

LITTLE RED



DYSON PORTER

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FUCKED UP FAIRYTALES

DYSON PORTER



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CHAPTER 1

RED

I stepped onto our porch and breathed in the spring air. Sunlight filtered through the trees making brilliant, green shapes on the grass. Perfection.

Once a month, Sam and I got together for a brunch, when the weather allowed. That meant sitting on Sam's second floor balcony, eating, smoking a few bowls, and catching up. Today, the weather allowed.

I fished my car keys out of my pocket just as a bird sang in the tree across the street. Then I dropped the keys back in my pocket and decided to walk the three miles to the river where Sam's house sat in isolation. There was no reason to lock myself into a metal and glass box today. I adjusted the tight red shirt that hugged my torso and headed out.

Besides, my boyfriend Vance was still asleep after his late shift and he said if he woke up in time, he'd join us. Leaving the car was the nice thing to do.

Fifteen minutes later, there was still a hop in my step. Near the center of town, more cars passed, and the sidewalks were full of people enjoying the day. I liked seeing the crowds. One man caught my eye. He stood outside one of the apartment buildings leaning against the wall.

As I got closer, he was even more striking. He was six feet tall and built. His black, wavy hair was a little too long, but it framed his dark face and large eyes perfectly. The few days of beard growth accentuated his jawline and outlined his full lips.

I prepared my “how you doing” nod with direct, lingering eye contact and executed it as soon as I caught his eye.

“Where you heading in such a hurry, Little Red?” he asked.

I grinned. It works every time.

The man had a good four inches on me, in height anyway. I glanced at his crotch and thought he may have an extra four there too. Sweatpants hung loose on his hips and his cock was visible through the fabric. Cut. Big head.

“I’m not really in a hurry. I’m going to a friend’s house for brunch.”

“Well, that sounds nice.” His voice was deep and sent vibrations through my chest. The way his eyes roamed my body made me uncomfortable and hard at the same time.

“Oh, it is. Once a month thing. He lives in that big gray house down by the river. We sit on his second floor deck, look out at the river, and catch up.”

The man nodded. “The one on the hill?” He waited for my enthusiastic nod and then let out a short whistle. “Nice place. What time you supposed to be there?”

His hand dropped to the bulge of his crotch and scratched what could have been a most innocent itch, but it made the hanging dick move and bounce and caused even more sensations in my jeans.

“Not for a while. But I should go anyway.”

The guy crooked an eyebrow. “Look, there’s nobody in my apartment right now. You wanna... I don’t know... maybe come up and have a drink?” He ran his hand down the length of his cock.

Such blatant exhibitionism at the club wouldn’t have fazed me, but in public...

I stammered, “I... I really appreciate the offer.” I looked at the man’s package again and my mouth felt dry. I almost wanted that drink. “Really. But I have a boyfriend at home.” I nodded back the way I’d come.

That wasn’t really the problem. Vance and I had an open relationship, but we usually discussed it before one of us went off on that type of adventure. There was just something dark in the guy’s eyes I wasn’t sure about.

“I see,” said the man. “Then you should be on your way.” He gave my body the once over again. “You can’t show up at your friend’s house empty handed.”

“Oh, I was going to stop and buy stuff for mimosas.”

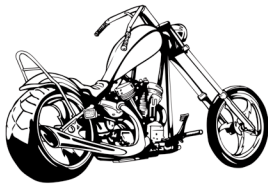
“Cool. My name’s Jake and I live here on the second floor, if you ever change your mind.”

I nodded, took one more look at the ridges under Jake’s t-shirt, the lightly haired, tanned strip of skin showing between the shirt and pants, his long legs, and the other thing filling up the pants. I almost changed my mind. But not quite.

“It was nice to meet you.”

I headed out, happy to have been cruised. But I could still feel Jake’s eyes boring into me as I walked away. I felt self conscious of my ass getting that amount of scrutiny and was glad when I came to the liquor store on the next block. I ducked inside.

When I came out, I glanced back down the street. Jake was gone.



CHAPTER 2

WOLF

Max walked away. His jeans hugged his perky ass, lifting and—damn—separating. Instead of my cock deflating with rejection, it did the opposite. I loved a challenge. Brunch at the gray house by the river. Sam's house. I knew it well.

Sam and I'd seen each other on the sly off and on for a while. Sam liked being tied up and fucked stupid and, damn, I liked doing it. We'd only stopped seeing each other because Sam had wanted serious shit, marriage and rings and stuff. We still got together and played now and then. Maybe brunch was a good idea.

I dropped my cigarette on the ground and smashed it out with the heel of my sneaker. As soon as Max walked into the liquor store, I ducked around the side of my house and jumped on my motorcycle. I should have put on underwear because motorcycles don't usually have mastheads, but my cock thought the job was open.

The trip to Sam's house took three minutes. Max was still at least twenty-five minutes behind on foot. I pulled his bike around to the back and looked up at the balcony. Sam wore nothing but a pair of shorts and a thin, open robe and flitted around a rod-iron table, laying out dishes. He stopped and leaned over the railing, smiling.

I killed the engine. *Excellent. This might be easy after all.*

"How's it going?" I called up.

"Doing alright. What brings you out this way on a Sunday?"

I shrugged and rested my hand on the waistband of my sweats. My cock still stuck out like a missile.

I shrugged. "Just wondering if I could come up for a few. Got something that needs taking care of."

Sam paused, obviously trying to think of the timing. There was only one reason I ever came to Sam's house these days. He was trying to work out if we could fit in a quick fuck before his company arrived.

I pulled the waist of my sweats down a little more, exposing the base of my cock to the bright sunlight.

"It's unlocked. Come upstairs." Sam disappeared from the railing.

I walked into the house and up the stairs. Sam was out of his robe, the white shorts lay crumpled in a corner of the hall.

"Do you still have those cuffs?" I asked, trying to sound as innocent as possible.

Sam nodded. "But, we don't have time for that. I have company coming any minute now."

I slipped my shirt off. I'd been working out pretty hard and from the tiny sound Sam made, it had been working. Sam's breathing shortened and his cock levitated.

I pushed my pants down and in one movement they crumpled to the floor.

Sam squirmed. "Let's go, but make it quick." He turned and shook his ass as he ran to his bedroom.

I followed; not in a hurry. I knew exactly how much time we had.

By the time I stepped into the bedroom, Sam had the toy drawer open.

"Lay down on your stomach. Since I wasn't invited to brunch, I want to eat your ass before I fuck you." I slid my hand down my torso, letting my fingers feel the hills and valleys of my abs and enjoying the light dusting of hair that culminated in my treasure trail. Hell, the gym time had been working. But, I'd always been turned on by my own body.

Sam flopped down on the bed, reaching under himself to adjust his hard dick into a comfortable position. He raised his ass up to help with the adjustment and left it elevated, making it as easy as possible to get to.

Seeing my thick cock and low hanging balls always made Sam squirm. He lowered his hips a little and rubbed his dick against the mattress.

I went to the toy drawer and pulled out a blindfold and gag.

"We really need to hurry," Sam gasped. He wiggled his ass, hoping to be filled and satisfied before brunch.

I chuckled. "Don't worry. It's under control." Or, was about to be.

I grabbed a length of rope out of the drawer and climbed onto the bed. Straddling Sam's back, I let my cock trail along the smooth skin and had second thoughts about my plan.

Maybe I should just go ahead and slip it to Sam. Get it over with. But then I remembered the dark haired Max in the tight red shirt. Nope. Fucking could wait.

Reaching around, I put the blindfold on Sam and stretched his mouth with the ball gag. When I'd buckled both into place, I grazed my hands down Sam's sides and scooted down his body. I stopped when my cock came to rest between the perky mounds of his ass.

He wiggled, trying to rub his ass against my cock.

I gently brought Sam's wrists behind his back, resting my erection in his hands.

Sam was too engrossed in running his fingers over my cock to realize what happened next until it was too late.

I left him bound, gagged, and helpless as I padded toward the bedroom door to put the rest of my plan into action.

Sam struggled and grunted against the ropes, but the most he could do was roll over until he was lying on his hands. That hurt too much, so he rolled back over on his stomach with his still hard cock driving into the mattress. He knew I was too good at tying him up for any hope of escape.



CHAPTER 3

RED

The river moved lazily behind the house and a cool breeze blew through the clearing. I couldn't see much of the balcony from the ground, but the champagne glasses were in place and the white tablecloth moved with every gust. Mimosa time.

I knocked on the door. There was no answer, but I hadn't expected one either. Sam knew I was coming, so I pushed the door open and walked into the living room. The music that usually accompanied our brunches wasn't playing. Conspicuous in its absence.

The stairs creaked as I made my way to the second floor and through the extra sitting room that led to the balcony. I was always a little embarrassed by the tinge of jealousy I had over the place. Compared to mine and Vance's one bedroom apartment, Sam's house was a palace.

The table was set and orange juice and champagne chilled in metal buckets of ice. Everything was just as it should be, except for a sleeping man laying in one of the deck chairs.

A towel rested over the man's face, obscuring it. I knew it was a man because the face was the only thing covered.

Sam and I had seen each other naked hundreds of times; having vacationed together, hit sex clubs together, and had even tried to date each other when we'd first met. The dark, hairy man in the chair was not Sam.

"Looks like you've been working out, Sam. Nice fucking chest you've got now."

The guy under the towel wasn't asleep. He chuckled. "The better to hold you against, dear."

The voice was familiar—deep, vibrating. Something in the back of my head told me this was a bad idea, but I'd rarely been able to practice self-control when a body like that was exposed. I walked over and ran my hand down the man's abs. The thick cock that lay over his thighs lengthened.

My hand slid down the man's hip and onto his hairy leg, missing the dick that rose up, seeming to sniff me out.

"And, what great legs you have."

The man's voice rumbled from under the towel. "The better to catch you with."

I stopped moving. *Well, that was fucking creepy.* But the body was just too nice, so I ran my hand back up over the man's chest and out to his arms.

"What nice arms you have." I had to adjust my own growing cock.

The man chuckled again. "The better to hold you with."

I shrugged, that one could go either way. The man's rod was at full attention. Nine inches jutted from between his legs, supported by two low hanging, heavy balls. Not as big as Vance's, but way bigger than average. I cupped my hands under his lightly haired balls and bent down to kiss them. *Why the hell not?* I asked myself.

"And, what a beautiful cock you have," I said, letting my lips graze his sack.

A strong hand grabbed my arm. Panic shot through me. I tried to pull back, but the man had a death-grip on me.

"The better to fuck that sexy little ass of yours."

The man whipped the towel off his face. It was the guy from the apartment. Instead of the sexy, seductive grin, he wore leer that made my blood freeze. Fear made my own aching cock irrelevant — and my dick was never irrelevant. I had to get away.

Before I knew what was happening, Jake was on his feet and had both of my arms pinned behind my back.

"Sam!" I yelled. It hadn't really dawned on me how odd it was that my friend wasn't around until I was held helpless. The house was too far away from the neighbors for anyone to hear me yell, so I fought.

I kicked as hard as I could, trying to make contact with the other man's shins, nuts, whatever. But it was no use.

Jake pushed me face down on the table and something dug into my wrists. I struggled, but in that position, my upper body was useless and I could only kick one leg at a time. Jake easily avoided the inept assault and held on, waiting for me to exhaust myself.

Soon enough, I was tired and stopped struggling.

"What do you want?" I gasped.

Jake's hand reached around and popped the top button of my jeans. I squirmed, ready to escape as soon as his grip loosened, but Jake moved in close, pushing me against the table. His hard rod pushed against my ass.

Maybe it won't be too bad, I thought, but reconsidered immediately. My ass was mine to give away, not someone else's to take.

I tried to kick again but Jake tore the jeans down my legs, leaving them bunched around my knees. The strong fabric made it impossible to kick anymore.

A ripping sound and a breeze on my butt let me know my favorite underwear was no longer wearable. After a few more tugs, I watched in horror as they sailed over my head and off the balcony.

The slick head of Jake's cock rubbed against my hole. That contact, my sudden nakedness, and the struggling had caused my dick to come back to full attention.

Jake's hand slid up my back, pushing the shirt up. "Please don't!" I begged. "This is my favorite t-shirt."

His deep laugh sent chills through my body. "Fine," said Jake, as he moved the shirt back into place and ran his fingers down the lines of muscles under the red cloth. "It does fit you well."

He grabbed a handful of my hair, pulled me off the table, and pushed me toward the door into the house. The jeans slipped lower on my legs as I stumbled forward. I could only take tiny steps and that wasn't fast enough for him.

By the time I was in the sitting room, they were around my ankles and all I could do was shuffle. My shoes squeaked across the hardwood floor as Jake propelled me toward a bedroom.

I stumbled through the bedroom door. Sam lay face down on the bed, tied with enough rope to keep a steer still. I really started to panic.

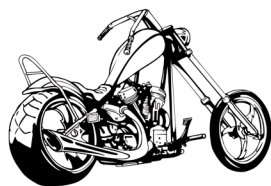
"Sam! Fuck, Sam! Are you okay?"

Sam turned his head toward me. A huge ball-gag held his mouth open and his eyes were wide. He grunted, his voice desperate.

Jake shoved me and I fell face first on the bed next to Sam.

Sam screeched through the gag.

Before I could react, something hard pressed against my lips, driving them into my teeth. I opened my mouth to save my face and Jake forced a ball-gag into my mouth. I screamed through the obstruction, but it was no use.



CHAPTER 4

WOLF

I stepped back to enjoy the view. The two men lying prone on the bed were exquisite examples of fuckable manhood.

Sam was small but wiry. His tanned bubble butt stuck up invitingly. I'd felt the cushioning effect of it many times as I'd driven my cock into it over and over. I liked seeing what sounds I could fuck out of him by hitting different spots inside his slim body.

Max was on the opposite end of the spectrum. His body was hard and all muscle. His white ass stood out in stark contrast to his tanned legs. I lifted the red shirt a few inches and admired his tanned back. I couldn't wait to drive into him and see how he sounded.

I grabbed more rope from the toy drawer and walked to the foot of the bed. I grabbed Max's massive calves and pulled him so his feet and part of his legs hung off the bed. He struggled, but with the jeans still wrapped around his ankles, he wasn't a threat.

I snaked the rope around and through Max's legs as many times as the length would allow and then tied it—expertly, of course. I'd been tying men up for years and had perfected the knots ages ago.

When Max was secure, I pulled his shoes off and tossed them across the room. He bucked when I yanked his socks, making it almost impossible to strip them off.

More rope. I pulled Max's hips up off the bed until just his shoulders and head and knees supported him. I fed the rope behind Max's neck and looped

it around his knees. The next time he tried to kick, the rope would pull his neck. It wouldn't injure him, but it would hurt enough to make him stop.

Then I went back to the socks. That time, I got them and his jeans off without a problem.

Max's feet were tanned and large. I had never had an all-out foot fetish, but now and then a pair turned me on. I stepped close and rubbed the head of my cock over the sole of Max's foot, leaving a trail of precum. Max jerked. So, of course, I did it again. If the fucker was ticklish, even better.

I tried to wedge my cock between his long toes, but the head was too wide. So I pushed both feet tight together and slid it between the arches. I thrust slowly as I examined the rest of Max's body. The elevated ass, the arched back...

I put my hand on the small of Max's back and pushed down, making his back curve downward.

"Much better," I said, admiring the way that position opened Max's ass cheeks, exposing the puckered opening that had been calling to me since I saw him on the street.

I kept running my cock between his feet as I stuck my thumb in my mouth, wetting it. When I rested my hand between the white cheeks, Max shuddered and tried to pull away. The rope between his neck and knees wouldn't let him move. *Sorry, buddy.*

I ran my thumb over the inviting hole a few times and then slipped it in. Max yelped and tried to pull away again.

I chuckled. "Might as well stop resisting. This is what you get for being a tease." I thrust my thumb inside him a few times.

Max groaned. The next time I pushed it in, Max tried to back up onto it again.

"That's more like it," I purred. My cock jerked, no longer satisfied with the feet when the tight, warm ring of muscle was so close and so ready.



CHAPTER 5

RED

I was furious—with Jake, with Sam, and with my own fucking body. The thumb working my hole felt so good that my cock ached. I wanted more. More fingers, more of the son of a bitch who'd tied me up, more of anything.

The side of my face pressed into the bed and my jaw ached with the huge rubber ball stretching my face. I tried to lift my head but the ropes wouldn't let me move. The only direction I could go would be to roll over sideways. One direction was the edge of the bed and the other was Sam, who was in no better shape than me.

I thought about how Jake's thick cock had crept up his thighs as it filled out, coming to rest on his belly. It was a nice dick and would fill me up. But to be taken like that... damn.

Then the thumb disappeared and the lengthy rod that had been sawing back and forth between my sensitive feet pulled away. Cool air took the place of the hand and the cock and I felt exposed.

Footsteps padded across the wooden floor. As they returned, I heard the squirt of a lube bottle.

Shit.

I could turn my head in the other direction to look at Sam by momentarily making my nose press into the bed with the full weight of my upper body pushing it into the airless duvet. A wave of panic made my stomach clench. With my mouth plugged, my nose was the only thing keeping me

alive. The danger of the situation hit me. No cock was worth what was happening.

Sam's face was miserable, like he was trying to apologize telepathically. His mouth stretched wide around the ball and he was on the verge of tears.

His eyes flew wide open and his head pushed toward the head of the bed. It happened again. Then the whole bed moved in a slow rhythm. The guy was fucking Sam. The surprise left his face, and he closed his eyes, grunting every time the bed moved.

I almost felt like I was missing out. From the look on Sam's face, he must have been getting fucked pretty good.

The rhythm increased and Sam's moans went up in pitch; they were joined by a slapping sound and grunts from Jake. Sam opened his eyes halfway. That time a look of ecstasy filled his face. Whatever had happened, he wasn't very sorry any more.

All the motion stopped and Sam looked desperate. Jake's weight left the bed and settled back on it right behind me.

My hole ached as slick fingers circled it. If this was going to happen, I wanted it to happen right then. I pushed my ass back, inviting the fingers to invade. They didn't.

The fingers disappeared and the thick head of James' cock pressing against my asshole. The slick head shook up and down, almost vibrating the hole open. I grunted as it slid in, stretching me. My nerves tingled all the way to my fingers and my hole clenched around the shaft as it filled me.

Then Jake started banging. There was no slow fucking to start with like there had been for Sam. Jake had warmed up on the other ass and was ready to just fuck.

I cried out every time Jake slammed into me, but the sound barely came out around the gag. With no time to adjust, the pain was unbearable. The assault lasted forever.

When I finally adjusted to the stiff rod slamming in and out of me and almost enjoyed it... Jake came to a dead stop. His cock was buried deep.

He leaned forward across my back, his mouth right next to my ear.

He pushed his cock hard, bottoming out as he whispered, "Next time we meet on the street and I invite you for a friendly fuck, what are you going to do?"

I wasn't sure what I would have said even if I could speak around the gag, so I grunted.

Jake slammed into my ass two more times, grunting into my ear both times. "That mean I can have your ass next time I ask?" he growled.

Damn, his voice is hot. I nodded.

"Good." Jake straightened up and started the assault again.

"Because I might... have some friends..." he continued, talking between thrusts. "Who would want... to fuck the shit... out of this... tight ass... too."

I could barely make out the words because Jake grunted with every slam.

A tear tickled my nose as it ran out down my sideways face.

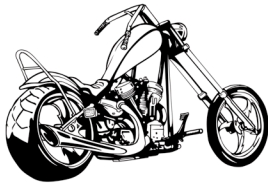
Thump!

Jake stopped fucking and fell heavily across my back, pushing me farther into the bed. The rope between my knees and neck pulled tight.

I panicked and tried to jerk out from under him, making the ropes dig harder.

Then Jake was gone. His body disappeared. The cock was gone too, leaving my gaping hole exposed.

Something tugged at the ropes around my legs and one of them loosened.



CHAPTER 6

WOLF

I looked up from the floor. Sam, Max, and a stranger looked down at me. Sam was still naked and Max still wore just the tight red shirt. The stranger was fully dressed but the bulge of a hard-on pushed out the crotch of his jeans.

"You know this dude?" the new guy asked.

A blush ran down Sam's chest. "Yeah. He's not a bad guy... usually."

Max looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

I tried to sit up and ropes cut into my chest.

I was completely naked and all the ropes I'd used on Max and Sam were tied around my arms and legs—except the one that tightly circled under my balls with a loose end leading up to the stranger's hand. My cock and balls jutted out from my body and were hard, red, and angry. I grunted and dropped my head back to the hard floor.

"Seriously, Vance." Sam said defensively. "He just likes things a little rough."

Vance jerked the rope. Pain shot through me and I screamed. It was like every case of blue-balls I'd ever had came back at once.

Max laughed. "Doesn't look like he likes it rough." Then he looked down at me and nodded toward the new guy. "This is my boyfriend, Vance."

Still gritting my teeth against the pain, I was in no shape for introductions.

Vance shrugged. "Well, I'm starving."

Sam seemed grateful for the change of subject. "There's plenty of food." He walked out of the room toward the kitchen.

Vance looked at Max. "What are we going to do with this asshole?"

"Bring him with us?" Max asked. "We can keep an eye on him 'til we decide." He walked to stand over my head.

His impressive cock hung a few feet over my head. It had gone soft but was still pretty thick. Max caught me looking and shook his head as he reached down and grabbed one of the ropes that ran across my chest.

"Grab the other end."

Vance smirked. "Can't I just pull him by this?" He jerked the rope. I screamed again.

I'd never felt that much pain before. My cock was being ripped from my body by the root.

"No," Max said, laughing. "Get his feet."

They lifted me off the floor, making the ropes cut deeper into my skin, everywhere. "Come on, guys. It was just a little fun." I tried to keep my voice light. A hard thing to do with my teeth clenched so I wouldn't scream again.

"Ball gag?" Vance asked.

"Nah," Max said, grunting as he carried me. "I like hearing him beg."

They dropped me on the deck.

Sam had wrapped a towel around himself and was setting food on the table. He glanced at me and quickly averted his eyes, obviously feeling guilty.

"Come on, Sam. Don't do this." I hated that it sounded like begging, so I took a different approach. "Untie me now," I commanded.

Vance bent down and picked up the horrible rope. He wrapped it around his hand twice.

"No! No!" Jake yelled. "Please don't."

Vance yanked.

I slammed my teeth together and tried not to yell, but it tore out of my chest and echoed off the walls and the trees at the edge of the clearing.

"You don't make demands," Vance said calmly. He dropped the rope and walked to the table. "This all looks great, Sam."

Sam beamed.

"I guess I should go get my pants," Max said, turning to walk back into the house.

"Hey!" Vance said, patting the chair next to him. "Don't you dare."

Max and Sam laughed as Max settled into the chair. Vance rested his hand high on Max's lap and rubbed a finger on his balls. His cock filled out again.

Sam turned on his favorite 'company's here' music, classical preformed on a guitar, and they settled in for a meal that took twenty minutes.

The whole time, none of them acknowledged me or mentioned anything that had just happened.

The indentations and red marks from the ropes slowly faded from Max's and Sam's bodies. There wasn't anything for me to do but lie on the wooden deck, waiting. I wasn't about to give them the satisfaction of begging to be let go. And demanding definitely hadn't had a good result. Time dragged on forever.

Finally, the last fork clattered to the last empty plate.

"I couldn't eat another bite," Max said, leaning back in his chair.

"Me either." Vance put his hand back on Max's bare leg. "That was great, Sam." He looked over at me. "Now, I think I'm ready for dessert."

Sam opened his mouth to say something, like he was about to recite the dessert menu. Then he followed Vance's line of sight and stopped. "Oh."

"So, Sam. Your friend here likes to fuck rough—you ever fucked him?"

I grunted. I hadn't taken a cock in my ass in years. Hell, I only sucked a dude just to put him at ease. Slipping my cock into a nice tight ass was definitely my preference.

"No," Sam said. "I've never known him to bottom."

"Because I don't," I clarified.

Vance nodded. "You will today."

I jerked against the ropes and they dug farther into my skin. "No. Please."

Vance stood up and pulled Max's chair out so he could stand too. "You will. I don't give a fuck if you like it or not, but I promise, before you leave here today—if you leave—all three of these cocks will have shot inside you."

I looked at Sam, my eyes begging for help.

He blushed again and turned away. If it had just been Sam, I could manipulate and promise my way out of anything, but that Vance guy wasn't playing.

Vance tapped my hip with his shoe. Then he seemed to realize that he was still wearing shoes and leaned over to untie them.

I got a good look at his face. His square jaw was dusted with stubble and

his eyes were bright green. *He is fucking hot*, I thought. But he wasn't the kind of hot I would have usually messed with. Too masculine, too obviously a top.

Vance kicked his shoes to the side and unzipped his pants, letting them drop to the deck. I felt the breeze as they landed. He wasn't wearing underwear and the meat between his legs was massive.

He noticed the look on my face and lifted his foot to rest it on my strangled member. "Don't worry, little guy," he said, putting weight down and shaking his foot. I cried out again. "I won't be the first one going in."

Little guy? Fuck. Just because I wasn't a freak of nature like him... but the foot on my cock felt sort of good. *What the hell? Am I getting some serious fucking foot fetish now?*

"Babe." Vance looked at Max and nodded toward me. "Help me turn him over."

Vance took his foot off my crotch and two pairs of hands grabbed my side and flipped me. My tied balls smashed against the deck, I gritted his teeth so I wouldn't cry out.

Strong hands spread my ass cheeks apart. Air brushed my hole.

"Nice virgin hole," Vance said. "Max, I think you should have the honors."

"I'm on it," Max said.

Max's legs settle in on both sides of mine and a soft cock rubbed up and down over my hole. Then he laid on top of me, supporting himself with his arms in a push-up position. My nuts mashed into the wood even more. Vance let go of my cheeks, trapping Max's cock between them. It grew.

Vance laughed. "Not going to be a problem then."

Max thrust a few times, his hardening cock pushing at the entrance that had been closed for years. "Nope. I got this."

The pressure on my hole increased to the point of pain as Max's dry cock-head pushed harder.

"Not dry. Please." I begged through gritted teeth. "I won't move. I'll take it. Just please not dry."

Max pushed a few more times and pain shot from the nerves in my ass and out my toes.

"Fine," he said eventually. He backed off on the pressure. "It would hurt me as much as you, anyway."

Sam's voice chimed in. "Be right back."

Max pushed forward again and I grunted. "Better hurry before it actually goes in," Max called. "If I drop down, things are gonna to get ugly."

"Hurry!" I yelled as Sam dart into the house.

He was back in seconds with a bottle of clear liquid.

I sighed with relief and relaxed. Max stabbed one last time, harder than all the other thrusts before.

The head of his cock breeched my hole.

"Shiiiiiiiiit!" I was sure my hole had just ripped open.

"Fuck," Max said. "Guess that did hurt."

He pulled it out, which hurt almost as bad, and reached for the lube Sam held out.

The squishing sound of lube being worked onto a dick had never given anyone the amount of relief I felt.

Fingers worked lube around my hole and one of them slid in. I caught my breath. One finger or twenty, it hurt like hell. But I pushed back against them, trying to let my hole stretch to get ready for what was coming.

The finger only stayed inside me for a few seconds. When it pulled out, I panicked, knowing what was about to happen.

The head of Max's cock rested against my hole again. This time, it was slick.

Max leaned close to my ear. "You ready for this?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No." I didn't think it would do me any good, but it was worth a try.

Max laughed, his mouth still close, and pain seared through me as he dropped his body, slamming his cock through the tight, unprepared ring.

Max's chest and stomach pressed against my back as he pumped. The louder I protested, the harder he fucked and more his dick pulsed inside me.

A sadist. Fucking great. I gritted my teeth and though I grunted in agony with every thrust, I took it.

Vance stood beside us. All I could see of him was his feet... not bad ones either. *Fuck.* But his voice, telling Max to fuck faster, to bury himself farther, was unmistakable.

"You can do better," he commanded, as he lifted his foot and put it on Max's ass, pushing him hard with every down stroke. My cock throbbed as it was pushed into the deck again and again.

Vance's foot on his ass must have done the trick because Max's body

shuddered and the cock inside my ass get even harder and spasmed. Load after load blasted inside me. I hadn't felt that in years. I liked it.

Max collapsed on top of me and stayed there for a few seconds. I relaxed too, taking the break in the grinding to let my hole relax and try to get used to a rod in my ass.

It was half over, but what was coming would be way worse. Vance seemed like a guy who would have no mercy. Brutality and a horse-sized cock were a deadly combination.

Max rolled to the side onto the deck and his cock jerked out of me. That hurt almost as much as when it had gone in.

"Sam," Vance called out.

Sam walked over. "I really don't think I'd better."

Damn right, I thought. The next time Sam came crawling for a good fuck, he'd regret it. There was no way he'd have the balls to go through with it.

"Gotta," Vance said, snatching the towel off Sam's waist.

Sam had a raging boner that swung free in front of him. He blushed again. "Nah. I'm good."

"The fuck you are." Vance grabbed his arm and pushed him toward Jake. "You may like rough shit with this asshole. Fine. But when it spills over and my man ends up taking a dick he doesn't want... fuck that."

Sam knelt next to me. "I... but..."

"Do it, Sam." Max sat up. "I don't blame you for this mess, but this bitch needs to be taught a lesson."

I gave Sam the sternest, dirtiest look I could muster. Sam was my little bottom slut. He knew better than to think he could slide his dick in my ass.

The dirty look had the wrong effect. Sam's face grew hard and he swung his leg over my body.

"Don't you—" I grunted as a kick to my side stopped the rest of the words.

"You don't fucking make demands here," Vance said, getting his foot ready for another strike.

I scowled, but didn't say anything else.



CHAPTER 7

RED

Sam still looked scared as he pointed his pale, rigid cock toward the hole I'd just tried to destroy. I wasn't sure when the last time Sam had fucked a guy was. He loved taking cock and did it regularly. But he'd never liked to top.

He rested the head against the now red pucker—yay me—and glanced around. I nodded encouragement and Sam slowly slid his head in.

Jake was pissed. I couldn't see his face, but his shoulders turned red.

Fuck him, I thought.

Sam pushed farther inside, the fear on his face gave way to a mix of pleasure and vengeance. He slid forward slowly until his balls touched skin. Being a pro at bottoming, he was considerate enough to stop and let Jake's ass adjust.

I was good at bottoming too... I just hadn't cared. When Sam had waited long enough, I made a 'get on with it' gesture with my hands.

Sam lowered himself all the way onto Jake's back, pulled back, and pumped. It was fun watching his cock disappear between Jake's cheeks. In all the years we'd known each other, I'd never seen Sam fuck anything but a face. Even when we'd dated, his heels had been filled with helium.

Disappointingly soon, Sam's body jerked and he added his load to mine. Disappointing for me anyway. Sam beamed with pride and didn't seem concerned at all. He pushed up off Jake, pulling his cock out gently.

Such a gentleman.

He stood up and walked to the table, grabbed a towel, and wiped the lube off his waning cock.

I ran my fingers over the recently abandoned ass, paying special attention to the places where the ropes dug into the fleshy mounds. My cock filled again and started to ache. Just as I was thinking it might be nice to have another round, Vance stepped forward.

"No way," he said firmly.

He could always read my mind... and my dick.

He grasped his massive cock and shook it. "My turn." He leered down at Jake, who tried to back away. But there was nowhere to go.

"You and Sam go have a drink." Vance nodded to the table. "Make me one too, if you don't mind, babe. I'm about to work up a thirst."

That's what it took. That's when I felt sorry for the poor tied up bastard.

Vance was a great lover. He knew his dick was oversized, so he was usually gentle and sweet with me. But there had been a couple of times when he'd been mad and our sexy time ended up being a grudge fuck. I couldn't walk straight for a week after both sessions.

Jake was about to be wrecked.

I stood and walked over to Sam, taking the towel from his outstretched hand. As I wiped the slick mess off my cock, Sam sat in the chair I had been in before, facing away from the slaughter that was about to happen. I understood. He liked the guy well enough and Vance was about to torture the fuck out of him.

I, however, sat on the other side of the table so I wouldn't miss anything. Sam poured three more mimosas and settled back to sip his.

Vance leaned over close to Jake's head. "What was that about whenever you see my husband in the street?"

Jake's face went white. "I... I was just kidding, man. Just playing around. You know."

"I do know." Vance leaned closer. "Now, let me tell you what else I know." He slapped the back of Jake's head, making him grunt. "I can kick your ass, fuck your ass, or destroy your ass any time I want. So, from now on—when you see my husband in the street, you offer to suck his cock. If he says no, you bend over and offer him your ass."

He slapped Jake's head again. "If he says, no thank you—because he's a

polite bastard—then, and only then, can you tell him to have a nice day and then you walk away. Do you understand me?”

Jake nodded, his cheek scraping against the deck. “Of course. Anything.”

Vance nodded and reached out to caress Jake’s cheek. “Good. But, don’t think that’ll stop what’s about to happen.” He squirted lube, grasped his cock, and ran his hand up and down the monster shaft. “You know why?”

Jake shook his head, afraid to speak.

“Because, I’m pissed off and I’m fucking hard. Max knows that’s not a good combination. It means pain.” He let go of his dick and let it swing, its weight barely able to fight gravity and the sun glinted off the lubed surface. “And neither Sam nor Max deserve that pain. Know who does?”

I tried not to roll my eyes. Vance wasn’t a drama queen often, but when he was, damn, he laid it on thick.

Jake squeezed out, “Me?”

Vance scooted down the bound body. He lowered himself on top of Jake, whose eyes were shut so tight, I wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to get them open again. Vance reached down, aimed his dick, and pushed.

The scream from Jake was almost more than I could take. I turned my attention to my husband. His face was stern with concentration and his tongue stuck out the side of his mouth the way it always does when he’s fucking someone hard. It was so cute, I wanted to run over and kiss him, but I didn’t want to interrupt his flow.

Usually, Vance could go for a good ten minutes at full tilt. Something I’d regretted more than a few times. But, I was pretty sure he’d have been so turned on by watching me and Sam fuck the guy that it would be over in less than five.

I sipped my drink, leaned back to let the sun hit my face, and listened to Jake’s rhythmic yelps. It was relaxing.

When Vance’s grunts hit the right pitch, I looked over. His lips curled away from his perfect teeth and his eyes half closed. Damn, just seeing his orgasm face made my cock hurt again.

Instead of burying himself to shoot his load, he thrust with every spurt, jackhammering to the last minute. As soon as he finished, he’d have to stop moving. After he comes, he has the most sensitive head in the universe. Dick like a light pole, and a head so sensitive it can bring him to his knees.

He pushed one final time, going as deep as he could. Jake screamed one

last time as Vance stopped moving. He looked over at me and grinned, very proud of himself. I was proud of my man too.

Vance eased back, letting his cock slide out of Jake's probably permanently wrecked ass, wincing with every centimeter. Seriously. If I ever wanted to torture him, I just had to breathe on his head after he came. The screeches were incredible.

When he fully extracted his cock, he stood and I tossed him the towel.

Somewhat cleaned up, he walked over and took a gulp from his drink before kneeling beside Jake's head again.

"We good? This is over now?" he asked.

Jake nodded, his wet face rubbing on the deck.

"Good," Vance said. "I'm going to untie you and you have two choices. Either get the fuck out of here and let us enjoy our day, or grab a drink and behave."

Grateful that everything was over, Jake nodded vigorously. "Yes, sir."

It took a while for Vance to work all the knots free. He was an expert tier too.

When all the ropes lay discarded on the deck, he reached down and helped a very wobbly Jake to his feet. Red welts criss-crossed his body where the ropes had dug into him and after that fucking, he wouldn't walk right for a while.

Vance led him to a chair. "Sam, I think he'll take that drink, if you don't mind."

Sam didn't seem to mind. He jumped up and ran into the house for another glass.

The day on the deck ended up going long into the night, with all of us laughing and sharing stories, even Jake. He became a permanent fixture at our monthly brunches.

A few months later I ran into him downtown and he jokingly offered me his ass, just like Vance had said. He looked shocked when I took him up on it. But that time, I let him tie me up and abuse my ass afterwards. It was a win-win.

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ANNIVERSARY INVADERS—BDSM

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 STEPPAD—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.