

# The Long Wait

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 fictionwho can say?

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## The Long Wait

When Jack goes off on one of his business trips, you don't mind so much.

You're as crazy about him as you were the day you first met, ten years ago. And when he's away, you miss him badly. By Friday night, when he gets home after one of his five-day jaunts to Chicago or Washington or Los Angeles or wherever, you're half out of your mind with hunger for him.

Wanting him is an ache in your gut.

But if he didn't go away, you couldn't miss him.

When he's gone, you get just enough of the solo life to satisfy you: eat what you want when you want; go to movies he has no interest in; stay up half the night if you feel like it, with no one reaching over you to turn out the light while you're reading; sleep as late as you want. When he's home, Jack's not just up with the birds--it's more like he gives *them* their wake-up call; and he tries so hard to be quiet in the morning that he almost always wakes you with his thundersome stealth.

Best of all is something foolish: when

Jack's gone you get to sprawl all over the bed when you sleep, arms and legs embracing the four corners of the world.

As for the old "when the cat's away" routine, you're a confident enough lover never to ask Jack about how he spends his nights in those expense-account hotels. And Jack always says, "I don't care what you do when I'm not home, as long as I don't have to hear about it when I get home." But after a period of some pretty heavy prowling around--you guess that was between Years Three and Seven of this ten-year hitch--you've been laying fairly low in that department. A fling can have its good points, all that new flesh to roam over, but nothing you've done with strangers compares to what Jack and you

manage to do in the sack when you get up a good head of steam. "No one knows you like I know you," Jack always says, touching you in just the perfect place, in just the perfect way.

You're nicely into age 40 now (Jack's a couple of years older), the Big Four-O, and at your age notching up the bedpost with conquests isn't quite as important as it was when you were twenty-five. Or even thirty-five, as you recall. But still "Be prepared to be surprised," as you always say.

So it's Thursday night and counting, and you've spent an hour or so at the gym, had your dinner (a burger and fries from the Greek's on the corner--your secret vice),

and knocked off another fifty pages of a novel you started two of Jack's business trips ago, and now you're thinking that you'll pour yourself a brandy and slip something sexy into the VCR (secret vices numbers two and three), spread out nice and naked on the bed, and see how many times you can work your cock just about to the boiling point and then not let go. It's a little game you like to play the night before he's due home. You call it Warming Up For Jack.

Tomorrow evening, he'll land at the airport around 6:30; he'll catch a taxi; he'll get caught in the weekend traffic, and about 7:45 you'll hear him clomping up the stairs to the apartment, good and irritable. For someone who travels all the time, he

certainly does hate to do it. And you'll have him stripped and on his back by 7:48. He'll hardly know what hit him.

Last time, that Thursday-night-and-counting, you played your game one too many rounds--six times to the edge--and Christ, were your cock and balls sore all day Friday. But Christ, did you make Jack good and sore all night Friday. And most of Saturday, too.

So the brandy's in the snifter, the tape's in the VCR, and you've just pulled off your T-shirt and you're undoing the buttons on your jeans when--damn it!--who's ringing the buzzer at one o'clock in the morning?

Pad barefoot down the hall to the door and

punch the squawk box. Grunt, "Yeah?"

"It's Ned," a voice replies. Ned is Jack's son, one of the few pleasant by-products of Jack's five-year marriage back a few years before you two met (the other chief by-product being a hell of a monthly bill from Jack's shrink). But this is not Ned's voice. "*Who* is it?"

"I'm *with* Ned," the voice says. "Could you let us in?"

And you thumb the button, button your jeans back up, open the door, and wait. You hear them coming up the stairs, this strange voice--"C'mon, buddy, just a few more steps"--and Ned's voice, loose and garbled. And then they appear: Ned, a



handsome young version of his handsome old man, all jet-black hair, dark eyes, and a twenty-year-old version of Jack's big build; and this tall, lanky, broad-shouldered blond with an amused smirk on his face, half-dragging Ned down the hallway.

"I'm Russ," the blond says to you, smiling with lots of even teeth and bright, almost sapphire eyes that go to slits when he grins. "I'm Ned's roommate. You must be Uncle Hank." He puts just a bit of a spin on that word *Uncle*. "And this"--he gives Ned a shove through the doorway--"is your not-too-bright-but-plenty-plowed boy Ned. Sorry about disturbing you so late, but I knew we weren't going to make it all the way back to the dorm without him

passing out in the street, and Ned said it would be cool. Is it cool?"

"Cool enough," you answer, watching Ned weave past you into the living room to collapse onto the couch. To Russ, over your shoulder: "Close it behind you."

Russ shuts the door and strides over to where Ned has fallen, lifting Ned's feet off the floor, unlacing his shoes and slipping them off, smoothing back a few strands of dark hair from Ned's forehead. There's something startlingly affectionate in that small, casual gesture, and you wonder for a moment just what's going on between these two.

Ned opens his eyes, just barely, and

smiles a crooked smile at Russ. "You're great, man," he mumbles, pointing a finger into Russ' face.

"And you're a jerk," Russ replies, grabbing the finger and squeezing. "A prize jerk. Now shut your eyes and pass out, okay?" Ned half-nods, still grinning, and closes his eyes.

To you, Russ asks, "Okay if I stay and keep an eye on him?"

"Suit yourself," you say. "You his nurse?"

Russ smiles: a bright, self-confident smile. "I take care of him; he takes care of me. Tonight's my turn to do the taking care of, I guess."

"Sounds fair."

He shrugs. "Most of the time."

Ned groans. He sits himself up, setting his feet laboriously back onto the floor, and opens his eyes. His head is bobbing, swaying. "Russ," he moans.

"All right, Neddy, all right. Just not on the couch, okay?" And he scoops Ned up, wrapping his arm around his back, trying to steady him. He looks over at you. "Where's the--?"

"Down the hall and on your right," you say.

Pour yourself another brandy (the bathroom's just next to the bedroom, and

you're in no mood to overhear the gritty symphony of Ned retching his guts out). Lie back on the couch, staring into the darkness. After a few minutes, you hear the shower running, and a minute after that, Russ comes back into the room. The front and sleeves of his faded blue work shirt are soaked. "He'll be fine," Russ says, "if he doesn't drown. I'll get a couple of aspirin down him and we'll sack out if that's all right with you. This thing open?" he asks, indicating the couch.

"Sure." You're suddenly very much aware of being alone in a dimly lit room with an extremely handsome young man.

"I gotta get out of this," he says, undoing the buttons on his wet shirt. "Then we'll be

twins, you and me." You cross one arm over your bare chest.

He keeps his eyes on you the whole time he undoes his shirt front, and as the shirt comes off you see what a fine build he's got, smooth and hairless honey-colored skin stretched taut over a well-developed set of pecs and strong, rounded biceps. He hangs the shirt over the back of a chair and steps toward you, and you see there are in fact a few stray curls at the center of his chest, and a narrow band of golden hair running from his navel down toward the narrow waist of his chinos. "Can I have a hit off your drink?" he asks, reaching for it, and as you hand him the snifter, you're breathing in the smell of him: bar smoke and beer, cologne and just a faint sweet

stink of sweat.

He sits himself in the far corner of the couch and takes a healthy swallow of your brandy. "You?" he says, reaching it back toward you.

"Keep it," you say, because you can feel your dick beginning to stir in your jeans, and the last thing you need to get drunk and horny (okay, hornier) with this fine-looking college kid in the room and Jack's son--your virtual stepchild--not fifteen yards away, passed out in your shower. Not a very comfortable combination, especially in your overheated, haven't-been-laid-in-five-days condition.

Russ looks you hard in the eyes. "I'm nuts

about him," he blurts. "About Ned. Since the minute I laid eyes on him." He takes another sip of the brandy. "You can't imagine what it's like, with him trotting around that tiny little dorm room in his underwear like he always does, and that black, *black* head of hair, and his sweet furry body, and that big round bulge in his shorts that I just want to lay my mouth on twenty-four hours a day. And it's totally hands-off, except sometimes--God, it's so wonderful, and it's so really awful--when he cuddles up to me late at night like I'm this, I don't know, teddy bear or something. And it doesn't mean anything--that's the killer part; it's just part of Ned being Ned. It's just friendly. He hasn't got a clue. You can't imagine what it's like to want someone like that." And he stops,



like a switch turning off.

You clear your throat and take a breath. "Well ..." you begin, and then you both start to laugh.

"Well," he says, "I guess maybe you do have some idea." Another sip of brandy. "But at least you get to sleep with him. With his dad, I mean. I suppose it's too much to hope it runs in the family or something. Where *is* his dad anyway?"

"Chicago," you say.

"I'm from Milwaukee," he says, sitting up, reaching the snifter toward you.

"Do tell," you say.

"You've got a very hot body," he says, and his blue eyes are wide and glistening.

"For an old man," you ask.

"You've got a very hot body," he repeats, and he leans in close to you, lays a hand on your jaw, presses his lips to yours. You don't pull back. You don't press forward. You don't do anything. But your dick is doing plenty; your dick seems to think that Lord and Master has come home a day ahead of schedule and now it's party time; so it's trying really hard to get out of your jeans, and you can feel the swelling head pushing up toward your belly as your prick expands, inch by confined inch. Russ' lips push against yours, and it's all you can do not to grab hold of him by the

hair and pull his body toward you, part those two firm lips with your tongue, and wash out the inside of his mouth for him.

As gently as you can, you lay your hands on either side of his head and ease him back a few inches. "Slow down there," you manage to choke out.

He sets the brandy down on the coffee table and rests his hands against your chest. His fingers brush the hair, graze your nipples. "At least you didn't say stop," he says, leaning his face in toward yours for another try.

Turn away. "Well, I'm saying it now, okay? Stop." You try to sound nice and not too rejecting--after all, he's just a sweet

kid with a hot body and a dickful of frustration. But unfortunately, you can hear what's in your own voice right now and it's sure not nice--it's pure horniness. He hears it too.

Suddenly, the quiet room is even quieter. The shower's stopped. "Saved," you mutter. "Now get back in your corner before Ned comes back and you out yourself."

Russ laughs, leans back into the sofa, kicks his sneakers off, and settles his hands behind his head. His skin glows bright gold even in the dim room, and there's nothing you want more than to bury your mouth in those wispy tufts of yellow-white hair under his arms. And he's still

staring hard at you, his grin even brighter, wider, cockier than before--just the sort of smug grin you want to wipe off with a heavy-duty fucking. And he looks at you as if he can read your mind, and he's so turned on he's almost bouncing in his seat.

Russ throttles down as Ned comes shuffling into the room, bleary-eyed and looking apologetic--he just lets his body go slack and glances up at Ned with a calm, noncommittal look. Ned's narrow hips are wrapped in a towel, and his longish, dark hair is slicked back off his forehead. You can't stop yourself from staring at him. He's always resembled Jack facially to an enormous degree, but you can see now that his body too has grown to be just like his father's, the same

whorls of hair, the same high, round disks of pectoral muscle, wide, straight shoulders, big smooth upper arms, and heavy forearms, and thick wrists dusted with black hair. And bulging against the terrycloth bath towel is a pair of broad, well-muscled thighs. His dad has those thighs, solid and firm from years of daily four-mile runs, and a firm, round runner's ass to top them off, just the sort of ass you always want to bury your mouth or your cock in. But right now, with Jack hundreds of miles away, you're sitting here thinking that these are not good thoughts you're thinking and telling yourself to knock it off.

"How ya doing, Hank?" Ned says, kissing you on the forehead just as he's done since

he was a kid, an affectionate peck, and his breath smells scrubbed, all toothpaste and mouthwash, and his skin smells of soap and that same faint musk that Jack exudes.

"Shove over," he says to Russ, and sits himself down on the couch, leaning back against Russ' drawn-in legs. Russ sets one large hand on Ned's shoulder, twirling a strand of Ned's damp hair around his forefinger.

And it's dead quiet, the three of you sprawled there on the big couch, and soon enough Ned lets his eyes close, and he falls asleep. Russ strokes the side of Ned's head, casually, almost absently, looking into your eyes the whole while. Under the towel, Ned's prick begins to

stir, and the cloth begins to shift, then pull away as his hard-on grows. And Russ can see it as well as you, and he gets a little bolder and strokes the fur at the top of Ned's chest, and as sleeping Ned leans back into Russ' arms with a sigh, the towel falls open, revealing a cock that you know on first sight you already know so well: the long shaft rising out of a thatch of almost blue-black hair, a beautiful, thick, and dark-skinned rod with a fat dome of a knob.

Russ' hands work their way slowly--very slowly--down Ned's body, brushing Ned's pecs with his knuckles as gently as air, stroking the fur on his stomach; and all the while Ned's cock is bobbing in the air, stiff as a fireplace poker, and you can see



a little glistening drop of pre-cum beading up out of his piss-hole. And Russ eases the towel away, and you're sure he's going to wrap his hand around Ned's hard-on. In fact, you're willing him to do it, as your own hand clamps around your denim-covered crotch, but he just keeps stroking Ned's slim, hairy gut, and Ned's breath is coming out in shallow little gusts.

Russ cups Ned's legs behind the knees and eases them up toward his chest, revealing to you the strong curve of Ned's ass cheeks and the pink hole of his core. And you can feel Russ' eyes boring into you, feel yourself being willed across the couch to suck Ned's pole down your windpipe, to run your lips over his shaft, and then bury your face between those

hard hills of muscle, and shove your tongue deep into his hot, sweet insides. How could you not want that body? It's the one you've been making love to all these years. But no, of course not. You press yourself against your corner of the couch with all the strength and honor you have, and you say, "Come on, Russ--you don't want to do this."

And Russ looks at you, with just a trace of a frown on his lips, and he says, after a minute, "No, man, you're right. I *don't* want to do this. When I take him, I want him to know it. I want to hear him say *please*. I want to hear him say *You're great, man*. Think it might happen in my lifetime?" And he slides free of Ned's naked body, stands himself up, stares

down at you.

"You never know," you say, amazed that you can put even three words together.

"Does his father say *please*?" Russ asks, rubbing his hand over his crotch.

And you don't speak. Can't, probably.

Russ undoes his jeans and eases them down over his long, smooth legs. He's standing there in his underwear and socks, his cock pressing against the white cotton, the heavy bulk of it pulling his underwear down and away from his body to reveal just a half-inch or so of thick golden hair at the crest of his groin. "So how about it?" he whispers, needy. "*Please*?"

Take a last look at Ned lying asleep on the couch, his hand draped lazily across his thigh alongside his cock, and you look at Russ and say, "Let's go," and walk out of the room.

You can hear him following you down the hall, his quiet footsteps and quick breath, and you stop at the doorway of the bedroom, letting him go in first. He walks in, looks around, and lays himself down on the bed, hooks his thumbs under the waistband of his underwear.

"No," you say.

He freezes. "Slow down?" he says, pulling his hands away from his crotch and resting his fingertips on his stiff pink

nipples.

"Bingo."

Sit down on the bed beside him and gently stroke his chest, brushing his hands away. Glide over the rippled muscles of his gut. Everywhere you touch him his skin bursts into goose flesh, and he's shaking all over. Your fingers dance, just barely, over the distended cotton of his underwear, and you can feel his dick pumping like a racing heart just a millimeter, a thin nothing of cloth, away from your hand.

Slide your hand back up his body. Caress his throat and jaw. Brush his lips with your fingers. His mouth opens and you slide a finger in, then two, three, and he

sucks at them ravenously. While he sucks, lower his shorts with your other hand. Never take your eyes from his. Pull the cotton away from his body, and let his fat cock flop, hot and thick and silky, against the back of your hand. Feel yourself shiver--maybe you're as excited as he is.

Drag his underwear down to his knees. He lifts his legs to help you get the thin cotton down over his ankles and feet, and you toss them away. Only then do you turn and look and see his thick hard-on bouncing against his flat belly, his down-covered balls bunched up tight against his groin. Slide down the bed a bit, and your fingers, slick and wet now, pull free of his mouth. With your other hand, gently part his muscular thighs. And all at once, lean in to

him and take him, circling his dickhead with your mouth, lifting it off his belly and easing the full length of it into your throat. Slide two of your spit-slicked fingers into his asshole, and feel the ring of his sphincter contracts around them, snug and welcoming, and as your mouth bobs up and down on his sweet cock your fingers are sliding in and out, in and out. Glance up to see his handsome face, eyes clenched shut, and he's grinding the back of his head against the pillow and there's a sound coming out of him, somewhere between a purr and a growl. Slide your two fingers almost out of his asshole and then push back in, piercing him again, three fingers this time, and he lets out a gasp.

Ease your mouth off his cock and sit up. Lift him by the shoulders with your free hand and scoop his naked, finger-stuffed butt onto your trousered lap. Kiss him, at last, good and hard, and his tongue slides into your mouth, around the walls of it and over your teeth. Every time he pulls his jaw back for a breath, you work your fingers harder at his fiery insides and he comes at you again, kissing you harder and harder as you work his asshole, and he wraps his strong arms around you and strokes your back.

Laying him down gently on the bed, you slip your fingers out of his ass and hop off the mattress. You've just undone the last button of your fly and gotten your jeans partway down your thighs when he rolls



toward you and presses his mouth against the cotton-covered bulge of your cock and balls. He laps at the cloth, working it almost to transparency with his spit. The touch of his mouth makes you crazy, and the fat knob of your cock pops up over the waistband of your underwear. And as you lay your hands on the side of his head and ease his lips toward your cockhead, you feel him clench up suddenly, very tense, and his head jerks away.

Ask, "What's wrong?" Raise his head with your hands, and wrap him in your arms and kiss him again and again, until he relaxes and kisses you the way, you think, only young men can kiss, as if they've waited their whole lives and may never get the chance again.

"It's just ..." he stammers as you run your tongue over his pale thick neck. "It's just that I haven't ..."

Say, "You're kidding," pulling back.

He smiles, a bit of that smirking self-confidence sneaking back into his face. "Well, it's not like I don't want to. I just haven't had the chance."

Grip him by his shoulders and look at him for a moment. His eyes are bright and eager. Glance down--his cock is still rigid, begging for attention.

Ease your underwear over your hardon, down to the floor. Sit on the bed, up by the headboard, with your back against the

pillows, and motion for him to come over to you. He slides over and, without a moment's hesitation, sits himself in your lap again--only this time, there's nothing, not even air between the heated flesh of your stiff cock and his marble-smooth butt.

"That's fine," you say, "just like this," and you kiss him again. He curls his arms around you as you reach between his legs and begin to stroke his cock, very gently, just the brush of your fingers up and down its length, spreading his juice over the head and then only the shaft, reaching down there to massage his balls as you let your other hand roam over his torso, everything very gentle and smooth--you don't even let your cock twitch against his ass cheeks.

Slowly he works his mouth down over your jaw and onto your neck, sucking and licking at it, and then he presses his mouth against your chest, tentatively licking at one stiff nipple, then sucking on it, and pretty soon he's easing his butt off your lap and onto the bed, and your cock is stiff against your stomach, where he wraps his hand around the shaft and squeezes it.

Russ leans down and shyly kisses the head of your cock. Grip the headboard--your arms spread wide--and let him find his own pace, just let him be. And he kisses it again, licks at it tentatively, and you know what he's doing: he's getting used to the taste, to the feel of it in his mouth. He eases his lips around the head and sucks at it, really sucks, they way guys do when

they're first trying it. He lets his tongue explore around and around the knob and then poking into the pisshole, and every touch of his mouth is like a charge through your body, and you can see his cock swelling and twitching between his legs. And then--oh, yes--he begins to ease down onto the shaft, just a fraction of the distance at a time, and then back up to the head. But he never lets it go, never lets it slip out of the warm, wet hollow of his mouth. He bobs up and down on those first inches for a while, and then further and further down, stopping once or twice along the way, but he keeps going, and it's an incredible eternity until you feel his lips touching the very root of it, his mouth finally anchored against your crotch, the full length of your cock piercing his virgin

throat.

Only then do you curve your body down onto the bed and pull his strong legs around toward you. With your cock shoved into him to the hilt, you slide your mouth over his hardon and swallow him in one long glide, gently stroking his balls as you suck as his pole. He's moving up and down on your dick, picking up confidence, matching you dive for dive, impaling himself again and again.

Work your mouth off his cock and begin to lick and suck at his balls, teasing the taut, wrinkled flesh with your teeth. And then arch yourself over him, spreading his hard cheeks and tasting his sweet hairless asshole, thrusting into it with your tongue

as his cock squirms against your stomach and your own dick rams toward the back of his windpipe.

As you're sucking at his hole, just getting to wonder what it would feel like to flip him and fuck him until he yells, you can hear him moaning, a low sound buried behind the length of your cock, and you can feel him begin to shake again. "Sure," you whisper, lifting your mouth from his ass. "Sure," and you surround his pole with your lips just in time to feel him blow, and suddenly it's a rush of his bittersweet juice in your mouth, and you swirl it, swallow it. Feel your own cock swelling, your balls tightening, and--before you can even let him know what's happening--you shoot, one electric burst

after another. He wraps his arms around your ass to hold you in him, and you can feel your cum flooding down around your shaft, and he's doing his best to keep it in his mouth, gasping and sputtering and then licking it up, lapping it off your rod and balls and gulping it down.

When you open your eyes again, the sun's just rising. You're spread over the bed, arms and legs all over the place. And Russ is gone. Get out of bed and walk quietly down the hallway to the living room.

And what you see is Ned, his arms spread wide over the back of the couch, his head thrown back; and there's Russ crouched on the floor, his knees spread wide, that



strong golden back and hairless ass, and he's moving forward and back on Ned's crotch, and Ned is saying *yes*, and he's saying *please*, and he's stroking his own hairy chest with his hands, and you step back into the shadows of the hallway, knowing that you should turn tail and go back to bed. But admit to yourself that you're a good and honorable man, but you're no saint. Slip your hand down around your suddenly hard prick and stroke yourself and watch them.

Ned lifts his feet up, wide, onto the couch, and Russ buries his mouth between Ned's ass cheeks, stroking Ned's pole as he licks, and Ned is running his fingers through Russ' blond hair and looking down at him, smiling, whispering things

you can't hear, aren't supposed to hear. And this goes on for a long time until Russ lifts himself up and, slicking his cock with the lube he must have borrowed from your bedside, positions his dickhead against Ned's ass and presses forward, the muscles of his butt contracting and clenching as he works his cock into Ned's hole.

And Ned doesn't let out a sound of pain, not so much as a grunt--*he's steady as his old man*, you're thinking--as Russ pushes himself in, inch by inch; no, Ned raises his legs up and props his feet over Russ' shoulders, giving his friend easy access. And it takes Russ a while to get his cock all the way in, and when he does, the two of them spend a lot of time kissing and

stroking each other. After a while, you can see Russ' smooth butt start to move, almost imperceptibly at first, just little pumps of motion against Ned's body, and then Ned lets out a sigh and his eyes close for half a minute, and when they open you'd almost swear he's looking right at you, and your cock leaps at the sight of those hot, hungry eyes, Jack's eyes, and you stuff your knuckles in your mouth to keep from making a sound as you jerk off.

Russ begins truly to fuck Ned, slowly at first and then with real drive, pounding into him--God, just the way you're going to nail his father the minute he gets home--and as they cum, crashing together again and again, body to body, mouth against mouth, Russ's arms covering Ned's, their

fingers entwined, you take your hand off your cock and say to yourself, *Save it*, and you do turn, finally, and go back to the bedroom. Sprawl out on the mattress and run your fingers, just lightly, up and down your stiff dick, caress your balls and your asshole. Listen to the sounds from the living room. Listen to them fucking. Listen to them, sure, falling in love for a while. Let yourself listen to their gasps and yells and little yelps. Let it burn through your blood.

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