

BIRTHDAY BOY
(From Riding the Big One)

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Today was my birthday. I'd managed to wangle a short weekend break away from sailors and the sea, and my search for shags and had come home. Sadly, my mother was away on holiday. She'd left me my birthday present - jeans and shirt - and a note saying she was sorry to have missed me. She had also left instructions that Jim, her gardening youth, would pop around and do some work.

It was a sunny but crisp morning and to all intent and purpose was to be like any other day that I spent at home - chilling out and generally relaxing. Morning coffee and cornflakes had been cultivated and consumed, and my mother's mail placed beneath the clock on the mantelpiece.

The knock on the door was expected, but at nine in the morning, not exactly favourable before I'd even had time to get myself fully awake or prepared for his arrival.

Jim was clearly visible, though distorted, through the bubble-glass door when I went to answer it.

"Good morning, Sandy," he chirped when I swung the door inward and toward myself. He held out a soft palm. "I'm Jim. I believe your mother left a message saying I was coming over today?"

I smiled, shaking his palm, but now delighted to be greeted by such a vision of beauty so early in the day. "Yes, my mother left a note, so I was expecting you." I released his palm but not telling him that I hadn't expected him to be such a stunner.

“I’ve brought you something, Sandy.” He smiled, handing me a box of Quality Street chocolates with a birthday card attached. “Happy birthday.”

“Thanks, Jim. That’s very kind of you,” I said, accepting the gift and taking the opportunity to squeeze his arm, totally surprised this stranger youth had bought me a gift. “Come in, I’ve just percolated some coffee if you fancy a cup.”

Jim brushed his cute body against mine as he passed, releasing a smile which I can only describe as sexual and seductive. “Thanks. Black and no sugar,” he ordered, gripping his palms around a slim waist and then patting his flat tummy, indicating that he didn’t wish to put on weight.

“What work are you going to do today?” I asked, passing him his low fat drink.

“Did you mother leave any jobs for me?”

“Nothing on her note.”

“Might have a go at the lawns.” Jim took a sup of coffee. “Unless there’s something else you want me to do, Sandy?” His eyes sparkled, all naughty like.

My dirty mind swiftly flashed a thought of what I would really like Jim to be doing. Recalling that I’d had similar, disgusting thoughts when I was a mere youngster. And even from that young age I found it immensely exciting to watch my mother’s young gardeners at work, and observe them on hot summer evenings bending over in the garden, dressed only in their skimpy white shorts.

How often I would wonder what lie beneath the cotton-covered bulges bursting between their muscled thighs. To this day, I have no idea why I never discovered the answer to that question or why the answer wasn’t provided freely. Not once did any of them to attempt to divulge the contents of their pants.

“Let me have a chocolate and a think,” I said, desperate to move my thoughts away from undressing him.

Jim smiled his seductive smile again. “Hope you like them. The ones with the white cream inside are *really* nice. I like to make a hole in the top and suck it all out.”

My cock jarred at that tease. “I must try that,” I said, searching for one so he could give me a demonstration.

Jim peeped into box. “Here’s one,” he said, popping his fingers in and pulling it out, and placing it into my palm.

“No, you have it,” I insisted, handing back the unwrapped chocolate.

I watched Jim’s lips part over the sausage-shaped chocolate and his teeth give a nip. My cock twitched excitedly when he made his sucking sound. A white blob of sticky cream clung to the corner of his mouth. I mentally licked it off before his delicious tongue darted out and lapped it away.

“Uhm,” sighed Jim. “Scrumptious.”

“Thought of a job,” I said, realising how desperately I wanted him to stay within arms reach.

“Great. What?”

I quickly conjured up cleaning the jungle-of-a-conservatory, aware that the tropical heat within might lead him to remove his I’M A BAD BOY T-shirt which I’d been dying to rip from his body since he’d arrived. If that wasn’t achievable, simply observing his delightful buttocks bending beneath dying banana bushes and inquisitive ivy would be reward enough.

Jim grinned, another very suggestive grin. He flexed his developing biceps. “Right, let’s get to it.”

I was positive he was up to something. He appeared to be in a very playful mood. To my sheer delight, before he’d

even started on his chores, his I'M A BAD BOY T-shirt came over his pretty face and was tossed onto the wicker lounge.

Even from the distance that he was, I could smell the fresh mustiness beneath his armpits, just a hint of sweet deodorant apparent. I could also feel an electrifying aura of sexiness oozing from his every pore. I began to wonder, like his T-shirt boasted, if indeed he'd ever been a BAD BOY.

Whilst Jim worked in his plantation and my mind worked inside his pants, he continued to give me wicked little grins. Still I was positive he was up to something naughty. What that could be, I had yet to discover. Then again, it was most likely my randy imagination, my desire for that to be the case.

As I observed Jim's toffee coloured chest glisten and glow in the warmth of the conservatory, I knew I wanted to embrace his half-naked body, feel his moist chest against my face or against my own naked chest. Wanted also, to slip his snug-fitting shorts over his compact little buttocks and push my face into the scent of his teenage bulge, which I suspected would be sitting inside a pair of pure white, mother-washed briefs.

Aware that my cock had grown big enough to be deemed no longer descent in the company of strangers, I moved into the kitchen and poured myself a very stiff scotch over ice - ice that would have undoubtedly have been of better use inside my underpants. I cannot be certain but I do believe I turned the conservatory's central heating full on before returning to my observation of buttocks, bulges and well-defined, brown-nippled pectorals.

Within minutes of returning to my study of gardening and the anatomy of a working youth, I was sweating profusely. What with the scotch I'd consumed, the extra heat and a biteable bottom just a breath away, I was turning into a

human volcano. Jim, however, looked cool, although the dampness around the seam of his shorts, separating the cheeks of his delightful buttocks, caused me to believe that he too was warming up nicely.

“Are you hot, Sandy?” Jim inquired, wiping his brow and naked chest. “Why don’t you take your top off? I’m sure getting all steamed up myself, even with my T-shirt off.”

That casual remark stunned me. Here was a total stranger, albeit a gorgeous one, suggesting that I remove part of my clothing. I was tempted to say, “Only if you take your shorts off first” but simply asked if he wanted the heating turned down.

“There’s no need, Sandy,” was the reply I didn’t expect but which I delighted in; the possibility that he would soon need to remove something else exciting me. Failing that, his shorts might become so wet I would soon be able to see right through them.

Obedying my adorable youth, as he continued hacking his way through the conservatory jungle, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and tossed it on top of his.

“You see. Isn’t that more comfortable?” said Jim. A flash of white teeth accompanied his comment, and his smile almost melted the ice in my scotch. It definitely caused a minor volcanic eruption inside my pants.

I began to wonder if Jim knew I was gay. I certainly had no idea if he was. My excitement at the prospect that he might be, caused me to sweat even more.

“You’re sweating, Sandy,” commented Jim. “You can wipe yourself on my T-shirt if you want. It has to be washed. Save you getting a towel.”

Was that a strange thing for him to say, an erotic and sexual thing for him to say, or was it just an innocent offer? Doing it, however, was erotic, was sexual and was far from

innocent, and it almost sent my heart into spasm when I rubbed my face into his discarded clothing.

The underarm odour of the youth's body smelt stunning. When I rubbed the area of his T-shirt that had been closest to his crotch into my face, the scent of sweaty cock was simply sensational. I wondered, as he got warmer, if he might soon discard his underpants and maybe suggest I rub the sweat from my face with those. I could hardly wait.

"Better, Sandy?" Jim grinned seductively. I thanked God he couldn't see inside my underpants, for he would have found them super-glued to my stomach by the batch of sticky pre-come which had just squirted out.

"Yes, thanks," I kind of sighed.

Together we remained in the hot jungle, both naked to our waists. Still Jim had an aura of naughtiness exuding from his every pore, whilst I, having had several birthday drinks to calm myself, had neat scotch exuding from mine.

By lunchtime, the conservatory no longer resembled a jungle. As I fed Jim a chunk of Cheddar cheese and a couple of crispy rolls for his dinner, I began to contemplate what other task I could conjure up in order to keep his body tormentingly naked and within arms reach. I wondered whether I could start him on the plants in the bathroom. When he was close to the shower, I could accidentally set it off and observe those tight shorts, which were stretched so invitingly over his buttocks, absorb the fine spray and soak into that tantalising tuba buried in the undergrowth of his jet-black pubics.

"I've to go now, Sandy," was not the comment I wished to hear from my hardworking lad but the promise that he would return in an hour and do some more chores, most definitely was.

Jim pulled his I'M A BAD BOY T-shirt over his succulent body. Sadly, he'd been anything but. Having rubbed that soft material into my face, at least I knew our body odours and fluids were now hugging together. Somehow, I found that satisfying.

Closing the door behind such a cute behind, I was tempted to head straight to my bedroom and have a damn good toss, but the promise of his return led me toward the bottle of scotch. I wished myself a happy birthday for the third time and downed another.

I sent Mozart spinning beneath the laser head of the CD player as I tried to prevent my brain from doing a similar thing inside of mine. I suspected so much scotch before midday was not such a good idea. I couldn't figure out what Jim was up to. I most definitely hadn't figured out what was inside his shorts.

My scotch sodden brain went all haywire and blew a randy fuse. I shot into a world of fantasy. Did Jim wear jockeys, briefs, boxers or nothing at all under those tight shorts? Was he a passive or an active youth, or both? Was he a rough youth or a passionate, gentle, kiss and caress teenager in bed? Most important of all, was he?

An hour later, the sound of the front door colliding with the Tibetan chimes hanging from the ceiling brought me from my continued disgusting thoughts. Jim, as promised, had returned. Would it be the bathroom ploy or could I magic another cleaning job that might require the removal of more of his clothing?

Jim strolled into the lounge, not cocky and arrogant as many youths found it necessary to be. It was more a glide, gently floating toward my tortured body. He'd changed T-shirts since he'd been away, hopefully not because of my body scent. It now read I'M A VERY VERY BAD BOY.

Was he trying to tell me something?

“Sandy. How are you?” he greeted, his face beaming all naughty like.

That was strange thing for him to say. It was almost as if it had been the first time he’d seen me this day. I refrained from telling him that I was tipsy or that I was as horny as hell and wanted to dive into his shorts or any other such truthful statement, and simply told him I was fine.

Mozart continued to seduce my ears whilst Jim continued to seduce my entire being. Just as I was about to try the bathroom ploy, he asked me not to get up but to close my eyes tightly. He had another surprise.

I have no idea why I obeyed this youth I’d only know for a few hours, but I kept my eyelids clamped tightly shut and waited for what seemed an age. Just when I’d almost fallen asleep, serenaded by soft strings and sedated by alcohol, his deepish voice announced, “You can open them now, Sandy.”

Teasing myself, I lifted my eyelids very slowly. Stunned by what greeted me, I popped them wide open - very wide open.

“Oh my wonderful, kind and caring God!” rushed toward my lips but remained jammed in my choking throat when I stared at the vision of beauty. Before me stood Jim, naked as the day he was born!

My eyes focussed greedily on Jim’s soft, lazy cock, which was hanging over tight, teenage balls. Above the scrumptious offering, a tuft of black curls, so few, I think I counted all one thousand from where I sat.

I took decent gulp of scotch to help calm my hidden joy and compose my ecstatic torso. “Jim,” I whispered, my body and cock rising, “What are you doing!”

“Don’t get up, Sandy. Close your eyes again,” Jim requested, in a voice that slid over my whole body like soothing massaging oil.

I obeyed without hesitation, without knowing the consequences of my actions. And what would those consequences be? Would I open them to find a naked Jim sitting on my lap - on my face! Or would I be greeted by that curly, coal-coloured crown buried into my crotch, consuming my cock? Better yet, his pretty prick pressed against my mouth, tantalising teased to its full potential for my pleasure.

“You can open them now, Sandy,” came his long-awaited instruction.

I opened them slowly - very, very slowly. Teasing and torturing myself. I closed them quickly, opened them again then closed them again.

I was drunk. No, I was asleep. No, I was dreaming. No, I was all three. I opened them slowly again. I was in total shock! Before my bulging eyes stood a naked Jim, sadly without an erection, next to him another naked Jim, also without an erection. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Jim had a twin, a scrumptious, sensational, sensual, stunning and perfect identical self, or so it would seem?

I almost wet my pants!

I couldn’t move, couldn’t take my eyes from the two thousand pubic hairs and the joint six inches of soft cock, or the four balls held tightly beneath them in tiny hairless sacs. I definitely wet my pants but this time with a wealth of sticky pre-come.

Both youths grinned, the sunlight catching their perfectly white teeth. “Jim?” I questioned, looking at one, then repeating the question and looking at the other. Both remained silent and grinned again, then began to glide toward my desperate body and even more desperate throbbing cock.

My heart stopped - it actually did - then gave an enormous thud, almost breaking two ribs, then began to race like a galloping horse toward the finishing line. "What are you doing? What's going on?" I excitedly queried, addressing them both a second time.

Still silent, the adorable youths continued to drift toward my dissolving body. Beside me now, two tender palms gripped my hands. With a naked youth attached to each, they led toward my bedroom, where an easy chair was brought to the end of my bed. Still in a state of sexual shock, I was requested to sit.

Jim and his twin moved away, one on either side of the bed. In an instant, they were reunited in the centre of the mattress. Both, I noticed, just before they climbed onto the soft centre, had semi-erectations - strangely at the same angle and of the same length. Nestled on my multicoloured duvet, they resembled two of the finest wallflowers, a couple of magnificent bedding plants of the highest quality.

Patiently, but excitedly, I waited for the show to commence. For this was theatre indeed, entertainment of the highest quality. Whether I was to come on as an extra a later stage, I had yet to discover. I could only hope that that would be the case.

Not a word left either of the lad's lips as Jim and his twin mirrored each other's movements. I wondered if they had been doing this all of their young lives when teenage palms began gliding over small thighs, undefined chests, flat tummies, more thighs and finally firm young cocks - firm, young, sexy, six inch cocks.

The youth's movements were in unison as foreskins rolled just the right distance over slender shafts, then back over swollen, purple buds then rolled back again. Gently, ever so gently, they caressed each other's stiff young cocks. I

was sure that if I'd measured the distance their tender loose flesh slipped down shafts there would not be a millimetre of difference between each, such was their togetherness.

When mouths met mouths, tongues tickled tongues and lips moistened lips, my cock exploded in spasms of pre-come. They had reached the point where I urgently wanted to join in. How desperately I wanted that. I began to remove my clothing. I wasn't sure if that was permitted but knew I would surely die if I didn't. A brief break from youth feasting on youth, and a soul-destroying smile from each as I disrobed, confirmed that I hadn't broken any of their rules.

I slumped back into my chair. Naked and sweating, my cock so stiff it could have drilled a hole through eight inches of concrete, I continued to allow myself to be overwhelmed by the superb sight of the stunning twins sucking and savouring each other's sexy skins.

My weakened body raised itself and bent over the bed while sweet and succulent, teenage cocks were deliciously sucked, and sucked, and sucked. I began to caress my own cock, unable to hold back a moment longer.

Then it happened. A hand from each youth raised and beckoned me to join them. Even as they made that welcomed and elegant gesture, both mouths continued to work, savouring each other's stiff young sexes, stimulating their tiny spunk-filled balls with sensational sucks.

I was suddenly struck with a strange guilt. Was it a crime to break up such a beautiful union? My guilt quickly swept away when Jim, who I now recognised because he was the lad with a cute little beauty spot on his slender neck, reached toward me and passed me a condom and sachet of lube.

For an agonising moment, I began to doubt whether I would fit in with their erotic routine without interrupting their

flow, but I started my voyage of discovery by kissing the boyish bum of Jim's before working my way up his voluptuous body - abdomen, navel, chest, neck and finally lips. By the time my mouth had done its return journey, his legs had parted.

My heart raced excitedly. This would be the first time I had screwed a youth. Both lads ceased sucking, turned and smiled. With a nod from each, they indicated that I should commence lubrication of Jim's hairless hole.

My trembling fingers tore open both sachets, first the condom then the lube. Within seconds I was probing into the depths of the softest hole I had ever touched, lubricating the tight passage. My solid sex soon replaced my working fingers and with sensationally slow strokes, keeping rhythm with the sucking lads, my cock slid inside Jim's soft smooth cheeks, fucking him gently and lovingly.

Their first sounds, their emissions of blissful pleasure, almost brought me to the point of coming. Mesmerised, I delighted in the vision of delicate cocks disappearing then reappearing from cute faces as the lads sweetly sucked. No longer able to contain my need to come, I drove my cock deeply into Jim's hole and prepared to shoot.

The boys must have been psychic. They knew at precisely which point to stop. Just as I was about to release a joyous gasp and jettison my juices into the tight little bum, Jim's twin passed me a second condom and lube and indicated that it was his turn to be fucked.

I withdrew my slippery cock from Jim's fine young hole, allowing my spunk to retreat into my aching balls. I moved to the other side of the bed then commenced my second act of lovemaking in a similar fashion to the first, savouring as much skin of Jim's twin as I was permitted before he too offered me his tender hole.

They must have surely been the same person, because as I entered the second pair of juicy buttocks, driving hard and deep into Jim's twin, I was positive his brother was receiving an equal amount of pleasure from my fucking.

Blissfully I watched as Jim sucked upon his delightful twin and he sucked on Jim. How desperately I wanted to suck both cocks myself. Soon their ecstatic moans of pleasure reappeared and filled the bedroom.

My head was spinning and my balls ached. This time both youths would surely come into their respective mouths and gulp down gallons of teenage spunk, and I would release enough of my own spunk to drown both.

It wasn't to be. Unbeknown to me, the lads had other plans. Once again, I allowed my spunk to subside when a youth moved either side of me.

It was kissing time. Boy was it kissing time!

Tongues, sweeter than youth's cocks, darted in and out of my mouth whilst feminine fingers foraged and fondled my cock. Soon I was writhing in ecstasy, wriggling like a hooked worm, controlled and almost crying from the euphoria.

It just couldn't get any better.

It could!

A pair of lips on mine, another slipping, sliding and slurping over my cock; a pair of lips on mine, another slipping, sliding and slurping over my cock, a pair of lips on mine, another... My wonderful suffering was endless as each twin took it in turns, sucking and slurping on my cock or passionately kissing me.

"Please let me come. Please let this wonderful pain stop," I inwardly screamed.

But it didn't stop. They weren't going to let it stop!

Jim ravished my cock whilst I gorged on his twin, and then the reverse. His brother had sixty-nine with me whilst I

got screwed senseless by Jim, and then the reverse. Every possible sexual combination explored and re-explored, then explored again.

These twins were tormentors and teasers, beautiful torturers. Several times, I almost showered them with steamy spunk. Each time I was prevented. It seemed they had captured me for their own pleasure and had me prisoner in a heavenly hell from which they would never let me escape.

It was time for the final act. God, it just had to be the final act!

The twins brought themselves together in a seesaw position so that their balls touched and their short stout cocks stood proudly together. With another seductive smile and a nod from each, I lowered my mouth over both sexes, swallowing them to their scrumptious bases. Crazy for their spunk, I crammed my mouth into both tufts of fluffy, pubic hair. Feasting like a famished child, I worked my mouth hungrily over their youthful cocks, running my palms over both soft slender stomachs or beneath small, tightening balls.

The boys released delighted yelps, raised their bodies and locked their naked chests with young arms. Slamming their kissable mouths together, with a sensational tightening of tummy muscles, both sent salvos of sweet spunk swirling around my sucking mouth and shooting down my throat.

Crazily, I captured their creamy juices, concentrating on the head of their cocks for every sweet droplet. Whilst the wonderful taste still lingered in my palate, the youths brought their heads between my legs and two sensational mouths began sucking in rapid sequence. Not a microsecond ticked by without a marvellous mouth manipulating my cock or my spunk filled balls.

My buttocks tightened and arched upward, pushing my cock into their pretty faces. I was wondering which lad was to

get the liquid torpedo loaded in my tube. But these boys were brilliant blowjob bunnies and when I released that final yelp of pleasure and shot my load, somehow both youths managed to savour and equal amount of spunk, swapping it between their mouths and playing snowball as they kissed their final kisses.

I lay on my bed, semiconscious and slain by sex. The lads moved into the kitchen and then returned with drinks. Each had dressed in their respective BAD BOY T-shirts. Passing me a measure of the much-needed liquor, they raised their glasses.

“Happy birthday, Sandy!” they saluted. Both grinned wildly.