

### Aladdin's Persistence Rewarded (Part 3)

Now we come to the story of Aladdin, Tom O'Brian, and David (that's me) during Christmas break, when we lived together in a cabin on my Uncle Carl's resort. The characters and events are realistic, but fictional. You must not read this story if you are underage, prone to taking offense at gay or sexually explicit subject matter, or in danger of getting arrested for reading.

For those of you who have not been disqualified by the above disclaimer, I value your comments and suggestions for ways of improving the story. Write to Goran Algot : [jemtling@hotmail.com](mailto:jemtling@hotmail.com).

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Aladdin and I took our last final exams on Thursday. O'Brian had an exam on Friday morning, so we didn't head for my Uncle Carl's resort until that afternoon. It was a three-hour drive, so we arrived in time for supper. O'Brian had decided to leave his car on campus. He rode in the back seat. Aladdin and I took turns driving.

On the road, we picked up where we had left off during our conversation in the Beanery. We exchanged comments about final exams, a not altogether successful football season, courses we had signed up for in the Winter quarter, and the differences between hockey and figure skating. I got into my spiel about how the best way for a hockey player to improve his game is to take up figure skating, because a figure-skater must master some tricky technical moves. "I can always out-maneuver a hockey-player who thinks that figure-skates are for ladies," I said.

O'Brian wondered why I hadn't gone out for the hockey team. "Too much of a time commitment," I said. "I'm hoping to get into grad school the year after next, and I've got to keep my grades up. Hockey doesn't do that for you."

We talked about friendships, and making new friends. Always the intellectual, Aladdin brought up the subject of Aristotle's theory of friendship. "It's in *Nichomachean Ethics*," he said. "It's always better to read the original text. I can't read Greek, but I've read it in a French translation. Much better than reading a summary in some history of philosophy."

O'Brian was interested. He asked Aladdin to say more about it.

"Aristotle makes a distinction between two types of friendship, natural and voluntary," he said. "There's a natural friendship between parents and children, and brothers and sister, husband and wife, and other family relations. There's also a sort of non-voluntary friendship between fellow citizens. But for Aristotle, the noblest type of friendship is voluntary, when men who are not related by blood choose to become friends. In Greek, friendship is called *philia*, as in the word *philosophy*, which means 'love of wisdom.' So friendship and love are the same, *philia*. Aristotle's theory of friendship is basically an analysis of the noblest kind of *philia*, voluntary friendship."

Aladdin paused. He said it was bad manners on his part to dominate the conversation with a lecture. "Please continue," O'Brian said. "We're college students. We're used to listening to lectures. Besides, this is interesting. I had no idea there could be such a thing as a philosophy of friendship."

“Well, then,” Aladdin said, “one of Aristotle’s principles is that only men can be ‘ideal’ friends. He excludes women. But that’s a whole nother story.” (Aladdin was practicing his colloquial English again: *a whole nother*.)

“So far I’m liking this,” O’Brian said. I had heard this lecture before, so I just listened.

“Aristotle also says that friends must be equals. If one is superior to the other, say in social status or in wealth, they can’t really be friends in the ideal sense. Above all, friends care about each other and are always ready to do whatever they can to benefit the welfare of the other. A friend wants more than mutual happiness. Above all he wants his *friend* to be happy.”

“That’s deep,” O’Brian said. “It goes beyond saying that a friend in need is a friend in deed.”

“It’s an ideal to strive for, even if it’s not always humanly possible,” Aladdin said. “There’s something else, too. Aristotle defines ‘friends’ as men who would like to live together, even if they can’t because of social custom, which requires that they live with their families. So they take up hunting and sports and camping as substitutes. But if they had a choice....”

“They would live together!” O’Brian finished his sentence.

A thoughtful silence followed.

“We have three weeks to live together and practice *philia*,” O’Brian said.

“Not just love of *wisdom*, I hope,” Aladdin said.

“Is it true that Aristotle was Alexander’s teacher?” I asked.

“That’s true,” Aladdin said. “Alexander’s father, King Philip, invited Aristotle to Macedon. He had a private school built at a place called Mieza, the Garden of Nymphs, where Alexander studied with Hephaestion and other ‘Companions’. That’s where Hephaestion became Alexander’s lover,” in college, so to speak.”

I was driving at the time, and kept my eyes on the road, but I noticed that Aladdin had turned back to gaze at O’Brian in the back seat of the Chevy. O’Brian’s face was visible in my rear view mirror. Whenever he blushed, which was seldom, his complexion almost matched the carrotty hues of his hair. On those occasions, he was a hunk with boyish charm.

Aladdin’s Nichomacheanism turned Machiavellian. “You know, we’re all friends in an Arabic sort of way, as milk-brothers,” he said.

“What’s that?” O’Brian and I asked in unison.

“Milk-brothers are men who had the same nurse, brought up as infants on the same milk, literally or metaphorically,” Aladdin explained. “Milk-brothers are bound to each other, just like blood-brothers. They’re supposed to be loyal to each other at all times.”

“Like the guys in *The Kite Flyer*,” O’Brian said. He had seen the movie. I had read the book.

“Yeah, like in *The Kite Flyer*,” Aladdin said.

“How do you figure that?” O’Brian asked.

“Well, David has milked me. I’ve milked David. David has milked you. You’ve milked David. All that remains is for us to complete the triangle.”

“The readiness is all,” O’Brian said. I never thought I’d hear him quote from Shakespeare. There was more to O’Brian’s character than I had imagined—even if the phrase didn’t quite match its theatrical source.

Aladdin flipped O’Brian his two-fingered Victory sign. O’Brian made a circle with his thumb and index finger. He moved it toward Aladdin’s hand. Aladdin slid his middle finger into the circle. O’Brian tightened his circle around it. Aladdin pulled his finger out, and pushed it back in.

“That was slick, Aladdin,” I said. “Aristotle would be proud.”

“Keep your hands on the wheel and your eyes on the road,” O’Brian chirped, merrily. In bass and tenor voices, O’Brian and I sang what we could remember of a song that had once been a hit: “Keep your mind on your drivin’ and your hands on the wheel, keep your snoopy eyes on the road ahead!”

The song was unknown to Aladdin. He looked back at O’Brian and pursed his lips. O’Brian leaned forward and kissed him. We all knew what this meant. “I guess that seals the deal,” I said.

O’Brian’s complexion caroted on him. His blush told the story. Without a word exchanged between them, O’Brian had pointed the way to the back porch.

“You rub Aladdin’s lamp and out comes a genie,” I said.

“And not, I hope, a weenie,” O’Brian laughed.

“Nor a queenie,” Aladdin chimed in.

O’Brian’s mind was on Aladdin. He tried to imagine how it would feel to have Aladdin’s bodyweight over his. He knew he would have to go through an initiation. He tried to put that thought out of his mind, but it kept coming back. Defloration was something he did to other guys, but the idea of getting deflowered himself, well, that was just an abstraction. The way that he presented himself as an aggressive top, no one had ever dared to ask. But he had a soft spot for Aladdin, and he knew he’d go through with it. For the rest of the trip (we were almost there) he kept quiet in the back seat of the Chevy. His mind was on sex in general, sex of the gay variety, his dick sliding my speedway (We were in a car!), how super it felt when he plowed my furrow and seeded me. How would it feel when Aladdin’s dick.... He wondered what Aladdin’s dick looked like. Cut or uncut? Smoothe-skinned or veiny? He closed his eyes and thought about it. I had told him that Aladdin was a nine-inch surprise. Well, not a surprise anymore, since I told him. He’d be a novice playing in the big leagues with the designated hitter. He imagined that Aladdin had popped a few cherries (at least mine, as he thought), so once the game got started, he would hit a home run with his monster bat. The sports metaphor helped him get past defloration as just an abstraction. How about hockey? He thought. Aladdin the stick-handling forward, crossing the blue line

into his defense zone, rushing the red zone solo, and slamming the puck into the goal-cage while the poor goalie, O'Brian, mounted a weak defense.

We left O'Brian to his thoughts. We were getting close to home. I started pointing out places that I recognized. We passed by a frozen swamp, forested with tamarack. Their needles turned gold in the fall. Even in the dim light of dusk, they shimmered above the snow. "Who would have thought that a swamp could be so beautiful?" Aladdin said. We chatted about my life growing up in the woods, ten miles from the nearest town. Quite a contrast from growing up in Beirut!

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By the second week in December, Lake Victor was firmly gripped in the dead of winter. The lake was a field of snow-covered ice, bounded by white pine, Norway pine, balsam and spruce. Lots of birch and poplar, too, only their branches were bare. Uncle Carl's resort was located on a point. On one side of the point was open water. On the other side was a small bay with an island in the middle. Across the open water (or rather, snow), the lights of other cabins were visible. But the resort was the only settlement on the bay. "Most of the land on the south side of the bay is part of a state forest," I explained. "And all the land on the north shore belongs to a national forest. So we've got the bay to ourselves. Maybe we can go skinny-dipping." We laughed.

"Seriously, guys," I said. "We'll have a sauna next to our cabin. We can get some steam and roll in the snow in the nude."

The resort used to be called Riley's, I said. "When my uncle bought it, he changed the name to Whispering Pines, because you can hear the wind in the pine trees at night, when everything else is quiet."

We parked near the lodge, an impressive log building, and trudged through snow around the cabins. We had to walk, because the road that wound its way through the resort wasn't plowed. Finally we came to the cabin I had chosen for us to use. It was inches from the lakeshore. It had a dock that started just a few feet from the door. It wasn't locked, so we went inside to check it out. Uncle Carl had turned on the heat, so it was already comfortable. He had split firewood for us and piled it up on the hearth. He had stocked the kitchen with food, beer, bottles of whisky and tequila, and unground coffee for the grinder. In the bathroom, he had laid out towels, washcloths, bars of soap, and anything else you could think of. On the king size bed in the bedroom, he had laid out three bathrobes, and three pairs of slippers.

"I think your Uncle Carl already knows that we're sleeping together," O'Brian said, laughing.

"That would be my guess," I said.

We checked out the sauna. Uncle Carl had already split the wood that was needed to heat the water. The water pump was in working order. We imagined ourselves fooling around in the sauna and rolling in snow.

We walked back to the car, and started carrying our gear to the cabin. Uncle Carl came out from the lodge to help us. We didn't have to tell him where to deposit our duffel-bags full of clothes. He lugged two of

the duffel-bags, and plopped them down at the side of the bed. I opened a drawer on the lampstand, and saw a package of condoms on top of the Gideon Bible.

“You never know when you might need them,” Uncle Carl laughed, when he saw the flustered look on my face. “And now, boys, it’s time for dinner.”

Back in the lodge, I made introductions. Carl took us on a tour of the lodge. We inspected some rooms on the second floor. Then we passed through a rec room with a ping pong table, a pool table, some card tables near a shelf stocked with board games, Scrabble, dominos, and decks of cards. There was also a bar, stocked with bottles of booze. “I hope you’ll make use of this room, boys, and the bar, too. It’s an open bar while you’re here. I’m always ready for a game of poker or Mexican Train, or even Scrabble, seeing as how you all are college boys.”

“How about tomorrow afternoon at three?” I said. “I haven’t played Mexican Train for a while. That would be my first choice.” O’Brian and Aladdin agreed.

We visited the screened-in back porch, which overlooks the lake. It was winter. Small drifts of snow had passed through the screen and settled on the floor. “We won’t be using the porch this time of year,” Carl said. O’Brian, Aladdin and I exchanged glances and smiles about this talk of using the back porch.

From the porch we could see our cabin, and the sauna, half hidden by a spruce. Uncle Carl said that we should let him know when we wanted to use it. “It’ll take about an hour to heat up the rocks,” he said. “Let me know and I’ll do it for you. I might even join you.”

The dining room had a dozen tables or more, each with a tablecloth, placemats, and candles. Adjacent to that was the kitchen. “I keep the restaurant open in winter,” Carl said. “But only on Sunday after church. It’s “bed and breakfast” style dining, with only one dinner on the menu. No reservations required. There’s a lady who lives on the lake, who comes in to cook for me. She’ll be in her tomorrow to bake bread and donuts, or maybe a couple pies. Plus I have a couple guys who come in as waiters, while I manage the cash register. These days, what with the recession, it’s easy to get good help, but not so easy to get customers. Still, I make enough pay the crew and still make a small profit.”

We agreed that we would be there for Sunday dinner.

Carl used the kitchen for himself, too. It was adjacent to his private apartment. He already had four russet potatoes baking in the oven, and a pot of water that started to boil. Out of the fridge he took a large plate piled up with four humungous steaks. He assigned tasks. O’Brian was charged with preparing drinks from the bar. Aladdin took charge of boiling a package of frozen French cut beans. We all helped to set one of the tables in the dining room, carrying silverware, steak sauce, butter, salt and pepper, paper napkins, whatever else was needed. Carl had one of those prepackaged club salads from the grocery store. I was put in charge of “tossing the salad” into a large bowl. He told Aladdin to cut up a couple of tomatoes for the salad. We were all kept busy, working as a team, all the time sipping our beverages.

Dinner was two hours of gourmet dining, drinking, and chatting. We all got a little high. After that we retired to Carl’s apartment for a nightcap. First we had Irish coffee, served in mugs decorated with a Whispering Pines decal. Then he brought out a bottle of cognac, and four fancy glasses.

We lifted our cognac glasses and toasted Uncle Carl. A second toast was for Aladdin, because he traveled a long distance to be here. A third toast was for me, for bringing us all together. A fourth toast was for O'Brian, "for making the right choice when he had a very difficult decision to make," I said. Uncle Carl smiled. He knew that before our evening was over, we would let him in on the secret, whatever it was.

That called for another round of cognac. We lifted our glasses. "Tell me, boys," Uncle Carl said, "How long have you guys been lovers?"

If we were surprised or shocked, you couldn't tell in the half-drunk haze of cognac. "David and I became roommates starting this Fall quarter," Aladdin replied. "A few weeks ago we became lovers."

"I tried to get away from him, Uncle Carl," I said. But he was a persistent bugger. He got me in the end."

"I take it that you were the prize, David," Uncle Carl said, and smiled rather lustfully.

"Like I said, he got me in the end," I said. "And he still does."

"Then let me propose a toast to persistence well rewarded," Uncle Carl said.

"To Aladdin's persistence rewarded!" We toasted.

It was Aladdin's turn to share a secret. "David is the best friend that a guy could ever hope for. As you guys already know, I've become his backdoor man." I blushed. "Hear! Hear!" The other guys toasted. Then Aladdin continued. "What you guys don't know about is the toughness and courage and grace with which David gave up his cherry."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted O'Brian, who thought that Aladdin was referring to the first afternoon that I spent with *him*."

I proposed a joint toast to O'Brian and Aladdin, "for being such *savvy* seducers!"

"Now it's Tom's turn," Carl said.

"Yeah, Tom," I chimed in. "How about if we toast that difficult decision you made. Only this time we need to hear it from you."

O'Brian blushed, but cognac gave him courage. "It was in the car on the way here. We all got to talking about friendship. I've always been a top man, a pretty aggressive one, too. On the way here, I promised Aladdin that he could pop my cherry. It's gonna happen tonight."

We cheered and toasted.

"I know you'll be happy with your decision, Tom," Uncle Carl said. "And not it's time for you guys to be off, since you've still got a lot of work to do."

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We trudged through the snow back to the cabin. “Since there’s gonna be a *raptus*, I said on the way, “maybe I should sleep in the spare bedroom tonight.”

“I’d like to have you with us, David,” Aladdin said. “But it’s only right to let O’Brian decide. After all, it’s his ass, his agony.”

“I think I’d rather have you with us,” O’Brian said. “You’ve been through the pain, so I want you to be with me.

“Are you sure about that?” I asked.

“David, I’m asking you as a friend. Stay with us. Help get us primed and then see me through the pain.”

So we were agreed.

The shower stall in the bathroom was big enough for two, but the three of us squeezed in, Like the Three Graces smooshed together. Soaped up limbs intertwined under the water-spray. Anonymous slick fingers slid over rocks and into canyons and caves. It was foreplay. It was O’Brian’s and Aladdin first chance to get familiar, with me to goose things along. At one point Aladdin embraced O’Brian and penetrated his ass with a soapy finger. After an initial yelp, O’Brian took Aladdin’s finger. It made him horny.

Aladdin held O’Brian close and kissed him. He motioned to me to finger-fuck O’Brian’s ass. I started with one finger, and graduated to two fingers, and three, fucking him slowly without stopping. O’Brian panted deeply and groaned at my three-finger penetration. His response made me feel like a top. I asked him if he like the feel of my fingers. “Affirmative,” he panted.

“Maybe I’ll fuck you too, when Aladdin gets done with you,” I said.

“Uhh-huh,” he groaned. He didn’t say yes, but he didn’t say no, either.

We toweled each other dry. Aladdin took O’Brian by the hand and led him to the bed. I trailed behind, goosing O’Brian’s caboose.

We spent a few minutes in mutual fondling and cock-sucking. It was almost time for Aladdin to bruise O’Brian’s butt, but there was something else that he wanted first. He got Iron Man out of the drawer and told O’Brian to kneel at his feet between his legs. O’Brian sucked his cock and balls. Aladdin pointed to his perineum. “Go down further,” he said. O’Brian obeyed. Aladdin handed him the bottle of poppers. O’Brian snorted. A few seconds later he was riming Aladdin’s hole. Aladdin let him rim him again, doggie-style. I lubed O’Brian’s manhole while he rimmed Aladdin. Aladdin was commanding him to kiss his ass and tongue-fuck his manhole, while I reamed O’Brian with my fingers.

There ought to be a rule that any top should offer his partner the option of using a condom. Aladdin did that now. O’Brian looked at me. “What do you think, David?” he asked.

“Aladdin’s cock will take longer inside you with a condom,” I said. (Not necessarily what O’Brian wanted on this occasion.) “On the other hand, maybe you want Aladdin to breed you, to make the cherry-popping complete. A cherry hasn’t been thoroughly popped until it’s resting in a bowl of cream.”

O’Brian looked at the condom, and tossed it at me, still in its wrapper. It was cherry-picking time. I helped O’Brian get in position with his ass on one of the pillows. I fondled his beer-can cock. It throbbed in my hand. Aladdin knelt between his legs. I lubricated Aladdin’s cock for him. Then I knelt at O’Brian’s head. Aladdin pressed forward. His cockhead pushed through O’Brian’s sphincter. O’Brian yelped and groaned. I comforted him, and pinched his nipples to diffuse the pain. I stoked his beer-can cock back to hardness. It took ten minutes for him to calm down.

“Time for a forward thrust,” Aladdin said. He shoved his cock forward a good five inches, past O’Brian’s inner sphincter. O’Brian yelped and groaned. Then he was gripped by the burning pain that only ex-virgins can understand fully. His face and upper chest turned red, a lovely match for his chest hair. He howled and swore four-letter words. I soothed him and told him to take deep breaths. I demonstrated deep breathing. He concentrated in my example.

For the first time since O’Brian’s defloration began, his eyes met Aladdin’s. Lust and determination flashed in Aladdin’s eyes. O’Brian looked apprehensive, but resigned. I gave O’Brian my cock to suck while we waited for the pain to diffuse. Another ten minutes and he settled down. You could tell he was ready for more when the redness in his face went away.

“How much more?” O’Brian groaned when he sensed that Aladdin was getting ready for another thrust forward.

“We’re about half way there,” Aladdin said. O’Brian groaned. Aladdin thrust his ramrod forward to the hilt. Their pubic hair brushed together. Black threads and red ones intertwined like miniature pennants on the field of battle. Delicate signs they were, these black and white threads that tangled together while Aladdin’s catapult pushed its way through O’Brian’s defenses. Their union was complete, physically if not yet spiritually, signified by black strands wrapped around red, and red strands wrapped around black.

The pain seemed worse than before, maybe because O’Brian was still tense from the agony of Aladdin’s initial thrust. Now it was back again. Yelping, howling, swearing, groaning, deep redness in the face: the symptoms of a man getting fucked for the first time. I helped O’Brian with his breathing again, and pinched his nipples. He sucked my cock while he settled down.

The lovers’ eyes met again. “Are you okay, Tom?” Aladdin asked softly.

“Yeah, I guess,” O’Brian said. “I feel a sort of weird fullness. It feels strange, but nice.”

“Your ass really feels good, Tom,” Aladdin said. I pinched O’Brian’s nipples and massaged his shoulders and chest. There was no point in trying to fondle his cock back to hardness. He needed time to recover from his trauma.



“Such nice ass!” Aladdin fucked slowly. He picked up the pace, and lengthened his strokes whenever he sensed that O’Brian was ready for more. At each downward stage, Aladdin gave O’Brian a chance to catch his breath and relax, but only for two or three minutes. As Aladdin drilled and O’Brian responded, the comfort zone got deeper, but every time O’Brian got used it, Aladdin brought him down to a new level of contact. For O’Brian it was ride on a roller-coaster. Just when he got through one wild curve, Aladdin gave him another.

They said very little. O’Brian’s only words were grunts and groans, and sometimes moans of pleasure, mostly in his deep bass voice, but whenever Aladdin gave him a really sharp prick-probe, O’Brian squealed soprano. Aladdin always responded with deep-throated, soothing moans in his ear, and whispered secrets about how O’Brian’s speedway was smooth as silk, never mind that to him it was one rocky road. About how David was watching him take it like a man. About how he was giving him pain to increase his pleasure. Once he held O’Brian’s hand and told him that he was leading him hand to the garden of paradise.

I was fascinated by O’Brian’s facial expressions. His eyes spoke of apprehension, fear, pain, helpless resignation, but also admiration for Aladdin, lust, and the pleasure of being filled with the presence of another man. It took time, but lust and pleasure took over.

I could see it in O’Brian’s eyes, when Aladdin finally turned him. It took almost an hour to get there, but now he was ready to fuck. And fuck they did. O’Brian started grinding his hips and fucking him back with his ass. Lust locked eyes their locked together. Masculine words of love came from O’Brian: “Oh, fuck me harder!” or “Oh Aladdin, fuck me over big time!”

“Aladdin is fucking his bride,” I said. O’Brian motioned for me to give him my cock to suck.

They fucked side by side, with Aladdin behind him. They fucked with Aladdin standing by the side of the bed. They fucked standing up in the bed while O’Brian bent over.

They fucked doggie-style, with O’Brian’s face buried in a pillow. Aladdin withdrew his cock and motioned for me to take his place between O’Brian’s legs. So I fucked O’Brian, furiously. Then Aladdin took over again. O’Brian never knew that I had fucked him.

Aladdin liked to face his partner when he came, so they went “back to the mission.” Conquering hero that he was, Aladdin said, “Time to breed you, Tom.” He humped furiously while O’Brian friggd his beer-can. He got close to orgasm, but he was still hard when Aladdin seeded him.

Aladdin withdrew. O’Brian signaled for me to take his place. I dove into the cream-pool, liquidy and seeded, humped without mercy, and gave him a second load of bull’s milk.

I knelt on one side of O’Brian, Aladdin on the other. He fondled his cock, still panting from his double ordeal. We each held one leg, and spread them to make a V. We fingered his pliant manhole and told him to pucker while he jacked himself. O’Brian complied. Pearly beads of our co-mingled jizz peeped out from the pinkish-red opening, and dribbled in a milky stream into Moon Valley. O’Brian couldn’t see it,

but when we told him about it he thrust his hips forward in a violent orgasm. The bedroom was fragrant with his cum.

A quick shower, and we were back in bed with O'Brian between us. We turned off the light and lay together in the lassitude of *après-sexe*. Aladdin and I wanted sleep, but O'Brian wanted pillow talk. This was only fair, not much to ask from a guy who had just given up his cherry to us. Aladdin and I outdid each other with compliments about his ass, how exciting it was, how good it felt, what a hot lover he was.

"It hurt like hell," O'Brian said. "Your cock is so big. Yours too, David." We took turns kissing him. "Damn, it hurt, but thanks to your *beeg* dicks even the pain was erotic."

Now we wanted to hear more. Confessions of an only-just-plundered virgin jock.

"Would you do it again, if you could go back in time?" Aladdin could always be counted on to provide a loaded question when one was needed.

"Affirmative." He fondled two flaccid cocks.

"Was that your first rim job, when you tongue-fucked my ass?" Aladdin asked.

"Yeah, you got my rim-cherry as well as my big cherry," O'Brian said.

"You haven't rimmed me yet," I laughed.

"My body belongs to you guys," he said. "I've been turned. I'm still a top, and I always will be but with you guys, well...." O'Brian's cock was hard again. I stroked it for him while we languished in pillow talk.

"Well, what?" Aladdin prodded him. "With us guys, what?"

"With you guys my boner comes to life and my asshole turns to pussy."

"I think we found some sweet spots on you that you didn't know about," Aladdin said. He wriggled a finger over the part of his rectum that is closest to the perineum. "Right here, for one," he said. "There ought to be a name for this spot."

"There are spots up the speedway, too. I don't know where they are, exactly, but they lit my lamp when you guys found 'em." He was stroking his cock. We took turns sucking it until O'Brian shot his load into Aladdin's mouth.

Aladdin kissed O'Brian and gave him a taste of his jizz. Then me. We slept through the night.