

Aladdin's Persistence Rewarded

Part 1

The characters portrayed in this story are pleasant fictions. Even so, you should not read it if you are underage, prone to taking offense at gay or sexually explicit subject matter, or in danger of getting arrested for reading.

I was twenty years old, and a junior in college, when I had my first gay experience. What took me so long? Partly because I was a football quarterback in high school, and went to college on a football scholarship. I was always “one of the guys,” got along with everyone, and had plenty of girlfriends. Naturally everyone around me assumed I was straight, and I never dared do anything to disappoint them. Like getting too chummy with a gay guy. In high school I was acquainted with a black guy named Lester who I know had his eye on me, but he was too shy and I was too out of touch with my “gay self,” so nothing ever happened. After I got baptized into the gay life by the college roommate, I’ve often wondered if I would ever get a second chance with Lester. I promise I’ll be kinder to him if I ever get the chance.

I never “went steady” or developed a serious relationship with any of the girls who I dated. Instead I floated from one girl to the next, without getting intimate with any of them. I didn’t want to get tied down to any one girlfriend, I told myself and others. But the real reason was that I didn’t really want an intimate relationship with a girl.

A bureaucratic blunder led to my friendship with a student from Lebanon who went by the unlikely name of Aladdin. When I moved into my dorm room at the start of the school year, Aladdin was already there. It turned out we had been assigned to the same dorm room, as roommates. This was a mistake, because the wing of my dorm, called Pine Hall, was normally reserved for athletes. Another blunder: Aladdin was a freshman, and he was supposed to have been assigned to one of the freshman dorms. Pine Hall was for juniors and seniors.

So here we were, mismatched as roommates, a beginning freshman and a rising junior. An unlikely match in other ways, too. Aladdin was short, only five-foot-five, wiry and build, and hirsute as I later discovered. Despite his self-proclaimed interest in soccer, he was unathletic; to be honest, a nerd, the sort of guy who would rather read a book than watch TV or listen to popular music. Still, he had a handsome face, with a friendly smile, shining white teeth, and expressive brown eyes.

Actually his name was Bechara al-Din. “Aladdin” was easier for Americans to remember, so he went by that name, which conjured up images of a handsome lad in the *Arabian Nights* who resisted the machinations of a seductive scoundrel by outwitting him by a series of devious deceptions. Aladdin had been educated in a French high school in Beirut, and spoke French almost as well as a native speaker. This is normal for educated people in Lebanon. His English was not so good, but it improved rapidly during our months together. He helped me with French,

which I was taking as a minor. Most of the books that he brought with him to college were in French, although some were in Arabic. I noticed that he had some paperback books by Sartre, including *Saint Genet*.

In contrast to Aladdin, I fit the stereotype of an American prom king, a six-foot-tall hunk, an athlete popular in school and known by everyone, blond, blue-eyed, and smooth-skinned, and blessed by good looks (one thing that Aladdin and I had in common). From “prom king” I graduated to “big man on campus,” another stereotype of which I am no longer proud. To my credit, I was never actually a prom king. I once made a point of saying this to Aladdin. He looked at me, puzzled, and asked, “What’s a prom king?”

That evening while swapping notes, we both realized that Aladdin had been assigned to the wrong dorm by a double mistake. According to the college dorm policies, we were not supposed to be roommates. I asked him if he wanted me to help him get reassigned to a freshman dorm. “Only if that is what you want, David,” he said. “But to live with you, that is what I would prefer.” Then he added, “I like you, David. I think we could have a *thing* together. Is that how you Americans say it?”

I chuckled at Aladdin’s attempt to use an American idiom. “I wouldn’t call it a *thing*,” I replied. But then I felt a twinge of eroticism, and added, “Well, maybe not a *thing* just yet.” After an awkward silence, I continued: “I like you, too, Aladdin. I would like to be your roommate, too.” So we conspired to keep quiet about *l’affaire de la dormitoire*, as Aladdin called it. So the result of two bureaucratic mistakes was now ratified by a conspiracy of silence. We delighted in this as two fraternity brothers might relish a college prank, although, it must be admitted, no one else in the dorm or the college neither knew nor cared how we came to be roommates.

Looking back on *l’affaire de la dormitoire*, I realize that this was a fated moment for both of us. We chose friendship, and more. My attraction to Aladdin was driven by desire for a companion who was unlike me, and unlike my acquaintances, in every way, at least on the surface. Below the surface, I was drawn to him by an erotic yearning that I was scarcely aware of, and could not articulate to him or to myself. I sensed that Aladdin was attracted to me in the same way. And this increased my desire, and his.

Like other “big men on campus” I had a car, an old Chevy sedan. During our first week together as roommates, I drove Aladdin around the countryside. This was the week before the beginning of classes. In the mornings I was occupied with football practice. Occasionally Aladdin stopped by the football field to watch on the sidelines. Football was a topic in our evening bull sessions. I explained how the game was played. One day we drove to Itasca State Park, the head of the Mississippi River, and visited an Indian reservation. Aladdin was amazed by the scenery, but when we visited the reservation he wondered why there were no American Indians on campus. At least he hadn’t seen any. I had to confess that I hadn’t, either. He came from a “professional

class” family in Beirut, but he had a strong sense of social justice. By comparison, I was just a poor kid on a football scholarship.

That week I taught Aladdin how to drive, illegally, on country roads. Later he took a learner’s permit, and got his driver’s license, borrowing my Chevy.

Naturally I assumed that Aladdin was a Muslim, and an Arab. I was surprised to find out that he was neither. He was a Christian, belonging to a sect called the Maronites, the oldest form of Christianity still in existence. And as he explained to me, “Lebanese do not like to be called Arabs. We speak Arabic in Lebanon, but we are Lebanese, not Arabs. It’s a different culture altogether, and if anything, the Arabs are a threat to our nation.”

Weeks went by, and classes, and football games in which I was the starting quarterback, quite an achievement for me, since I was only a junior. It was Fall quarter. (Our college was still on the quarter system then, and did not switch to semesters until after I had graduated.) Aladdin attended all of our “home” games and became an expert spectator. He became my private tutor in French, and started using that language in our evening bull sessions. My French improved so much that I added it to my curriculum as a second major, along with English literature—the first, but not the last, of Aladdin’s momentous influences on my life.

Often we took to showering late in the evening, then sitting on our beds, or sometimes together on my bed, or his, for long bull sessions dressed only in bath-towels. We called them “BS sessions.” “BS session” was a common enough term on campus, but for us it became a code word for sitting together naked, covered only by towels. There was always a hint of eroticism in these scenes, which often included glimpses of nudity. I was entranced by the masculine aura of Aladdin’s hairy body, and by the mystery of his cock, which was several shades darker than the rest of his body, and uncut. Aladdin seemed to be equally entranced by the smooth, athletic contours of my body. Not the least of my endowments was a prominent package that always stood out as a mound under my bath-towel, six inches of swinging cock when dormant, a promise of greater things to come. He seemed to enjoy looking at my backside, too. Most straight guys would have taken exception to being cruised. To me it was flattering, and vaguely erotic.

Sometimes I piqued Aladdin’s interest by returning from the shower butt naked, with my towel wrapped around my shoulders. On those occasions, Aladdin rewarded me with a wolf whistle and a nod of appreciation. Sometimes Aladdin let his towel slip to the floor, giving me a good view of his uncut cock. He was half-hard, and I was surprised by the way his dink has expanded to what looked like a promising size.

One evening, I started a pillow-fight. In the scuffle, both our towels fell to the floor and we groped at each other, butt naked on his bed. I thought of our pillow-fight as innocent horseplay between two buddies, but Aladdin interpreted it as an invitation for him to begin his seduction of

me. I resisted him every step of the way, but he persisted. Eventually his persistence was rewarded.

During our BS session just after the pillow-fight, covered in towels again, Aladdin asked me if I had ever read Sir Lawrence of Arabia's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. I had seen the movie, but had never heard of the book. He had a copy, and showed me the chapter where Sir Lawrence, disguised as a Circassian, was taken captive and beaten by a Turkish sultan. The Turk tried to force this "Circassian" to submit to him as a lover, but Sir Lawrence refused, and eventually escaped. Aladdin explained to me that the Circassians were a fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed ethnic group that lived in the Middle East. Then he remarked that this was "an unlikely story." Sir Lawrence, he said, "could hardly be expected to tell the world that he had been fucked by a Turkish sultan."

"What do you think happened then?" I asked.

"I think that Sir Lawrence of Arabia was forced to submit. For one thing, he couldn't afford to blow his cover as a Circassian. If the Turks knew who he was, a famous British adventurer, they would have killed him. So Lawrence resisted for as long as he could, but then he let the sultan take his virginity. Not only that. I think that once he got used to it he liked it, and willingly became the sultan's lover, or more accurately, willingly let the sultan be *his* lover, until the sultan got tired of him and let him go. But Lawrence could hardly tell *that* version of the story, could he?"

"Is this an example of 'deconstructive criticism'?" I said, laughing.

Aladdin responded by attacking me with his pillow, and another pillow-fight ensued. We were naked again, grappling and groping, and laughing. For the first time, I saw Aladdin's cock fully erect. His dink had grown to a basket-surprising eight inches. Still less than my niner, but he had one serious shaft on him, several shades darker than the rest of his body, and cloaked in a foreskin that moved up and down his mushroomy cockhead.

"Let me show you another passage from the *Seven Pillars*," Aladdin said, ignoring my gaze on his toolkit. We settled down, sitting side by side on the bed again. This time, he didn't take the precaution of covering himself with his towel. I followed his example, and we sat together naked, sporting woodies, with Sir Lawrence's book. Aladdin read a passage where Lawrence explained why Arab princes never let their wives travel with them to Zanzibar. It was because the Blacks in Zanzibar had such big cocks that women could not resist the temptation to go to them. Lawrence goes on to explain that while most African men have big cocks, Arabs have small ones, and when it comes to cock size, Europeans are somewhere in between.

"And is Sir Lawrence of Arabia right about that?" I asked. Aladdin was seated beside me while I lay on my back on the bed. He did not refuse my implied invitation to fix his gaze on my cock,

which by now was expanding, half-hardened. Our eyes met, exchanging lustful glances. “How can we tell, seeing as how you’re not really an Arab,” I said, playfully.

“I can be an Arab, if that’s what you want me to be,” Aladdin said. But if we decide to become lovers, you’ll be my Sir Lawrence of Arabia and I’ll be your Turkish sultan,” Aladdin said.

Directness like that always confounded me, especially when the topic was sex—probably because from my teenage years until then, I had evaded the truth about my own sexuality. To go from a closeted novice to Batman and Robin, with me in the role of Robin—that was too big of a leap for me. “Do you think so?” I stammered. Then, “Aladdin, I need some time to think about this. I’ve never really thought about....”

“I didn’t mean to offend you, David,” Aladdin said. “It’s just how I feel. Sometimes it’s hard for me to say what I mean in the best English. I didn’t mean to imply that you’re... unmanly...in any way. Just the opposite, to me you’re the closest thing to a god.” Then he added, with a sly smile, “But we all worship the gods in our own way.”

“I’m not offended, really I’m not,” I said. “I really do need time to think about... making a commitment, so to speak.”

“You shouldn’t feel embarrassed or ashamed,” Aladdin said. “No gay guy in the world would dis you for being a novice...a virgin. There, I said it. For most guys that makes you all the more...” (he searched for the right adjective). “Admirable. Don’t ever be ashamed of being who you need to be, David.” Such wisdom from a college freshman! Aladdin outpaced me in self-confidence, a virtue that I eventually learned from his example.

“I’m just another college jock,” I said. My role as a “big man on campus” was really just a show, part of my defensive disguise.

“A jock virgin,” Aladdin replied, smiling broadly. “A jock ain’t no joke.” Aladdin liked that word “ain’t.” He worked hard at mastering American idioms and colloquialisms. He tried to improve his vocabulary by playing with words and puns.

We talked about other things, and forgot about our awkward moment. When it was bedtime, Aladdin returned to the subject. “About Sir Lawrence of Arabia and his Turkish sultan, is it all right if I keep on courting you for your love?” Those were his words.

“Yes, please do,” I replied.

Aladdin smiled broadly. “Tomorrow I’ll give you another lesson from literature,” he promised.

The next day after classes, Aladdin went downtown to purchase some things that we would need: condoms, lubricant, a vibrator, and poppers. He showed these things to me before he tucked them in a drawer, below his underwear. “Just in case we need them,” he said. I asked about the

vibrator. “It will make things easier,” he said. I asked about the poppers, which I had never heard of before. “I’ll show you when the time comes,” he said. “I promise you’ll like it.”

That evening we started our BS session in the usual way, sitting on my bed in bath-towels. We exchanged comments about our day, speaking in French as practice for me. It’s amazing how difficult it is to explain ordinary things in a foreign language. After an hour of French, I asked Aladdin, in English, if he had prepared a “lesson from literature” for me. He reached for a big book on his desk, an edition and translation of *Gilgamesh*. I already knew the story. I had read it in a cheap paperback version. So I knew about Gilgamesh’s two dreams, one of a meteor and another of a battle-axe, which fell from the sky and Gilgamesh “embraced it like a wife” while all the people of the city of Uruk gathered around him. I knew that in this Babylonian epic, Gilgamesh’s mother interpreted his dreams as signs that a stranger would come to him and become his friend, his brother, and his lover. He read me the passages from the first cuneiform tablet of *Gilgamesh*.

“Something else about Gilgamesh,” Aladdin said. “He was infamous for ‘oppressing’ the young men and the maidens of Uruk. He would go to weddings and insist on his *droit de seigneur*, his right as their lord to deflower the bride. This made him unpopular with the people of Uruk. He oppressed the young men, too, by engaging them constantly in games of polo, in games that left them exhausted because the polo never seemed to end. His polo equipment was called *pukku* and *mekku*, meaning a ball or puck and a polo stick. He was a closeted gay man. He acted straight by screwing the brides, but what he really wanted was to use his *mekku* to shoot his *pukku* into the guys.”

“I never thought of it that way,” I said. I already knew that Gilgamesh’s friend was Enkidu, a sort of primitive “wild man” who came from the wilderness and challenged Gilgamesh in a wrestling match. During their wrestling, they were impressed with each other’s strength, or maybe they just got horny, and swore an oath of friendship. After that, they became lovers and went out on heroic adventures together. “The world’s first story about guys making love while they were out camping,” I said. It was a joke, but also an exact description.

“That’s true,” said Aladdin. “But do you know which guy was the top, and which was the bottom?”

“Gilgamesh must have been the top,” I replied. “Because in his dreams, he embraced the meteor and the axe ‘like a wife’.”

“Possibly,” Aladdin said. “The passage could mean that Gilgamesh embraced Enkidu just like a man embraces his wife. But it could also mean that Gilgamesh was ‘like a wife’ to Enkidu.”

“I agree. It’s ambiguous,” I said.

Then Aladdin turned to Tablet 12, where the spirit of the dead Enkidu returned from the Underworld to speak with Gilgamesh. He read the passage where Gilgamesh hugged and kissed, and Enkidu says to Gilgamesh, “My friend, the penis that you touched and that brought you joy, is now devoured by grubs,” and “My friend, the crotch that you touched and that brought you joy, is now filled with dust.” Gilgamesh cried out in sorrow and groveled on the ground.

“What do you make of that?” Aladdin asked.

“It seems that for Gilgamesh, Enkidu’s cock was the symbol of their friendship,” I said. “Oh, I see. This could only mean that while they were both alive, Enkidu fucked Gilgamesh.”

“And notice how Gilgamesh and Enkidu resemble you and me, David,” Aladdin said. “Gilgamesh was a radiant, fair-skinned chivalrous warrior, and the ruler of Uruk. Enkidu was the dark stranger, coming to Uruk from a foreign land, the wilderness. And here we sit almost naked, the college’s star quarterback and me, a dark stranger from a foreign land.”

“But in the example of Sir Lawrence of Arabia and the Turkish sultan, it was Lawrence who was the stranger,” I said.

“Quite so,” Aladdin replied. “But in both stories, dark goes into light. The swarthy Turkish sultan fucks Sir Lawrence. Enkidu fucks Gilgamesh. It’s the way of nature. And physically, Gilgamesh was stronger than Enkidu, and Sir Lawrence was stronger than the sultan, even though he was the sultan’s prisoner. Willingly or not, the stronger submits to the weaker. In gay love affairs, I mean.”

I had to admit that Aladdin had a point. Our private seminar in literary criticism had made me horny. I was almost persuaded.

“I have to admit that just like Sir Lawrence, I’m a reluctant virgin,” I said.

“That’s part of our charm, David.”

“Will it hurt?”

“I’ll be honest with you David. It will hurt. Probably quite a lot. That’s why I got the vibrator, to prime the plumbing and smooth out the chocolate speedway.”

“Maybe we could just play around, you know, get each other off without fucking,” I suggested. I was really horny.

“That’s a tempting offer, David, but I think we should wait until you are ready to go all the way.” Aladdin drove a hard bargain.

“I’ll tell you what,” I said. “If you can come up with two more examples as persuasive as Gilgamesh and Enkidu, I’ll go all the way.”

“I can do that,” he promised. He sensed that I wanted to talk about this more. “A man getting fucked for the first time will always feel pain, no matter how tough he might be. But the pain won’t last long. I’ll be there with you, to see you through it.”

That night my sleep was troubled by dreams of Aladdin as a Turkish sultan, beating me, and of Aladdin as Enkidu, wrestling with me. Was I becoming Sir Lawrence of Arabia, or Gilgamesh? I tried to imagine what it would be like, Aladdin penetrating me. I touched my asshole with my fingers, trying to imagine. I was tempted to jack off, decided against it. Instinctively, I knew that my feeling of sexual tension would make it easier for me to go through the ordeal that I knew was my destiny.

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The next day was Saturday, and I had an “away” football game. I didn’t get back to the dorm until Sunday. That evening, Aladdin was ready with another “lesson from literature.” We talked about Achilles and Patroklos. We both had read the *Iliad*. “There is only one hint of a sexual relationship between them in the *Iliad*,” Aladdin said. “That’s in the part of the story where the spirit of dead Patroklos returns from Hades to speak with Achilles, and they embrace and kiss, just like Gilgamesh did with the spirit of Enkidu in the Babylonian epic. Sophocles wrote a lost tragedy called “Achilles in Love.” And in Plato’s *Symposium*, the characters in the dialogue debate about who was the “lover” and who the “beloved.” Aladdin read the pertinent passages to me while we sat in our room on his bed, wrapped in towels. I don’t remember the names of the characters in Plato, or who said what, but the argument that carried the day was that because Patroklos was older, he must have been Achilles’s lover, and Achilles submitted to him. That was the Greek custom. It wasn’t man-boy love, but an older adolescent submitting to a younger one. When they grew to manhood, they remained intimate friends, and lovers. “It’s another example of the stronger, more powerful guy submitting to the weaker,” Aladdin said.

All of which proves that Aladdin and I weren’t the first readers to wonder who was the bottom and who was the top among famous heroic couples in ancient literature.

“I’m just thankful to Plato for helping me prove my case,” Aladdin laughed.

I was tempted to let Aladdin have his way with me at that moment, but I was still weary from the football game and weekend travel. I asked him if he would massage my back. He straddled my butt and gave me a rub-down. As he worked his way down my back, he removed my towel and massaged my butt. It was a turn-on for me, letting him see me and touch me in this way. I felt flattered to be his eye-candy. He complimented me on my body, my muscular frame.

While he massaged me, he asked me if the pain of getting deflowered was the only thing I was worried about. “I think there might be more it, something else that makes you reluctant, David,” he said. “A psychological barrier. Maybe a reluctance to submit. That’s only natural. I want to be your dom, and I want you to be my sub, so it’s hard for you to decide. But those are just sex

roles. I'll be your dom in bed, but not in any other part of your life. Maybe that's why Nature decreed that the act of deflowering would be painful. We'll experience your pain together, as a shared trauma, and after that, submission will be easy for you."

Aladdin asked me what the American expressions would be for me losing my virginity. "Scoring a virgin. Popping my cherry," I said. "Or taking my cherry, or busting my cherry, or plucking my rose."

"Ah, the rose!" he said, and he rubbed his fingers over my rectum. "It's quite lovely, David."

I asked him how it is expressed in Arabic. "Plucking the rose, of course," he said. "We don't speak of cherries. The most common image is a pearl. I will be your jeweler, piercing your pearl and setting it in the golden chain of love. Your pearl will be mine."

"That's very erotic," I said.

* * * * *

That night I fell asleep thinking of Sir Lawrence of Arabia, Gilgamesh, and Achilles, and of their lovers, the Turkish sultan, Enkidu, and Patroklos. Only fatigue and sleep prevented me from stepping across the dorm room to Aladdin's bed and offering my body to him.

Monday evening came. Time for our BS session—awaited by Aladdin with eagerness and by me with apprehension. This time his "lesson from literature" was from the Bible: the story in I Samuel about David and Jonathan. "David, your namesake," Aladdin said. "There's been controversy about whether or not they were lovers. They had many adventures together, just like Gilgamesh and Enkidu. But one passage in particular proves that they were lovers. One time when King Saul was particularly angry with Jonathan, he said, 'Thou son of a perverse woman, do I not know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse (David's father) to thine own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother's nakedness?' Even the writer of 1 Samuel, who disapproved of homosexuality, knew that David and Jonathan were lovers and that David was the dominant partner."

"Like Enkidu, David came to the king's court from the wilderness. Like Gilgamesh, Jonathan was a chivalric knight of the court," I said, contribution my bit to the analysis.

"There's another famous couple, too, Aladdin said. "I think they should count as a fifth example. Alexander the Great and Hephaestos, Alexander's friend and the only commander that he would have trusted with his life. According to ancient Greek histories of Alexander, he often compared himself to Achilles and Hephaestos to Patroklos. There aren't any details about their romantic life, but if the analogy holds, Hephaestos was Alexander's lover. Another example of the stronger man submitted to his friend as a bottom."

I got some paper on a clipboard, and wrote the line-up in chronological order, just as if I was studying my class notes for an exam. I showed my list to Aladdin, and he wrote the last entry, in bold letters:

	<u>Bottoms</u>	<u>Tops</u>
Babylonian, <i>Epic of Gilgamesh</i>	Gilgamesh	Enkidu
Hebrew, 1 Samuel	Jonathan	David
Greek, <i>Iliad & Plato's Symposium</i>	Achilles	Patroklos
Greek, Histories of Alexander the Great	Alexander	Hephaestos
Sir Lawrence of Arabia, <i>Seven Pillars of Wisdom</i>	Sir Lawrence	Turkish Sultan
Pine Hall	David	Aladdin

I flung my towel to the floor. Aladdin did the same. We hugged. I offered my lips to Aladdin, and we kissed.

“You know, Aladdin, what I admire most about your body is your cock. It’s dark mystery, so much darker than the rest of your body. And I’m really quite jealous of your foreskin.”

“Where I grew up, only Muslims have cut cocks, so yours is super-erotic to me,” Aladdin said. “It’s like sleeping with the enemy. It would be my pleasure to let you play with my foreskin, David.”

I toyed with his foreskin with my fingers, and gazed on it closely. My face was inches away. Aladdin put his hands on my shoulders and drew me in closer. I explored his foreskin with my lips. The taste of his duck butter aroused me. With the tip of my tongue I got a taste of his pre-cum.

“Let me show you something,” he said. We knelt facing each other, cock to cock, and Aladdin pulled his foreskin forward so it covered my cockhead. He frigged the tip of my cock, buried in his foreskin. “Now you do it,” he said. I pulled his foreskin over my cockhead and rubbed both together. “It’s called ‘docking’,” Aladdin said. “I looked it up.”

I lay on my back while Aladdin sucked my cock, and my balls. I almost came, but he stopped in time. I sucked his cock in return. We sucked each other in a 69 with him on top. Then we changed positions. While we sucked each other with me on top, Aladdin started making moves on my asshole. “The gate to the garden of pleasure,” he whispered.

It was time to open the drawer. Aladdin pulled out the condoms, the lube, the poppers, and the vibrator. I looked at the label. It said “Iron Man.”

He sat on the edge of the bed, and told me to get between his legs on the floor. I sucked his cock and his balls. He lay back and rested his lower legs on my shoulders. I licked his scrotum and sucked his testicles into my mouth, one after the other. “Kiss me right here,” he said. He pointed

to the shallow valley of skin between the base of his scrotum and his asshole. I followed the perineal valley with my tongue, which came within less than an inch from his asshole. Aladdin gave me plenty of time to get acquainted with this part of his anatomy.

“Now, David, let’s do it with poppers,” he said. He demonstrated how to use them by taking a couple of slow, deep snorts. I did the same, and then went back to his perineum. When the rush of the poppers hit me, I could not resist the desire to kiss his asshole. I kissed it tentatively, then fiercely drove my tongue into it. I got my first taste of bean juice, but other than that the rim of his sugarbowl was squeaky clean, taint-free. Once I got past my original enthusiasm—for I was liking my first ride to the moon—I explored the delicate ridges and flaps in his back forty. He moaned with pleasure while I licked his asshole and his hairy crevice. On a scale from one to ten were a twelve: his 3 to my 9! I liked it so much that I took another snort of poppers and rimmed him a second time. When I reached for the poppers a third time, Aladdin turned over and mooned me with his backside. I ran my tongue up and down the hairy moon-valley, with special attention to snarfing his little pink hole. I snorted and snarfed him a fourth time, rimming and ramming with my tongue. Aladdin praised my performance and commanded me to do what I was already doing, kissing his ass and tongue-fucking his manhole. “You bring sunshine to the place where the sun never shines,” he said.

Now it was pearl-piercing time, as Aladdin called it. A private, intimate moment. Aladdin embraced me and kissed me tenderly, then passionately. The kiss of the bridegroom kissing his virgin bride on the first night of their honeymoon.

He put a pillow on the middle of the bed and made a big show of smoothing it out for me. “We wouldn’t want any wrinkles in the pillowcase to irritate my smooth backside,” I said. I laughed with the nervous laughter of a condemned Legionnaire cracking a joke with a member of his firing squad. Aladdin smiled. It was a sly smile. The smile of my executioner, as we both knew. He looked me up and down, surveying the athletic, hunky body, so different from his own, the hunk that would soon be his prize. Lust flashed from his eyes. I blushed, looking apprehensive and confused. I had dreaded this moment, but wanted it.

“Don’t be afraid, David,” he said. “Everything will be done with the greatest of care.”

He told me to lie on my back with my ass propped up on the pillow. He helped me get into place on it. He knelt between my legs. He massaged my chest, pinched my nipples, kissed my underarms and licked tragus. Then he worked his tongue down to my cock and sucked me almost to the point of orgasm. I parted my legs when he moved his lubed-up hand into place just below my scrotum. He wiggled the tip of his fuck-finger around my anus. I shuddered from pussy-quivers. He rubbed lube on my asshole, and inserted one finger slowly. “I’m running my fuck-finger into your manhole,” he said. “Your manhole is going to become my male pussy.” He asked how it felt.

“Strange,” I said.

He wiggled his fingertip around the outer rim of my manhole. “That feels nice,” I said.

“Good man!” he said. “I’m giving you two fingers now, David.” He finger-fucked me slowly. Gradually I started to respond by tightening my outer sphincter around his fingers. I moaned and panted.

“I’m ready for three fingers, if that’s where you’re going with this,” I said.

“You’ve already got three fingers inside you,” Aladdin said, smiling. I reached down between my legs to feel the action. Sure enough, he had three fingers up my ass.

“You’re almost ready,” he said. He covered the vibrator with a condom, and coated it with lube. He inserted it into my asshole, very slowly. It felt strange, but painless. He turned on the vibrator. The pleasure was wonderful, unlike anything I had ever experienced. After a few minutes, he started fucking my ass with the vibrator. He told me to relax, and concentrate on the sensations that I was getting from the vibrator. “That’s what it feels like to get fucked, once you get used to it,” he said. My only reply was a moan of pleasure.

Slowly, Aladdin pulled the vibrator out and tossed it aside. “Time for the real thing,” he said. He fondled my cock with one hand, and reached for another condom with the other. He showed it to me.

“Another moment of decision for you, David,” he said while he fondled my cock. “If you tell me to wrap this piece of latex around my dick, I’ll do it.”

“What do you think we should do?” I asked.

“I want to fuck you bareback,” Aladdin said.

“Do you think so?” I replied, undecided.

“It would be much more intimate with the naked skin of my cock inside your ass, skin to skin,” Aladdin said. “Besides, I want to breed you.”

Aladdin handed me the condom. It was still in its wrapper. I tore open the wrapper and removed the condom. I held it up. “You really want to breed me?” I asked.

“That I do, David. I want to pop you, fuck you, and breed you. I want to love you completely, PFB.”

I tossed the condom aside.

“Good man!” Aladdin exclaimed. “Now that’s decided. I want you to make a V. Stretch your legs up high and apart. That’s it.” He saluted me with his index and fuck-finger forming a V.

“V is for Victory,” I said.

Aladdin moved forward toward his human V. His cockhead knocked at the gate of my garden of pleasure. He pushed through the entrance. It gave me a jolt. I groaned at the strange feeling inside me. My sphincter had been mushroomed. “There’s no going back now, David,” Aladdin said. “We’ve reached the point of no return.”

Aladdin waited for about a minute. He stoked my pulsating cock. His eyes flashed lust and stern resolution. I looked back at him like a deer confused by the headlights of a car.

Aladdin pushed his cockshaft halfway up my ass, slowly and continuously. That’s when I yelped out in pain, a sharp, burning pain that seemed like it would never go away. I groaned and complained. “You fuckin’ *bastard!*” I cried out.

“Take deep breaths, David, and concentrate on your breathing,” Aladdin said. I did as he asked. The pain subsided, very slowly. Our eyes met. Aladdin’s expression was one of lustful resolve. My expression must have been one of shock, like I couldn’t believe that this was happening to me. “It won’t be much longer David. We’re halfway there,” he said. While we waited, he stroked my cock back to hardness. “You’ve got a really tight ass, David. It feels unbelievable good,” he said. It helped to know that my pain was giving him pleasure. I reached behind my balls to feel his hard shaft. Half of it was buried inside me, but the other half was still waiting. I felt the base of his cock, and his pubic hairs. Aladdin interpreted my manual exploration as a green light for him to complete his penetration.

“Just one more push, David,” he said. He drove his cockshaft all the way in, in one slow movement forward. I yelped again, feeling a burning pain that was even sharper than the first time. Once more he reminded me to take deep breaths and concentrate on my breathing. It took another ten minutes for the pain to subside, and I settled down again.

I braced myself for another push from his cock, and felt a great relief when Aladdin said it was all the way in. “The worst is over, my friend,” he said. “Now we can both have some fun.”

“I feel a strange fullness, like it was your whole body inside me,” I said.

“My whole spirit is inside you,” Aladdin said, affectionately.

Aladdin fucked me with short, gentle strokes while I got used to the feeling of getting fucked. We looked into each other’s eyes. It seemed like Aladdin could read every facial expression that I made. “Are you liking this, David?” he asked, softly.

“Liking it? I’m loving it,” I said. “I’m glad we’re doing this bareback.”

“Me, too,” said Aladdin. “The merging of our bodies will be complete.”

Gradually Aladdin picked up the pace, with longer, more vigorous fuck-strokes. Occasionally I yelped out in pain when his cock seemed to strike a part of my anal canal that he hadn’t found before, most mostly I felt pleasure as his cock made contact with my sweet spots, especially my

prostate. He started to hump me furiously, and alternated his humping with slow, gentle massages of my anal canal. I started to feel strange, delightful popping sensations in my anal canal. I was starting to understand the advantage of being a bottom.

Aladdin experimented with punch-fucking me. He pulled his cock all the way out, then drove it back up my ass, forcefully. It was like a wild ride on a roller-coaster. Like his first penetration, without the burning pain. “Fuck me!” I cried out several times, commanding Aladdin to do what he was already doing.

Aladdin turned me over and fucked me doggie style. Then he pushed me flat on my stomach and fucked me. I loved the sensation of his full body contact.

He told me to sit on his cock, facing him. I felt like I was playing an active role in my own defloration. Aladdin was doing me, but it felt more like we were doing it together.

Finally, he told me to get back into position with my ass propped up on the pillow. There was no chivalrous smoothing out of the pillowcase. Aladdin was eager to get his cock back inside my ass. “I’m going to breed you now, David,” he said. “I’m going to plow the furrow and plant my seed inside of you.”

“Yeah, give it to me!” As he fucked me, I frigged my cock and it started to throb. He could see my orgasm coming, so he fucked me slowly while I jacked myself off. My bull’s milk squirted as far as his face, and mine, and all over our chests and bellies. The room was filled with the fragrance of semen. Before I could catch my breath, he was humping me. “Yeah, Aladdin, give me your cream! Plant your cream in me!” I encouraged him. Nature was taking its course.

I could feel Aladdin’s cock grow warmer when he came, and it seemed to expand, too. Then I felt a pleasant slickness inside me. He lay on top of me, buttering his cock with his cream, soaking his sausage in bull gravy. “Are you okay, David?” he asked, once he stopped panting.

“I feel wonderful,” I said. “It tickles a little, with your cream.”

“I cherry wouldn’t be thoroughly popped unless it was sitting in a bowl of cream,” he laughed. The tickling is just your ass begging for more.”

“You’re my lover now, Aladdin. It’s official,” I said. “My pearl is hanging around the neck of my jeweler, for sure.”

We kissed. I thought he would pull his cock out—until I realized that it was hard again. He fucked slowly. His cock got harder. “Looks like you’re going to get a double, David. Maybe we’ll have twins.” He turned me over on my belly and fucked me furiously from behind. I groaned and panted in response to the friction administered by ramrod, and I yelped every time he gave me a new jolt. But I loved the skin to skin contact of his body laying over mine as he fucked me. And I loved his aggressiveness.

We showered together—a dangerous thing to do in the dorm, but none of the other guys saw us. Back in our room, we moved our beds side by side so we could sleep together. Laying together in the blissful calm of *après-sexe*, we talked about the events of the evening. Aladdin wanted to know how I felt about every detail of our love-making. “I’ve got a confession to make, David,” he said. “I enjoyed giving you pain.”

“I know you did,” I said. “That’s one of the things I like about you.”

As we lay in each other’s arms, he said, “What if I wake up in the middle of the night and want to fuck you?”

“If that happens, just remember that my ass is yours,” I said. He fucked me in the middle of the night, just like he said he would, and again in the morning.

After that, we still had our BS sessions. They almost always ended in love-making, usually fucking, but sometimes with blow jobs, or mutual jack-off sessions just to watch each other in action. We lived together for my senior year, too, and eventually met some buddies who were also gay. But that’s a story for another day.

“In the interest of comparative anatomy,” I said. I took his right hand, and guided it to my cock. He fondled it, and played with my balls. My cock expanded to its full nine inches and throbbed in his hand. His fingers were slick with my pre-cum, which he massaged into the sensitive bundle of skin just below my cockhead. I felt tense all over, but the pleasure in my cock was so treat that I couldn’t resist Aladdin’s touch.

“Try to relax, David,” Aladdin said softly. He straddled me, with my cock buried in the cleavage of his ass, and massaged my shoulders and chest. “Just close your eyes and relax,” Aladdin whispered. “David, just close your eyes for me.” I did. Aladdin massaged my torso, and eventually I relaxed under his touch, which seemed magical. He pinched my nipples, softly at first, then sharply, while my cock ached for release in the hairs of his crevice. I wrapped my arms around him, then pinched his nipples in return, and fondled his cock. It was fully erect, the foreskin barely visible. When I opened my eyes to see Aladdin’s face just inches from mine. Our lips met in a passionate kiss. I let Aladdin penetrate my mouth with his tongue.

Then we lay side by side, facing each other, embracing and kissing. “Is this comparative anatomy, or is it the start of something more?” Aladdin asked.

“I hope it’s the start of something more, Aladdin,” I said.

Aladdin fondled my butt with one hand. I felt his fingers wander along the length of my crevice, up and down, then all the way down to my asshole. “Your ass is so smooth and lovely,” he said. “Speaking of comparative anatomy, it’s the part of you that I like best.”

“Do you think so?” I replied.

“I know so, David. Roll over on your belly and let me get a better look.”

I rolled over. Aladdin knelt at my side and fondled my butt with both hands. His fingers moved up and down my crevice again. When I felt them get close to my asshole, I spread my legs apart or him. “Oh, so beautiful!” Aladdin exclaimed. He wriggled his fingers around the ridges of my asshole. I spread my legs apart further. Aladdin spit on his finger. Then he inserted it slowly, ever so slowly up my ass. I shuddered at the strange feeling of penetration. He wiggled his finger inside my ass. “I think you like this,” he said. “You definitely like it.”

Slowly but firmly, I turned on my side and faced Aladdin again. “I’m not ready to go all the way, Aladdin. Not just yet,” I said. “Not just yet.”

“It’s okay, David. I understand,” Aladdin said.

“It’s just that I’ve never done this before,” I said.

“You’re telling me that you’re a virgin,” Aladdin said. “That’s wonderful. It will be a wonderful gift, when you’re ready to give it. When you’re ready.”

“I’m not saying no, Aladdin. I’m just saying not yet.”

We embraced and kissed, and fondled each other in pillow-talk. “Let me tell you what I want for us, David. What I want more than anything. I want you to be my Sir Lawrence of Arabia, and I’ll be your Turkish sultan. I just need to hear it from you that it’s okay for me to keep on trying. You know, just let me know that it’s okay for me to keep on trying to get inside of you.

“Yes, I want that, Aladdin,” I said. “I’ve always wanted to have sex with a guy, but I’ve never thought about that in terms of getting fucked. I never really thought about what role I would play. Maybe I just assumed I would be a top, I don’t know. But now that I know *you’re* a top, well, maybe it’s my destiny to be a bottom. But I’m not ready to jump into that right now.”

Aladdin stirred up the lust in me by stroking my cock, rhythmically. “Promise me your virginity, David,” he said. “Promise me that I’ll be the guy who pops your cherry.”

“I promise, Aladdin. I wouldn’t want anyone else to do it,” I said.

“Think of it as like an engagement. You’re promised to me like a bride. A very *male* bride! And I’m promised to you as your man, a *man’s* man.”

“I like the way you think, Aladdin,” I said. I was getting so close to orgasm that Aladdin was in control of my mind as well as my cock.

“I’ll transform your asshole into a sex organ, David. A male pussy.”

Aladdin shifted position. With one hand he frigged my cock. With the other, he fingered my asshole and slowly inserted a finger inside. “Concentrate on how it feels up your ass, David. Concentrate on how it feels inside,” Aladdin said. He wiggled his fingertip inside me, and I tightened my sphincter around it.

“Atta boy, David,” Aladdin encouraged me. He fucked me gently with his finger. Then he pulled his finger all the way out, and pushed it back in, slowly. I wasn’t able to suppress a moan of delight. Aladdin rewarded me with a kiss, then finger-fucked me again. I moaned again. This time he found my prostate, and stroked it. My ass seemed to rotate, but it was really Aladdin’s finger rotating in me.

“Which way do you like better, David, long strokes or short ones?” Aladdin asked. He let me sample some fast, short strokes.

“Right now I’m liking the short ones,” I said.

“I think you might be partial to the long slow strokes on your prostate,” Aladdin said, and finger-fucked me slowly while frigging my cock. Aladdin is rubbing the magic lamp.” By this time I was so far into his hand-actions that I couldn’t tell whether my cock or my ass was getting the most pleasure. “I am fucking you with my finger now, David. I am fucking you with my finger. Your ass is getting fucked by my finger. Aladdin is rubbing the magic lamp!”

“Oh, Aladdin, I could almost....”

“Cum for me now, David. I want to see you cum for me.” It almost seemed as if Aladdin was commanding me to do what I was doing already. My orgasm was so strong I saw stars. Our dorm room was filled with the fragrance of semen.

“Now it’s your turn,” I said as we lay side by side in the bed. I stroked Aladdin’s cock, and manipulated his foreskin with my fingers.

This was not the first time that Aladdin noticed my interest in his foreskin. “You can get in for a closer look,” he said. So I moved in close, and fingered his foreskin. He demonstrated how to pull at the skin, and how to pull it back and let it slide forward in place.

“The first joy of a top, and his first obligation, is to give pleasure to his bottom,” Aladdin said.

Let me be honest. It was Aladdin who popped my cherry and taught me how to open up to a man, physically and emotionally.

“You can take a closer look if you want to, David,” Aladdin said. Propped on one elbow, I leaned close to Aladdin’s cock. The rich brown foreskin glistened with pre-cum.

“I am going to seed you now, David,” Aladdin said huskily. “I am going to SEED you now!” It wasn’t a request. It wasn’t a command, either. I could have drawn back or pushed his body off of me and prevented him from draining his semen up my ass. Instead I decided to let it happen. I knew that Aladdin wanted me to know that he was breeding me. He wanted me to know it and feel it at the same time. His cock-strokes were packing a punch. This little guy had become a fireball inside me and I was loving it.

“Yes, Aladdin, plow the furrow and plant the seed,” I said between groans of pain mixed with pleasure.

With a flash of lust in his eyes, Aladdin acknowledged my total surrender to his phallus. I felt his prick expand and grow warmer in my anal canal. “I am seeding you, David,” he said. “I am seeding you, David,” he repeated several times. “Yes, give it to me,” was all I could reply.