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## Matty's Flyboy

Matthew was feeling particularly horny ever since he got home and he was looking for a way to feed this lust which wouldn't go away. It had been quite a day and the replay in his mind of the today's events kept him perpetually horny. Luckily, he knew the rest of the family would be gone for at least another couple of hours and he wanted to make best use of the time he had alone in the house. They wouldn't be home in a hurry to check on him for, as far as they knew, Matty was supposed to be staying at a friend's house for a couple of days. So, for now, the whole place was his to use and abuse. Normally there was always someone else home and he had to be discreet about jerking off and keeping it quiet. Now he could enjoy himself fully, and without fear of being caught by his aunt or cousins.

In fact, the moment he got in the door after the long drive home, Matthew felt the urge to splurge, yet again. So he went upstairs to the bedroom he shares with his cousin, stripped off, and browsed through a male magazine jerk-off book he had stashed under the mattress. He laid down on the bed and start flipping through the book while rubbing his rapidly growing bulge. The pictures of Johan Paulik and Danno Sulik always got his blood boiling, but tonight even the pictures of the hot Belami boys failed to give Matt the satisfaction he dearly wanted right now. They brought him to the brink, yet failed to take him over the precipice of pleasure.

He thought that maybe the computer pics he had might do the trick. Of course, if he knew where Danny, his cousin, kept the porno videos hidden, he would have got them out to watch. They would have done it for him for sure. For a split second he thought about ransacking the room to find them, but decided not to waste too much time. His need to get off was too great. So Matthew sat at the desk, staring at the screen of the computer. He had a slide-show running with pictures of young studs in erotic poses, some naked, others partially clothed, guys jerking solo or doing it together. These kept him hot and horny, but even they weren't enough to give him the stimulation he craved, something was missing. Matthew had already shot two loads that night, so maybe he was too hyper to blast out another load just now, he thought.

He stood up and stretched, not caring if anyone saw him standing there at the bedroom window, naked with a bouncing boner. After all it was too late for most people around here to be still awake. The way he felt right now, if anyone came knocking on the door, he'd give them a taste of his meat and then some more. Looking out into the night sky, a sudden movement from a neighbouring window caught Matthew's eye. With his bedroom on the first floor, this window gave him the perfect view out over the neighbour's yard, as well as looking into the bedroom at the back of the house. As far as Matthew knew, the next-door bedroom was unoccupied and has been ever since the Cutters moved in about six months ago. An American company owned the house for use by its executive employees and their families, so new neighbours moved in and out every few years, depending upon their tenure. The current occupants, John and Barb Cutter, were a nice couple who kept pretty much to themselves. Sadly, they didn't have any children staying with them, as Matthew would have liked, so the bedroom was used as a guest bedroom. Basically it remained vacant much to Matthew's voyeuristic regret, until tonight.

Matthew quickly scurried around looking for the binoculars that Dan would often take with him to the football. Finding them, he dashed back to the window to see what or who was in the room. Adjusting the focus, Matty sought out the open blind. Someone was moving around in that downstairs-room next door just out of view. The moon cast a silvery glow over the room and shadows bounced off the walls. Was that an officer's cap resting on the dresser? "Don't I wish", thought Matthew, as he continued to scan the room. At first he could just see glimpses of a pair of what looked to be navy blue pants and black shoes, walking around in the darkened room.

"Hmmm Air force blue pants. Why didn't he turn on a light?", Matt wondered. So he turned off his own light and allowed his eyes to adjust to the moonlit darkness. The mystery dude had moved further into the bedroom and could now be seen more clearly. Whoa! This dude was a real flyboy for the United States Air force! What was he doing in the Cutter's spare bedroom? Not that it really mattered, this was just the bloke that Matthew wanted to help him release this craving, and the guy was about to put on a show for him right here.

The stranger now stood in front of the dresser mirror, taking off his blue tie. Matthew hoped that this was not all he was going to take off. Lucky for him, his wish came true. The guy sat down on the bed, removed his black shoes, took off his socks and gently massaged his aching feet, paying particular attention to the soles and the heel. For some reason even this was exciting to Matty. The bloke looked like he was about 23 years old, short-cropped hair, military cut that looked a silvery blue in this light. Even clothed, one could tell that he had obviously kept himself in shape judging by the broad shoulders and tapered waist. He was lean and mean without being one of those buff muscle studs. Was it Matt's imagination or could he see the guy's nipples standing out beneath the light blue shirt with epaulets? No way could he tell from this distance, yet the thought that it might be true brought Matt's untouched dick to full mast.

Matty was an addict of the TV series, JAG, that was showing on cable TV. The character Harm became the object of his young jerk-off fantasies, and it was Matty's compulsion to learn everything about the United States military - the Army, Navy and Air Force. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever think that he'd have a real United States airman staying next door for him to perve upon. This guy was obviously officer material because he wore the shoulder rank with a bar. However, in this light, Matt couldn't work out whether the bar was gold or silver. Either way, his flyboy was a Lieutenant. The stranger was Matthew's hobby made incarnate. Matt noticed the nametag over the right pocket of the shirt, but he was too far away to read it. The dude also had some ribbons over his left pocket so he had seen some action. His guy sure must know his stuff to be officer material so young.

Before Matt had time to consider it further, the strip show began again, drawing Matthew back to the task at hand. Flyboy had finished his foot massage and now had stood up to unbutton his uniform. One by one, Matty watched as the guy undoes the buttons on his shirt thereby allowing more and more flesh to come into view. The shirt was removed to show a set of well-built pecs covered by a white V-neck Tshirt. Matt swore he could see twin peaks of white where pert, suckable, erect nipples, stood out from the shirt. Before Matty could scan some more, the undergarment was removed to show a tantalising chest exposed to the night air. Involuntarily, Matt's hand moved to his throbbing erection. This was more than he could ever have dreamed.

He imagined standing in front of this flyboy, kissing his neck, and exploring the light sprinkling of black hair across an incredible chest with his lips, before coming to rest on those succulent nipples which stood out of the dark hairs. The flyboy would moan in rapture as Matty moved from one nipple to the other, licking all over the flesh in between. Then Matthew would slowly work his way down the flyboy's body, over the firm stomach, resting at the belly button. There Matt would suck and massage the area and fuck that belly-button with his tongue. He would do this until the flyboy could take no more and force him down further to the bulge that was pressing incessantly under Matthew's chin. The air would be electric with sexual energy, so much that you could smell it.

In reality, the air-force-blue pants were next to come off, as the chrome belt buckle was undone, the top button of the pants opened and the zipper lowered. Here Matthew wished the binoculars had a zoom attachment, so he could get a good look at what lay beneath the material. However the flyboy turned sideways, hiding his front from the young voyeur's sight. Instead Matthew was treated to a new moon as the pants slowly came down, revealing a pair of white briefs moulded to a nice, firm, bubble butt. Before he could assimilate this, the neighbour removed his briefs as well, mooning Matthew in the process. Matt practically dropped his load there and then! It was the most gorgeous ass he has ever seen in his entire life.

Even in this light, Matty could see a light sprinkling of dark hairs around the twin mounds of flesh, and extending into the cleft of this lickable backside. How he would have liked to have buried his face in that twin muscles of flesh right now! Matt's dick twitched at the thought. Matt's own little rammer throbbed just looking over the body of the stud standing there. His craving had taken on form.

Ryan, the flyboy of Matty's entertainment, laid back on the bed, spreading his legs, and began to masturbate unknowing that his actions were being mimicked by the boy next-door. Ryan liked the way his body glowed silver in the soft moonlight that shone upon him. He succumbed to the erotic feel of his flesh, stroking his hard penis, oblivious to the naked boy watching him from afar. There were a few days of built up tension that Ryan wanted to release and this was the first opportunity he could do so since arriving in England two days ago. His "little buddy" called for daily service, either in the morning or at night depending upon when he could get away with it. Unless, of course, he found someone to service his need for him, in which case he had to jerk off several times whenever he thought of it. It was one of the drawbacks of not having a regular partner to take care of him. It came with the job, in his line of work.

Being a young officer in the United States Air force, Ryan had to be careful about his late night liaisons, especially with the enlisted men. Most of the time he was content to commit to memory images of buff studs parading around naked, or wandering around the barracks showers in their underwear, for later jerk-off fantasising. Occasionally he was lucky and spied a dude spanking the monkey in the showers, and they'd get together afterwards in one of the hangers for some real headjob action. But lately, Ryan was getting discontent with the quick blowjobs behind the barracks; the unsatisfying one night stands in the hanger or the regular action with Rosie Palmer and her five sisters. Ever since Rick, everything else paled to non-existence.

Lying back on the bed, Ryan thought of the first time he met Rick. He was on TDY (Temporary Duty) in Australia as part of Operation Southern Star. For some reason he couldn't get enough of their accents and became good friends with a few of the Aussies there. Part of the thrill of being on TDY is no one knows you and you can do anything you want almost, and get away with it. It was these thoughts that were going through Ryan's head as he sat drinking in one of the hootches (a bar in a tent) while listening to the Australian accents. There he saw Rick. Fuck, the guy was cute. If he wasn't a flyboy, he'd have been the perfect specimen of the Bronze Anzac. Broad, built, and well hung. He had an accent that seemed to send an electric shock right through Ryan's body. It was like he was hearing the Australian twang for the first time whenever Rick spoke. The tone and pitch of his voice mesmerised Ryan. He immediately felt his cock twitch in his jock every time he heard Rick and his mates speak. Man, he was going crazy with lust. He hadn't felt like this since he was with Kian several years ago.

Ryan had lost himself in the sounds of their voices and didn't realise he was staring at Rick and his mates. Rick's uniform clung to his taunt body, as he sat back on the chair with legs spread wide, giving Ryan a perfect view of his tantalising groin. Ryan imagined himself crawling over between those legs and nuzzling into that bulging package with his face, while the guy continued talking to his mates. He wanted to pull down the zipper and whip out that piece of meat and give it a going over with his mouth.

"Hey, mate. You want to come over and join us or just admire us from afar?"

Suddenly, Ryan broke out of his reverie. It was a few minutes before Ryan realised that the man of his dreams had just spoke, and invited him to join them. This was too good to be true.

"I think the Septic has the hots for you, Ricky." Nudged one of the guys as Ryan picked up his beer and joined the table. But Rick was quick to defend Ryan's honour.

"Nah, he's just thinking how thankful he is not to be on latrine duty when I let loose with this firehose of mine." said Rick, giving himself a grope before offering a seat to Ryan.

Everyone laughed at Rick's joke, and didn't notice Ryan's gaze drawn to Rick's crotch as the dude felt himself up. Realising he was staring Ryan quickly looked up, and Rick gave him a wink before settling back down to conversation and beer. Ryan didn't say much but he enjoyed the company of these Australians, and especially Rick who seemed to look for any excuse to touch him and make some kind of physical contact without being too obvious. This was the camaraderie that Ryan missed, just kicking back and having a good time with your buddies. He felt honoured that these guys had taken him into their clique but it just wasn't the same as being with your own, it was the downside of being on TDY.

After a few more beers and a cock that was really starting to get uncomfortable, Ryan decided he had better go take a leak, head off to bed and give himself the relief his dick craved. The alcohol was starting to get to him, and images of these guys naked kept popping into his head. He couldn't stand being amongst these Aussie boys any longer without doing something he might regret. The thought was appealing, but he didn't want to ruin his chances within the first couple of days of being here. His "little buddy" would have to wait a little longer before being serviced by a dude from Down Under. He was hoping that the guy to do it would be Rick. Ryan sighed at the thought, got up and made his leave with his newfound friends and headed for the latrine.

Thankfully it was not a long walk to the latrine. Ryan had just taken his piss-hard dick out of his pants when he heard someone else enter. Glancing around over his shoulder he saw it was Rick. He pissed on his shoe in doing so.

"Careful where you aim that, mate." Said Rick, "Are you okay? You went a bit quiet at the end there."

"Yeah, I'm okay, thanks. I just kind of miss the guys back home, that's all."

"Hey, you've found some new mates here, now. You don't have to feel lonely." said Rick putting his hand on Ryan's shoulder as he stood there giving his dick a couple of shakes. The feeling was electric and Ryan's lengthening cock jumped involuntarily at the contact. Rick noticed the "little buddy" jump as well, and began rubbing Ryan's shoulder.

"Do you have any 'special' friend back in the States, Ryan?"

"Special friend?" asked Ryan.

"Y'know, someone to help you out when you need to be taken care of." whispered Ryan moving closer. The rubbing on Ryan's shoulder continued and he thought of Kian back home. The thought caused the "little buddy" to jump again in anticipation. A slight smile came to Rick's lips, so he must have seen the "little buddy" getting excited. It was all sign that Rick needed. Before Ryan could say a word in reply, Rick moved closer, pressing his body up close to Rick's back. One hand stayed on the shoulder while the other moved to Ryan's hip gently massaging.

"I know what it's like to be a stranger in a strange land." Rick whispered into Ryan's ear. Looking over his Ryan's shoulder, Rick could see the growing member in Ryan's hand. "You might not know it but my mates aren't really all that close and it would be really good to have a 'special' friend so we could help each other out. I think you might be the 'special' friend I'm looking for, Ryan."

Ryan was mesmerised by the massaging hands and the intoxicating smell of beer on Rick's breath as he spoke in low, sensual tones, rich with that Australian accent. Ryan leaned into Rick's body for support as the massaging hand on his hip moved closer and closer to Ryan's now hard dick. The other hand had moved from the shoulder and had worked its way up under Ryan's shirt, feeling his hot flesh on the journey to his nipple. Ryan was so hot and confused by this sudden turn of events that he didn't think to stop him. Rick's right hand was now tweaking Ryan's right nipple while the left had wrapped itself around Ryan's hard member, slowly, sensually jerking him off.

The twin sensations from Rick's hands brought Ryan closer and closer to a climax. A moan of delight erupted from Ryan's mouth as he was on the verge of shooting a load, when the enjoyment stopped and the tantalising hands were removed.

Rick walked over to the door, and Ryan thought this Aussie stud was having second thoughts and leaving when the dude stopped, looked back at Ryan and put the latch on the door to lock it. Without a word, Rick moved back very close to Ryan, took him in his arms and leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. At this point Ryan decided that he should just go for it and return the kiss. As Ryan was about to kiss Rick's cheek, he turned and their lips came into contact. Rick pushed his mouth on top of Ryan's and gently probed with his tongue. Ryan's lips opened slightly in shock allowing Rick entrance to his mouth. Tongues curled around each other, unravelled and probed, sending wave after wave of erotic sensation throughout the entwined bodies. Each could feel the other's hard member straining in their pants but neither wanted to break this kiss just yet. Ryan had been wanting to do this for so long that he never wanted it to end. While their tongues fought for supremacy in each other's mouth, their hands roamed and caressed each other in a loving embrace.

Ryan couldn't take any more and wanted to taste the dick he'd been longing for all night. As if sensing Ryan's desire, Rick reached up and put his hands on his new-found friend's shoulders. He moved down to his knees and reached for Rick's hard bulge. In that moment Ryan came as close to worship of a cock as he had ever come to anything. Ryan wrapped his hand around the member as Rick breathed more deeply at the touch. He was softly moaning as Ryan began wanking him through his pants.

"Oh that feels so good, Ryan. Oh mate, don't stop. Take it out and do me!"

Ryan was so excited, the feel of hard flesh in his hand together with the sensual sound of Rick's voice was getting Ryan even hotter than Kian had ever done.

"Is this what you want Rick? Am I doing it right?" Ryan asked, half-acting like he hadn't done this much and just wanting to hear Rick's husky voice.

"I want to feel your hot mouth on my head." Moaned Rick.

So Ryan leaned in and began chewing on the outside of Rick's pouch, feeling the hardness pulse between his teeth. Rick placed his hands on Rick's head, guiding his lips all around the stiff cock, encouraging to bite, suck and chew the pulsing dick. A huge wet spot of precum and saliva soaked the front of Rick's shorts so it looked like he had wet himself.

"Ryan, matey, reach up and play with my dick." Sighed Rick.

Ryan did everything that Rick asked as he knelt there in submission before his bronzed god. He reached up the pant leg of Rick's shorts and played with his cock. While Ryan was playing with the throbbing boner, Rick covered the playful hand with his own and gently started to stroke his dick with Ryan's hand in his. Two hands became one as they both held onto the mammoth meat jerking it off in unison from the head all the way down to the base of his shaft. This lasted for about five minutes before Rick could endure no more.

"Undo my belt and the buttons of my shorts." Pleaded Rick moving his hand away from Ryan's.

As Ryan did this, he started kissing Rick's cock through his briefs. It was more like a thong than briefs and Ryan loved it. It was a thing of beauty strung in the thong hammock and begging to be touched. Ryan stroked it with his tongue, helping it on its way to its full size. He took it in his mouth and began to sucking and kissing it, drowning it in his saliva. He pulled the shorts down to Rick's ankles and couldn't believe how his thong bulged with his growing cock. The wet material was now transparent, leaving nothing to the imagination. In the meantime Ryan's hand went to the back of Rick's ass and played there.

"I want you to take the thong off with your teeth." Moaned Rick.

Again Ryan did as he was asked, and pulled on the thong with his teeth, being careful not to bite on the hard flesh beneath. He could see the pubes and then the shaft of this cock of his desire. Once the thong was off, the hard dick pulsed with a life of its own. Ryan could not resist licking the pre-cum off the throbbing dickhead. Gently he tongued just beneath the tip to make sure he didn't miss a drop of that glistening nectar, and then back to Ryan's tightening balls, and the pubic hair that had stemmed the escape of the leaking lube. That was when Ryan's cock shot it's first load, without him even touching it. In fact he didn't even recall taking it out of his pants. The load hit Rick's leg as Ryan knelt there lapping at the meat before him.

"Good boy Ryan. Now lick up that sweet juice of yours dribbling down my leg."

Rick's wish was Ryan's command. He was completely mesmerised by that soothing voice. He licked up every ounce of his own jism as he worked his way up the inner thigh of Rick. Suddenly, Rick balls were dangling on either side of Ryan's nose as Ryan nibbled at the tender spot where the underside of his shaft met his balls. He licked the base of Rick's cock and he could feel it pulse with each stroke of his tongue.

Ryan's mouth was still filled with his own cum when he took the dick back into his mouth. The slime made this blowjob all wet and slick as Rick began to face fuck the boy kneeling before him. All through this, Rick kept talking and telling Ryan how good it felt and how good he was doing it. His voice urged Ryan on to a sexual peak he had never felt before. Ryan's tender lips moved up and down the hard shaft, licking the thick throbbing vein on the underside as it plunged in and out his hungry throat.

"Take my dick and jerk it in your mouth." Urged Rick.

Ryan let go his hold on Rick's ass and began to stroke Rick's shaft with the head remaining in his mouth.

"Oh yeah, mate. I'm cumming. Squeeze my balls."

Ryan continued pumping the shaft with one hand while he squeezed his balls with the other. Ryan sucked hard, then harder, urging a load from the throbbing member. Rick groaned loudly as he shot his load into Ryan's waiting mouth, mixing their two loads together. He pulled Ryan up and said he wanted him to fuck his mouth with Ryan's tongue as he lapped up the two snowballs mixed in Ryan's mouth. The sensations surging through Ryan caused his dick to expand once more with a load ready to blow.

Rick sensed Ryan's need and knelt on the floor. Slowly he pulled down Ryan's shorts, to reveal the cutest dick he had ever seen to the night air. With his tongue he slowly licked from the root to the tip for a while before taking Ryan into his mouth. Ryan grabbed Rick by the ears in an effort to stay standing under the assault on his crotch. Man, that beautiful mouth that was making those great Aussie sounds was now sucking at Ryan's cock, big time. The feel of that human vacuum was sexier than any other mouth to Ryan because of that accent. Rick was an expert and he made sure he gave Ryan the best BJ of his life. It didn't take long before Ryan's balls pulled up into their sack in preparation of blowing Rick's brains out with a volley of cum shot.

"Ohhhh Rick, I'm going to shoot. I'm going to.. ahhhhhhh.."

In the real world, Ryan shot volley after volley of cum all over his stomach and chest as he recalled his warm cum shooting fast into Rick's mouth. It was like he could actually feel that tongue of Rick's pressing against the piss slit, trying to slow down its flow as he sucked every last drop from his dick. But that was then and this is now. He wasn't in the hootches bathroom with Rick at his feet. Now he was lying on a bed in an English cottage that belonged to his parents. But he really wished he had someone to share this load with right then.

Next door, Matthew also wished he could share in the load his just witnessed spew out from Ryan's hard throbbing cock. Matty's dick throbbed and his balls ached for attention and needed to get off bad.

"UUUnnnnnhhhhh...take it all stud." Matthew cried imagining flyboy's mouth around his dick as stroked his shaft faster, squeezing hard. His cries of joys got louder and louder until he shot his spunk into the night air.

Ryan heard the commotion coming from the first floor window next door. He saw the naked form in the window shooting a load and with moaning cries. It appeared he had an audience and the audience was now showing his appreciation. Ryan had to pay next door a visit. After all, it was the neighbourly thing to do.