

Billionaire Adventure 2

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As always, if you are not supposed to be reading this story...then don't...please practice safe sex.

I was waiting in the driveway when Mattie got home on Thursday. His clothes were in the trunk. He tossed his book bag in the back seat and we were off.

The flight crew was in the lounge when we arrived at the airport. The co-pilot took our bags and we headed out to the Gulfstream 550. As we walked toward the plane, Mattie's jaw dropped when he realized just how big it was. The steward was already aboard awaiting our arrival. He introduced himself to Mattie as Gunnar. Gunnar could not take his eyes off Mattie. Mattie smiled at him and seemed oblivious to the effect he was having on the steward.

Gunnar's pants were tented. As I looked at him I realized just how young our steward was. He could not be much over 18. I seated myself where I would have a good view of the galley.

As Gunnar prepared the cabin for take off, I admired his efficiency. He was very sure of himself for a young man. He immediately noticed that Mattie was having problems with his seat belt. After apologizing for the problem profusely, Gunnar reached over to help Mattie with the problem. I could not help but notice that Gunnar gripped the seat belt buckle with the top of his hand behind the belt buckle. The whole time Gunnar was explaining that they had just replaced the seat and that must be why the buckle was stiff.

Knowing Mattie well I could tell from his facial expression that the hot young blond was causing another sort of stiffness. As Gunnar worked with the belt Mattie moved around a bit and Gunnar's hand was clearly resting on Mattie's hard cock. As the pilot announced he was ready for his take off roll, the seat belt clicked into place. Gunnar took the seat opposite of Mattie where I had a clear view of the tent in his pants as he sat down.

Gunnar blushed as he noticed that I was looking directly at his tented crotch as he sat down. I complimented him on his efficiency and asked how long he had been a steward. He said about 3 months. He was working to earn college tuition. Mattie looked at me and mouthed "he's hot" while Gunnar had his back turned. Mattie leaned over and whispered in my ear that he got a huge boner while Gunnar was adjusting his seat belt. I smiled.

Gunnar was back in a few moments with drinks. He said we would have a snack on the way. He told me that Jack had just called to check on what we might like for dinner. Fresh snapper sounded good. Gunnar went back and called Jack...It was clear that the conversation covered more than dinner.

As we prepared for arrival, I pointed out Jack's island in the distance. As the pilot banked for his final approach, we saw Jack's sailing sloop riding at anchor in the harbor. I noticed activity on the other side of the island. I was puzzled because I thought Jack said he owned the entire island.

I asked Gunnar where he lived. He explained that his family had a home on the other side of the island.

I told him that I did not know that anyone else lived on the island. He smiled and said that most of Jack's guest did not know. He told me that Jack's father owned the island originally. He had business interests in Sweden and allowed some of his employees and their families to move to the island. There were 12 families originally.

He explained that they had a gold mine in Norrbotten, Sweden that Jack's father co-owned with the families. They all became very wealthy when they sold the mine. They decided that they wanted to move to a warmer climate and Jack's dad invited them to move to the island which they named Sakorn Island. I asked him what it meant in English. As the wheels touched down, he blushed and told me that it translated to Seed Island.

Jack was waiting for us at the end of the runway. There was not time to speak to Gunnar further. I asked him if we would see him while we are here and he said he was going to crew for Jack when we went sailing. We greeted Jack and I introduced Matt. Jack shook his hand a little longer than necessary and put his hand on Matt's shoulder and steered him toward the car.

We climbed in Jack's Land Rover and set off for the house. When we arrived it was sunset. We were met by Bjorn who offered us a cocktail. Bjorn was fair with fine blond hair.

Bjorn quickly brought us our drinks. As we admired the setting sun, I noticed that Jack was much more interested in watching Mattie. The house was situated on a bluff overlooking the harbor. Mattie started asking question about the yacht. Clearly he had read the book I gave him on learning to sail. His questions were good. Jack put his arm around Mattie's shoulder as he explained where the mast and boom were located. Jack explained that his boat had electric roller furling to raise and lower the sails. As we were called to dinner, Jack said we had some work to do in the morning and we could go sailing about noon. He told Mattie that he was welcome to swim or there were movies in the media room. Mattie said he would like to swim. He needed to get in shape for next season. He explained that he was on the swim team at school.

Jack nodded and said he was built like a swimmer. Jack and I talked after dinner while Mattie went to the media room with Bjorn. Bjorn showed him the satellite receiver and the collection of DVDs. Mattie asked what was in the locked cabinet and Bjorn told him it was Jack's private video collection. Mattie was curious, but did not ask about the collection.

How old are you? Bjorn asked.

Matt told him he just turned 13.

Do you make seed? Bjorn asked Mattie

What do you mean?

You know...sperm? Bjorn said blushing deeply...

Mattie said yes...I started about 6 months ago.

Bjorn said that we should have a celebration.

Huh????

Bjorn told Mattie that his family worshiped seed.

Mattie asked him what that meant

Well...our family has both Christian and pagan traditions. One of our pagan traditions is to worship the production of seed. Bjorn heard Jack and I coming and told him he would explain later.

Jack showed us to our rooms. Mattie's room looked out on the pool. Jack said breakfast would be at 8 and that Mattie could feel free to swim anytime.

We all were tired and went to sleep quickly.

Mattie woke up about 7 and pulled on a pair of electric blue Speedos. Mattie walked out the slider to the pool and dove in. He was swimming laps when Jack walked out. He stopped after 10 laps and saw Jack watching him. Jack told him there was a lap counter/timing device in the pool house if Mattie was interested. Mattie climbed out of the pool. His new Speedo suit gapped a bit and sagged to the point where a few curly, sandy colored pubic hairs were visible. His dad had purchased the new suit and it was two sizes too big.

As Mattie took a couple of steps he noticed that both Jack and Bjorn were staring at the top of his Speedos...they had slipped down to where the base of his cock was holding them up. Matt roughly grabbed hold of the draw string and jerked it tight only to end up holding half of it when it broke.

Ahhhhh shit!

Mattie don't worry about it, Jack said. It's only us.

Mattie was still red faced and holding up his Speedos. He followed Jack to the pool house where Jack and Bjorn found the lap timer.

Jack looked at Bjorn and asked him if he had any Speedos?

Bjorn blushed a bit and said, Jack you know I swim naked.

Well I just thought....

The last comment was enough to get Mattie going as he visualized the young, blond stud swimming naked. He could not help himself...he started to chub...and then it got a little harder so that it was horizontal in his suit. The suit was tight enough that there was no way he could hide his growing boner.

Funny how you get those when you are 13 when you least want them, Jack said staring directly at Mattie's boner.

Mattie turned bright red and was almost ready to run for his room when Jack put his arm on Mattie's shoulder and looked at him and told him not to worry. Bjorn and the guys bone up when they swim too...he looked over at Bjorn and laughed...hell he's got a major bone now. Mattie looked at Bjorn and saw that Jack was right. Bjorn had a massive hard on.

Guys go ahead and swim for a while and we will eat breakfast in a little while. Bjorn skinned off his pants and white t-shirt and was completely naked in moments. He dove in the pool...Mattie grinned and dropped his Speedos and dove in as well. Both boys swam like dolphins...their young hard butts peaking out of the water. They started diving for pennies as Jack and I watched from above.

Bjorn used it as an excuse to extend his entire body along Mattie's side rubbing his hard cock against Mattie. As Bjorn reached out for the penny, Mattie flipped over and their cocks rubbed together for a moment.

Jack watched it and absently grabbed and stroked his hard cock...

My God they are beautiful, Jack said.

Yeah they are. The bell rang for breakfast...a buffet was set along the wall. Jack called for the boys to get out of the pool and tossed each a towel. As they dried off, he handed them a plate and told them to help themselves.

Mattie watched as Bjorn dropped his towel on a chair and headed for the buffet. Mattie watched for a moment with his head cocked slightly and then followed Bjorn's lead. They talked casually about sailing as they filled their plates. Their hard boners swinging like a metronome as they moved through the buffet. They both moved to the glass top

table and pulled up a chair. I sat across from Bjorn and Jack across from Mattie. I could not help but stare at Bjorn's uncut cock with the foreskin pulled back to reveal a blood red glans. As I watched a drop of precum drooled from the tip of his penis. His penis throbbed with each beat of his heart.

As I looked up, Bjorn was smiling at me.

Sorry...I couldn't help it...you have a spectacular body, I said.

It's okay...I like to look at guys too.

Mattie reached under the table and stroked his penis lightly...a drop of precum oozing out of the tip.

No one showed much interest in breakfast. Jack's khaki shorts had a major wet spot from his precum...and I was dangerously close to going off in my pant without ever being touched.

Jack stood up and there was no missing his massive erection...He walked over to Mattie and said to follow him. The two of them moved over to the lounge chairs. Jack sat on the side of one and gestured to Mattie to stretch out on the one next to it.

I am sorry all of this has been so stimulating for you Matt, Jack said as he continued to stare directly at Mattie's throbbing penis. As he finished saying that a drop of precum slowly drooled on to Mattie's rock hard abdomen. The string of Mattie's precum continued to connect his erection to his abdomen. Bjorn and I watched the scene and I would occasionally glance at the puddle of precum that was on Bjorn's chair.

Mattie looked at Jack and said, I gotta cum man...I am so hard it hurts...and without waiting for permission he took the loose skin on his shaft and pulled it over the corona...slowly...very slowly...

The volume of precum increased as Mattie stroked...Jack so wanted to reach over and take a taste but he was afraid that he would startle the boy. Mattie started to moan as the tension in his gut started to build...Bjorn was stroking his ridged cock in sympathy.

Mattie started to breath heavy...his climax growing near...the tension in his abdomen almost hurt in anticipation of his orgasm...Jack watched as Mattie's testicles started their ascent in preparation for the beautiful boy's climax...Mattie rocked his head from side to side as wave after wave of his climax washed over him...Bjorn cried out as the first jet of cum burned it's way out of his cock soaking the underside of the glass table...the next jet of cum from Bjorn shot across the gap between us and landed on my shorts.

Mattie continued to moan as hot cum sprayed all over his belly and chest and chin...Jack reached over and scooped up a finger full of hot seed and brought it to his lips...Mattie watched as Jack reverently extended his tongue to taste the boy's seed...That act alone

was enough to send Jack over the edge without ever touching his penis...his cum flooded through the material of his shorts...Mattie sat up and traced Jack's hard cock with his index finger. Matt licked the fabric of Jack's shorts sucking the seed through them.

Bjorn came around the table and said to me...I must have your seed...please before you spill it...

I stood and Bjorn knelt before me and released my shorts...they fell to my ankles and he took hold of my naked hips and pulled my ridged cock toward his mouth...he took me...sucked me deeply in his throat...his teeth gently raked my corona his tongue forced my glans against the ridges in the top of his mouth...he was determined to have my essence...he deep throated me...over and over until he heard my deep guttural moans and he pulled back to taste my essence on his tongue...shot after shot of hot cum landed in his mouth and throat...he moaned as he sucked me dry...I fucked his faced until I could move no more...

He stood and faced me and we kissed and I sampled my seed on his tongue. It truly is Seed Island.

Jack led me inside. I was naked and he was still wearing his cum covered shorts.

We'd better talk, Jack said. I should have told you about this island sooner...there are just so many unique practices that it is very hard to explain. He told me to sit down and he removed his wet shorts. His large, soft penis was dangling between his legs. Very impressive equipment, I thought.

I know that Gunnar told you about the families that live on the other side of the island. They along with my father developed a gold mine in Sweden in a very remote area on a lake. There were 12 families and they were very close. Their religious beliefs are a combination of Christianity and pagan traditions. They are essentially Presbyterians that worship the cycle of life...specifically they worship seed and insemination. It is a powerful ritual for them.

They are extremely well educated. Being a small community they thought it important to have a geneticist. While they have never had problems with their offspring, they realized early that it was important to produce children that are as genetically diverse as possible.

I asked Jack how that worked in such a small community.

He explained that insemination has nothing to do with love and marriage. They realized that it was difficult, if not impossible, to arrange lasting marriages among genetically appropriate partners. They also decided that the younger the sperm and eggs, the more likely they were to have healthy children.

They typically share a family bed, so the children are accustomed to seeing their parents engage in sexual activity. Children are encouraged from an early age to worship all

aspects of the procreation process. Mothers and daughters begin to engage in oral sex at a very early age in the belief that the mother's juices will stimulate the daughter's proper sexual development. The mother's stimulation of the daughter will promote a greater and healthier supply of eggs.

The fathers and sons have similar behavior. Consuming the father's seed is considered to be a powerful stimulant for sexual development. As the boys begin puberty the boy is confirmed in a unique ceremony in the church. The father and son approach the altar. The congregation prays that the boy will be strong and fertile. While the prayer is being said the boy's white robe is removed. The deacons anoint the boy with holy oil from head to toe. They pay particular attention to his exposed penis and buttocks. They wipe the excess oil from his abdomen and penis so that it is only lightly oiled. Deacons lay him across a special altar. The altar is padded and has a special receptacle to receive the boy's anointed penis. The tension is adjusted so that the boy's penis is held tightly by the ribbed artificial vagina. Under the table a tube extends from the tip of the device which will allow the boy's discharge, if any, to collect in a small test tube.

Parents are encouraged to keep their sons anally virgin believing that the pain of penetration is the first step toward manhood. Most fathers today prepare their sons through digital stretching of their anal cavity prior to penetration during the ceremony.

Once the boy has been placed on the altar, his mother, brothers and sisters also disrobe and surround him. His mother stands at the head of the altar. The boy has witnessed other ceremonies and knows that it is appropriate for him to stimulate his mother's vagina. Brothers and sisters suck their mother's tits. The oldest brother sucks the mother's right tit and if he is beyond the onset of puberty, he begins to masturbate facing the congregation. It is important that the older brother anoint the younger brother with his seed.

As the congregation begins a hymn, the father steps forward and is disrobed by the Deacons. The Deacons are prepared to perform fellatio on the father if necessary, but usually the father is painfully erect. The Deacons anoint the father's erect member with holy oil as the congregation continues their hymn. The Deacons carefully aim the father's penis at his son's virgin anus.

Fathers are encouraged to deeply penetrate their son with their first thrust. The choirmaster times the crescendo of the hymn to coincide with the father's penetration of his son. The Senior Deacon's hand is anointed. The Senior Deacon places his middle finger tips at the father's rosebud. The mother reaches under her son and begins to massage and pinch her son's nipples to maximize his stimulation. The Deacon rams his fingers into the father's anus as a signal for penetration. As the father lunges forward and penetrates his son, the son's scream is the signal for the choir to begin their chant to the beat of a drum. The father is to time his thrusts to the beat of the drum. The slapping of the father's oily loins against the son's hips echo in time with the beat of the drum. The choirmaster increases the rhythmic beat of the drum to accelerate the onset of the father's orgasm. As the Deacon senses the father's orgasm is imminent, he increases his

stimulation of the father's prostate. As the father begins to thrust wildly into the son, he screams out to his son to "take the family seed." As the father thrusts wildly filling the core of his son with his holy seed, the boy will usually climax and the entire family to experience their orgasm as well.

My cock was so hard it was dripping as I asked, what happens next?

The minister steps forward and says a prayer for the fertility and development of the boy. While this is happening, the Senior Deacon checks the vessel at the bottom of the tube to see if the pounding of his prostate has stimulated ejaculation of the boy's sacred seed. If the boy has ejaculated, his sister or mother consumes his sacred seed.

What happens next? I asked.

Well if the boy has ejaculated, he must seed his mother the next evening. Again they gather in the sanctuary with a special alter and the boy penetrates his mother with the congregation watching.

I thought they were concerned about inseminating close relatives.

They are and the mother in the modern church is usually on the pill. If for whatever reason she is not on the pill and becomes pregnant, it is considered to be a special child of God destined for great things.

What about the girls?

Well it is similar. The girls are encouraged to have oral sex with their parents and brothers and sisters at an early age. Consuming their father's and brother's seed is a great honor. Their parents and brothers regularly engage in cunnilingus with them, but no penetration of the girl's vagina is permitted. Her maidenhead must remain intact until her body is ripe for seeding.

Mother's begin to watch their daughters for the onset of menses. On the evening of her first menstrual discharge, the daughter is dressed by her family with only a napkin to catch the sacred flow and she wears a beautiful white robe and sandals. The family and neighbors process to the church. They are met at the church door by the minister and deacons. The procession continues to the sanctuary.

The daughter is placed on a pedestal as a symbol of the critical role of the woman in the continuation of the community. Her mother removes her white robe so that the congregation may view the beautiful transformation of her body. The mother gently removes the napkin and processes through the church displaying the sacred bloody discharge to the community. Hymns are sung during this time. The minister places his hand on the girl's abdomen and prays for her fertility.

The girl is told to spread her legs in hopes that a few drops of blood will spill on the floor of the sanctuary. It is a symbol of her joining the congregation as an adult. If that does not happen she returns the next day and is disrobed and while the Minister, her mother and the Mistress of Fertility watch for the bloody discharge to stain the floor. If her menstrual flow is not sufficient to bloody the floor, she is not considered to be ripe for seeding.

What do you mean ripe for seeding? I asked

As soon as a girl becomes a woman, the sacred seeding process must begin as a part of the congregation's long standing tradition. The Mistress of Fertility, our own resident geneticist, selects 2 or 3 young men who are usually 13 to 15 years old. Exactly 14 days after her first sacred discharge, the girl is brought before the entire congregation clothed only in a scarlet robe. She steps up on the pedestal again and awaits the procession.

The Mistress of Fertility leads a procession of boys toward the sanctuary and the waiting young woman. The Mistress of Fertility moves from boy to boy disrobing them. The boys have been forbidden to touch themselves in a sexual way since the day of the bloody show. Most are rock hard when they are disrobed. The scarlet robe, a symbol of what is about to occur, is removed from the young woman. It is her job to ensure that the boys are properly stimulated. She plays with her nipples and massages her clitoris while studying the boys before her. Sometimes after two weeks of abstinence the scene is too much for a boy and he discharges his seed spontaneously. She will not select him, but at the appropriate time kiss him deeply and thank him for his willingness to seed her. After a few moments the Minister and Mistress of Fertility lead the girl to a kneeler where she prays about the selection process.

When she concludes her prayers, she turns to the boys. In the event a boy has spontaneously ejaculated, she will kiss him deeply while fondling his manhood and thank him for his willingness to seed her.

If no boy has ejaculated, she will study the boys and deeply kiss and fondle any boy that is not to be selected. When only one boy remains, she kneels before him and gently takes his testicles and kisses them giving thanks for the seed that they produce. Next she kisses the glans of his penis and thanks God for the penetration that is about to occur.

She is helped to her feet by the boy. The Mistress of Fertility takes her to a beautiful alter that is draped white. She is helped up on to the alter. She lays there with her knees bent.

While this is being done the Deacon brings the Minister a bowl of warm water and it is used to cleanse the young man's erection. Great care is taken not to stimulate the boy more than is absolutely necessary.

The boy is led to the foot of the alter. As the boy stands before the alter, the Minister and Mistress of Fertility each hold one of the girls feet as the foot of the alter is separated. The boy has his first view of her labia. The Mistress of Fertility leads the boy forward

while the Minister adjust the height of the alter so that her labia are perfectly aligned with the young man's erection. The minister places his hand on the young woman's mound with his thumb gently pressing her clitoris and with his other hand gently takes hold of the boy's testicles. Usually the boy's testicles are drawing up close to his body in preparation for an immediate orgasm. The minister gently pulls the testicles into their fully extended position in order to allow the consummation ceremony to last a little longer. This task completed, the Senior Deacon passes him the holy oil so that the penis and labia may be anointed. The boy's father steps forward and he is disrobed and his penis is anointed.

The Minister turns to the congregation and explains for the younger members that it is important that the young man ejaculate as much seed as possible. The boy will be penetrated by his father at precisely the same moment that the young man penetrates the young woman. Symbolically the father's seeding of his son at the moment the boy first seeds a girl is a statement about the importance of continuing the community. The father seeding the son will also increase the insemination of the young woman.

The Minister nods to the father who reaches around his son to place the tip of the son's penis slightly inside the mouth of the vagina. The father's penis is placed at his son's rosebud and becomes the stem of the rose. The father gently takes hold of the girl's legs as the Deacon and Mistress of Fertility ensure that the sexual organs are aligned. The congregation is quiet as the Mistress of Fertility nods.

The father rams his rock hard erection to the core of his son...the momentum carries the son forward to thrust his erection to the core of the young woman. The boy feels his erection penetrate her hymen and that event is punctuated by her scream. The boy feels every ridge of the vagina and the slight opening of the cervix as his erection slightly penetrates it. The Minister signals the father to remain still so that as the boy draws back for another thrust into the girl he impales himself again on his father's cock. The Minister and Deacon begin to suck the young woman's nipples as the boy continues to thrust deeply into her again. The father is usually so stimulated by this time that he must seed his son and his urgent thrusts against the boy's sensitive prostate cause the boy to pass the point of no return. The father moans as he feels the anal spasms and contractions around his super sensitive penis...the boy's rough climactic thrusting is almost more than he can take. All of the stimulation usually sends the girl over the edge. At this point the moans of the congregation as they masturbate to a climax begin to resound through the sanctuary. It is a joyful moment. The father uncouples from his son. The Minister and Mistress of Fertility hold the boy in place a little longer so that as much of his sperm as possible is able to make the journey toward the egg. As the boy's penis becomes visibly soft, the Minister of Fertility wipes his bloody penis on the white sanctuary cloth. As the girl sits up the bloody lips of her labia are wiped with the cloth as well.

As the girl stands, usually a bloody combination of her juices and the boy's semen are visible on her leg and on the boy's penis. Occasionally the father's seed leaks from the boy's anus. This display along with the stained white alter cloth are met with applause

and cheering. The boy and girl are led away to be bathed by their families so that they may join the congregation for a meal.

As I listened to Jack describe the ceremony, I was masturbating furiously as was he. The boys had walked in but I was not aware of them until they began to shower me with their seed. Jack went to get us towels as I cleaned each boy's erection with my tongue. He handed each of us a towel and looked at me and said he needed a favor. As we prepared to go sailing I wondered what favor Jack might ask me for.

More to come... Comments are welcome! Mack1137@gmail.com