

# ANNIVERSARY INVADERS



DYSON PORTER

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## CHAPTER ONE

**T**he clock struck once. Five-thirty. I set the ladle on the spoon rest and inhaled, hoping dinner would taste half as good as it smelled. With only fifteen minutes left before Joe got home, I wanted to make sure everything was ready.

It was our fifth anniversary, and the first one in our new house. All the renovations, including the play-room in the basement, had been completed on Monday and it was time to celebrate.

I set the table with the best china, a bottle of wine chilled in the ice bucket, and candles towered over the setting. Only one thing left to do.

Reaching behind my back, I yanked the apron string and sprinted upstairs. By the time I reached the bedroom, my shirt was off. I tossed it in the hamper, along with my socks and underwear. I folded my pants and conducted one final check in the full length mirror.

Blond curls brushed the top of my shoulders. I'd always worn my hair much shorter, but Joe liked it longer. Easier to grab onto.

My time at the gym had paid off. I ran my hand down my chest and smooth stomach, admiring the V of muscle that pointed straight to my stirring cock. If it's wrong that my body turns me on, I don't want to be right.

I dropped to the floor and did fifty quick pushups, taking this last chance to make myself as sexy as possible. I put the apron back on and my arms burned a little when I reached back to tie it. A glimpse of my naked ass in the

mirror as I turned to walk out of the room made me smile. *Best anniversary ever*, I thought.

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KEYS RATTLED in the door and I took up my position in the kitchen. My bare back and ass needed to be the first thing he saw when he walked in. Might as well let him know what he's in for right away.

"Something sure smells good." Joe walked into the kitchen and his footsteps paused.

"Thank you, honey," I said, still not turning.

Strong arms wrapped around my waist and the soft cotton of his shirt and pants brushed against my naked back. "And," Joe whispered, with his mouth against my ear, "Something looks damned good too."

The pants rubbing against my ass didn't feel soft. Just the reaction I was hoping for.

"Go shower, babe. Dinner's almost ready." I turned around, and the brush of his lips against my sensitive mouth almost derailed my plans for a long, drawn out evening.

"Great, I'm starving." Joe stepped back and read my apron. "Don't mind if I do."

He lifted the front of the apron, revealing the half hard cock hanging between my legs. He leaned down and kissed the head, giving it a quick flick with his tongue before he straightened up and let the apron fall back into place. Those lips again.

I grinned. "It says 'Kiss the Cook,' not 'the Cock.' But, I'll certainly take it."

Joe winked, then turned and walked toward the door. "I'm going to shower and put on something more comfortable."

"Or nothing," I hinted as he disappeared around the corner.

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IT FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY, but the clock said only ten minutes had passed when I heard him coming back toward the kitchen. I set two tiny blue pills on the counter and poured two glasses of champagne. Bubbles formed on the

inside of the glass, let go and rose to the top over and over again. We would have to stick to blue pills and champagne, nothing much stronger. It needed to be a long night for both of us.

Joe leaned around the corner wearing a shirt and tie.

"I wanted to dress up for such a special occasion," he said.

My heart sank.

He stepped into the doorway. The shirt and tie were all he wore. Dark, hairy thighs protruded from the bottom of the blue, silk shirt, along with the dark head of his cock.

I caught my breath. It might have been the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. My mouth watered, like it did every time I saw my lover's cock. We'd been together for five years and had an open relationship, but only one cock attached to one body made me weak in the knees.

I handed him one of the champagne flutes. We toasted and sipped. I handed him his pill, popped mine in my mouth, and washed it down. Joe chuckled and downed the rest of his glass and winked.

I smiled and finished mine too. There would be time for sex later—all weekend. We'd kept this weekend for ourselves, alone at home, enjoying our new house... and the new playroom.

He leaned in and kissed me. I inhaled, enjoying the trace of soap and shampoo. All I wanted to do was curl up with him and never move, but we would need our strength, so I pulled away.

"Help me carry this to the table." I held out a platter of grilled salmon. He took it and walked out of the room, the bottom of his ass cheeks peeked out from under the shirt. The apron tented far from my body as my dick tried to take control. I pulled the apron over my head, not even bothering to untie it. My hard cock swaying in front of me as I walked into the dining room.

Even after all that work, I didn't feel much like eating, but I hadn't eaten all day and knew I'd regret it. I sat across the glass table from Joe and made sure nothing blocked my view. Under the table, his cock lay heavy across the front of his chair and the head hung over the edge. Mine wasn't going soft any time soon.

"So, are you still glad we decided to stay home this weekend? Five years is a big deal," Joe said as he took a piece of fish from the platter.

I smiled and wagged my eyebrows. "I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be. We need the time. Things have been so crazy lately. Besides, all of this

renovation took so much money — it's good that we didn't spend any on gifts."

Joe's face reddened. I didn't know what to make of that. That was usually Joe's guilty look, the one he used when he'd done something wrong like forgotten to pick up milk on the way home.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I might have bought you a present." Joe braced himself and looked defiant.

I chuckled. "That's ok, honey. I bought you a new cock-ring to wear tonight. I saw it in the store and thought it really needed to be on your dick."

Joe's cock jump a little, then settle back down.

He smiled, "That's great. I can't wait to see it—and to be seen in it. But..."

The doorbell rang, interrupting our conversation.

"I'll get it," Joe said, rising from the table.

"Who the hell would bother us tonight?" I asked as I watched Joe's ass peak out from beneath the shirt again as he walked away.

Joe shook his head as he rounded the corner into the living room. "No idea."

I could have sworn his face was red again.

Then a horrified thought occurred to me. Joe wasn't wearing any pants. I ran to stop him from opening the door. As I rounded the corner, he wrapped himself in a throw from the sofa and opened the door in one quick move. Me and my hard-on were in full view of the two large men standing at the door.

I dove for the sofa and grabbed a cushion to hold in front of my crotch. The silk of the pillow and the hotness of the men did nothing to make my cock shrink.





## CHAPTER TWO

“Hi,” one of the men said, looking at his shoes. “Our car broke down and my phone is dead.” He held up a phone with a dark screen. “We saw your lights and wondered if we could use yours?”

I gave the guys a once over. One had long wavy brown hair and the other close cropped blond hair. Both wore tight shirts that accentuated smooth, muscular shoulders and large, hard chests. From the look of what was snaking down the leg of both the men’s jeans, neither had bothered to wear underwear.

Even though I was a little concerned—and very embarrassed—my cock reacted again. *Shit. This is not the time.*

“Yeah, sure.” Joe said, backing into the room.

I opened my mouth to protest. But, Joe had already agreed, and I didn’t want to be bitchy.

The men walked into the living room and were even larger than they’d seemed outside. I backed up until I bumped against the recliner and sat down with the pillow still covering my confused cock. Hotness, danger, muscles, fear... it didn’t know which way to go.

“Thanks, man,” the dark-haired guy said as he walked straight toward me. The house phone sat on a table less than a foot from me. “This could have turned out to be a very bad night.” He looked at me as he lifted the receiver. “I hope we’re not interrupting anything.”

I blushed and looked down. "No. Just a quiet evening at home."

Joe went to close the door, and the blond stepped out of the way. The click of the latch set so many things in motion I couldn't keep up.

The blond pulled a gun out of his pocket and grabbed Joe in a headlock and the dark haired man reached down and scooped me out of the chair, sending the pillow flying, and wrestled me to the floor. His large arms were no match for me.

I tried to take a few swings. I'd been kickboxing on non-Zoomba days, but couldn't land a punch. Soon the large man sat on my chest with his knees firmly planted in my biceps. I tried to kick and squirm out from under him. He had at least fifty pounds on me and I couldn't move.

The man holding Joe laughed. "Look, Hank. The dude's got a boner. I think he likes having you on top of him."

The dark haired man snarled and looked behind him and saw that my cock was hard enough to drill concrete. He reached back and slapped the offending member.

"Perv. Put that fucking thing away."

Joe struggled against the blond. "Leave him alone! What do you want?"

Hank, still pinning me to the floor, raised his head and sniffed. "Dinner. That's what I want. Dinner. And then we'll see. What do you think, Seth?"

Seth nodded and bent his head down. "Now, buddy, I'm going to loosen my grip. Don't try anything stupid because not only do I still have a gun trained on you, my boy over there has your little butt boy in a pretty bad situation."

As if on cue, Hank wrapped one of his large meaty hands around my neck. He didn't squeeze, but it was enough to demonstrate the threat.

"You understand me?" Seth asked.

Joe nodded.

"I can't hear your head rattle—yet. I asked you a question."

"Yes, sir," Joe whispered.

Seth chuckled. "Sir? I think I like that. Let's keep it."

He walked toward the dining room, with Joe still under his arm. "Hank, keep that guy down until I get this one situated." He glanced at my still throbbing dick. "Make sure he doesn't stab you with that thing." In seconds he was out of sight, dragging Joe with him.

Hank looked back at my crotch. "Are you fucking kidding me?" He

reached back and smacked the swaying cock so hard that his body shifted, driving his knees into my arms even harder.

“Are you getting off on this, you little freak?”

I tried to will my cock to go soft, but the weight and the denim clad ass of the man rubbing against my stomach wouldn't let it happen. Apparently my reaction to danger was to want to fuck it.

The man slapped me again. “God damn, you are. Don't fucking cum on me.”

---

MINUTES LATER, Seth walked back into the room alone. I squirmed and yelled, “Where's Joe? What have you done to him?”

Seth cocked his head. “Hard-on boy's a little feisty, isn't he?”

Hank nodded and lowered his head until his long wavy hair fell in my face. I smelled citrus shampoo. His lips moved close to my ear and the air from his breath brushing across my neck didn't help the boner situation.

“As long as you do what we say,” he started. His voice rumbled and sent vibrations all the way down my body, “we will do what we came to do and nobody will get hurt. Not much, anyway.”

That last part worried me. “What did you come to do?” I asked.

Hank straightened and took his knees off my arms as Seth knelt down beside him. “I'm not sure yet,” he said as Seth pulled my arms together and wrapped a cord around my wrists.

Once they were secured, he did the same thing to my feet. When he tied the final knot, he said, “Damn, kid. Did you take a fucking Viagra or something?”

Another slap, this one much harder, sent pain all the way to my toes. I cried out as my dick bounced. Hank stood, and I tried to roll away but there was no escape.

Hank and Seth stood back and watched until I stopped writhing on the floor.

“Good thing you stopped,” Hank said as he grabbed my feet. “You don't want rug burn.” He nodded for Seth to take my bound hands and they lifted. I let my body go limp, making my dead weight as difficult to carry as possi-

ble. Even my cock had begun to go limp, or at least not be as hard as it had been.

That changed when we reached the dining room. All the dishes were pushed to the ends of the table and Joe lay bound across it. The shirt he'd been wearing lay on the floor and his tie was knotted around his face as a gag. His feet were on the floor but tied together. A cord had been tied to the binding on his hands, run under the table, and back down to his feet, fixing him into place across the table with the tanned orbs of his ass prominently displayed.

His eyes were wide, and he looked away as I was shoved into place next to him. Joe was probably embarrassed and upset that as the larger of us, he wasn't able to protect me.

"It's ok, babe. We'll get through this."

"No talking!" A sharp pain shot up my torso. One of the men slapped my ass again—hard. A dish towel fell down in front of my face and pulled tight over my mouth as someone tied it into place, making sure I followed the no-talking edict.

My arms stretched across the table and I watched through the glass as Hank passed the cord underneath and tied it to my feet. There was nothing to do but wait for an opportunity to escape.

The table felt good on my chest after exerting myself in the living room. My nipples turned into hard knots against the cool glass and my cock pressed against it—hard again.

Hank, still under the table, glanced up and did a double take.

"Holy shit, Seth. Both these fuckers are hard as rocks."

I sighed through the dish towel, really regretting those little blue pills.



## CHAPTER THREE

**H**ank laughed as he crawled out from under the table. “Can you believe these perverts?” he asked as he slapped my ass.

Vibrations from the strike shot through me, making my cock even harder. I tried to not think about the red handprint that I knew was forming on my ass cheek.

“I think they like us,” Seth said.

Joe’s body stiffened and his eyes widened. I looked back as far as the binding allowed. Seth eased his fingertips down Joe’s naked back. Protective anger burned through me and I struggled. The table shook violently, and the dishes rattled.

Seth’s hand reached the mound of Joe’s ass. He smiled and looked straight into my threatening eyes. He raised his hand and quickly brought it down with a loud crack. Joe gasped and a bright handprint formed on the smooth, tan skin.

“You know what I think they’d like?” Seth asked, reaching for one of the still burning tapered candles. He brought it close to his face. The brightness of the fire made his handsome face sinister. He puffed, and the flame disappeared.

“Don’t guys like this usually like things up their asses?”

Hank laughed again. “Yeah, I think they do.”

I swung my head around and saw that Hank had extinguished the other

candle. He disappeared behind me. I could just see part of Seth standing behind Joe's exposed ass.

My legs were bound too far apart for me to clench my ass cheeks, so I clenched internal muscles so the man behind me wouldn't have access to my hole. Another hard slap echoed through the room and—momentarily stunned—I loosened and Hank pushed my legs as far apart as they would go.

"I think we'll need lubricant for this. This one's clinching," Hanks deep voice came from between my legs. "Never mind, this butter should do. Just cover the end with this."

*Butter?* I thought. Probably the only thing in the world I'd never tried to use for lube.

Hank held the stick of butter out to the side so I could see him rolling the candle against it. When the large end was slick and shiny, he handed the butter to Seth and stepped back behind me.

The blunt bottom of the candle touched just below my balls and slid up to my ass, leaving a slick trail of grease. My cock jumped when it skimmed my puckered hole. I drove my hips into the table, trying to escape the probing.

Seth was doing the same thing to Joe. His face was a mask of concentration and the hand that wasn't holding the candle was down the front of his pants.

Joe had a nice ass, so Seth's fondling himself didn't surprise me. Joe raising his ass to meet the candle did though.

Seth must have rested the candle against Joe's hole, because Joe pushed his ass back and moved it in circles, rubbing his cock on the slick table. He was looking the other way, so I couldn't see his face. I didn't need to. The familiar stick-it-in-farther groan told me exactly how his face looked. His eyes were half closed, and he wore a crooked, open-mouthed grin. I'd looked down on that face enough times when my—and other—dicks had slid home. It was burned into my mind. This time, it confused and pissed me off.

Hank must have taken that as a cue. He rested the end of the candle against my ass hole. I clenched. He twisted and pushed the candle against me, but the flatness of the blunt end wouldn't allow it to enter.

Pain from a sudden thrust and a hard slap on my ass made me yell through the towel. Hank leaned over my back.

Through gritted teeth, he said, "It's either the candle or my fist. Your choice."

I sighed and relaxed.

"Good little mother fucker," he snarled before he straightened up. "Why'd I have to get the stubborn one?" he asked as he worked the candle into my ass.

I loosened up a little. Besides, he was just doing pretty much what I would have begged Joe for later on. The candle popped into my hole and then it moved freely.

The hard wax felt different from the usual toys we played with. Not bad, just different. Hank moved it around inside me. Twice he hit my prostate and my dick jumped, making me lift my ass.

"That's more like it," Hank muttered.

I looked over to see how Joe was faring. Seth moved his hand back and forth and Joe's back arched. As glad as I was that he was enjoying himself. Fuck—I was a little annoyed too.

Seth glanced at Hank. "Gettin' a little worked up?"

Hank grunted as the candle in my ass sped up.

"I gotta' hit the bathroom," Seth said. He took his hand off the candle and patted Joe's ass. "Don't let this fall out, or you'll regret it." He backed away and the thick outline of a huge cock pointed down the leg of his shorts. He walked past Hank and out of the room. I hoped he was going to the bathroom to take care of his hard dick and that would be that—and he'd let us go.

As soon as he left, I heard a zipper. I panicked, struggling until the ropes dug into my skin.

Hank reached for the butter and the candle slipped out of my ass. Within seconds something warm and firm pressed against my hole. Either the guys weren't as straight as I'd thought or my ass was irresistible. I figured it was a little of both.

The head of his cock rested against my pucker, and I clenched again. He wasn't taking no for an answer this time and didn't even bother with the threats.

Hank put the whole weight of his muscled body into it and pushed past my resistance. The head popped in, and I clamped down as hard as I could. He groaned as he slid farther in. Not the reaction I was going for.

“Hey, Hank!” Seth’s voice echoed from another part of the house. “You’ve gotta come see this.”

Hank sighed and thrust two more times. His cock pulsed. I was just thinking that it might not be so bad to let him finish when he popped out of me and I heard rustling. My ass was empty, and I felt more exposed than ever.

“On my way,” Hank yelled. He walked away pulling up his zipper and muttering.





## CHAPTER FOUR

**H**ank's footsteps retreated. Once Joe and I were alone, I worked my jaw back and forth, trying to dislodge the suffocating dishtowel. It loosened enough that I could push it with my tongue. It still covered my mouth, but at least I could talk. Joe hadn't had the same luck. The tie was still tight across his mouth.

"Are you ok, baby?" I asked.

Joe's eyes were wide with fear, but he nodded.

"Good. I hope it stays that way. Did they mention what they wanted?"

Joe shook his head.

"I wonder what they found. I hope to fuck it wasn't the basement."

My arms ached from being extended for so long. I tried to stretch, but realized that was the problem. My arms were already stretched as far as they would go.

"Ok," I continued, trying to keep my already muffled voice as low as possible. "If either of us get free, we need to try to make it outside—naked or not—and get help. If you get free, don't worry about me. Just get out and get help."

Joe grunted and nodded again.

Laughter and footsteps approached.

"You two are some kinky mother fuckers," Seth said, slapping my ass again.

*Fuck, I thought. They found the basement.*

Seth walked in front of me. His crotch was all I could see. "Hank, why don't you get our other friend out of here. Take him down to their little toy room and settle him in for the night."

"For the night?!" I asked, forgetting they didn't know I wasn't still gagged.

Joe struggled, grunting.

Seth laughed. "Yeah, for the night. We were going to just grab what we wanted and go... but I don't see any reason to hurry now. We're going to stick around."

"Sounds like fun," Hank said as he crawled under the table and untied the rope that connected Joe's feet to his hands.

I watched through the glass table and the second the rope fell away, Joe bolted upright and immediately fell to the floor. He'd struggled to get away, but his feet were still tied together.

Hank got out from under the table and carefully approached Joe. The swings he was throwing from his prone position weren't well aimed because of his tied hands, but they were still powerful.

"Where's that toy you found down there?" Hank asked.

"Right here in my pocket," Seth answered, walking around the table behind me.

I screamed. Intense pain shot through my balls and up through the top of my head. Seth had hit me with a jolt of electricity. We'd bought that thing for pleasure, and at a low voltage, it felt awesome. He'd turned it way up.

"You going to be a good boy?" Hank asked Joe when my whimpers quieted.

Joe nodded and Hank helped him to his feet and nudged him toward the door. Joe hopped clumsily on his bound feet.

"If he gets hurt, I'm going to kill you!" I yelled—and then screamed as another zap hit my testicles.

I heard a zipper and the rustle of fabric.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Unless you want more juice to your fucking nuts—or maybe next time I'll stick this up your ass and turn it on—you'd better stop asking questions. The only words I want to hear from you are, 'yes, sir.' Is that clear?"

Seth stepped in front of me and ripped the dishtowel off my mouth.

Though he was still wearing his tight t-shirt, he was nude from the waist down. A massive cock hung between his muscled legs.

"Yes, sir."

"Good, because we have your boyfriend tied up in that little dungeon of yours downstairs and even if he behaves well, I'm not above torturing him if you don't cooperate."

That's what I was afraid of. I could take all the electric shocks this guy could dish out, but the thought of Joe being hurt—I couldn't take that.

"Yes, sir."

Seth pulled a chair over and sat down. I watched through the glass as Seth's balls rested on the chair and he adjusted his cock. Even soft, it was heavy and thick. I was impressed by the cut cock and the trimmed pubic hair that was only one shade darker than the blond on Seth's head.

"My friend and I were talking downstairs. We figure any couple of guys who would go through the trouble of building that thing you have must like to play around. Your boyfriend's a good looking guy, but I bet you lay awake at night thinking about strange dick." Seth shook his cock. "You go along with us and everything will be all right. You act up and we will fuck you both up. Got me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excellent." Seth lifted my chin so he could look straight in my eyes. "Now, I would like to eat and you are taking up a lot of room on the table, so as soon as your boyfriend is taken care of—"

My eyes went wide.

"I mean, tied up," Seth continued. "My friend will come back up and we're going to remove you from the table so we can eat this food. You won't fight, or struggle, or anything... got me?"

"But—" A hard slap across my face stopped my protest.

Seth grimaced and rubbed his hand on his naked leg. It looked like he hadn't meant to hit that hard and his hand was paying for it. He collected himself and looked back at my face. "Again. Got me?"

I lowered my eyes. "Yes, sir." And I didn't know if it had been the slap or the fact that I'd given in, but Seth's dick grew heavier and the head inched closer to the edge of the chair.

"Great. I'm glad we understand each other," Seth said as he stood up.

I hated myself for it, but I couldn't take my eyes off the growing cock.

Footsteps behind me sparked a tiny hope that Joe had gotten free, but since Seth didn't look concerned, I realized that wasn't the case.

"He's all set," Hank said. "Now, what are we going to do with this one?" Another slap on my ass. They sure seemed to like that.

"I have an idea. Why don't you get down there and untie him? I'll hold him from up here. Don't want another escape attempt. He might not be as lucky as his friend was."

Seth leaned over and pushed his hands down on my back. But, to do that, he had to come close and now his dick was in biting distance... or licking distance. I felt another pang of guilt for even thinking that.

Hank crawled under the table and untied the rope that ran between my hands and feet. Seth applied more pressure and his cock rested on my forehead.

Hank looked up through the glass. "I didn't think it was possible, but he's harder now than he was. What have you been doing to him?"

"Nothing yet," Seth said as Hank crawled out from under the table again. "Now bring him over here. Let's put him under the table with an arm tied to each of these legs."

Hank hauled me off the table and pulled me to the other side. I was glad to be off that glass; it had felt like a showcase. He cut the ropes off my wrists and tied new, separate ropes in their place. They forced me onto my knees under the table and turned me to face the chair. Then they jerked my arms out to the side and tied them to the table legs.

"That should do it. Let's eat," Seth said.

"Can I have that chair?" Hank asked.

The men's bare legs went around the table gathering food. One of the chairs was just inches from my face. I didn't have to guess which one Hank meant.

"Yeah, you can eat there first. But we'll switch places for dessert," Seth said as he pulled out a chair on the other side of the table.

"Works for me," Hank said.

A plate clattered just centimeters over my head. I wished they'd be a little gentler with the dishes. Hank pulled the chair out and sat down. He was also naked from the waist down and his uncut cock towered out of his crotch. Even bone hard, foreskin still covered most of the head. The cock was as tanned as the rest of him. His balls were shaved, and a nice trimmed

mat of dark pubic hair showed that Hank cared about his cock's appearance.

He spread his legs wide and scooted the chair in until his dick was so close it rested across one of my eyes.

Hank looked down through the glass table and laughed. "Let me back up a little. You can't suck me that way." Then he seemed to reconsider. "Actually, you can reach my nuts just fine from there. Why don't you give them a little attention?"

Realizing there was no way out of it—and realizing that Hank had a beautiful cock—I pulled one of his balls into my mouth. It rolled smoothly over my tongue and the scent of soap and musk and the heaviness of his cock resting on my face made me want to do a good job. I had a feeling that things were going to get bad, but at that moment, I'd done worse things.

Seth must have found the stereo in the other room because Van Halen filled the air before he came back and took a seat.

I liked Hank's heavy, smooth nuts, sucking one into my mouth and then the other. I tried to get them both in at once, but without my hands to help, I wasn't able to. After a few minutes of paying attention to Hank's balls, he scooted back to make room and pushed his hard cock down and pointed it at my mouth. Again, I gave in to the circumstances and sucked Hank's dick like it was my job. I pulled the foreskin the rest of the way back with my lips and buried the cock in my throat. My head bobbed to the driving guitar of the song. It wasn't long before Hank smacked me on the head.

"Slow the fuck down. That cock's not disappearing—you've got a while," Hank said, taking another fork full of fish. He groaned with pleasure. I couldn't tell if it was because of my cock sucking or my cooking. Either way, it was a compliment.

My cock was so hard that it ached. It stood straight up, arcing from my crotch, and there seemed to be little hope of anyone touching it any time soon. I wondered if friction from air could get someone off.

True to his word, Hank traded places with Seth for dessert and presented me with another hard cock to work on. This one didn't have a foreskin to play with, but it was a little longer. I tried to show off and bury my nose in Seth's pubic hair. It took a few tries before I got that far. I held it there, working my throat muscles hard. I figured that if I could get the guys off, maybe they'd be done and go away.

Another slap on the head. "Slow the fuck down," Seth said. "This is one eager cock sucker."

So much for that plan.

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FINISHING the tiramisu I'd made for dessert, Seth leaned back and watched me work. "If your ass is half as good as your mouth, this'll be a good weekend."

I made a strangled noise. Seth chuckled, knowing it wasn't his cock strangling me, but that they were staying for the weekend.

"Don't worry, buddy," Seth said. "I'm not going to fuck you just yet. I want your boyfriend to watch the first time I put my dick in you, anyway."

He was really enjoying his power. I leaned back and Seth's cock popped out of my mouth and sprang up. He looked down at my burning face.

"Look, just do what we say. We're not going to hurt you. Well, not much, I don't think. Do you consider taking two cocks at once to be painful, because with that pretty ass, I'm pretty sure it's gonna happen."

I gritted my teeth. "Let us go. If you let us go now, I won't say anything. Won't call the police or anything."

Seth pushed his cock back down until the head rubbed over my closed lips. "You seem to forget — we still have your man tied up downstairs. Put this back where it belongs."

My eyes were still narrowed, but my lips parted, allowing the slick head back in.

"Good boy." Seth patted me on the head. He leaned back and let me work.

After a couple more minutes, Seth's breath sped up. Instead of warning me, he put his hand on the back of my head and shoved down as hard as he could, burying his cock deep in my throat. It pulsed as spurt after spurt of cum spilled down my spasming throat. He held my head in place. He obviously liked the feeling as I gasped for breath and choked on his dick. Finally, he started to deflate and let go of my head.

I pulled back, gasping. Seth shook his head. Most of my theatrics were just for show. I'd downed bigger dicks for a lot longer and was no worse for the wear.



## CHAPTER FIVE

Seth untied the ropes from the table and wrapped them around me, making a makeshift straitjacket with my hands behind my back. We walked toward the basement door; the ropes tied to my ankles trailed behind us. Seth stepped on one, making me stumble.

I was able to straighten myself before I fell to the floor, which without my arms loose to catch myself, would have been disastrous.

Seth chuckled, and I renewed my vow to make them pay. Sucking a nice cock wasn't such a bad way to spend an evening, but these power plays were too much.

I was pushed ahead to the stairs. I kicked my feet to make sure there was plenty of slack in the trailing ropes. A stumble on the stairs would be the end of me.

I wasn't sure what to expect as we entered the basement. Joe and I had finished the dungeon just the week before and hadn't even christened it. We'd planned to do that over the weekend—alone—and then invite a group over the next weekend for a party. As much as I'd enjoyed the thought of all our friends, naked and fucking like rabbits, this weekend with just me and Joe had been what excited me the most. Now it was ruined.

The dungeon had a large upright, rotating X with cuffs on its extremities, shelves of toys, a cage, much like a prison cell, with a toilet and an open shower, and a few other things that would have been at home in the Spanish Inquisition.

Joe knelt on a small rug in the middle of the floor. His hands and feet were bound. His mouth was gagged, and bright red stripes spread across his back. Hank stood over him with a leather riding crop.

“Great! I didn’t think you two would ever finish,” Hank said as Seth pushed me farther into the room. He put his foot on Joe’s back and shoved. He fell face first, laying on his stomach. His rounded ass and back were almost completely red from where Hank had worked him over with the crop.

I stepped closer. “Are you alright, Joe?” I asked, trying to bend down to get a better look. A foot on my shoulder shoved me to the ground too. Or, not exactly to the ground, Joe’s body broke my fall. I felt the heat from Joe’s marked skin. I squirmed, trying to right myself because laying across those welts had to hurt him, but with my hands behind me, I just crushed him even more.

Hank laughed. “Like two big fish out of the water.” Seth laughed and then grabbed my feet. He spun me around until I was lying completely on top of Joe.

My already straining cock was buried between the hard mounds of Joe’s already lubed ass. There was no telling what Hank had been doing to him down here. My first instinct was to start humping—because that’s what dicks are for—but I put that out of my mind and took advantage of my head being close to Joe’s.

“Are you ok, baby?” I whispered.

Joe grunted, but nodded

“That’s sweet,” Hank said as he moved down between our legs. He pumped a few times on a bottle of lube and then reached in and stroked my cock. “Nice and hard already,” he said as he maneuvered my greasy cock to Joe’s already slick pucker.

The head of my cock popped through Joe’s ring, then a boot pushed against my ass, embedding me in Joe’s ass all the way to the balls. Joe grunted and turned his head away. But since we were close enough that we may as well have been using the same shoulders, I saw Joe close his eyes tightly, like he was in pain.

I tried to pull out, but received another kick on my ass.

“Don’t you fucking move,” Hank said. So I laid there still. I’d fucked Joe enough to know that he’d get used to it before too long. But I had to fight the urge to move, because that’s definitely what dicks in asses do—they fuck.



Soon, I had that temptation taken away from me. Hank and Seth used every rope they could get their hands on to tie Joe and me together. After five minutes of ropes, knots, and cursing, I couldn't move. I was tied to Joe's back with my hard cock buried to the hilt in his ass. My cock flexed twice and Joe responded with reciprocal squeezes of his ass.

*I could so get off like this*, I thought. But then I mentally kicked myself. We were tied up and helpless by some pretty weird men. This was dangerous and not the time to be thinking about fucking. But, I reminded myself that in the position we were in, anyone would have those thoughts.

Then a horrible thought occurred to me. "You fuckers aren't going to leave us like this, are you?"

Seth laughed as he took a ball gag off the shelf. "Not for long," he said as he shoved the ball into my mouth and pulled the straps. "We'll untie you... in the morning."

I twisted and squirmed, but all that did was force the ropes to dig into both our skin. I didn't want to hurt Joe any more, so I stopped moving.

Seth and Hank laughed as they left the room, turning off the light.

We lay on the floor, tied together and connected by my pulsing cock. I tried to will it down, but thinking about it only made it harder. I couldn't say anything around the ball in my mouth, so I just flexed my cock three times. *I. Love. You.* And hoped the message was received.



## CHAPTER SIX

A jolt woke me up. My eyes flickered open and slammed shut again as the blinding light sent bolts of pain to my head. The ropes around my feet fell away.

I was still pressed tightly to Joe's back. My cock had slipped out during the night; so now my morning wood nestled in the firm mounds of his cheeks. It was still as sensitive as it had been the night before and it strained for release.

A tugging on the ropes around my legs caused me to twist my head around and see Hank naked and holding a knife. We'd been moved from the open floor to the cell. I was beyond regretting fulfilling our fantasy of building a dungeon.

Joe shifted under me. *Well, at least he's awake and ok*, I thought.

"Good morning, sunshine," Hank said, leering at us.

I grunted around the gag, jaws aching from being held open all night. Dried saliva felt weird on my cheek.

"I'm cutting you free so you two can shower and clean up," Hank continued. "We spent part of the night going through your video collection, so I think we've figured out what most of the things down here are for. You have a long day ahead of you."

I squirmed and swung my legs, trying to kick Hank, who just backed up a foot and chuckled.

"There's no need for that. You're under our control." He reached out and

gently squeezed my ass. "Every bit of you, so you might as well just do what we say. Then everything will be ok and you can get back to your usual—" He looked around at the toys before continuing, "—or unusual life."

Hank cut the ropes around my hips. I bucked as hard as I could. It was still no use.

"Now, I'll cut you free. Everything except your hands. Don't fight me or it won't end well for you."

The last ropes around my chest fell away, and I rolled onto my back, right onto my still bound hands.

Hank laughed at the pain on my face, slid out of the cell, and closed the door. The lock clicked into place.

I struggled to my feet.

"Come here and turn around," Hank said from outside the bars.

I glared at him. This was the first time I'd seen him completely naked. His hard body with a deep tan and a cock that was a few shades darker... and hard as a rock. A captor with a huge, hard dick would have been welcome almost any other time, but I was pissed.

Hank motioned toward the bars. "If you want that gag off and your hands untied, you'd better come here."

I stalked over and turned around.

"Back up."

I took a few steps back until my hands stuck through the cold bars. Hank tugged on the straps at the back of my head, pulling me back against the metal. His hard cock rubbed against my still bound hands and he put his lips to my ear.

"Now, when I get this off, you need to be good. This place is sound-proofed right?"

I sighed and nodded. We hadn't wanted complaints from neighbors during all the parties we intended to host down there.

"Good," Hank continued. "Then you know yelling and being annoying won't do you any good." His cock brushed against my hands. It was warm, silky, and hard.

My first instinct was to grab it. It felt so nice and I was so horny, but I controlled myself and just nodded.

The straps of the ball gag fell away and I spit it out. I spun around, working my jaw to loosen it.

"What the fuck do you want?" I asked through gritted teeth.

Hank shrugged. "I want you to turn around so I can undo your hands."

Any plan for escape, no matter how far-fetched or futile, would need free hands, so I turned and back up again.

Instead of the yanking of a knife through the ropes, the hard cock slid into my hands again.

"You can't tell me you don't like it," Hank said in my ear. His deep voice made my dick jump. "If you want your boyfriend freed, you'd better play nice."

I shuddered and that time I wrapped one of my hands around the offered rod. Hank pumped lightly, and I tightened my grip.

"That's much better." Hank pulled his dick away and sawed through the ropes.

I stepped away and rubbed my wrists where the ropes had spent the night cutting into them.

"May I have the knife to cut him free?" I asked, gesturing to Joe.

Hank laughed. "I'm not giving you a weapon. Untie him yourself. I'll be back in thirty minutes. You two get cleaned up."

Hank's ass flexed as he walked up the stairs. *Under different circumstances...*, I thought.

Joe still lay face down on the floor. His eyes were open, and he grunted through the gag. The ropes dug into his muscled shoulders and indented his strong legs and ass. My cock stirred again.

This wasn't the first time I'd seen my husband trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey. Any other time, I'd have taken full advantage, but we didn't have much time and I didn't want to know what the two men would do if we didn't follow their demands.

Joe worked his jaw after I unbuckled the gag. "Damn, that was fucking uncomfortable," he said. "Get me out of the rest of this."

"I'm not sure now is the time to be a bossy bottom," I said, bending down to work on the knotted ropes.

Joe snorted. "So, we still don't know what they want? Ouch!"

"Sorry, babe. These ropes are tight—and no, maybe they want to be perverts and they'll really leave after they're done." I tried to sound more confident than I was.

After I got Joe's arms and hands free, he worked on the ropes around his

own legs. "I guess we'd better just play along," he said, throwing the rest of the ropes into the corner of the cell. "Until we can get the drop on them anyway."

He struggled to his feet, stretching muscles that had spent the night rigid. I ran my fingers over the indentions from the ropes that criss-crossed his body.

"So what happened last night after they brought me down here?" Joe asked, swinging his arms around to get the blood circulating.

I hesitated, but realized that I had no control over what had happened, so didn't need be ashamed. "They made me blow them... while they ate our dinner." My stomach rumbled.

"I thought about getting away, but they had you down here and was afraid of what they'd do to you." My eyes burned. "I know you said to fight and run, but I couldn't leave you alone."

Joe wrapped his arms around me. The warmth and hardness of his body made me feel safe. "It's ok, babe." He squeezed. "I don't think I'd have been able to leave you here alone either." He pulled back and looked into my eyes. "No matter what, we'll get out of this together and be ok." He leaned back in and pulled me close.

I whispered, "What did they do to you down here?"

Joe shrugged, holding me tighter. "Just tied me up and lubed my ass. I'm glad they at least did that before they shoved your cock in me. I'm sore enough this morning without a dry cock fucking me." He turned on the shower. When the water had warmed, he asked, "Can I soap you up?"

I grinned and slid under the spray. The familiar slick, soapy hands on my body felt good. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the loving caresses. When Joe reached my ass, he lingered and massaged the sensitive ring of muscle. My cock, which had subsided a little, filled again. I always felt safe and protected when Joe was inside me and I wanted that so much. We only had a few minutes left, so I turned and washed my husband.

We rinsed and turned off the shower. As the last trickles of water dribbled from the shower-head, the doorbell rang.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

**M**y heart pounded. “Were you expecting anyone?” I whispered. Joe’s eyes widened. “I asked Emilio to come over and watch the game. I completely forgot.”

I smiled. “He’ll definitely know something’s wrong—Wait! This was supposed to be our weekend.”

Joe looked at the floor. “I know. When he mentioned the game and that his wife would be out of town, I automatically asked him. Then I realized what weekend it was. I meant to tell him it was off, but I didn’t get around to it.” He looked at me with his eyebrows raised.

I could never stay mad at him. “Well, at least something good might come out of it.”

The bell rang again. We both stared up the basement stairs.

“If we get out of this,” Joe said, “maybe we should remove some of the soundproofing.”

Minutes passed. They seemed like hours.

“Wait. Up there,” Joe said, pointing to one of the windows high in the basement wall.

I looked up. A pair of sneakers and the hem of jeans passed in front of the window and stopped. The figure bent down and Emilio’s face appeared.

We both waved, trying to get his attention.

“Wait, we’re naked,” I said, looking down at our rope-marked skin.

Joe chuckled, "Which would you prefer, him seeing us naked or dealing with the two freaks upstairs?"

"Good point." I bounced up and down waving harder.

Emilio saw us, smiled, and shook his head. He disappeared and soon the sound of keys in the padlock on the storm door signaled their freedom.

The large door swung open, letting in sunlight and the air of freedom.

"It's a good thing you gave me a key to your house. I figured something was wrong when nobody answered," Emilio said as he strode down the steps. He stopped and looked around, then cast a skeptical eye at the prison cell. "What the fuck were you two... Never mind. Is there a key to this thing." The cell rattled as he shook the barred door.

"Yes," whispered Joe. "It's over on that shelf," He pointed across the room. "And hurry, we didn't lock ourselves in here. There are two guys upstairs."

Emilio's eyes widened. "No shit?" He grabbed the key off the shelf and fumbled with the lock.

The latch clicked. Emilio backed up as Joe pushed the door open.

I ran through the door and reached to hug Emilio, but stopped. "Maybe I'll save the hug until I have some clothes on."

Emilio blushed. "Let's get out of here." He turned toward the open storm door.

"Not, so fast." A voice from the top of the stairs stopped them all in their tracks.

Hank stared down on them, gun pointed straight at me.

The large storm doors creaked as Seth swung them shut from the outside. The padlock slipped in place. The tiny click from the other side of the door was the loudest sound I'd ever heard. I turned, wide-eyed, back to Hank.

"So, another queer has joined us?" Hank asked.

"No. He's straight... our neighbor. Let him go." I tripped over the words. "Whatever this is—leave him out of it."

"Straight?" Seth's voice came from behind Hank now. He'd closed the storm doors and walked back around the house. "That gives me an idea."

Hank chuckled. "You and your ideas."



## CHAPTER EIGHT

I stood naked on the cold floor with my hands tied behind my back. That was nothing compared to what they'd done to Joe. He was bent in half over a leather padded saw horse. His hands were tied to his feet, which only touched the floor if he stuck his toes down as far as they would go. Since it offered him no extra support, he gave up and just hung there, his ass exposed to the world. The tiny pucker was still red from the extended abuse the night before.

"Get in there," Seth said, motioning toward Joe's ass.

I hesitated, not because I was trying to be difficult but because that could have meant a few different things. 'In there' was pretty vague.

He grabbed the back of my head and pushed me to my knees. I tried to catch myself, but with my hands tied, my forehead slapped against Joe's ass. I understood.

His cock hung heavy against the smooth wood of the saw horse. No matter the circumstances, I never gave up a chance to get that thing in my mouth. I ran my tongue from the barely exposed head and up the shaft to his balls. I loved the smoothness and the heat radiating off his dick as it grew longer. It arched against the wood and he squirmed, trying to adjust to a more comfortable position—there was none. My man was uncomfortable and sucking him off always made him feel better. That was the exact circumstance I loved and would have had precum oozing from my own cock if it weren't for the guys behind me.



I glanced down at the wet head of my dick. I was wrong. The guys with the guns hadn't dampened its spirits at all. I leaned back in and took his balls in my mouth, pulling them away from his body with my lips and flicking them with my tongue. He squirmed more.

I was about to make my way back to his cock when a hand gripped my hair and pulled me back. The balls made a popping sound as they sprang from my mouth.

"Enough playing." Seth's voice was gruff behind me. "Stick your tongue out."

I did as I was told.

"Keep it that way." The hand positioned my head directly behind Joe's ass and shoved me straight into it.

My tongue popped into the tiny pucker. Joe gasped. Someone held my head in place and I had trouble breathing. I could have pulled my tongue back into my mouth, but that wouldn't have helped the air situation and from the way Joe pushed back against my face, clenching his muscles, I could tell he was enjoying it.

Since I had been the source of his hole's abuse, I tried my best to sooth it with my tongue, and he ground his ass against my face in appreciation.

"I think that's enough," Hank said, grabbing my hair and pulling me back. "Get across the saw horse."

I wasn't in a position to refuse and couldn't throw punches, so I bent next to Joe. It was a good thing we'd bought the sawhorse with the padded leather covering. Seth untied my hands from behind my back and tied them to my feet, trapping me on the board.

"Toy time?" he asked.

Hank rattled around on the shelves for a few seconds and then knelt behind me. "Do you think this is for the balls or the whole package?"

He wasn't asking me, but I chimed in any way. "The balls."

Cold smooth steel clamped around my ball sack. Hank dropped his hands and the weight of the metal pulled down, stretching them.

"What are these handles for?" he asked.

I knew exactly what he was talking about. The clamped weight had two hoops molded into it. Since we'd just bought it, I didn't think my first time experimenting should be in a situation where I didn't have control. I kept my mouth shut.

Hank slapped my extended balls, making the weight swing wildly. If I hadn't already been doubled over, I would have hit the floor.

Through clenched teeth, I said, "For more weight."

"Huh," he said as he rose to his feet and walked away. Bent over, I could only see directly behind me. But he walked in the right direction for the weights I'd put right next to the clamp.

He was back within seconds and he'd brought all the weights with him. *Shit.*

The first one he clamped on pulled my balls harder. My already hard cock twitched. The second one pulled my nuts farther than they'd ever stretched. Every nerve in my dick tingled. I couldn't tell if I was coming or just releasing tons of precum. It dripped out of my slit and fell past my face before pooling on the floor.

"Fuck. I think he likes it," Hank said. "Come see."

Seth's bare legs touched my back. When he leaned over me to look, his hard cock rested in the small of my back and the weight of his warm body pushed me down harder onto the leather padding. It hurt, but I was too busy trying to control my dick to worry about it.

Seth laughed when he saw my extended sack. "Damn. Don't think I could take that. Add more!"

Hank picked up the rest of the weights and hung them on the clamp. With more than five pounds hanging from my scrotum, more precum gushed out. My breathing was ragged, and I clenched my teeth, trying not to scream.

Joe hung as helpless as me. Emilio was in the room, but I had to assume they'd trussed him up with ropes too. Nobody was coming to save me. And when my dick jerked again, releasing another gush, I wasn't sure I wanted to be saved.

"This seems like a waste," Seth said as a pair of hands yanked my ass cheeks apart, exposing my twitching hole.

"I saw just the thing." Hank stood up and disappeared for a few seconds. When he came back, he held the biggest dildo in our collection. Joe and I had nicknamed it Gigantor and had bought it as more of a novelty instead of something we planned on using. He swung the fourteen inch monster around a few times.

"Think this will work?" he asked.

Seth let out a breath. "Try it."

Hank took a step back and wielded the dildo like a sword. He pointed it toward my ass. "Lube him."

Cool liquid fell in my crack and trailed down to my hole. Fingers caught the lube and circled my asshole. When the first finger slipped in, Hank poked the weights with Gigantor, making them swing. I yelled as the movement pulled my balls harder.

"You want the gag again?" Hank asked.

Seth added two more fingers to my hole. "Let him yell. This place is soundproof."

The swinging slowed and Seth flared out his fingers, stretching me open.

Hank took the lube and slathered it on the huge dildo. I watched with growing horror as he showed Seth that he couldn't even come close to wrapping his fingers all the way around it.

"Please don't," I begged.

Seth laughed. The hard cock resting on the small of my back vibrated. "Just going to try it."

Hank rested the head of the monster against my hole. It felt like a boulder.

Real dicks have some give. A huge cock is easier to take than a toy the same size. But, if I saw a cock that big I would run the other way... well, after a little while.

Hank pushed it against my stretched hole. A battering ram would have been more gentle. He pushed even harder and pain shot from my ass to the bottom of my feet.

"Fighting it is only gonna make it worse," Hank said. He tapped the weights with his foot to let me know he had complete control. "I have all day."

I decided it would be better to try and get it over with. At least if my ass split open, maybe they'd let me go so I could get to a doctor.

The next time he pushed the monster against my pucker, I relaxed as much as I could in my bent position and pushed out. The head popped in and every nerve in my body screamed. And so did I.

My mouth flew open, and a shriek filled the basement. It was so loud that I was surprised the glass cocks on the far shelf didn't shatter.

Suddenly, my hot jizz splattered against my face and into my mouth. I stopped yelling and watched as strand after strand of cum shot out of my

dick. It went on forever. There's no way my balls were large enough to hold the amount of jizz that poured out of me like a firehose. Contractions wracked my body with every spurt, rocking the sawhorse so hard that Hank had to use his free hand to hold it steady. Every half a second, when my body would loosen a little after contracting, he would push Gigantor another centimeter into my ass. After a few jerks, it hit my prostate and my dick felt like it wanted to jump off my body.

When it was all done, I collapsed, hanging loose as a rag doll over the sawhorse. Tears mixed with the cum that streaked my face. It took about a minute before I could breath regularly and Hank slowly extracted the pole from my ass hole. When the ridge behind the head caught my stretched ring of muscle, he had to twist to pop it free. I yelped again.

When he squatted to take the weights and the clamp off my balls, the head of his rigid dick glistened with precum. He'd obviously enjoyed it. He wiped my face with a wet cloth from the shower in the cell and then he and Seth left the room.



## CHAPTER NINE

**W**e didn't talk much while they were gone. A few times Joe asked if I was ok. I couldn't look at him, but I assured him that my body was getting over the shock, and I was fine. Emilio asked too, from somewhere behind me. But I was too embarrassed to do much more than grunt.

Thirty minutes later, the men came back in. Seth patted me on the ass as he walked past. Then they led Emilio into my sight line. It was weird having my asshole and my eyes facing the same direction.

I looked back through my legs at Emilio. He shivered even though the room was warm. His long cock hung heavy between his legs. I almost hoped his cock just got firm and didn't grow bigger when he got hard. It was a good six soft inches. The length didn't scare me so much; I was more worried about mine and Joe's already abused asses.

"Get it up." Hank sounded rough and forceful. Since I hadn't heard it any other way, I assumed that was just his natural voice. It was a shame he was the bad guy in this situation, he was hot and that voice ordering me around would normally have my dick doing cartwheels.

Emilio's eyes narrowed. "Maybe if you suck it, it'll grow."

A sharp slap echoed through the room. Seth had smacked Emilio hard on the ass with the paddle.

"Did you say something?" he asked.

Emilio looked at the floor, contrite. "Just that it needs some help."

Seth considered for a second. "Fine."

He walked in front of us. I glanced at Joe. His face was red from hanging upside down. He shrugged as best he could, letting me know he didn't know what to expect either.

Seth's bare feet stopped in front of Joe. He bent down and worked with Joe's ropes. When he was done, Joe's feet were still bound, and he pulled Joe's arms behind him and bound them. He yanked Joe to his feet where he immediately fell to his knees.

Since my legs had fallen asleep, I figured the same thing had happened to him.

"Ah," Hank said. "Good that you know what you need to do. Get this guy's dick hard. He's not going to be able to fuck your little boyfriend with a fucking limp dick."

Hank spoke with such satisfaction at the thought of Joe watching someone else's dick slide into my ass that I was sure they hadn't found all our videos the night before.

We'd had an open relationship for our five years and most of the time shared our men. There were hours of recorded video of Joe plugging my mouth with his cock while another man went to town on my ass—and the other way around. There was no jealousy.

Well, there was a little now. Watching through my legs, the upside down scene of Joe tentatively taking Emilio's brown cock-head between his lips gave me a twinge. I'd wanted that dick ever since it had moved in next door.

Joe slid the cock further into his mouth and cut his eyes toward me. Though his lips stretched around Emilio's shaft, he managed a slight smile and he winked at me. I vowed then and there that the next time I fucked him, it would be a grudge fuck he'd feel for a month.

Having had a good deal of experience with the inside of Joe's mouth, I assumed it wouldn't take long for him to get Emilio's dick ready. It was hard to tell because Joe's mouth was suctioned to the base and my view of the beautiful cock was obstructed. I couldn't wait to see how it emerged from Joe's throat.

I was not disappointed. It was everything I'd imagined all those times standing in the shower beating my soapy cock. Emilio sucked in a long breath, making his dark chest expand and the prominent muscles of his

stomach look like they were about to cut through his skin. He backed away from Joe's stretched mouth very slowly.

It was so wide. I was amazed at the girth. I knew Joe was good, but I didn't know he had that kind of talent. Emilio pulled out another inch and I could see a line move up in Joe's throat. Holy shit. Emilio kept backing up and the dick just kept coming.

After what seemed like an eternity, jutting straight out from the dark curls of his pubic hair a shiny, ten-inch cock hung suspended in the air. It was obvious that the thing would take too much blood to make it rise up any farther. The dark shine of his head caught my attention, peeking out of the foreskin that still covered most of it.

Panic raced through me, but I calmed it just as quickly. When had I ever backed down from a challenge? Besides, I'd drooled over Emilio for so long and my ass probably hadn't bounced back after the dildo. I didn't care if he split me in half. I'd lay on the floor in two pieces, very content.

Hank and Seth glanced at each other. An odd look flickered across both of their faces. Joe looked away from me and his head made a quick movement that I couldn't make out.

Hank's face went hard with a leer. "Well, looks like you don't need anymore help. Get to fucking."

He pointed Emilio toward me, his cock swaying like a dowsing rod looking for a piece of ass. He stepped behind me and his head brushed over my hole. Precum and Joe's saliva made it slippery and the heat coming from it made me instinctually push back against it.

Hank laughed. "Eager little fucker."

A bottle of lube squirted, a sound every gay man knows well, and cool liquid ran down my crack. A finger concentrated the lube around my pucker and pushed inside. I moaned and pushed back against the finger as much as my bonds would let me. I was getting really tired of the ropes.

As a second finger slid in, the sawhorse shook as Joe was tossed back over the other side and tied with his ass in the air again.

Watching the ropes dig into his tanned skin, my helplessness, the fingers pushing in and out of my ass, and the anticipation of the cock-of-the-gods standing behind me almost made me cum again. But I wanted to save it, so I reminded myself of the situation and that this was not for pleasure, but was legitimately dangerous. Enough ecstasy coursed through me that I really

didn't care, but it was a way to save my load at least until Emilio buried himself balls-deep inside me.

The lube bottle squirted again and the sound of a hand quickly working a cock was music to my ears. A moan came from behind me. I could have sworn that it was Hank's deep voice and not Emilio's. Apparently, even Hank could appreciate the beauty of the gift I was going to receive.

Laid over the sawhorse, my head faced straight down and the blood pounding in it made the ordeal even more surreal. Emilio's dark legs stepped closer. His sun browned feet were huge and perfect. I would have been just as happy to have his toe in my mouth as his cock. Almost.

The long muscled legs I'd watched so often as he mowed the lawn or come over for a swim, were inches from me. The black hair looked coarse on his calves and gave way to thinner, more silky looking hair farther up on his thighs. I bent as far as I could to be able to see farther up, but the restraints kept me from moving.

The head of his cock touched my hole again. I stopped struggling and braced myself. He pushed forward and the pressure against my pucker was unbearable. I shifted my ass, trying to push back against the huge rod.

The head popped through and I sucked in a deep breath. The dildo earlier had done a lot to prepare me for the invasion.

He pushed a little farther in and it pushed the air out of my lungs. My body relaxed to get ready for the pounding and I breathed slowly.

I wanted to invite him in, especially since he was entering whether I wanted it or not. At that moment, there was nothing else in the world I wanted more.

He pulled back, his sliding foreskin made the movement bearable even with the size.

"Oh, no you don't." Hank's voice boomed. He stood behind Emilio and I could only see his legs. One of his feet lifted and connected with Emilio's ass, making his cock plunged in all the way to the root.

I gasped, trying to catch my breath.

Joe's head snapped toward me, alarmed at the squeaking noises I was making. I fought to catch my breath and managed a weak grin to let him know that I was ok and trying to convince myself too.

I'd had taken larger cocks, but there had usually been chemical lubrication involved. Opening up for something that massive stone-cold sober was



new. My body could take the abuse, and gladly—but my brain had to catch up.

Hank's legs moved in closer behind Emilio. He must have been pushing Emilio forward because the cock stayed buried in me like the sword in the stone. And I definitely didn't want anyone pulling it out.

I relaxed into the sensations and couldn't remember ever having felt so full. The pressure against my prostate threatened to make my cock go off like a cannon.

Joe gasped. I dreamily turned my head. His eyes were wide and a naked, tanned pair of legs with dark blond hair stood less than a foot behind him. It looked like I wasn't the only one getting filled. The sawhorse rocked and wet, slapping noises echoed in the basement as Seth drove his cock into my husband over and over again.

I'd watched other people fuck Joe more times than I could count and I never got tired of the mixture of bliss and lust that would settle on his flushed face. His eyes rolled back and his mouth hung open. My cock ached.

I wiggled my ass. This was probably the only time I'd ever have Emilio's cock inside me. Hell, he'd probably never speak to me again after this. There was no reason not to make the best of it.

Hank noticed my ass wriggle. "Looks like the little slut is asking for it," he growled.

I ground my ass against Emilio's smooth, muscled crotch, trying to take his cock even farther. It pulsed inside me.

Emilio pulled back hard, his cock barely sliding. Hank's legs moved back like he'd been knocked off balance.

Emilio grunted. "I can't fuck him with you holding me in." He slammed back into me.

Hank laughed. "No problem, big guy." He stepped to the side, giving Emilio free range of motion. "Go to town on that ass."

As soon as Hank moved out of the way, Emilio slowly pulled back. His cock slid out of me in a motion that felt like it took forever, leaving me feeling empty and not a little disappointed. Then he stopped just before his swollen head could pop out of my ass. I tried to push back, silently begging him to go back in.

Joe still grunted next to me like his ass was being attacked by a battalion.

The muscles in Seth's legs drew tight, and he raised up on his toes as he pounded Joe's ass harder.

I lost track of what was happening next to me because my eyes crossed as Emilio slammed his cock back into me, stretching what used to be a pucker and was now a band of muscle pushed to its limit. I yelled, but even I could hear there was way more lust than pain in my voice.

Seth's panting caught my ear. The saw horse rocked back and forth and soon Emilio was matching Seth's thrusts, making our perch feel even more unstable. But the monster filling me up and the look of ecstasy on Joe's face were all I could think about. If even a finger touched my cock, it would shoot hard enough to put a hole in the wall.

Seth yelled. The primal, orgasm sound that human's have made ever since we developed vocal chords. His movement slowed, and he panted.

As he backed away from Joe, his dick slipped free and a string of cum dropped from my man's ass to the floor.

"My turn," Hank said. His dark legs took the place of the blond Seth's. "Thanks for warming it up for me."

He must have slid in and bottomed out because Joe's eyes rolled again.

Emilio panted behind me. I clenched the muscles in my ass, trying to hold him in place. I never wanted his cock to leave the sheath Mother Nature had so graciously supplied him.

Instead of slowing him down, the increased pressure made Emilio's toes curl as he slammed into me one hard, final time. His balls drew up and the massive slab of meat convulsed. Heat filled me as he ground his hips against my ass, jerking as wave after wave of spunk filled me up.

I wanted to cum with that rod up my ass so bad. He stayed inside me as Hank's grunts got louder.

As Hank convulsed behind Joe, Emilio's dick still twitched inside me. It was losing some of its hardness, but was still more than enough to keep me warm and full.

Hank backed away from Joe's ass. His large cock swung free, dripping cum as even more spunk dripped from Joe.

Emilio pulled back, his spent cock slowly sliding out of me. I whispered, "No. Please."

He rubbed his hand across my ass cheek lightly as he let his dick slide out, leaving me empty.

Hank sighed. "Well, Joe. I hate to cum and run, but we have another gig to get to."

I couldn't tell if it was the overflow of blood in my upside down head or if everything just stopped making sense.

"Is it alright if we leave this guy to untie you?" Hank continued.

"Sure... and thanks, guys," Joe said.

"No problem, man." Seth's voice seemed more hoarse than it had earlier. "We'll leave our card on the coffee table in the living room, just in case you need us again."

I watched, stunned as they walked to the basement stairs and disappeared.

Emilio bent down and pulled on the ropes around my wrists.

"You may want to untie me first," Joe said. "Just in case he's pissed off."

Emilio laughed and moved to untie Joe. His lube slicked, thick cock hanging between his legs as he crouched down. "If you guys ever throw another celebration like this, I expect to be invited again."

Joe rubbed his wrists as he straightened himself up and they both knelt to untie me. I still hadn't said a word.

"Well, I'm not sure this one is over yet. I haven't felt that monster yet," Joe said, motioning to Emilio's cock.

With attention focused back on it, it grew darker and filled out a little more. "I think that can be arranged," Emilio said.

They pulled the ropes from my hands. "I wasn't exactly done either," I said—deciding to leave all of my questions for later.

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They had promised not to buy each other gifts for their fifth anniversary. They both lied. But when Ryan's gift shows up, will it be more than he can handle? Find out.

gay/bondage/bdsm/bareback/straight to gay

STEPPAD'S POKER Night Orgy—Family/Gangbang

It's difficult to get anything done with his stepfather's poker night in the next room. When he says something about it, Chris regrets it immediately - until his stepdad's friends get involved.

Gay/bareback/straight to gay/taboo/voyeurism

BLACKMAILING STEPDAD—Family/Straight to Gay

He had way too much school work to do, so he decided to go home for Spring Break. Plenty of time to work and score some brownie points with his mother. But, when he gets there, she's out of town... and some other woman is in his stepfather's bed.

Blackmail time.

gay/straight to gay/bareback/blackmail/taboo

LITTLE RED—BDSM/Modern Fairy Tale

Max is off the woods to visit his best friend. Along the way, he meets Jake, who thinks he'll rock Max's world. Jake couldn't have been more wrong.

gay/bondage/revenge

MARDI GRAS EXHIBITIONIST—Public

John is expecting a sex filled Mardi Gras. What is isn't expecting is to fall for the compact and beautiful Paulo. Can a person fall in love, screw their brains out, and have their heart broken in one day? At the Mardi Gras - absolutely.

Gay/bareback/double penetration/voyeurism/public sex

MY BEST FRIEND'S SECRET—Family/Straight to Gay

Hunter is hanging out after the club with his best friend James. They hadn't seen each other in five years and there's a lot to catch up on. It's late at night and they are both in the mood. James promises Hunter someone who can give Hunter the time of his life. He doesn't mention that the person is already in the house.

Gay/taboo/double penetration

ROAD TRIP WITH STEP-DAD AND FINDING STEP-DAD'S PRESENT—

Family/Straight to Gay

WITH TIMON RUHL

Thinking he was safe from repercussions, Jonathan came out to his step-father right before he was dropped off for college. That would give his parents three months to adjust to it before he was home for Christmas. What could possibly go wrong? And what could go very, very right...

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES—Fairy Tale

A simple tailor and scam artist, Ulrich is faced with his most powerful client yet. But, his partner, Hugo, wants to use this opportunity to pull off the biggest scam of their career.

Hugo's brazenness will lead to their being impaled - either with a sword or with... well, you can probably guess. To pull this off, they'll need help from an unlikely source.

ABUSE OF POWER—Straight to Gay

He could only take advantage of his position for so long. When his new partner catches him in the act, he started down a path he never expected...

DOWN ON THE FARM AND STEP DAD—Family/Straight to Gay

WITH TIMON RUHL

When Dylan's step dad gets a call from Dylan's coach that he was caught in a compromising position in the gym shower, Dylan's afraid their relationship will never be the same. And was he ever right.

WEEKEND WITH MY UNCLE—Family/Age Play

BY TIMON RUHL

Hunter's dad has to leave on a job for the weekend and drops him off with his uncle.

Things are pretty strange from the beginning. His Uncle Billy is in a motel room with a friend , and they do things to Hunter that he'd never ,dreamed of... and that is just the beginning.