

Welcome to Paradise

Disclaimer: This is a work of gay fiction. It will, eventually, contain scenes describing sex between adult males. If that offends you, if you are underage, or if it is illegal to possess such material where you are, then stop now!

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A place where people come to play in the sun and folic in our warm aqua waters. Palm lined avenues tracing an endless strip along dazzling white beaches, dotted with condos, hotels, and a never ending supply of cold liquor and hot young studs. Just down from the marina, is an old Spanish styled mission converted into an Inn with an Austrian themed restaurant and bar. Go figure, who was thinking beer gardens in a mission? Just so happens that's where I work and where I met Dave the first time. See I'm a bartender at the restaurant. Oh yea, as part of the ambiance my uniform is a suede pair of lederhosen - the funny short pants worn by German folks in the old country; at least they didn't make me wear the strange hat. Actually the lederhosen is rather comfortable - after you wear them in they fit every curve of your body. Mine showcased my slender 31 inch waist, straps over my broad 44 inch chest, and showed a perfect outline of my 7 inch uncut meat and low hanging balls. More than a few heads would follow my 6 foot 1 inch frame and turn to inhale the site of my round ass and strong thighs as I head back to tap a new keg. Tell you the truth I enjoy putting on a show.

One night about a week before classes I noticed Dave with his mom and dad. He was a nervous freshman still trying to get away from the nest, and begin life at the university. Actually the mom, dad, and student thing happens about this time every year. Guess it's the last dinner together before mommy and daddy return home. He actually came to the bar to ask if we stocked Hefeweizen.

"Not many calls for wheat beer - I'm impressed dude" . Checking out my smooth toned chest, with dark brown nipples just barely covered by leather straps; he sat on a nearby stool. Dave grabbed my attention. At about 5'8" tall, short light brown hair, and heavy eyebrows setting off the warmest brown eyes; you could feel the heat radiating from him.

"Na, it's for my dad. His little treat when we're out someplace special." His voice was clear and strong like he'd spent many hours horsing around with the guys. There's an accent, a little country and kinda western.

"The name's Will, how 'bout something for you? "

"Thanks, but I've got one - can't do anything stronger than water while the folks are hangin' out." He flashed a bright grin, picked up the beer, and headed back to a table on the arcade overlooking the water. There's something about Dave, he's cute as hell, but doesn't push it in everyone's face. The back of him just as impressive as the front - what! I don't look at guys that way. Must be getting horny.

Time to Close

"\$391 dollars - not half bad for a Thursday night - hey Amy what was your take tonight?" Amy's a year younger than me and just graduated high school last year, and has been hangin' down here waiting for Fall semester to begin someplace up north. She's also my sometimes fuck, and not bad at all. I'm going to be hangin' out with my right hand bud until I find something else.

"Hell Will, only \$260 here, and I've got to share 10% with Billy (bus boy), and another 10% for the bar - guess you beat out again."

"It's not my fault the older guys stop off for a drink on the way home. Hey they're better tipppers."

"That's not what they're after - they're here to lust after your bod. You're kinda a visual whore you know". She had a point. I had regulars come by just on my nights (Thursday thru Saturday). They were mostly guys in their 30's, some pretty hot looking, with wives and kids at home. Pretty odd they'd want to spend an hour or so chatting up a 19 year old college guy. They'd hang on at the bar, drink maybe two drinks, then drop a \$10 tip. Hey I'm not complaining. Like I said before, I like showing off.

"You wanta come over to my place tonight"?

"You know I can't, my dad waits up like some old security guard. He says he can't sleep while his youngest is out".

"Then how about tomorrow before work? The sea breeze is starting to setup really good around 3. We can chill on deck, and then make some waves down below."

"I'll text you after I wake up."

"Ok Babe, tomorrow". I turned away from the parking lot towards the waterfront, and started the short walk to the marina - home. My first year at school I lived with my folks - they're only about 2 miles away. My father insisted that while he paid my tuition he wanted to watch his investment. After a respectable first year, he relented and allowed me to live aboard Atria, a 38 foot ketch. My dad bought her when I was in junior high and we sailed her down from the Chesapeake. At first we were on the water every weekend and at least 3 weeks every summer. Now it's every now and then, and sometimes a week in the summer. So when I suggested that I live aboard to keep an eye on things it seemed like a good deal for both of us. I've still got my room back home, so I crash there as well.

"Texas!" I said out loud to myself. Dave's from out there - that's the accent I picked up on. Now why am I still thinking about him? It's getting late, and I had practice tomorrow morning - better hit the showers. Now we have both salt and fresh water showers aboard Atria, but most nights I'd just stop off at the marina's clubhouse change, shower, and pull on a pair of boxers and walk down to the finger piers. Hot water was raining down caressing the day off my shoulders, cascading down my smooth toned pecs. I was soaping up my cock and balls, running my hands over my stiff rod, pulling the skin down over the pink head - washing really well and enjoying a little stimulation. I always squat deeply under the running water and slip a soapy finger into the tight lips of my ass. Sometimes I shoot a load with a wet soapy finger deep in my ass. My eyes closed as I pumped and stroked my cock. Amy was there sucking down my cock, then Dave. Dave all wet still wearing board shorts and a pullover with my cock sliding down his throat. Shit what's this! Ah man does feel really hot. I

reached out and grabbed handfuls of short brown hair. I could feel my heart racing, my balls pulling up, the head of my cock going purple and flared. The first shot hit my forehead, the second and third my lips and open mouth. I've always enjoyed the taste of my own cum. Wow, what a release! Below the water line in the aft cabin I slept soundly as tiny waves rocked me asleep. The alarm sounded, then the other three alarms rang out in various parts below. One in the aft cabin, the galley, and another in the head. A little trick I learned back in high school, I can't stand to hear alarms going off, and if I have to get out of bed and turn several off - then I'm up for good. Plus, having the last alarm in the head is a great excuse to unload the morning hardwood.

The Rowing Team

First rays of light were just peaking over the mainland casting orange and pink shades against morning clouds over the water. It was quite and very still. I pulled on a pair of cargo shorts over my bathing suit, a polo, and pair of leather American Eagle flip flops and headed down the pier. I settled down in my hand me down white 1990 Baines Saab 900 (just 2 years younger than me). No need for a blow dryer with the top down. I drove just a few minutes to campus, and parked next to the boathouse. This morning we would be working on building SPM. We already had our shells out by the water, awaiting instructions. Some colleges it's all about football or baseball; here rowing is king. Eight members per shell, precision in motion as the thin long shells slide through the water. I've never been closer to any group of guys - each of us young, lean, and full of lustful power. On the water we're of one mind. After about an hour and a half on the intercostals coach critiqued our technique before sending us to the weight room for some resistance training.

"Fuck dude - great workout!", shouted Matt, a 20 year old Sophomore about 5'10", 140 pounds of pure fluid muscle, "Let's hit the showers and get some food". "Yea, sounds good". Matt and I have been on the same crew since I started my freshman year. He's from the Northeast and was on a crew in high school, so he's one of our best. We joined another 6 guys in various stages of showering and dress. We hung our suits on medal pegs in the locker room, and headed for the shower trees. Umm, hot soapy water. After years of high school and now college we're all used to showering out in the open with other hot young guys. This morning was a gallery of man flesh. Some tall, others short, but all strong and lean with beautiful cocks. Now I don't make it a rule to look, but man Matt has a monster dick for such a thin body. It arcs from a gentle curve at the base, down a dark tan shaft, to a big flared head; a good 8 inches I'd guess. Maybe one day I'll reach out and measure it - but hey, we're a couple of frats on the search for pussy not dick. I have to admit when I showering with Matt I feel flushed and start to get a semi-erection. He just laughs at me, saying since I'm the only uncut guy on the crew that I just over sensitive. This usually starts a bout of play with him ending ass up on the glossy white tiles with me riding his back like a pony.

Showered and smelling of soap we grabbed a table at the cafeteria for a quick breakfast. "Gotta work?"

"Yea, need to be there by 11 or my old man gets fussy". Matt wasn't talking about his father, but about his father's older brother who has a law firm in town. Matt is their sometimes runner - you know the sexy guys on bikes delivering papers around town. Yes, we actually have a small town center, we're not all just sand and tropical drinks.

"I need to get back too I guess. Amy said she'd text me and might be able to come over. Sure could use more action than my right hand"!

"See ya tomorrow"

"Later"

I was crossing campus getting ready to head home when I saw a hunky looking lost dude. "Hey, know where the book store is"?

"Yea, you've passed it already. Head back up towards Bayshore it's right near student affairs".

"Great. I used to just one big building, not a bunch of building spread out all over the place. I seen you before. You're the guy at"

"Yea, the restaurant last night - weizen beer for Dad and a water for you, right?"

"Good memory dude. So you come here too?"

"Yea, I'm a sophomore this year. You've got to be a freshman."

"Besides being lost how do you know"?

"Dude, it's freshman orientation week. No one else would be hangin' out looking for the bookstore".

"True, my name's Dave - good to see you again".

"Thanks Dave, I'm Will. My car is just over there, jump in and I'll give you a lift."

"Wow man, that's an odd looking car, what is it"?

"It's a 1990 Saab, mom forced dad to give it up. She said it reminded her of an upside down bathtub and she was sick of riding in it. I think he only gave it to me to keep it in the family."

"Well it's a smooth looking ride, looks neat with the top down. What brings you to campus a week before classes?"

"I'm on the rowing team - morning workouts."

"Cool, where I'm from the only boats in the water are either fishing boats or super tankers." Doesn't matter anyway, we lived about 2 hours from the nearest beach - if you want to call our brown, muddy shit a beach."

"I knew you had to be from Texas. You've got that accent".

"Yea, a small hole in the wall about an hour east of San Antonio, north of I-10. Oil wells, cows, and good ole boys."

"No cow paddies down here, why so far from home"?

"That's the answer, the further the better. Tired of the small town stuff, high school was a living hell."

"Sorry man, it's a new start here then. Well, if you need to see the sights text me. I don't work until 4 PM today and tomorrow, and I'm off until Thursday. Maybe come by the marina for a brew. See you around."

"Thanks for the lift." He got out and headed across the grass towards the bookstore. Guess the sun must be playing tricks with my eyes. Could have sworn I saw his board shorts tenting in the front. Man I'm horny, I'm haft hard myself. He looks even better in real life than in my little jack off fantasy. Welcome Aboard

As I pulled out my spent gym clothes - I felt my phone pulse. Finally, Amy's texting. Looking down it was a short message "Thanks - Dave". Nice guy I thought. After opening the hatches to catch the afternoon breeze, I settled down in a hammock that I strung between the mainsail and mizzen on the coach roof with just enough awning to offer shade from the sun. Nothing better than a nice nap before Amy comes over.

Guess I must have dosed off for a minute. I awoke with a pulse from my cell phone. Good she's texting me. Looking down at the screen the message read, "Busy? Dave". I texted back, "Not really, just hangin' (which I actually was). Want to come over?" This time the phone rang, Dave's familiar Texas voice was on the line.

"Hey, sorry I don't want to be a pest. I really haven't met anyone here yet and I've got some free time if you want to hang out".

"Sure, Amy hasn't texted yet, and I've still got a couple of hours before work. Sure come on over, I'll meet you at the harbor masters and walk you in".

"So, you really do live on a boat, cool man! I was exploring the waterfront and I'm right near the marina".

"'K I'll be right out". I slide into flip flops, thought about going down below for a clean shirt, but what the hell, no need.

"This is her, Atria. She's my dad's pride - name means Chambers of the Heart

"Atria". Welcome aboard!"

"Nice boat, take her out often"?

"We use to, but now only a few times a year. Hey you want water this time, or can you handle a beer?"

"Fuck you dude - just get me a beer".

When I returned topside, I quickly noticed he had removed his shirt and shoes. Just shorts like me. Guess ole Tex is trying to fit in. It sure did improve the view! This guy has spent a few hours in the weight room; tight body with a defined midsection. Clearly he had some muscle under that flawless coating of skin. Unlike me he wasn't smooth, but had just a tiny amount of light brown hair on his impressive chest with a little wisp of hair leading down his abs into his shorts. Likewise both firm legs had a dusting of light brown hair, almost invisible.

"Dude you ok"?

"Yea, must have just zoned out for a second".

"I was beginning to think I was being x-rayed there".

"Sorry dude, guess I was checking you out. I'm not gay or anything, but for some reason I seem to be studying you. Weird uh?"

"It's all cool no harm. Maybe there's a little curve in your "Straight" self".

"Naw, just horny. My girlfriend was supposed to come by this afternoon. Thought we might make a few waves. The closer it gets to her going away to school, the stranger she becomes. We only have a week left. I think she's looking to break-up before she leaves. Long distance romance doesn't seem to work anyway. Guess I'll be taking care of my own business for awhile. Hey want another brew?"

"Yea, this one went down fast".

"Right back". I noticed some motion, but didn't think anything about it. When I got to the top of the ladder, there's Dave dressed down to just a loose pair of blue boxers. "Just how comfortable are you going to get?"

"I get a little hot when I drink. Thought I'd cool down a little".

"Hey let's sit up in the hammock - there's shade". We moved to the hammock. Never really thought about sitting up there with anyone, but it was cooler, only issue it forced the two of us really close together - legs touching. Wow this guy really does radiate heat! My whole body conducted his heat, and although I was still nursing my first beer, I felt a little light headed.

"Not much action around here. Looks like you've got the place to yourself".

"Later tonight we'll get some folks in, and Saturday and Sunday it's super busy. Right now it's just the two of us on this dock". I could feel my cock starting to waken with the warmth of his skin. Man, I shouldn't do this, but it feels so good. I noticed that Dave's boxers were starting to tent. A gentle swell rocked the boat and he planted a hand on my upper left thigh to settle himself. No sea legs I guess. When he didn't move his hand I thought I was going to cream in my shorts - I was really getting hard now. Looking over into his lap I could see that the tip of his cock was showing at the opening in the front of his boxers. I didn't even try to hide that I was looking. His hand started to move over my skin as it traveled up my thigh. I don't recall how, but my hand was on his leg as well following his lead. I looked up directly into his warm brown eyes as his hand moved over my crotch. I heard a moan - it was me! "Want to see what she looks like below?"

"Sure sounds like fun".

My heart was racing, my whole body flushed, and I was surprised my legs didn't wobble when I got up. When he got up, I noticed his entire dick was pointing out of his boxers. Lucky it's a weekday. Climbing down the ladder I could see and smell his round sweet ass just above me. Since we rarely eat below deck the galley table was already made down as a bed. Right in the landing he turned and wrapped his arms around me. We fell into each other. Oh, the smell of soap and

man musk filled my nostrils - I felt intoxicated. I lowered by chin and found his open mouth at mine. Both our tongues struggling to gain entrance. Back and forth we explored each other with our lips and tongues, our bodies with our hands. I pulled him down on the bed on top of me. We both ground into one another. Raw hot action. He broke our embrace and traveled the length of my neck with kisses before dropping to my nipples. He circled and sucked on each one - wow no girl had ever gone there - I was on fire. A little nibble sent waves of electricity throughout my entire body. I was really getting into this!

"Here let's get you out of those shorts." In one fluid motion he had my shorts off. "Ah, free balling I see".

Before I could answer he was back on top of me kissing me deeply and grinding his now naked body into my cock. I felt like I was going to spew all over both of us. "Hey Dave, if you don't stop that I'm goin' cum".

"That's the idea". With that he stroked his hot wet tongue down my torso stopping at my shaved mound, licking and kissing at the base of my cock. Slowing down the action he started licking my shaft like a lollypop. This had my pre-cum flowing. Man this feels good. Pulling back the rest of my foreskin he licked the pre-cum and kissed the head of my dick. My cock slowly entered his hot wet mouth. Then he really started sucking hard while moving up and down on my cock. I'm not going to be able to take much more of this. Just then my whole 7 inches entered his mouth and he contracted hard in a milking motion. My mind shorted out, I was lost in bliss. With a mouth full of cock he managed to swing around placing his very hard and leaking dick right in my face. Completely on auto drive now I reached over and took him into my mouth. Smooth, yet hard, very warm. I starting sucking like a little baby taking as much of his cock as I could fit into my mouth. He lifted off my cock and started playing with my foreskin with his hands and moved on to tonguing my balls. He moved off the bed and on his knees. He lifted my feet and put them on his shoulders. Then began to tongue and kiss the area behind my balls and even my crack. Wooooooo I nearly shot out of bed as he found my round pink little hole. He worked his whole tongue into my ass as I wiggled it further into his hot face. The next thing I felt was a slick finger sliding deep inside of me causing my entire body to shake. With the finger sliding in and out he returned his mouth to my cock and swallowed it in one pass. I felt like I was going to pass out. I heard someone yelling - again, it was me. I felt my cock head enlarge, my balls pull up tight as I began shooting loads of hot creamy cum in his mouth. I felt like I was going to drown him, but he kept swallowing. Soon my cock stopped creaming and I laid back feeling the world spinning beneath me. Pulling off my cock he flashed the same smile as last night and kissed me deeply again. Sitting on my chest he started to pump his own leaky meat. Faster and faster until I saw his eyes glaze over and I got my first taste of another man's cum.

"Wow dude, that was fucking great! I've got to have some more of that."

"Got practice Saturday"?

"Nope, free until 4 pm."

"Sounds like a date". Hey dude you're going to be late for work. Better get cleaned up and back in those funny, but sexy shorts".

"Deal"!

