



# Gay Sex Club Collection (Gay Sex Club Stories)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** N.R. Walker writing as A. Voyeur

My name is A. Voyeur. I work as a special security guard in a private s\*x club for gay men. My job is to sit behind a small one-way mirror and watch what goes on in various rooms to ensure the well-being and safety of all members. Scenes are wide and varied, and not knowing what I'm about to witness is the best part of my job.

Basically, I get to watch men have s\*x for a living. These are their stories.

Gay S\*x Club Collection has all three instalments in one book. It is 38,000 words long and consists of many separate scenes. This isn't a romance. This is pure erotica. There isn't really a plot, there isn't a storyline, there isn't any character development. There is just s\*x, where men get happy endings, not happy ever afters.

**Total Pages (Source):** 15

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

## Virgin Tales 1

I sat in my small booth behind the mirrored glass going through the paperwork and wondered how this de-virginizing scene would end. I'd seen this kind of thing before. A kid who's never had sex turns eighteen and his friends drag him to the club to punch his V card. They pick a fantasy, pay the cash to make it happen, and leave him there. They then come back for him in an hour or two, clap him on the back, beg for details, and go grab a pizza. It had been done a thousand times, and I was certain this would be no different.

I sighed from my seat in the security room, wondering how much I would cringe through this one. The last one I had to watch through my fingers. It was the most awkward scene I'd ever had the displeasure of watching.

I settled in and read through the kid's spec sheet.

"Sean" had just turned eighteen last week. His one and only requirement was to get someone to pop his cherry. Jesus, this kid had to be na?ve—or incredibly stupid. He hadn't even listed any hard limits or scene-ending boundaries. I knew the admin staff would have red-flagged his very blank request form and only screened it as available to a select few clients. Definitely nothing hard-core, no rough-play, no one that would take a perverse pleasure in fucking a virgin and wrecking this guy's asshole in the process.

This was what I was here for. If a scene got out of hand, or if a kid was in over his damn head and wanted out, I would first flick the lights on and off as a non-confrontational warning that the scene was finished. If the guy didn't stop, I would

enter the room and stop it for him.

I hoped like hell I wouldn't need to do that for this kid.

The door opened and in walked Sean. Jesus. His picture should be in the dictionary under the word "twink." He was tallish, too-thin, had longish blond hair, with a pretty face. His jaw was sharp angles, his lips plump, his eyes were wide open and screamed first time .

He wore skinny jeans and a shirt with some brand name across the front of it. He walked into the room and looked around nervously. It was one of the rooms that looked like a fancy hotel room. There was no "play equipment" in here, just a king-sized bed and some expensive soft furnishings.

Sean sat on the bed and nervously wiped the palms of his hands on his jeans, just as the other door opened. I smiled when I saw who walked in and instantly felt relieved. I'd seen him do scenes here before. He was a decent man. Certainly not what the kid was probably expecting to see, given he was about thirty-two years old. But Sean seriously couldn't have been luckier to have him walk through that door, rather than some of the other guys I'd watched.

Sean stood up. "Oh."

The guy walked over to him, purposefully, confidently, and with a reassuring smile, he held out his hand. "I'm Dale."

Okay, so he was playing Dale tonight.

"You're nervous," Dale stated. "You don't need to be. We've got as long or as little time as you need."

Sean looked back at the door he'd come through, now his exit. "I um, I wasn't expecting...."

Dale smiled. "Someone my age?"

Sean swallowed hard and cringed. "I um, I don't know what I was expecting...."

"You thought you'd get some jock-looking guy or some guy from a Calvin Klein ad," Dale said. His tone was light and even a little amused. He put his finger to Sean's chin and swiped his thumb across Sean's bottom lip. "You know what? You could have some guy who's only interested in fucking a virgin and getting himself off, or you can have me." Dale slipped the tip of his thumb into Sean's mouth. "I will make every inch of your body sing, and I will make your body sing as many times as it's able. Because I will make this all about you."

Sean swallowed hard. I doubt the kid even breathed.

Dale moved in a little closer. "Do you want me to go find you someone else?"

Sean shook his head and breathed the word, "No."

Dale smiled and stepped back. "Good." He shucked off his coat and pulled his shirt over his head. "I think we should get undressed."

"Oh, okay," Sean said quickly, rushing to get his clothes off.

Dale put his hand on Sean's arm. "Slow down. I want to talk with you, explain some things, discuss some things, but I think we should do it naked. I want you to be comfortable with me." Dale was so relaxed, so calm. He slowly undid his belt, then his jeans. "Sex shouldn't be rushed into, or just be a fumble in the dark. It should be about exploring bodies and enjoying the journey, not just the destination. Know what

I'm saying?"

Sean nodded. I doubted he knew what Dale was saying, but he took a deep breath and started to strip off his clothes, slower this time. He kept his briefs on though. A modesty thing or a trust thing, I wasn't sure.

Dale didn't seem to mind, because he never questioned it. He did, however, strip completely naked.

He had a runner's body, lean but muscular, and had chest hair and a happy trail. Sean on the other hand, was almost hairless. If he had some fine blond hair on his chest, I couldn't see it.

Dale stood there completely naked, his gorgeous cock hung heavy and thick.

Sean stared at him, his mouth hanging open, and the bulge in his underpants got bigger.

Dale gave him a knowing smile and casually gave himself a tug. "How about we lie down and talk?" Dale pulled back the covers and climbed onto the bed, and Sean scurried to do the same. He instinctively pulled the sheet over himself and Dale propped his head up on his hand. "I can't see how beautiful you are if you're covered up."

"Oh," Sean said and pulled the sheet back down to his briefs.

Dale totally led the whole scene. "So, tell me, why couldn't a hottie like you find a nice guy to have a first time with?"

Sean blushed. "Well, um, it kinda never happened in high school, and I thought it would just happen at college, ya know? But then everyone was experienced and I'm

not, and now I just want it out of the way, ya know?”

Dale nodded. “Fair enough. So what were you hoping to experience tonight?”

Sean blinked. “Oh, I don’t really know....”

Dale ran his hand over his own chest, over his nipples, and down his flat stomach. Sean’s eyes nearly fell out of his head.

“Have you had a blow job before?”

Sean shook his head. “I uh, I um... hand job once.”

Jesus Christ, he gave a new definition to the word freshman.

“Can I suggest something?” Dale asked.

Sean nodded.

“How about we start with some sucking, then work up to some rimming?”

“Okay,” Sean squeaked.

Dale chuckled and wrapped his hands around his own cock. “And fucking? Do you want to top or bottom?”

“Oh, um....” Sean blushed but couldn’t seem to answer.

“Never be embarrassed,” Dale said gently. “If you want a cock in your ass, you look your lover right in the eye and tell him what you want. There’s nothing submissive about being a bottom, Sean. It doesn’t make you any less of a person, okay?”

Sean nodded.

“We can go slow,” Dale went on to say, “and work up to sex, and if you’re comfortable with it, then we can try it. Or, if you think you might want to try topping instead, or even if you want to try both, then we can do that too, okay?”

Sean nodded.

“Now touch yourself,” Dale said. “Show me how you like it.”

Sean rubbed his hands over his briefs, palming himself a few times, before he slipped his hand under the elastic and freed his cock.

Dale licked his lips and hummed. “So, you know what douching is?”

Sean nodded again. “I did that tonight, before I came here. I wasn’t sure, and I read online that I should....”

Dale grinned at him and then stared at Sean’s cock as he stroked himself. “That’s real good, Sean. Being clean is important.” Dale knelt up on the bed, then rested back on his haunches. Still stroking his cock, he said, “The three things you’ll always need to remember are to clean yourself, condoms, and lube. Safe sex is important—never let anyone tell you they don’t need to wear a condom, unless you’re both tested and both happy to do it. Lube, dear God, always have lube, and be clean. Even if you’re not having anal sex, make sure you’re showered. No one wants to suck a gross cock and balls.”

Sean laughed tightly, his hand still working his cock. Jesus, it looked like he was close already. Clearly, Dale thought so too, because he said, “You can come as many times as you want. Or hell, as many times as you can. I remember being eighteen. I could come all day long.”

Sean laughed again, but he seemed to relax a little. "I'm kinda really turned on right now."

"I haven't even touched you yet," Dale teased. "Would you like me to?"

Sean nodded quickly and licked his lips. "Yes, please."

Dale reached over to the bedside table and collected some condoms and lube, throwing them on the bed. "For later. It helps to have them nice and handy." Dale looked over Sean's long slender frame; his eyes seemed to devour him. "Can I put my mouth on you?"

"Y-y-yes."

Dale picked up Sean's legs and dragged him over to the middle of the bed. He then pulled his briefs all the way off and tossed them to the floor. He moved Sean's leg so Dale was now in between his open legs. Sean lay kind of diagonal on the bed with his head on a pillow, which gave me a better view of both of them. I wondered whether Dale did this on purpose.

He leaned down slowly, never taking his eyes from Sean's, and licked the length of his cock.

"Oh!" Sean's hands flew off the bed, obviously not sure where to put them, and in the end, he covered his face. "Oh, wow."

Dale wrapped his hand around the base of Sean's dick and slowly engulfed him with his mouth.

"Oh, fuck!" Sean cried.



“Mmmm,” Dale hummed before pulling off Sean’s cock. “Remember, come as many times as you like.”

I didn’t think Sean really had a choice.

Dale took him in again, deeper this time, cupping his balls and using his hands to touch him everywhere, and Sean almost arched off the bed. Dale licked his balls, sucking them into his mouth and then tonguing the slit in the head. He took him in one more time, taking him down all the way, until Sean bucked and threw his head back in a silent scream.

Dale swallowed everything he gave him and kissed up his body until Sean had come back to his senses. Dale kissed his chest, sucking on his nipples, then licking up his throat, nipping his jaw, and finally finding his mouth, letting him taste himself before straddling his chest.

His cock jutted out proudly, his balls nestled on Sean’s chest. “Do you want to try sucking a cock? You don’t have to swallow.”

Sean was pretty fucking compliant right then, and with a dopey smile and glassy eyes, he nodded. “Yes please.”

Dale leaned forward so the mushroom head of his cock touched Sean’s lips. “Lick first. Taste and tease me. This isn’t a porn film. You only take what you’re ready to take, okay?”

Sean opened his mouth, his tongue poked out, and he tasted Dale tentatively at first. Then he licked, then he lifted his head off the pillow and opened his mouth wide, sucking in the head.

Damn. For a first time, he wasn’t shy about sucking cock.

“Hmm,” Sean hummed. “I like that.”

“So do I,” Dale said, his voice thick.

Sean sucked a little harder, taking the big cock in a little more before pulling back and licking the underside.

Dale ground out a laugh and pulled back. “I think you’ve got a skill for that. You’ve got a talented mouth,” he said. Sean smiled proudly, so Dale leaned down and kissed him again.

“Now, I really want to taste your ass,” Dale said. His voice was low and firm.

Sean gasped, but he nodded quickly. His dick was already hard, or maybe it was still hard from last time. I wasn’t sure.

Dale moved back down Sean’s body and tapped his hip. “Roll over for me,” he murmured, and Sean maneuvered himself onto his stomach. Dale spread Sean’s long pale legs wide, leaving him open and exposed.

“You’ve never had anyone eat your ass before, have you?”

Sean’s reply was breathy and quiet. “No.”

Dale ran his finger over Sean’s ass cheek. “It’s so fucking perfect,” he said, more to himself than to Sean. “I’m going to lick you and then put my tongue inside you. It can be quite intense, so tell me if it’s too much, okay?”

Sean nodded. “Okay.”

Dale leaned down, and first breathed warm air over his ass, then ran his nose along

the delicate skin. Dale was getting him used to the sensation of being touched there, and not just diving in and scaring the kid half to death. Holy hell, he was making his first time one he'd never forget.

Then he spread his ass cheeks and licked him, and he licked him again, making Sean cry out. "Oh, God!"

"It's good?"

Sean's response was muffled by the pillows. "Fuck, yes."

Dale licked him again, back and forth, making Sean writhe. I knew the moment Dale tongue-fucked him, because Sean's face came off the pillow and his hands fisted the sheet. His spine curved as he arched, and he tried to widen his legs, trying to raise his ass even higher. Dale held his hips still and probed his tongue in even farther, and Sean cried out. "Oh God, oh God, oh fucking God."

Dale pulled away, and Sean whined in frustration. "You're very receptive to touch," Dale said, flipping Sean over like he weighed nothing. He leaned over him, between his thighs, their hard cocks aligning. "Someone'll be very lucky to have you."

Sean took Dale's face in both hands and brought their mouths together. It was a deep kiss, a searing, tongues-tasting kind of kiss.

Dale pulled his mouth away. "Take both our cocks in your hands," he demanded. "Rub them together, feel them slide...."

Sean did as he was asked and groaned loudly. He widened his legs, put his feet flat on the bed, and started to roll his hips. "Fuck," Sean gasped. Their cocks slid together in his fist, sliding in precum.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” Dale asked him. His voice was thick

“Yes! Please,” Sean answered, almost begging. “Please.”

Dale leaned back and Sean released their cocks. Dale’s cock was so swollen, he took a moment to catch his breath. “You’ve got me so worked up. See how hard you make me?”

Sean looked at Dale’s cock and licked his lips.

“I’m gonna try and take my time with you, but you’re making me want to cum so bad.”

Sean’s head fell back onto the bed, and he gripped his own cock. Dale groaned at the sight. I thought he might be acting, but no. Dale was really fucking into this kid. Damn.

“Put a condom on your cock,” Dale demanded. “Then put one on me. You’ll need to know how to do both.”

Sean reluctantly let go of his leaking cock and fumbled with the condoms. He unwrapped the first and got it on himself easily enough, though somewhat eagerly, but he struggled a little with getting the latex sheathed over Dale. Dale put his hands over Sean’s, and they rolled it down together. When he was fully sheathed, Dale took Sean’s hand and wrapped it around his cock.

“Are you sure you want this?” Dale asked.

Sean seemed to sober from his lust induced state. “Yes. I want to try.”

“I’ll make it good for you,” Dale told him. “But tell me if you want to stop, and I

will, okay?”

Sean nodded. “How do you want me?”

Dale smiled at him. “On your back, put some pillows under your ass.”

Sean did as instructed, and making sure he was comfortable, Dale spread Sean’s thighs and leaned down to lick and suck his balls. Sean fell back on the bed with a moan and let Dale work him over. He tongued his balls, then licked a wet stripe down to his hole, where he rimmed him again.

Fuck. The kid was putty in his hands.

When Sean was writhing again, Dale pulled his mouth away and grabbed the lube off the bed, then smeared a generous amount over his fingers.

“I’m going to finger your ass now, okay?” Dale asked.

“Mmmm,” Sean said, stroking his latex covered cock. Dale quickly wiped some lubricant from his hand onto Sean’s dick, and the kid groaned when he felt how slick it was.

Then Dale pressed a finger inside him, and Sean gasped.

After a minute he put in a second finger, and Sean let his arms fall above his head. “Oh, fuck.”

“Feels good, huh?” Dale asked, gently stretching him. “Wait till my cock’s in you.” Then he must have curled his fingers around and hit his sweet spot, because Sean’s arms flew out and his head came off the bed. His eyes were impossibly wider still, and he cried out, “Oh fuck, yes!”

Dale chuckled and did it again and again, until Sean couldn't form words.

I was starting to wonder if Sean was going to survive this amount of pleasure, when Dale pulled his fingers out. He lined up his cock. "You ready? Do you want me inside you?"

"Fuck, yes. Now, please," Sean mumbled.

Dale gave him what he wanted.

He slowly pushed his fat cock into him, and I had to wonder just how much would fit. It was a big cock, and Sean was so skinny.

Sean sucked back a breath, his eyes closed, and his mouth open. Dale leaned over him, still inching into him. "You okay?" he asked; his breath was ragged.

Sean nodded as he palmed Dale's chest. "Yeah."

Dale didn't get all the way in, but he stopped and gave the twink a few moments to get used to being breached. And then he pulled out a little, only to push back in again. I had a perfect view of this seesawing motion, watching his huge cock sink into that pale little ass and hearing Sean moan.

I'd heard that sound before. Hell, I'd made that sound before.

That was a "this is so fucking good, I'm so fucking full of cock, and I love it" sound.

"Yeah, you like that," Dale murmured, all husky with pleasure and restraint. "Can you feel me inside you?"

Sean made a keening, breathy sound in response, and when Dale leaned over him,

changing the angle of where they were joined, Sean gasped.

Dale stopped. "Feel okay?"

Sean's fingers clawed into Dale's back, and his legs hitched higher. "Yes. Oh, fuck. Yes."

Dale started to move slowly again. He was tender and careful, kissing him softly. If they weren't strangers before this, I'd say they were making love. Dale cupped Sean's face, their mouths barely touching except for almost-kisses in time with their thrusts.

Sean's cock was left untouched between them, but it was clear Dale was teaching him how there could be pleasure in other ways. And sweet Jesus, he was teaching him well.

Eventually, Dale started to move a little faster, his hips rocked a little harder. "You feel so good," he whispered. I barely heard the words. "You're gonna make me come."

Sean reacted with a cry and he lifted his legs higher still, and Dale pulled back off him a bit, I realized, so he could thrust deeper. "Watch my face when I come in you," Dale demanded, bucking his hips harder.

Sean's eyes widened and focused on the man over him, full of wonder and awe as Dale flexed and then stilled over him.

Dale's ass cheeks clenched as he came, his head fell back, and he groaned, "Fuuuuuck."

"Yeah," Sean cried. "God, that's so hot."

Dale collapsed onto his elbows, his forehead on Sean's chest. He slowly pulled out of Sean but stayed on top of him. "How do you feel? Not too sore?"

Sean shook his head vehemently. "No. I feel... weird, but not sore."

"Open."

Sean nodded. "Empty."

Dale snorted. "Spoken like a true bottom."

Sean blushed and tried to duck his head, but Dale kissed him instead. "You're still hard. How about I take care of that for you?"

Sean opened his mouth to say something but could only nod. So Dale pulled back so he could kneel between Sean's legs, his thighs pulled over Dale's. "You're still slick and open for me," Dale said huskily. "I'm gonna make you come really hard, okay?"

Sean nodded again, and Dale sunk two fingers inside him and wrapped his other hand around Sean's cock. "I'm gonna tap your prostate and jack you off at the same time, and I promise you, you have never felt anything so good."

Dale was already working his magic spot, and Sean couldn't even nod. All he could do was gasp. His whole body twitched.

Dale played that twink's body like a violin.

He fucked his ass with two fingers, curled around just right, and pumped his cock until Sean twitched and convulsed. Sean fisted the sheets at his sides and threw his back, his neck corded tight. His mouth opened in a silent scream as he came into the condom, and convulsed, and came some more.



He was twitching so badly, he looked like he'd been tased, and Dale pulled his hand free and discarded the used condom. He slid up beside him and wrapped his arms around him. "You okay there?"

"Holy living fuck, Jesus."

Dale laughed. "I take it that's a yes."

Sean's whole body twitched some more, and now he moaned. It took a little while for him to come down from such an incredible physical high. Dale pulled the sheet up to their waists and lay back down, looking all kinds of relaxed and smug. I half expected him to simply roll out of bed, get dressed, and strut out of the room like a sex god, but he didn't. He seemed quite content to stay there.

"So, how was your first time?" he asked, breaking the silence.

Sean barked out a laugh. "Amazing."

"Was it what you were expecting?"

"I don't know what I was expecting," Sean admitted. He propped his head up on his bent arm. "I thought maybe I'd just get a quick fuck and get pushed out the door, but it wasn't like that at all. I mean, thanks to you, it was... amazing."

Dale hummed. "A patient lover makes all the difference."

"You made all the difference," Sean went on. "What did you say in the beginning, that you'd make my body sing? Well, you certainly did that."

Dale chuckled quietly. "You're not exactly damaging my ego, you know."

Sean sighed, loud and content, and lay back on the bed. After a moment he said, “Can I ask you something?”

Dale hesitated a moment. “Yes.”

“Do you come here often? To this place?”

“I do. Once a week at least, sometimes twice.”

“Why?” Sean asked bluntly. Then, seeing Dale’s reaction, he quickly added, “No, don’t get me wrong. I mean, it’s a great place, but you’re...you know... well, you’re fucking hot, and I might not be an expert on sex, but what you did to me? Well, fuck. I’m guessing you could have any person on the planet if you do to them what you did to me. Because Jesus Christ....”

Dale was smiling now. “I like it here. It’s easier and less complicated than going to bars and trying to pick someone up. Plus, there’s variety. If I feel like something different, I can amend my requirements, put in a request, and my needs are met to the letter.”

“Is that how you got me?” Sean asked. “Did you want some na?ve college kid?”

I think Sean meant that as a joke, but Dale didn’t laugh. “They contacted me and asked if I was interested. They said your requirements were nil, other than to take your virginity.”

“Oh, well, I um,” Sean started to say, but his words died away.

Dale took a deep breath. “They knew me to be... more gentle than most. If someone else had picked up your request form and they.... Well, let me just say, you wouldn’t be smiling right now. You’d be seeking medical attention.” Dale’s eyebrows creased.

“There are some men who would’ve taken advantage of you. You really should’ve been more careful.”

“Oh.” Sean frowned. “I just thought it would be... taken care of. I guess that really does make me na?ve.”

Dale put his hand to Sean’s face. “You’re sweet, and that is not a bad thing. It’s refreshing actually.”

Sean looked more embarrassed than flattered. “For what it’s worth, I’m glad it was you.”

Dale leaned in and kissed him before getting out of bed. “We better get going. I think we’ve been longer than they expected.” He pulled on his jeans and did up his fly.

Sean sat up; the sheets pooled around his waist. He made no move to get out of bed. “Can I see you again?”

Oh, kid. I felt a pang of embarrassment for him. There he was, innocently thinking Dale was boyfriend material.

Dale hesitated for the briefest moment, then pulled on his socks and shoes. “When you leave here, you’ll need to fill in some paperwork to say the scene was played out to your liking.” He pulled on his shirt. “There’s a box you check if you’d be interested in further encounters with the same person.”

Sean looked hopeful. “If I check that box, would you agree to it? I mean, like next week or something? I’m pretty sure there’s more you could teach me.”

Dale smiled at him, then putting his knee on the bed. He leaned in and kissed Sean again. “I’m sure there’s more I can teach you. Check the box, Sean. I’ll let them

know when I'm available."

Well, shit. That surprised me.

Dale walked out of the room, and Sean fell back on the bed with a laugh.

I filled in my job sheet that the scene went very well and added the request to be on duty for their next meeting. There was no denying it, these two were hot, and if they did meet again, I wanted to see it.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

Anonymous Fucker

I sat in my small booth behind the mirrored glass for my next scene. The room was lit for ambience, as requested in the booking. Low lights and the double bed at center stage. There was nothing else. No props, no settings, no dialogue.

A man was naked, on all fours on the bed. Tonight, his name was Clarke. He had a blindfold on, securely fastened. And he was waiting. He was an athletic man, possibly early thirties, with short brown hair. He wore no jewelry. He had no tattoos. He was well-groomed, and I assumed, normally straight.

I've learned the signs. I can usually pick the gay men who are out, and those who aren't. Perhaps married to a woman, but need an occasional encounter with a man. Maybe they're as out as they need to be and just want to get fucked by a complete stranger.

Like this guy.

Though the waiting was obviously part of the scene, Clarke was becoming impatient. He rocked his hips; his cock, almost fully hard, hung low between his legs. He rolled his neck and leaned back, stretching like a cat. There was a foil packet and a bottle of lube beside his knee and his asshole shined in the low light, no doubt he'd lubed and stretched himself. Maybe he'd worn a butt plug earlier. Maybe that was part of his preparation, the excitement, the anticipation. He rolled his hips again. He wanted it.

The other man, whose name for this evening was David, entered the room with only the soft click of the door to give him away.

Clarke straightened, his head tilted slightly at the sound. Wearing a blindfold would have increased his senses—his hearing more alert, a heightened sense of touch.... I could see the rise and fall of his chest increase, and his cock bobbed heavily.

I wondered what he smelled like. I wondered if there were goose bumps on his skin.

David stalked slowly to the back of the bed, adding to the anticipation. He admired the offered ass in front of him with a hum.

Clarke let his head fall forward at the sound. His breaths were shallow now.

David moved in closer, almost touching him. I had no doubt Clarke could feel the warmth, the presence of the body behind him, because he leaned back a little, wanting it. Needing it. Then David slowly started to undo his belt—the sound of the leather sliding through the brass buckle was loud in the silence.

Clarke moaned as he fisted the bedding.

The sound of David's zipper cut the silence next, and Clarke groaned. The anticipation was clearly what he loved. He was almost writhing with it. His mouth was slightly open, his breaths were fast and hard.

David freed his hard cock from his jeans and rolled on a condom. He poured lube over his latex covered shaft and gave himself a few long pulls. What a gorgeous cock it was, dark and thick, with a mushroom-shaped head. Clarke was gonna feel this for days.

With his jeans still around his hips, David slid his cock up the length of Clarke's crack. Once, twice, and then with his hand around the base, he slowly fed it into the waiting, eager hole. The thick head popped through the tight entrance, then he pushed every inch into him.

Clarke cried out, gripping the bedding in tight fists. His head fell forward and he groaned through the pain, but still held his ass high and open. God, he was craving it.

David started to thrust, a nice even tempo, slow at first, but building and building until he was fucking him hard. The sound of moaning and skin slapping filled the room.

Not a word was spoken between them.

Anonymous.

Clarke wanted to be used. He wanted to be no more than a hole to fuck. He wanted complete anonymity, so he could leave here like it never happened, completely detached from his need to be fucked in the ass by a stranger.

And getting fucked, he most certainly was. David was relentless—the way he gripped Clarke's hips, how he angled his thrusts. He was giving Clarke everything he wanted.

Clarke's cock swung in time with David's thrusts, a clear stream of precome leaked liberally onto the bed from the tip. And Clarke was groaning almost constantly now. He was in that place, that place where orgasm was right there, so close, but not quite....

Then David's thrusts became sharp and hard, deliberate. He gripped Clarke's hips and fucked him harder and faster, slamming his huge cock into that willing hole until his orgasm rocked through him.

With a final thrust and a low groan, David rammed into Clarke, hard and deep, coming into the condom inside him. His head fell back, his eyes were wide and his jaw slack. His whole body jerked and rocked, though he held Clarke's ass still while he finished coming.

With only a few deep breaths to collect himself, David pulled out slowly. He slid the used condom off his still-hard dick and laid it on the bed. He tucked his dick away and did up his jeans, slowly buckling his belt, and without a word, he simply walked out the door.

Clarke waited for the click of the door before he wrapped his hand around his own cock. He pumped himself hard, only now allowing himself to moan and speak. “Oh, fuck,” he said, his voice was deep and gruff. Precome was leaking from him, like no one I’d ever seen before. His prostate must have been tapped and rubbed by David’s cock for him to leak like that....

His back arched, and with a final cry, he came. His whole body trembled and shook as he spilled stripes of cum on the bed below him. Clarke gave a hoarse cry, squeezing the last of the cum from his cock. He slid onto his side to catch his breath.

He lay like that for a few minutes, and I wondered what he was thinking about, or if he was capable of thought at all after being fucked like that.

He slowly removed the blindfold, blinking as his eyes adjusted. His smile was that of a well-sated man. He walked gingerly to a door on the opposite wall from where David had exited. It was a private bathroom and changing room with an exit to lead Clarke out into a hall that would then allow him to leave the building unseen.

With the room now empty, I flipped a switch that would lock it down. No one could enter without an access card. I hit another button, alerting the cleaners the room was now vacated and awaiting their janitorial magic, then I filled in my job card, saying the job was complete, as per instructions.

Finally I hit the lights, sending the room into complete darkness. I left via my exit door, walked through the security- only area and into another security room behind mirrored glass. I sat in the chair, reading through my next membership scene card



details, and waited for the show to begin.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Confessional

The room was set up with what was a pretty damn good replica of a priest's confessional. Whether the owners had outsourced it from an actual church, I didn't know. The confessional box was facing me, where I sat behind my mirrored window, and the man sitting on the left-hand side of the box had his head down. His breaths were deep and peaceful, and he seemed completely at ease.

His head was bowed. His black trousers and long-sleeved shirt matched the color of his hair. And when he looked up, his white clerical collar was a stark contrast to the darkness.

If he was an actual priest or role-playing, I didn't know.

I didn't care.

The door to the right opened and a man stepped quietly inside. It must have taken him a moment to get used to the low lighting, because he squinted a little as he looked around the room.

The priest inhaled deeply, his anticipation showing in his shaky, but calculated exhale. "Come in. Sit down." His voice was low and rumbling, kind but authoritative.

He sounded like a real priest.

The man did as he was told, slipping into his side of the booth, unseen by the priest.

The priest gave him a moment to sit down. The silence and anticipation were clearly a part of his play, because the room was electric. I could almost feel it through the glass. “What brings you to see me today?”

“Father, forgive me, for I have sinned.”

A flicker of a smile ghosted across the priest’s lips. “What have you done?”

“I’ve been having impure thoughts... of other men.”

The priest inhaled sharply. “Tell me of these... thoughts.”

“I dream of them naked. I kiss them. They kiss me. I touch them.”

“Do you let them touch you?”

“Yes.”

The priest paused. “Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Where do they touch you?”

“Everywhere. I like it when they touch my....” The man swallowed hard. “I like when they touch my cock.”

“Sins of the flesh are hard to deny,” said the priest. Then he leaned back in his confessional box and palmed his dick. “Do you touch these men in return?”

“Yes.”

“And that pleases you?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me what you do to them?”

“Father?”

“I cannot absolve your sins unless I know what they are.”

The man licked his lips. “I suck their cocks and drink what they give me.”

The priest rubbed his cock again through his pants. “Do you partake in sodomy?”

His nostrils flared. “Oh yes. I love it when they use me, hold me down, and....”

“And?”

“I love it when they fuck me.”

The priest arched his back and ran his hand over his own chest. “Do you let them come inside you?”

The man moaned. “Yes. I love it when they fill me with their seed.”

The priest closed his eyes and bit his lip. He took a moment to collect himself. “Oh, how you revel in sin.”

“Yes, Father. I was told you could help me?”

“Is that right?”

“Yes. I was told you would know how to wash me clean. Like an exorcism, you will save me.”

The priest smiled, his nostrils flared. “Do you believe this?”

“I do.”

“Are you ready for me?”

The man licked his lips. “I am.”

“Good. Go kneel by the foot of the bed,” the priest said, his voice was deeper, rougher.

The man did as he was asked. Without a word, he slipped out of the confessional and knelt by the bed. His hands went behind his back, he bowed his head in a true submissive position, and he waited.

The priest now stood in his confessional box. He was hard. I could see the huge ridgeline of his cock straining through his black trousers. He took another moment to inhale deeply, collect his thoughts, then walked out and over to the kneeling man.

He put a gentle hand on top of his head. “My son, as penance for your sins close your eyes. Raise your face to the heavens, and open your mouth.”

The kneeling man did as he was told.

The priest stood in front of him and widened his stance. He slowly undid the button on his pants. The zipper sounded like a crack of lightning in the otherwise silent room. I thought the kneeling man might jump or startle at the sound, but he took a deep breath and his shoulders relaxed instead. Calm, peaceful and waiting, he knelt

with his head tilted back and his mouth open.

The priest pulled out his cock. It was huge. At least nine inches long, thick and uncut. With his hand wrapped around the base of the shaft, he lightly tapped the head on the kneeling man's bottom lip. His tongue quickly swept out to wet his lips, to taste.

"You will repent," the priest said. His voice was rough and hot. And then he slid his rigid cock into the man's mouth.

The kneeling man moaned as he took him in, sucking and swallowing. He never opened his eyes, never took his hands from behind his back. And I realized then, my assumption had been wrong. I checked the paperwork in front of me and saw that it wasn't the priest's fantasy coming to life right now, it was the man on his knees; he was the one who'd put in a role-play request.

Nonetheless, the priest was playing his part perfectly.

He fisted the man's hair and thrust into his mouth. "You will repent," he groaned out, harder this time, more forceful with his tone as well as his thrusts. He was skull-fucking him, forcing every inch of his huge cock down the man's throat. When the kneeling man gagged, he didn't show him any reprieve. He just pulled his head back by his hair and fucked his throat even harder. And when the kneeling man moaned, he pulled out.

He held the base of his glistening cock and again, tapped the head of it to the panting man's lips. "Ask for forgiveness," the priest demanded.

The kneeling man licked the offered cock and sucked on the head, only for the priest to pull away. The priest lifted his cock and shoved his balls at the man's mouth. "Ask for forgiveness," he said, this time softer, pleading.

The man leaned in, eagerly trying to lick and suck on the priest's sac. The priest let his head fall back and he fisted the other man's hair. "Oh, you sin so well."

The kneeling man pulled away, his lips swollen, his breath ragged. He kept his submissive pose perfectly. "Have I atoned, Father?"

"No." The priest took a step back, and with his huge cock still hanging out, he inspected the man before him. "You're aroused, which tells me you show no remorse."

He bowed his head. "I'm sorry, Father."

"Release your cock from your jeans."

The man did.

"Stroke yourself."

The man did. His cock was so hard, the head a vivid purple. He swept his palm across the head, smearing precome to slick each pump of his wrist. His hand was slow and steady, pulling down and twisting over the head. He still knelt, but his hips flexed, and I wasn't sure if he was stroking his cock or fucking his fist. Maybe both.

"You're not sorry," the priest said.

A low moan filled the room. "No."

"Do you want to atone for your sins?"

"Yes, yes," the man moaned, stroking himself faster. "Please."

“Stop pleasuring yourself.”

He did.

“Stand up.”

He did.

“Get undressed,” the priest demanded. “Show me the sin of your flesh.”

The priest watched intently as the man stripped, neatly folding his clothes as he did. When the man was naked, he stood with his feet apart, his head bowed, and his hands hanging free by his sides. “Mmm,” the priest hummed, appraising his body. “I can see why other men want to touch you.”

“I try to fight it, Father,” he said, his voice almost a whisper. His cock was now a painful purplish blue.

“I will help you atone for your sins.”

“How?”

“Get on the bed,” the priest commanded. “On your back and offer your ass to me.”

As the man did as he was instructed, the priest collected a bottle of lube from the shelf. There was no condom. I double-checked the paperwork in front of me, and yes, “bareback, internal come” was clearly selected. I bit back a moan—watching a man come deep in another man’s ass was one of my favorite scenes.

I thought the priest might undress also, but he didn’t. The part of it being with a priest was obviously key for the man on the bed. The priest’s thick and heavy cock hung



free from his black trousers, eagerly waiting for the ass that was ready for him on the bed.

The priest slicked his cock with lube and inspected the proffered, puckered ass before him. The man was on his back, legs spread and raised to his chest. His hips and ass were off the bed, giving the priest easier access.

The priest knelt on the bed and poured lube over the man's perineum. He slid a finger inside him easily, making him moan. "I can see how much you like a man's cock buried inside you. Carnal wickedness has left you open to the perils of sin."

The man stroked himself. "Please help me, Father."

Holding the base of his cock, the priest aligned the head at the man's hole. "I will wash you clean," he murmured. "I will take your sins from you."

The man moaned long and loud as the priest pushed into him. Every inch of his huge cock slid into his ass, until the priest fell forward onto his hands at the side of the man's face.

The man's eyes were wide, his mouth was open and he made a strange keening sound, full to the hilt with cock. His legs splayed out, wanting, giving his whole body to the man inside him.

Then the priest began to fuck him. Hard and perfect, each thrust speared his cock into that more-than-willing ass. "I can see why men like to fuck you," he rasped. "So tight, but you can take every inch of me."

The man whined, jacking his own cock hard and fast. He was so close already, and the priest filled him so completely. His balls squashed against the man's ass as he pushed in deeper still, and finally the man on his back came with a throat-raw scream.

“Yes,” cried the priest, as he fucked the cum out of him. He never slowed down, just relentlessly hammered his cock into him, making the man beneath him writhe and shake, moan and cry.

The priest’s head fell back, he gripped the man’s hips, and his thrusts became faster and ragged, until he bucked and stilled with a roar. His whole frame jerked and twitched as he came deep inside him. He seemed to come for a long time, unable to do anything but stay balls deep in that slick, tight hole. He groaned a sound between pleasure and pain as he emptied his cock inside him. The other man could only gasp and sigh, knowing and loving that he was being filled with cum.

Slowly, reluctantly, the priest pulled out. His still-hard dick glistened, bare and beautiful as he got off the bed, and I could imagine the emptiness the other man felt at his absence. After having such a big hot cock inside him, he’d be feeling empty. Sated, but already yearning for the next time.

“Am I absolved, Father?” he asked meekly, arms and legs splayed out.

The priest stuffed his softening dick back inside his trousers. “No, not yet. I feel it may take a few sessions with you.”

The man on the bed smiled. “Thank you, Father.”

“I’ll look forward to us meeting again next week.”

“I will try to be good until then.”

The priest gave a nod. “See that you do,” he said. He lifted the man’s chin, and with his thumb, drew a cross on his forehead, though it looked more like a soft caress. And with that, he left the room. The remaining man smiled with a bone-deep satisfaction. He stayed on the bed a while before he left, and I made a note on the job file to make

sure I was on duty for their next meeting.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Glory Hole Glory

The glory hole rooms were set up differently to the other rooms. There wasn't a mirrored window to watch from. Instead, there was a bank of flat screens filled with security camera feeds. Each room had three small lights at the top of my screen that the occupant would use: green was ready, red was stop, and yellow was done.

The rooms looked like bathroom stalls, minus the toilets, and they were painted black. Barely three feet wide, there were ledges up the walls for footholds, handrails to hang onto, tiled flooring for easy clean-up. There was also a small screen that showed continuous loops of porn, and the all-important hole in the wall that adjoined each stall.

There were six stalls in a row, though some nights not all stalls were used. Sometimes it was just one pair of men, sometimes three separate pairs of men, and sometimes all six rooms were occupied and it was basically a free-for-all. And sometimes a guy in a center stall wanted someone in a stall on either side of him.

Like tonight.

It was only the three stalls that were in use. The middle of the three was booked by a man who was going by the name of Joel tonight. He'd put in a request to have the stalls on either side of him booked for the duration. Men were always happy to oblige when this request came in. Someone was either getting their dick in an ass or down a throat with complete anonymity, no roles to play, no pleasantries to be exchanged.

Just cum.

And this was listed as a bareback session. No condom, no problem. Just fucking and sucking.

Before I started working here, I assumed glory holes were for men who had a sex-in-a-truck-stop fetish. But boy, was I wrong. Some guys got off on the mystery of it all; some guys didn't ever want to be recognized. Maybe some guys didn't like to be touched. Maybe they didn't want to see the warm body they were fucking was a guy instead of a woman. Maybe, just maybe, some guys just thought sticking their dick through a hole and having it sucked or fucked was fucking hot.

They weren't exactly wrong.

The door to the middle stall opened and Joel entered. Like a tomcat in heat, he took no time at all to get undressed and started stroking himself, twisting his own nipples while he watched porn on the small screen.

Lifting his right foot to one of the small footholds on the wall, he squirted lube onto his fingers and hurriedly started to fuck his own ass with them. He left his cock untouched, although he was already half-hard, as he watched the men fuck on the screen in front of him.

He inserted a second finger, starting to roll his hips a little, then he added a third. His head lolled back and he moaned, his cock now thick and full. Jesus, he was getting himself off before his scene even began.

He hit one of the switches, lighting the green "ready" light. Not a moment later, the door opened and a man in a suit walked in. Did he just finish work? Was this part of the character he slipped into when he played at the sex club? He was a middle-aged man, early forties, graying hair at his temples. Even with his face half-obsured by the low light, it was easy to tell he was attractive.

The porn on the screen held his attention, and he unzipped the fly of his suit pants, leaving them buttoned at the top. He had to maneuver his cock to free it, then it only took a few strokes before he hit the switch on the wall. His light lit up in the center stall alerting Joel, the man who'd requested this scene, that he was ready.

Suit Man nudged toward the adjoining wall, somewhat hesitant to just stick his dick through the hole. Was it his first time?

In the center cubicle, Joel knelt at the wall, his mouth perfectly aligned with the adjoining hole in the wall. He pressed his mouth up to the hole and licked his lips. "Feed your cock to me. Come on, let me taste you." He opened his mouth, flattened his tongue and waited.

Suit Man slowly edged the head of his cock through the hole into the waiting warm mouth. Joel quickly closed his lips around the cock and moaned to show his thanks.

The door to the third stall opened and another man slipped into the barely-lit room. He had a shaved head and wore a tight black shirt and jeans. He reminded me a little of Jason Statham, a hard looking but handsome man. He took out a small bottle of lube from his jeans pocket and put it on the shelf, never taking his eyes off the porn on the screen. He opened his jeans and heaved his huge cock out from the denim. He wasn't wearing underwear. After he stroked himself a few times, he refastened the button on his fly, leaving his cock free.

He slathered lube over his shaft and the head and slapped the button to signal he was ready.

Jesus. He wasn't wasting any time. He clearly just wanted to fuck and leave.

Joel, who was still kneeling at the wall lavishing Suit Man's cock with his mouth, let it slip from between his lips. He got to his feet, shuffled his ass up against the other

hole and waited.

Jeans Guy held the base of his cock and fed his bulbous head into Joel's ass. He went slow at first, and given the size of him, I assumed he was used to bottoms needing a minute to adjust.

Not Joel.

He groaned like a whore as the cock sank into him and immediately started to push back onto it. Fuck. The man loved cock. That much was certain.

Looking straight ahead, Joel opened his mouth and took in Suit Man's waiting cock. The stall was barely three feet wide and he filled it, his face at one side, and his ass at the other; a cock at either end.

And these two men—these two absolutely anonymous cocks—spit-roasted him.

Jeans Guy grabbed the handrails at his sides and really started to fuck. He was relentless. He was pressed to the wall from his thighs to his stomach, his balls were through the hole and his cock buried deep inside Joel.

Joel moaned around the cock he was eating. The motion of being pounded from behind made him throat fuck Suit Man, and the well-dressed man's head fell back as he pressed his hips flush against the wall.

"Oh fuck, that's a great ass," Jeans Guy ground out. Joel replied by bucking back on his cock. "Oh yeah, like that."

They continued like that for a few minutes, fucking and sucking, until Jeans Guy's thrusts got faster and harder and all out of rhythm. He threw his head back and flexed as hard against the hole as he could, then growled as he came.

Joel's mouth popped off Suit Man's cock, obviously reveling in the feeling of Jeans Guy's cock emptying inside him. He whined in appreciation, rocking back onto the sensitive cock as he finished coming.

Jeans Guy bucked hard, moaning loudly. He still held the handrails. His head was back, his eyes were closed and his cock was still to the hilt inside Joel. His chest heaved as he caught his breath. "Fuuuuuuuck. So good."

Joel slowly stood up, letting the softening cock slip from his ass. He turned around, and lifting his leg to a foothold again, this time he fed Suit Man's cock into his creamy hole. Then he bent down and licked Jeans Guy's dick clean.

Suit Man groaned and readjusted his footing. Pressing his entire front against the wall, he never moved. He let Joel do the fucking. Joel set an even pace—a deep, slow, rocking pace—while he sucked on the spent cock in front of him.

I thought Jeans Guy might pull his dick back and hightail it outta there, but he stayed, obviously loving his cock being lavished by a willing mouth. He was now stroking the base while Joel swallowed around him.

Suit Man started to grunt and Joel began to buck his hips a little more. He was working that cock just how he liked it, and Suit Man was at his mercy.

"I'm gonna come," Suit Man whispered.

"Yeah," Joel cried. "Give me your load."

Suit Man banged his hips against the wall, fucking Joel as deep as he could before stilling, and filling him full of his seed.

He came quietly, just a few stifled grunts, but Joel moaned his thanks long and loud.



The man in the suit slowly pulled out, took just a moment to catch his breath, stuffed his still-hard dick in his pants, and walked out the door.

Jeans Guy, however, was still there.

Joel straightened up, and holding the base of his hard cock, put the tip through the hole for Jeans Guy. Without a word between them, Jeans Guy dropped to his knees and took Joel's cock into his mouth.

"Oh yeah," Joel murmured. "Suck it good."

Jeans Guy's head bobbed back and forth as he sucked that cock hard, taking a little bit more with each pass. It wasn't long before he was deep throating him. Joel cried out in pleasure before his whole body flexed and stilled. His head fell back and he moaned like a wanton whore, coming down Jeans Guy's throat.

Jeans Guy hummed in appreciation, swallowing every ounce. He never spilled a drop. Jesus, he was deep throating him so I doubted he even got to taste it. But he released Joel's cock, licking him one more time for good measure before he stood up. He stuffed his half-hard cock back into his jeans, hit the light switch to say he was done, and walked out the door.

Joel leaned against the wall for a moment with a satisfied and smug smile on his face. He rubbed his hands over his chest, his stomach, down to his glistening dick and gave himself a sated squeeze. Then he rubbed his fingers over his ass, smearing the cum that leaked from his hole.

He rolled his neck and shoulders, obviously feeling a lot less stressed than when he came in. He casually got dressed, hit the light switch to signal the scene was over, and still smiling, he walked out, closing the door behind him.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Virgin Tales 2

Eighteen-year-old twink, Sean, sat on the bed, much like he did the first time he was here, wiped his palms on his jeans, and waited.

He'd been here just last week to lose his virginity and Dale had taken it spectacularly. Instead of Sean punching his V card with some drunken college fumble in the dark, he'd come to the club where a man almost twice his age showed him the real meaning of pleasure.

Jesus. Dale had taken his time, roamed over every inch of Sean's body, and taught him things about himself he wouldn't have learned on his own for ten more years at least.

Sean had asked Dale if they could meet again. I'd expected Dale to laugh it off, bid him good luck and farewell. But he didn't. He said yes.

And so Sean waited.

He'd taken a bit more time on his appearance this time. He still wore skinny jeans and boots, but now he had on a button down shirt, and his blond hair had some kind of product in it. He chewed on his bottom lip, and when the door opened and Dale walked in, it was like Sean had to remind himself to play it cool.

He stood slowly but his smile and blush gave away his excitement. So did the semi in his jeans. "Hey." I was starting to have a new appreciation for skin-tight denim.

Dale smiled back at him and shrugged out of his coat. He threw it over one of the chairs. “Hey,” he replied. Where Sean was all nervous energy, Dale was calm and confident. He appraised Sean from head to foot. “You look hot tonight.”

“Oh,” Sean said, swiping at his hair. “I’ve um, I’ve been looking forward to this.”

Dale chuckled, a deep throaty sound. “I bet you have. How was your first week as a non-virgin?”

Sean blushed so hard, scarlet crept down his neck. “It was pretty great, actually.”

Dale stepped right in close to him, their fronts almost touching. Sean was obviously expecting a kiss—I was kinda expecting it too—but Dale ran his nose down Sean’s jaw instead. “You smell good.”

Sean exhaled in a rush. His voice squeaked. “I um, ah... thanks.”

Dale rewarded him with a gentle touch of his hand to Sean’s cheek, and a soft brush of lips. “I’ve been looking forward to this too.”

I thought Sean was gonna expire. “Really?”

“Hell yes,” Dale said with a grin. “I’ve been thinking about what I could teach you, and I have to say, I’ve been hard most of the week.”

Sean barked out a laugh and palmed his dick. “Oh God, me too.”

Still fully dressed, Dale sat on the end of the bed with his feet on the floor. “So I was thinking we should see how much you remember from last week.”

“Remember? I’ve relived it a million times in my head,” Sean admitted. He remained

standing, probably not sure what to do next.

“Have you jerked off to memories of what I did to you?” Dale asked casually.

“Yeah, of course.” He snorted. “Twice a day.”

Dale laughed and lifted one foot. “Undress me. I want you to show me what you remember of last week. So this week it’s your turn to take care of me, okay?”

Sean knelt at his feet and dutifully took off Dale’s shoes and socks. He ran his hands up his calves to his knees. “Did... did you um, you know, jerk off too?” Then he swallowed hard. “Or did you come here during the week? Or God, maybe you even live with someone. I don’t know. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked.”

Dale leaned forward, and putting his finger under Sean’s chin, he made him look up. “I jerked off to mental images of your pretty little mouth around my cock,” he whispered, “and to memories of fucking your sweet tight ass. I haven’t been here all week. I’ve been waiting for tonight, so how about you remind me what your pretty little mouth can do, huh?”

Sean licked his lips and nodded, hurrying to undo Dale’s jeans, and pulling them off by the legs. Dale sat back down, his legs spread wide, his heavy sac resting on the bed, his big cock jutting out proudly. He leaned back on his hands with a perfect view of what Sean was about to do to him.

Sean knelt on the floor, his hands on Dale’s thighs as he licked the head of his cock. He kissed it, he tasted it, and then he sunk his mouth right over the mushroom tip and sucked him hard.

“Ugh,” Dale groaned. “Fuck.” Then he laughed. “You’ve been practicing.”

Sean released his dick and shook his head. "I've been fantasizing about this. About what I'd do when I got the chance. I haven't practiced on anyone, I promise."

Dale smiled warmly; the kid's naivety was sweet. He put his big hand to Sean's pale cheek and gently guided him back to his dick. Sean opened wide and took him willingly. "Fuck that's good," Dale murmured.

Sean released Dale's cock and licked down the shaft to Dale's nuts, tonguing them each in turn before sucking one into his mouth.

"Oh yeah," Dale said, leaning back onto his elbows and widening his legs. His head fell back for a moment, then he looked back down at the twink between his legs. Sean went back to Dale's cock and ran his flattened tongue over the head before taking him in again.

Dale put his hand through Sean's hair, gently pulling him away. "God, you're killing me. I wanna cum already," Dale said, and by the look of his rigid cock, he wasn't exaggerating. "Stand up."

Sean stood, and Dale undid Sean's jeans and peeled them down his slim hips. He pulled the briefs down next and admired the cock in front of him. He ran his hands all over Sean's stomach and his thighs. "Touch is important," Dale told him. "You want to show your lover you appreciate his whole body, not just his dick." Dale pulled Sean's hips forward. Ignoring the cock in front of him, he kissed his flat stomach and each hip bone before licking a trail down to his pubes. He cupped Sean's balls in one hand and wrapped his other hand around the base of Sean's cock. Then he slowly licked up the entire length of it.

Sean gasped and his hands flailed, unsure of where to go, before he slowly put one on Dale's shoulder, the other in his hair. "I'm not gonna last," Sean said breathily.

Dale kept sucking for a moment before slowly releasing him. “How many times do you think you can come tonight?”

“Um... I dunno. Twice?”

Dale smiled salaciously. “Let’s make it three times, yes? And your first load is going down my throat.” He gripped Sean’s cock and sucked him, hard. He worked him quickly, and poor Sean didn’t stand a chance.

“Oh, Jesus!” he cried out, holding both sides of Dale’s head, and he came.

Dale sucked and swallowed around him, making Sean buck and groan as his orgasm ripped through him. Dale licked him clean, and when he was done, Sean pulled Dale’s face up and smashed their mouths together. It was a hard, deep kiss, and it completely took Dale by surprise, making him smile as the kiss ended. Sean proudly licked his lips.

“Like how you taste?” Dale asked. Sean rocked forward on his feet, unsteady. Dale quickly stood and grabbed a hold of him until it was clear Sean’s head had stopped spinning. “I take it that’s a yes?”

Sean chuckled. “Uh, yeah.”

Dale slowly undid the top two buttons of Sean’s shirt, then pulled it over his head by the hem. “Get on the bed.”

Sean got on the bed and Dale pulled the kid’s boots off. “I thought I was supposed to be taking care of you tonight?”

Dale gripped the legs of Sean’s jeans and pulled them off in one swift movement. “You will be, believe me,” Dale said. Then he knelt on the bed and crawled up Sean’s

long, pale legs. He kissed his thighs then his hips, and teasingly licked up his stomach until he found a nipple. He flicked it with his tongue. “But first, I want you to tell me what you want to do to me.”

“Oh, um,” Sean looked lost, and when Dale sucked on his nipple, Sean hissed. “Oh, God.”

“How about I make some suggestions, and you say yes or no,” Dale prompted him, turning his attention to the other nipple. “Did you want to rim me?”

“Um.” Sean arched his back as Dale sucked on his nipple. “Okay.”

Dale laughed and stopped what he was doing. He looked up at Sean. “I think if I keep doing that, you’d agree to just about anything.”

Sean laughed, embarrassed. “Probably.” He took a deep breath. “I’ll agree to anything you want to do to me.”

Dale settled his weight on top of Sean, his elbow at the side of his ribs and resting his head on his hand. Their body sizes looked so different. Sean was lean and pale, whereas Dale was big and strong. “Sean, you need to be able to say no. Don’t let someone take advantage of you and start something you can’t stop, okay?”

Sean nodded.

“So, tell me what you want to do?” Dale asked, his voice back to husky. “What have you fantasized about doing to me?”

Sean licked his lips. “Well, um, I thought I could try to top.” He hardly sounded convincing.

But to Dale's credit, he went along with it. He had the patience of a saint. Or maybe he got off on teaching the newbie. I had no clue. "Okay, so when you pictured yourself fucking me, what position was I in?"

Sean opened and closed his mouths a few times before whispering, "Doggy style?"

Dale kissed Sean's nipple again. I think it was to hide his smile. "Well, that's one of my favorites. Are you ready to start?"

"Um...."

Dale's voice was like gravel and honey. "Tell me to lie down on the bed, on my front. Then tell me you're gonna rim me and stretch me with your fingers before you fuck me."

Sean blinked but did as he was told. "Lie down, face first. I wanna get you ready for me."

Dale did as instructed, lying down on his stomach. He widened his legs and stretched his arms out, eyes closed, completely at ease. "Just remember everything I told you," he said.

Sean collected the condom and lubricant from the shelf and put them near Dale's hip. He kneeled on the bed between Dale's feet and slowly touched his way up until he got to Dale's ass. He spread Dale's ass cheeks, making Dale hum, then Sean leaned down and licked him.

Dale brought his arms up toward the pillows and fisted the bedcovers, so Sean did it again. It took him a few passes, but he was soon licking over Dale's hole, and finally he pressed his tongue inside him. Dale groaned, long and low. "Oh, yeah. That's so good."



Sean didn't seem to mind eating ass. For a newbie, he was giving it pretty good, and he was getting hard again. Eventually he stopped, much to the dismay of Dale, who whined in frustration. Sean smiled, rather proud of himself, and picked up the lube.

"Condom first," Dale reminded him. "It's easier without the slippery hands." He slipped his hand underneath him and raised his hips a little. He was jerking himself off.

Sean quickly rolled a condom down his length, then tried again for the lube. He tipped about half a bottle too much over Dale's ass crack and quickly smeared the excess over his cock and wiped his hands on the bedcover. It was his first time topping anyone, I reminded myself, and I thought he was doing okay.

Dale got up onto all fours, and using the lube that ran down over his balls, he slicked his cock and gave himself a few hard pulls. Sean quickly knelt behind him and stroked himself a bit before he ran his fingers up Dale's crack and slowly pushed one finger inside.

"Mmmm," Dale hummed and rocked back a little. "More." Sean added another finger, and Dale moaned as Sean stretched him. After a minute or so, he said, "I'm ready."

"Are you sure?"

Dale barked out a strained laugh. "Sean, I need your cock in my ass. Now."

Sean quickly shuffled forward on his knees and positioned himself. He took hold of his cock and fed it into Dale's ass. Dale groaned loudly and put his forehead on the mattress. Sean huffed and panted. "Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck," he repeated as he slowly pushed in. His long pale fingers gripped onto Dale's tanned hips, and he pulled out a little before sliding back in. His breath stuttered as he tried to compose himself, and

before too long he was moving steadily.

Dale rocked with him. “Does it feel good?”

Sean’s head fell back. “Oh yeah.” He fucked him slow at first, then his thrusts got a little faster. “I’m not gonna last.”

“Oh yeah? Come for me,” Dale said, bucking his hips.

Sean thrust into him, hard and final, gripping Dale’s hips, his head thrown back and his mouth open in a silent scream. He jerked his hips a few times before resting his forehead on Dale’s back, and he barked out another breathless laugh. “Jesus.”

Sean slowly pulled out and pulled the condom off with dainty fingers. He collapsed on the bed on his side, and Dale fell in beside him. “How was that?”

Sean’s pale and hairless chest heaved as he took deep breaths. He snorted out a laugh. “Um, good?”

Dale ran his big hands over Sean’s chest. “Just good?”

“Well, you didn’t come.”

Dale smiled knowingly. “I didn’t expect to.”

Disappointment flashed across his features. “Oh.”

“It was your first time topping someone, and real life isn’t a porn film.”

Sean seemed to relax. “Thank you for letting me do that.”

Dale leaned over and kissed him. “Believe me, you’re very welcome. I like getting fucked, and you did great. So which do you prefer, top or bottom?”

Sean rolled so he was flat on his back and put his hands to his face. I thought at first he might have been upset, but then he laughed. “Um, bottom,” he mumbled into his hands. Then he lifted one hand away and looked at Dale. I could see he was embarrassed. “What does that say about me?”

Dale got up on his knees and straddled Sean’s chest. He peeled away Sean’s hands and pinned them to the mattress above his head. He leaned down and kissed him. “That says you know what you like. Don’t be afraid to say it. Didn’t I tell you last time to own it? You look your lover in the eye and tell him, ‘I want your dick in my ass,’ and don’t be embarrassed. You know what you want, Sean, and that’s a turn on. So, go on, say it.”

Sean’s smile died, and he stared at Dale for a long moment. “I want your dick in my ass.”

“Just like that,” Dale said with a nod.

“No.” Sean shook his head. “I want your dick in my ass.”

Dale’s eyes widened, as did his grin. “Oh, really?”

“Yes, really.”

Dale leaned over and kissed him again. “Attaboy. Now, tell me how you want it. How have you fantasized about me fucking you?”

“I wanna lie face down on the bed,” Sean whispered. “And I want you to lie over me.”

“Oh, I’m sure I can do that,” Dale said gruffly. Letting go of Sean’s arms, he knelt to full height and rubbed his balls on Sean’s chest. His still-hard cock stood proud, seeking attention. Sean couldn’t take his eyes off it as Dale rocked forward a little. Sean lifted his head and opened his mouth, silently wanting a taste. Dale gave it to him. “Just a little. That sweet little mouth of yours is too good.”

Sean’s pink lips closed around the head, and Dale moaned loudly. He fucked Sean’s mouth for a few passes before pulling back. “I could come in your mouth so easily.” He sounded pained. He scooted back on his knees, and with a hand on Sean’s hip, Dale rolled him over like he weighed nothing. “But you want me to fuck your ass instead.”

Sean stretched out, spreading his legs as wide as he could. Dale got off the bed and grabbed another condom before he maneuvered himself between Sean’s thighs. He rolled on the condom, then added the lube to himself and to Sean’s crack. Dale sat back on his haunches while he took a moment to appreciate the pale, slender body offered before him. His hands skimmed over Sean’s legs and lower back, before spreading the cheeks of his ass.

Dale blew his hot breath over Sean’s hole, rubbing his perineum, then finger fucked him, stretching him slow and thoroughly. Sean had started to moan already. He really did like ass-play, and Dale certainly liked giving it.

When Dale was sure Sean was ready, he put his knees on the outside of Sean’s thighs, pressed his cock against Sean’s willing hole and pushed into him. Dale slowly leaned over him, running his hands up Sean’s back, over his shoulders, and up his arms, stretching them above his head. He touched all the skin he could reach.

I had a perfect view of Dale’s cock as it sank into Sean, disappearing up to his balls. His big frame dwarfed the twink beneath him, and Sean moaned louder with every inch.

“That’s what you like, isn’t it?” Dale murmured in Sean’s ear. “You like being held down and your ass filled.”

Sean could only moan in response.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” Dale ground out. His ass clenched as he thrust into him. “You’re so tight.”

Dale brought his arms down and hooked them under Sean’s shoulders, making him arch backwards a little. He kissed Sean’s shoulder and neck while his cock filled his ass. Sean looked so slight compared to the size of Dale, but he cried out with pleasure. “Oh, God. Yes.”

Dale thrust harder. “You like that?”

“Yes!”

Dale thrust in hard, his balls flat on Sean’s ass, and his whole body flexed hard. Dale’s ass clenched and he pushed into him, driving Sean into the bed as he came deep inside him.

Fuck. I’d seen some hot scenes in my time, but this one was one of the best. They had... chemistry.

Now it was Dale who collapsed on Sean’s back with a laugh. “Jesus.”

“Yeah, I think I just saw him.”

Dale burst out laughing and rolled off him onto his side, taking Sean with him. He held him close, and with his eyes closed, nuzzled into the smaller man’s hair. It was an intimate thing to do, and that surprised me.

Both men lay there a while, then Dale spoke first. “I thought I was supposed to be schooling you, not the other way around.”

Sean grinned beautifully. “And I only came twice. You said you’d make it three times tonight, so we might need another lesson.”

Dale laughed and, rolling away from Sean, he got off the bed. He collected his clothes from the floor, and kneeling back on the bed, he kissed Sean soundly on the mouth. “You know which box to check.”

And with that, Dale walked out of the room. Sean sat up on the bed, his blond hair tousled, and his lips swollen. He looked thoroughly fucked and sated, and I was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to stop smiling anytime soon.

They were gonna go for a third round? Well, this was becoming something new. I hoped Sean, being so young and naive, understood boundaries. I mean, I saw the way he looked at Dale. But then I remembered the way Dale had held him and kissed him, and I couldn’t help but wonder just which of the two were more fascinated with the other.

It was interesting, that was for sure. I made sure to note that if these two did meet again, I wanted to watch. On duty, or not.

I mean, fuck I loved my job. And I really couldn’t wait to see what my next day at work would bring.

~ The End

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Masquerade

Every year the club hosted a masquerade ball. A large open room is turned into a themed hall, which caters to all fetishes and fancies. The costume party theme was eighteenth century, and the costumes were spectacular: white breeches, grand coats with brass buckles, waistcoats, and of course, the all-important masquerade mask.

Like the old hanky-code, these masks were color-specific. Some were navy, some were black, some grey, some green, and some leather; each relating to the wearer's inclination. A top's mask had a jeweled design on the left, a bottom's mask had jeweled design on the right, and a versatile had a mask with designs on both sides. It was a simple but effective method of unspoken communication, but a fun way to keep the members at the club anonymous.

There were forty participating men in the hall, and all security guards were on duty, watching from behind mirrored walls. That meant each security detail kept watch over the room, ensuring that each man remained safe. These things tended to end in a sex-orgy of some kind, so it was imperative each member was identified and had their hard-limits adhered to.

The room was set up with a functioning bar in one corner, a dance floor, and a few tables and chairs. But there was also a wall of wrist shackles, a few padded benches, a huge bed in one corner, and a padded rail, which had three naked men bent over it. Their wrists were bound and their asses were exposed, open, and willing. If anyone wanted a quick bareback fuck to take the edge off, they were ready. Like a normal bar might offer complimentary peanuts or water, this club offered a warm, already-prepped, and eager ass to fuck.

And men did.

They simply undid their breeches, pulled out their dicks and pumped a load into them.

It was an ice breaker of sorts, and it certainly set the atmosphere.

When someone stepped in behind one of them to fuck them, the other men stopped their conversations to watch. The men on the dance floor turned and looked on as well. And when the top was done, the other men just turned back to their conversations or dance partner.

Two of the men I had to watch ended up dancing with each other. A confident top with dark brown hair and thickset build had chosen a younger twinkish bottom with floppy black hair and pale skin to dance with. According to their membership details, they were both mostly vanilla, though the top liked to be a bit of a dominant daddy, and the bottom liked to be owned in the bedroom. A perfect match, and they found each other without any prompting or introduction.

They looked striking as they danced together. They were all hands, grinding hips, and deep kisses. The masks added to the flair, but they were hot to watch. Through the security audio, I could just make out their conversation. The top, whose name tonight was Ethan, turned the bottom around so he could watch a couple fucking in the corner. “Tell me, Anthony, do you like what you see?”

Anthony nodded, and Ethan put his hands on Anthony’s hips and ground his dick against Anthony’s ass.

“Is that what you’re here for tonight?” Ethan asked him. “You want someone to fuck you like that?”



Anthony nodded again, though this time he smiled. “Yes.”

“In public? Or in a private room?”

“I’m not opposed to other people watching.”

Ethan smiled and placed a soft kiss on the back of Anthony’s neck. “How many men tonight?”

Anthony turned in his arms and met his gaze. “One. I don’t share.”

Even with the mask, it was easy to see Ethan’s surprise. A slow smile spread across his lips. “Is that so?”

“Yes. If that’s a problem for you, it might be best to part company.”

Ethan’s smile grew wider. “Oh, that’s no problem for me.” He tilted his head curiously. “How many times in one night?”

“That depends on how good he is. If he knows how to fuck, it should be once, all night long.”

Ethan threw his head back and laughed, but he tightened his hold on Anthony. He was clearly amused and enamored. “All night?”

Anthony granted him a small smile. “Yes. Starting with foreplay.”

“And tell me, Anthony, when does this foreplay start?”

Anthony ran a hand over Ethan’s ass and pulled their hips together. “It already has.”

If Ethan thought for one minute he was in charge, he was very wrong. Anthony was leading this, there was no doubt about it.

Ethan looked as though he wanted to kiss Anthony, but he bit his lip instead. “And how long does this foreplay last?”

“Until I say.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes.”

Ethan ran his lips along Anthony’s jaw. “You’re very confident.”

Anthony pulled back and looked Ethan squarely in the eyes. “Why wouldn’t I be? If someone wants to bury their dick in my ass, they’ll damn well earn the right to do it.”

Ethan grinned at that. “I happen to find your confidence... very appealing.”

“Am I a challenge to you?” Anthony asked.

“Of sorts,” Ethan admitted. “I like that you make men earn it. But it’s more than that. Most people would think you’re arrogant?—”

Anthony stopped moving, cutting Ethan’s words off. Anthony pulled back and shot him a dark look.

Ethan smiled and kept his arms around him. “But they’d be wrong. You’re not arrogant. You know what you like. You make no apologies for it, because you don’t need their approval to know your self-worth.” Ethan ran his hands down over Anthony’s ass and grinded their hips together. “And that’s not arrogance. That’s

fucking hot.”

Anthony smiled, seemingly pleased by this compliment, and they started to dance again. . They pressed their bodies together from thigh to chest, wrapped their arms around each other so not a sliver of light got between them.

Ethan pulled back a little and looked down at Anthony. “Can I kiss you?”

“Yes,” Anthony whispered back, and when Ethan did, Anthony melted into him. I knew that feeling well. Of being kissed so perfectly, all you can do is melt. Anthony leaned into him, and Ethan being the taller of the two, held Anthony against him and kissed him for all his worth.

When they finally broke apart, I wondered if the power play had swapped sides. Anthony was dreamy-eyed and had kiss-swollen lips, and Ethan looked as though he knew damn well what he was doing kissing him like that.

But then Anthony slid a hand down between them and gripped Ethan’s huge cock through his breeches. He was clearly packing some serious inches because Anthony glanced up at him, his eyes wide and hungry. “Fuck.”

Ethan smiled knowingly. “Think you can take all of me?”

Anthony licked his lips. “Fuck yes.”

“Do you want it now?”

Anthony shook his head slowly. “You haven’t earned my ass yet.”

Ethan groaned, a turned on and frustrated sound. He turned Anthony around so he faced another couple who were fucking over a padded bench. Ethan gripped

Anthony's hips and pulled his ass against the ridgeline in his breeches. "Watch them," he whispered in Anthony's ear. He slowly rolled his hips. "They're really hot. But I can fuck you better than that."

Anthony's head fell back against Ethan's chest as he rocked his hips. He was hard now, a thick line of cock ran across his hip under his breeches. "Do you think so?"

"I know so." Ethan's voice was low and husky. "You'll be so full of cock you'll forget your own name."

Anthony moaned and rolled his hips, rubbing his ass over Ethan's cock.

"I'll be up to my balls inside you," Ethan told him. "And you'll love every fucking inch."

Anthony gasped, and Ethan gripped his hips harder. "Watch them fuck," Ethan told him, his lips at Anthony's ear. The couple on the padded bench had quite an audience now; the top straddled the bench and the bottom rode him, reverse cowboy. "He loves that dick in his ass," Ethan said, "see the look on his face when it slides in and out. But that's just a fuck. You know there's more than just fucking to the act of sex, right? It's about the whole body."

Anthony nodded, rubbing his ass over the front Ethan's breeches. "Do you want my whole body, or just my ass?"

Ethan smiled as he kissed Anthony's neck. "If you grant me permission, I will worship every inch of you."

Anthony swallowed hard.

"Do I have your permission?" Ethan asked. "Will you grant me your body?"

Anthony nodded, and Ethan spun him around and kissed him, hard. He wrapped his arms around him and I could see Ethan's tongue delve into Anthony's mouth. They kissed passionately where they stood on the dance floor, with wandering hands and rocking hips. When they finally broke apart, they were both breathless.

"I want you on the bed," Ethan said. "That way I can maneuver your body and find the spots that turn you on."

Anthony bit his lip and nodded.

"And when I'm done with you, you'll be thoroughly fucked," Ethan murmured. He ran his hands up Anthony's sides, over his chest, up his neck, and held his face in both hands. Their mouths almost touching. "I'll fill you with so much cock and so much cum, and when I'm done, I'll fuck you some more."

Anthony's eyes closed and his body melted into Ethan's. "Yes."

Ethan kissed him deeply but softer this time. And when the kiss ended, Ethan took Anthony's hand and led him to the bed.

It was a king-sized centerpiece, with a supply of lubricants tossed onto the mattress—sturdy dark wood and a plain mattress fitted with a light protective cover that would be changed several times during the night. There was no other bedding. There was no need for them. This bed only had one purpose.

Anthony stood at the foot of the bed, facing the mattress, and Ethan stood behind him. He lifted up one of Anthony's arms so it bent over his head, then Ethan ran his hands over Anthony's chest, down to his slim waist, and grinded his cock against his ass. He kissed the back of Anthony's neck. "Turn around."

Anthony did.

One by one, Ethan undid Anthony's shirt buttons, like each one was more prized than the last. His chest was bare and pale, and Ethan's hands looked big and wide as they skimmed over the skin. Ethan thumbed Anthony's nipples and bent down to lavish the pebbled flesh in his mouth. Finishing with his nipple, Ethan kissed up to gently scrape his teeth along Anthony's collarbone.

Anthony's head fell back as he allowed himself to just feel, but his hands were now fists in Ethan's shirt. He was wanting now, pliable putty in Ethan's very capable hands.

Ethan roughly pushed Anthony's Elizabethan jacket down over his shoulders, and contradicted the harsh movement with the softest kiss to his lips. "Get on the bed."

Anthony let his jacket fall to the floor and sat on the edge of the mattress. He scooted back, his pupils blown wide and his lips swollen and wet. Ethan took one of his feet and carefully slid the costume shoe and sock off his foot, and with the same care, he removed the other shoe and sock as well.

Ethan took the foot he was still holding and sucked the big toe into his mouth. Anthony fell back onto the bed and closed his eyes. Wearing only the white breeches, his confined cock was more prominent now. He palmed his dick and gave himself a good squeeze.

"Don't," Ethan demanded. He planted a kiss to the arch of Anthony's foot and let his foot fall back to the bed. He crept up between Anthony's legs, almost prowling. "I will be the one to pleasure you. Your cock is mine." He batted away Anthony's hand and put his mouth over the bulge in his breeches.

Anthony moaned and rolled his hips. He writhed, desperate for more. Ethan slowly pulled down Anthony's breeches, exposing him to a room full of masked men. They had an audience now; men watched from where they stood as Anthony lay naked on

the bed, and a still fully dressed Ethan knelt between his legs.

Anthony's cock rested heavily across his hip and Ethan licked it from balls to tip. Ethan skimmed his hands all over Anthony's body, trailing lines down his skin where his blunt fingers dug in. He took Anthony's cock into his mouth and sucked, and Anthony clutched the bed.

Ethan pulled off Anthony's cock before he came and found the lube. He slicked his fingers and pressed them to Anthony's ass. I couldn't see how many fingers, but Anthony's eyes went wide. "Oh, fuck!"

"You need to be ready for me," Ethan told him, working his fingers into him. "Not many men can take my cock, so I want you opened up." He thrust his fingers into him and gripped the base of his cock, pumping him while sucking on the head.

Anthony moaned loudly, shamelessly. He grasped blindly at the mattress as Ethan worked him over and over, and it wasn't long until he was bucking his hips, wanting more.

It was pretty clear the moment Ethan found Anthony's sweet spot, because he arched off the bed and cried out. "Fuck!"

The men watching reacted with him. "There it is!"

"Give it to him."

"Make him come."

"Fuck! Fuck!" Anthony cried, bucking his hips. He thrust his ass onto Ethan's fingers, and Ethan rewarded him by taking his cock into his throat.

Anthony came, hard. His cries were hoarse, grated with a pleasure, and his back arched off the bed. Ethan swallowed what he gave him, and when Anthony slumped back onto the bed, Ethan pulled his fingers out and leaned over him. He gripped his face and kissed him passionately, letting Anthony taste himself.

Anthony's hand came off the bed as though to touch Ethan, but his arm must have been too heavy or boneless, because he let it fall back to the bed. He was completely spent and pliant.

Ethan kneeled up, and satisfied the man beneath him was ready, he rolled him over like he weighed nothing. Anthony was now on his stomach, his thighs spread wide and Ethan kneeled between them. He was still fully dressed, and he simply reached into his breeches and pulled out his massive cock. The white material fit snug under his balls and his cock jutted out.

I'd seen a lot of cocks—in this club and in my own bedroom—but this was one of the biggest I'd had the pleasure of seeing. Easily nine inches long, it was thick, veiny, and a perfect mushroom head. A collective hum and moan from the men watching went around the room at the sight of his gorgeous cock. Almost everyone in the room was watching now.

Ethan smiled proudly as he poured lube over the shaft and he gave himself a few long pulls for show. Then he poured a generous amount of lube over Anthony's ass, again pushing his fingers inside, stretching him wider.

Ethan leaned over Anthony. "You sure you're ready for this?" Anthony answered by lifting his ass and moaning, so Ethan guided his huge cock to the waiting hole and slowly sunk inside.

Anthony gasped at the intrusion, but Ethan was nowhere near done yet. He pushed in farther and farther. Anthony cried out, his hands fisting the mattress cover. He pushed



his forehead down into the bed and Ethan gripped his hips and pushed in some more.

“Oh fuck,” Ethan said gruffly. “You can take me.”

Anthony was past using words. The only sounds he could make were moans and gasps, a mix of pain and pleasure. Anthony was built so slender, Ethan’s cock must have been so deep inside him, almost up to his belly. Yet he never flinched, he never pulled away.

Ethan stilled, giving Anthony a moment to adjust, but then he started to thrust. Slow at first and with a great show of self-control. He pulled his long cock out to the head, then slid back in, over and over again. Every time Ethan thrust in, Anthony would cry out, and the men watching would cheer.

“Fuck him.”

“Yeah, give it to him.”

“He loves it,” one guy said. “Look at him lifting his ass for more.”

Ethan leaned right over Anthony, laying his weight on his back, every inch of his cock buried in his ass. Anthony gripped the bed and stretched his shoulders, groaning loudly.

“You love my cock inside you, don’t you?” Ethan rasped out.

Anthony still couldn’t speak. His response was a keening sound.

Ethan rolled his hips, and Anthony cried out again. “Your ass is so fucking good,” Ethan said. “God, you can take every inch of me.” He ran his hands up Anthony’s arms, kissed the back of his neck, and started to thrust harder now.

Anthony's legs spread wider, his toes curled, he gripped the mattress cover above his head and screamed, but he never said no. He never safeworded. He simply raised his ass and begged for more.

Ethan pulled back, and with his hands on Anthony's back, he looked down at where they were joined. "Fuck. I'm so far inside you. Your tight little ass takes every fucking inch of me." Ethan grunted with each thrust. "I'm gonna shoot my load in you," Ethan ground out.

Anthony moaned, finally finding the ability to speak. "Please."

Ethan slammed into him and threw his head back as he came. He roared as his whole body flexed and stilled, and Anthony moaned as Ethan filled him with cum.

The men in the audience all moaned with them, more turned on than before. Most palmed their dicks or someone else's, but they soon turned their attentions away from the men on the bed.

Ethan pulled out slowly, and gently turned Anthony onto his back. He quickly covered him with his own body, kissing him soundly. Anthony's arms went around him and his legs splayed out, and he kissed him back with equal fervor.

Then, in what was an unexpected turn of events, Ethan pulled away and gently helped Anthony off the bed. He tucked his softening cock back into his breeches and collected Anthony's clothes off the floor. He led him over to a quiet spot where I could hear their private conversation perfectly.

First, and without a word, Ethan helped Anthony dress. He went to his knees and held Anthony's breeches so he could easily step into them, then he helped him into his jacket and dutifully did up each button. "Do you feel okay?" he asked quietly.

Anthony smiled. "I feel good. Sore, but good."

Ethan's brow furrowed for a moment, but he continued to fasten the buttons. "This may be against your rules and I will understand if you say no, of course, but I have a hot tub at my house. You're more than welcome to use it. It will help with muscle relaxation."

Anthony froze. His immediate reaction was proof this request was not expected. "Um."

"I understand," Ethan said. "It was merely a suggestion." Ethan was clearly an educated man, and from his well-spoken and confident demeanor, I'd say he was an astute and wealthy businessman.

Anthony, on the other hand, looked like a pre-law grad student. Even under his mask, I could see the dubious look. "Why?"

Ethan's voice was quiet but still confident. "I think aftercare is important. I don't want you to be sore and sorry tomorrow."

Anthony smirked. "I think I'll be sore tomorrow regardless. You have a horse-dick."

"Well," Ethan amended, trying not to smile. "I don't want you to be sorry. And maybe we could talk?"

He looked up at Ethan and studied him for a long moment. "If I say yes to the spa, it doesn't mean I'll be some kept houseboy."

Ethan chuckled. "I wouldn't imagine with your smart mouth you'd be a kept anything. Unless that's something you're amiable to."

Anthony lifted his chin and stared at him for a long, unnerving minute. “What do you really want?”

“In my life outside of this club, I am rarely questioned or challenged. And you have a spark in your eyes that intrigues me,” Ethan admitted softly.

“You like my smart mouth?” Anthony asked.

Ethan looked at Anthony’s mouth. “Very much.”

“It usually gets me into trouble.”

“I bet it does.”

It was clear Anthony was seriously considering the offer. “And after the hot tub, you expect me to believe you just want to talk?” Anthony asked.

“Or I can have you driven home,” Ethan said. “Or, if you don’t want me there at all, I can find somewhere else to be while you use the hot tub. Given the late hour, I have a guest room. You’re more than welcome to sleep. My driver will take you anywhere you need to be in the morning.”

“You have a driver?”

“Yes.”

Anthony scoffed and shook his head. He didn’t speak for a while, and Ethan made no move to fill the silence. He simply waited.

“You know,” Anthony started, “I could report you to management for even suggesting we meet.”

Ethan shook his head and put his hand up, palm forward. “My mistake. It was merely an errant thought. I didn’t mean to offend you.” He frowned as he stepped back. “Sorry.”

Anthony bit his lip. “I have a class at nine,” he said.

Ethan stopped, though he didn’t turn around.

“Will we be done by then?”

Ethan looked at him then. “Not even close.”

Anthony smiled. “Good.”

Ethan’s nostrils flared, and his eyes smoldered under the mask. But it was Anthony who spoke. “You have some work to catch up on, because you haven’t earned the right to my ass for a second time yet.”

Ethan smiled victoriously. He didn’t have to say anything. The words “challenge accepted” were written all over his face. He simply took Anthony’s hand and led him through the room of now mostly-naked men, not stopping once as they found the exit.

I half wanted to go after them, to ask if I could watch their next encounter, but I couldn’t.

Instead, my eyes were drawn to another couple of men, one strapped by his hands to the wooden cross, completely unable to move, and the naked man behind him fucking him like he owned him.

I sat back in my chair and enjoyed the rest of the show.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Pommel Horse Pummel

I didn't get a BDSM scene very often. There were other security personnel that understood or appreciated the mechanics of it better than me. But the scene I was given today was between two experienced members; their lists of preferences and limits read like a legal document. As it should, I conceded. It was a complex agreement, where far more complicated needs were met than just the physical.

But this scene was just a play scene: no whips, no clamps, no spanking, no pissing, no paddling, no torture. There were no punishments to be given, though many would probably disagree. The man bound and tied in this scene was about to get punished, in the very best of ways.

The room was designed for BDSM play, though all equipment had been put away except for one piece. In the center of the room was what was known as a pommel horse. Similar to the type gymnasts use, only modified to suit sexual positions.

It was basically a rectangular pyramid of solid oak with a cushioned top. Though no doubt expensive, it resembled a piece you might see in a medieval torture chamber. It had wooden sides with leather hand and foot shackles at varying heights, dependent on the size of the man strapped to it and how he was positioned. There was a hole the size of a grapefruit at the end, just underneath the cushioned top, and a Fleshjack was fitted flush inside. There were other bolts and clasps installed at varying heights all over the base for different activities, but according to my job sheet, only the Fleshjack would be used.

This man, who tonight was known as Sub, stood at the end with his hands behind his

back and his head bowed. He was naked and had a butt plug firmly in place. And he waited. Soon the other door opened and the man known as Sir walked in. No older than thirty-five, he wore nothing but faded jeans slung low on his hips, his well-defined torso was bare, as were his feet. He paused, appreciating the man before him.

Even though Sub's head was still bowed, I could see him smile, though he remained still.

"I see you're ready for me," Sir said, his voice low. It was a commanding tone that Sub reacted to immediately.

"Yes, Sir."

Sir ran his fingers lightly across the padding on the pommel horse. "Is this your favorite?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you want me to strap you to it?"

Sub's voice was a little breathier. "Yes, Sir."

"And you want me to reward you with my cock?"

Sub licked his lips. "Yes, Sir."

"Repeat your safeword."

"Red."

"You will use it if at any time you are not comfortable, yes?"

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good, Sub.”

Sub smiled at the praise.

“Hmm,” Sir hummed, taking Sub’s chin between his thumb and forefinger. “You like to please.”

“Yes, Sir. It is my duty to please you.”

Letting go of Sub’s chin, Sir walked around him, slowly, inspecting nearly every inch his body. “I can see you’re getting hard.”

“You excite me, Sir.”

“And I haven’t even touched you yet,” Sir mused, and Sub smiled at the floor. “You’re a good sub, aren’t you?”

Sub nodded. “Your pleasure is my pleasure.”

Sir smiled at that. “And you’re ready to give me pleasure?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Get into position,”

Sub moved to the end of the pommel horse, his feet spread wide. He was fully hard now, his hands still behind his back.

Sir took the lube and poured a trail up Sub’s length, then smeared the entrance of the



Fleshjack. "Slide your cock inside the toy," he demanded.

Without using his hands, Sub positioned the head of his cock at the soft Fleshjack hole and with no more than a roll of his hips, he slid inside it. He bit back a moan, and Sir, who was standing beside him watching the penetration, hummed. "Does that feel good?"

He groaned louder. "Yes, Sir."

"Bend over the pommel," Sir instructed.

Sub slowly leaned over the cushioned top, his cock still inside the sex toy. I had the perfect view of his cock disappearing into the Fleshjack, his balls drawn up tight, and the black butt plug that breached his hole. Sub brought his arms down. He was breathing heavier now. I could just imagine the self-control it took to stay still and not to start fucking the Fleshjack.

Then, with confidence and grace, Sir knelt on the left side first. Bending Sub's leg, he lifted his foot and maneuvered his leg to the leather bindings. He strapped the foot in first, then another clasp over the knee. Then he fastened his hand, slightly forward, so Sub's overall position wasn't too different from that of a motorcycle racer.

Only his ass was exposed and ready for a fucking.

Then Sir quietly and deftly fastened the right side. Sub was firmly fixed to the pommel horse, buckled in and completely unable to move. Sir stood, admiring the artwork that was his sub on offer before him. "How does that feel, Sub?"

"Very good, Sir," Sub said breathily.

Sir rubbed his hand in reassuring circles over Sub's back. "You look perfect."

Sub rolled his hips just a fraction, all that his bindings would allow, and moaned his response. “Thank you, Sir.”

“You want your reward now, don’t you?”

“If you’ll give it to me, Sir.”

Sir walked to the end of the pommel and stood behind Sub’s ass. He rubbed his hands slowly over his ass cheeks, tugging on the butt plug every other pass, rubbing over Sub’s balls and the stalk of his cock where it entered the Fleshjack. Sub moaned loudly.

“I’m going to take this out now,” he said, wiggling the butt plug. He slowly pulled it out, eliciting a high pitch sound from Sub. Sir dropped the butt plug and picked up the lube instead. “Mmm, look at you. All ready for me. You want your reward?”

“Yes, please.”

Sir stilled, then his hands fell away. “Yes, please what?”

“Sir. Yes, please, Sir,” Sub amended quickly.

“Mmm, that’s better,” Sir said, relaxing again. He poured a liberal amount of lube over Sub’s crack, letting it run into his stretched and ready hole. Sir stripped out of his jeans and slicked his bare cock with lube, then stood behind Sub. I double checked the scene specs. It was definitely bareback: no condom required, internal come.

My favorite.

Sir tapped his cock against the hole. “Is this your reward?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sub whimpered. “Please, Sir.”

Sir pushed into him, his thick cock sinking deep in one long thrust. Sub cried out, not in pain but in pleasure. “Oh, fuck!”

Completely at the mercy of the man behind him, Sub was lost in the sensation of having his cock buried in a sex toy, while a cock was buried in him. It was a dual pleasure—one I knew well—of topping and bottoming at the same time.

There wasn’t a feeling quite like it.

I could only imagine what it felt like being bound, tied down, as well. Every sense of touch was concentrated where it mattered most. Sub’s body was restrained for maximum pleasure, and Sir gave it to him. Sir’s cock slid in and out faster now, forcing Sub to fuck the Fleshjack with every thrust, and it wasn’t long before Sub cried out as he came.

Sir stilled inside him, buried to the hilt, while Sub rode out his orgasm.

“That’s it,” Sir groaned. “I can feel your ass sucking my cock when you come.”

Then he continued to fuck him. He never let him come down, he only took him higher. Sub cried out, his cock still sliding in and out of the Fleshjack as his ass was pounded.

Sir fucked him harder. “You like to come with a cock in your ass, don’t you sub. Like a good little slut.” He let his head fall back and he widened his stance, which changed the angle of how he fucked his sub. Sub was moaning non-stop now, each thrust seemed to elicit a new sound from him. Sir gripped Sub’s hips for leverage and just kept fucking him.

“You want to come again, don’t you Sub?” Sir panted.

“Yes, Sir. I can’t help it. You feel so good,” Sub’s voice was jerked in time with Sir’s thrusts.

“Well, I’m gonna bury a load deep inside you. Is that your reward?”

“Yes, Sir. Please, give it to me, Sir.”

“You’re not ready yet,” Sir said. “You’ll come again before I give it to you, you hear?”

“Oh God, yes. Sir.”

Sir leaned over Sub then, so his chest was almost pressed against Sub’s back, changing the angle his cock was buried inside him again. It was a different moan now, deep and rolling, like thunder. Sir gripped a different set of leather hand-holds on the pommel horse, making his shoulder and bicep muscles bulge and flex as he fucked him.

Sub gasped and let out a grated scream, and he came for the second time. This time Sir stopped; though he still had his cock in Sub’s ass, he let him ride this one out. Sir let go of the leather hand-holds and stood to full height. He rubbed circles on Sub’s back, and it was easy to tell that Sub was spent. Even though he was restrained, he was pliable now, his muscles completely relaxed. His softening cock slipped out of the Fleshjack, and a pearlescent string of cum dripped from the head.

“Now you’re ready,” Sir said. “Now you’re ready for my seed, aren’t you, Sub? When you give your body so completely, that’s when you get your reward.”

Sub could only moan.

Sir gripped his hips and fucked him, faster and without rhythm. He let his head fall back again. "Oh, you're a good slut," he said. "You're so warm and tight. My cock was made for your ass. You like your ass full of my cock, don't you sub?"

"Yes, Sir," Sub moaned. "Feels so good."

"You want your ass full of cum?"

"Yes. Please."

Sir thrust in sharply and cried out, his whole body flexing as he came. Sub moaned gratefully as Sir emptied his cock inside him.

It took a moment for him to come down from his orgasm high, but eventually, reluctantly, pulled out of Sub. Sub's ass gaped open a little before a trail of cum dripped out of him. Sir rubbed a hand on Sub's back, slow methodic circles, before he undid the clasps that tethered Sub to the pommel horse.

Then he maneuvered Sub's legs so his toes could touch the floor. He massaged the muscles in his legs. "Stand up for me, please?" It was still an authoritarian voice, but softer.

Sub put his feet flat on the floor and slowly righted himself. Sir put his arm around him and led him to the bed. "Lie down."

Sub did as he was told, then Sir proceeded to rub down the muscles in his shoulders, neck, and legs. Despite there not being a word spoken, and not a stitch of clothes between them, it seemed the most intimate part of the whole scene.

"How are you feeling?" Sir asked when he was done.

“Really good,” Sub answered sleepily. I didn’t have to see his face to know he was smiling.

“Very well,” Sir replied. “And just so you know, young sub, if you’re a good boy this week, you’ll get another reward.”

Sir left without another word, and when Sub started to snore softly, I made sure the room was secure and let him sleep.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Confessional Part 2

The room was set up for this scene, once again, with a confessional box in the center of the room and a bed. The lights were dimmed. I'd been looking forward to this scene, because I'd enjoyed the first one almost as much as the two men in the scene.

Again, the priest waited in the confessional box. His black hair matched his clothes, his head was bowed. When the door opened with a soft click, the priest raised his head so I could see his clerical collar, and he smiled.

The other man, who was still nameless, slid into the room, then into the empty side of the confessional box. He sat down, his back ramrod straight. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. My last confession was a week ago."

"I'm glad you came to see me again," the priest said. His voice was deep and calm. "How has your week been?"

"Long, and hard," the man answered. "I've um, I've tried to restrain myself, Father. But I... I failed."

"We are tested daily my son," the priest said. "Tell me your sins."

"Well, there's a guy at work. We finish our shifts together, and we use the showers at the same time."

"And?"

“And I watch him. When he’s all wet and has his head back in the water...”

“Have you touched him?”

“No.”

“Good. Do you want to?”

“Yes. Very much.”

“Do you fantasize about what you would do to him?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Tell me.”

“Father?”

“I cannot absolve you of your sins if I don’t know what they are.”

“I join him in the shower,” the man answered. “I drop to my knees and suck him while the water runs over his body.”

“Hmm,” the priest said. He rubbed his cock through his trousers. “Do you swallow his seed?” The man hesitated, so the priest added, “I need to know how sinful you are.”

“I swallow.”

The priest’s head falls back and he rubs himself harder. “Did you do anything else this week?”



“I watched pornography,” the man said. “Twice.”

“Did you masturbate to these films?”

“Yes.”

“Masturbation is a sin,” the priest told him.

“I’m sorry, Father.”

“I don’t believe you are. I believe you have every intention of sinning again and again.”

“I am weak to my desires, Father.” The man gave his denim-covered cock a squeeze.

“How do I find penance?”

“First, you must try to avoid such temptation. You must ignore it. Have faith in the greater good to look over you.”

“I will try. I can’t say no, Father. I crave the flesh of man, like a drug.”

“Hmm,” the priest said. “Yet you come to repent your sins. You seek absolution.”

“I don’t want to sin, Father.”

“Do you want the sacramental offering? It will wash clean your sins.”

“Yes, Father. Please.”

The priest stood up and slid the small mesh screen across. It was where a priest would normally pass sacramental bread through, a hole about fifteen by ten inches, very

conveniently placed at waist height. The priest faced the partition wall and undid his zipper. “Get on your knees and face the hole,” he demanded. “Close your eyes and open your mouth.”

The man did as he was told, kneeling on the built-in knee rest, facing the partition wall between them. His hands were clasped behind his back, his eyes closed, and his mouth open and waiting.

The priest pulled his cock from his briefs. It really was a gorgeous cock: thick, long, and uncut. Gripping the base of the shaft with one hand, the priest fed it through the hole. “This is my body,” he said, and placed the tip of his cock on the man’s lips. “This is my wine,” he said, pushing into his mouth.

The man on his knees sucked him in, as much as the confessional box/glory hole allowed. He sucked hard, like he was starving for it, until the priest pulled out with a moan.

“Thank you, Father,” the man said.

“You’re not forgiven yet,” the priest said gruffly. “I told you to avoid temptation, yet you didn’t even try.”

“Sorry, Father, I?—”

“Go and kneel at the foot of the bed,” the priest barked.

The man scrambled to his feet and darted out of the confessional box to do as he was told. He was quick to get into position: kneeling, hands clasped behind his back, head bowed.

The priest waited in the confessional for a moment. He left his trousers unzipped and

his cock out, then walked with slow, confident steps to the man who was on his knees and waiting.

The priest stood in front of him, his protruding cock right near the man's face. "Can you avoid temptation?"

"Oh, Father," the man said breathily. The waiting cock was right in front of him. He licked his lips and swallowed hard.

"Do you want it?" the Priest asked, pumping his cock.

"Yes."

"Can you resist it?"

"I'm trying, Father." The man leaned in and ran his nose along the side of the shaft. "It smells so good."

"Keep resisting," the Priest said.

Then the man slid his cheek along the cock before him. He closed his eyes and rubbed his face all over the cock. "I can't resist it, Father."

The Priest moaned. "You are quite the sinner."

"I need to atone for my sins, Father."

"Is that so?"

"Yes." The man nodded hard. "If it pleases you."

The Priest smiled, and with a single finger, he lifted the man's chin. "Open your mouth and you shall receive."

He opened his mouth wide and flattened his tongue, then slowly closed his eyes.

The priest took a firmer hold of the man's jaw and put the head of his cock on the man's tongue. The Priest's voice was low and gruff. "May this consecration of the body obtain for all who receive it, redemption."

And then he pushed his cock into the man's mouth. He moaned loudly, his lips quickly sucking him in. The Priest took a fistful of the man's hair and guided him until his balls were on the man's chin. "Oh, you sin so good."

The man swallowed around him, and the Priest groaned before pulling out quickly. He roughly grabbed the man's chin between his finger and thumb. "You aren't to drink from me until you are repentant."

"Yes, Father," the man said. "I need to repent the sins of my body."

"Mmm." The priest put his hand on the kneeling man's head. "Last week did you feel absolved? Did I cleanse your body and mind of all impure thoughts?"

"Yes, Father."

"Yet, you continue your wicked ways." The priest pulled back the man's head by his hair. "Do you need purification or punishment?"

"Both, Father," the man whispered. "Punish me so I may be pure."

"Very well. Strip from your clothes."

The man rose to his feet and did as the priest said, though he was quick to stand with his feet apart, his hands behind his back and his head bowed.

“I will not show mercy,” the priest whispered.

“I am grateful,” the man answered.

“Get onto the middle of the bed. On your knees and face the cross.”

The man did as he was told, and still wearing his priest clothes with just his cock hanging out, the priest slicked his rigid length with lube. He knelt on the bed and moved into position behind the man. The priest slicked the man’s ass and lined his cock up at his hole and gripped his hips with both hands. “Penitent,” the priest called him. “I will fill your body, your soul. You will take me, all of me, and your body will drink what I give you to wash away your sins.”

Then he pushed his cock into him, in one hard thrust. The man cried out and almost fell forward, but the priest was quick to put one arm around his chest and keep him in position.

On his knees, facing a cross.

And just as he said, he showed no mercy. He fucked him hard.

The priest kept the man’s back against his chest and relentlessly slammed up into him. “Look at how you take a cock.”

The man moaned and arched his back, pushing his ass back for more, and he jacked his own cock. “Oh, F-f-f-father,” he stammered with every pounding. “Fill me.”

The priest pushed the man forward then, and he fell onto all fours. “On your hands

and knees.” The priest never stopped fucking. “Show me how sorry you are.”

The man gripped the bed sheets in one hand and kept jerking his cock with his other. He lowered his head so he was almost bowing down in front of the cross. His ass raised high and filled with cock, he moaned long and loud. “I’m sorry, Father.”

The priest slammed into him. “You will take your penance. You will take every drop.”

The man cried out, “Yes, Father,” as he came, his cum painting white stripes on the bed.

The priest gripped the man’s hips and slammed into him again as he came deep inside him. He grunted as he emptied his cock in the man’s ass, buried in as far as he could be. Eventually he slowed, with a few final thrusts as his orgasm subsided. He pulled out of him and got off the bed. “Suck me clean,” he demanded.

The man did. “Did I absolve my sins, Father?”

The priest lifted the man’s chin. “I don’t think you’re done yet.” He paused. “Will you be at confession next week?”

The man nodded. “I think I’ll need it.”

The priest drew a cross on the man’s forehead with his thumb, leaned down, and planted a kiss to the man’s lips. “Go forth and sin. Then you can beg for forgiveness.”

With that, the priest walked out and the man on the bed smiled.

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Virgin Tales 3

This was the third scheduled meeting between these two men, and I think I was probably more excited for it than they were.

This time it was Dale who waited. He sat on the end of the bed, waiting, waiting, and waiting some more.

He looked again at his watch, then up at the mirror, clearly knowing he was being watched. He raised both eyebrows and sighed, wearing his disappointment like his jacket.

Dale was the older of the two, in his early thirties. Handsome, confident and he had those sexy little crinkles at the corner of his eyes when he smiled. Sean, on the other hand, was young. Just eighteen, a college kid who first visited the club to have his V card revoked. He was naïve, in the way most virgins are, and he'd scored big when he was paired with Dale. Dale had taken such good care of him, and given this was their third meeting, it was clear they had chemistry.

Normally it was Sean who sat and waited, but tonight the roles were reversed. Dale waited, and Sean was late.

Dale glanced again at the mirror, to where I was sitting, watching. "Has there been a cancellation?"

I hesitated in answering, not wanting to intrude, but he'd asked me a direct question. I cleared my throat and pressed the intercom button. "No. He'll be here."

I stopped short on saying anything else, like “the kid’s got it bad for you. Believe me, he’ll be here.” Because the kid did have it bad for him. And with how disappointed Dale clearly was, Sean obviously wasn’t the only one who felt something.

Just then, the door opened and Sean all but ran in. He was panting like he’d ran the whole way. He had a backpack with him, which he tossed to the floor, and he grinned, out of breath. “I’m so sorry. One of my lectures ran really late. Man, I thought you might have bailed.”

Dale stood up slowly, unable to hide his smile. “I thought you might have stood me up.”

Sean barked out a laugh and shucked out of his coat. “Not likely. I’ve been thinking about tonight all week.”

Dale walked over to him. “Did you run here?”

Sean exhaled slowly, trying to get his breath under control. “Yeah.”

Dale smiled, almost shyly. He ducked his head a little, and when he looked up, he leaned in and kissed Sean’s lips. “I’ve been thinking about tonight all week as well.”

Sean put his hand to Dale’s jaw and kissed him, deeper this time, and Dale let him lead. When he pulled away, he licked his lips; his eyes were darker now. “So I was thinking I’d be in charge this time.”

Dale quirked an eyebrow, and he fought a smile. “Is that right?”

Sean nodded. “I think we should see if I’ve learned anything these last two weeks.”

Dale paused a moment. “Have you practiced with anyone else?”



Sean shook his head. "Only with you and the fantasies in my head." Then he smiled slowly. "Would you have been jealous?"

Dale tried to laugh it off, but the set of his jaw and uncertainty in his eyes said otherwise. "Just wondering, that's all."

"Have you been with anyone else this week?" Sean countered. He tilted his head a little and met Dale's stare without backing down.

"No."

Sean smiled again. "Good, then I might have to make you cum twice to make up for it." Dale chuckled, but Sean didn't waste any time. He took Dale's hand and put it to the front of his jeans. "I've had this hard-on since I left here last week. No matter how many times I jerk off, it's not enough."

Dale gave Sean a squeeze. "Jesus."

Sean pulled Dale's shirt from his trousers and unbuttoned it. "First thing you taught me was to worship my lover's body," he said, planting his lips to Dale's collarbone. He pulled the shirt off his shoulders and kissed up Dale's neck. "And not to be shy in saying what I want."

Dale let his head fall back as Sean lavished his neck. "What do you want?"

"You," Sean answered quickly. "I want to kiss every inch of you, I want you to be putty in my hands, and I want to smell like you when I leave here."

Dale moaned. "Fuck."

"Oh, I'll do that too," Sean murmured against his jaw. He ran his hands over Dale's

back, down and over his ass, before bringing his hand around to cup the bulge in Dale's trousers. "Sit on the bed."

Dale did as he was told, and Sean knelt at his feet. He undid the laces of his shoes and pulled each shoe off carefully, then he did the same with the socks. He massaged each foot a little before placing his feet back on the floor. Sean put his hands on Dale's thighs and made a show of slowly pushing his hands up to his hips.

Dale rolled his hips up, not being shy about where he wanted Sean next. Sean laughed and pulled at Dale's belt, unbuckling him roughly. Then he popped the button and gently let down the fly. He stood, fisted the hems of Dale's trouser legs and pulled them off his body, leaving them in a crumpled mess on the floor. He quickly went down to his knees, his hands on Dale's hips. He slowly pulled down his briefs, freeing Dale's cock.

Sean hummed as he licked the length, flattening his tongue, and then sucking the head into his mouth.

Dale moaned, and his head fell back as he let the pleasure wash over him. Then, like he couldn't not look, he brought his head forward again and bit his bottom lip as he watched Sean's lips slide up and down his shaft.

"I could so easily come in your mouth right now," Dale ground out. "You fucking turn me on so much."

Still holding the base of Dale's cock in his fist, Sean pulled his mouth off. "Do it. I'll make you cum twice, I swear. Let me taste you, please." Then he flicked his tongue over the frenulum before taking him all the way in.

Dale took a handful of Sean's hair and lifted his hips as he came down Sean's throat. "Oh, fuck!" he cried. His hips jerked and his thighs trembled as his orgasm ripped

through him.

Sean gagged a little but swallowed it down and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and grinned. Dale fell back on the bed with a laugh. “Jesus Christ!”

“Good, huh?”

“Who taught you how to do that?”

“You did.”

Dale laughed again. He lifted his arm, but it fell heavily back to the mattress. “Well, you’re a quick learner.”

Sean tapped his leg. “Scoot up the bed.” He pulled his shirt over his head, toed out of his shoes, and pulled his socks off. He undid his jeans and pulled them down, briefs and all. When he stood upright, his cock jutted proudly from his body. He crawled up Dale’s body, only stopping to kiss his hipbones and suck his nipples. He nuzzled into his neck and gently nipped his teeth at Dale’s jaw before kissing him hard.

Sean tilted his head so he could kiss him even deeper, and Dale’s hand reached blindly in the air. He was thoroughly owned by that kiss. I was fairly sure Dale was the one getting schooled here, not the other way around.

Sean pulled his mouth away, his lips kiss-swollen, his eyes dark and heavy lidded. Then he shuffled up a bit further so he straddled Dale’s chest. He gripped his erect cock and bit his lip.

“Tell me what you want,” Dale said.

“I want you to suck me,” Sean whispered. “Like this.”

Dale didn't hesitate. He reached up for a pillow and stuffed it under his neck. Then he gripped Sean's hips and pulled him forward a little; he opened his lips and he took Sean's cock into his mouth.

Dale's hands were everywhere. Roaming all over Sean's hips, his ass, his thighs, his stomach. He cupped his balls and he sucked him, hard.

"Oh, God," Sean moaned. "Fuck. Oh yeah, that's so good."

Dale pulled off Sean's cock, lifting it up so he could tongue his balls instead. "You wanna come in my mouth, or inside me?"

Sean groaned at the words. "Both."

"Mmmm," Dale hummed, quickly sucking Sean's cock back into his mouth. He worked him over, taking him in as deep as he could.

Sean thrust in and out, his hands pressed to the wall as he fucked Dale's mouth. He flexed taut with a cry, his hips lurched as he came, but Dale never let go. He simply swallowed around him, making Sean gasp and moan. "Fuuuuuuuuuuck."

Jesus. They were both doing each other in.

Still leaning against the wall, Sean caught his breath while Dale licked him clean. Sean twitched and laughed, moving back down the bed a bit. He kissed Dale's mouth, no doubt tasting himself on his tongue. It was a long kiss, a slower kiss, softer. Eventually Sean pulled away. "Roll over."

Dale's eyebrows rose and he smirked, but he did as he was told. He stretched himself out, spreading his arms and legs wide. Sean climbed off the bed to collect a condom and lube and throw them on the bed. Then he straddled Dale's ass and pressed his

thumbs into his back muscles. Dale moaned. “Oh, God.”

Sean pushed upwards, massaging his shoulders and the back of his neck. “You’re stressed,” Sean said.

“Work,” Dale mumbled into the pillow. Then in what was the first offer of personal information, Dale added, “I closed a major deal this week.”

“Shouldn’t you be relieved?” Sean asked, not stopping his massage.

“Partly,” Dale answered. “Now I need to actually do the job.”

“I bet you’re good at what you do,” Sean said, digging his thumbs into Dale’s shoulders.

Dale chuckled and turned his head. “I’m a corporate lawyer. I have to be good at what I do.”

Sean froze. “Corporate?”

Dale put his head up and eyed Sean. “Yes. You have a problem with that?”

“Only if you don’t have a problem with gross misappropriation of funds from CEO’s against their underpaid employees. It’s not just an economic liability but ethically reprehensible, not to mention the environmental catastrophe?”

Sean’s words were cut off by a burst of laughter from Dale. “I head a team of CSR lawyers. By our very definition we are the Corporate Social Responsibility sector. Making sure Corporations toe the line and conduct business ethically is what I do.”

Sean exhaled loudly and let out a laugh. “Oh.”

Dale smiled and relaxed his head on the pillow again. "Let me guess. First year?"

"Environmental economics."

"So you're smart?"

Sean laughed now and started to massage Dale's shoulders again. "Not as smart as you, by the sound of it."

Dale chuckled into the pillow. "I don't know about that. You have magical hands." He groaned. "That feels so good."

Sean leaned over him, letting his cock trace Dale's ass crack, as he worked over Dale's shoulders. "It sure does."

Dale lifted his ass a little. "Well, if you wanted me to be putty in your hands, you're doing a real good job."

"I haven't finished yet," Sean said. He shuffled back a bit, his cock now hard again. "I'm going to rim you first. I want to taste your ass."

Dale moaned and spread his thighs wider. "Yeah?"

"Mmmhmm," Sean said, leaning his face down toward Dale's ass. "Then I'll fuck you." He spread Dale's cheeks wide and licked over his perineum, flicking his tongue over his hole.

"Oh, fuck," Dale cried.

Sean did it again, this time he pushed his tongue in a little. It wasn't long before he was tongue-fucking him. Dale fisted the bedding and raised his ass the best he could.

"Yeah, just like that. Oh fuck!"

Spurred on by Dale's reaction, Sean licked and tongue-fucked him harder, and Dale was trying to buck back onto Sean's mouth. "I need you to fuck me."

Sean kneeled up and ripped open the foil packet. He rolled the condom down his cock, then slicked himself and Dale with lube. It was still probably far too much, but at least it wasn't as much as last time. Sean was learning fast.

He spread Dale's legs wider with his thighs. His cock hung heavy at his hole. "Are you ready?"

Dale lifted his ass in response.

Sean sunk inside him slowly. Dale moaned and Sean held his breath, only exhaling when he was fully seated inside him.

"Oh, fuck," Sean ground out. "You're so tight."

Dale arched his back, giving more of himself to Sean. All he could do was moan.

Then Sean began to move, slowly thrusting in and pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in. It was slower this time as well. Sean lay down over Dale's back and rolled his hips in a measured pace. He hooked his arms under Dale's shoulders and kissed the back of his neck.

Their size difference had seemed odd to me at first. Dale was bigger, thickset and broad, whereas Sean was the definition of a twink: thin, boyish. But they somehow made this look good. They somehow worked, fitting together like puzzle pieces.

Though this wasn't really fucking. There was a tenderness that I didn't get to see very

often in the club. Most men were just here to fuck, to have fantasies played out, to have certain needs met.

This was different. They were different.

“Oh, God,” Dale moaned. He arched his back again, raising his ass and head so Sean could kiss more of his neck. “Fuck yes. Like that.”

Sean thrust a little faster, he held on a little harder, both of them groaned as the intensity escalated. Finally Sean reared back, slamming into Dale one last time as he came. He grunted and groaned through his orgasm, his body twitched and jerked, and his eyes rolled back into his head as he filled the condom deep inside Dale.

“Fuck,” Sean panted. He collapsed on top of Dale.

Dale writhed underneath him and hummed contentedly. “Thoroughly.”

Sean pulled out of Dale but stayed, lying on top of him for a few breaths before rolling off him. He discarded the condom and collapsed back on the bed.

Dale rolled over to face him, then propped his head up on his bent arm. “That was really hot.”

Sean chuckled, a little embarrassed. “I didn’t make you come again.” Before Dale could answer, Sean’s stomach growled loudly, making both of them laugh. Sean rubbed his belly. “I was in a rush to get here. I didn’t eat.” Then he eyed Dale’s dick. “I could kill two birds with one stone... I could suck you off again. That way you come twice, and I get to eat.”

Dale laughed at that. “Spoken like a guy well and truly no longer a virgin.”



Sean's smile slowly died. "Does that mean we're done? I mean, not just tonight, but I mean for good?" He shrugged. "I only came here to lose my virginity, as you know, and we've well and truly accomplished that." He suddenly found the bed sheets very interesting. "Because if you don't want to see me anymore or because I'm no longer a virgin, then that's okay. But if you wanted me to check the form for us to meet again, I totally would."

Dale stared at him for a long, long moment. I thought he might be trying to think of a way to let the kid down gently, and Sean must have thought the same because he sat up and gingerly got off the bed.

The next words that came from Dale's mouth surprised me as much as they did Sean. "I could buy you dinner."

Sean spun around to look at him. "Dinner?" A slow smile spread across his face. "For real?"

Dale was still lying down, still confident. "Well, you are hungry."

Sean was grinning now. "I'd really like that." He put his knee on the bed and leaned over to kiss Dale softly. "I'd like that a lot."

"I would too." Dale ran his hand through Sean's hair and studied his face. "But I have to be honest with you. I'm not very good at relationships. I work a lot and that becomes a problem. That's why I come here. Uncomplicated sex." Dale took a deep breath. "But there's something about you...."

Sean grinned even wider. "Well, I have to be honest with you too. My mom calls me her little Dragon Fly because I can eat my own body weight in food in about thirty minutes." He patted his stomach again. "I might look skinny but I can eat . And if you're buying me dinner, then you should know that." He took Dale's hand. "And

about all that other stuff, we can talk about that over dinner. Because I really am hungry.”

Dale laughed. “Then let’s get you fed.”

As they collected their clothes from the floor and headed to the exit, they were both smiling, and talking non-stop about some environmental case I didn’t even begin to understand. The door closed behind them leaving absolute silence, and I sat there and smiled at the rumpled, empty room.

I didn’t know if what they had would last a week or a lifetime, but it was pretty damn amazing to witness the beginning of something new.

I loved my job, I loved watching men fuck, but watching them falling in love was even better. I sat back in my seat, signed off on the paperwork, turned the lights to the room off, and walked out, wondering what on earth I’d get to watch next.

~ The End

### Alien Abduction

I read through the scene outline I was about to oversee, and then I read it again. I'd seen a lot of weird shit at the club over the years, but this one was up there in the top five weirdest.

Or maybe it didn't even break the top twenty.

My perceptions had changed over my time here. When I'd first started, everything was weird.

Now, not so much.

But this one . . .

Some people's fantasies were out there.

To say the very least.

But they paid decent coin to have their fantasies played out, and all I had to do was oversee that it stayed within the outline, agreed on by all parties, and that everything was safe and consensual.

This participant would be completely bound and gagged for the duration, so I needed to ensure his safety at all times and that everything they did to him was on his list of requests.

The room was set up like a medical lab, of sorts. A bit industrial, a bit sci-fi. A padded bench sat in the middle of the room and an examination table with various equipment was laid out. There was also a fucking machine—a heavy-duty metal box with a long protruding arm equipped with a dildo of choice at the end. The device had a hammer motion, imitating thrusting, and was often used in prostate torture because it was relentless.

Next to that was a milking machine.

Whoever had signed up for this knew what they were in for.

A man walked in. Well, kind of. A man underneath a mask. An alien mask to be exact. Something straight out of a Battlestar Galactica cosplay convention, with a large cranium and beady eyes, and a row of spikes that ran from his eyebrows up over his head and down the back of his neck under his lab coat. He resembled a lizard almost.

A scientist alien lizard.

Not the weirdest thing I'd seen.

But then the doors opened and a huge beast came in, leading a normal man who was blindfolded, barefoot, and wearing what appeared to be pajamas.

The beast was over six and a half feet tall, three feet wide, built like a pro football player. He was purple and resembled the offspring of a warthog and an orc, wearing a long trench coat.

These masks weren't ever going to win an Oscar for special effects, makeup, or prosthetics, but they were effective enough. Especially when the lights dimmed.

“What are you doing with me?” the man asked, his voice strained. “Where have you taken me?”

Lizardman removed the human’s blindfold, and the man screamed when he saw the lizardman and struggled against his restraints. He was convincing. I’d seen less convincing acting in episodes of The Twilight Zone .

Then when the orc came into his view, the human struggled even harder, screamed even louder. And I could see why. The orc’s trench coat was gone and he was sporting a huge strap-on alien dildo. Purple and black, with ridges, and at least ten inches long.

Jesus.

The lizardman traced a long fingernail down the man’s cheek, and when he spoke, his voice was mechanical and robotic. “You bring me a human. Good, good,” he said. “Get him ready.”

The orc snuffled in assent and forced the human over to the padded workbench. He protested and tried to fight, but the orc was far too strong.

He forced the human face down onto the padded bench, shackled his hands to the metal rings, then ripped his T-shirt from his body, revealing a pale, muscular torso. Then the orc pulled the pajama pants down. The man struggled and fought, but the orc quickly had the human’s ankles cuffed and locked. Bent at the knee, hobbled with padded thigh cuffs, he couldn’t move. The man was lying face down with his cock and balls hanging off the end of the bench, his ass exposed, completely unable to move. He was a fly in a trap.

The lizardman inspected him, checking his restraints, and without breaking character, he said, “Are you comfortable, human?”

That was his cue, his script, to double-check he was okay.

The human gave a nod, which was for me as much as it was a signal for the scene to continue.

“Good.”

“What do you want from me?” the human asked, acting frantic now. “What are you doing to me?”

“You are human,” Lizardman replied. “You have something we need.”

“I don’t have anything!”

The lizardman cupped the man’s balls, pulling on them. “Yes, you do. We need to extract it.”

The human shook his head and fought, pulling on his arms and trying to move his legs as Lizardman began to stroke his cock. When he’d stopped struggling and let out a whimpered groan, Lizardman used the blindfold to gag him instead. He tried to protest around the material but Lizardman ignored him.

“Prepare the probe,” he ordered.

The orc grunted and retrieved the fucking machine.

The dildo was black, maybe eight inches long, with a slightly curved head. It was covered in lube, and the orc stood at the human’s exposed ass while the man was struggling and protesting again. I could make out muffled words like “nooo, please no” and “don’t, please don’t.”

But those weren't his safe words.

Then the orc lined the dildo up and forced it into his ass in one slow push.

The human groaned and shook, his cock now hard as the lizardman pulled on his balls, giving him time to adjust. "You will give us what we need. Your precious seed. It gives us life, and abducting humans is the only way we can get it."

Well, the script wasn't gonna win any Oscars either, but still...

Then the lizardman gave him a few long strokes and the human tried to fight it again, muffled protests and groans. But then he started the machine, slow at first, and the human bucked against his restraints, moaning around the mouth gag as the dildo pumped in and out of him.

"Prepare him for milking," Lizardman ordered, and the orc wheeled over a milking machine.

Very similar to the ones a farmer would attach to a cow's udder. A long, cylindrical suction piece was fitted over the human's cock. His eyes went wide and he shook his head, but he was powerless to resist.

The orc gave Lizardman a nod, and Lizardman flipped the switch. The machine whirred and the suction cylinder locked onto the human's cock, and it began to simulate a sucking, pulling motion.

The human screamed behind the gag, his body flinching and pulling on the restraints. The fucking machine and the milking machine worked him over while the lizardman stroked his back. "This is a fine human," he said. "We might keep this one as our pet and milk him every day."

The man groaned and whined as he came the first time. The milking machine hummed and slurped wet sounds as he filled the cylinder.

The orc ran his hands over the human's back and down over his ass.

"Now?" the orc asked.

"Not yet," Lizardman replied. "We get what we need, then we can have our turns."

Jesus.

Yes, this human was going to go through it tonight.

He was going to get every single thing he requested and paid for.

He jerked in his restraints, groaning louder, thrusting, and trying to get free of the milker.

I could only imagine how sensitive he felt right now.

And the way the fucking machine just never stopped. Ramming into him over and over, making the human cry and beg.

So they made it go harder, deeper, staying inside him for a full two seconds before sliding almost all the way out before ramming back into him.

He began to shudder and shake, groan and whine. That line between pain and pleasure was indistinguishable as he began to come again.

Lizardman held the milker and the human cried out as he poured a second load into the cylinder. He was milked of every drop, almost screaming with the force of it. His



body was taut, every muscle straining, and he shook as the milker still pumped and the dildo still fucked.

It was not to be turned off.

“Good human,” Lizardman said. He stroked the man’s balls again, making him cry out, trying to pull away, unable to move. Twitching and trembling, his whole body racked with convulsions.

The sounds he made were barely human, and I had to wonder if he would safe-word.

“Now?” the orc asked again, his voice deep and gruff. “Now, now, now.” He snuffled and grunted, his tusks at the back of the human’s ass. “Want turn, want turn.”

“Okay,” Lizardman said. “Now it’s your turn.”

The human lay on the padded bench, his head hanging, completely spent. There was no resisting on his cuffs now, even though the milking machine still pumped and sucked.

But now it was the orc’s turn.

Lizardman turned off the fucking machine and slowly pulled the dildo out. The human groaned around his gag, his asshole gaping. But then the orc moved into place behind him, and the human’s head shot up, fully aware that this wasn’t over yet. The orc poured lube over his huge alien dildo cock, smothering every ridge and bump, snuffling and grunting excitedly as he did.

The human couldn’t see him—it was all happening behind him—but his eyes were wide and he was beginning to struggle against the restraints again. Lizardman cupped his face. “Ever been fucked by an alien cock before?”

The man screamed and shook his head.

“I promised him he could have a turn. Be a good human and take it.”

The human shook his head again, moaning and pleading around his gag.

“Now relax, and this won’t hurt,” Lizardman said, still holding his face. “Much.”

The orc gripped the human’s hips from behind and rammed his huge purple alien cock inside him.

The human screamed, trying to twist out of the restraints, and Lizardman held his face. “Good human,” he said. “Take it. Just take it. Take it all. I think you have more come in you yet. You need to be a good human and give it to me.”

The human groaned, long and low, his neck corded with the strain.

The orc grunted and howled, feral sounds, as he fucked him. Rough and hard, he rammed into him over and over, all while the milking machine still sucked and pumped his cock.

“Take his cock,” Lizardman urged. “Take it all. Let him have his fun, little human. You like that big alien cock in your ass? I think we might keep you. Keep you tied up like this to use as we want whenever we want.”

“No,” the human cried, shaking his head. “No, no.”

So the orc fucked him harder.

The human cried out again, shaking and sobbing as he came again. The milking machine whirled and slurped, and the human jerked and convulsed.

The lizardman took pity on him and raised his hand. “Orc, enough.”

The orc let his head fall back and he howled, pulling the dildo out and stepping back.

Lizardman unclipped the milking machine and the human yelped and shuddered as it was removed. His asshole was gaping, and he groaned as he let his muscles relax.

Lizardman kneeled near the human’s head, pulling his head up by his hair. “Foolish human, we’re not done with you yet.”

He tried to protest, so Lizardman removed the gag. “Speak, human.”

He shook his head. “No, no. Please, no.”

The orc kneeled in front of the human so he could watch as he removed the strap-on alien dildo. Only to undo his pants and pull out his large human cock. He was fully erect—must have been a solid eight inches long. Not as big as the alien dildo, but damn, not far off.

The human shook his head again and began to cry. “No, no.”

“Oh, yes,” Lizardman said.

The orc slicked his erection with lube and fed it into the human’s ass, all the way, right to the hilt. He let his head fall back with a groan.

Lizardman kept his hands on the human’s face, looking him in the eye. “Such a fine human specimen, taking his big cock.”

The human cried out with every thrust, and soon the orc thrust in one last time with a roar as he came deep inside him.

The human moaned with every pulse.

“Such a good human,” Lizardman whispered. “You’re almost done.”

The orc pulled out, dripping come as he did, and he howled, dragging his hand up the human’s back as the lizardman took his turn.

He pulled out his cock and tapped the head at the human’s gaping, used hole, making the human cry out.

“Put something in his mouth,” Lizardman said. “Shut him up.”

The orc gripped the human’s hair, forced his head up, and shoved his spent cock in the human’s mouth. He struggled and gagged until the lizardman thrust into his ass. No lube, though his ass was dripping.

They spit-roasted him, forcing him to take it at both ends, and the lizardman fucked him hard.

Like, hard.

He slammed into him over and over, making him gag on the orc’s cock with every thrust. He came with a roar, balls deep, jerking with every shot he put in him.

The orc pulled his cock free and the human slumped, completely spent.

Lizardman fought to catch his breath, still buried in the human’s ass, while the orc undid the cuffs and restraints.

The human groaned, letting his limbs fall heavily. Lizardman pulled out, and then together the orc and the lizard helped the human stand.

They took off their masks, and as they assisted him with aftercare, the three of them chatted and laughed. According to the notes, the three men would move to the sauna and hot tub.

And with a wave to me behind the one-way glass, the alien abduction scene was done.

Another one for the long list of weird shit I've had the privilege of seeing at the Gay Sex Club.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Pony Play

The room was set up like a stable—railings and saddles, bridles, bales of hay, some riding crops, spurs. And a small metal frame that was, according to my notes, a horse crush, a device used to stabilize horses to restrict movement for veterinarian visits and breeding programs.

Yep.

A breeding station.

This crush itself was smaller than a standard-sized horse crush. This wouldn't fit an actual horse, but it would fit a human on all fours role-playing as a horse. It was sturdy and had a padded frame to support the pony's weight and to keep it in place.

I'd seen my fair share of pet play in my time at the club.

Not just horses, but also dogs and cats. More puppy play than anything, and I hadn't seen a pony play scene in a while.

I read the scene outline and was up to date with what was about to take place. What the participants would do, say, and most importantly, what they were not to do.

Membership to this club was exclusive and expensive, and only rarely did anyone overstep. Certainly not on my watch. Thank god.

As the scene began, a woman dressed as a farmhand entered. Faded jeans, riding

boots, and a plaid shirt. Her hair was in a messy bun. I recognized her. We didn't have many female staff at the club. She was one of a few and would often work supporting roles in a scene, as I assumed she was in this one.

Considering she was leading in a pony on a lead, it was pretty obvious.

The pony was a man. He was on all fours, wearing a leather pony mask, with pointed ears and a mane down to the nape of his neck. He was fitted with a bridle and two horse-hoof gloves on his hands. His leather pants were split down the ass, and he was fitted with a butt plug, which sported a high horse's tail.

The tail was long, probably real horsehair at a guess. And he swished it as he trotted proudly beside the woman leading him. She walked him around the room, stopping by a bale of hay.

"Good boy," she said, stroking his mane. "Such a good pony."

He nodded his head up and down, whinnying in response.

Then the other door opened, and in walked a straight-backed woman wearing jodhpurs, a dressage jacket, and riding boots. She was stoic, with her nose raised, her hair in a tight bun. She looked expensive.

As did the horse she led in.

And if the other guy was a pony, this man was a stallion.

A man with expensive black leather horse-hoof mitts on his hands. His horse mask was also black with a long mane, and his long shiny tail was part of an intricate leather harness. He wore leather pants clipped with saddle buckles, and his long, thick cock hung heavy.

He was glorious.

He trotted into the stable like the king he was, his head high, his tail swishing. He sniffed the pony, keeping his head high and stomping his hooves, asserting his dominance and his anticipation for what was about to take place.

The smaller pony shied away and neighed. His handler controlled him with the bridle, soothing him with long strokes down his shoulder, just like you would a horse. “Shh, boy. Nice and easy.”

The stallion charged at him this time, and the pony shied, struggling against his reins and whinnying loudly.

“Control your pony,” the other woman barked.

“He’s nervous, is all,” the country woman replied.

The stoic woman eyed the pony. “He’s small.”

“Oh, he’s a mighty fine pony,” the farmer said. “Perfect breeding stock.”

The stallion nosed closer to the pony, braying loudly, and the pony shied away again, neighing.

“If he’s skittish, he goes in the crush. No ifs, ands, or buts. I won’t have my prized stallion injured.”

The farmer nodded. “Yes, ma’am.” Then she led the pony around the room, circling him back to walk into the crush. He shied and bucked a little, but she pulled him through and closed the crush gate behind him. Before she could tie off his reins, he banged his side into the frame of the crush.



The stoic woman pointed her riding crop at his hind legs. "Hobble him."

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, quickly clipping the cuffs on his hoof mitts to the padded frame so he couldn't move, then fixed a thigh spreader to his hind legs, effectively ensuring he couldn't move.

She then tied his reins to the top of the crush, keeping his head secure.

"Hm," the stoic woman said. "He presents well."

"He's a very fine pony, ma'am."

"My stallion seems to agree," she said, giving the stallion enough reins to sniff the pony and nudge at his ass. "Fix his tail," she ordered.

The farmer woman slowly pulled out the tail, the large butt plug leaving a gaping hole. She poured lube down his crack and over his hole, and the stallion began to nod his head and snort.

He was eager and kept trying to mount the pony, his huge cock swinging between his legs, and the woman lightly tapped her riding crop to his buttock. "Steady on," she demanded.

She paraded him around the breeding station, bringing him up to the rear. She pulled the reins over the crush and he reared up on hind legs, his front hooves on the pony's back, and he inched forward.

The pony brayed and the stallion nipped at his back and he inched forward again. The woman guided her stallion's cockhead into the pony's ass, then taking his reins, she pulled him forward.

All the way.

Jesus.

The pony brayed and whinnied, trembling all over, and the stallion bit the back of the pony's neck, snorting loudly, asserting his dominance. Once the pony stopped struggling, the stallion fucked him hard.

The pony moaned woefully, and the stallion snorted and neighed, rearing up with his hooves on the pony's back as he bred him, his horse cock buried deep.

The stallion snuffled and nodded his head as he backed out of the pony, his wet cock slipping out.

"I think you'll find your pony well-bred," the stock woman said, taking the reins and giving her stallion a pet. But the stallion nodded and brayed again, pulling on his reins. "Oh," the woman said. "On second thought, it seems he wants another turn."

The stallion mounted the pony again, sliding his cock straight back in. The pony cried out, neighing and nodding his head, while the stallion kept his hooves on the pony's back. He bucked and bucked, ramming the pony hard, and when he was balls deep and let out a loud whinny, he bred the pony again.

He snorted, nodding his head up and down, and this time when he slipped out of the pony, his cock was spent.

Breathing hard, the stallion stomped his foot on the ground, signaling he was done.

The pony threw his head back in response, braying softly. His asshole was gaping and leaking come.

Well-bred indeed.

When the stoic woman led the stallion out of the room, the farmer undid her pony's hobbles and untied his reins. "Such a good pony," she said. He neighed and shook out his mane. "Let's get you back to the stable."

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### Hotel Room Anon

Tonight's scene was one I'd seen a hundred times. Not to say that I was bored with it. Quite the opposite, actually. This scene never got old and never failed to be hot.

A hotel room anonymous come dump.

The room was staged as a hotel room. Queen-size bed, bedside table and lamp, and not much else but for a naked, blindfolded man positioned on the edge of the bed, with his ass raised and ready for whoever walked through the door.

His name tonight was Caleb. It was the only detail I had on him—not unusual. And chances were, Caleb wasn't his real name.

But tonight Caleb was expecting eight visitors. Eight anonymous men would take turns walking through the door, fucking him however they wanted, then simply walking out. Well, men seven and eight would walk through together for a tag-team effort.

No role-playing, no games, no dialogue. Just fucking, coming deep in Caleb's ass, and walking out.

Each man to walk through the door would be wearing a yellow wristband. That way I knew they were legitimate participants. They were given a wristband when they arrived and signed in, and if anyone walked through that door without one, I hit the alarm and security would burst through that door in a second.

Not that we expected that kind of trouble in this club. But rules were rules, and I liked rules.

Anon come dumps were a common thing on most porn sites. Most were a Craigslist or Grindr special; most were sketchy and dangerous. This was a controlled environment where each participant's testing status was on record. Caleb, the man who was paying to have eight men come in his ass, was in safe hands.

A lot of safe hands.

Caleb knelt on the edge of the bed, his forehead on the mattress, arms beside his legs, his ass high and waiting.

The first man came through the door, wearing jeans and a black T-shirt, sneakers. "Damn, look at that ass," One said, rubbing his hand over the man's ass cheek, inspecting the hole. "Fresh virgin ass too. Gonna fuck that first load in real deep."

One gave himself a squeeze and undid his jeans but left himself tucked away for now. He poured lube down Caleb's ass crack. And that was the only courtesy he afforded him, because then he pulled out his dick, lined it up, and pushed his way in.

Caleb gripped the bedcovers and groaned. He instinctively leaned forward, away from the intrusion, but One grabbed his hips and pulled him back, hard, forcing his cock all the way in.

"Oh no, you're not going anywhere. You wanted this cock, you fucking take it."

Caleb moaned, his back arching, but he took it.

And god, did he take it hard. No mistaking it, the first man was there to fuck. He drilled into him, gripping his hips, unforgiving, and he came with a roar.

One shook and shuddered, and Caleb groaned as he took it deep. One pulled out, his cock wet and heavy, and he simply tucked himself back in, did his jeans up and walked out.

Just like that.

Caleb hadn't even had time to straighten up before man two walked in. Two was a tall thin man, wearing black sweatpants and a gray T-shirt. He simply walked over, ran his hand up and over Caleb's ass, then pulled his sweatpants down at the front, took out his cock, and with the barest of lube, he grabbed Caleb's hips and drove his cock inside him.

Caleb grunted and gripped the bedcovers, and Two hammered a quick load into him.

He never made a sound.

Then he tucked himself back in and walked out.

I'd witnessed countless come dumps and the quiet ones always kinda weirded me out. I don't know why. They weren't here for conversation, there was no pretense, no requirements, but still. Could've grunted a thanks or slapped his ass or something.

Caleb sat up on his knees, stretching his back, then positioned himself at the very edge of the bed, his toes hanging off, and he knelt back down, his forehead on the mattress, his ass in the air.

His hole was pink, a little open, a little wet.

Hot as fuck.

Then in walked man three. Three wore leather pants, a white T-shirt, and motorbike

boots. He was easily fifty years old, and I might have thought he'd walked into the wrong room but for the yellow wristband he wore.

"Well, look what we have here," he said, walking over to Caleb. "Look at this pussy just here for the taking." He ran his hand over Caleb's ass, spreading his hole open, giving it a bit of a shake.

Caleb moaned.

"You shouldn't leave your pussy out like this, boy. Someone might just come along and plug it up."

Caleb stretched his back, raising his ass higher, and Three chuckled. "Oh, now you're just asking for it. You teasing me? You want a good plugging, boy?"

"Yes," Caleb replied, his tone pleading. "Please give it to me."

Three unzipped his leather pants and pulled out his huge uncut cock. Wow. I almost wished for Caleb to take his blindfold off so he could see how hot this guy was.

He smeared a little lube, then tapped his cock against Caleb's hole. Then he pushed in a little but not enough, and he kept doing that until Caleb whined. "Please, please, sir."

So Three gave it to him.

He sunk in slowly, right up to his balls, and Caleb groaned louder with every inch. And when I thought he couldn't get in any deeper, he drove Caleb up the bed, climbing on after him and pushing on Caleb's back, flattening him to the mattress as he impaled him.

Caleb cried out, his toes curling and his hands trying to find purchase in the bedding.

Three held him down and slammed into him over and over. “How’s your pussy feel now, boy?”

Caleb’s voice was high and tight. “So . . . good . . .”

“You want me to plug you right up?”

“Yes, please . . . yes, god, yes.”

I couldn’t see much from this angle. Just riding boots and leather pants and Caleb’s legs spread wide underneath him.

Three jackhammered into him. “Fuck, yes, boy,” he bit out and he stilled with a cry as he came. “Fuck, oh fuck.”

Caleb moaned like a grateful whore as Three pumped a load into him.

Then Three pulled out and backed off the bed. He tapped Caleb’s leg before he did his pants back up. “I’ll put a load in you anytime you want one, boy,” he said. Then he walked out.

Caleb groaned as he got back into his position at the end of the bed. “I know someone’s watching this,” he said.

I was listening. I cocked my head, about to press the intercom button.

“Make a note in my file. Number three can fuck me anytime he wants.”

I laughed and hit the intercom. “Noted.”



Caleb was still smiling when number four walked in.

He wore a business suit, jacket, tie, and all. His black shoes were shined and expensive looking. He exuded confidence and wealth, and when he took his jacket off, he revealed a fine ass in those tailored pants and a fitted business shirt that highlighted his biceps.

He threw his suit jacket on the bed beside Caleb, and then he pulled off his tie. He undid a few buttons on his shirt and I got the feeling that the undress was part of the delivery.

“It’s a fine ass,” Four said. “And well used by the looks of it. Just how I like it.”

He unbuckled his belt, then his suit pants, and freed his cock.

But then he knelt on the bed and took a fistful of Caleb’s hair. “Suck my dick,” he demanded. “Wet my cock before I fuck you with it.”

With the blindfold still on, all Caleb could do was open his mouth and wait. As soon as that cock touched his lip, he latched on, sucking greedily.

“Oh, yeah,” Four said. “You like the taste of my cock?”

Caleb hummed, sucking and slobbering all over him.

Four enjoyed that for a few passes before he hissed and pulled out. Then he backed off the bed, his cock wet and red, the mushroom head swollen.

He stood at Caleb’s ass. “You don’t need lube,” he said. “Your hole’s wet enough.”

He pressed his fat cockhead against Caleb’s hole and drove it into him.

Caleb moaned and Four pushed his head into the mattress as he sank in up to his balls. “Oh, shit,” Four moaned. “Oh shit. That feels so good. You like my cock in your ass?”

“Fuck, yes,” Caleb bit out.

He was relentless, fucking him hard and deep, gripping his waist. His tempo increased, harder and faster, until he rammed in one last time, shooting his load in deep. He let his head fall back as he was racked with shudders, convulsions.

“Fuck yes, that feels so good,” he said, panting now, his head relaxed forward. He pulled out and slapped Caleb’s ass. “Damn near the best ass I’ve ever had.”

And he walked out, and not three seconds later, Five walked in.

He was a big man, tall and solid. He looked like he might have come straight off a golf course, with his sand-colored pants and a blue polo shirt. Hell, I think he even wore golf shoes. Maybe he did fit in a quick nine holes before coming here to fill hole number ten.

“Oh, fuck yes,” he said, undoing his belt. “Been waiting all day for this. And look at you with your ass up waiting for me. You need this as bad as I do?”

“Yes,” Caleb murmured.

“All those men get you ready for me?” he asked, inspecting Caleb’s hole. He stroked his big dick. “Fuck yes, you’re ready and waiting for my cock, huh?”

“Please,” Caleb begged. He put his forehead to the mattress and stretched his back, raising his ass. “Please, sir.”

Five gave a feral grin as he held the base of his cock and sank into Caleb's waiting hole. All the way, in one push, to the hilt.

Caleb bellowed at the intrusion, gripping the bedding. "Yes, yes, please."

Five fucked him long and slow, drawing out every thrust, every inch of pleasure. "Such a tight ass," he said, voice straining. "Wanna fuck you hard, bury a load deep."

"Do it," Caleb said. "Please."

Five knelt up on the bed and drove Caleb into the mattress so he could hammer into him. Rough, hard, deep, and Caleb took it all. Loved every second of it. "Yes, like that. Yes, sir."

Five came with a strangled cry, his cock buried to the hilt. He took a moment to catch his breath and pull out. "Damn, I could put another load in you."

"Do it," Caleb said. "Give it all to me."

There was nothing in the brief that said this was not allowed.

So Five clambered off the bed, pulled Caleb's leg so his ass was over the edge of the mattress, and sank back inside him. Balls deep and unforgiving. He gripped his shoulders, thrust in, over and over, until he stilled and groaned as he came again.

I could see his ass flex and his balls twitch as he emptied another load into him.

He groaned as he pulled out, his cock softening now. He inspected his handiwork, Caleb's gaping ass, as he did up his pants. "Fuck, that's beautiful. You ever need another service, you let me know. I'll put a load in you anytime."

Five walked out and Caleb gingerly crawled back onto the bed, into the ready position.

I hit the intercom. “You okay?”

“Oh god, yes,” he replied. “Take his number down for a repeat, please.”

I chuckled as I made a note in the file. So Caleb liked the big dicks. I didn’t blame him.

Six walked in wearing dark jeans and a black T-shirt. I’d seen him at the club several times and I knew what to expect when he pulled his dick out. I’d seen it before.

I didn’t know if Caleb did though. But boy, he was about to find out.

Six had a Prince Albert piercing. Not just a small bar, either. This was a huge stainless-steel ring. One of those twelve-millimeter types, right through the head of his cock.

He tapped his cockhead against Caleb’s hole before feeding his dick into Caleb’s ready ass.

“Oh god,” Caleb groaned.

Yep. Now he knew.

Six hissed as he sank all the way in. “You like the bull ring?”

“Fuck yes,” Caleb said, his voice tight.

He began a slow fuck in deep, then a long pull out, and an unhurried glide back in.

He fucked him so good.

He came with a low growl. Never hurried, never rough, just... powerful.

And when he was done and walked out, Caleb was left panting, his hole dripping from the men who'd been in the room.

Seven and Eight walked in together. This was a tag team, and maybe I'd have worried for Caleb, except I caught his smile as he straightened up.

"Look what we have here," Seven said, running his hand over Caleb's ass.

"A whore," Eight said. "In need of a good fucking, desperate for more. I think he needs a good spit-roasting."

"Fuck yes," Seven said, walking on his knees across the bed. He undid his jeans, pulled his cock out, then gripped Caleb's hair and shoved his dick in his mouth while Eight rammed his cock into his ass.

Caleb cried out and gagged, moaning as he took it at both ends.

They worked him hard. He took Seven's cock into his throat while Eight hammered into his ass. Two big cocks, relentless.

Moans filled the room, gagging and choking, skin slapping skin.

"Oh shit," Seven hissed. "Such a good slut. Gonna make me come sucking me like that."

"Want to try this?" Eight asked. He drove his hips up and rotated them, circling. "Fuck, it feels good."

Seven pulled out and gave Caleb's cheek a gentle tap. "Need to try that ass."

Eight pulled out, his cock rock hard. "It's good too. How's that mouth?"

"Hot." Seven clambered off the bed and they swapped places. He wasted no time, just rammed his cock into him, letting his head fall back, and he groaned. "Fuck. So wet."

Eight took Caleb's hair. "Open up," he said. "And clean my cock. You wanna taste your cummy hole?"

He sucked eagerly and both men worked either end of him, synchronized; it was almost poetic.

They weren't hurried. They didn't just dump and run. They took their time, pausing only briefly every so often to let their heads dropped back and moaned with the pleasure of it.

Then Seven reached underneath Caleb and took his cock in his hand. "Wanna feel you come with my cock buried deep," he said, stroking him.

Caleb moaned around Eight's dick, and soon he was breathing hard and gagging. Eight pulled out, his engorged cock wet and thick. He gripped Caleb's hair, yanking his head up. "You like that? You wanna come with your ass full of his cock?"

Caleb's voice was a whine. "Yes, please, sir."

Eight crashed his mouth onto Caleb's, forcing his tongue inside, still fisting his hair while Seven jerked him off, his cock buried to the hilt.

Caleb came with a cry, shooting come onto the bed, and Seven began to fuck him hard. "Yeah, you like that, don't you, slut?"

Caleb cried out. That line between oversensitive pleasure and pain was one I knew well, but Seven was unrelenting until he rammed into him one final time, gripping his hips hard and coming deep inside him with a roar.

When he pulled out, Caleb all but collapsed on the bed, panting and overused. Eight laughed as he got off the bed, pulling Caleb back to the edge of the bed. “You’re not finished yet, slut,” he said, then sank his cock back into him. “Oh, fuck yes, that feels good. You’re so full of come.”

Caleb moaned as Eight fucked the final load inside him. He rammed into him, gripping him tight and holding him down as his cock emptied inside him. He finished, panting heavily, and pulled out with a hiss.

“You wanna be a whore again, you keep me on your list,” Eight said.

“And me,” Seven added. “That was the hottest fuck I’ve had in a long time.”

They left Caleb on the bed and walked out of the room. And he just lay there. I was about to press the intercom and ask if he was okay when he pulled himself up and looked at the mirror where he knew I was watching. His hair was a mess, his eyes were heavy-lidded, his lips swollen. And he smiled.

“Before you ask,” he said quietly. “I’m so fucking good right now.”

I chuckled, because yes, I could see that he was.

I leaned forward and pressed the intercom button. “Want me to add Seven and Eight to the repeat list?”

He smirked. “Yes, please.”

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

### The Exorcism

Priest confessionals were a common theme for paid scenarios, and I always loved watching them. Something forbidden about a man seeking forgiveness and a priest giving it to him.

But today's scene was a little different.

The room was set up with the confessional box—a wooden setup with two compartments and a curtain for anonymity. They would usually speak through the privacy grill inside, where the sinner would confess to lurid thoughts about men and sex, and the priest would usually order him to his knees for penance and skull fuck the forgiveness into him.

But not today.

There was also an altar covered by a red sheet with religious paraphernalia propped atop it: a small wooden cross, a bible, rosary beads. Behind the altar was a huge black metal cross. A bit like a St. Andrews cross, but this was a religious cross... well, if hand shackles hanging from the crossbar could be considered religious.

The scene was titled Exorcism, and it was gonna be hot as hell.

Pardon the pun.

The first guy walked in wearing black pants and a shirt with a white clerical collar. He was maybe forty, had short brown hair, was about five foot ten, with a medium



build. For this scene, he'd be called Father.

Once he was in the confessional box with the curtain drawn, the second guy walked in.

He was a big man. Six foot five, easily. Thick shoulders, huge biceps, but that wasn't even the most striking thing about him.

He wore black leather, from his biker boots, leather pants, and a tight leather shirt. And he also wore a demon face mask covering his whole head, black and red, complete with red horns.

Jesus.

He squeezed himself into the confessional.

"Hello, my child," Father said. "Have you come to confess your sins?"

"Yes," the demon replied, his voice deep.

"How long since your last confession?"

"Eternity."

Father paused. "It can feel like that when we don't connect with God for a time."

"Hmm."

"What sins are you confessing today, my child?"

"I'm not your child," the demon said.

“Do you have a name you’d like me to use?”

“Master.”

Again, Father paused. It was all part of the script, but I guess a real priest in a confessional would give that name pause too.

“And your sins, Master?”

“I want men.”

“Sins of the flesh,” Father said. “Desire tries to tempt us all.”

“You misunderstand, human. I want to rule the world,” he replied, his voice deep, sinister. “I want to rule over man and have them beg at my feet. I want to take any man I want as my own, use him as I see fit. He will pray to me, and only me.”

“False gods?—”

“There is no false god, mortal,” the demon bellowed. “I am your god. There is only sin, and you will yield to me and only me.”

The priest paused again. “You need to pray, and I will pray with you.”

The demon burst out of the confessional. “You will pray, mortal!” He drew back the curtain to the priest’s side.

The priest yelped, and I had to admit, I’d probably have yelped too. This demon was huge and intimidating, and with the lights down low, he looked scary as fuck.

The priest gripped the cross around his neck. “Get back thee demon,” he said.

The demon laughed, and reaching in, he fisted the priest's shirt and pulled him out. "You will pray to me, human," he said, forcing the priest to his knees. "And I will show you mercy."

"No," the priest said. "You cannot take my soul."

"I don't want your soul," the demon said, unbuckling his leather pants. "I want your body. Starting with your mouth. Now open." He gripped Father's hair, pulling his head back, and forced his cock in. The priest gagged and choked, and the demon laughed. "Take the cock of your lord."

When the priest struggled and tried to push the demon away, the demon hauled him up to his feet and shoved him face-first against the altar, bending him over it. He ripped his pants off, forcefully—the kind that came away easily, but still. The priest struggled, but the demon was too big, too strong.

I had to say, as far as nonconsensual-acted scenarios went, this was pretty convincing.

"Pray," the demon said, pulling out his huge cock. "Pray to me."

"I will never," the priest said, still struggling.

The demon held him down easily. "I said pray," he yelled as he drove his cock into the priest.

The Father screamed and flailed, and the demon held him down by his arms, driving into him so hard the priest's feet were off the floor. The demon groaned, long and loud. "I said pray, human. Pray to my cock. Call me your new god."

Father struggled some more. "Never," he bit out, his voice pitching with every thrust.

“You will pray at this altar for me,” the demon said, grunting every time he drove his cock home. “You will worship my cock.”

“No,” the priest said with a renewed fight.

The demon laughed. “Yes, I love it when you mere mortals fight. Always resist at first, but you’ll be begging for it soon enough.”

Father flailed his arms and twisted his hips, trying to escape. “Never,” he said. “I resist, in the eyes of the lord.”

The demon grabbed Father’s wrists and, pulling out of him, then he led him to the cross. “I am your lord,” the demon said, enraged. “And you will worship me.”

He snapped Father’s wrists into the shackles, and he was unable to move, barely on his tippy toes. The demon stood back, his rock-hard cock jutting out from his leather pants, and admired his subject.

“Hm, I should rid you of these false clothes you wear. Strip you naked so you have nowhere to hide, human.”

Father tried to turn, but he was unable to move but an inch.

The demon ripped his shirt and white clerical collar off his body, and Father yelped. He was shackled, completely naked but his shoes and the cross he wore around his neck.

And unable to move.

“That’s better,” the demon said. He ran a hand down the priest’s back, over his ass. “These are the sins of the flesh I yearn for,” he murmured. “These are the sins you

will crave.”

The priest shook his head, struggling against the restraints. “Get thee Satan away from me.”

The demon took the priest’s hips in his hands and drove his cock up into him again.

Father cried out, his feet now off the floor. He was impaled by the huge demon’s cock, his body suspended.

“Oh yes, that’s it,” the demon said. “Cry and moan, you mortal fool. The sounds turn me on.”

His huge cock was fully embedded, and by the way the priest cried, I wondered if he would safe-word. I kept my hand on the button to end the scene, but no... he didn’t.

“Oh Father, who art in heaven,” he said as the demon fucked him, gasping the words in between thrusts.

The demon groaned. “I will be your new god,” he said. “You will pray only to me, beg for my seed.”

The priest moaned, his head dropping forward.

So the demon pulled his head back by his hair. The priest arched his back, now fully impaled on the demon’s huge cock, and he groaned, a mix of pain and pleasure.

“Pray to me, human.”

The priest moaned. “Yes,” he said meekly.

“Say it louder,” the demon demanded.

“Yes!” Father yelled. “Yes.”

The demon pulled his hair harder, whispering in his ear. “Yes, what?”

“My lord,” Father replied with a desperate sob. “My dark lord.”

The demon let his hair go so he could grip his hips again and began to fuck him against the cross. It was hard and rough, and Father’s moans were soon that of pleasure.

His cock, hanging down near the cross, began to leak.

“Will you take my cock?” the demon asked.

“Yes, my lord.”

“Will you bow at my feet?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Will you take my seed?”

“Yes. Yes.”

“A communion, I will give you my body and my seed,” he said, rocking the priest’s hips on his cock.

And then he pulled out.

“No,” the priest said. “My lord. Please give it to me, I am worthy.”

The demon unshackled his wrists, and the priest almost fell to the ground. The demon collected him and carried him back to the altar. He pulled the red altar cloth off and the wooden cross clambered to the floor. And he shoved the priest against the altar. Only now I could see the altar was a table with a hole at the end, fixed with a Fleshlight.

The demon held the priest, forcing the priest’s cock into the Fleshlight. “Oh!” the priest yelled. “Ugh.”

The demon bent the priest over, pushing him up against the altar, deeper into the Fleshlight. “You will come for me,” the demon demanded. “Give me your flesh and give me your seed. As I give you mine, so you will give me yours.”

He moaned when the demon sank his cock inside him, groaning with every thrust, every slam, every move. His feet were almost off the ground as he got held down and railed, his cock buried in the Fleshlight.

Father began to spasm, his legs quivering, and he cried out as he came into the sex toy. The demon still held him down, with his cock buried to the hilt. His head fell back and he growled as the priest came.

“Yes, give yourself to the pleasure,” the demon ordered.

The priest moaned now, his body racked with tremors. His cock was still embedded in the Fleshlight; the demon wasn’t done yet.

“Now give yourself to the pain,” the demon said, and he drove into him, over and over, getting faster, closer to completion. The priest whined and begged, struggling futilely, his oversensitive body at its limit.

The line between pleasure and pain was a fine one to tread.

With a final thrust in and a strangled cry, the demon shot his load deep inside the priest. His huge frame racked with waves of pleasure and he moaned, long and low, as his orgasm subsided.

“You’ve been saved by your dark lord,” the demon said, panting. “You take my cock, you take my seed as your savior.”

“Yes, my lord,” the priest rasped.

“And when I return, you will beg at my feet and take it again.”

“Yes. Yes, I will.”

The demon pulled out slowly, his long thick cock slipping out, glistening wet. He relieved the priest of the Fleshlight and the priest all but sank to the floor.

He was spent, used, and thoroughly sated.

The demon seemed pleased as he tucked himself back into his pants. His huge frame and long horns made an imposing figure standing over the man on the floor. He crouched down, lifting the priest’s face so he’d look at him.

“Hm, such a dedicated disciple,” he mused. “Be waiting, human. I’m coming back for you.”

The demon strode out of the room and the priest rolled onto his back with a sigh. Then he looked toward the mirror, to me, and he smiled.



## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

Straight As

This next scene was a common one in the club. I'd seen dozens of this scene and they never disappointed.

The size-difference dynamic and power play was always popular.

Today's scene was a student who failed his ancient history class.

I'd seen this guy a few times. He was popular, as the client who requested the scene or one who signed up as a participant. He was a very young-looking twenty-one-year-old. The definition of a twink.

When I'd first seen him last year, I damn near had a stroke trying to read the contract for his verification.

He damn near looked sixteen.

Five-foot-three, small build. Hell, I don't even think he shaved yet, not his face, anyway. He did have a tattoo on the back of his calf, which was the only thing that made him not look like a boy.

It didn't help that he shaved his balls. Zero pubic hair, and that helped with the daddy/boy fantasy. As did his big brown eyes and boyish looks.

So yes, he was popular.

Plenty of guys loved the teacher/student role-play, same with daddy/boy role-play, the scoutmaster/scout, or in this case, the coach/player.

The coach's office fit-out was a classic scene. There were baseball bats and basketballs, pennants, and trophies. And a large sturdy desk with special padded edges.

The first man walked in. The coach. He was a biggish man, clearly athletic by the way he filled out his suit pants and tight button-down. With his sleeves were rolled to his elbows, his muscular forearms were a sight to behold. He had dark hair, was maybe late thirties. He took his seat in the coach's chair behind his desk.

Then his scene partner came in.

The baseball player, wearing his tight white pants and his baseball shirt. He even wore a baseball cap. He looked like he was straight off the pitch.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "You wanted to see me?"

"Ah, yes, Joey, come in," Coach said. He gestured to the chair across from him. "Take a seat."

Joey walked in, his cleats clacking on the floor, and sat opposite his coach. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"We need to talk about your grades, Joey."

He shrank. "I know, Coach. I'm sorry."

"If you fail a class, you'll lose your place on the team."

“But sir, I’ve been tryin’ real hard.”

“Your teachers say you’re a good boy.”

“I am, sir.”

“And they say it’s not for the lack of trying.”

“Sir, I do try,” Joey said. He sounded so convincing. “I can’t fail. If I’m off the team, I’ll lose my scholarship and my parents will kill me. I’ll do anything, Coach. Anything.”

Coach studied him, sized him up, and smiled. “Anything?”

“Whatever it takes, Coach. I’ll do whatever you ask.”

Coach smiled, then stood up and walked around to Joey’s side of the desk. He stood right in front of him, leaned his ass against the padded edges, hands beside him on the desktop.

“I can get you a pass in all your subjects, Joey,” Coach said.

“You can?” he asked excitedly.

“But we’ll need an agreement, you and me.”

“Anything.”

“It’ll have to be a secret, okay? You can’t tell anyone.”

“Okay. I promise.”

Coach took Joey's chin between his thumb and forefinger. "Good boy. Now, the other guys on your team. You like them?"

Joey nodded. "Yes, Coach."

"You like showering with them?" Coach asked, his voice low. "Seeing naked boys, Joey. You like that, don't you?"

"Oh." Joey ducked his head. "I, uh . . . I . . ."

"I see you looking in the showers," Coach murmured. "You like cocks, Joey?"

"I do, Coach. But I've never... I've never done anything."

"Never?"

Joey shook his head. "No."

Coach's smile widened. "What if I told you what you'll be doing for me to pass your classes involves cock, Joey?"

"Oh, I, uh . . . Coach?"

"You said you'd do anything."

"I will. I need to pass."

Coach pushed off the desk and stood to his full height in front of Joey. "Take my cock out, boy."

Joey fumbled his small hands with the zipper and, reaching inside, pulled out Coach's

fat cock.

“Ever seen one this big, Joey?”

Joey shook his head. “No, Coach.”

“I want you to suck it, boy.”

“But sir, I?—”

“I said suck it, boy.”

Joey took hold of the semi-hard cock and slipped it into his mouth, working his lips up and down the shaft.

“Oh yeah, boy,” Coach groaned. “Get me nice and hard.”

Joey sucked and groaned as he did what he was told. Coach was fully erect in no time, making Joey gag when he tried to take too much.

Coach gripped Joey’s hair, holding him, forcing his cock in deep, making Joey gag. “That’s it, boy. I’ll teach you. You’ll be an A student in no time.”

Then pulled out, his thick cock wet and glistening. “Do you want all A’s, boy?”

“Yes, sir.”

He patted the desk. “Sit up here.”

When Joey stood up, he barely came up to Coach’s shoulder. He sat on the edge of the desk in his cute little baseball outfit and cap. The nice bulge in his tight pants was

unmissable.

Coach palmed it. “You do like it, dontcha, boy,” he said.

Joey nodded. “Yes. I’m sorry, but I do.”

Coach put his hands on Joey’s knees and spread his legs. “Then you’re gonna love this.” He pulled Joey to the edge, his legs spread, knees coming up, and Coach held him there, leaning over him. His cock slid between his open suit pants and Joey’s white baseball pants, and he kissed him. Rough and deep, his body twice the size of Joey’s, he covered him easily.

Joey began to rock his hips and he moaned as Coach’s tongue invaded his mouth. He whined, and Coach pulled back.

“You ready to get your first A?” he asked.

Joey nodded. “Yes, Coach.”

Coach reached into the desk drawer and pulled out some lube.

When Joey saw it, his eyes grew wide. “Sir? What are you going to do with that?”

Coach took Joey’s legs and flipped him over, his legs and arms flailing. Coach pulled him closer and brought his hips to the edge. “I’m gonna give you your first A,” Coach said. Then he pulled Joey’s pants down to reveal a jockstrap and a very small naked ass.

“Oh, that’s beautiful,” Coach murmured, pouring some lube down Joey’s crack.

“Coach,” Joey cried. “What are you... what are you doing?”

“I told you, boy. Didn’t you listen?” He held the base of his cock and rubbed it along Joey’s crack, smearing lube and tapping the head against Joey’s tight pink hole. “If you can take my whole cock, you get a B. If you can’t, you fail.

“Just a B? You said you’d give me an A. I need an A to pass, sir.”

Coach leaned over him, murmured in his ear. “Take my come and you get an A. Do you understand now?”

Joey nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“Is that what you want?”

“Yes, sir.”

He pressed his cockhead in harder, not quite breaching him. “Do you want an A?”

Joey cried out. “Yes. But sir . . .”

“No buts about it, boy,” Coach said. “You either pass or fail.”

Then he pressed in, kinda slow, the head of his cock sinking in and slowly disappearing as Joey cried out.

Coach held Joey’s hip with one hand, pushed down on his back with his other, and sank in another inch. “Fuck, you’re tight, boy.”

Joey lifted his head, the strain on his neck evident as he screamed. He tried to kick his legs, but Coach was too big, too strong. He leaned over him, his lips at Joey’s ear as he pushed into him.

All the way. Balls deep.

Coach slid his right hand under Joey's chest, up to his jaw, and lifted his head up. "That's it. Good boy. Take it all," he whispered. "Good boy."

Joey's hips came off the desk as Coach pushed into him, slow and deep.

"Coach, please," Joey cried, his arms flailing, trying to find purchase.

"Shhh," Coach murmured, holding Joey's left arm down. "Just a little while longer. You're almost done."

Joey's back arched with each deep thrust, his feet off the floor. "Coach," he cried. "No."

No wasn't the safe word.

Coach covered Joey's mouth as he drove in to him, Joey's eyes going wide before rolling back.

"Such a good boy," Coach said. "It's almost over. You're doing so well. You want that A now?"

"Yes, please, sir," he panted, his face flush now.

"Take it, boy." Coach drove his cock home, hard and deep, as he shuddered with each wave of release, groaning as he came.

Joey's eyes widened as he felt it inside him, and he groaned as he took it.

He had that thoroughly fucked, glazed look on his face I'd seen so many times. This



was what he was here for. To be treated like this...

Whatever itch he needed scratching had been scratched particularly well.

Coach seemed reluctant to pull out, his cock slipping heavily out of Joey's hole. A bead of white appearing, seeping out as Coach admired his handiwork.

"How many subjects you need an A in, boy?" Coach asked.

Joey still lay on the desk, no inclination of moving just yet. "All of them, Coach."

"Hm. Then you better come see me tomorrow. And the day after that. I doubt it will take much convincing with your sweet ass, but your science teacher and your math teacher might like a turn. Would you like that, boy?"

Joey smiled. "Yes, Coach. Yes, please."

I made a note in their file that if the other teachers were up for this kind of lesson, I'd sure like to be the one to watch.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 5:34 am*

These two.

I smiled as I read the names. After all, it's not every day in this club that romance blooms. They met a few years ago when Sean turned eighteen and decided to get his V-card punched. He happened to be paired with Dale, an older guy who was way more experienced, but he was also kind and gentle. The perfect man for the job.

Because they met twice again after that first time, and after some pretty great sex, they had decided to go grab dinner.

I hadn't seen them back here since then, and I'd often wondered about them. Did it ever become anything more than just sex? Did they become a couple? Did they make it?

So yeah, when I saw their names on my list, it made me happy.

And curious.

I was excited to see how they were doing. And what, after four years, they were doing back here today.

Sean entered first.

If I hadn't recognized the names, I probably wouldn't have recognized him. He'd filled out in the last four years. The skinny college kid was gone. The tight jeans and boots were now suit pants and dress shoes. His hair was styled and looked expensive.

He looked expensive.

And all grown up.

He walked in and looked around the room, smiling at the familiarity. The room was decorated like a nice hotel room with fancy fittings and a big bed.

He ran his finger along the bed, smiling.

And then the other door opened, and Dale walked in. Sean grinned at him, and Dale snorted out a laugh and shook his head. Dale had aged very well. Still filled out his shirt nicely, still looking fit. His hair was maybe a little grayer, but damn, he still had those kind eyes and a killer smile.

“I couldn’t believe it when I got your message,” Dale said. Then his eyes narrowed. “Babe, what... what are we doing here?”

So he didn’t know about this?

“I missed you,” Sean said quietly.

“Missed me? You saw me this morning.”

“I saw you for two minutes between the shower and breakfast and running out the door,” Sean murmured, walking over to him. He put his hand on Dale’s chest. “I know I’ve been so busy with work. My schedule is crazy.”

“Of course it is,” Dale said. “I know what it’s like. I know exactly what it’s like. You have cases and clients, and deadlines, and subpoenas and hearings. You have priorities, as do I.”

Sean smiled at him. “But you’re a priority too. I don’t want you to ever think you’re

not important to me.”

“I know that,” Dale said quietly. He lifted Sean’s chin for a sweet kiss before he looked around the room. “So you booked a room here?”

“Where it all began,” Sean said wistfully. “Do you remember that first time? My first time?”

Dale grunted, low in his throat. “How could I forget it? I told you, I never believed in love at first sight until I met you. I wasn’t even sure I believed in love at all, let alone at first sight.” He sighed as he studied Sean’s face. “I was a goner from that first time. One time with you and I was done for. Though the second time cemented it for me.”

“And you asked me out for dinner,” Sean said with a laugh.

“And you ate your body weight in pasta and we talked for hours, and I knew. I just knew you were it for me. Fifteen years younger than me, my friends thought I’d lost my mind.”

Sean snorted. “Now they love me.”

“They do. But you didn’t love me at first sight,” Dale said with a dramatic sigh.

Sean swatted him. “Like I told you, I didn’t let myself believe it was love. Not at first. Even though you made me swoon like an anime character and made my heart go all crazy. It wasn’t actual love until?—”

“Until four weeks later when you wanted me to meet your Nonna and she had me take out the trash and you were horrified, but?—”

“But you did it anyway.”

“Of course I did. When a Nonna tells you to do something, you do it.”

Sean smiled at him. “And I finally acknowledged that this crazy-fast and consuming thing was love, and here we are.”

“And yet your Nonna still thinks we met at the grocery store.”

Sean burst out laughing. “And god willing, she will never know the truth.”

Dale chuckled, kissing Sean softly. “I can’t believe you booked this place for us.”

“Well,” Sean hedged. “I thought we could do this every month or so. Rent out any room you want, any fantasy, and make this our time.”

Dale grinned. “You know, we could do this at home.”

Home.

So they lived together. Four years later and they were still together, living together, and clearly still very much in love.

“But we wouldn’t,” Sean said. He shucked out of his jacket and tossed it onto the bed. “Things would come up, like they always do. Work, dinners out, family things. All those real-life things that happen every other day. But if we keep this appointment, this would be our time.”

Dale seemed to realize how serious Sean was then, because he stopped and stared at him. “Babe, are you okay?” He took Sean’s hand. “Are we okay?”

Sean chuckled. “We are more than okay. I love you more now than the day you took out my Nonna’s trash. I love my life with you. But I know time together is scarce these days, and I know you used to come here before we met.”

Dale nodded. "For uncomplicated sex, nothing else."

"For excitement, and to have your needs met," Sean furthered. "And I don't want you to... I work a lot and I don't want you to feel like you're missing out or not having your needs met."

"Sean, baby," Dale said quietly. He slid his hand along Sean's cheek. "Look at me. My needs are met, every single one of them. More than I ever realized possible. You keep saying you work a lot, but babe, I do too. We knew this before we agreed to move in together. There's nothing I need in my life more than what I already have."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Sean nodded to the bed. "Not even railing me on this bed right now?"

Dale laughed. "Well . . . I'd never say no."

"I was going to book the room with the pillory device where I would have been a terrible criminal who needed shackling, and you would have been the prison guard who taught me a very valuable lesson."

Dale threw his head back and laughed. "Maybe next time, huh?"

Sean's eyes brightened. "You'd want to do this once a month? Book a room here for a few hours; just us, no phones, no family, no work."

Dale skimmed his fingers through the hair above Sean's ear. Such a gentle touch. "Of course I would. If you wanted to do this, you should have just said."

"This isn't for me," Sean replied. "This is for you."

Dale laughed again. “Okay, sure. Whatever you say. But the pillory device would be for you, right?”

“Well, if you want to shackle my neck and hands, rendering me immobile and leaving my ass exposed, who would it really be for?”

Dale took Sean’s chin between his finger and thumb and pulled him in for a kiss. “Next month, we book the pillory room.”

Sean hummed.

Dale kissed him then, deep, and even I could see his tongue delving into Sean’s mouth. Sean cupped Dale’s crotch, making him groan, and he broke the kiss and began to unbutton Sean’s shirt. “Get on the bed. I want your ass in the air.”

Sean grinned, and soon enough, they were both naked. Sean had his ass in the air, all right, on his knees with his forehead to the mattress, and Dale knelt behind him.

They fit together with a familiarity and ease I rarely had the privilege to watch. These two men knew each other. Sure, I’d seen plenty of men who’d done many scenes together, but not like these two.

Sean and Dale were emotionally tuned into one another, and their fucking was like a rhythmic tide of the perfect ebb and flow. Gentle hands and soft moans, familiar touches, their bodies moving, hips flexing, backs arching, muscles straining.

Sean came first. Dale played his body like a fiddle. He knew exactly which chords to strike, which song to play.

And only then did Dale allow himself to come with a loud groan. He pumped a load deep into Sean’s ass, and Sean moaned as he took it. “Oh god, yes. You feel so good.”

Dale collapsed on top of him, grunting as they fell onto the mattress. “Fucking hell, baby,” Dale mumbled. “Wanna stay right here forever.”

Sean chuckled. “You’d hear no objections from me.”

They lay like that for a few minutes, with Dale on top of him, still inside him, always with the gentle touches and soft kisses, never rushed or hurried. And I could honestly say, I’d seen a lot of hot scenes in my time at the club.

Scenes so wild and crazy, scenes that were scorching hot, and scenes that were filthy and some that would defy belief.

But I rarely got to see scenes that were so full of love. Passionate and tender lovemaking.

It was something special.

As they begrudgingly rolled off the bed and began getting dressed, they talked about some legal environmental case that I couldn’t even start to understand. Something about some near-catastrophic disaster.

“Oh, speaking of catastrophes, that reminds me,” Sean said. “Your sister called me about your mom’s surprise party. Well, actually, she called me to tell you to answer your phone. Then she told me about the party.”

“I’ll call her.” Dale snorted as he picked up Sean’s coat and handed it to him. “Are you hungry?”

“I’m always hungry,” Sean replied.

“Then we should get you fed.”



Sean held the door for him. “Should we book another room on our way out? In a month’s time?”

“Hell yes,” Dale replied. “You’re getting pilloried.”

Sean laughed and the door closed behind them, and I was left with a rumpled bed in an empty room. I noted on the job sheet that the scene was complete, and in the notes section at the bottom, I added,

Request to watch any and all future scenes with these two.

The End