

# Live Action Hero

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The funny thing about the naked man in his dream was that he looked exactly like the broken GI Joe he'd just finished repairing. Scott didn't mind and neither did his rampant cock. The organ stood at attention, almost as if it wanted to get a better look at this hunk. It twitched eagerly like a dog about to get petted. At the foot of the bed, his naked dream man smiled.

And oh what a smile. Chiseled lips, just full enough to torment with images of them wrapped around his cock. A dimple crinkled in his left cheek. Scott doubted that GI Joes had dimples, but this one did. His blue eyes twinkled with hungry mischief.

Scott flung the blanket aside and made room on his double bed. "Join me?" Down the hallway, he heard the workshop's clock ticking. The slight smell of plastic lingered on his fingers from the figure he'd been renovating before deciding to call it a night. The figure who looked just like the man standing at the foot of his bed. Lifting his hands to his mouth, he discreetly checked to see if perhaps the plastic fumes hadn't been a bit toxic.

"I'm not a figment of your imagination," he said. Long strides carried him around the bed and he sat. The mattress dipped beneath his weight. The heat radiating from him certainly felt real enough, as did the large hand the stranger pressed to Scott's shin. "You can call me Duke."

“Okay, Duke.” Scott tested the name on his tongue, rolling it around in his mouth. He sat up and reached for the stranger. Sliding his hand along a corded forearm, Scott traced the curve of Duke’s biceps. Perfectly formed, the man’s body looked as if it’d come from a sculptor’s studio, and with a quirk of his lips, Scott realized it had. After all, he was known to work in clay, marble, whatever medium caught his fancy. Repairing action figures, mostly for collectors, was just his hobby. This particular figure had been an impulse purchase. The figure had a broken foot, easily repaired and loose shoulder joint that just needed tightening. Scott had completed the work moments before he’d crawled into bed. Idly, he wondered if the nude figure would still be lying on his workbench.

“It’s not there,” Duke whispered. He cupped Scott’s chin in his fingers. Gently, he brushed his thumb across Scott’s lower lip. “You brought me to life. How can I thank you?” Before Scott had a chance to answer, he leaned forward and kissed him.

No simple brush of lips had ever felt so good or so right before. Pleasure sizzled up his spine, tightening Scott’s balls. His cock jerked to full hardness. Duke pushed him back to the bed and willingly, Scott went. With Duke sprawled on top of him, he felt every inch of the man’s muscled, chiseled body. Against his stomach, the hard length of Duke’s cock twitched. Then Duke moved, sliding down Scott’s body. His lips blazed a trail across Scott’s collar bone, down between the flat planes of his pecs. With his tongue, Duke traced every ridge on Scott’s chiseled abdomen. Spending time in the gym counted, especially when a man as delicious as this wanted to lick his body.

Big fingers curled around Scott’s balls. Gentle touches, strokes of fingers against the lightly furred sacs, and rolling them in a flat, palm had Scott’s cock aching. Duke’s warm breath teased the drop of fluid emerging from the tip. If this was a dream, and frankly Scott had his doubts, then it was a damn good one.

Duke lowered his mouth to Scott’s shaft. He watched, unable to tear his gaze away as the man’s mouth surrounded the plum-colored head of his cock. Duke’s lips worked down his shaft, inch by inch, until the stranger had taken him all the way. Duke’s light brown hair contrasted with Scott’s darker nest of curls surrounding his

shaft. The stranger hummed in the back of his throat, sending vibrations along the length of Scott's cock.

Scott groaned and fell against his pillows. He cupped the back of Duke's head. The warm suction of Duke's mouth sent waves of heat rolling through his body. It'd been so long since he'd had sex, he feared his might blow. Already, the tell-tale pressure built just behind his balls. Duke's fingers stroked him, pulling his sacs tight and then he curled his fingers around them, keeping his orgasm at bay. Scott groaned at the delicious pleasure-pain.

Duke relaxed his throat and took Scott even deeper. The tight ring of muscles clamped around the end of his cock, and in spite of the fingers holding him back, Scott fucked his lover's throat. His hips rose and fell off the bed. No dream could be this good, this fast. And then Duke released his fingers.

Scott's hips bucked. His release hit him hard, surging from his balls to pulse from him. Lights flashed behind Scott's eyes. The edge of his vision went dark. He curled up, his abs contracting, his fingers tightening on the back of Duke's head. The man swallowed, using his oh-so-mobile tongue to lick Scott clean. Scott's shaft barely softened.

Duke released him with a pop. He lunged for the bottle of lube Scott kept on the nightstand for when he had to take himself in hand and with a rough hand on Scott's shoulder, easily flipped him over. The bed creaked beneath the action. The smell of sex, musky and raw, hung in the air, and Scott breathed it in. It'd been so long since he'd had a good fuck. Then he couldn't think at all for the wet sounds of Duke lubing his shaft reached him, and the broad head of Duke's cock pressed against Scott's opening.

"Give it to me," Scott growled, lifting his buttocks in invitation.

Duke did, inching into him bit by bit. Scott relaxed, letting his partner's cock slip deeper into his body. Stretched full, Scott savored it, his dick hardening against the mattress. Scott reached down and stroked himself. Slick with his own come and Duke's saliva, his hand moved easily over his shaft. Back and forth, stroking, gently squeezing,

until his moans of pleasure mirrored those of the man fucking his ass. Duke worked him sweetly, with slow, sure plunges.

Scott rode the waves. He lost himself in the slide of flesh against flesh, the husky groans and murmurs Duke encouraged him with. One of Duke's hands covered Scott's on his cock, and together, they stroked him. Scott lost himself to the sensation of flesh against flesh, husky moans, and the musky smell of aroused male. He couldn't believe, couldn't dream for a moment that this would actually come true. One of his figures would come to life, just for him.

Scott tried to hold back his orgasm. He wanted to savor the moment, the dream, because he didn't know when it would happen again. Pressure built. Duke thrust faster. His cock hitting Scott's prostate on every stroke.

So good. So deep. Scott's panting breaths echoed in his own ears. He was full, so close to bursting. The pressure built, and when Scott didn't think he could hold it back any longer, Duke's fingers loosened their hold and he came.

Long, shuddering groans sent him slumping against the mattress. His cock twitched, once more releasing its seed. Behind him, Duke continued to pump his hips.

Scott lay there, savoring the silken slide of the man's cock inside his body. The slap of flesh against flesh, the sounds of sex.

"I'm going to come," Duke said with a guttural growl. He stiffened, every muscle in his magnificent body going rigid. The hot waves of his seed filled Scott, bathed him in warmth.

For long moments both men lay interlocked on the mattress. Then, Duke rolled away, bringing Scott with him. One arm draped across his chest, their legs tangled on the sheets. Scott struggled to stay awake, wanted to savor every moment he could. Sated in both body and soul, he allowed sleep to tug him back under. And he wondered when he woke, if he'd have a man in his bed or an action figure on his work bench. Duke, All American Hero. Yeah, that sounded right.

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