripping down his wrist. You kissed his neck as he shot even though you didn't give a shit about him. Think back on that event. Do you really remember it in that order? You probably don't. You probably remember random moments that have become merged and incoherent.

Casually bringing his cup to his lips, Eric waited for a moment before responding, "Well, can't a person find something within a text that suits his or her own needs? Aren't all texts open to interpretation and deconstruction?"

It was obvious that Eric was playing the devil's advocate, but I went along with his game. "Not if it denies the obvious origin of the text or its extremely apparent or even obvious theme."

"People are always trying to suppress the gay voice," said Dante. (The conversation seemed to be moving again.) "They're still trying to deny Shakespeare was gay. They take the lines from Sonnet 116, 'If this be error and upon me proved, I never writ nor no man ever loved,' and they try to say he was talking about male bonding. Bullshit!"

I looked at him and smiled. (I really liked him.) He was bursting with energy and even the fact that most people in this coffee shop were straight didn't stop him from speaking up and speaking loudly. As they talked, I slowly played with the ring on my left hand. There wasn't a ring there, but I ran my right hand's fingers over my left ring finger as if there would be something there.

"Well, Shakespeare's debatable," Nicole said. "It's not like he ever stood up and said, 'I'm a fag,' or anything. Not like Marlowe."

"Okay," Dante said, "Maybe Willie's debatable, but not Ginsberg. He belongs to us, and fuck that breeder for trying to take him away. I'm surprised Alain didn't stand up right then and there and scream out, 'I'm being repressed! I'm being repressed!'"

I smiled at him from across the table. Neither of us really cared that we were sitting in a straight environment, but still, we had remained reserved and respectful throughout the entire evening. We really had been going out for a month. Being reserved was the natural thing to do, but that didn't seem interesting anymore, so I said, "I really want to kiss you right now." I allowed a dramatic ellipse to pass. "Maybe it's because of what you said. Maybe it's because I love you. Maybe it's because I know your mouth will taste like chocolate and coffee."

Kissing him for the first time reminds you of chocolate. It's not that his kiss is like chocolate or like those candies in the cute silver foil. It's that when you kiss him for the first time, you think about chocolate. You don't taste chocolate, but you think about it. You think about the way it melts slowly on your tongue and how each time you taste it you feel a strange sensation in your chest that seems to affect the way you breathe. When you kiss your boyfriend, you feel that way.

They think about the cold walk back to Dante's place before taking the first step out the door. The early morning isn't really cold, especially for October, but they both notice how sharp the wind feels and how they can both smell the dry odor of dying leaves.

"This ..." says Alain, "this is my favorite time of the year. It's the moment when the coming of fall makes the wind scare you like a demon, and the scent of death is carried on a wicked breeze. I love this one moment when I get that feeling for the first time each year."

He kisses you, and you think about the first time. Not the first time you kissed, but the first time the two of you had sex. You wanted to take things slow. He wanted to take things slow. He pointed to the full-length mirror and said, "I want to hold you while you make love to yourself."

You knelt before the mirror, passively looking at your erection, protruding toward its own reflection. Dante knelt behind you and pressed his naked body to your back. You felt his erection pressed firmly against your asscrack, pointing up along your spine. He kissed your neck, and you watched in the mirror, and his dark bangs caressed your shoulder. His right hand moved to your wrist, and he guided your own right hand onto your drooling cock.

He looked up into the reflection of your eyes and nibbled at your ears. He whispered, "You're so beautiful," as he guided your hand up and down your rigid shaft.

You turned your head slowly and cupped his lower lip in your mouth, sucking it in to press against your tongue. You stopped and looked directly into his eyes, breathed softly, "Dante, I could fall in love with you."

"Keep stroking your cock."

You said, "I still want to take things slow."

He exhaled into your ear, "When I first kissed you, I thought of chocolate. You made me feel the way I feel when I eat chocolate."

He bit gently into your neck and you shot onto the hardwood floor.

Every time I write stories like this one, I pay close attention to the way my breathing makes my chest expand and relax. It's the same when I get fucked. I can't help thinking about the way I breathe as some guy's cock (maybe Dante's, maybe yours) slides rapidly along the soft passages inside my body. I think about my teeth clenching and the burning sensation coming from my ass as you/he pound(s)/ram(s)/piston(s) your/his powertool into my flesh. It's not a linear experience. It's not monologic. It's a multiple experience that I can't even view through one set of eyes. (Every time I write stories like this one, I pay close attention to the way I feel when I get fucked.)

Gull your cock out. Slide your boxers/Calvins/jock down past your knees. Run your left hand up your stomach, to your chest, rubbing the fresh cum against your skin before it has even exploded from your cock. With your right hand, squeeze your cock firmly and watch as a lonely drop of pre-cum emerges from the slit. Let it slowly pour out and drip down the head of your dick, until it falls onto your thumb. Use it to wet your cock. Squeeze more fluid out and lick your fingers. Taste the salt. Use your spit to make your cock more slick. Stroke it slowly as you read, twisting your palm around your own prick's most sensitive spot.

Alain and Dante fall onto the bed and kiss frantically as they clumsily pull at each other's leather jackets. "Wait a minute," says Alain as he pulls his lips away from Dante's gluttonous mouth. "Take your clothes off for me," he says. "Take them off as if I were paying you to do it."

"Give me ten bucks."

Alain fumbles into his pocket and pulls out the bill. Dante snatches it from Alain's hand and shoves it into his jeans as he stands, leaving Alain stretched out on the sheets, alone.

Dante walks slowly to the chair opposite the bed. With his back to Alain, he slips his leather biker jacket past his left shoulder and down his arm. He lets it slide past his other arm as it drifts to the floor. His beige shirt flows like water from his traps, down his powerful lats, to his slim waist. He turns around, clutches his shirt's hem, and pulls it past his tight abs and overworked chest.

The shirt hits Alain in the face, and when he pulls it eyes free of it, Dante is standing by the chair with one boot propped up on the seat. Dante is bent at the waist as he seductively unties the laces on his left Doc Martin with long pulling strokes. (The image is in profile. Dante's abs curl in and his lats drape over his ribs like folded wings.) Dante removes his left boot and sock, then repeats the action with his right. The scene reminds Alain of a dirty movie. Dante walks forward as he unsnaps his chrome-and-leather belt.

Readings basic genre is such a bore," said Nicole. "Writing it must be practically hell."

"Not really," said Dante. "I know hell, and writing genre is nothing like it because at least genre can be disrupted."

I loved listening to Dante; he always argued everything. Every time someone made a simple statement in his presence, he would warp their argument into a paradox and disrupt the intention behind their words.

"You can take any genre," he continued, "and disrupt it simply by following the guidelines of that genre and including them in a highly disrupted, non-linear narrative. Take Gothic literature. All you need is some blood, a dark castle, a vault or a tunnel, a hunchbacked servant, a family curse, and you're there. How you write it doesn't matter."

"But, that's still genre," Nicole said. "It's not any real disruption of language. It's still familiar. It's still just a repetition of pre-existing texts."

"So? The context may be familiar, but the narrative style is different. All alternative fiction doesn't need to be meaningless or completely unapproachable."

Alain sits up on the bed and looks directly into Dante's crotch as Dante pulls his jeans and underwear down. Alain licks the head of Dante's cock a few times until a saltiness sticks to his tongue. He traces his hands slowly along Dante's firm ass and pulls him forward until his cock is probing all the way down Alain's open throat. Alain pulls himself back several inches until that cock's head rests on his tongue. He brings the cock back in, careful to keep his lips tight and pushed forward. When the cock hits the back of his throat again, he gags a bit. His whole body quakes for a moment and his tongue vibrates.

"I like it when you choke on my cock. It feels good. Do it again."

Dante pulls his cock almost all the way out and slams it back in. Alain gags at the final moment of the thrust. (Dante repeats the action.)

Don't be silly. You can have meaning and still write something fresh," Nicole said.

"So why must it fit within the confines of a genre? For example, Alain's working on a homoerotic piece that's totally disrupted. I peek over his shoulder while he's at his computer and get hard after just a few sentences--and it's not the sex that does it. It's the structure. It's completely dialogic while still strictly focusing on hot gay sex with lots of cocks and balls and cum all over the place and men fucking and sucking until they shoot their big wads on each others' faces. It's genre, but it goes beyond its genre because the text is multivoiced and totally aware of its own existence as well as its own categorization. Alain's even got this weird repetition of left and right going in. I think it's political, maybe Marxist. I don't know. It doesn't really matter because my point is that the shit is genre, but if you read it, you'd want to fuck Alain the way I want to fuck him right now--not because of the sex, but because of the style."

Everyone remained quiet when he finished and only nodded their heads. I think Nicole wanted to say more but didn't. I think it was because Dante was defending me and they didn't want to cross a defensive lover. I think I really love Dante for that; I think I really love Nicole, Eric, and Brandon, too.

I really like the way he sucks my cock. He isn't professional or anything, but he is sincere. I'm kind of big, and he gags when I push too far. I like that. It feels good and makes him seem innocent and vulnerable. He's vulnerable and I think I love him because of that. I love pounding my cock into him as he struggles to keep me happy. At first, he had a hard time even getting his mouth around my shaft. It's not that I'm huge, but I'm bigger than he was used to. He's getting better, but it really doesn't matter. He's a good cocksucker because he loves to do it; he really loves to do it. When he sucks my cock, he remembers that it's part of me and makes love to it because he loves me, and I can feel the difference.

He does another thing too. He always keeps his lips tight and pushed forward. The firmness feels better. He's pretty and I like seeing his full lips around my cock. He did it that way the very first time he sucked me off. He does it because he knows I'm watching.

Get on your knees in front of Alain and frantically pull at his buckle and the fly of his jeans. Roughly pull his hard cock out and hold/squeeze/stroke it in your right hand while you feel his tight chest and stomach with your left. Say, "I love your cock," and when he replies, "So shut up and suck it," fall in love. Pull his jeans down a little more to free his balls, then lick down his shaft to his nuts as the faint taste of sweat makes you just a little dizzy.

When he says, "Keep sucking my cock," shove him back onto the bed and shout, "Fuck you! I'm in charge here." Grab his calves and roll him over onto his stomach. When he tries to crawl up the bed, away from you, grab him by the back of his pants (notice how smooth the skin of his ass feels against your clenched fist) and grab his left arm and twist it behind his back, pinning him to the sheets. Say, "Lift your right foot." When he doesn't, push his arm up toward his shoulder and say, "Lift your foot, you little fucker!" When he does, take off his shoe and his sock, and run your hand down the top of his foot, down his ankle, to the blonde hair on his shin.

Say, "Now, your left." Apply a little pressure to his arm to remind him of what will happen if he doesn't obey. After you remove that shoe and sock, cup your mouth around his smaller toes and suck them sadistically, a few at a time. (Notice how he doesn't squirm, even though you know he wants to.)

Mind if I come over tonight?" I asked softly. Even I knew what would happen next.

"Not tonight," Dante answered. "I'm really tired."

We stood outside Poppy Asylum and I noticed how the night smelled a little different. It was late, and I pushed my hands into my pockets, more from insecurity than the cold.

"What about tomorrow?" I asked.

"Maybe we shouldn't do this anymore." Dante looked down the street.

"Oh. Okay."

"Good night, Alain." He walked away with his head bowed a bit, and I felt horribly alone, standing in front of the coffee house door.

Tell Alain not to move. Tell him not to try to get away. Release his arm and smile at how passive he is. Pull his shirt over his head and tear his jeans down his legs, leaving him naked and vulnerable. Look at his milky and almost hairless butt. (A thin layer of blonde hair glistens on the surface.) Move forward and press your lips against the skin. Bite a little. Gently force his thighs open and move your tongue up and down his crack until you lick his sphincter. He loves it. Make him love it more.

Iwant you to fuck me." That's what you want to say. You would say it, but you know it would make him stop eating your ass. He keeps pushing his tongue into you, and his hands keep kneading the muscles of your butt. You don't want him to stop, but you want him to fuck you. You want his cock buried so far up you that you feel his pubic hair scratch your ass as his balls slap against yours. You want to feel his prick pounding your prostate gland. It's amazing. It's like an orgasm that never stops. When he rams his cock into you, you feel your own cock wanting to explode, but it doesn't—not yet. The sensation goes on. Sometimes he fucks you so well, so roughly, your cock sprays cum all over your chest without you even touching it. You love when that happens. Dante's such a god; you want him to fuck you right now.

Leaning forward, Dante presses his body firmly against Alain's back. Dante kisses his neck and the lobes of his ears and whispers, "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Alain shifts his body a little so that Dante's cock presses against and almost inside the crack. "I don't know. Is that what you want?"

"Fuck, yes. I want to fuck you so badly, my balls hurt."

Leaning forward, Dante presses his body firmly against my back. He kisses my neck and ear lobes and whispers, "Do you want me to fuck you?"

It's such a fucking stupid question. Of course I do. I shift my body a little so that his cock presses against my crack. His cock pushes in, touching my buttock, and my stomach twists as if his cock is already inside of me. I do my best to control my breathing and say, "I don't know ..." It's such an act. He doesn't even need to ask. He says something else, but I barely hear him because by now he's pushing his cock against me a little harder without letting it go in, and my timeline shifts as my mind focuses on something in the future.

Ihope you're still stroking your cock. I really want you to get off on this page. Not too fast, though. I don't want you to cum yet. You're not supposed to cum until the climax. But keep stroking your cock gently and keep the sensations building throughout your body, so that when the time comes, you'll be ready to explode.

There is a true aesthetic to sex. There's an inherent beauty to not only the act itself but to the way it looks from a distance. The vision of Alain and Dante, lying on the bed, pressed together, is one which captures the viewer's libido and sends him into a realm of ecstasy that rivals the nirvana that Dante and Alain (themselves) experience. It has to do with the way the light shines off the layer of sweat sticking to their skin. It is in the contour created by the shape of Alain's well-defined back and ass as it fits accurately into the groove created by Dante's torso and hip. The connecting point seems to be where Alain's ass forms into the space made by Dante's pelvis. It is the very center of their bodies. The pivot, from where their balance and grace is first born.

Be careful to wear a condom every time you have sex. Apply some lube to your cock and roll the condom gently over your rod. Put a generous amount of lube on your latex-covered prick and stroke it downward to get the air bubbles out. Put more lube in your hand and wipe it onto and into the other guy's asshole. Push your middle finger into the opening of his ass, slowly. Be careful to follow the natural pathway of his flesh. Loosen his ass up gently, moving your finger in and out, in and out, as if it were your cock. Run your hand along his balls and cock on occasion to really get him in the mood. Getting him in the mood is more important than actually loosening up his ass. If he wants it really badly, he'll open right up for you. Keep playing with his ass, fucking him lovingly with one/two/three fingers, until you know he absolutely needs your cock inside him. This is the way he'd want you to do it. This is the way I'd want you to do it. You should wear a condom every time you fuck because even though you're only reading and it's not reality, literature can get really dangerous.

Leaning forward, Dante presses his cock/prick/dick against the opening of Alain's ass/soul, which Dante can't see because Alain is lying flat on his stomach. But Dante can feel the flesh opening up down there as he pushes his prick inside. At that moment, Alain feels cast out into some other realm even though he tries to hold on with just a single breath. It is a gasp and with it, everything changes. Alain's whole existence is focused on the pressure in his bowels. Dante eases his cock in another inch as Alain chokes on one more gulp of air. (The process is repeated until Dante is buried into Alain up to his pubes and Alain's tight muscles begin to relax and reality reshapes itself into something more familiar.)

"Fuck me!"

Dante begins to move his cock in and out, in and out, gently, until the resistance inside Alain's ass goes away. Alain pushes himself up until he's on his knees and his ass is in the air, wide open to Dante's approach. Dante takes advantage of this free access and grabs onto Alain's smooth obliques. Dante thrusts/rams/shoves/stabs/pierces/plunges/propels his hard cock into Alain's essence/ass/soul almost cruelly, yes (cruelly), until a frenzy is reached where both of them forget themselves.

"Oh, yeah! Fuck my ass, Dante!"

Dante lifts his right hand and slaps it down against Alain's rear. Air gets trapped between the hard-worked skin and tender flesh at the last moment of contact, when molecules explode outward from the rapidly decreasing space as a wave of force is generated which thunders in their ears. Alain grunts, and Dante spansks him again.

He reaches forward and grabs Alain's hair in his left hand, Alain's shoulder in his right. Dante pulls Alain up to a kneeling position and forces his head back by his hair. Dante nibbles his neck and ear lobe and whispers, "I fucking love you."

Everything seemed to slow down a bit, and the conversation became harder to maintain. Nicole said her good-byes; Eric and Brandon wandered off for a smoke. Dante and I got up and walked to the door. When we stepped outside, I remember how the air was cold, but it didn't bother me because the air smelled crisp, even unique, as the beginning of fall always does.

Dante stopped outside the door and reached into his pocket. "Uhhh, Alain, I have something I'd like you to have."

"I want only you," I said. "I only want you and me walking through this cold night while demon winds carry the stink of death along a wicked breeze." (He likes it when I talk like that.)

He smiled and pulled his hand out clumsily and fidgeted until a single silver band sparkled from between his fingers. He extended it toward me and said, "Would you wear this for me?" He took my left hand and slid the ring onto my wedding finger. "This isn't like a marriage or anything," he said. "It's more like a promise, if that's okay."

A basic silver band. An engraving on its surface: "Dante's."

I looked up and smiled, and Dante said, "I got one for myself too. It says 'Alain's.'" He handed it to me so that I could put it on him.

The ring fit him perfectly, as did mine. "How did you know my ring size?" I asked.

"I paid attention during Pride, when we first met, while you were trying on all those rings. By the way, are you coming home with me tonight?"

I felt really lost for words, so I simply nodded. Yes.

Even the air seems to pound as Dante pumps Alain's cock with his right hand as he continues to pump his own cock into Alain's ass. He holds on to Alain's hair with his left hand and whispers again: "I really fucking love you, Alain. Do you love me too?"

"Yeah."

Dante tugs harder on Alain's hair. "Say it!"

"I love you."

Dante tugs again. "Say you fucking love me!"

"I fucking love you!"

Dante bites down hard on Alain's neck as cum begins to fill his condom. Alain's cock releases/shoots/gushes his own cum/spunk/jizz in an arc, through the air and onto the bed. A lot of it pours down Dante's wrist as he continues to pump the fluid out of Alain with his tight grip.

Did you cum yet? If you haven't, you should now. I told you to start stroking your cock a while ago, and now I want you to explode. Stroke your cock faster and think about fucking Alain's ass with your rock-hard prick. Or think about fucking me instead. Think about pounding your cock into my tight ass. Think about making me cum all over my own chest. Shoot your spunk all over my face/chest/page. I fucking love it when you cum like that.

Smoking seems to be the appropriate thing to do, so Dante places a Marlboro in Alain's mouth and lights it with his Zippo. Alain's vision is still a bit blurry and he is just beginning to recognize the illuminated shapes in the room. He breathes in the smoke as he thinks about the repetition of texts and the social construction inherent in this act. Dante interrupts him by taking the cigarette from his mouth and kissing him, pulling the smoke from within Alain using his own lungs. Alain feels something like a denouement as Dante takes a hit from the media/Marlboro and breathes the smoke down Alain's throat. Dante completes the kiss and whispers, "I love being in your narrative."

[On to Part 2](#)

Sexual Paradigm, Part 2: Numbers

by Epaphus and Wrestlr

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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Sexual Paradigm, Part 2: Numbers

9 inches of solid cock pound inside my ass and Dante's breath hits hard on my ear. He pushes on the backs of my thighs to lift my ass a little more. He's got me just where he wants me, and he straightens his back and legs to take advantage of my vulnerability. My ass is completely open to him as my knees bear down against my shoulders. He slides his cock effortlessly all the way in and all the way out of my bowels, and his breath gradually transforms into a loud rasp.

He relaxes then, and brings his own knees down to touch the mattress. He releases the pressure on my thighs, and I lock my ankles together to make a circle, a wedding band, or better yet, a cock ring. He pushes gently into me and pulls out slowly, allowing me to tighten my ass-ring purposefully around the head of his cock.

Without my realizing, he finds some secret pivot and begins to rotate his hips slowly, causing his dick to etch circles into my flesh in the opposite direction. He only stirs his cock inside me a few times, because he knows it drives me crazy.

Throughout this entire session, I keep my right hand wrapped against my slick cock. It wants to burst, but I won't let it. I just slowly stroke it as Dante's fucks stroke my prostate, simulating an orgasm with a never-ending flow. My precum drips down my smooth-shaven balls and sticks to the dark trail of hair on Dante's stomach.

He bends his back and brings his lips close enough for me to kiss. I do. As my tongue slips inside his mouth, he rams a single hard thrust into my depths. My mouth gapes open even though I know I can't breathe. He sucks in my lower lip and retracts his cock only to ram it in again. I choke on one breath, on one moment, and I can't hold back any longer. I've stopped stroking my cock, but it's throbbing with blood and the nerves covering it are overloaded. His mouth moves against mine. His tongue pushes in. I still can't breathe, and he starts stealing what little oxygen I have left. His cock pulls back and I think, *Oh, God, no*, but he buries it again.

2 men rock their shirtless bodies against each other as a sea of other men swirl around them, with only the metaphor to give them substance. In their center, the relentless pounding from the speakers sends hard rhythmic vibrations through Alain and Dante. They move together, in time with the sound, and their sweaty skins slide against each other, chest to belly. Their separate denim scratches against their thighs. Only the crotches of their jeans remained locked together, keeping their hard cocks, despite every motion, anchored concurrently beneath moist barriers of hard fabric.

Their hair falls in matted bangs, almost in their faces. Every inch of them is drenched and you can't even tell that Alain is blond because the sweat has turned his ashen hair to a dark, shiny brown. It's easy to tell that Dante's long bangs are black; the sweat just makes his hair look slicker, more reflective. You notice they're both muscular. Dante is just a little bigger. He stands an inch or two taller and weighs a few pounds more.

Alain runs his hands along Dante's lats, and Dante cups his palms behind Alain's neck, pulls him into a deep and violent kiss. Dante licks a trail of sweat down Alain's neck as Alain's eyes turn over at a stripper on the stage.

"7 years," says Dante, "is supposed to be the normal life span of a relationship. I'd be happy to make it past seven months."

Because of his lack of experience with relationships and his heterosexuality, Brandon reaches for something positive to say. "You and Alain have already been going out for six. One more can't be that difficult."

Nicole ignores Brandon and takes a different approach. "What's wrong, honey?"

The three of them sit in a small and empty amphitheater, eating lunch. Dante flicks a piece of bread at a sparrow and says, "It's just that he requires so much attention. I feel if I turn my back once, he'll run off to someone else."

Nicole stares at him while she tries to muster more sympathy and fails. "Yeah, and?"

"What do you mean, 'Yeah, and?'" If I leave him alone for more than fifteen minutes, he's grinding all over some coked-up slut."

"Dante, maybe this is your problem. Maybe you should give Alain some space. He really loves you, and you know what they say: if you love something, let it go."

"And if it doesn't come back," chimes in Brandon, "hunt it down and shoot it."

"Great," Dante mutters. "I have a serious love problem, and all you assholes can come up with are stupid cliches."

19 bucks isn't a lot for a Saturday night. But what the fuck; it was only the first show. It doesn't matter anyway. Some things are more important than money. That's right; I don't give a shit about the money. I make more money doing porno anyway, but I don't give a shit about that either. It's the experience that matters to me. There's something really spiritual about dancing in front of a whole club full of drunken, whacked-out queers. I like the way the guys in the front row don't blink as I pull the strings of my G down just a little to tease them. It's like that in a small arena. I have more power than God. Of course that's not true, but it sure feels that way.

You know, I used to wait around for Mr. Right to show up. I used to think he'd be one of the guys on the dance floor, and he'd come up to me, slip a hundred through my string, just an inch from my cock, and then our eyes would meet. I realize it's corny, but I really thought our eyes would meet and then we'd both know. Yeah, I know.

Well, now I wait around for God to walk in and show me who really has the power around here. What, you think that's crazy? It isn't any more crazy than waiting around for Mr. Right. That's for sure.

3 thrusts and I'm outside myself. I grip the base of my cock and dig my fingers into my pent-up balls, but I can't stop it from happening. Cum explodes from my slit, and a guttural yell blasts from my lower throat. My eyelids clamp down, exerting pressure on my skull. I can't feel Dante's lips anymore, and the taste of his mouth is replaced by the saltiness of my own cum. I feel it fall, a burning hail, against my chest and face and tongue. The milky raindrops subside and I feel my cum slowly drool out onto my stomach. I keep my eyes closed as another blast of warm fluid strikes my cheek and neck. This time I know it isn't mine.

"6 months is pretty good for a gay relationship," says Nicole, "but, honey, you're gonna have to take things slow. You and Alain aren't married yet, and you'd be better off if you gave him a little space. So what if he flirts with a guy or two? So what if he even goes on a date? Give him time and space to figure things out. If you two are meant to work out, you will."

"Nicole," Dante asks, "what would you do if you had a girlfriend and you found her chewin' on some other bitch's clit?"

"I'd kick the cunt's ass! But you and Alain are different."

15 minutes pass before I begin to worry. I leave the drinks at the bar and go looking for Alain. I walk toward the bathroom, scanning the crowd as I go. My progress is slow, even though I'm in a hurry. Walking in this club reminds me of swimming in the ocean; you pound your strokes against the waves, but the tide keeps pushing you back. You can swim in place for eternity until fatigue drives you to swim the other way.

1 guy dances onstage while a throng of men stand frozen below. He bounces his cock inside his G-string and drops to his knees so another guy can stuff another dollar bill inside. Alain watches the muscles ripple down the stripper's abs. He continues to press his body against Dante's to keep him from realizing what's really up. Dante notices anyway but decides it's better to just say nothing.

The stripper turns his back and peels the strings of his G down and out from his ass. A patron inserts a bill where the string had just been. Alain notices the smile on the stripper's face, as well as a playful glint that suggests to everyone that he's just been bought.

Alain continues to grind against Dante. The erection in his jeans is obvious, but Dante's cock can't be felt. Alain takes one more look at the guy on the stage and tries to remember where he's seen him before. He starts to remember as he turns his attention back to Dante and grips his mouth in a sudden kiss.

He pulls back roughly. "Dante, can we rent a movie tonight?"

"What kind of movie?"

"Can we rent a porno?"

"Sure--whatever you want." Dante kisses him again.

12 guys fuck greedily on the screen and mindlessly synthetic music whispers through the room as Dante rolls a condom down my anxious cock. We've lost interest in the video, though we're unthinkingly in the process of mimicking its content, and I sprawl naked on the bed as Dante straddles my chest. I lick his cock and whine a little because I can't get it into my mouth. Dante squeezes some lube onto my protected cock and wipes his fingers along his own crack until they push gently into his fiery hole. Dante finger-fucks himself for a moment and I feel a sense of triumph as I finally get my mouth around the head of Dante's dick.

But just as I do, Dante pulls back and pushes my cock into his ass. My disappointed whine is quickly swapped with an unexpected moan of rapture.

17 boys gave me their numbers tonight. I think that's pathetic. I can't stand it when they chase after me because they think I'm some god. I'm a fucking porn star and a stripper and an occasional hustler, and they only want me because they believe I'm some super-stud. You know what a stud is? A stud is a man who's young, buff, and beautiful, and only good for one thing: fucking. I'd like to think I'm good at more than just fucking, but just try to convince my audience of that! They want me either because they think they can buy me or because they think they deserve me. I go for it, but every time I end up asking myself, *what is it that I deserve?*

16 bucks is a lot to pay for two beers and a couple of shots, but it really isn't too important. Alain and I never go out much, at least not to clubs. So, I'm waiting patiently by the front bar for Alain to come back. I look at my watch, strain to see the long hand in the darkness. It's been over ten minutes. I look into the dense sea of boys on the dance floor and worry. After a few more nervous minutes, I ask the bartender to watch the drinks while I track down my boyfriend.

10 inches of pure cock jut out at Alain as he pulls the sweaty G-string down past a set of freshly shaven balls. It's a beautiful sight, and Alain runs his lips along its length until he tastes the musky flavor of the stripper's nuts. He pulls back, opens his mouth, lets the cockhead bounce against his tongue. He flicks that tongue against the underside of it a few times before he swallows the stripper's cock whole. It nudges back his tonsils, but he subdues his gag reflex and slowly eases back, relaxing his throat into a more comfortable position. The stripper moans; his breathing is hard and controlled. Alain takes pride in that. It's as if each contraction of the stripper's diaphragm has a purpose and, if not for concentration, Alain might make this man forget to breathe.

He doesn't have much time, so Alain quickly pulls his head up and down the shaft of the stripper's cock. He keeps his throat tight and his lips firm, and he rotates his head from side to side to increase the stripper's pleasure. Using this method doesn't take long; less than five minutes later, the stripper pulls his cock out and blasts numerous strips of cum onto the floor.

The club music can barely be heard in this dingy "dressing room." Alain climbs to his feet, and the stripper kisses him. He smiles, says, "My name's Jeff. What's yours?"

"Alain."

Alain strains to hear the song playing beyond the black-painted door, but he's lost track of how many songs have passed. Alain kisses Jeff again and hurries out the door, anxious to get back to Dante before he realizes that something's up.

5 buttons is all it takes before men start waving dollar bills at him. He turns his back to them and unfastens the remainder. He looks over his shoulder and drops one side of his shirt. The guys go crazy. It isn't the sight of his flesh that ignites their libidos; it's the lusty glint in Jeff's eyes that gets to them. It's the promise that they'll get something more for their dollar than a flash of his pecs or a close-up of his thigh. His eyes tell them they'll get a lot more, and that's how Jeff gets his tips. Not from

showing flesh or putting out, but from making promises he doesn't intend to keep.

"20 minutes!" Dante raises his wrist so that Alain can see the incoherent symbols on his Fossil. "You're telling me it took you twenty minutes to find your way to the fucking bathroom!"

Alain stands at the urinal, staring blankly at Dante. He tries to forget that the bathroom is crowded and that every queen in there is watching. "Well," he says softly, eyes wide open and lower lip pushed slightly forward, "there was a long line." He lowers his head a little but keeps staring directly into Dante's eyes. "I asked you to come with me. You could have held my cock for me while I pissed." Alain looks down into the urinal, and his cock is already half-stiff.

Dante steps behind him, reaches around, taking Alain's cock into his hand. "I'm sorry, baby. I missed you."

"I missed you too. Why didn't you come with me?"

"I wanted to get us some drinks."

"Did you?" Alain rolls his head back on Dante's shoulder and smiles: he can feel Dante's denim-clad erection pressed against his ass.

"Yeah. They're waiting up front," whispers Dante.

"Cool. Sweetie, will you shake it for me?"

Dante grabs firmly at the base and flicks a few last drops of piss off the end with a series of quick spasms. He runs his hand along the cock twice before putting it back in its Calvin Klein home.

11 guys crowd around Jeff as he leaves the stage. He pushes past them, always smiling, and heads for the dressing room door. He winks at the security guard as he enters the safety zone.

Inside, he falls into a soft chair, wipes the sweat off his chest. It won't be long before he has to go back out again, so he stands up and roots through his stuff until he finds his next outfit.

He pauses momentarily as he watches the black door open in the mirror's grungy reflection.

4 men lie on the ground in a circle, sucking each other's cocks. I slump back against the headboard while Alain rests his head in my lap. I stroke his hair with one hand and lift the video box with the other. *Stud Farm*.

"Hey, Alain, isn't that the stripper from the club tonight?" I say.

"Yeah--that's Jeff Kane."

"You know, they should have at least titled this *Stud Ranch*. It would have sounded better."

"I don't think the producers cared. Besides, there's probably already a *Stud Ranch*."

"Even so, there's nothing innovative about the narrative."

Alain sits up. "What?"

"There's no disruption of anything. It's just a repeat performance of all the porno movies in the past."

Alain laughs. "I don't think the producers cared about that, either."

"They should," I reply dryly.

Alain continues to laugh until he kisses me gently. "I love it when you talk like that. Post-structuralism really turns me on."

"Do you love me, Alain?"

The mood seems to change into something more serious. The ass-pounding image of Jeff on the screen transforms into random images of light, and the grunts and groans mix with the tacky music, forming something inaudible and unimportant.

Alain lowers himself onto my chest. "I fucking love you, Dante." I don't respond, and I can tell that Alain feels an abstract tightening in his chest. He looks past the reflections of light in my dark eyes, and the full importance of the moment impresses itself on him. "Dante, I love you." He kisses me slowly, with caution.

"I love you too, Alain."

13 beers seem to bounce inside Alain's bladder even though he only drank three. "Dante, I gotta go piss. I feel like I just finished off half a case."

Dante stops dancing and kisses him on the forehead. "You better go then."

"Do you wanna come with me?"

"No--you go ahead."

"18 years from now, you're gonna look at me and say, 'Nicole, you were right,' and then you and Alain are gonna invite me to your place in the mountains to spend Christmas with you and your kids."

"Nicole, we're all gonna be really fucking old in eighteen years. I don't think it'll matter whether Alain and I are still together 'cause by then we'll both be too old to even get it up."

"There are some things more important than sex, Dante. And besides, you guys can get those inflatable implant things."

"Oh, that's a nice picture, Nicole! Alain and I squeezing each other's nuts to pump up. Hell! Sucking cock would probably make my dentures slip."

Catching his cue, Brandon blurts, "You should probably take them out. It'd be a lot easier that way."

14 men stand in line in front of Alain. There are more inside the bathroom, but he can't see them. He leans against the wall as the stripper walks past him, covered in sweat, still wearing that zebra-striped G-string. Some guys follow him, but when he brushes past a security guard and disappears behind a door, they turn away.

A bottle crashes at the other end of the hall. The security guard runs past Alain toward a fight in the process of breaking out.

Alain looks back at the defenseless door and imagines walking in there and begging the stripper to let him suck his cock. Dante would never know, and maybe the stripper might want to see him again.

Alain stares at the door another moment, before the line in front of him moves a bit as men exit the restroom to check out the fight. Alain turns away from the door and steps inside the restroom to wait his turn.

8 inches of his lover's cock slide into Dante's ass as he lowers himself down until his balls press against the flat of my abs. The television casts an eerie glow on Dante's skin; the abstract flashing makes him look like a spirit or even an angel as he raises and lowers himself on my eager cock. Dante looks like he's in ecstasy as he pushes his ass all the way down my length. He tells me how much he loves the feel of me inside him. He grinds on my erection, and his own cock points stiffly in the air.

I massage his chest and abs, and take his cock into my hand and stroke it gently. I can feel the pre-cum ooze out and slick my palm as I twist my hand around the head.

"You're cock feels so good up my ass, Alain."

"You're so hot, Dante. Your ass is so hot."

"Oh, fuck, Alain! Fuck!"

"I love you, Dante. I really fucking love you."

Dante reaches down by his calf and grabs another rubber. "Don't cum yet," he tells me. He takes his cock from me and strokes its impressive length a few times. "I really want to fuck you back. I want to pound you with my big ol' cock."

I smile, and Dante tears open the package. "Anytime, Dante. Anytime."

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Sexual Paradigm, Part 3: Anthology

by Epaphus and Wrestlr

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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Sexual Paradigm, Part 3: Anthology

Origins are so difficult to determine. I don't know if the day I met Dante could be called the beginning. I don't know if the day I first met Jeff or first saw Jeff or first had sex with Jeff should be where things started. Maybe it was when I left Dante. Maybe it was when I began to miss Dante. Maybe it was when I called him to tell him how I felt.

Beginnings are so hard to define. Maybe it begins with this moment, with these words. This moment has cohesion. This moment can be defined. This moment has symbols to keep it in place.

It started with a phone call. "Hi, Dante. It's Alain."

When I called you,
You said you didn't like
My voice, said it
Twisted you inside,
Made you remember how
I used to call you
Every day, leaving poetry
On your machine
Because I loved you then--
Forever, never leaving
Messages anymore.

That night, I went to Jeff's. When I walked in, he was on the couch, stretched out. We watched a movie and didn't talk. Somehow, after that, discussing our relationship seemed like overkill.

Life with Dante was much more stable. We had so much in common and spent our days obsessed. I once heard that everyone, straight or gay, should model their relationships after lesbians. I think Dante and I were lesbian. We acted like lesbians: so into each other that our bond came first and the rest of the world was forced to wait. Of course, it wasn't practical. Of course, it didn't work. I think there was a rule I forgot. I broke a rule, and nothing has made me happy ever since. There is no turning back.

Jeff was distant. There was something on his mind he wouldn't say. I knew what it was. He was a porn star and a prowler of men. He lived without morality, and I loved him for that. He was free, and by accepting his freedom I denied our relationship that something special that makes things last.

"Do you want to stay over," he asked.

I said, "Yeah, if you want me to?"

He said, "Of course I do, but I'm kinda tired. I was on the set for nine hours. Is it okay if we just go to bed now?"

"Sure," I said. "If you're tired ... I understand."

He turned off the light, kissed me, said, "G'night," and rolled onto his side, his back to me. I pressed my chest against his skin, draped my arm over his side. Resting in the crevice of his bare ass, my dick started hardening. His body was tense, unresponsive, but still blatantly aware of my presence.

I held onto him anyway. I held onto the part of him I didn't want to let go of. I held onto him because I felt him slipping away, and I wasn't ready to let that happen yet. I knew I couldn't stop it, but I felt the instinct to resist.

Jeff rolled over suddenly. It was like an answer to a prayer. He started kissing me, pressing down against me, his cock growing against my thigh. "Why won't you let me sleep?" he growled, lips inches from my own. "Huh, boy? Why won't you let me sleep?" He buried his tongue in my mouth and quickly pulled away. His breath was hot on my skin. He whispered into my ear, "Do you need to get fucked?"

"Yes, sir," I whispered back, lips just brushing his shoulder.

This, our only intimacy
On a day we never kiss,
Touch, pretend until now,
When you enter me
Like a billy club, a broom handle,
A Spanish pistol with a bullet
At the end

He fucked me from behind, and I felt the curve of his cock pulling up on my asshole like a hook, each time he thrust forward to scratch his crotch across my ass. The

cock was hard and eager, the latex making it a foreign thing, the smooth phallus of some statue on which I'd been impaled.

My own cock was buried in the sheets, my only important part being the soft, warm hole wrapped around his flesh.

When he came, he buried himself, the cum filling the empty space inside the latex, the latex filling an empty space inside me. He lifted me, let me fist my cock. I knelt on his bed, his finger entering my insides, his teeth striking nerves along my neck. As his single, strong finger fucked me in his place, I felt his other knuckles brush against the soles of my bare feet. It made me think of Dante--the way he would kiss me in places that weren't exceptional, except that he thought enough to kiss me there.

The finger found my prostate, the cum shot from my cock, and I leaned back to let the warm fluid pour onto my own heated skin. I cried out and collapsed, falling against his chest. He kissed my neck. I strained to let my lips touch his. "Jeff," I breathed, "that was amazing."

"Yeah," he said. "Now let's get to bed."

I called Dante the next day. "Hi--it's Alain. Can we talk?"

"You know it hurts me to hear your voice."

"O might I kiss those eyes of fire / A million scarce could quench ..."

"You're a fucking sadist."

"I was just kidding."

"Look, what do you want?"

"I miss you."

"Oh, now you miss me! You're such a fucking asshole."

"I know. I want to see you again."

"Not everything in life is about what you want. Other people have needs too. It isn't just about you!"

"I know."

"Then why are you calling me?"

"I just thought that maybe we could go out sometime. Maybe just meet at a club or something?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Sometime."

"I really do miss you."

"Whatever. Miss you too, I guess."

At the El Rey, the men moved like an ocean. From the upper level, I looked down at the dance floor. Bare skin undulated like water, the multicolored lights making ripples out of violent arms. I glanced around. Dante was there in just a pair of jeans and his favorite Airwalks. He was leaning against the rail and staring up at the three massive crystal chandeliers floating above the crowd. The light from them was faint, just enough to give the thousand tears a warm, unobtrusive glow.

I walked toward him, pulling off my own tank. "Hi," I said.

"Hi, Alain," he said, brushing dark bangs from his defensive eyes. I could see cruel words in there, but he didn't say them, and I was grateful. Instead, he said, "It's fucking hot up here."

"Yeah, and humid. It's all the sweat."

We looked at each other. He smiled. We smiled. I wanted to kiss him. I wanted to press myself against his body and kiss him, hold him, kiss him, drop to my knees, and kiss his crotch. I shifted my weight toward him one inch, and he looked back to the dance floor.

There was a time when I could have done whatever I wanted with Dante, like lead him deep into the center of the club, letting three thousand men wash over us. I could have tasted his mouth, smelled his skin, felt his dick straining in his jeans, against my thigh, my ass, my groping hand. I could have taken him home and drained the salty flavors from his cock. I could have surrendered to the soft warmth of his tongue and the quickening pulse of orgasm. I could have felt him inside me, thrusting against the glands that made my sex drive. I could have felt myself deep inside of him, inside his ass, buried deep enough to make me see the phantom of his soul inside his eyes.

I could say I love you,
Could say I have to have you
Back, that I'd do
Anything, that I was wrong,
That I never should have said
I didn't need you when
All I need is you and want
Is you and could beg for
Like a dog and still never get is you.

"Hey, Alain!"

Dante and I turned around. Jeff came toward us, in black jeans with his shirt off, his pecs bouncing as he walked, his short blond hair looking darker in the club's throbbing light. He stopped in front of us, a little taller than us, a little more massive.

"Hey, Jeff," I said, completely trapped. I didn't know if I should keep talking or give him a kiss. I didn't know if I should look innocent or confused--confused for Dante, innocent for Jeff.

"I think I'm gonna get a drink," I said. "Do you guys want anything?" Distance was my only option.

"Water," Jeff and Dante said simultaneously.

Forever passed before the bartender shot a look in my direction. When she said, "What can I get for you, cutie," she sounded as if she were taking care of me because I was something special. I ordered three waters (one for myself as well, because I didn't want to stand out). When I headed back to my two guys, I saw them leaning on their railing. Their wide, muscular backs glowed with sweat.

"Here you go."

They were laughing, smiling--at each other. Jeff put something small in Dante's mouth. Jeff looked at me. "Here--open up."

"What is it?" He held broken pieces of a pill in his offered palm.

"Just take it," said Dante, and I did.

"But what is it?" I asked after washing the jagged pieces down.

"Cyanide," Dante said, and laughed. My expression stayed blank. "Don't be stupid--you know what it is."

Jeff and Dante were getting along. I didn't expect that. I thought Jeff would be out someplace else. He typically said he had "other plans" on Saturdays. They were getting along and laughing and talking about where they both grew up; and as time passed, I started feeling warm inside and content and somewhat detached in an extremely ethereal way, and Jeff looked back at me, reaching out to touch my neck, and pulled me to him until his tongue was pushed inside my mouth. I felt panicked, but I couldn't react--this was taking place in front of Dante. But then, Dante kissed me too, and I felt my skin tingle every place he touched, and the sensation spread out in waves and flowed slowly to my limbs. And then Dante pulled away, and he kissed Jeff, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. They kissed, and I watched, completely amazed. They were both so beautiful, and together they were beautiful, and I couldn't help myself--I wasn't jealous.

In the cab, heading back to someplace--Dante's place I think--Dante put his arm around my shoulder and looked into my eyes. "Jeff and I were talking earlier," he said, "so I was wondering, which do you like better, novels or anthologies?"

I looked at him, confused. "Anthologies, I guess."

"Why?"

"Because there're more people in them. There're more voices. It's more complex."

"That's kind of simple coming from you."

I laughed with him. "Exposition isn't easy right now, but yeah--I like anthologies better."

Dante glanced over at Jeff, then kissed me, his lips expressing something romantic in their soft touch. He smiled. "That's exactly what I thought you'd say."

Three from three
Thousand, we move like we
Are not of
This world but some
Other place in which our skin
Cannot contain the meaning
Of who we are, the three
Of us constructing
Energy from flesh with each
Connection, as always me
Attaching placement to
An unfamiliar life
Because you're here.

Walking back into Dante's place felt strange. But Jeff was there, kissing me, and Dante was there, in the kitchen, making drinks. When he came back, he led us to his bedroom and put a porn tape into his VCR. It was odd, out of place, the images, the latexed dicks piercing clean-shaven holes.

Dante kissed me, and Jeff kissed me, and Jeff opened his fly and told me to go down on his cock. I did. I lowered myself and took his cock into my mouth and let him push it down my throat, while Dante filled Jeff's mouth with a wet tongue that used to be mine alone.

Then Dante joined me--on his knees--and let Jeff's cock push past his jaw and fill his throat, and I watched and took the cock back and gave it away. Dante and I licked each side of it and worked together, one of us licking Jeff's nuts, the other swirling his tongue around the head.

How should I feel
Toward this moment: I would
Suffer a world on my back
Just to have your spit
Inside my mouth.

With our clothes removed, we looked tossed about the bed as Dante probed his tongue inside my ass and Jeff made my dick leak juice within his mouth.

And then it was Jeff sucking Dante's cock, while I kissed Dante and thought about the past. Soon, Jeff opened up his ass to my tongue and I tasted him, thinking how beautiful my new lover was and that if what I had right now was not Love, at least he was a god.

Dante gave me his cock and his ass too. I sucked in his essence, and someone orgasmed on the TV screen. It distracted me. The actor came a lot. "Damn!" I said.

"Yeah," Jeff said, "he does that every time."

"You've worked with him?" Dante asked.

"Yeah. He's a nice guy," Jeff said as he stroked his cock casually, watching his friend spread cum across his chest.

Dante asked, "Does doing it--porn, I mean--make fucking kind of boring?"

Jeff said, "Alain told me that you write. Does that make books or movies boring?"

"Sometimes. Not always."

"I feel the same way about sex."

Dante laughed. He liked cleverness as much as I did. He moved over to Jeff and started sucking his cock. I watched, playing with myself. Soon, we were back into our sexual groove. I was swallowing all of Jeff's cock, and Dante was shoving a lube-covered finger into my starving ass.

Eventually, Jeff got Dante down on his stomach, put a condom on, and pushed his cock into Dante's ass. I got behind Jeff, covered my cock in protection, and entered his ass. We were fucking each other: Jeff inside Dante, me inside Jeff. Dante was grunting under Jeff's weight. Jeff was the biggest and most muscular among us and, in the middle, he set a wild pace, forcing Dante to take his angry prick and forcing me to keep up as best I could.

Men in the porn were talking nasty, and we were talking nasty too. There were a lot of voices. They merged and overlapped as we fucked and the guys on the screen fucked. It became what porn directors call pure sound.

Oh Yeah Fuck My Ass Take That Cock Oh My Fuck Boy God I Like That Take That Do You Like That Cock That Cock Up My Ass Sir Pig Sir Aw Fuck I Can't Take Sir It Sir Take That Cock Boy Anymore Sir Oh Fuck Man You're Fucking The Shit Out Of Me Fuck Me Man Fuck Me Oh You're A Fucking Daddy God Oh Daddy Smack My You're Gonna Get It Boy Ass You're Just My Boy Sir Hole Boy Just My Hole Sir Aw Fuck What Are You Yes Sir Fuck You Boy Take That Cock Slut Your Hole Sir I'm Just Your Fucking Hole

They talked me into the most degrading things. I straddled Dante's hips and sat down on his cock, the latex-covered head piercing my ass, sending me to heaven. I sat down all the way and moved up and down a bit to loosen up. His cock felt good inside my ass--felt like it belonged there--and the bottomless look in Dante's dark eyes made his cock seem like an umbilical cord connecting our souls.

I normally don't write about souls. They're too ethereal, and what I was feeling was more concrete.

Jeff pushed down on my back until my chest rested on Dante's, our stomachs touching and pulling away with every breath, touching and pulling away. Dante held me and humped his cock up into me at an angle which stretched me open. That was when Jeff positioned his cock and slowly forced it into whatever free space he could find in my ass.

It hurt as he filled me with a second cock. It felt like my ass was being torn in two, but I endured and held on to Dante, deriving strength from the calming kisses he placed on my neck. Soon, Jeff had his cock all the way in, and both cocks were forced into me each time he thrust forward. I held on to Dante, letting the two cocks take over my ass.

"Oh, fuck, Alain," Jeff breathed, "you got a hot fucking ass."

Dante grunted, "Fuck his ass, man. I like feeling our cocks rubbing together inside him. Oh, yeah, take those cocks, boy."

Encased in your
Arms, I can endure
For you and let the morphous
Walls of my body give in
To you as you
Invade me,
Reshape me, make me
Into the Kubla Khan of your
Libido, my insides
Contorting, flexing,
Metamorphosing to suit
Your needs, your needs
Being the fruit
From which I feed.

Jeff was pounding his cock as best he could into my overcrowded ass, and Dante was being driven to the edge by the sensation of Jeff rubbing up and down on his cock.

"Oh, fuck!" Jeff shouted.

"Fuck!" Dante echoed.

It was as if the friction getting them off had nothing to do with me. I was just the space in which they played. Sliding along each other's lengths, they both ejaculated thick blasts into their condoms at nearly the same time.

"Fuck! Fuck!" they yelled in unison, bucking wildly into me, each working to thrust all the gushing warmth out of his cock. My cock slid along Dante's abs, and the waves of force caused my dick to explode. Hot puddles collected between our stomachs and flowed down Dante's chest, dripped slowly down his sides.

"That was so fucking hot, Alain," Dante said. "Fuck, I love you."

I didn't know what to say.

We slept together, tangled, knotted. Through the night, I'd wake up, my sore ass insisting that I turn on my side or my stomach. I'd try to move. I'd lose track of which limbs were mine. I couldn't decide which legs or arms to rearrange to appease my wounds.

In the morning, I escaped to take a shower. I'd slept as comfortably as I could, losing myself in the bodies of my lovers. Now was my time to define myself alone, to separate and rejoin the pieces of my shattered understanding of myself. I stood under the water, running fingers through my wet hair, letting the streams pour down the bruised muscles of my back and the deep canyon of my ass to wash against my irritated hole.

Dante came into the bathroom, stepped into the shower. He put his arms around me, kissed me, his toes touching my feet, his soft dick pressed against my nuts. As if he knew what I was doing, he reached around and stroked the cheeks of my ass, holding the cheeks open a bit to let more soothing water flow across my hole.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah. I'm fine."

I've thought so
Many times of calling you
To leave some Trinidad
Or Dove on your machine,
To leave something
I've discovered in a magazine
By accident
That says, "I'm sorry,
I miss you, I've never
Stopped stumbling across poems
For you, for me, for what
We had a chance to be."

"Got kinda out of control, huh?"

"It's okay. I liked it. It just hurts now. That's all."

"Yeah, um--I have to be honest. Just so you know, I set all this up."

"Huh?"

"I saw Jeff at the gym yesterday, and we got to talking. I told him to meet us at the El Rey, and he did."

"Really," I said calmly, too used and worn to get upset. "Why did you do that?"

"I missed you, but knew I could never measure up. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, right? Anyway, I'm sorry. I just want you back. I'd share you with Jeff just to have you back."

I stood there staring at Dante. His vulnerable eyes begged me. This moment seemed impenetrable, even when our third lover interrupted, shouting from the hall, "Hey, guys--you want pancakes or waffles for breakfast?"

"Pancakes! Thanks!" I yelled back, and paused. Dante held me, kissed me, held some abstract part of me in his eyes. They were deep and dark, his face so boyish and innocent. I couldn't help myself--I tightened my grip on his body.

Sexual Paradigm, Part 4: Circuits

by Wrestlr

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Sexual Paradigm, Part 4: Circuits

by Wrestlr

Dante runs from front to back, setting anchors, making everything safe. "Don't dive off," he shouts. "I'm almost done."

But look at all the men. I watch, look around, see people everywhere. I call them people, these diverse beings more like people than I've ever seen. Naked guys kiss on floating beds, a straight family eating lunch on their boat a few feet away. I think the guys are tacky, disrespectful. I learn later of Europe, the family used to viewing life without judgment, un-American, with humans behaving as though God cares enough to watch.

From one boat to another. People everywhere. Some naked, most not. More boats closing in. Dante holds me from behind, kisses my neck, says: "Isn't this hot."

Jeff stares at us, smiling, his friend and fellow porn-star Joey leaning over the rail, filming with his camera. Being a porn-star doesn't pay what it used to, but it creates fans, drives them to his pay-for-access page. We're not naked, so this footage will likely end up as lifestyle segments padding his hardcore content. Joey calls out to exploding boys: "Crank it, bitch; crank that fucking shit!"

Playfully Dante tries to pull my shorts down. I stop him, shouting, laughing, bending over, my ass pressing into his crotch, then me pulling away. He chases me to the edge, tackles me, pushes, pulls me over. We fall into cool water; we surface together kissing, symbiotic creatures needing breath from each other's mouth. Dante's indented belly slides along mine, beneath us the darkness, him holding tight, us kicking together to stay afloat.

Men drift on rafts around us, careful not to run us faggots over. To one side two men sit on the back of their speedboat, one in red shorts, the other in nothing, his cock full, long, nuts hanging low, full of masculinity. The two of them are beautiful but together, I imagine.

Jeff steps to the edge. I look over at him, at his powerful body, trying to not look at him too long, trying not to get caught. Dante catches me, kisses me, kisses my neck.

Cavalier Jeff, tight swimsuit clinging to his thick cock, dives over us, making water fly over our heads. He surfaces behind us, swims to the speedboat with the two men on board. My eyes follow his flexing back. He pulls himself through choppy liquid toward Big Dick. The guys smile down, stand up on the boat. The naked guy jumps off. Jeff almost catches him, holds him for a moment before they laugh.

Dante climbs on a raft with me, the two of us surrounded by rafts, boats, wave-runners, fags, dykes, breeders, holding on, falling off, microwaving in the sun.

Dante says: "I'm happy we came here. We needed to get away."

I say: "Are you okay about Jeff?"

Dante looks over, says: "Why wouldn't I be?"

At that moment Jeff swims up, throws himself over us, his wet skin sliding across ours, his heavy dense body making me think about sex. We capsize. I slip between Dante and Jeff, rising between them, feeling their bodies buoyant and hard. They laugh, both of their boyishness snapping inside me. Their hands on me, on themselves, each other. I back away from the tangle.

At our hotel, we agree to nap, shower, meet later down at the bar to watch bats fly out.

With my wet shorts off, I lie down on my stomach, head at the foot of the bed. Dante comes out of the bathroom in fresh flannel boxers, bounces onto the mattress, back against the headboard. I switch channels by remote, information on Labor Day parties hanging in my hand, waiting. I look back at Dante. He stretches his legs out next to me, one ankle crossing the other, his left hand lying heavy on my calf. I look at some news scandal show on the T.V. beyond Dante's feet, his toes twitching for a brief moment like flashing cameras.

I notice something, move in closer for a smell. He smells like algae. His eyes are more impish as his fingers crawl the inside of my thigh. I stay frozen, his fingers almost to my sack. If I flinch, I lose. I lose. He pounces, tickling my sides with hands locked beneath my arms. I struggle, laugh, writhe from side to side, his laughter in my ears.

My bare ass feels Dante's warmth through the flannel over his crotch. My neck is teased by wet lips, ears tingling from soft bites. My back burns beneath his hard chest. The scents of Hippy Hollow are everywhere.

Dante fumbles for supplies, covers and lubes his cock without leaving me alone. My back is warm with proximity, my neck inflamed by his afternoon shadow. "I love you," he says.

My ass feels something wet sliding up inside. "I love you too," I say, feeling the words echo through interiors.

He pushes, enters, almost slowly, making passion crash below my heart.

His forearms scoop under my armpits, biceps, hands clasping shoulders. I turn my head to receive his kiss against fevered lips. His breath drives hot against my face. My ass feels unleashed, vulnerable around his cock. It fills me, an army invading, the whole mass of it battering into me, my body a fortress with its gate forced open.

He breathes harder, grunting. I breathe harder, made senseless by my lust. He goes more intense, thrusts faster, shorter, his climax broadcast by his body, his soul, that silent part of me connecting to his body and sensing its ancient struggle to survive.

His genetics erupt into me, his chromosomes kept back by a latex necessity of our modern age. He pulls out, sits back on his calves. I remain static, pulling, pushing hard air out of my lungs.

He turns me over. I see a seriousness in his dark eyes; he's thinking, feeling something meaningful. I stare. It fades. He swallows, stifles, replacing questions with a playful smile.

Two, three fingers in my empty ass fill me, fuck me, as he strokes me in his other hand. I let it happen, giving in. His smile fades, his eyes pulling before I cum, making images go black, swimming in emotion and the clasping of arms around his neck, a violent, desperate pulling of him into a rapacious kiss that quenches everything I might try to say.

An awkward dinner passes for me. We never see bats; the evening is too warm. Dante acts as if nothing has changed. Jeff is too into Joey to care.

A roof party brings the energy up, makes us forget whatever issues we came here to avoid. Joey drags Jeff into a mass of dancing shirtless men, all one, and they disappear. With me our conversation is a living thing; it devours how I feel, making me chew on flirtations that Dante entertains.

The festivities die slowly, the next event calling to each boy. Dante says: "I'm getting kind of tired. I think it's all the sun. I should be heading back." Joey and Jeff insert themselves. Dante says again: "I'm heading back; you guys go without me."

I say: "I don't have to ..."

Jeff throws an arm around my neck, says: "Don't worry, Dante--we'll keep an eye on him for you."

The next event not the same, not the same without Dante there. An offering of crystal has my consciousness spinning in a sea of witless understanding, unnatural vision distorting an already hedonistic image of the world. Joey still parties. Jeff is still hanging on.

I head out for a cab. Jeff tries to stop me: "Hey, where are you going?"

I turn, say: "I miss Dante. I'm heading back."

Jeff says: "Hang with me 'n' Joey. We're going swimming at some guy's house."

"No," I say, "I'm not up for that. I'll see you in the morning."

"Call us," he says, "if you change your mind." He touches my chest; it tingles from the drugs. He kisses me deeply, says: "Joey wants both of our cocks so bad."

I don't answer. I only walk away.

Drifting precariously through the lobby, I guide myself toward our room. The lights are off. I fall next to Dante, waking him, holding him, telling him, "I'm sorry."

"For what?" he says.

"For being so fucked up," I say.

"Hey," he asks, "where's Jeff?"

I say: "Everything stopped being interesting as soon as you weren't there."

He waits, thinks the right words, says: "I didn't expect you back; thought you'd be off with Jeff or Joey or whoever."

"I didn't want ...," I say.

He says: "But, babe, you're so fucking high--why aren't you out getting fucked?"

I say, "I didn't want ..."

He says: "That's never stopped you before."

"Maybe things are different," I whisper, voice almost breaking, my hand reaching cautiously for a lover's cock, a cock already hard.

Dante lifts my shirt up off my torso, over shoulders, arms, as he speaks: "I've resigned myself to your way of life."

"Maybe," I say, "I've done the same."

He opens my fly, pushes the denim down my thighs, wrapping my drug-heavy nuts and soft cock in his hand. I feel I'm disappointing him by not being hard. "It's the crystal," I tell him.

"I figured," he says before kissing my cock, licking its flaccidness, moving down to my scrotum. He comes back to kiss me.

"You smell all sweaty," I say.

He smiles, says: "I think I'll do that bump now, then we'll put you in the shower."

I kiss his asshole deliriously clean; it smells like hotel soap. On all fours, above the covers, he moans like it's his dick getting blown; his cock is relaxed, dripping pre-cum on my hand. My wet hair hangs down, tickles the shallow cup of his back. He doesn't care, only wanting, wanting insanely to have his butthole licked. Quickly he rises to his knees to kiss me. I lift my tongue from his ass and meet his lips, thinking about him, tasting his earthly flesh.

He feeds from what we share, his passion slowly losing the hottest part of its fever. I feel it, touch his soft inside-outside place, picturing it pink, wet, open. I push into him, making him kiss me even harder.

He lifts off my finger, the softness of him sucking, clamping before release.

He pushes teddy-bear violent, seeking to make my fragile parts vulnerable to attack. Legs going up, my ass becomes a bowl into which his tongue is poured. He eats with vengeance, punishing me for the weakness I brought out in him. He frees my feet, uses his fingers to pry my ass apart, to make my sphincter a bright poppy, a burning sun. To me he is wet pressure, just wet pressure, making my nerve endings flip and swim somersaults just beneath my skin.

Licking nuts, cock. He slides up my chest to kiss me. I taste myself, our flavors mixed. We kiss, almost laugh, our bodies joyous toys. His eyes open wide, the innocence inside so beautiful. I stare, swelling, floating.

A.A. speaks of a moment of clarity. Dante sits up. I wish I could not be a cynic, loving without complication. Cynicism is a form of cowardice and awareness. If we weren't cynics, we could love, behave like those couples in coffeehouses who always make us sick.

"You do love me, just not like ...," I say.

"Like what?" he says.

"Like normal people. Like people who cuddle, fight, cry, go insane, because they never realized that everything is pointless."

"Baby, I'd never want to be like that." He kisses me.

"You and I may have been exiled from paradise but no Garden of Eden is worth living in if all its bounty is forbidden to explore. No wonder I'm in love with you, so in love I feel unfamiliar; I don't know how to act."

He grins. "You're quite beautiful yourself. Now get over here and suck my cock."

He grows full inside my warm throat. I have him on his back, head on the pillow, ass open, wet with lube. His cock slaps a firm stomach when I release it, his hefty nuts heaving in their sack. I examine the ass. It tries to suck me in each time.

I soak fingers in our bottled lube, push deep inside. Two fingers. Three. I take my cock, rub it on the pink flesh that opens to me. I reach for a condom. When I'm ready, I push inside. His flesh surrounds my flesh.

He says, "I really want to get fucked," then moans.

I propel my cock, pull back out, engorge, make him empty, turning him from existence to void to existence with sudden stabbings. It's a principle. Bodies in motion. I fuck and pound, tease his inside skin, the crystal making our erections only last a while. He's hard, gets me on my knees, trying to out-do me. His cock is fat, covered in a rubber I wish wasn't there as he goes into me. My ass is wet, soaked with lube made hot by the cooking of my body. Dante fucks me wild. He pulls out, pushes two fingers of each hand inside to see if I will open. I am open.

He fills me, fucks me; he can't get deep enough to satisfy himself. The part he wants is too entrenched to reach.

Cock hard. Cum explodes. Thin, watery, drugged-up semen shooting between fingers all inside me. Dante. Dante. Mouths locked together. Breath passing hot inside. Sudden emptiness. More onanistic water sticks my skin to his. Dante's. The kiss, the words: *I love you*.

By afternoon we wait for the pilots. I rest my head on Dante's shoulder, neither of us having slept. My fucked hole is sore, my cock feeling it could keep going. He kisses my forehead.

Jeff glances up, smiles. I think of sympathy, how magic makes lovers tell the truth. It must have been some night. Joey smiles, whispers: "You wouldn't believe the trouble Jeff tried to get me into."

Jeff looks up at us, looks back to them, says: "It could have been better."

Dante pretends indifference, reads the sign over the departure gate. Joey says: "What the hell do you mean by that."

Jeff avoids my eyes, says: "It all gets so boring after a while; but when you try to escape, you end up only running into yourself, and that's the last person you want to meet."

Joey looks up, raises an eyebrow. I say: "You don't wanna know."

Joey says: "But I do."

Dante says: "Trust me, we're never doing it again."

I say: "You said that last time."

He shrugs, says: "I was younger."

I laugh silently, feel something warm, meaningful--I don't know--some subjective response I don't want to lose. I notice two attendants as they begin boarding procedures. We stand, grab carry-ons. As I always do when putting my faith in something I can't see--the soul going on--I imagine currents running through me, imagine them leaping out into an unknown world. Dante looks into me as if he understands, as if that constant arcs between us.

I give a man my pass, thinking a bit too much, unfamiliar with what comes next.
