

Aladdin's Persistence Rewarded (Part 4)

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Saturday morning. The aroma of bacon, eggs, and coffee woke me up in the first light of dawn. O'Brian and Aladdin had prepared breakfast. As we ate, we sketched out our day. First thing: skating on the lake. We had a rule, not to be broken: two hours skating, minimum, every day. I suggested that we take the snowmobiles on one of the logging trails, or else explore the lakeshore. They chose the lakeshore, since they hadn't seen much of it yet.

"Good," I said. "About ten miles east there's a sports bar on the lake, called Archy's. We can make it there for lunch, and still get back by three, in time for our date with Uncle Carl in the game room."

It was twenty degrees outside, relatively mild for the morning in the North Country. There was a skiff of snow on the rink that Carl had cleared for us, so we grabbed three snow shovels from the woodshed and cleared off the snow. While we were at it, we enlarged the rink by twenty feet on two sides. The surface of the ice was bumpy in places, as it always is on the lake. I told the guys we could use the rink in town sometimes, if they wanted to practice on smooth ice. We might even get in on a hockey game there, if we're lucky. O'Brian was the novice: it was his second week on skates. But he was improving quickly, and had gained in self-confidence on the ice. Instead of a learner's ordeal, for him it was fun. Aladdin had mastered the art of skating backwards, and practiced his glides and strokes.

Uncle Carl helped us get started on the snowmobiles. "I hope you guys all felt at home in the cabin," he said. "Did you sleep okay?" Aladdin and I said yes, we were really comfortable. "And you, too, Tom?" It was obvious that he wanted to hear from O'Brian about the events of the night. O'Brian blushed. "You can tell me about it when we get together this afternoon."

Aladdin has never seen a snowmobile before, and O'Brian was new to this mode of travel, too, so we practiced with a couple runs around the island in the middle of the bay. O'Brian was worried that we might run out of gas. "No worries," I said. "They'll have gasoline at Archy's."

We didn't follow the shoreline. I led the guys in a circuitous route. Lake Victor has lots of small islands. We circled around quite a few of them, taking in the winter scene. It was past noon when we got to Archy's—a frozen marina with a boathouse, a dock with a T at the end, a gas pump where we filled up our snowmobiles.

Archy's was called a sports bar, but it was really a family restaurant with a bar. There was only TV, not dozens of them like you find in big cities. But it was a "large screen," playing a college basketball game. There must have been twenty or twenty-five customers, spread out over a dozen tables. I recognized one of them from high school—Terry Olson, who was now part of the deputy sheriff's staff in our small town. He looked smart in his uniform, which seemed to promise a well-developed chest, a lean abdomen, muscular thighs, a shapely ass, and a promising basket.

There was a table available next to Terry's, so that's where we sat. He recognized me, and motioned for me and my friends to join him. He took turns shaking our hands, smiling broadly and repeating Aladdin's name, and Tom's (I introduced him as Tom, not "O'Brian.")

"So you guys are staying at Whispering Pines?" Terry asked.

"We just got here yesterday, and haven't even been to town yet, and everyone knows this already?" I asked. "Wow, it *is* a small town!" (The word 'town' around here sometimes meant the village of Ashawa, ten miles distant from Whispering Pines but only four miles from Archy's. But 'town' could also mean the village plus about half of the southern shore of Lake Victor. Oddly, the word 'town' did not include the farms and forest in between.)

"Not really," Terry said. "Everyone knows you're playing football at Beltrami, so I just figured you guys are here on Christmas break. And where else would you stay, seeing as how your uncle took over Riley's? I was always jealous of you guys who grew up on the lake, with our boats and canoes and water skis and swimming just out the back door."

"Hah!" I exclaimed. "You have no idea how much work it is to live on the lake. Half the summer is spent chopping wood, replacing rotten boards and rusty nails on the dock, repairing boat motors. You have to learn to do your own plumbing, because plumbers charge extra for the trip. You spend half the summer splitting wood. Something always goes wrong with the pump that brings lake water to the cabin, usually in winter. There's a reason why folks around here nickname their cabins 'The Workhouse'. Did you notice the signs on the road?"

"Sounds easier than growing up on a farm, getting up at five every morning to milk the cows," Terry said. "But let's not quarrel about that. Let's get together and catch up on old times, while you're here." Then Terry changed the conversation. He wanted to know about Aladdin and Tom. For the better part of an hour, we talked about Aladdin's life in Lebanon, and Tom's in Chicago, over hamburgers, fries, and diet cokes. My gaydar went off, in high gear. Terry liked to make eye-contact, with telltale glances that lasted just a few seconds longer than a straight guy would do. I noticed that he still wore his class ring on his right hand. No wedding ring.

Several times we were interrupted by other customers who came to greet Terry. A few of them recognized me, too. Everyone seemed to like their assistant deputy sheriff. For O'Brian, Aladdin and me, these interruptions were opportunities to size up Terry—well, the top half of him,

anyway. We exchanged furtive glances, approving his manly attractions, wondering if he was available.

Terry explained that instead of a police chief, Ashawa has a deputy sheriff, paid by the county. The county has only one sheriff. The larger towns have their own police force, but the rural areas have deputy sheriffs. The sheriff's staff consists of a deputy sheriff plus two assistant deputies. Terry was one of these. The other was Billy King. Terry was assigned to the Ashawa region, while Billy kept law and order in a town north of here, on the Indian reservation. "You wouldn't know Billy. He grew up on the res," he said.

"Actually, I do know Billy," I said. "He goes to my church." Maybe I should go to church tomorrow, I thought to myself. If I did, it would be the first time in two years. Billy must be about thirty-five, I guessed, a good-looking guy, but out of my league when I was a high school kid.

When it was time to go, Terry gave each of us a business card, embossed with the county sheriff's logo. It read:

Terence Olson
Assistant Deputy Sheriff, St. Louis County
14 Rice River Road
Ashawa, MN

Plus a zip code, phone number, and email address.

"Give me a call. We'll get together again," Terry said.

It was almost three o'clock when we got back to Whispering Pines. We noticed an unfamiliar car, an old Mustang, parked in the drive. In the quiet of the afternoon, we could hear an electric drill go on and off in one of the cabins. "There's always work to do, keeping up cabins in a place like this," I said.

By now we were horny enough for another three-way, but it was time for dominoes with Uncle Carl. We had promised, and could not disappoint such a generous host. After a couple of beers, our game turned into a gay gossip fest. We told Uncle Carl about meeting Terry. We wondered aloud if he might be gay. "I usually don't trust my gaydar, but it was buzzing," I said. Aladdin and O'Brian said they had the same sensation.

"If he *is* gay, and I'm not saying he is, you could check out the gay personals, but I doubt that he's on the internet, what with working for the sheriff. These days, the county can't fire a guy for being gay, not anymore, but they can make his life miserable." Uncle Carl said. "One of your guys will have to find a way to meet with him alone, *mano a mano*. He's not going to come out to a group, not even if he's certain that you're all gay. We could always invite him to the lodge for dinner. I can find some excuse to leave him alone with one of you."

"Yeah, but which one? We all want him," O'Brian said.

“Never mind about that,” Uncle Carl said. “If one of you gets him, you all will soon enough, if and when he’s ready. The trick is to figure out which one of you has the best chance for success.” That was our plan, although events took a different course.

Carl brought the conversation around to O’Brian. He extended his hand. “Tom! Let me be the first to congratulate you on your initiation,” he said. O’Brian shook his hand, and blushed. O’Brian told him what he wanted to know. He complained about the pain of first penetration, and Aladdin’s nine-inch dick, and mine so aggressive, and how we made gymnastics, not love, riding him in so many different positions. “It must have been an hour before I started liking it,” he said.

“You started liking it sooner than that,” Aladdin said. “As I remember it, you were pretty gung ho about the gymnastics part.” We complimented O’Brian on taking it like a man, and on the beauty of his ass, outside and inside. “This guy is loaded with sweet spots,” I said.

“You were really gracious about giving up your cherry,” Aladdin pitched in, remembering that the defloration of O’Brian was performed by a dynamic duo, Aladdin and me, but because Aladdin was the first to penetrate him (O’Brian, that is), and also the first to breed him, technically Aladdin was the official master of his virginity, the holder of his cherry. In a very peculiar way, O’Brian’s ass belonged to Aladdin. He owed a debt of gratitude to Aladdin for popping his cherry. O’Brian knew this. At Whispering Pines and later on campus, he never spurned Aladdin’s advances toward him, nor disputed the role he was obliged to play as Aladdin’s bottom.

Back to O’Brian’s sweet spots: Carl said that sometimes it takes some really hard fucking to bring out the latent sweet spots.

“Shucks!” O’Brian exclaimed. “I gotta admit that the sweet spots started coming out while Aladdin was humping me, like a wild Ay-rab racing a camel across the desert. “Aladdin the camel-driver, Aladdin the camel-hump.” O’Brian gave Aladdin a kiss, and allowed Aladdin to fondle the seat of his affections. Aladdin inserted his right hand clear inside O’Brian’s jeans and shorts, and pressed a finger over that part of his anatomy where the cherry-popping had taken place.

We exhausted all the conversational possibilities of O’Brian’s defloration, no doubt to O’Brian’s relief. Uncle Carl mentioned that he had a workman in one of the cabins. “The kitchen cabinets in some of these cabins have needed replacing for years,” he said. “I’ve finally found someone who can do it at a good price. I’m sure he’ll do a good job, and I’m thinking about having him do some work in the lodge, as well.” It was almost five o’clock, so Carl suggested that we check out the work, and the workman.

We trudged through the snow to the cabin. We expected to meet one of Uncle Carl’s cronies. The cabinet maker turned out to be a Minnesota Swede in his early thirties, just under six feet tall, lean and trim. A blue-eyed blond with an almost cropped head of hair—as if to hide the incipient curls that would be unable to resist gentle but persistent fingering. His loose shirt refused to disclose his musculature. His baggy jeans declined to define what I imagined to be a shapely ass and inviting ass crack. As we entered the cabin, he stood on a stepladder, drilling a screw into one of the top cabinet shelves. Then he bent over for another screw, and reached up

again, with his backside toward us while he drove the screw into the shelf. This guy is top shelf! I thought to myself.

He got down from the ladder, and introduced himself as Axel. “*Jaaa*, I’m Axel Peterson the carpenter,” he said in what seemed like an exaggerated North Country accent that reminded me of the way characters spoke in *Fargo*. When I saw that movie, I remember thinking, “No one up North ever talks that way, with diphthongs centralized all the time (like *hewse* for *house*), *d* or *t* for *th*, sometimes *k* for *g* (more of an Iron Range thing), overstressed stresses, and every other sentence beginning with a three-syllabled *jaaa* or a two-syllabled ‘*jaa*, sure’ and ending with a stressed preposition, like they do in Swedish.”

“*Ax-el Pè-terson de càr-pen-tèr*,” he repeated, as if it were all one word. He wore his accent like a badge of the North. That’s just the way he spoke. It wasn’t an affectation. Not only that. In words of three syllables or more, his natural tenor shifted to alto on the stress, a distant echo of grammatical tone. Swedish is the only language in Europe that has tones, which sound almost like singing to non-Swedish ears. He was the most Swedish Minnesota Swede I had ever encountered. His speech gave him a boyish innocence that belied his skill as a master carpenter, and made us forget about Deputy Terence Olson, at least for the moment.

We talked for a bit while we tried to undress the carpenter with our eyes, a mental exercise that did not go unnoticed by Carl, who promptly invited Axel to join us for dinner. Back in the lodge, he gave Aladdin the task of entertaining Axel in the game room, where they talked over whiskey. Not just any whiskey. It was Macmyra, almost impossible to get in North America. He was good friends with a cousin in Sweden who shipped it to him, he said. Golden, smooth, and intoxicating, meant to be served in shot glasses, with espresso coffee on the side. Aladdin made the espresso, and poured shots of whiskey for all of us. Then he told O’Brian and me that he needed our help in the kitchen.

That was a surprise, too. Uncle Carl had pulled out all stops. On the stove, he had a pot of stew simmering. It was reindeer stew, another delicacy that his cousin had sent him from Sweden. We boiled tender white Swedish potatoes, and frozen French cut beans (an American touch). Carl ground up chicken giblets in the blender to make his own pâté, served with blueberry preserves and crackers, Canadian style. “There’s no need for spices when you make your own pâté,” he said. In the dining room, we set out a table near the picture window that commanded a view of the lake. We even had candles.

Aladdin and Axel hit it off in the game room. They sat together on a leather couch and let Macmyra loosen their tongues. They swapped comments about life in Minnesota and Lebanon, and life in a college dorm. He sang football praises for O’Brian and me, and talked about misadventures experienced while learning to skate. Aladdin tried to imitate Axel’s speech when he brought up the subject of friendship with benefits. Axel was interested, and getting horny. So was Aladdin. They laughed about this, and slapped each other on the leg. Axel put his arm around Aladdin—and kept it there. “After dinner, we were talking about going out to some old-fashioned saloon. Would you like to go with?” he asked. *Go with*: he knew just when to use the northwoods idiom.

“*Jaa*, sure,” Axel said. “Unless you’d rather hang out in the cabin. That would be *gūd*. It’s up to you guys, whatever you want to do.” Axel managed to stretch *gūd* to two syllables.

“Cool!” Aladdin said. “It’s the cabin, then. *Gūud!*” They were holding hands by the time we started carrying the food to the dining room.

The reindeer stew was outstanding, a little like venison, but with a musky taste that Carl assured us was not jizz.

“Speaking of jizz, Axel has proposed that we hang out in the cabin after dinner,” Aladdin said.

“Aladdin, you have such a way with words!” I said. Axel blushed, just a little.

Aladdin and I reminisced about how we became friends, and lovers. “I resisted for weeks,” I said. “But Aladdin can be very persistent.”

“Yeah,” O’Brian chimed in. “Aladdin’s persistence was well rewarded, by both of us.” He told a short version of the story about how we became the three musketeers. Axel’s self-confidence grew, knowing that he was among friends. He talked about how difficult it is to meet gay friends in the backwoods. “It’s been more than a year now....” He didn’t have to finish the sentence.

“We’re here for you, Axel. The famine is over,” Aladdin said. He took Axel’s hand. Axel beamed by candlelight.

“How about a kiss for Aladdin,” I said. Axel stood half way out of his chair, leaned over the table, and kissed Aladdin’s lips. We all applauded. Axel leaned over and kissed me, too. He blew kisses to Carl and O’Brian.

After dinner and another round of Macmyra, we thanked Uncle Carl for dinner, the best banquet we’d ever enjoyed, everything simple gourmet, especially that erotic reindeer stew! Then Aladdin and I led Axel to our cabin. O’Brian said he would stay in the lodge, to clean the kitchen with Carl. He showed me a bottle of Iron Man that he had in his pocket, and smiled.

Back in the cabin, Axel announced that he needed a shower. He kicked off his shoes. Aladdin and I gazed while he tossed his loose shirt to the floor. His T-shirt went with it. His unclad, muscular torso glistened in the light of the living room lamp, its smoothness accentuated by tufts of light brown hair on his chest. If you’ve got it, flaunt it, I thought to myself. Alex stepped out of his baggy jeans, revealing his tented white briefs, slightly tainted after a hard day’s work. Seconds later, he lowered his briefs. His fully erect cock sprung out of the elastic binding, and bounced. We complimented him with wolf-whistles. He balanced himself with one hand on the wall, and stooped down to remove a sock. The sock was wet with perspiration, so it clung to his foot. The pose was anatomically revealing. We gazed at his low-hanging scrotum and the ramrod hoisted over it. He switched hands on the wall, and removed the second sock in another bravura performance. More wolf-whistles sang his praises. With his back toward us, Axel leaned over to pick up his clothes while we examined his backside. The clothes were scattered on the floor, so to get them he had to lean forward several times, mooning us erotically. We got a good look at his canyon, finely populated with light hair, and we glimpsed the gate of paradise.

Axel arranged his clothes on a chair. He smiled at us while he took his time doing it. Aladdin stepped forward and felt his arms and his pecs while he flexed his muscles. I stepped forward and fondled his throbbing cock. He signed. With one hand in mine and the other in Aladdin’s, we led Axel to the bedroom. He stood at the side of the bed while we explored his body with our

hands and our eyes. We sexed him up by fondling his cock and his balls. Then we fondled his asscheeks, and fingered his crevice. He moved forward on the bed, doggie-style, with his ass arched out at us. When he felt our fingers running up and down his crevice, he parted his legs, just a little. When he felt our fingers lingering at his asshole, he parted his legs as far as he could. Then he turned over on his back. We explored his body from armpits to asshole, touching and fingering every square inch of his masculinity. We inserted our fingers behind his scrotum. He responded by raising his knees and stretching his legs far apart.

We were ready to forget about the shower, but Axel insisted. Lust flashed from his eyes when we got naked for him. He fondled us as freely as we had fondled him. Under the shower-head, we soaped each other up in a sudsy continuation of foreplay. It was two against one, Aladdin and me sexing up Alex. He didn't seem to mind that he was in our power. Aladdin was not about to let him exit the shower without some initial penetration of his ass. He inserted a finger. Alex wasn't sure which of us was finger-fucking his ass. He kissed both of us. I soaped up a finger and slid it next to Aladdin's. Alex parted his legs and let both our fingers go all the way in.

Back in the bed, we alternated between love-making and horseplay. Every armpit in the room took a licking. Every tit in the room got pinched and chewed. Every cock in the room got stroked and sucked. Every gonad in the room got sucked into two mouths. Every ass in the room got ransacked by two would-be invaders.

Aladdin went to the dresser and produced a bottle of Jungle Juice from the top drawer. Axel was a popper-virgin, and asked what it was for while Aladdin removed the cellophane wrapper. "You'll see," he said. He told Axel and me to sit at the side of the bed. He knelt between my legs, and told me to lay back. He snorted Jungle Juice, and rimmed me while Axel watched and I moaned. Then he knelt between Axel's legs. Axel lay back and got his first rim-job. He was ecstatic.

"David's turn," Aladdin said. He took my place on the side of the bed, and I knelt between Axel's legs. Axel got his second rim-job. Then I rimmed Aladdin.

"Axel's turn," Aladdin said.

"I've never done this before," Axel said, kneeling between my legs. I lay back and stretched my legs far apart. I winked at Axel with my asshole. Aladdin knelt with Axel, with one arm around his shoulders and one hand fondling his cock.

"Your lips on David's lips," Aladdin said. "It's time David got his first rim-virgin."

The hesitation that Axel felt disappeared, seconds after he snorted Jungle Juice. My hands were tight on his head and pressed downward. The touch of his lips on my nether lips was met with a shudder from me. I put my hands on my asscheeks and spread them apart. The touch of his lips turned to a sloppy kiss. He ran his tongue along the ridges. He explored my crevice with his tongue. Then his tongue took a dive into the target, and Axel gave his first rim-job.

There was no hesitation when Axel knelt between Aladdin's legs. Aladdin didn't have to spread his legs apart. Axel did it for him, scoped out the target, then scooped it out with his tongue. "Yah, tongue-fuck my asshole," Aladdin said, commanding Axel to do what he was already doing.

Aladdin wanted to fuck, but Axel wanted more of this rim-game. I got on the bed doggie-style. “Okay guys, toss the salad,” I said. Axel and Aladdin took turns rimming me from behind. Then it was Aladdin’s turn. Then Axel’s.

I knelt behind Axel and explored the tiny ridges of his rectum with my tongue. Then he turned me over on my belly and got between my legs. He swatted my rump and dropped spit on the target. I groaned when I felt his fuck-finger smoothing the way. Axel’s finger was a *pioneer* in the original sense of the word, an advance scout in the siege of a fortress, gaining entrance by digging a hole in the rear. I resisted, of course. I squeezed my sphincter as hard as I could around his finger. I pushed forward to evade Axel’s pioneering finger. Axel grabbed me by the haunch and moved me back in place, and by then there were *two* fingers up my ass. Aladdin added a third, with lube. He lubed Axel’s throbbing cock, too.

I must confess that I yelped pretty loud when eight inches of ramrod widened my sphincter and entered my anal canal in one quick movement, a hole in one. I howled and groaned. How good it felt, Axel whispered in my ear. Maybe for him, yeah! Aladdin knelt at the side, and reminded me to take deep breaths and to relax. Axel lay on top of me, quiet and motionless, until I was ready. Then he fucked me, alternating between furious humping and slow, gently massages of my anal canal. I was completely nailed by the carpenter.

While Axel was fucked, Aladdin knelt behind lubed Axel’s ass. One finger, than two; he groaned when a third finger was added. Groans and howls resounded across the bay when Aladdin nailed the carpenter.

We lay still for a few minutes to give Axel time to adjust to the volume of Aladdin’s cock. When he was ready, we started our three-way fuck: Axel fucked me, while Aladdin fucked Axel. We got a rhythm going, with Aladdin taking the lead. It was harmony in motion.

Aladdin said that Axel’s was the tightest ass he had ever fucked. Tight in the sense of *snug*, not tight-ass. In fact, Axel was generous. Aladdin seeded Axel and Axel seeded me. Then I got out from under them. Axel lay on his back and made a V with his legs. I accepted the invitation, and added my seed to Aladdin’s.

I assumed that Axel was a natural-born bottom, but later events proved me wrong about that. Axel was a top who played bottom in our threesome, just to be a good sport.