

Noises in the Night (part 1)

A.Horniman

I really don't think I'm going to be able to handle this. I'm rooming with two Irish construction workers. There's Mick, he's small and stockily built, dark and brooding. And there's Tom, taller, red hair, clear blue eyes and pale pale skin. Both of them are Irish in their twenties, both are hunks. That's all I know about them.

Me, I'm Chris. Here in London to study sports physio. This was the cheapest room I could find near the centre. A rooming house in Kilburn, a working class, mostly Irish part of London, renowned for its beer and its tough Irish men.

Mrs Murphy, that's the landlady.

"You'll get on fine I'm sure. Mick and Tom are good lads."

They don't seem that pleased to see me however. They're polite. We shake hands and chat. But there seems to be something between them. Something I can't put my finger on.

"We'll be no trouble to you. We believe in live and let live. Don't we Tom."

Tom nods and smiles shyly. Mick is obviously the leader.

"We sleep here." and he points to two single beds, side by side near the window.

"That's your bed. You can keep your stuff in there," pointing to a wardrobe.

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That evening I had a chance to look at them both. I'd stayed in to study not having much money to go out. Tom and Mick came back when the pubs were shut. They weren't drunk, just relaxed.

"So you're a student are you?" asks Mick.

I nod.

"What are you studying?"

"Sports physio." I reply and to his blank expression, "I'm the guy who rushes onto the football field when a player is injured."

That seemed to answer it.

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Tom was getting ready for bed. His face and arms are reddish. The rest of him is so white. Almost blue in places. Good broad shoulders and a slim

waist. Powerful chest and tree-trunk legs with a light dusting of blond hair. Muscles all over. And that bright red hair of his. Hardly any hair on his body and of course I was wondering if his pubes were as ginger as the hair on his head. First time I'd been so close to a redhead. And his arse, pure solid manmeat. I mustn't look. I can't not look.

I've got a hard-on. Tomorrow night I'll have to get changed first so I don't give the game away.

Then Mick. So lithe for one so stocky and muscular. Definitely male. A real tom-cat. Maybe I can ask him if I can practise my massage on him. I'd love to get my hands on that chunky body of his. And that thick black hair on him on his chest and legs, I wonder what it feels like.

I manage to get my dick to go down. Then strip down to my boxers. They're watching me. Well I do have a good slim muscular build and they've probably never seen a black guy so close up before.

"You've got a good body on you kid." Says Tom.

"He's no kid" says Mick.

"No offence meant." says Tom.

"None taken." I reply and try to work out what was behind Tom's comment.

No, it can't possibly be. These two tough Irish construction workers? No way!

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The night is quiet. Broken by the sounds of snoring. I can't work out if it's Tom or Mick. God I need a wank but I don't want to be too obvious. This is going to be tough.

The next evening. They're pretty grumpy. Monosyllabic. Same routine. They're out to the pub. Back at 11:30. I'm already in bed and I get treated to another show of Irish manmuscle. Watching their bodies moving and bending. Tom comes in from the shower with just a towel round him drying his crotch. I'm sure he shoots a look at me.

The following evening is worse. They're edgy and tense. Barely speaking. This is going to need putting up with. I manage to get to sleep but then I start to hear voices.

"C'mon, he's asleep. Just a cuddle." It's Tom's voice in a whisper.

"It'll be more than a cuddle mate you know that."

Then the bed springs moving. Sounds of moaning. Well I'll be damned! These two are fuck-buddies! And my moving into the room has spoiled their game. That's why they've been so moody. And I listen to the sounds of male rutting.

"God you're randy tonight."

"So are you. Haven't got off for days now and my balls are full."

"Stop playing with it. You'll make me shoot and I want to fuck you."

"Go in slow. Oh Mick, Oh Micky, that's so so good," The air is electric with sexvibes and mansmell.

"Oh Jesus Tom your arse is hot. That's it, take my dick. It'll have to be a quickie so we don't wake the lad."

Tom's moans and gasps. Mick panting. The rhythmic squelching and slapping sounds of fucking. And then silence. Stillness. Release. Except for me. This changes everything. But now I'm stuck with a stonking boner. I wait till I hear snoring then I wank myself to a massive load.

The next morning we're all up early. They're more cheerful. So what to do? How on earth do I mention it!? It can't go on like this. It will be far better to get it out into the open. Let them know I heard them. No, they'll freak out. I reckon they're pretty well closeted. Let them know I'm into sex with guys? Yes that's it.

I watch them in the evening before they go to the pub. It all makes sense now. They are a couple of fit, built, really good-looking men and I'd happily get it on with either or both of them. Oh the thought of it. Sandwiched between them, all that muscle and sweat and body hair.

But things never work out as you plan them do they. That evening Mick's out and Tom's on his own. I decide to probe a little.

"Got a girl has he?"

"Oh I don't think so. We're ... he's ... not so much into... we don't really have time for that ... for the ladies. He'll be down the betting shop I reckon."

Silence.

"Known each other long?" I ask.

"We were in the same orphanage. County Waterford. Became pals there. Travelled to London together. We're mates like."

"Right." I say.

"What about you?" he asks.

“Well, I’m on this sports physio course.” I reply. “Student loan so I have to be careful with the money. No time for gallivanting!” he chuckles that I’m using an Irish word.

“No I mean with the ladies. Good looking lad like you...” (that’s the second time he’s referred to my looks) “I would have thought you’d be fighting them off. Especially the blondes, they all go for black guys don’t they?”

“Wanting to check out the myth ...” I suggest

“What myth would that be?” he asks, puzzled.

“You know what they say about how big we are.”

It takes him a moment then, “Oh, right!” he says and blushes.

One problem of being so pale is that when he blushes it can’t be hidden. On me no one notices.

“So what are you studying at the moment?” he asks to change the subject.

“We’re doing anatomy and physiology?” (blank look from Tom)

“Well in order to do sports massage, we have to know how the body works, all the muscles and organs and that.”

“Oh right. Well if you ever need to practise I’ve got plenty of muscles for you to have a go at.”

“Really?” I say,

“Sure I’d really appreciate a pair of hands working out all the tension.”

“That would be a real help Tom. How about now?” I suggest.

“OK, you’re on! Where do you want me?”

“Alright. You strip down to your boxers and we’ll do it on the floor. I’ll get a towel.”

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“You’ve got a great body Tom.”

“You think so.”

“Mick’s a lucky guy.” (shit, I didn’t mean to say that)

“What do you mean?”

“I mean to have you as a mate.”

“Oh right.” and he looks askance at me.

“Lie on your belly.” I say and I pour some oil on my hands and start working it into his delts and traps. Beautiful strong back. Then his sensitive flanks. He’s breathing deeper. Offering no resistance.

“Oh man that’s brilliant. You’ve got the right touch. Reckon I’ll sleep well tonight.”

“Well you were a bit restless last night,” I say. He tenses. His body goes rigid, a look of terror on his face.

“It’s OK Tom.”

“What did you hear?”

“Everything. But it’s OK.”

“Oh, Jesus Christ No!” He’s sitting bolt upright in a panic.

“Tom, listen to me please. It’s OK. I’m gay as well.”

“What?” My words have finally got through to him.

“Me! I’m gay as well. I think you and Mick are two really sexy guys and it was fantastic to hear you making love.”

“You’re gay?” he says. I nod.

“You don’t look it,” he says.

“Neither do you,” I rejoinder, “and neither does Mick.” and he laughs.

“No I reckon you’re right there. You’re OK with it? I mean you’re sure you’re OK with it?”

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“Tom, can you imagine what it’s been like the last couple of days.” I tell him, “Sharing a room with you two gorgeous hunks. Sneaking peeks at your sexy bodies. It’s been driving me crazy. And then last night. Jesus! Just listening to you two at it blew my mind.”

“We’ve been going crazy as well. We’ve been here a month now. Alone in this room. Every night. Just the two of us. It’s been like a honeymoon. Hardly got any sleep the first week. Then when Mrs Murphy moved you in we thought that was the end of it. No one else knows you see. We’ve only got each other.

I told you. Boys' home in County Waterford. Bastard fucking Christian fucking Brothers. Mick was the only one who cared. Since we were 12." His words are disjointed. He's close to tears.

"You're lucky to have each other. I hope I find someone someday."

"I'm sure we won't mind sharing." he says. "Mick'll have a fit when he hears that you know about us, what we do. But he'll come round to it. I know he thinks you're a sexy lad. And he's as curious about what you've got as I am."

"Thanks Tom. I don't want to disappoint you but I'm really nothing special."

"We'll see." he replies and squeezes my hand.

"And I'm curious too," I start, "to see if that ginger hair of yours..."

He finishes for me, "...is the same round my dick?"

"Yes." I say.

He grins and chuckles.

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"So when is he back?" I ask. "Soon. It'll be best if we're alone when I tell him. It's always been a secret between the two of us. Just Mick and me. Someone else being in on it. That'll take a bit of getting used to."

The massage is over for the time being. Tom puts his clothes back on. Switches on the TV and we watch some endless recap of some tedious reality show. Then flick over to a football match. Tom sitting on his bed. His big thighs spread. Crotch bulging. Grinning at me from time to time. I grin back.

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Just after ten. Mick's back. He can tell something's up. I make an excuse and pop out to the shops and give them time. Half an hour and I'm back.

"So you know." says Mick.

I nod.

"And you're OK with it all?"

"I told you he is," says Tom.

"I just want to hear him say it."

"I'm fine with it." I say. "More than fine. Listening to you two last night was so, so fucking horny! I waited till I heard you snoring then I shot off a load. I'm just

so pleased that you're gay. If you'd been straight and caught me fancying you I'd be dead meat. I wouldn't have stood a chance."

"So you fancy me then?" asks Mick.

"Yes, I do."

"Do you think Tom is sexy too?"

"Yes. But if you two just want to carry on together just the two of you that's fine. I shan't interfere."

"What if we want you to join in?" asks Mick, would you be up for it?"

I go over to Mick and take his hand and put it on my stiff dick.

"You're up for it all right." he says. I feel his crotch and he's stiff as well. "What are we waiting for?" says Mick.

They both move on me at once. Mick goes for my crotch, feeling me up, unzipping me. Tom starts unbuttoning my shirt, running his hands over my chest. Then there's a hand caressing my head. White guys always want to know how our nappy hair feels. They're usually surprised that it's so soft. "Cute." says Tom. Soon they've got me naked. I'm at full mast and they're both exploring my body. "Nice slim body and a sexy bum." says Mick. "Big fucking dick." says Tom teasing the knob, playing with my drawn-up balls. Jesus these guys have got me so turned on.

I get my hands inside Mick's shirt and get to feel all that lovely thick hair on his muscular chest. I squeeze his tits and he gasps and I dive my mouth in and find a nipple and I'm licking and nibbling. "Oh Jesus." he moans. Then he moves hand down to his crotch, what a handful! Heavy bollocks and a rock solid dick. Meanwhile Tom has stripped and I get to see that yes, the hair round his dick is the same bright orange as on his head. His dick is solid - long, straight and thick. He smiles a happy smile at me. Then they move again. Mick's on his knees in front of me having a good look at my equipment. It must be the first time he's got up close and personal with a black dick. Then he's licking my balls and finally he gets my cock in his hot wet mouth. Oh yes!

Meanwhile Tom has moved behind me and I'm held in his arms as he runs his massive log of a dick along the cleft of my arse. Then he's got a finger in me lubing me up and he's working my arse open, getting more fingers in there.

"OK?" he asks in a whisper.

"Oh yes man." I reply and I feel the tip of his cock pressing against my hole.

"Slow." I say, "You're big."

And with a great effort of will I relax to take his thickness and his length. Slowly, he pushes, slowly I open for him and finally he gets his dick fully inside me. He drives it into me and gets me so used to it. He must be used to taking it so he know how to get me relaxed. I melt when he hits my prostate and I push back up against his thrusts.

“You like my dick up you Chris?”

“Fuck yeh, Tom. It’s so good.”

And he heaves and twists and drives himself into me as I wriggle and moan beneath his sweating muscular lust. There’s no mad rush for climax just a gradual build up of pleasure. Then I feel him pause, his breathing changes and I know he’s shooting his load deep in me. He pulls out and Mick is straight on me. He turns me over on my back and lifts my legs up and before I can close up and with no preliminaries he rams his curved prong into me.

“Oh yes man. That’s hot.” he gasps and proceeds to jackhammer his dick into me as I hold on to him helplessly feeling the clenching muscles on his hairy bum. His energy is prodigious. He’s just pure animal rut and his hairy body is like nothing I’ve ever felt. Then he pauses his frenzied fucking and his lips close over mine and his tongue is in my mouth. Then he’s back to hammering me again till he freezes and shudders and his come is shooting up inside me to join Tom’s. I think I came at some point as there was a sticky mess on my belly.

“You OK.” asked Tom. “He can be a bit wild.”

“Yeh, I’m good. Guys you’re the best. I am so fucked!”

“You’ve got two loads of Irish cream in your hole.” said Tom, “and there are millions of little Toms and Micks all swimming around inside you.”

“Maybe it’ll be twins.” I say. And they laugh.

Noises in the Night (part 2)

“It was so hot watching Tom throw a fuck up you.” said Mick. I don’t take it up the bum so he doesn’t get any chance.”

“Mick, I told you,” says Tom, “I don’t mind. I’ll roll over for you anytime mate, you know that.”

“But you’re a man and a man needs to throw a fuck.” says Mick.

“Yes, from time to time maybe.” says Tom.

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“You don’t get fucked?” I ask Mick.

“No. The Christian Brothers. I think Tom mentioned them. There was one priest. Brother Wilfred. Man of God so-called. He was big and he really hurt. I panic now. I wish I could give myself to Tom in that way but I just can’t.” And Mick is tearing up, starting to shake. And Tom puts a hand out to him.

“I’m sorry.” says Mick.

“No need to apologise.” I tell him.

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“So you’ve never done a three-way before?” I query.

“No just each other since we left the home.” says Mick, “Stayed in rooming houses mostly. Nobody knows about us.”

“So was it good, you know, with three?” I ask.

“Great!” says Tom. You’re a sweet guy and you take dick like a champion.”

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“And it was your first time with a black guy?” I ask.

“That too.” says Mick. “You taste different. Nice but different.”

“I’d still like to try that dick of yours.” says Tom. “All this fucking has got me tired out. I’d like to just lie back and take a good couple of loads up me.”

"I'm sure we can oblige you but the way things are going I reckon it could be more than a couple." says Mick. "Who's first in that sweet arse of yours?" asks Mick.

"Chris first." says Tom. So Tom lies on his belly and I dive my tongue between his arse cheeks and start licking.

"Mary mother of God!" says Mick. "What are you doing to him?"

"What does it look like?" I reply and lick Tom's tight puckered hole with long wet strokes.

"How does it feel Tom?" asks Mick.

"Fucking amazing!!" says Tom who is holding his arse cheeks apart for me. Then I'm drilling my tongue into him and he's wriggling around, "Oh God, Oh Jesus."

"You've come over all religious all of a sudden." comments Mick.

I snigger but Tom is so lost in the sensations of what's happening. Then I get a finger up him. Then two fingers, then three and then when I feel he's stretched enough I slide my dick up into him. A low animal groan issues from deep within Tom's prostrate body as I bottom out, pause a moment then start to long-dick him. Pulling almost all the way out till the crown of my dick is held by the lips of his arse then pushing relentlessly up into him. Occasionally giving a jab. Then stirring my dick around deep inside him as he's clawing the bedsheets in ecstasy. Then some speed fucking till he goes all limp like a rag doll. Then some more long dicking, slow and merciless, showing him I can give it as well as take it. And he's loving it. But I don't come.

I pull out and Mick is straight up his lover's arse and into his jackhammering. Tom is shaking and weeping.

"Oh fuck, oh Micky, oh fuck," and Mick shudders and holds still as he pumps another load out.

"Tommy, my beautiful, beautiful Tommy." he sobs and they hold each other like two lost boys in a dangerous world. Mick pulls out of Tom's arse. There is a leak of come dribbling out.

"More?" I ask Tom,

"Yeh, more" gasps Tom breathlessly and I slide back into him and after a few strokes I'm shooting a load of my sperm in his arse to mix with that of his lover's.

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"You guys are incredible." I say eventually.

“I was watching your arse when you were fucking Tom,” says Mick, “and I wanted to fuck you as you were fucking him.”

“Did you?” I prompt. “Why don’t you do that next time? To be in a sandwich between the two of you would be incredible. You’d be making love to each other through me. That would be something.”

I crawl back to my own bed to sleep as the sky is already getting light. Tom and Mick sleep naked, spooned together in one of the single beds.

* * *

The next night I get my wish.

“Tonight’s for you mate.” says Mick.

“What for?” I ask.

“For being our roommate and a good bloke.” and they both start to slowly undress me, running their hands over me. Taking turns kissing me and each other on the mouth. Then they’re at my nipples, licking, sucking, nibbling. The contrast between them. I love the thick wiry hair on Mick’s bulky chest. I just can’t get enough of stroking it, running my fingers through it, licking his nipples. Whereas Tom’s body is so smooth and his skin so tight. The sweat on his skin, the sweat of the three of us mixes on his skin and he shines with it. He grins at me and gets on his knees and takes the knob of my aching boner in his mouth. I feel Mick’s hand behind me between my legs, playing with my balls, teasing round my arsehole. Then Tom gets up and bends over the bed.

“Time to play hide the sausage.” he says. “This arsehole of mine is hungry for a good hard ramming from that thick black cock of yours.”

So I lube up my dick, get his hole all slippery and open and slide into him. He grunts with the stretching I’m giving him then sighs with contentment as I fill his muscular arse. I give a few exploratory shoves and he’s shaking and, panting “Oh yes, Oh yes,” as I give it to him. Mick’s already lubed me up and he shoves right up me and I feel his hairy chest pressed against my back and the strength of his arms round me, holding me.

“Guys, I love you both.” I say.

Mick pushes into me and I push into Tom. And soon we’re a writhing mass of arms and legs, cock and arse, pumping, grinding and shagging away. It can’t last long and it doesn’t. Tom comes first and his clenching arsehole sends me over the edge and Mick follows. It’s like a chain reaction.

* * *

"We soon learned the difference between sex and affection in the home." said Tom. I'd decided not to pry but to wait for them to bring it up. Tom was ready to talk about it. "The Christian Brothers were just into using us and getting off. You got used to it."

"I never got used to it." Mick interjected but Tom continued,

"They'd pull you from bed at night and get you to suck them and maybe they'd get you a little drunk and fuck you. Basically it was rape. Most of the boys went along with it 'cos if you didn't go along with them, they could make your life very difficult. It was a trade off really." His voice was calm, unemotional.

"I used to fight back." said Mick. "I hated them. They used a leather strap on me. Trying to break me."

"Fucking sadists!" I found myself saying.

"At first it was just cuddles." Tom went on. "The Brothers never showed any affection. But Mick and me would just lie together and cuddle. It felt good. Then it grew to wanking each other 'cos all the boys were doing it. Then sucking. Then the first time I let you fuck me in the arse. You weren't like the Brothers. You wanted me to enjoy it. They just took and took and took. You were my protector, you looked out for me."

"But I was younger than you." said Mick.

"That's not the point." said Tom. "You were stronger than me in many ways. I just gave in to them. I played the game. Let them use me. You showed me something different. Made me realise that what they were doing was unnatural and wrong. So when you came back to me after they'd raped you and beaten you for resisting you were my hero, like a soldier coming back from battle."

Mick and I were both in tears hearing this.

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"How old were you?" I asked.

"It started when we were 12. It went on till we left, around age 16." said Tom.

Mick was the quiet one for a change. It's like there was so much pain in him. I understood then why he wouldn't take a cock up him. Not even from his lover. For that's what they were. Lovers. Since they were 12 years old. But they didn't have the words for it. Tom, the gentle giant. Mick, the fiery, feisty street kid. They had been through a kind of hell together. They'd been there for each other and now they were healing each other.

So what was my place in all this? The sex with these two hunks was mindblowingly good but they were a couple and I was what? A temporary

diversion maybe. I could easily fall in love with Tom. His gentle strength. Mick was wild, animal sex but emotionally more unreachable.

Then I realised what the deal was. Mick had given me the clue. Tom needed to be the top from time to time and Mick felt bad that he couldn't bottom for him. I hatched a plan and outlined it to Tom.

Noises in the Night (part 3)

So slowly slowly over the weeks we'd get Mick into the idea of pleasure from his arse. I'd suck his rigid curved dick and Tom would gently massage his hole so that when he came there would be the association of pleasure. I would also give Mick massage. God I loved working that chunky muscular body of his. The soft thick hair on his chest and belly, his thighs and his sexy bum. Then showering together with him to get the oil off him. But while I was massaging him, I'd always pay special attention to the cleft of his arse, and gently run a finger round his pucker.

The sex had settled down into a sort of a wild routine. Sometimes they'd let me watch them in their lovemaking. Other times I'd join in. Sometimes Tom would take me in his big arms, slowly drive his big hard dick into me and fuck me warmly, roundly, relentlessly. Sometimes Mick would give me one of his jackhammer sessions. Sometimes they'd both fuck me, taking turns till my brains were jelly and I could hardly walk straight. Other times Tom would just lie on his belly and Mick and I would take turns fucking him till we were both exhausted. Ramming him as he fucked back, helping us to shoot in his hot welcoming hole. Then Mick would watch as I licked the cum out of Tom's hole and then we'd both fuck him some more.

The first time Mick let me rim him was a breakthrough. I was giving him a massage and I was gently kissing his back, then down his spine, the cleft of his arse but he was clenched tight. So I turned him over on his back. His dick was solid. I played my tongue around it for a while, I'd got to know his sensitive points. Then I was sucking his bollocks, the rich forest of hair, then I pushed his legs up so I could get my tongue under his balls and along the perineum, till he was gasping and holding his legs out of the way so I could get right in there. Then I was licking his arsehole in long strokes drilling my tongue in

"Oh Jesus, Oh Mary mother of God. What are you doing to me?"

Then I went back to his dick but I still kept working his hole with my finger. Sucking him, and easing my lubed finger into him. Found his joy button and as I massaged that he lost all control, moaning and bucking and shooting a massive load in my mouth. I didn't swallow but kissed him and we cuddled and shared the taste of his come between us.

Tom was doing his share as well. Every time he sucked Mick, he would finger his arse. Getting him used to having two or three fingers up there, sliding about. Every orgasm that Mick had with something up him was reinforcing the feeling. Getting him more relaxed and starting to realise that his arse could bring great pleasure.

"I'm starting to understand what you and Tom get out of being fucked." he said one day. "When you get your finger in me and work on that spot it's like fireworks going off and I come like a rocket."

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"How will we know when he's ready?" asked Tom.

"He'll let us know." I replied. And one night when we'd all had a bit to drink and Mick had been the centre of attention, getting his dick licked, both his nipples sucked at the same time. And he was just lying there on his belly, wriggling his sexy bum fingering his own hole.

"Isn't he just so sexy?" says Tom to me.

"Oh God yes." I reply.

"I think he's ready" said Tom.

Mick didn't say anything, he just held his arse cheeks apart as Tom worked some lube inside him, two fingers, three fingers and then the tip of his dick.

"It'll hurt at first but there's pleasure on the other side of the pain." said Tom and as he got the knob in Mick froze with a grimace on his face. I tried to imagine what he was going through. The memories of all the brutal rapes he was still holding in his body. How much he loved Tom to give him this.

"Try to push me out like you're having a dump." said Tom and as Mick pushed, his hole relaxed and Tom's dick sunk all the way in.

"Don't move, just lie still and breathe mate. How's it feel back there?"

"Full."

"Pain?"

"It's getting easier."

"Want me to take it out?"

"No!"

"Good man! You feel so good wrapped round my dick like that."

And slowly Tom started to fuck Mick. Sliding his dick in and out, each time putting more force into it till Mick was starting to push back against Tom's thrusts.

"Oh yes, yes, yes," panting in rhythm.

“My brave soldier,” whispered Tom as the shagging got more intense, “taking it like a hero.”

“Taking your dick” said Mick. “Taking my Tommy’s dick. Oh fuck me Tommy. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.”

I left them to it. I’d done my job.

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The next few weeks were a blur. Mick and Tom were even more into each other now and although they invited me to join them from time to time I was starting to feel a bit unnecessary. Having discovered the pleasures of bottoming, Mick was making up for lost time and it seemed their roles had reversed. Then Tom reminded him that his own arse was feeling rather neglected and that Mick had marital duties to perform.

Tom had also told me that Mick had changed as a top. Now he knew what it felt like to get his arse fucked he knew what would feel good. He would still give you real jackhammering till you felt like a rag doll but he would also allow you to enjoy a nice relentless long-dicking or stirring your honeypot until you were spinning and flying with the joy of it. Mick was a stud before but now he had become a real master cocksman.

Then Mick’s time at the betting office paid off and he won a fair bit of money on a horse. Enough to get a deposit and a month’s rent on a one bedroom flat and they were moving out. Their last night in the room we did everything together. And for the first time Mick offered me his arse.

“After all you’ve done for us. It’s the least I can give you.”

“You don’t owe me anything Mick.” I said.

“OK let me put it this way. I want to feel that sweet black dick of you inside me.”

How could I turn down an offer like that. First I got him on his back, licked his hairy crotch, sucked on his stiffy then rimmed him till he was gibbering incoherently. Then I slowly sunk my dick into him and watched the changing expressions on his face. The first grimace of pain followed by a beatific expression, like I was fucking a saint as all resistance melted from him and I felt him yield to me, his arse, his body, his soul even. He got his hands on my arse and pulled me even deeper into him and I ground my dick into the heat of his bowels. I was aware of Tom watching intently, feeling everything that Mick was feeling. I gave him my best, varying the pace and the angle of attack. Giving him back some of the rabbit-fucking that he was so good at.

Then during a slight pause as I lay still with my dick still deep inside Mick, I felt Tom lubing up my arse and entering me. Bless Tom, he must have known how close I was and we just stayed like that. A blissful moment between the

three of us. Till Mick started wiggling around on my dick and we went for the big triple O. I shot first this time, the stimulation was just too much. Then I felt Tom's massive dick pulse and shoot inside me and at the same time Mick covered my chest and his in hot sticky cum.

We lay in that magical afterglow, stuck together with sweat and come. Mick with a big happy grin on his face. Tom nibbling and kissing my back. Till we had to move and get to the shower and finally get some sleep.

"You've got the address. We're just up the road in Cricklewood." said Tom.

"Yes drop round for a cup of tea and some wild uninhibited sex." said Mick.

"I'll phone in a few days." I replied.

Noises in the Night (part 4)

“You’ll be lonely now, I reckon.” said Mrs Murphy. (no she couldn’t possibly know what had been going on in the room) “But I’ve got another roommate to keep you company. He’s a young Polish fellow, plumber or something. He doesn’t have much English. But they’re hard workers these Poles and he’s a good lad.”

“Well I’ve got lots of work to do for my course but it’ll be good to have the company.”

“He told me his name and wrote it down for me but I still couldn’t pronounce it. I call him Big. He’ll be moving in later.”

Zbigniew was indeed big. A Polish lad in his mid twenties. Just under six foot, solid muscle, cropped blond hair, broad shoulders with a typical Polish button nose setting off a shy handsome face.

He takes my hand in his paw. “I’m Zbigniew. Call me Big.”

“I’m Chris.”

“You from Africa?” (I have to be patient here. They don’t have people my colour in Poland. I’m something new to him. He’ll have to get used to me I guess.)

“No, from London.” He looks confused.

“My mother and father are from the Caribbean. From a little island. Dominica.”

“I from Poland. From Bialystok. Next Russia.”

And Big draws me a rough map of Poland and shows me his city.
And I draw him a map of the Caribbean and show him the island my folks are from, a place I have never been.
And that’s how we start. Giving each other a geography lesson.

His English is minimal. He learned at school but he’s never had a chance to speak.

“Good.” he says. “You my friend Chris. We speak English. My English will be good. We will be very friendly.”

Later that evening. Getting ready for bed. I get to see him in his underpants. God what a build! Pale skin, big all over like carved from marble. He sees me looking.

“You like?” he asks.

“Great body!” I reply.

“I big.” he says.

“Yes, you’re big.” I answer.

“Too big.” he says sadly. “Girls say I too big.” and he grabs his crotch.

“Not too big for me.” I say. There’s a tension in the air.

“You my friend. You help me?” he asks and I go over to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

“Yes, I am your friend. I can help you.” and I put my other hand to his crotch.

“You beautiful black man, Chris. You my friend.” says Big as I feel his cock beneath the cotton of his underpants.

“You are big!” I say. “Big my name. Big my cock.” he says and pulls me to him in a hug grinding his crotch against mine. We pull apart and he puts a quick kiss on my mouth. I pull him back to me and give him a longer kiss as he rubs his hands over my body.

“Beautiful black man. Beautiful Chris my friend.” he says and I pull his pants down and his erection snaps up thick and hard against his belly. He’s going to be a challenge but one I will willingly face.

Big pulls me down onto the bed with him. The feeling is electric. Our chests and legs rubbing together. I push my crotch against his. Feeling cocks and balls rubbing against each other. I feel so comfortable with this guy. Then he turns us over and I’ve got his weight on me as he grinds his body against mine, his beard growth rough against my face, his mouth devouring mine. And I feel my heart open to him and I get my arms round him and pull him tight to me feel his monster cock pressing into me demanding, insistent. Oh god I’m going to come. And I shoot my load between us.

“Good Chris, good my friend.” he whispers and lifts off me and rubs his hand across the flood of come on my chest and licks some of it and smiles. Then rubs the rest into his chest and belly. Smiling at me. And I pull him back onto me and we’re kissing again and he’s got his cock between my legs and he’s humping and panting and then holds still, as I feel his cock pulse and a flood of wetness as his cock shoots an impressive load between us.

Then he stands up and gets a washcloth from his bag, moistens it with some water from the sink and washes me down. Then I do the same for him. And then I’m just sitting on the bed and still naked he kneels head bowed in front of me as if I am a priest and he wants my blessing. And I lay my hands on his head and kiss the crown of his head. The feeling is like a ritual, like a father blessing his son, or a master blessing his servant. Then he stands up and

pulls me to him and hugs me to him. Now he is my protector. Now I know that there is nothing in the world that can do me harm while he is with me.

* * *

“Tom? Hi its Chris here. How are you doing? How’s the flat?”

“Chris! I thought you’d forgotten us. It’s been a couple of weeks now.”

“How could I ever forget you and Mick.”

“So tell me. You’ve been busy right? Catching up with the coursework now that we’re not there to distract you.”

I laugh. He’s teasing of course. “So tell me, how’s the flat?”

“Great. We’re so happy here. When can you come over for that cup of tea?”

So the next evening I’m up in Cricklewood.

“Amazing!” says Tom. “Mick and I were just saying the other day that we hope you find someone and it’s happened!”

“Hang on a minute... It’s only been a week. I can’t tell.”

“Oh come on now,” says Tom

“Look, he’s hardly got any English. We can’t talk about things.”

“But how does it feel?”

Chris sighs a deep sigh, “Like I’ve known him before. Like I’ve always known him in a way.”

“He’s your reward for helping us.” says Tom.

“Maybe. I don’t know. I can’t say.”

“Listen Chris,” said Mick, “what you did for me in helping me get over my fear, that was special. It means so much to me and Tom.”

“OK... I suppose I can accept that.”

“But can you accept your good fortune in finding Zb...”

“Zbigniew, I call him Big.”

“OK, in finding someone like Big.”

“Yes, I feel lucky to have met him.”

“And what about him. What does he feel?”

“He doesn’t have the language. He calls me his beautiful friend. But I don’t know anything about him, about his life in Poland. About his other relationships. Am I the first man he’s had sex with? I don’t know.”

“How far have you gone with him?” asked Tom.

“Sorry that’s private.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean...”

“That’s OK mate. You have a right to ask but it’s early days. We’re taking things quite slowly. Just cuddling with him is so fantastic.”

“I was just wondering if he’d be ready to join us in our little romps.” says Tom.

“No. Not yet anyway. You’ll meet him. I’d like you to meet him.”

I enjoyed the evening with Tom and Mick. It was so great to be with them in their flat. To see how they were settling in. But we didn’t play around. Just a friendly hug when I left. I had to get back to Big. I think Tom and Mick understood. I hope they did anyway.

* * *

He was working on his English when I got back to the room. Lying on the bed in his boxer shorts doing some exercises in his grammar book.

“Good evening Chris, my friend. How are you?”

“Good evening Big, I’m fine. How are you?”

“I’m good.” and he puts his book down and comes over and hugs me and slowly gently starts to undress me, running his hands over me. Touching me like a lover. And I’m the same with him, his chest, his arms, his back. And all we’ve done so far is touch and kiss, and the only sex we’ve had is rubbing our bodies against each other or masturbating each other. Sharing the same bed. Waking in each other’s arms. And that’s enough at the moment. Something so simple and intimate and private.

And I hold his cock. And I feel it grow in my hands till it reaches its full magnificent girth and length.

“So big,” I say. “My beautiful Big.”

“My beautiful sexy Chris.” he responds and he picks me up and lays me on the bed and looks at me “You so sexy, I want eat you.”

“Come here.” I say and pull him down on me.

His weight on me crushing me almost. Protecting me. His cock rubbing against me. I get my arms round him, exploring the muscles of his back. Holding his arse and pulling him against me.

Then my finger has found his pucker and I slide it around in the sweat of his body and he’s moving against me.

“Yes, Chris, I like, I like.” and my finger slides up inside him and as I’m moving it around inside he’s pushing against me, panting, urgent, going for his release and I feel the hot spurt of his semen on me. We separate slightly and I lick his come from his belly and chest. Then he’s sucking my nipples (he’s found that it drives me crazy) while he wanks me to orgasm followed by the ritual licking up of my come.

But what blows my mind most is when he kneels before me for my blessing. I kiss the top of his head and then he hugs me and in his arms there is nothing else in the world but to be held by him.

* * *

But I’m starting to miss the full-on mansex I was having with Tom and Mick. I could go round and see them for the full treatment of mutual sucking and fucking. Feel their hot dicks in me again. Tom’s happy grin, welcoming arse and massive dick. Mick’s masterful cocksmanship that can drive you to the edge of sanity. But my place is with Big. I hold his dick in my hands and know that I have to have him inside me.

He’s on his back and his erection is lying along his belly, almost up to his navel. The top is quite pointed, shouldn’t be too difficult but then it broadens and thickens out alarmingly down for its 9 inch journey all the way to the base. I lube myself up, cover his dick in lube as he smiles and wiggles and I start to sit on it.

“Chris, you don’t have to. Please, I’ll hurt you.”

“I want to Big. I want you inside me. I need you.”

And slowly I lower myself onto his horsecock. Although I’ve had weeks of taking Tom’s length and thickness and Mick’s wild ramming, it’s a challenge. I remind myself that it’s possible and it’s just a question of relaxing and wanting it.

“I want it Big. I want your dick in my arse.”

And slowly slowly I open to him. Inch by inch I slide down his fuckstick, pausing to breathe and relax. remembering what Tom told Mick, “There’s pleasure on the other side of the pain.”

He sees the pain on my face.

“Chris, no, you’re hurting. I’m too big,” but I’m getting there. I’m going to do it. I’m determined. I need it. I’m shaking and the sweat is pouring off me. Big is starting to get into it.

“You so hot. So tight. Feels so good.”

And he’s running his big rough hands over me, calming me. God I’ve never been so full. Then I feel his hand on my dick. I’m soft from the pain but he’s playing with me, running his strong fingers over the top of my dick, getting me hard again and it’s starting to feel good. And I sink down and down on his dick and it’s home. And I just sit there impaled on that massive dick. Sweating, shaking and grinning. And he smiles at me and puts his mouth to mine in a long passionate kiss.

“I did it Big.” I say to him. “I took it all. I took your dick in my arse.”

“You are first, Chris. First man take me in the arse. I love you Chris.” and I start sliding off him, and then I sit back down on it. Again and again, I rise a little higher each time and he’s thrusting into me.

“I fuck you Chris. I fuck you. I fuck you. I fuck you. Now you for me for fuck.”

And I reach down and start to tweak his nipples. And he lifts me up, still keeping me on his dick (God the strength in him!) and manoeuvres me over onto my belly and lays his full weight on top of me. And something in me knows this is my place in the world. Under him, with his dick up my arse.

“Now I fuck you. Real fuck. Man fuck.” he says and starts to drive into me. On and on he goes, driving that massive fuckstick as deep as he can in me. And I’m totally gone, moaning and thrashing about beneath him. Pushing upwards to meet his thrusts.

“Fuck me Big, just keep fucking me. Don’t stop. Don’t ever stop.”

But then I feel myself cumming and I feel his dick twitch and pulse inside me and slowly the whirlwind of panting and thrusting ends and we return to earth. And I feel his dick leave me. So empty. And he turns me over and hugs me to him, his mouth on mine. Kissing me as I hold his wilting cock in my hand. The cock that had driven me up to stratospheric heights. Caressing his spent balls. Feeling his jism oozing out of my arse. I’ll be sore tomorrow, for the next few days in fact but I don’t care. The muscles will recover. He looks at me.

“My Chris.” he whispers.

“My beautiful Big. My beautiful lover.” I reply.

And I know that he is the one.

Noises in the Night (part 5)

Monday morning. We've been at it all weekend. Now that he's discovered arse fucking there's no stopping him. It's all about his dick and my arse. I'm used to the thickness of him now. I open easily to him and thanks to the thickness he can get me off just by shagging me. That's it really. And the cuddling. And kneeling before me.

I try to keep count of the fucks but I'm lost. Four times a night then I don't know how many more times during the day. Pumping load after load up me. I feel so loved by this man. And so fucked.

* * *

Monday evening. I'm back from college. Mrs Murphy stops me on my way up to the room.

"I've a message from Zbig. He's had to go back to Poland. Something about his mother. I didn't quite understand. He asked me to tell you. To say he was sorry."

I feel like I've been kicked in the gut. I try to act cool to hide the panic in my voice. "Did he say how long?"

"About a week." she says. "He's paid for an extra week so I guess he'll be back."

I go to the room. All his stuff is gone. Nothing left. His clothes. Mrs Murphy has stripped the bed. I sit there and stare and remind myself, "It'll just be a week."

I give Tom a ring and tell him. He hears my panic and invites me over. We sit and watch TV. A couple of beers although I usually don't drink. I tell them what I can about the weekend.

"It sounds like it was too much too quickly." says Tom. "The break'll do you good. Cool things down a bit. It'll last better then."

They want me to have sex with them but I can't. I just can't. I realise how gone I am on Zbigniew.

The week drags. I get into my coursework. After the days of ecstatic sex I'm left high and dry. It's like I'm on an island. Ten days and he still hasn't returned and there's no word from him.

*

Angelica who's on the course with me asks me if I'm OK.

"It's like you were on cloud 9 last week and now you've crashed."

"Is it that obvious?"

"Well maybe not to everyone but to me yes. Who was she?"

"He." I reply

"Oh. I see." she says. "Do you want to talk about it?"

And I tell her.

"It must be difficult him not having much English..." she prompts.

"Yes, it leaves a lot of things unsaid."

"Sort of hanging around for the imagination to fill out... Did he love you?"

"Yes, he said he loved me. I felt so loved by him."

"But you don't know much about him."

"Just that he came from a town, a city in eastern Poland. Near the Russian border. He mentioned his mother and a younger sister."

"A girlfriend?"

"Er... No. No girlfriend. No boyfriend either. He didn't mention anyone."

"And you reckon he'll come back?"

"I don't know. It's driving me mad."

"So what are you going to do?"

"I'll wait. That's all I can do. I hate waiting."

"Men aren't very good at waiting," she comments. "Good thing you never get pregnant. You wouldn't last the 9 months."

She gets a laugh out of me.

* * *

And I get into my course work. Practical experience in the emergency department of a local hospital. Helps me put things out of my mind. The weekends are worst though. I've got a new room mate thanks to Mrs Murphy. Another Polish guy, Marek. Tall and skinny and not my type at all. He doesn't talk much, and that's fine by me.

Three weeks and no word from Zbigniew. The weekend's coming. Should I pop up to Northampton to see my mum. Or should I take Tom and Mick up on their invitation to spend the weekend with them?

I decide to stay with Tom and Mick. They make me so welcome and they don't ask any questions. My mother would have noticed how down I am right away and I'd have to lie to her. I hate lying to my family but to a conservative West Indian family my sexuality would be too big a challenge and one I certainly don't need at the moment.

Mick and Tom have got it all planned. They spoil me rotten. A buffet meal at a Chinese restaurant and then back to the flat with some beer. I haven't had sex for three weeks now and I've hardly jacked off either. I'm sitting between Tom and Mick on the sofa and they're right up close to me. I can't help it. I get hard between the heat of these two gorgeous hunky Irish guys.

"Need some help with that?" asks Mick, rubbing his hands along my dick, solid inside my trousers. I've been missing the sandwiches we used to have."

"Me too." says Tom as he starts unbuttoning my shirt and running his hand over my chest. "I love being in the middle between you and Mick."

"Help!" I cry in mock fear, "I'm being seduced by two horny paddies."

"And we're going to fuck you every which way." says Mick, "but first you're going to suck my tits." and he takes off his shirt, and I'm hit by the male smell of him and I'm licking his nipples through the forest of his chest hair. And Tom is pulling my trousers off and soon I'm naked between the two of them.

"Lick my bollocks." says Mick and I'm tonguing away between his legs while Tom is massaging my arse and teasing my hole. They're really doing a good job getting past my defences. I didn't expect this crazy role play at all but I'm into it.

"Now lick his pits." says Mick, pointing to Tom. "He hasn't had a shower tonight and he's nice and ripe for you."

And Tom lifts his big muscular arm and I get my tongue working, loving the smell of him while he's making soft moaning noises. And Mick's giving the orders and he makes me lick Tom's chest and belly all the way down to his balls,

"But don't touch his dick until I tell you." And it's Mick's turn to work on my arse while I'm licking Tom. He's got a finger in there then it feels like two fingers then four and my God he's going to try to fist me!

"No, no fisting." I say. "No problem mate, just slackening you up for the main event." says Mick, coming out of role for a moment.

Mick gets Tom to lie on his back with his dick sticking straight up in the air.

“Sit on it.” he orders and I get the top in my hole and slowly slide myself down the length and thickness of Tom’s manhood. Oh it’s good to have a man in there again.

“Fuck yourself on his dick.” says Mick and I do just that. I give him my best moves. Tom’s long thick chunk of manmeat feels so good in my guts. I use the whole length of it sliding up and down it. Grinding myself right into the base of it. Squeezing it with my internal muscles like a belly dancer. And I’m driving Tom totally crazy. And Mick is watching, licking his lips, stroking his curved prong in his thick workman’s hands. Waiting his turn. And I feel Tom building to an orgasm and I slow down and rest till I feel it subside in him. Then I build it up again, riding his dick and now he’s pushing up against me, fucking me from underneath till he arches his back and I feel his engorged member pulse as he shoots his load deep inside me.

“Oh man, that was so hot!” says Mick. And he pulls me off Tom’s wilting dick with a slurping sound. “Stand up and bend over.” he commands. And I do. And in typical Mick fashion he’s straight up me to the hilt. “Like a rat up a drainpipe” as I heard an Australian say once, he pauses for just a moment then he’s grinding his dick hard and mean into me then humping my arse in a frenzy of animal lust. And he’s soon mixing his seed with Tom’s deep in my guts. It’s like a ritual for them. I become the vessel in which they mix their sperm. And if some miracle of transformation should occur and I become the one to carry the child of their love.

*

The climax of the weekend comes when they double-dick me. Tom’s up me first, he’s on a chair and I sit myself on his lap wriggling about till I’m impaled all the way down. He grins at me and tweaks my nipples. Then I feel Mick behind me pushing me forward over Tom and he starts to work his prong inside me. Jesus! I’m being stretched! “You can take them mate. you’re loose enough to take two big Irish dicks up your hot black arse.” says Mick.

“Oh God Micky, I can feel your dick rubbing against mine.” says Tom.

“Yeh man.” says Mick “And I can feel your sweaty bollocks all hot and squashy against mine.”

“You OK Chris?” asks Tom.

“He’s OK.” Mick answers for me. “Let’s fuck him.”

Thank God I trust them and I know that Mick’s aggression is really a game.

And their dicks alternate, Mick pulls out as Tom pushes in, then Mick pushes in as Tom pulls out.

“I’ve been wanting to try this for ages.” says Mick.

I’m gone, totally gone as these two horny Irish construction guys work their dicks in and out of my arse. Shagging me. Double shagging me. Shagging my brains to total oblivion.

Then they’re both withdrawing together and pushing in together, filling me like I’ve never been filled before. I can’t hold out any more. I shoot and shoot and shoot and my load goes all over Tom’s sweaty chest and I feel their dicks pulse and their come is mixing up inside my guts and dripping out of my abused hole.

Slowly their dicks soften and slip from me but we’re still in our embrace.

“That was mindblowing.” says Tom.

“Our dicks rubbing together inside the same hole...” says Mick.

“Our come mixing together in Chris’s guts...” says Tom.

“Do you think we’ve made him pregnant yet?” asks Mick.

“Not yet.” says Tom.

“We’ll have to keep trying then.” says Mick and they both collapse in giggles.

“I need to shower.” I manage to say and we half carry, half drag each other to the bathroom.

Noises in the Night (part 6)

Eight weeks and I haven't heard a word from Zbig. Eight weeks and I'm ready to crack. I bless Tom and Mick for looking after me. Without them I'd be scouring the bars or out on the Heath getting sex from strangers. But I can't live any more without knowing if Zbigniew is coming back. Should I forget him? I can't forget him. The number of times I kicked myself for not getting his address in Poland. The number of times I asked myself why he didn't leave me a contact phone number. Why he hasn't contacted me? Why?

Every night I jack off thinking of him. I recreate him in my imagination using the memories of our couplings. His lips on mine. Hugging him that turns into a mutual groping of each other's bodies. The perfect musculature of him. His half-sad face that breaks into a smile when he sees me. His touch, the feeling of his dick opening me, stretching me, plunging inside me. Endless joyful fucking.

Just a memory now.

* * *

I phone my sister Becky.

"Becky Hi!"

"Chris. It's been a while. I've been thinking about you recently. You in some trouble?"

"No not trouble exactly..."

"Love trouble I mean." (She scares me sometimes with her perception.)

"You got it sis."

"So what you want? You want me to read the cards for you? You don't normally phone your weird sister unless you need me," she teased.

"You know I appreciate your help but it's like this..."

"I know. I know. I'm too close to you. You're worried it may get back to mum. And I promise you that nothing shall pass these lips of mine but you're still not OK with that."

"I can't put anything over on you can I."

"So why you call?"

"I need the number of that man."

"What man would that be?" she asks coyly.

"The one who knows the old ways."

"Oh you mean the Obeah man! Why doncha say what you mean boy?"

"Well, it's difficult to..."

"I know. I know. You got this rational mind on you that doesn't like to accept things. I guess love must a hurt you real bad this time."

She gives me the number. A man in Kentish Town. Mr Ulysses. Old slave name. Going back to the time when slaves were given the names of Greek or Roman heroes by some ironic whim of the plantation owner.

I phone him and get an appointment. His rates are not cheap but I trust Becky and know she would never give me anything bogus.

I go round after college the following day. It's a flat over a kebab shop down a side street. A tall elderly black man opens the door.

"Mr Ulysses?" I ask

"Come in boy. You got the money?"

"Yes sir." (Sir? I don't normally call anyone sir. And I don't normally like to be called boy. But he has an air that commands respect and that feels OK.)

He takes the money and puts it in a drawer without counting it.

"Sit you down then. Now you don't have to tell me nothing. I can see it in you. You're pining for something. That right boy?"

"Yes sir."

"For someone I mean. Someone touched you deep in your soul. Someone you knew before. Before this life. You with me boy?"

"Yes sir. I had that feeling..."

He cuts me short. "The last time he was black and you were white. Now it's the other way round." he gives a knowing giggle. "You got business with him. Last time he was the slave and you were the master."

And suddenly it makes sense why Zbigniew kneels before me. Now I get it. I start to speak but he raises a hand to silence me.

"And you want to know if you'll see him again."

I nod and the emptiness in my gut aches so much that I fold my arms over my belly and find myself rocking myself like a child.

“Why you hanging your life on this white boy?” He asks suddenly. I look up at him shocked. “Live your own life!” He says almost angrily.

I start to react to his harsh words but he puts his hand up again. Maybe it’s a spirit talking through him.

“He wants to come back but he can’t.” he goes on “It’s circumstances that’s all. He wants to come back.”

“Does he...?” I start to ask if he loves me. Mr Ulysses interrupts.

“You know the answer to that question so you don’t need to ask it. You know the answer in your belly. Why you folks don’t listen to you belly instead of bothering old Mr Ulysses? You got a Bible at home?”

“Yes sir.”

“OK so you have a bath with four white candles round the bath, you hear me? And in the bath you put a cup of sea salt and the juice of a lemon. And when you come out of the bath you dry yourself and open the Book of Psalms at a page, any page and read what it says.”

And he turns away from me and goes to the stove and starts making tea. There’s silence in the room apart from the ticking of a clock and the noise of a radio from the kebab shop downstairs.

“That it?” I ask.

“Yep. I guess so.” he says

*

So that evening I do the ritual. The four white candles. The sea salt, the lemon juice and the Book of Psalms. And this is what I get:

*Because your love is better than life
my lips will glorify you*

*I will praise you as long as I live
and in your name I will lift up my hands*

*My soul will be satisfied as with the richest of foods;
with singing lips my mouth will praise you.*

On my bed I remember you;

I think of you through the watches of the night.

*Because you are my help,
I sing in the shadow of your wings.*

*My soul clings to you
your right hand upholds me.*

And I read these words. "Zbigniew..." I whisper to myself and tears well up in me and I sob and sob.

Then for the first time in ages a peace descends on me and I feel everything is as it should be. And I remember the words of the old Obeah Man, Mr Ulysses, "Live your own life!"

*

The next day, Saturday, out of the blue Marek, my silent room-mate says in his halting English. "I have phone call from Zbigniew. He comes back London tomorrow."

"What?" I say.

"Zbigniew my friend. He tell me about this house. About Mrs Murphy. About you..."

"About me?"

"He say you good man."

"Is he OK?"

"He OK. His mother she very ill. He go back to Bialystok. His mother die."

"Why didn't he contact me?"

"I don't know."

"Can I have his phone number?"

"I have his home number in Bialystok. No good now. He on bus to London. 36 hours in bus. Bialystok to London. Long, long way."

So I get the time of his bus arriving at Victoria Coach Station.

*

This is the way a lot of young Poles travel back and forth to the UK. The express coach from eastern Poland to Warsaw then through Germany and Belgium then across on the ferry to Dover and then the final 80 miles up to London. A long hard boring ride. But cheap. In London they can earn in a week what they earn in a month in Poland. Highly qualified young people, architects, engineers, film cameramen working as waiters, baristas and kitchen porters in the hotels and restaurants of London while they learn English.

It's a grey wet afternoon as the bus disgorges its cargo of tired but hopeful young Poles into the bus station and there he is! Zbigniew. But there's a girl with him... Is that his girlfriend?

He sees me. His smile opens up like a new day. I get through the crowd and I'm in his arms and I'm so relieved and my eyes are full.

"Chris, this my sister, Malgorzata." pointing to a very pretty blond girl maybe of seventeen or eighteen.

"Pleased to meet you." she says in formal English, extending her hand.

"Malgor...?" I try to say her name.

"Please call me Goshia."

"Goshia, that's easier." I beam a smile at her and shake her hand warmly and she smiles back a shy smile so much like her brother's. It's OK.

"Coffee?" I offer and we gather up their luggage, Zbigniew's backpack. Goshia's suitcase on wheels and we head off to a café near the coach station.

"Marek told me you're mother died."

"Yes, that's right." says Zbig.

"I'm so sorry."

"It was in the brain. Blood..."

"A stroke?" I offer.

Goshia takes out her pocket dictionary and checks. She's obviously more academically inclined than her brother.

"Yes, stroke" she says.

"She was in hospital one month then she died. She was peaceful." says Zbig, his handsome face sad but resigned.

"She says I must look after my sister. So we come together to London.

"Your father?" I ask.

"He left many years ago. He works in Russia now I think."

"No contact?" I ask.

"No. Nothing."

"Where will you stay?" I ask

Goshia speaks, "I have friends here in London from Bialystok. They have spare room in their house. They know place for me for work."

"Great!" I say, "Good for you. And what about you Zbig?"

"My friends have room for me in their house. Double room." and he smiles. "So if you want to be my room mate again..."

Noises in the Night (part 7)

So we take Goshia to her friend's place in East Finchley. It's Goshia's first time in London and they're chatting together in Polish. It's so difficult to sit next to him on the tube without holding his hand or anything. But we're going to be room mates again.

Goshia's friends are all a bit older than her so she'll be looked after. They know the score in London. They're a bit surprised to find that Zbig's best friend is a black Londoner. But that's their problem.

Then Zbig and I travel over to Willesden to his new place. Two buses.

"I'm sorry Chris. I forgot to give you phone number in Poland. I didn't know your number in London. I thought maybe you move. Maybe I never see you again." His voice betrayed the strain he'd been under.

"Yes we were both stupid. But you're back and that's the important thing." and I take his hand and squeeze it. And he looks at me and my soul melts as my heart opens to him.

*

The house in Willesden is a four bedroom house. Full of young expats from Poland. It's got the atmosphere of a student house. Two people have just moved out and a room is empty. The rent is OK for me and Zbig to share. I go back to Mrs Murphy's and give my notice expecting to pay another week.

"It's not a problem. I had a couple of chaps came in this afternoon. They need a place. They're good lads. So don't worry about the notice." says Mrs Murphy.

"Thank you Mrs Murphy. You've been a real diamond."

"Get away with you," she says with an embarrassed smile.

So I pack my gear and get myself back to Willesden.

*

My mobile rings as I'm getting off the bus.

"Hello Chris, it's Becky."

"Oh Becky. Hi!"

"You're the cool one. So how did it go with Mr Ulysses?"

“Well he shouted at me a bit...”

“Yes, he does that. Don’t pay that no mind. That’s just the spirits talking through him.”

“And he gave me a ritual to do...”

“And you did it?”

“Yes...”

“And?”

“Well I’m just walking down the road to our new place.”

“Chris that’s brilliant. It worked! It worked!”

“Yes, I suppose it did.”

“Of course it did you ninny. You’re not going to put it all down to co-incidence are you?”

“So who is he?”

“He?”

“Your friend...”

“You know?”

“Yes of course I know. I’m your sister. I shouldn’t know that my little brother is gay?”

“I don’t know what to say...” I stuttered.

“And don’t worry, I won’t tell Mum.”

“Er...”

“Chris I’m so happy for you. So happy you’ve found someone you love who loves you.”

“Becky I’m just coming to the house. I’ll phone you later.”

“Whenever. Take care.” she said and hung up.

*

Into the room. Close and lock the door. Into Zbigniew’s muscular arms. Pressing myself against his warmth, his masculine strength and solidity.

“Oh Zbig, I love you so much.”

“My Chris, my beautiful Chris. Now we together. Always?”

“No question mate. Always!”

And that’s the last thing I can say for a while. His mouth is on mine and somehow our clothes are coming off bit by bit. He’s pawing at me with his big hands. His heat is incredible. It’s so great to be in his arms again. I feel complete. Something inside me is singing and I realise it is my heart. There are tears on his cheeks and they are tears of relief and joy. I kiss the salt tears off his face.

His hands are round my arse teasing me. My hand are on his dick. It’s so big and so hard and I need it inside me now.

“My arse has missed your dick.” I say.

“My dick has missed your arse.” he replies.

The urgency between us is intense. This will be a quick hard fuck as we’re both too wired and excited.

And so it is. I drop my jeans, he gets his dick out, lubes me up, bends me over and slides into me. There is pain but I know what pleasure there is on the other side. He grunts as his balls slap against my arse.

“Fuck me Zbig.” I say and as the girth of his dick starts to hit my hot spot I feel my whole body melting and I am his.

It’s a wild forceful fuck and we’re coming in no time. He’s my beautiful blond wolf from the Polish forests. My master. My lover. My friend.

*

There’s a phone call from Tom in the evening.

“He’s back.” I tell him.

“Are you still at Mrs Murphy’s?”

“No we’ve got a room in a house in Willesden.”

“Willesden!” says Tom, “That’s just down the road! So when you bringing him over?”

“I’ll talk to him about it.” I reply. “We’ve only ever, you know, done it with each other. I’m not sure he’ll be into it.”

"You think I don't understand that?" Tom replies. "Don't tell me you've forgotten how you, how we... How it happened between us. When Mick and I invited you into our bed."

"And you tag team fucked me..." I added.

"You gave as good as you got." he replied.

"OK. I'll talk to him. Later in the week. It's been 2 months since I've seen him."

"OK. OK." says Tom. "Phone me when you're ready. Mick says Hi as well."

*

"I'd like you to meet some friends of mine." I say to Zbig.

"OK. If they are your friends I'm sure they are good men."

"They are very good men. Very friendly. Two Irish guys, Tom and Mick. They are a couple."

"A couple?" he asks.

"Yes, like us. They're lovers. Like us."

"OK." he says starting to realise. "So we make sex together you, me and the two Irish?"

"If you want." I say.

"OK we meet. And if feeling is right we make sex."

"Have sex." I correct him.

"Thank you," he grins, "we have sex." he repeats. "You see, you know them. I don't know them."

"I think you will like them."

"OK. When?"

"Sunday?"

"OK. I bring Polish vodka."

Now this is something new for me. I don't drink that much. What I've learned on my course about the effects of alcohol on the body, I'm careful. But two horny Irish guys, a rampant Pole and a bottle of vodka. This could get wild.

*

I needn't have worried. There were smiles and handshakes and much appreciation when Zbig presented them with a litre of vodka.

"Is real Polish vodka." he says.

"Better than Russian vodka?" teases Mick.

"Of course!" says Zbig with a smile.

Tom and Mick are really doing their best to make Zbig at home. They understand what it's like to leave your own country and start up in a new place.

But it's Mick's reaction that gets me. Usually with me and Tom he's the dominant one. The one giving orders. The top man. The master cocksman. His journey to becoming a bottom for Tom was a process of slow acceptance, banishing painful memories of abuse.

But with Zbig he's almost coy and feminine. The vodka is flowing now and Mick just gets down on his knees in front of Zbig, unzips him, takes his dick out and starts to lick the tip.

Tom and I just look at each other. Zbig is sitting on the sofa with his big thighs spread and Mick is all but worshipping his dick. Zbig opens his eyes and smiles at me. I lean over and kiss him on the lips and he pulls me to him. Then Tom comes over and kneels between my legs and rubs his face against the crotch of my pants. Pressing against my aching hardon. It's like everything is happening in slow motion.

Then he frees my dick and engulfs it in his hot mouth.

Mick's sucking Zbig. Zbig and I are kissing. Tom is sucking me.

"Now that's what I call hospitality!" I comment to the enthusiastic slurping and sucking.

Zbig takes off his t-shirt then pulls his jeans down. Mick gets Zbig's boxers off then manages to get undressed while he's sucking Zbig's dick. Zbig stands him up, gives him a big hug and smiles at him. I've never seen Mick like this before. He's like a little boy. Mick lays back on the sofa with his legs up exposing his hairy hole. Zbig is holding his massive stiff dick in one hand and starts lubing up Mick's arse. Mick is already bucking and writhing as Zbig's fingers play round the sensitive nerve endings of his arse, stretching him, readying him for the coming invasion.

Tom and I watch as Zbig puts the tip of his dick to Mick's hole and pushes. Mick's face is contorted. "Breathe and relax." says Tom to his lover. "Let him inside you." Mick turns his face to Tom. "Tom." he says, his voice strained,

questioning. "It's alright mate." says Tom. And Mick relaxes and Zbig pushes his dick fully into Mick's waiting arse.

There's a silence only broken by the sound of Mick's breathing as he accommodates to the sheer length and thickness of Zbig's member. I know what that's like. But Zbig is my lover and when he makes love to me, my heart opens first and then the rest of my body can follow. He's in my heart. He's in my body. He's in my life. He just is.

But for Mick it's just a physical thing. He's had to use all his will power to relax and allow that monstrous dick inside him. Then I realise what's going on for him. Although he's solid muscle, he's not a tall guy. Five foot five or something. And like many small guys he has to be extra aggressive to be taken seriously as a man. But inside Mick there's a kid like there is in everyone, a kid who needs to be held by a big strong man, no matter how big and strong he is himself. Mick has just found that in Zbig.

Tom and I watch in fascination. We get naked and I wonder who's going to fuck who. But Tom decides. He kneels on the sofa next to Mick and I enter him doggy fashion. The warmth of his body, the skin like smooth white silk over his steel-like muscles is always a delight to me. I notice Zbig watching me. Of course he's never seen me do any fucking. He's always been the top. That's just the way it is and I have no problem with it. He smiles at me. I smile at him and we manoeuvre together to exchange a kiss as his fucks Mick and I fuck Tom.

The two Irish construction workers are moaning and grunting their pleasure as they take our dicks. With the occasional invocation to God or Jesus or the blessed Virgin as we fuck them to ecstasy.

Then Tom shifts over and starts kissing Mick. This is mindblowing. I'm fucking Tom who's kissing his lover Mick who's getting fucked by my lover Zbig who's kissing me. It's like an amazing energy circuit of male bonding. God, we could stop wars this way.

For me watching Zbig fuck is incredible as well. Watching the power of his body and the animal-like flexing of his muscles. His relentlessness. His persistence as he drives it home. There's an unspoken agreement between us. Let's see who can keep this up the longest.

Now I know Tom well. We've been up each other many a time. I can keep him at a simmer for ages. I slow right down and long dick him mercilessly. I'm going to make the bugger shoot his load then keep fucking him. Tom has got other ideas however. He's using his arse muscles to work my dick. I have to remember that he's been taking cock since he was 12! And a more experienced bottom would be hard to find.

But Zbig and Mick is an unknown quantity. Mick has never known a dick like Zbig's. Tom is strong. I'm no slouch. But Zbig is power. For him a fuck is like a transcontinental truck journey. It never seems to end and then you never want

it to end. And as far as I know. Mick is only the second man who has taken Zbig's dick.

Tom has beaten me. I feel the orgasm growing within me as the muscles of Tom's arse squeeze an explosion of hot come from my balls into his body. Zbig smiles at me as he continues to pile drive into Mick, stroke after relentless stroke.

Tom and I go back to watching. Mick is groaning with each thrust of Zbig's massive member. His head is tossing from side to side. He's getting royally fucked and he's loving it.

"Does he always fuck like that?" Tom asks me.

"No not always. But usually." I reply.

"And you can take it?" Tom asks.

"Yes. I don't know how sometimes but yes I can take it."

"How long can he go on for?" asks Tom.

"Oh I don't know. I've never timed it."

"He's got incredible control." says Tom. "Do you think Mick'll want me again after this?"

"Don't be a wally, Tom. Mick loves you. This is just sex."

"Yes, that's right. Thanks for reminding me. I'm getting horny again watching them. Want to fuck me again?"

I nod and I've got Tom's bent over and skewered in a moment. Nice. And I'm giving him one of my lazy screws, stirring it around inside him, always keeping it moving. Never letting him rest for a moment.

Zbig looks over and grins. I grin back. He doesn't even break his rhythm relentlessly powerfucking his dick into Mick's hot arse.

And then Mick is shaking, "Oh god, I'm coming."
and he's shooting ropes of come up his hairy chest and belly.

But although Zbig hasn't come, he pauses and allows Mick to return to earth. Holding him.

This Zbig removes his still stiff dick from Mick's arse. And Mick lowers his legs to the ground and tries to stand.

"Wait a moment. Just relax. You good fuck." says Zbig as he moves over behind me and gets his dick inside me as I fuck Tom.

This is a new one for me. Zbig fucking me while I fuck Tom. Mick is resting. Playing with himself. Watching me take Zbig's dick.

"Jesus that bugger can fuck." says Mick.

*

It's two o'clock in the morning. Things have come to a natural close. We have our last hugs. Tom and Mick have really taken to Zbig and we promise to get together again soon. Zbig and I get dressed and walk the mile or so back to our room in Willesden.

"Our room." says Zbigniew, echoing my thoughts as we open the door. We're not lodgers in a rooming house anymore. We've got our own room and the beginning of our life together.

The End

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