

Glories of the Blue Moon

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Tom had seen the holes before. The walls of the video booths weren't exactly riddled with them, but each booth seemed to have at least a couple. Afraid of what he might see -- or, worse yet, what might jab him in the eye -- he'd never so much as peeked through one. All in all, this environment wasn't exactly hygienic and didn't inspire much trust in the human race. The booths all seemed to have profanities and obscene drawings scrawled on their walls, above and between omnipresent filthy smudges. Some doors even bore the nicknames of regular clients -- Hard Guy, Sweet to Eat, Dude-tastic, Battered Nipple. "Hung" was the most succinct. Mascot was printed in bold block letters on the door to the left of Tom's booth.

He'd been to the adult store called the Blue Moon only three times in the past. The first time, curiosity had pulled him in, the second, a group of drunken friends, and the third, an impulse to shop for a cock ring and maybe some other toys. Today he was here because Bebe had told him last night, after eight months of a heatedly sexual and tepidly hopeful relationship, she wanted to "see other guys."

Although Tom was fine with that at first, or thought he was, resentment began a sly infiltration in the hours following her kiss-off. Only, the resentment wasn't steely and cold, which would have made it a source of strength. No, it was curd-soft and sour with hurt. What really messed with his head was realizing Bebe had likely been seeing

other guys while she was still with him. Tom suspected he'd probably fucked traces of their deposits. Strangely enough, the thought not only sickened him, it actually excited him a little. It made his cock twitch even as his gut twisted.

Tom thought of this as he pondered which video to view for his pretend revenge-fuck. Then he slid a glance at the hole to his left. Getting off the viewing stool, he approached it. He thought he heard the muted sounds of someone's presence within the adjacent booth, but he couldn't be sure. Maybe he sensed that presence more than he heard it.

He knew both men and women came into these booths, sometimes together. All kinds of stuff probably went on in the dank cubicles. Thrusting his cock through the hole would be a crapshoot. But, hell, wouldn't it be more of a kick than watching yet another lame shag-vid? When was the last time he'd done anything daring? One of the reasons for Bebe's dissatisfaction with him was his lack of an adventurous spirit.

Tom unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it wide open. At first he wasn't sure why he wanted to feel the booth's stale, warm air against his naked chest. Maybe he secretly hoped someone was watching him and being turned on by the show. Tentatively, he flattened a hand on his chest then slowly ran his fingers down to his belly. A light mist of sweat already covered his skin and dampened the trail of hair that disappeared into his jeans.

He had a well-tended physique, which included nicely developed pecs and a tight ripple of abs. Not a full-blown six-pack, but definitely a noticeable washboard. At least his body wasn't boring. Feeling a shimmer of excitement, he glided both hands back up over his torso and across his pecs. There was a responsive tingle in his nipples, a responsive swelling of his cock.

For a fleeting but embarrassing moment, he wondered how touching another man's hard body would make him feel.

Now Tom had an urge to press his bare chest against the wall as he slipped his thickening cock into that alluring and intimidating aperture. Perspiring more heavily, his respiration shallow from anxiety and anticipation, he pulled down his zipper as

quietly as possible and eased his growing erection out of confinement. Arousal was gaining on him. Amazing, he thought, what a combination of harrying need and fired imagination could do to a body. His curled fingers gently slid his cock's silky sheath of skin over its dense core. The movement felt good.

He glanced down at the ripe head, quite rosy now, just millimeters from that beckoning gap. Comparing sizes, he lightly felt the head of his cock with his fingertips then tried to judge the diameter of the hole. Yeah, he should fit through it without a problem.

Fuck it, he thought. Just do it. As Tom slid his erection through the space, he flattened his torso and arms against the wall. The feeling of being pinned there excited him. The wall's cool resistance to his beaded nipples and firm muscles was like a substitute for a lover's body. Well, at least it gave him some paltry thing to press against.

A warm, callused hand locked around his dick with such abrupt force, Tom gasped and buckled at the waist. The hand didn't let go. Both scared and acutely aroused, Tom felt blood rush into his cock, packing it solid. "Sorry," said a drawling voice. "Just testing."

Tom closed his eyes and swallowed. It was a male who'd spoken. Tom considered protesting, but his cock seemed to have no qualms about proceeding.

"You're pressed against the wall," the stranger observed. His tone had become darker, more seductive. "It's saturated with your warmth, your sweat. I can trace your body's outline." A languorous sigh. "I can almost feel its contours."

The words gave Tom a discomfiting thrill. He backed off a bit. "Are you with a woman?" he asked, deepening his voice so he wouldn't sound queer.

A low chuckle, like black velvet, sounded in response. "No, I'm a loner. Would you prefer I were with a woman? Or were a woman?"

"I... yeah, I guess so. I'm straight."

"If you mean inflexibly straight, you came to the wrong booth, Jack." The hand fell away.

No, don't stop! Tom almost shouted. Instead he said, without thinking, "I just want to feel good."

A pause. "Well, I can manage that." Another insinuating chuckle. "Just pretend I'm androgynous. An android."

Holding and idly fondling his restless cock, Tom was absurdly tempted to ask, *Are you?* But it was quite obvious he was dealing with a flesh-and-blood creature. He couldn't stand the clawing tension in his groin. He had to venture back in.

"Brave man," the voice murmured. "I admire courage. I particularly like courage combined with desperation. It dials up the heat level."

This time, there was no startling grab. The invisible touch had moderated from aggressive to exploratory. A thumb lightly traced the soft slope of Tom's cockhead and the delicate skin just beneath it. A blunt nail occasionally nudged the brim.

"Very nice," said the voice. "I do want to take this bait."

As two fingertips ran firmly along the thick cylinder on his cock's underside, Tom felt the moist and slightly coarse glide of a curled tongue from crown to root. He let out a quavering sigh. Tongue and fingers retraced their paths, lapping and pressing. Tom's muscles all seemed to clench into a tight burn. Arousal quivered through his lower abdomen and shimmied down his thighs.

Some dude was going to make him come. Just as that guilt-tinged thought flashed through the haze in his mind, he pulled back, the edge of the hole scraping along the bottom of his shaft and briefly catching on the tender ridge of the head—a bit of an abrasive jolt, but not entirely unpleasant.

"Aw, don't be a spoilsport," the voice crooned. "Didn't you like that?"

Tom didn't answer.

"I can make you feel much, much better if you let me work that gorgeous cock a little longer. And, damn, it really is gorgeous." The voice sounded hoarse now, roughened by passion. "Mine is painfully hard, by the way. And my balls feel like they've been bruised. You're responsible. So stop teasing me. Let me get off while I get you off."

The blandishments were irresistible. Now Tom imagined the other man's hard-on. That vision blended with the knowledge he'd made the other man hard. Just the sight and the feel of his cock had done it. He'd never affected Bebe that way. These dual realizations made for some powerful persuasion.

He once again eased his erection through the hole. Immediately, the plump head was drawn into a snug, moist well. Tom's breath hitched. He couldn't withdraw now if he tried. The feeling was too exquisite.

Teeth lightly nipped at his cockhead. They felt a bit jagged, as if a few were chipped. The little stabs of pain were too mild to be distracting yet sharp enough to make his arousal bounce from one low peak to another. It was a delectable torment.

Tom heard a rumbling chortle come from the other side of the wall. The stranger's manipulation became ever more adroit. He pulled Tom's cock farther into his mouth, pressing it between his tongue and palate, and began a series of long, firm sucks. No dental interference now, just humid heat and suctioning pressure.

"Shit," Tom breathed. Inadvertently, he'd again sealed his body against the wall. Pulling back only slightly, he tilted his head down and looked at his crotch. He couldn't see his dick at all, just the dark froth of his pubic hair and the minute, forward push of his hips as tried to feed as much of his meat as possible into that greedy mouth. So wondrously, carefully greedy...

But there was no longer just a welcoming cavern on the other side of the wall. A hand had also wrapped around his straining cock. Tom half moaned and half whimpered as gripping fingers moved in concert with gripping jaw. Their tight suck and pump were perfectly synchronized, that limber, ever-sliding tongue adding the perfect accompaniment. Tom even thought his balls would somehow be drawn though the hole. The mouth's heat, just its heat alone, simultaneously hardened and melted him. His legs grew so rubbery he had to struggle to lock his knees.

Above his taut and aching sac, his shaft began to throb. Subtle at first, the internal clutching quickly became more insistent. Tom's pelvis ground against the barrier. He couldn't control his broken panting. Hips jerking toward the hole, he gave

himself over to an oral finesse he'd never expected to find there, had never even experienced before. The entire, thick length of him was being taken in, urged to explore a seemingly bottomless pit.

Uttering a string of soft grunts, Tom let go. His whole body, blood to bone, seemed to convulse into climax. The waves of dizzying pleasure that came with his release rocked him against the drywall. His cum, he thought, must be like a creamy waterfall cascading down that open throat. The fanciful image made him shoot longer, more forcefully... until his legs could barely support his sagging weight.

Slowly, the ministering mouth withdrew. Even that conclusive act was sensual. The agile tongue pulled tenderly along the withering cock's underside, embracing it in a fleshy hammock. The soft, warm lips give the head a final suck. One more small convulsion, one more oozing drop of juice, and Tom was spent.

He eased his limp dick out of the hole and then dropped to his knees, trying to catch his breath and gather his strength. Bebe couldn't give head like that if her life depended on it.

Flattening his cheek and one hand against the wall, as if he, too, could somehow feel the person on the other side, Tom briefly debated whether to say something. Before he'd made up his mind, the words came out. "Have you ever let someone suck you off?" He blamed the question on his inquiring mind, but the thought was undeniably titillating.

An answer came without hesitation. "No, not here. I only offer myself under certain circumstances. And if it's face-to-face."

"What do you look like?" Tom asked, increasingly embarrassed by his probing. Why should the dude's appearance matter to him? Why couldn't he just walk away? Maybe, he thought, he needed to chip away at his guilt. Surrendering to a great-looking guy, even considering the prospect of sucking his dick, was more understandable than giving in to a homely mofo. That would've been a whole lot harder to justify.

"I've been told I'm handsome," the man said. "It's difficult to judge one's own appeal and be objective about it."

The answer goaded Tom to keep going. "Good build?"

"Lean and muscular. Strong, too. And fast, when I need to be."

"An athlete?"

"Athletic, yes. Athlete *per se*, no."

Tom balked at asking his next question. He tried not to jump to any conclusions about himself. A superb blowjob was a superb blowjob, period. Nothing wrong with appreciating it and wanting more. "Are you here very often?" He resolved not to ask the man's name, not to relinquish the comfort of anonymity.

"Usually once a month," the voice replied.

"Any specific date or day of the week?"

"Yes, when there's a full moon over the Blue Moon," the voice said. "So you might want to mark your calendar. We can go further next time, if you'd like."

"What do you mean by 'further'?" Tom asked, both enticed and frightened by the proposition.

The voice lapsed back into its midnight purr. "That depends on what you're after."

The man's statements were baffling. "Why are you only here on those particular days?"

"Because that's when I'm --" The voice went still for a moment. "When I'm most inspired and deliver the keenest pleasure. But I can never stay for too long. I always have... other business to tend to."

Inexplicably, Tom shivered. He wondered if he should ask to meet the man behind the voice. But something told him to leave well-enough alone.

He knew he would, however, mark his calendar.

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