

MANVILLE THE ALL-GAY TOWN

By

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Let me tell you about how we fuck and how we get the most out of life in the round house of Manville, Manville, Wisconsin that is. It is a former motel, cheaply built, and therefore affordable to purchase by us, fourteen men, who decided to live together the way we wished. It was not my idea, I am ashamed to admit, but then once we bought it, I made the most of it.

Just the other night, I arrived home --- notice, I call it home --- late, it was past midnight. I parked my car outside my room, as was possible in a former motel, I went to the refrigerator, had a beer and quickly undressed. In the inner wall of my room was the door leading to the central atrium, the former motel-lobby. Rule of the house: you had to be naked in this atrium, and you could not claim privacy there. If you wanted privacy, you stayed in your room with the buddy or buddies of your choice.

In the atrium, diametrically across from my door, I could make out even in the dim night-light a standing man and another kneeling in front of him. I walked up to them and saw that they were the two youngest members of what we all got to calling our family. Eighteen-year-old Jack, a blond god with powerful muscles under his smooth tan skin was the standing one, and kneeling in front of him was Lenny, the nineteen year-old androgynous youth, with smooth marble-white skin and long flowing hair. He was sucking deeply on Jack's hard-on and holding on to Jack with his left arm, while using his middle finger to tickle every now and then, much to Jack's delight, the standing stud's ass. Jack's right arm was crossing his own chest and he was playing, quite roughly with his hard left nipple, while his left hand he kept on the kneeling boy's head to regulate the rhythm and pressure of his blow job, which by now was clearly of the deep throat kind.

As I approached this youthful couple, Jack looked intently at me and invited me with a lascivious smile to join the action. I walked up to them, moved Jack's hand and started licking and gently biting his just available nipple. Jack lowered his now free hand, rested it on my hard cock, gave it a delicious squeeze and then proceeded to slowly jerk it. Jack now brought up his left hand as well, wrapped it around my neck and pulled my mouth on top of his. We started kissing, a veritable duel of the tongues. Guessing what must be going on up there, Lenny let go of what he had been doing, rose and joined us in the tongue play. This left three unattended dicks bouncing against each other and begging for attention. As if on cue, we each lowered our right arms and in no time at all the three cocks were in good hands. At first we jacked our own, then each of us moved to the cock of the one to his right and with the intensity with which we moved our tongues we expressed our pleasure at what was being done down there. We started moaning ever louder, indicating how close we were. I picked up speed in my hand-motion, and this was followed by identical accelerations by the other two. We all moaned very loud, and seconds later three high-pressure sprays of hot white liquid were irrigating our crotches. We still rubbed a little and then with a moan of deep satisfaction started pulling apart. No words were exchanged, our tongues and dicks had said everything that had to be said.

We all headed for our rooms. Before passing through my door, I looked back and noticed that my two buddies, instead of going to their rooms three doors apart, were both entering Jack's room where in privacy they were headed for more delight. They briefly stopped there, took a look in my direction and with a happy bout of laughter announced to me that for them the night was far from over.

You'd think that the round house of Manville is no more than an oasis for men who love having sex with each other, but that is not quite the case. Years ago, when real estate prices tanked, ownership of all of Manville changed hands, and today, as the name implies, this has become a town of men. All houses are male-inhabited, all stores are staffed by men, and public services are provided by males as well.

I drive to nearby Milwaukee, to the college where I teach, but I spend most of my time in my sparsely furnished quarters where I do my own writing. From my room at street level, a spiral staircase takes me up to the second floor, to the kitchen and the big marble-paved bathroom. The second floor takes me out to a circular corridor around the house, along which I can walk to the rooms of other men, my beloved brethren so to speak, or to the “grand staircase” down to our atrium.

Weekends are the great events at our house. Most of us will show up on Friday evenings in the atrium. We invite over some friends and by ten o’clock, or so, the all-naked crowd often grows to forty, or even more men. Sometimes we break up in small groups of men having sex oblivious to others around them. Some prefer to watch and climax on their own. One thing is always the case, minutes after they enter the atrium, all men are hard. Hands reach out for others’ nipples or cocks, and everything is as unconstrained and friendly as can be.

Every now and then, the whole large group is involved in one marvelous form of collective action, mostly what hereabouts we call *bukkake*, not that any of us speak Japanese. Two guys, almost always twenty-one year-old blond Brad, and Steve, a dark-skinned latino with a rich stubble, place themselves in the center. Brad sits down in the Turkish manner, with his legs crossed and from behind Steve supports him from falling backwards and provides his shoulders for Brad to lean his head on. The rest of us step behind the two guys, and start playing with ourselves and each other. Then, one by one we step forward and shoot a load at Brad’s face or chest, making sure to let him lick the still hard cocks clean. After the first ten loads, or so, Brad is covered with what we all call the Manville lube. Steve uses his right hand to spread this cream all over Brad’s chest and below and then takes firm hold of the blond boy’s by then extremely hard cock well-lubed with his brethren’s semen, and keeps jacking it. During the next few loads being discharged on Brad, Steve leans forward and licks the semen off the boy’s smooth face. He also makes pushing gestures, as if his own hard organ were able to slip in the blond boy’s tight asshole. Men now start coming on Brad’s rich hair, some even on Steve’s face. Steve picks up the pace with which he jacks the boy and by the time the last few members of the group reach their orgasm, Brad sprays a powerful jet of semen at his own eyes.

Helped by Steven, Brad now stands up. Though we are all satisfied, we now all try to rub against Brad, to cover ourselves in as much as possible of the gooey stuff. We roll on the floor, suck each other to taste the ejaculate and this is the moment at which a few of the men start hosing the rest of us down with their golden showers. By this time some of the youngest amongst us are ready for a second round, and thus things evolve until the slower but not less delicious sixth round in the wee hours.

Moving counterclockwise from my unit along the round house of Manville's outer wall, one first encounters a unit which is empty right now, it has been so for months, since its resident, an enterprising fellow left Manville for Tahiti. Moving on, one more unit, you get to the home of Ted, a young man in his mid-twenties, who works in the Manville general store. As almost nearest neighbors, Ted and I get to chat every now and then, to borrow some staples, yes, to gossip, and this way we became friends, friends mind you, not lovers. Even at communal events we would stay apart, as far as that was possible. Not that we wouldn't notice each other, we would pursue what ever fancied us at the moment, and yet keep an eye open for the other's doings. Our eyes would meet every now and then and we both would punctuate this meeting of the eyes with a smile. In our chats these smiles were never mentioned, but we would talk of something we both noticed about some third party, something we could only have noticed if we moved our heads in a way that allowed our eyes to meet. As soon as this little detail was clearly established, we would both smile again and recognize the fleeting smiles of the night before. We would recognize them beyond any doubt, but we would never explicitly refer to them. It was at this understated yet deep level that our friendship kept growing.

One evening, it was a long sunlit day in May, we were having Margaritas in my kitchen, Ted turned to me, as to a confessor,

“To-day a man from Racine came to the store. His car was overheating and he needed some coolant. While stating what he wanted, he was firing looks of intense desire at me. He must have been in his early thirties, like you. He was well-built, had large beautiful and expressive deep-brown eyes and a curly goatee.

I had some coolant in the storage room in the back and wanted to go and fetch it. He told me, he might need four gallons and therefore it would be best if he came with me, so he could help carry the stuff. According to store rules, we are not to take anybody in the back, yet I yielded to temptation and took him along. We got to the shelves where we keep the coolant, the brake fluid and the car oils.”

“O.K. I see what’s coming,” I interjected.

“Yes, we did it, it was as perfect as it ever gets. I invited him to come visit me here, but he said there was no way he could come before next Tuesday. Then he paid for the coolant, we took it out, and there in his Jeep was sitting a woman. The first thing I noticed was her wedding ring, which exactly matched his. He looked at me, to see whether I understood the situation, and with a sudden involuntary frown I let him know that I did understand it only too well. We poured the coolant in its container, stored the rest in the trunk, and he drove away. I heard his wife ask him whether he had tipped me, and his answer that he had given me a most generous tip. At this euphemism we exchanged a conspiratorial look. It became clear to me that he *would* come here on Tuesday. Do you think I should not have gotten involved with a married man?”

“There is a danger in such affairs. Married men are possessive. They have to be, or else they could never know for sure who fathered their children. On the other hand, the beauty of our community here is the total liberty, we all know what we want, and we all want the same thing. If seeing this cute eighteen-year-old gives me a hard-on, then I cannot begrudge you for getting on your knees and sucking him off. Nor can you begrudge me if I join the two of you and suddenly we have a threesome.” Ted laughed out loudly at this, to his mind, well-reasoned arithmetic.

“You know, we never once had sex, you and I. Would you like to give it a try?”

“I would very much indeed like to give it a try, but I won’t. You and I are friends, becoming lovers might spoil our friendship.”

“That’s crap and you know it. Why would it spoil our friendship? Tell me why? We would feel like brothers, like we feel with all the others.”

“All the others? What about Mr. Perfect Married Man? Yes, Mr. Quickie Coolant!”

“He is fun, I agree, but so is our *bukkake*.”

“Yes, but does *he* know that? At the *bukkake*, after having it off a few times with our ‘brethren’ would he then be looking for you and when seeing you mounted by two of them, would he there and then stage a scene of necessarily naked jealousy? One on one is a form of love, but then so is twenty on twenty, and believe me, much as they serve the same purpose, they are not the same thing. Loving our brethren you experience something very much like loving Mr. Perfect Married Man, but there can be no doubt, these two experiences are not the same thing. By living here, both you and I have decided for brotherly love, for our own sexual Philadelphia. It is therefore best if we avoid anything that smells like Mr. Perfect Married Man.”

“Are you saying I should not see him again?”

“Not really, maybe he would have no trouble going brotherly. What I am saying is, that we two, you and I, should not push things to where there is a lurking danger that we may fall in love.” At this moment Ted jumped up and kissed me, he rubbed against my body and I could feel it, he was hard. So was I for that matter, and he rubbed our hard organs together and moaned. To calm him, I interjected,

“In any case you had it ‘as perfect as it ever gets’ with the coolant man, so it’s not as if I deprived you of anything”

“You are jealous, isn’t that it? Yes you are jealous! To be honest, I feel flattered.”

“You know Ted, maybe it would be best if we both went down to the atrium, maybe we catch some action and calm down.” Ted gave my hard organ a squeeze with his right hand, he moaned very loudly and the two of us proceeded to the communal space. It was still too early and only one man was standing, waiting in the atrium. I had seen him before, a slightly overweight, yet muscular man with large blue eyes and a dense crew cut. I walked up to him followed by Ted, and soon a scene was in the works, with the blue-eyed fellow sitting on the floor and handling our hard dicks, while Ted and I were kissing deeply with eyes shut. We came together all three of us, but even after the tension was finally relieved, Ted persisted in kissing me, and to be truthful, I loved it. Blue Eyes could not grasp what was going on, but fortunately just then two other brethren joined us and this way Ted and I could take our leave without disappointing Blue Eyes. As we left, he followed us with his gaze, but after a few seconds his interest concentrated on the new matter at hand. He, like all of us, was making love not to one or two brethren, but to all of us represented through whoever were his partners at that very moment. We all belonged together. Men in love think continually of each other. We were also likewise preoccupied, but instead of thinking of one man, we thought of many, a few at a time, but

interchangeably so. It was as if all of us were limbs of a marvelous masculine creature, pleasing itself, by having its limbs please each other. Add a small dose of possessiveness to all this and what you get is mayhem. That is why I want each of us to stay away from married men, or at least those of them who are in search of one man to love.

As Ted had predicted, Mr. Perfect Married Man did show up on Tuesday afternoon. He headed directly for Ted's unit and they stayed there for a couple of hours. I was at home and, of course just by "accident," noticed this man's arrival and the closed door to Ted's unit. You could hear the moaning in that unit even without putting your ear to its front door. In the evening, Ted and his guest came over to visit me. The man's name was Craig Chartwell, which made me wonder whether at some time in his youth he had sojourned in Hollywood and had some talent agent give him this eight-inches-plus moniker. If so, I wondered, just what kind of movies did Craig star in. Could it be that...? No, let's not speculate. Craig was sexy indeed, but he did not take to me any more than I did to him. Through his pores, his stubble and his powerful name, this man radiated demand for sexual obedience, hardly my thing. I could see however, how this must have attracted Ted, who may have moaned so loudly under the pains of deep penetration, his moans then softening as the pain transmuted into pleasure.

We had a rather formal chat. Craig was a building equipment salesman, and he was away from home ostensibly to close a lucrative deal in Minnesota. The very distance he had to drive, justified his overnight stay. In the evening he was even going to call his spouse on his cell phone without the woman wearing the same type of wedding ring as Craig, being able to detect his true position, not even a hundred miles from home.

Our conversation stayed at the boring level of small talk till the sun started to set. I then suggested we all go down in the atrium. This, to Craig's surprise entailed stripping till nude, as required by the house rules. He argued that he'd rather wear his boxers, but rules are rules. A fine rain had arrived on the tails of evening's darkness, and the atrium was fuller than it would otherwise have been on a Tuesday.

That was to my liking, because down there a number of brethren took well to Mr. Perfect Married Man's washboard abs and to his inching endowment.

Before you knew it, two brethren were attempting to bring this endowment to hard life. This offered Ted the excuse to move aside and kneel down in front of my crotch. Involved as I was in enjoying the spectacle of breaking in Mr. Perfect Married Man into our group's practices, I had failed to pay any attention to securing a respectable distance between Ted and me. By the time I started panting in true ecstasy, it was too late and Ted put up a valiant, if vain, attempt at swallowing all of my ecstasy's liquid end-product. Though moaning, as seems to have been his habit, Mr. Perfect Married Man noticed some of that gooey grey liquid drooling out of Ted's mouth, and one could see the fierce outrage forming in his dark brown eyes. With one jerky gesture, he tore himself away from his two admirers, headed directly for me, and I could see that there was no way I could avoid a punch in the nose from the building equipment salesman. Fortunately, Ted noticed this in time, and placed himself between me and my attacker. Craig came to a full stop a second before the ripe blow was to have landed on my nasal cartilage.

"You slut!" was the subtle way in which Craig reprimanded the General Store clerk. Then he addressed me, "You fucking asshole, you! You wanted us to come down here so you can face-fuck this slut. Have you ever given a thought to the undeniable fact that he is *my* slut, and you have no right to fuck him?" With this eloquent speech delivered so loudly as to attract general attention, Craig started marching to the grand staircase to embark on a Joan Crawford-like exit. General laughter erupted in the atrium. This made Craig become aware again of his own nudity, and led to a final attack of fury on his part, "You little slut, you, you better come and give me my clothes, I want to leave!" Trouble was, his clothes were in my unit. Ted asked me to stay out of this, "Just stay here and relax after I sucked you off, while I get rid of him." He gave me one of those smiles of yore, and with great satisfaction added, "That was perfect too. I loved it." That was the moment when the greatest love of my life took off.

In a short while, Ted sent the now less than perfect married man on his way home, with the clear request never again to show his face at the round house of Manville.

He returned to the atrium, where I was sitting on the sidelines, quenching my thirst with a lemonade.

“Let’s go to my room” Ted said. I nodded and followed him. Once the door was shut, he moved his right index finger, and his properly contorted mouth in a coordinated manner. Though hard to describe, these movements clearly conveyed the command to turn off all resistance I may still have to what may be our nascent love, and to let things evolve on their own. Like in a dream, in which some hazy, ill-defined and hard-to-remember object directs all that is about to happen, I followed Ted’s command and fell into his arms. We were already naked and what followed was the most superb lovemaking of my entire life. When we were done, we remained cuddled up in Ted’s double bed and observed total silence. This silence was more eloquent than any long peroration might have been. In that silence I understood that my resistance to loving Ted was fueled more by fear than by reason. Fear of what? Fear that love of one man was incompatible with the way of life both Ted and I have chosen. Would this then lead to our leaving the round house of Manville, and of setting up a small home for just the two of us? Would such an arrangement endure? What I experienced as sublime now, could I after one or more years come to think of as routine, and then take action, in other words return chastened to the community I had left? Even if I would not, would the much younger Ted? He must have been thinking along similar lines, for suddenly he broke the silence, not with a question, but with an answer,

“This does not change anything in the way we fit in with our brethren here. If you want to go down and play around, you should feel free to do so, and so should I. Should we both be down at the same time, we may end up in the same threesome or foursome , or who knows what. Then we may smile at each other as we have smiled so often in the past, and thus acknowledge that we both approve of what we are doing. Our primary relation is with the brethren, but maybe at a deeper level, we have something that only you and I know of, but as you made me understand, we do not possess each other, we just love to be with each other, and would do anything possible to help and please each other.” At this Ted turned his face so our eyes met, he winked and kissed me. It was maybe the most meaningful kiss either of us had ever given or received.

The next two weeks we lived entirely for each other. We spent evenings and nights together, we learned how to give pleasure. It is the beauty of sex that one can satisfy one's egoism only by being altruistic. You give pleasure, because you only get the highest pleasure yourself if you feel that you have also succeeded in giving pleasure to your partner. So wrapped up in each other were we during these two unforgettable weeks, that our absence from communal events failed to go unnoticed and we started being teased, always in a friendly tone, by our brethren.

In the end we had to yield and join the goings on in the atrium one evening. As soon as we showed up, the others, as if by prearrangement, included Ted and me in two different group actions. It was weird at first, we were both aroused by the orgiastic fervor around us, and yet we still managed to exchange glances and smiles. We longed for each other, and yet we were able to harness this longing towards deriving the most pleasure from the groups in which we played. When it all was over, we headed for Ted's room, lay down next to each other, and engaged in a kind of foreplay to what we knew would *not* be a bout of sex, we have had enough of that in the atrium. It was more a kind of making sure that we could still get hard for each other and appreciate what the other had to offer. If you think of it, we were trying to ascertain that the obvious had not lost its obviousness. Ted slid down and started sucking me, but I pulled out before coming and we both went to sleep.

Ted woke first in the morning, opened the blinds and shook me awake. He planted a big kiss on my lips and almost shouted, "It worked! I still love you, and I still love them too!" I pulled him close, had him sit astride me, rolled a condom on my hard-on and with all the vigor of a spring morning was jacking Ted off while I entered him and made him scream with what started off as intense pain and fast became supreme pleasure. We came practically in tandem, and we both knew we had achieved something out of the ordinary.

I left early to teach my course in Milwaukee, I was full of energy and vim. To a class of seven Midwestern yokels and four androgynous Asians, I was teaching the beauties of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." That day I made a long digression about the author's fixation on Count Vronski's thighs and teeth. Could it be that in his youth, Tolstoy may have had some experiences with men? Two of the yokels and two of the Asians responded enthusiastically to this speculation. After class, one of them, with visibly pierced lower lip and eyebrows, came to me and practically propositioned me, but I pretended not to understand him. Doing it with a student is dangerous in our litigious society, unless you wear the cassock of a priest, and even then may occasionally land you in trouble. Next year when he would no longer be taking a class from me, I would gladly give this handsome young man an

introduction to the ecstasy awaiting two men whose organs have grown hard together.

Driving back to Manville, I found myself pondering the purpose and worth of my entire existence. Yes, I was teaching to some mostly mediocre students the marvels of world literature, one way of making a living, but professionally, what defined me was definitely not what I taught, but what I wrote. I had published three novels, only the last of which, "Men in Love" had received critical acclaim and sold more than ten thousand copies. Be that as it may, I was proud of my writing and I held out hope that at least a bit of what I had to say and how I managed to say it would have at least some lasting power.

Beyond my literary pursuits, all that mattered to me was my emotional life, the ultimate source of much of my writing. But this emotional life was as far out of the ordinary as has ever been recorded in art or science. After all, isn't a well-lived life supposed to focus on a relation with one dominant other person, preferably of the opposite sex, in which deep insights into this person's feelings and ideas result in an attraction that increases in strength as time flows on, and leads among other things, to a rich sex life? Isn't that a brief summary of the hooey those relationship gurus, the psychologists, keep trying to force on us, in between their ever-changing judgments of what is good and therefore deserving approval, and what is perverse, and therefore has to be avoided at all cost?

Emotionally my dominant relation has long been a relation with not one, or two, or three women, but with more than a dozen men. I have a deep understanding of what these men feel, of what they want, and I am ready to make major sacrifices to support them in their needs. All this does result in an ever stronger sexual attraction between us. But, here again, it isn't the satisfied soul that gets me hard, but the view of a hard dick that needs an attention I fully understand, and want in turn. Unlike the monogamous ideal advertised by the experts, given the large number of participants, there is practically no chance of boredom setting in. Every now and then, like now with Ted, I do get closer to one or another of my brethren and for a while I go through all the trappings of romantic love. This could result in tragedy if I or the one I love returned to the cast of thousands venue, while the other is still wallowing in monogamy. But if, as in the round house of Manville, we all feel that our dominant relation is with the whole group, then there can be no more than a temporary falling out between any two of us. My relationship with Ted is beautiful, but the group is my home.

Just as I reached this insight, I arrived home, I parked my BMW in front of my door and with two Pilsner Urquells in my hands I headed to Ted's unit. I entered without knocking, and there on his bed Ted was lying on his back, his legs around the neck of a man fucking him and panting in the throes of a powerful climax. I was stunned. I didn't recognize the fellow right away, but when he pulled out and turned around it became clear to me that Mr. Perfect Married Man had returned.

I felt angry, betrayed, furious. I could have hit the intruder with a bottle of Pilsner Urquell on his head. Never mind all that philosophy I came up with during the Milwaukee-Manville drive, human nature will be human nature. Fortunately, I am not a violent man. I channeled all my anger into a one-word question I hurled at Ted,

“Why?”

With all the calm a good fuck can leave you with, the man I thought was my lover, answered,

“Because he fucks me only for his own pleasure, he doesn't care about me. I love that. You always aim to please me, and that cuts into my pleasure. Is that clear?”

At this Mr. Perfect Married Man was shaken by an intense bout of laughter, while Ted went on,

“He left his wife, and wants to join the Round House. I am sure he will, so think of him as a brother.”

I left the room and slammed the door. Back in my downstairs room, I went directly to my computer and started furiously typing out a story which was fully written in my mind.

The words were turbulently flowing onto the page from my agitated mind. I was infusing my writing with all the passion and fury that was troubling me. Only as the

story started settling in its rocky bed, did a trace of reason invade my feelings and I marked this invasion by a long yawn. Was I not hypocritical? After knowingly preaching about the perils of possessiveness, I was now falling as their obedient prey. So Ted likes it rough rather than smooth, and I like it the other way. Why should I deprive him of his pleasure by imposing my demands of mutual satisfaction. After all, wasn't Craig's egoistic dominance of the sexual act the most altruistic attitude conceivable? Craig was on his way to joining our brotherhood now. I'd better make my peace with him. Sexually he did not attract me in the least, and I get no pleasure from being used. Yet at some social level we could reach an entente, We were both tops, so if any bond were to be forged between the two of us, it better involve some men who see themselves as bottoms. Ted was not to be the one, for I, idiotically, have built a romantic attachment to him, and Craig had clear, and to his mind indisputable, claims of "ownership" to Ted's body. I had best wait for the next big group event and then join in a formation in which close collaboration between Craig and me was both in his interest and in mine. Till then, I had better avoid any direct contact with the ruffian, so as not to aggravate an already very tense situation. This insight calmed me down and I stopped writing. Suddenly I felt very sleepy and went to bed.

For days after my barging in on Ted and his authoritarian top, I avoided all contact with both lovers. Ted must have been living through another of his monogamous weeks, this time with the sadist building equipment salesman of his dreams. Then came Saturday, and as I expected, a free-for-all in the atrium. Many guests from as far away as Chicago, Milwaukee, and Green Bay helped create an animated anything-goes kind of atmosphere.

I went down to the atrium, but in the beginning I did not join the quite hot groups around me. I was searching for Craig. Almost a full hour passed before I saw nude Mr. now ex-Married Man joining the action.

He picked a foursome of young men, all guests, not one of them a local, engaged in what was your basic circle-jerk. I could see Craig's reasoning. In such a formation there was bound to be one obedient bottom he could have his way with. What

surprised me was the absence of Ted not only from this circle, but from this whole event. My instinct was to pay him a visit at his room and make sure he was alright. I approached the grand staircase, to go up to Ted. Just as I had climbed three steps, a very cute descending stranger winked at me, and for some reason I stopped and turned around.

The stranger walked into the main area and kept looking back to see whether I was following him. As fate would have it, he headed directly for Craig's circle and, in my pursuit then so did I. In a matter of seconds, this circle grew from five to seven participants. The stranger and I landed next to each other and he right away started playing with me. He did the one thing you are not supposed to do in such a configuration, he went down on me. This broke the circle and the original four circulars all started laughing. Craig, judging the stranger as a potential bottom came over and started pinching this young man's nipples. The handsome fellow clearly enjoyed this action, and shot a smile at me. It was very exciting. I suddenly felt the imminence of orgasm, I pulled out, started rubbing my hard-on at the stranger's face, and then shot a powerful load at his left cheek. He loved it, smeared the semen over his face and chest, turned a bit and swallowed Craig's dick, while rubbing himself with what could accurately be described as fury. I relieved Craig at the job of nipple-pinching. Suddenly Craig pulled out and in his familiar noisy way shot his semen at the young man's right cheek. Clearly, this man knew something about "turning the other cheek."

At the very moment of Craig's ecstasy, the stranger also experienced a loud and obviously very intense orgasm. The men around us all watched intently this explosive triad of climaxes. After we all observed a few seconds of rest, the stranger got up and pulled both Craig and me into a grateful kiss, and then he walked away. Craig and I were left standing, and, as if on cue, we both held out our sticky hands and shook them. Peace was at hand, as they say.

The natural thing would have been for me or for Craig to build on our new-found friendship. Yet, in the following days we had no contact whatsoever. Peace between tops is a delicate thing, and we both feared we may wreck it. Then the unexpected

happened. One evening Ted failed to come home after work. I looked everywhere for him, but there was no denying that he was missing. This led me directly to Craig's door. By then well accustomed to our way of life, Craig was teaching cute Lenny the pleasures of being possessed. I waited till they both climaxed and then turned laughing at me. Lenny invited me,

“Want a helping?”

Normally I would not have hesitated a moment even in Craig's room, but I was too worried to seek pleasure at this very moment. I just said,

“Ted is nowhere to be found. Do you guys have an idea where he could be?”

“No, I haven't seen him since last Saturday, I thought he was with you” Craig replied.

“I thought just the opposite,” I went on and then, somewhat embarrassed, Lenny entered the conversation,

“You fellows don't mind if I barge in?” He gave each of us a look, and then stunned us,

“Last Saturday the two of you were in that group with that cute stranger. A while after you guys were done with him, I ended up near his by then very hard dick, and he fucked me, wow! But I am getting away from what I wanted to tell you. While you two were with him, I noticed Ted at the top of the staircase staring down in your direction. He probably wanted to get one or both of you to his room, but he just kept staring, and after a few minutes he started rubbing his right eye to wipe something away. A short while later he repeated that gesture, but this time around I could clearly see that he was wiping away tears. He was crying and his cock was flaccid. I don't know whether he mentioned anything about this to either of you, but in any case, maybe this might be relevant to his disappearance.”

Hearing all this, I choked up and found myself crying. Craig, quite moved himself, came over to me and gave me a hug. We did not kiss, two tops, you know. With the astuteness of the married man of yore, Craig took over,

“Let's get dressed the two of us, and go to the store. He must be with his boss, that creep. He probably paid Ted. I'll knock the daylights out of him if he did.”

“Let’s keep our cool” I interjected, and once dressed, Craig and I went to his Jeep. We both knew where Ted’s boss lived. He was quite wealthy, and right next to his store, he could afford a large house in which he lived alone, and in which he sheltered young and often quite handsome newcomers with nowhere to spend the night. He was famous for the traffic in his house. The man himself was homely, a small baldish guy with a few hairs in an oily ponytail, bad teeth and yellowish shining skin, who could not get rid of a perpetual six o’clock shadow. Obsequious by nature, he came to the front door, knowing full well who we were,

“Ah, Ted’s men, his Round House “bro-thers”. He split the last word into two syllables and pronounced each of them with all the disdain he could marshal “What brings you two here? It’s late for a chat, and if you want to buy something, I ain’t goin’ to open the store at this hour.”

“Is Ted here?”

“What’s it to you whether he is here or isn’t?”

“He disappeared, and if he isn’t here either, then we must report him as a missing person.”

“Don’t be in such a hurry, maybe he is here because it got too round for him over there and he wanted to go straight” he broke into a bout of loud laughter at his own pun, and then this laughter called forth an equally loud coughing spell. The man was a heavy smoker, that much was clear, so that with him any action of the larynx led to a cough. “He is here alright, but I don’t know whether he wants to see either of you.”

“Ask him!” we almost shouted in unison. At that moment, wandering like a zombie, Ted appeared at the door, looked at us confused, as if emerging from a heavy sedation, then looked at us once more, and in a slurred way pronounced the words, “Hello guys.” He then meandered away. It was clear he was high.

We both looked not entirely without anger at Ted’s boss, and the shiny-faced man signaled us to come in and follow him. The house was dark, disorderly and it reeked of urine. Ted had told us that his boss got his pleasure by watching the young men he invited to his place having sex with each other, and after the sex, pissing on his no longer erectable cock. Ted had a healthy bladder and satisfying this man’s kink posed no problem for him. The “reward”: access to the boss’ cache of drugs. I wondered whether Ted had been here more than once since Saturday, and gotten just as high each time. In short I was worried that by now he may be hooked.

A most authoritarian-sounding Craig ordered Ted to get his things and come home with us. Still in his dream-world the young man sat on an armchair with his mouth open and his eyes unfocused.

“Have you heard me?” Still no answer.

“Gentlemen” the snide boss intoned, I think it is clear that Ted is not a missing person, anyway not in the sense that would interest the authorities. He obviously is content here, so I suggest you two take your leave now.”

I had to restrain Craig from hitting the man. Apparently drawn by curiosity, a number of naked or scantily dressed young men some sporting semi-erect, started joining us from the other rooms. Four of them were heavysset, heavily tattooed and carried steel chains. While rubbing their nipples, they looked questioningly at their host, ready for some post-coital violence,. Traffic cop-like, the boss showed them his right palm, hoping to get rid of us before violence erupts. Craig and I fixed our eyes on Ted, but to no avail. The boss raised his shoulders, saw us to the door, and before slamming it shut after us, shouted, “Nice of you to drop by gentlemen.” Then he probably returned to his guests to be pissed on.

There was complete silence in the Jeep on the drive back to the Round House. Still in silence, Craig parked the SUV, and as we slowly headed tp whay we both called home, I made a sign inviting the ex-married man to my quarters. I opened a bottle of Whisky I had stored away for over one year, and we both gulped down a large glass for starters. It was a sad occasion, and we both felt we just wanted to forget the whole thing.

“Why? Why?” were Craig’s first words and in an understanding tone I repeated them. Then I suddenly started understanding the situation,

“He had become possessive, that’s why. He let us do all we wanted to him, but only to him. That is why!”

“You may have a point there. He obeyed my every command so eagerly, I didn’t realize he had come to believe that he is the real one in command. Are all bottoms this possessive? If they all are, I need no bottoms.”

“Yeah? And what would you do in a bottomless world?”

“Find consolation with another top maybe.” He gave me a long stare and brushed his left leg against mine.

“You think we should try it the two of us?”

“And why not, may I ask.”

I pushed back with my leg and it was clear that all rancor was gone. Upsetting events can be aphrodisiac and here we were two tops embarking on a test of wills with a taste for pleasure. We both got up and embraced, quite forcefully at that. Craig put his hand on my crotch and confirmed that like him I was hard. He started undressing me, and I let him do it. I, on my part, also pulled off his tee-shirt and pinched his left nipple. He liked that. Before long we were naked, both of us, and our hard cocks were rubbing against each other. No kisses though. We jumped in bed and started jacking each other. I turned around and as we lay there head-to-crotch, like on a signal we both took the other man’s hard-on in our mouths and one of the oldest forms of man sex gave us the simultaneous pleasure of a cock in mouth and a mouth on the cock. We went at it with fury, and reached climax at the very same time. Neither of us was used to the taste of semen, but we both seemed to like it. I turned around again, and placed my mouth next to his. He gave me a look of “What the hell is going on here?” Yet he did not protest when I kissed him and we both tasted a cocktail of our two semens and liked what we tasted.” Craig got up and took his leave, “It’s late, and I am tired. I liked what we did, I liked it very much, but I want to think about it by myself. I have to figure out where we are headed. You’d better do the same.”

“And how about Ted?”

“How about him? Fuck that stupid slut, I say, and I don’t mean you or me should fuck him, I just mean ‘Fuck him’ and you know what I mean.” I knew.

Once Craig was gone, I was too tired to do the requisite thinking. I poured myself another glass of whisky and before long I was asleep.

The next two days I had to stay in Milwaukee, it was the period of exams and faculty meetings. On Friday evening I finally returned to Manville. Barely did I get myself a beer, than Craig came in with the air of someone who had just had a major insight and knows perfectly what he wants to do,

“Finally you are back. Wait here for me, I have a big surprise for you.” He just about ran out of the room and within less than five minutes he was back with his possession Lenny in tow. They were both naked and in an excited state of readiness. Craig crossed his arms over his chest, while Lenny slowly undid my clothes, while playing with my hard nipples. It hurt, but it was also delicious, so I didn’t stop him. Once I was undressed as well, Lenny looked back at Craig, and with a naughty smile started sucking me off. Craig approached us, and elicited a deep moan from the bottom, while penetrating him from behind. We became a kind of three-part machine, with Lenny servicing us both. Facing me, Craig looked me deep in the eyes, and this time without the slightest hesitation leaned forward and glued his lips to mine, engaging at the same time in a quite furious tongue play. With his right hand Lenny, our go-between was rubbing himself. We climaxed seconds apart, all three of us.

“I love this life!” an exhilarated Craig proclaimed. “I never thought that two committed tops like you and me could love each other, but love is what I feel for you.” He addressed these words to me.

“How about me?” asked our intermediary.

“I love you too, I love all my brethren, I finally understood what this round house stands for. We are all devoted to each other, and we make up a whole. Jealousy has no place in this setting. Lenny, don’t you ever act like that slut of a Ted!”

“Look carefully at my eyes. See any tears there?”

I could no longer contain my enthusiasm and at the top of my voice shouted out, “Long live the Round House of Manville.”

We laughed out loud. The immense latent beauty of being gay was suddenly revealed in all its glory to all three of us.
