

Aladdin's Persistence Rewarded (Part 2)

Hi, it's David, back again with my story of Aladdin. Let me say again: the characters portrayed in this story are pleasant fictions. Even so, you should not read it if you are underage, prone to taking offense at gay or sexually explicit subject matter, or in danger of getting arrested for reading.

I always appreciate suggestions about how to improve the parts of the story that are still to come. Email Goran Algot, jemtling@hotmail.com

Where was I with my story? Oh yeah, I had just finished telling you how my Lebanese roommate in the college dorm ended up busting my cherry. I must have seemed an unlikely subject for seduction: a football quarterback in high school and college, an athletic hunk with lots of girlfriends and no history of gay tendencies. That was how it looked from the outside. No one but me knew that I was feeling inside, so I can say that if it hadn't been Aladdin, it would have been some other guy at a later date.

We were an unlikely couple, like Batman and Robin with Robin on top. I was a handsome hunk, a "big man on campus," a football star and a junior, living in the dorm wing reserved for college athletes in Pine Hall. Aladdin had just come from Lebanon and was still learning to master English. He was alone in the world, as it were, having no relatives in North America. He was a swarthy, hairy guy, five foot five and nonathletic; lean and handsome, but small. Still, he was endowed with an "accordion package." His dick was in the peewee league when it was flaccid, but it expanded to a seriously dangerous weapon of eight inches. It was erotically oversized compared to his build.

That was Aladdin. As the weeks of Fall quarter went by, you could count the autumn leaves falling from the trees outside our dorm-room window, but the number of times he fucked me could not be counted. Whenever he fucked me, he bred me. You could count the waves on the lake near our dorm, but you couldn't count Aladdin's army of little soldiers marching up and down the chocolate speedway. I was so fond of his cock that we gave it a nickname. I suggested "Aladdin's sword." Aladdin thought about that and suggested "Sayf." "That's the Arabic word for "sword," he said. So we named it "Sayf." "Sayf needs some exercise in the garden," he would tell me, or "It's time for Sayf to cut through some skin."

After Thanksgiving, the football season was over. It was winter. One day Aladdin and I visited a sports shop downtown, and I bought him some ice hockey skates. He learned how to skate on a patch of ice on the lake near our dorm. Of course I couldn't resist showing off for him. Where I grew up, most boys got ice skates for their fifth Christmas: not double-bladed learner's skates, but the real thing. So I was pretty good. I was on the hockey team in high school, and I probably could have made the team at my college, too. But my college scholarship was for football, and after the football season, I was happy to have more time to spend on my studies.

Sometimes Aladdin and I skated at a city rink near downtown. The ice was better there—not rough like the rink shoveled out of the ice on the lake. I could show off my exhibition moves on the city rink, much more effectively than on the lake.

One Saturday morning in the corridor of our dorm, when Aladdin and I were headed for the city rink with skates slung over our shoulders, we passed by Tom O’Brian, a red-headed Irishman from Illinois, who commented, “You guys off on a skating date again?” His emphasis on *date* was sinister.

Tom was a running back on the football team, so I knew him well enough, but I wouldn’t say we were friends. He could be a loudmouth. I imagined that he must have been a playground bully in his younger years. He was one of several students who shunned Aladdin for no other reason than because he looked like an Arab, and of course they assumed that he was a Muslim and a covert terrorist. Because he was snooty toward Aladdin, I took a dislike to him. I tried not to show it.

Aladdin answered O’Brian’s insinuation about a *date* with a cutting reply of his own. “Why don’t you come with us? We’re going to the ice rink downtown. Grab your skates and get a good workout.” He knew very well that O’Brian didn’t have ice skates. He probably didn’t know how to skate. O’Brian scowled and walked by.

“What a prick that O’Brian is,” I said, as soon as we got outside and trudged through the snow. It was just over a mile to the city rink, so we walked instead of taking my Chevy.

“I think he might be spying on us,” Aladdin said. “Not that I’ve seen him. It’s just a gut feeling.”

* * * * *

On Saturday morning before final exam week, a note appeared under our dorm room door. It said, “Dave, come to my room, I’ve got something to discuss with you—O’Brian.”

Aladdin hadn’t seen the note. I tossed it, but just after lunch I went to his room. After an exchange of idle chatter, O’Brian showed me some pictures on his cellphone. They showed me and Aladdin groping each other in the shower.

“You took a camera phone into the bathroom?” I asked.

“Never mind about that,” O’Brian said. “These pictures speak for themselves, I think.”

“So?” I said.

“So you’d be off the football team, buddy, if I posted these pix on the internet. And as for your little friend, he’d get kicked out of the dorm. He’s not supposed to be in this wing, anyway.”

“You wouldn’t have asked me to come here if you didn’t want something, O’Brian. What is it?” I asked.

“Don’t worry, I don’t want to ‘out’ you guys,” O’Brian said. “I just want a piece of the action.”

“Go figure,” I said. “If that’s what you wanted you could have just asked.”

“I ain’t getting seconds with no Arab,” O’Brian said. “What I want is *you*, Davey boy. I know you’ve been fucking Aye-rab pussy. I’m a *top* man, a top’s top. A jock’s top, and the jock I want to fuck is *you*.”

“At least you’re telling it like it is,” I replied. My gaydar must have malfunctioned around Tom O’Brian. I never once suspected that he might be gay. He was always bragging about sleeping around with women, although none of the co-eds seemed to know anything about that. He said he only dated townie women, not co-eds.

“What about it, Davey?” he said. “I’ll bet you’ve never been fucked before. What you need as a *real* man to bust your cherry.”

O’Brian looked me over, and waited for his demand to sink in. I was just relieved that he didn’t want to sink his grimy claws into Aladdin. He was such an insensitive guy. It would be easy for me to fool him into thinking that he was getting a virgin.

“I’ll let you do me if you let me delete those pix from your camera phone,” I said. I suggested that we meet on Monday afternoon. O’Brian said, “Yeah, Monday would be great. That’s a date. But I can’t wait that long. I need some today!”

We made a date for later that afternoon. I showed up in his room with a lube tube, poppers, and condoms in my pocket. He was dressed in a bath-towel. At least he was considerate enough to take a shower.

True to his word, O’Brian handed me the camera. I scrolled through his pix and deleted the once that incriminated me and Aladdin.

“You’re not gonna rat out on me now, are you, Davey?” he said.

“I’m still here, ain’t I?”

“You’re here and you’re ready to get fucked, I hope,” O’Brian said. His erection made a big bulge in the towel. It looked like quite a threat.

“Your pix are deleted, so I guess that means I’m here of my own free will,” I said. “So if you were planning to rape me, I guess you’ll have to be disappointed.”

“I *was* planning to rape you, Davey, but this is even better. A jock virgin who wants it.” O’Brian dropped his towel to the floor. His dick jutted and swung about. It was an eight-inch beer can with a raggedy foreskin. “Is this what you were hoping for, Davey?”

I was genuinely apprehensive about the thickness of his tool. It looked like I wasn’t going to have to fake it, when it came to getting pain.

O’Brian motioned for me to kneel. I nibbled on his foreskin, and sucked in his cockhead. He held my head firmly and fucked my face. “You like the taste of that big dick, don’t you, Davey?” he said.

“You’re so *beeg*,” I stammered.”

“*Beeg* enough to knock down the door?”

“That’s no exaggeration,” I said.

O’Brian helped me out of my clothes. He frigged my cock hard, and swatted my butt. I posed for him in a dozen different positions while he examined my anatomy. Most of all he wanted me to pose with my legs wide apart while he fondled and fingered my ass. “That’s hot!” he said, many times. He got me so horny! I was ready to do anything to pleasure him.

I fetched the lube from my pocket. “You’re a boy scout, Davey, always prepared,” he said.

Then I showed him the Iron Man. We lay side by side on the bed and snorted poppers. He kissed me aggressively, fucking my mouth with his tongue. “Would you like me to kiss your ass?” I asked, softly. “It’ll put me in the mood to submit.”

O’Brian got really hot about this. I knelt by the bed, and he sat in front of me with his forelegs on my shoulders. I sucked his cock, his balls, his perineum. Then I snorted poppers and kissed his asshole. My tongue explored his red-haired valley, and licked his hole.

I told O’Brian to lie on his belly. I lay over him with my cock in his hair and my face in his butt. I explored the canyon with my tongue, and tongue-fucked him again. He moaned with pleasure. He hadn’t expected to get rimmed. Aggression gave way to affection in his manner. We were becoming lovers.

“I want to pop you now, Davey,” he said. He planted his pillow in the middle of the bed.

I fetched the condoms from my pocket.

“What are these for?” he asked. “I figured on riding you bareback! Your jock-virgin hole should take it raw.” While he spoke, he lubed my porthole with two fingers.

I didn’t reply. O’Brian sighed, and rolled the condom onto his cock. His cockhead mushroomed past my sphincter. I groaned and cried out. My face turned beet red. I wasn’t faking. He didn’t give me time to settle down. He pushed the whole shaft into me in a slow, steady motion, a hole in one. I groaned and yelped again at the burning pain while he fucked me slowly. For a good ten minutes it hurt like hell, but then the pain dissipated, and gradually gave way to pleasure. It showed in countenance, when our eyes met. We kissed tenderly, while he fucked me.

“Tom, I want you to pull your cock out of me for a sec,” I said. “There’s something I’ve got to do.” I was calling him ‘Tom’ now.

O’Brian pulled out. I reached for his cock, and carefully removed the condom. “Now you can ride me bareback,” I said.

Lust and affection flashed in O’Brian’s eyes. He kissed me tenderly, and I kissed him back, passionately. “You’re the sweetest guy I’ve ever had,” he said.

“I like you so much, Tom O’Brian, I want you to breed me,” I said. “My ass is yours.”

Seconds later, O'Brian's naked cock was buried all the way up my ass. He tried to fuck me gently, but nature took its course. He was a natural-born roughrider. We experimented with different positions. Doggie-style first. Then he took me flat on my belly. I sat on his cock, backward and forward. Forward was erotic, looking at O'Brian looking back at me, watching me participate so actively in my own defloration, which, in a way, it was: my first beer-can cock. I lay on my side while he fucked me from behind and whispered rough love-talk in my ear about pinning the tail on the donkey and humping my haunches and creaming my keister. With his help, I positioned myself in an A-frame, lying on my back with my legs touching my shoulders and my ass jutted out. He fucked me and we kissed in that position. "You get an A for that one, Davey," he laughed.

We must have fucked for an hour in these different positions. Then O'Brian guided me back to the mission. Missionary style, that is, face to face with my ass on the pillow. "It's time to get serious about breeding," he said. "Time to cream the cherry."

"Let me suck your balls first, Tom," I said. He straddled my face so I could chew on his scrotum and let me suck his balls. "I'm thinking about your creamy seed, Tom," I said. "I'm thinking about the seed that you will plant in my pussy."

I was hot, but O'Brian was hotter, ready, willing, and able to whitewash my cherry with his bull-cream. He drove the crankshaft all the way in, then out again in long strokes. He punch-fucked me while I started to jack my pecker. When he saw that I was ready to cum, he fucked me in long, gentle strokes. I moaned and panted when great gobs of cum spurt upward. My cum oozed on the hairs of his chest, like red and white threads intertwined. The aroma of bollock-juice filled the room. O'Brian humped me while I continued to pant. "I'm breeding you now, Davey," he said. His rod was hot, and liquidy in my anal canal.

We lay side by side on the bed, contented. From now on, the only friction between us would come from the stroke of his cock up my ass. I told him that my ass could still feel the physical memory of monster-cock.

We talked about Aladdin. "Tom," I said, you need to treat him right. He's not really Arab, you know. He's Lebanese. And he's not Muslim, he's Christian. Besides, he's a great fuck!" We laughed.

"You're in love with him, aren't you?" O'Brian said. It was a statement, not a question. Maybe O'Brian wasn't as insensitive as I thought.

"Yes."

"I'll be nice to Aladdin if you'll do something for me," O'Brian said. "I want you to let him fuck your ass. And not just once. I want you to be his male pussy, just like you're *my* pussy."

"I can do that," I said. I smiled slyly, thinking about my harmless deception. He smiled slyly, too, thinking that he had just succeeded in busting a jock-cherry and turned me into a bottom.

"Make sure he rides you bareback," he said.

“Give me a week, Tom, and I’ll bet we can get together in a threesome and both of you can fuck me,” I said.

We shook hands on it. “It’s a deal,” he said.

I felt O’Brian’s cock, rock-hard again. I lay on my belly and parted my legs. He jumped back in the saddle and humped me furiously. We spoke not a word, but we grunted and sweated a lot. He poured himself into me. When he was finished, we embraced and kissed, and dozed off.

“We’re still on for Monday, right?” I said, as returned to my dorm room.

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Early Monday afternoon, I had a final exam. It was hard to concentrate, what with my mind on my second encounter with Tom O’Brian. But I got through the exam. After a quick shower, I knocked on his door. Dressed in tight jeans and a red-and-black plaid shirt, he looked like an Irish Paul Bunyan. He gave me a whisker rub with his two-day red stubble. I kissed his lips. Then I got naked, and gave him license to explore every part of my anatomy. His hands and his lips were everywhere on me. From my toes to my armpits, he sucked everything.

Tom got me into a doggie position and knelt behind me. He snorted poppers and licked my canyon. Then he explored the ridges of my manhole and tongue-fucked me. He flipped me over and unzipped his crotch. He greased his pole, and mine, too. “This is the biggest clittie I’ve ever seen,” he said. I squeezed his finger with my sphincter. He moved his cock forward, and thrust it all the way inside me in a steady motion, up to the hilt. I yelped and moaned. “Still a bit tender, I see,” he chuckled. His fuck-strokes were long and gentle at first, but soon they were long and hard. I was getting fucked by Paul Bunyan! My groaning and moaning and yelping delighted him. He swived me so hard I was squealing soprano. He humped till he came. We moaned in harmony, his guttural grunting to my soprano. Then he turned me over doggie-style and knelt behind me.

“Felch for me, Davie. I want to see my cream in your rectum,” he said. I rotated my ass and pursed my sphincter until some of his semen came out. “That’s beautiful, David,” he said.

I was aching for release. O’Brian let me undress him. “My body is yours, Davie,” he said. We cleaned his cock with wipes. I went to town on him, fondling and kissing. I had fun with his cock and his foreskin. We experimented with docking. His cock was still flaccid, so I got plenty of curtain over my helmet. I gave him an Iron Man rim-job. My tongue was a veritable John Speke in his canyon, exploring for the source of the Nile. When I found it, I named it Victor and jumped in!

“I thought it was called Lake Victoria,” O’Brian chuckled.

“That’s my ass, Victoria. Yours is Victor,” I said. I raised two fingers in a Victory sign.

“No truer truth was spoken by Queen Victoria,” he replied.

No guy had ever called me a queen before, but O'Brian had earned the right. I'm a straight-acting, masculine guy, not a fem at all, but it was O'Brian's fantasy to feminize a jock. He wanted to bend my mind as well as my body. If that's what he wanted, well, I was willing.

"I'm queening for Aladdin, now, too," I said.

"That was a pretty fast flip, Davie," he said. "When was that? Yesterday?"

"Saturday night," I said. "All night. He really nailed me."

"Bareback?" he asked.

"Yeah, bareback. Raw."

Lust flashed in O'Brian's eyes. "My jizz was in your pussy when Aladdin seeded you," he said.

"Yeah, your jizz and Aladdin's, all mixed together in my jizzpot," I laughed. "I can't help it if I like sex so much."

"What *you* like is *cock*," O'Brian replied. "You're a top man's wet dream. And I think you're gonna like *this*." He reached for a banana that was on his dresser. It was obvious that he had planned this in advance. "I want you to jack off while I fuck you with this, Davie," he said.

I lay on my back with O'Brian between my legs. He lubed the banana, and inserted the tip of it into my ass while I jacked my dick. When he saw that I was getting hot, he started fucking me with the banana. He could tell from my moans and facial expressions that I was liking it. Our eyes were locked together while he fruited me to the rhythm of my jack-strokes.

"So Aladdin likes giving you the grind, yes?" O'Brian said. He wanted me to tell him all about it while I jacked myself off. "And take your time, Davie. I want you really hot when you tell me about Aladdin, your new top man. Does he have a big dick?"

"Longer than yours," I said. "Nine inches. Not nearly as big around, though. More like an oil drill than a beer can."

"I've got to see this guy," O'Brian said. "Maybe I'll even put out for him myself."

I told him how Aladdin has seduced me with stories about Gilgamesh and Enkidu, Achilles and Patroklos, Alexander and Hephaestos, Jonathan and David, and Sir Lawrence of Arabia and the Turkish sultan. "It took him a long time to persuade me, but he was persistent. His persistence was rewarded," I said. "When he finally scored up my ass, he said he wanted to be my backdoor man."

"And you said..."

"He couldn't believe his good luck."

Most of this was true, although I took artistic license with the order in which these events occurred. O'Brian was hoping for an anatomical blow-by-blow of Aladdin's love-making. Instead I told him how he courted me—a much more erotic story, I think.

O'Brian fucked me hard with the banana. "Let's make a banana sundae," he said in a deep voice. I supplied the sundae. Then he pulled it out of me, slowly, and tossed it in the trash can. It was erotic at the time, but I was happy to see it gone. Sometimes you have to do things that are outside the boundaries of your own fantasy.

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Two days passed. It was Wednesday. Neither Aladdin nor I had final exams that day. After lunch, we decided to go skating on the lake. With skates hanging by their rawhide laces over our shoulders, we met O'Brian in the corridor. He asked if he could join us. "I just bought me a new pair of skates," he said. "But I'll be honest. I never took skating lessons and I never learned to skate. I'll be a total newbie on the ice."

"For everything there must be a first time," Aladdin said. "I'm a novice, too, so you won't be the only guy taking a header on the ice. David's the only guy here who emerged from his mother's womb with his feet wrapped in rawhide."

O'Brian's first time on ice was awkward and comical, as "first times" often are. He bladed the ice in baby steps, a strategy guaranteed to result in a fall. Aladdin helped him back to his feet. We helped him get the feeling of gliding by skating with him slowly, with Aladdin on his right arm and me on his left. This isn't symbolism, it's just what happened. Like three musketeers we managed a wide circuit around the rink, but then took a spill in a snowbank on the second go-round. We laughed. "This happened to me on my first try, too," Aladdin said.

Aladdin has seen me, plenty of times, when I was practicing a one-skate spin or a backward crossover. "Falling is part of skating," I said. "Especially for advanced skaters: they try to improve their technique or add a new move to their repertoire. Taking a spill is part of the process. When a skater takes a tumble on the ice, the best skaters never think it's funny. They hardly notice it, because it's so common." I knew very well that O'Brian grew up in a social environment where people laughed at a guy took a fall. Football players were the worst. Tromping a guy when he was down was common in football. Sometimes I get on a soapbox about it, because I've seen it so often.

There was no need to mention that I took a dive in the snowbank just to keep the other guys company.

We skated for two hours. O'Brian started getting the hang of it. He even tried gliding backwards, but wasn't quite ready for that. Aladdin put on a demo, skating backward both in a glide and in backstrokes. He was getting pretty good. I got into a bit of exhibition skating myself, unable to pass by the opportunity to show off. "To learn to skate, you need to spend lots of time on the ice," I told O'Brian. "The goal is to let your body teach itself the moves you must make to keep your balance. It's strictly a body-knowledge. It can be explained by an instructor, but only the

body can learn it.” Aladdin could have given that lecture himself. It’s what I told him when after he had taken his first baby-steps on the ice.

O’Brian said he would take my advice, and practice his skating regularly. He hoped that Aladdin would skate with him sometimes. “You, too, David,” he said. “But Aladdin’s more in my league.”

When we finished skating, we trudged through the snow to the Beanery, the students’ favorite coffee shop near the edge of campus. We sat at our table with coffee and chatted about skating, classes, exams, football, Lebanon, Chicago, anything but sex. I think we were all vaguely conscious that sex was the one thing we were not going to talk about, not at the Beanery, anyway. I got a new perspective of O’Brian. I had known him as a football player, a locker room loudmouth, and a fuck-buddy, but with us he was well mannered and laid back. With Aladdin he was especially attentive. He and Aladdin were starting to hit it off as friends.

During a silent pause in our conversation, O’Brian asked me, somewhat nervously, “David, would you mind giving me a moment alone with Aladdin. I’ve got something private that I need to tell him.”

“Sure, no problem,” I said. “I’ve got to take a leak, anyway.”

I took more time than was needed in the men’s room. I returned to find O’Brian and Aladdin chatty and friendly. Whatever it was between them, they must have worked it out.

I started talking about Christmas break. The dorms were always closed then, so Aladdin couldn’t stay there, and he wouldn’t have wanted to, anyway. I mentioned that he was coming home with me. We would stay at a cabin in a lake resort owned by my Uncle Carl. “It’s a great place, right on the water, well, I should say on the ice. We can clear the snow and make a rink, right outside the door. Plus there are logging roads in the forest, great for snowmobiling. And there’s a ski resort about thirty miles away.”

I assumed that O’Brian would be going home to Illinois. He didn’t want to do that. He didn’t say why, just that he hadn’t decided where to go for Christmas break.

Aladdin and I exchanged glances. He smiled and nodded. I knew what he was thinking.

“Look, Tom,” I said. “Why not come to Lake Victor with Aladdin and me?”

“You said you’ll be in a cabin. Would there be enough room for a third guy?”

“I think we could squeeze you in,” I said.

O’Brian laughed.

“It’s got a king size bed,” I said. “Plenty of room for three guys. Actually, there’s a second bedroom with a regular size bed, but we’ll want to keep it closed. To conserve heat. These cabins were designed for summer vacationers, so they’re not insulated as well as they could be. Plus there’s no basement, so that makes it colder. The cabin’s got a big fireplace, so we can have a fire every evening.”

“What about you, Aladdin? Are you okay with this?” O’Brian asked.

“Okay would be an understatement,” Aladdin said. His eyes met O’Brian’s. O’Brian got the message. He reached across the table and took Aladdin’s hand in his.

“All right then,” O’Brian said softly.

Three musketeers could almost taste the aura of sex as we walked back to the dorm.

Back in our room, I asked Aladdin what the big secret was in the Beanery.

“O’Brian just wanted to say he was sorry for treating me badly this quarter,” Aladdin said.

“I think he likes you. An understatement.”

I guess we’ll have three weeks together to find out!