

Connections



The Fullerton

Chronicles

Book Three

By

Brian C. Copper

This is a work of fiction.
The characters contained within
do not practice safe sex.
The author does.
So should you.

* * * *

*Thanks to all the friends I've made along the way, both virtual and real world.
Your kind words and encouragement never go unnoticed.*

* * * *

Special Thanks....

*The Cuddle Bear Army. Little by little we are making connections in the real world.
Closing the gaps between us. Solidifying the bonds we've been building in
the digital realm. I hope to meet more of you between now and next time.*

Goodbyes....

*Behr, you were taken from us too soon.
Wherever you are, I imagine you're still dancing.*

*Dad, I know I made you proud. You always told me so.
You made me proud just by being you.*

--Brian.

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The Pool

08/22/2015

I dove into the pool and as soon as I broke the surface of the water I knew I was in trouble. Something spasmed in my lower back, sending an excruciating bolt of pain through me. My arms and legs were suddenly useless, echoing the initial blast with another wave each time I attempted to move. I sunk like a stone, coming to rest on the tiled bottom.

Time slowed down, as several thoughts flooded in, each vying for my attention.

For some reason, the first of these memories was of Rex and the first day of his pool training. We had started in the shallow end, keeping him safe from the anxiety that was trying to prevent him from learning. Before I taught him one movement to assist with staying afloat, I had shown him how to tame the beast within.

We turned it into a game. The first step was for Rex to hold his breath, count to ten, and duck his face under the water while holding on to the side wall of the pool. A simple introduction to help him get acquainted with his new aquatic friend. It took him a few attempts to trigger the muscles that didn't want to cooperate, but he managed to do it. Within thirty minutes he was fully submerged and easily holding his breath for over sixty seconds. The repetition of this exercise was lowering his stress levels more and more. It also didn't hurt that I was standing directly in front of him, as naked as he was, providing him with a view to help distract from that inner voice that wanted to derail him. Before an hour had passed his breath holding was past the two minute mark and he was laughing each time he poked up out of the water. It gave me an idea of what he must have looked like twenty years earlier, and is one of my most treasured memories throughout all of our time together.

The arrival of that thought triggered a memory of my own experience playing this same game with my dad. He had devised it as a way to help curb my initial fear of the water in our backyard swimming pool at the age of seven.

This happened after I had been accidentally bumped into while learning how to skate the previous winter on Wannapog Pond, and gone careening towards a patch of thin ice. The shock of the unexpected redirect, combined with the frigid water quickly surrounding me, and my snowsuit weighing me down, resulted in a swift trip through the nearly six feet of water beneath me. This may not seem very deep by adult standards, but since I was less than five feet tall at that age, those last few inches of difference may as well have been a hundred.

For whatever reason, my initial reaction wasn't one of panic. Instead, I recalled a little trick I had discovered while playing in the bath tub, and perfected in our swimming pool. It involved cupping my two hands together tightly to create a pocket for air, then breathing in and out of that chamber while underwater. It was a flawed system, in that no fresh oxygen could enter, but if I stayed calm and recycled my air, I could stay submerged for far longer than by simply holding my breath.

The difference being, the tub and our pool had been controlled environments. I went into them with a full set of lungs, held my breath as long as I could, then began recycling after that point. With the unexpected situation I'd found myself in of falling through the ice, much of my air had been used to scream out to my dad that I was in trouble. Though, I did manage to pull in a quick gulp of air right before the frozen surface gave way and the frigid water underneath swallowed me down.

Now all that was needed was to remove my mittens so I could create the air pocket and try my technique in the real world.

I don't know how long I was under, but judging by the panicked look on my dad's face, when he tried to reach down to grab me, there was a sense that it had been longer than most kids of seven were expected to last in this type of scenario. He was sprawled out flat on the ice while a couple of other adults held on to his feet, just in case the hole decided to get bigger. When he went up for another breathe of air, it suddenly dawned on me that all I had to do was stand up and reach for him and he would be able to grab my hand. He stuck his head and arm through the hole again and I stood up and grabbed on tight. The two men acting as his safety line pulled us both over towards the thicker ice and several other adults rushed over with blankets before the chill could sink its teeth in.

But where I was now, at the bottom of my pool in Fullerton, my dad wasn't here to save me. Nobody was. At nearly six feet tall, it still wasn't enough to conquer the fourteen feet of water I found myself currently surrounded by.

So, I let instinct take over and tried that old trick from my childhood, to give my brain some extra time to think of a solution to this unexpected dilemma. When I clasped my hands together, a bolt of pain shot through my body. It caused me to yell out and lose what precious oxygen I'd had left. The wave of panic hit hard, as I watched the fleeing bubbles make a mad dash for the surface.

"It's okay, I've got you," Max said, as he pulled me closer. "That must have been quite a bad dream you just had ? You woke me up when the night sweats arrived."

"Sorry about that," I replied, still feeling the aftershock. "This was the first official bad dream I can remember since you arrived in my life."

"Whatever it was," Max stated, rubbing his hands across my chest and belly, "it can't hurt you."

"My hero to the rescue," I said, relaxing in his comforting embrace.

"Just doing my duty, Sir," Max replied, kissing the nape of my neck.

* * * *

BixMart

06/24/2009

The Fullerton BixMart was fairly busy for a Wednesday afternoon in late June. Perhaps it had something to do with the rainy weather we'd been experiencing the last couple of days. Whatever the case was, there still wasn't enough of a distraction to prevent me from noticing the man casually stalking me as I made my way around the big box store.

It was very subtle. Just enough to make most people forget about it, had they even had any indication it was going on in the first place. He obviously didn't know who he was dealing with in this situation. I was content to play his game for the moment, gathering the things I'd come here for and casually checking out random items on the shelves every now and again.

He was a slightly older man. Mid thirties from the looks of it. Right in that sweet spot of what seemed to catch my attention the most. He was very fit, despite the casual attire of a loose fitting faded light green t-shirt, white shorts, and low-cut sneakers with crew socks. If his exposed arms and legs were any indication, he was hiding a very hairy chest and most likely a companion hairy back as well. His jet black hair was cut in a flattop, buzzed on the sides, with sideburns that gave an indication of how thick his beard would be, had he allowed it to grow in more than what was there already. Most likely from a lack of shaving this morning.

After thirty minutes of winding our way around the store, he got a bit bolder and actually managed to maneuver himself so that he was going one way down an aisle while I was going the other way. But he kept his gaze diverted, pretending to look at the shopping list on his phone as the distance between us was lessened. Despite that sly tactic, I was still able to catch a glimpse of his icy blue eyes.

In the next aisle, we passed again. This time he was slightly more daring and nodded, displaying the faintest trace of a friendly smile, while attempting to appear nonchalant. I returned the gesture.

At the next aisle, I doubled back to the previous aisle and waited to see how he would handle this sudden shift in my otherwise serpentine path. A few moments later, he rounded the corner, having gone all the way down the lane he'd expected to find me, then having backtracked when I wasn't where he had assumed I would be. His reaction at seeing me standing there looking directly at him with my arms folded must have been quite a surprise, because he was only able to disguise most of it. There was still enough of a trace that slipped through to confirm that my suspicions about him were true. Not that I needed further confirmation at this point. He attempted to change tactics and started looking at the shelves randomly, as though he had forgotten something and had returned to find it.

When he had taken a few steps past me, I said, "You really need to work on your technique." The words stopped him dead in his tracks, but he didn't turn around, so I added, "You're either a really bad private detective, or you've developed a bout of puppy love in the forty minutes that you've been following me around." His shoulders relaxed

ever so slightly and his head tilted down in the most subtle way, thus submitting to being caught. But he still hadn't managed to find the courage to face me. "It's actually quite flattering," I continued, in a gentle tone, "but what really gets my attention is a man who makes his intentions clear."

He turned and had an embarrassed smile spreading across his face. His eyes were as confident as his words when he said, "I thought I was doing a better job at being discreet."

"Not even close," I said, shaking my head and allowing my own smile to arrive. "But then again, you're not my first stalker, so I'm usually a bit more aware of my surroundings than most."

"This is very out of character for me," he said, holding his hands up as though playfully surrendering to the situation.

"Which part?" I asked, being equally playful. "The stalking part, or the getting caught part?"

He started to reach behind him with his right hand while pointing at the movement with his left, and said, "I'm just going for my wallet. No need to call for security."

"I'm not worried," I said, still amused. "I can handle myself in situations like this."

He held out his opened wallet with his thumb resting on the divide. I could see his police badge on one side and his driver's license on the other. I gave it a quick glance, keeping my eyes focused mostly on him instead. He returned the wallet to his back pocket and said, "I'm Noah," extending his hand again.

As I leaned in to shake it I said, "The way I see it, I've got two options here."

"What might those be?" he asked, still smiling, but slanting his head slightly, wondering where the conversation was headed.

"Option One, Officer Kelly, badge number 462," I began, noting his amusement that I had gathered all that from the brief glimpse at his credentials, "I can report you to your superiors and allow them to discipline you for this behavior?"

His expression faltered just a bit as he tried to determine if I was toying with him or being serious. I wasn't currently giving any indication in either direction. "What's Option Two?" he asked, somewhat seriously.

"Option Two," I said, pausing an extra moment, noting the slightest trace of sweat forming on his brow, "would be where I skip the official channels and take matters into my own hands."

"Color me intrigued," Noah said, as his features relaxed again.

"This is probably not the best place for this conversation," I said, as several people entered the aisle we were in from both directions.

"What do you suggest?" he asked, his smile bumping up another notch.

"The bold and daring me could just show up at your house over at 26 Brown Street," I stated, watching as his mouth opened, slightly shocked that I had also picked up that little detail from his exposed wallet. "Or I could just play hard to get."

"Seeing as you haven't told me your name yet," Noah said, "it appears that you have already decided to take that approach."

"Well," I began, "I figured you were just planning to follow me out to the parking lot and run my license plate to find out who I am," adding a playful wink for punctuation.

"Nicely played," he said, trying to hold back from laughing. Nearly succeeding.

“In fact,” I said, nodding my head in the affirmative, “that plan is sounding better and better the more I think about it. We’ll call it penance for your covert activities.”

“You don’t think that will just add to my creepy factor ?” Noah asked.

“Oh, I don’t find anything about you creepy,” I replied. “It is actually quite charming to watch you squirm.”

“I don’t mind jumping through hoops,” he said, “provided I’m not wasting my time ?” He made the statement a question at the end, since he was not completely sure how to read me by this point.

“Not to worry,” I assured him, “I’m not toying with you. That would be cruel. But I’m not going to make it easy for you either.”

“I accept your challenge,” he said, extending his hand again.

“Well, then,” I replied, “I guess I’ll see you in the parking lot. Provided you’re finished shopping ?”

“I still have a few things to pick up,” Noah said, casually. “But, at the risk of sounding creepy again, I saw you arrive in the champagne colored Highlander. You’re parked on the far side of the lot. Three spaces over from my pickup truck.”

“Points for honesty and observation,” I countered, suddenly finding him even more fascinating.

“Will it be alright if I call you this evening ?” he asked. “After I run you through the system, that is.”

“I’ll be very disappointed if you don’t,” I replied.

He looked momentarily awkward, trying to figure out what his next move was. I made it easier for him by turning my attention back to my carriage and walking away towards the checkout area. He called after me as I was about to round the corner, “That just makes you more interesting, you know.”

“I know,” I replied, without turning around. “Ciao, bella.”

* * * *

Silver Daddy Bear Cop

08/07/2004

Officer Jonathan Hurley wasn't always the obedient sub that I've come to know and love so dearly. We had our first interaction here in Fullerton while I was still living over in Westfield. That was nearly eight years ago now, back during the summer before I turned sixteen.

Glen and I were over at Gerry's Hardware checking out the bargains during their August Meltdown Sale. My introductory glimpse of Officer Hurley had been at the front entrance. A solid man of 6' 2" and two-hundred-sixty pounds of well toned muscle. The first detail that caught my attention as we approached him, was his silver-white hair. It was full and lush on the top; parted on the left side; trimmed above the ears; short and tight in the back; and showed every sign that it wasn't going to abandon him any time soon. Next were his brown eyes and the cluster of grey chest hairs poking out of his collar with the top button undone. His focus was elsewhere as we walked past him, so I was able to get an eyeful without him noticing. It was an image for my spank bank that I would revisit later in the day.

It was quite crowded that afternoon and Officer Hurley was on detail to assist with the unexpected surge of shoppers. A four man brawl had broken out in the Home & Gardening section over the single remaining leaf blower that one representative from each of the two pairs of men wanted to claim for their own. Words turned into finger pointing, which turned into pushing, which turned into punching. Glen caught the tail end of it, once the loud cursing had started and a display of rakes and shovels was disrupted, but I had watched the entire scene unfold. Marveling at the ridiculousness of it all.

Officer Hurley was quick to respond once word reached him of the incident. His loud commanding voice rang out as he made his way over towards the scuffle, halting the men in their tracks before he'd even arrived. The four men all clammed up, each refusing to offer any clues as to what they were fighting about or who had been the catalyst for the situation escalating to that point. Even after Officer Hurley had said, "Or we can all take a ride downtown. Maybe that will help jog your memories."

I was able to assist him with sorting out the details of how the whole situation had initially started, being the only spectator to offer information when he inquired if anyone had seen what happened. He hadn't asked my full name, perhaps because I was with Glen and it was assumed I wouldn't lie to a police officer in front of the man he had perceived to be my 'Dad'. But he did give me a simple wave and a nod as we were leaving later in the day.

I often wondered if he remembered that first day as clearly as I did? Perhaps not, since I didn't live in town at the time and, being sixteen, I was still what most would consider a "kid". But he certainly left an impression on me.

* * * *

Jump ahead to 2012, a few years after my move to Fullerton. We had been seeing each other nearly once a week at a local coffee shop over on Main Street. I had discovered him there one morning when The Diner was closed to replace a grill that had stopped working, and made a point of trying to get regular viewings of him from that day forward. Sometimes we would exchange simple greetings in the parking lot as one of us was arriving while the other was leaving. Other times we would have a moment of small talk waiting in line to place our respective orders. Some days it was a simple wave or a nod of acknowledgement while he was deep in conversation with his cronies.

Like most patrolmen, the armor was difficult to get through at first. Their natural instincts kick in and the next thing you know, they are the ones who are in control of the situation, while you are still stuck on the outside trying to figure out just where they got the upper hand in the exchange.

This particular day marked his forty-fifth revolution around the sun and I had caught him off guard when I wished him a happy birthday. “How did you know it was today ?” he had asked, somewhat shocked that I knew the actual day, as he had never mentioned it during any of our brief conversations over the years. I told him I had heard one of his buddies say it the previous year and made a mental note of it. I sold the slight lie by showing him how good my memory was, by rattling off the license plates of several cars in the parking lot that belonged to his cronies. From my current position, with my back facing the windows, I was unable to see any of the cars or the plates, but was able to point out their general locations in the lot as well. I even mentioned the plates on both the patrol car he was driving today and his pickup truck, which I had seen him driving on a few occasions. I informed him it was a quirky habit I had developed at a very young age as a memory exercise. He found it quite impressive and let it go.

The truth was, I had really discovered his birthday while doing a bit of online research. Something I tended to do every now and again when someone piqued my interest, just as he did from the very first time I had seen him years prior to that. It had also struck me odd that Officer Hurley shared a birthday with his boss, Chief Suchecki.

* * * *

My key inside his fortress, the one that would be the catalyst to change our dynamic so drastically, was discovered by accident. We had both been running a bit later than normal that day. So much so that I thought for sure he would be gone by the time I got to the coffee shop. His usual cast of characters had already departed after their morning bonding session, most likely having errands and such to tend to, and assuming his absence indicated he was off duty that day.

I would discover later, when I listened to the police scanner playback, that he had been delayed by an erratic operator who’s attention was more focused on fumbling with their GPS instead of the task of driving. The result being a fender bender that required

Officer Hurley's presence to redirect traffic, while the incident and subsequent road shrapnel were tended to.

As I waited for my order to be prepared, I was casually watching him sitting there alone, caught up in his distractions. He was staring out the window, deep in thought, poking at the inside of his cheek with his tongue. It was something I had seen him do so often that I wondered if he was even aware of it, or if it had just become second nature after years of casual repetition. There were faint signs of distress in his expression, which I had also seen in the past. It could have been from any number of things, as police work brought with it elevated levels of anxiety. Perhaps there was some ongoing issue at home, or a recent exchange on the job that had left residual rumblings. None of this was any of my business, of course, but these were still observations that I found difficult to ignore.

When he looked my way, I had intended to simply raise my eyebrows once and say, 'Good morning'. But for whatever reason, the single motion turned into a double bump and completely changed the intent. Not only did my eyebrows turn against me, but my mouth opted out of the equation as well. What should have been a harmless greeting had suddenly morphed into a playful proposition delivered eye-to-eye.

Needless to say, he was not expecting that. So much so that he got a bit visibly flustered. His eyes quickly turned away and he began to show signs of being physically uncomfortable, as though I had backed him into a corner, while his cheeks turned the slightest shade of red. A police officer having that reaction at all was very much out of character. Sure, they are human, but they are trained to keep their composure and minimize emotions in most situations. For a married silver daddy bear cop to respond in this manner to my unintended flirtatious eyebrow spasm was completely unexpected.

I considered inviting myself to join him at his table of one to explain what had just occurred, but his attention was still focused anywhere else but where I was standing. So instead, I grabbed my sandwich when it was ready and headed for the exit, offering a wave that went unnoticed. I had already rattled him enough for one day.

* * * *

It's Not Rocket Surgery

09/15/2015

"Did you get the invitation to the party next week, Charlie?" I inquired, as I filled the tea kettle. "I didn't get a chance to ask you the other night at dinner."

"Actually, I wanted to talk with you about that," he replied, grabbing a root beer from the fridge.

Charlie had sent me a text almost immediately after Max had left for work this morning, checking to see if it was okay to stop by. Judging by how quickly he arrived here, he must have been lurking just up the street, waiting for the coast to be clear.

"Are you opting out?" I asked, trying to hide any trace of disappointment. "You didn't R.S.V.P. this time."

"No, no, I'll be there," Charlie assured me. "But I wanted to talk with you about one of the other attendees."

"Charlie, you know I can't disclose any information about who will be there," I said, reminding him of the rules. "If someone is wearing one of the hoods, like you'll be wearing, then they don't want anyone else to know who they are either."

"Yes, I know," he said, nodding his head. "But this particular person I already know who they are."

"I'm listening," I replied, curiously, wondering where this conversation was heading.

"I wanted to ask your permission first," Charlie said, taking a large swig from the bottle.

"Charlie, anyone at the party has already granted their permission," I stated, still not seeing what he was trying to get at. "They know the rules, just as you do. If they're not interested, they will say no thank you. If they are interested, then the two of you figure out what limits are in place. You know how this works. It's not rocket surgery."

Charlie cleared his throat, took another sip of the soda and said, "I still want to be sure that you're okay with it."

"Charlie," I said, folding my arms across my chest, "if I wasn't okay with it, they wouldn't get an invitation. It's that simple."

He tilted the glass bottle nearly upside down and chugged the remaining half. He stared down at the remnants of foam in the empty container in his right hand, as his left hand came up to cover his mouth, just as a large burp arrived. He did his best to keep it internal, but there was still quite a rumble. "Excuse me," he said, looking a bit nervous and sounding embarrassed, but still avoiding eye contact.

"That's what happens when you drink it too fast," I stated, with a chuckle.

"I want to fool around with Braun," Charlie said, suddenly. Looking up after he spoke the last word.

"Max?" I said, surprised at this reveal. Understanding now why he was having an issue getting the words out. "Don't you think that's going to cause a problem at work?"

“He won’t know it’s me,” Charlie replied, shaking his head. “He doesn’t know about you and I, right ?”

“But he does, Charlie,” I corrected him.

“What ?” Charlie stated in an alarmed tone, as his expression fell. “Why did you tell him ?” he asked. The words were soaked in accusation and betrayal.

“Charlie, I didn’t tell him anything,” I replied, shaking my head. “I didn’t need to. He figured it out when you came to visit him in the hospital. You were acting all weird that night when you saw me in his room. Of course he was going to pick up on that. Being observant and knowing how to read people is part of what you hired him for.”

“Fuck,” Charlie said, looking as though he were starting to have a panic attack. “Sorry for the language, but, fuck.”

I walked over to him, took the bottle from his hands, placed it on the counter and pulled him in for a big hug. He just stood there, still in shock, so I caressed his back with one hand and massaged the nape of his neck with the other. “Charlie,” I began, keeping my voice calm, “Max doesn’t know any of the particulars about what does or doesn’t go on between the two of us, or anyone else for that matter. He only knows that you had been to visit me at some point. That’s it.”

“Geez, you scared me there for a moment,” Charlie replied, breathing a heavy sigh. “How do you keep it all sorted out ?”

“I’ve had to make some adjustments, since he’s moved in,” I said, feeling Charlie relaxing more. “Max posts his schedule to my online calendar and blocks out all the days and times he’s off duty. I also have a list of potentials I can call if a slot becomes available at the last minute, for those times when he picks up a detail or heads over to the Watering Hole. It’s been working out surprisingly well, considering all the variables.”

“I’d forgotten how good it feels to hold you,” Charlie said, as I felt his cock getting hard between us.

“You sort of fell off the radar there for a while,” I replied. “But I understand. Are things going well at home ?”

“They are,” he said, kissing my neck. He hadn’t shaved this morning, and the roughness of the stubble felt good against my bare skin. His mouth maneuvered over onto mine, as his tongue probed at my lips, looking for entry. Searching for a reminder of a taste it had not partaken of in many months.

Charlie and I had several periods over the years where we’d drift apart for a little while, then find our way back again. Each time, things picked up as though there were no gaps in between. It was only this most recent break that had seemed to be different than the others. But, judging by what was going on right now, he had missed sharing these moments together, and was looking to resume our adventures.

“Can we try something new ?” Charlie asked, pulling away so he could look me in the eyes.

“What were you thinking ?” I asked, trying to understand this new expression I’d never seen before.

“Are you clean ?” he asked. Then after a moment, added, “Down there ?”

“I’ve showered since having sex this morning,” I said, eyeing him curiously. “Was that what you meant ?”

“Yes,” Charlie replied, as an odd grin appeared on his face. He was at once nervous and excited, both at the same time.

“Tell me what you want, Charlie,” I said, still unable to get a good read on him.

“I wanna eat your ass,” he replied, the words sounding uncomfortable.

“Let’s get you undressed first,” I said, sliding my hands under his t-shirt.

“I really love when you do this slowly,” Charlie said, surprising me by pulling his shirt off quickly and dropping it on the floor. “But, I’m afraid I’ll change my mind if we spend twenty minutes on foreplay.” He kicked off his loafers, exposing his bare feet, while unbuttoning the fly on his jeans. He had gone commando today, and had already left a precum wet spot on the dark denim during our kissing. I was barely halfway through removing my robe and he was already naked.

“Where do you want to do this ?” I asked, as his cock started throbbing.

“Right here,” he said, turning me around. “Just hold on to the counter and spread your legs.”

I did as he suggested. He quickly dropped down on his knees and started toying with my asscheeks, gently pulling at them. His hands were strong but tender, switching between rough groping and soft caressing. I arched my back and pushed outward towards him.

“You smell so good,” Charlie said, leaning forward and inhaling deeply. He ran his tongue across my ass button, sending a tremor up my spine. He darted his hot mouth forward several times, taking a quick taste with each advance. He plied at my hole with both of his thumbs. Working the edges to get the muscles to relax more, so he could stick his wet tongue in deeper.

“Mmm, that feels really great, Charlie,” I said, as my eyes rolled back in my head.

Charlie’s technique was that of a well seasoned butt connoisseur. Changing up his approach and switching between playful poking and long full licking. I spread my legs a bit wider, giving him easier access. His scruffy face awakening my sensitive cheeks with each new movement of this delicate dance. Charlie was moaning more than I was, so I could tell he was enjoying himself. When he brought one of his hands up underneath me to rub along my hard cock, I knew I wouldn’t be able to hold back for long.

He must have sensed my heightened arousal, because he stopped and said, “Quick, turn around.”

I pushed away from the counter and turned to face him. He took the head of my dick inside his mouth. Holding me by the waist to prevent me from thrusting in deeper, while he waited for the sensations to decide if they were going to erupt or subside.

When no cum arrived, Charlie stood up and said, “Let’s take this out onto one of the recliners.” He grabbed my hand and nearly dragged me along the entire way. When we arrived at poolside, he flattened out one of the lounge chairs and said, “Lay down and pull your knees towards you.” As I did, he sat down facing me and pulled me against his torso, wrapping his strong arms around my belly. Now he was free to just lean forward and feast on my exposed ass sitting right in front of him, while my legs bent back towards my head.

He wasted no time jamming his tongue back inside me. He worked all of my muscles into a relaxed state, spreading my cheeks and hole nice and wide, so he could run his fat tongue in long strokes over my ass button.

“You’re going to make me cum,” I said, trying to catch my breath. Feeling the sensations building beyond what I could hold back. He was watching me carefully,

looking for a signal that I wouldn't be able to stop. My eyes rolled back in my head again and I let out a loud moan of pleasure.

Charlie scooted back on the recliner, allowing my body to straighten out to the point where he could get his tongue on my cock. As he sucked my stiff dick into his warm mouth, he stuck his index finger deep inside my primed hole, poking at my P-Zone. The juices erupted, painting his throat with their pearly goodness. Charlie began moaning loudly, swallowing down the fresh nectar, as his own cum shot into the space between my back and the cushion beneath me. When he was content he had received all of his prize, he slowed his movements gradually and let my softening cock slip past his lips. His mouth morphed into a broad smile.

As the afterglow settled in, and we caught our breath, Charlie helped me to sit up, so he could wrap his arms around me.

"That was quite a ride, Charlie," I said, then slipped my tongue into his mouth.

"Not bad for a first time," he replied, when we came up for air.

"You've never done that before ?" I asked, unbelieving.

Charlie smiled and shook his head back and forth, then grabbed another long taste of my tongue.

"Looks like I'm going to need another shower," I said, biting playfully at his lower lip. "Wanna join me ?"

The loud guttural, "Woof," of his reply told me all I needed to know.

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