

## Welcome to Paradise

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

I would always recommend safe sex practice, so sorry about my bareback experience, but  
I was lucky and we both tested negative and still are.

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Chapter 2

### **Island Adventure**

"Hey dude - get it together!"

My eyes rolled open - wow - I'm tired. Most of last night I acted liked an airhead. I couldn't shake thoughts of the sudden, hot action between Dave and I. Couldn't get the drink orders out right - never mine fast enough. Before 11 pm Jonathan, the night manager, took over the bar and told me to get my head straight. Even Amy thought I was acting kinda strange.

6:29 AM. Just why am I up now? Well once I'm up I'm up. So, I decided since there's no practice I'd do my usual. First priority - the head!

I love the morning everything's so calm. The first rays of clear yellow light streaks out over the buildings lining the boulevard. The bay is a perfect mirror, reflecting hues of dusky purples, oranges, and blue of the thin wispy clouds above. I pull on a pair of black spandex riding shorts, and carry my biking shoes down the pier towards our storage locker. First some long slow stretches to warm and lengthen my quads and calves; smooth tanned skin with lean muscle flexing and flowing. Just warm enough for no shirt - just a camel back, and with no traffic just sunglasses and a cap. Double checking the tire pressure on the Cannondale, I mount and lock into the peddle arms and head south. No wind yet, the road to myself. Pretty soon I'm pushing my cruising speed of 22 mph. Ah the freedom - air flowing around my body, air flowing through my hair, filling my lungs with clean salty air. I love these early morning rides - west now following residential neighbors along golf courses, then on towards rural roads heading further west and inland.

Just short of 8 am I slow, unclip my right shoe and start to brake. Wow, a great 30 miles. The marina was already showing signs of a busy weekend, so I wasted no time hitting the showers. There was only one guy in the showers, an older guy I've seen before. He has a 25 foot sloop on Dock A - nice body for an older guy, looks like he spends some time in the gym. I peel out of my shorts and head on in for a hot soapy shower. Feels great! Saturdays I shave, so I bring a small fog proof mirror in with me. Guess I have no shame, or at least I'm a show-off. I soap up and proceed to pull my balls up to shave them smooth. I love the clean feeling of smooth balls and trimmed pubes. Always helps to soap up my cock to a semi-hardon to do the best job. After a smooth set of balls, working on shaping up the pubes, I notice that this guy is watching me. In fact, his shower head is off, and he's just standing there. I guess when one

does private things in a semi-public place, don't be surprised when someone watches. Actually, it was getting me rather turned on. I just looked his direction and gave a short nod.

"Really is a nice look - I mean, shaving - looks clean and trim".

"Thanks, feels really good. Plus, my girl likes it"

"Aren't you afraid you'll nick yourself? Like there's lots of curves and angles down there."

"Just got to keep the skin tight, wet, and use short strokes."

"Wish I had the guts to try it. "

"Here's a new razor - give it a try."

"Thanks, but I don't know - can't do it."

"I'll help a friend, I'll show you".

What did I just say?! Seems lately I'll do and say the weirdest things. The look on his face was partial shock, and partial intrigue. He looked around, still alone. He walked over to the door and engaged the deadbolt - turning to come back I noticed a nice cut dick, semi-hard coming my way.

"Ok dude I'm game, just locked the door so no one gives you a scare while you're down there."

I sat back on my heels under the shower spray as he walked over, spread his legs, and lifted his cock. I applied a generous amount to shower gel to my hand and began working it over his upper thighs, balls, and ass crack. Pulling his low hanging ball sacks down, I proceeded to shave him. I noticed his cock lengthen as I massaged his balls. His eyes were closed with his wet lips parted and breathing a little heavy. In about 20 minutes he was clean and trim, and so so smooth.

"Finished man - looking good."

I looked up for a response, but found his eyes closed and his mouth open. His hairy chest was heaving as he was drawing in long ragged breaths. His hand started fisting his now super hard cock. I could tell his knees were going weak, and his balls grew tight against his body. He was in the throws pure sexual release. His hips started to buck, as his cum started rising from his balls. The first stream of hot creamy juice hit my right shoulder, the second my chest, finally a third and fourth flowing over his piss slit down the underside of his shaft.

"Thanks man - the shave fills smooth. Next time I'm at your bar there's a good tip in it for you."

With that he exited the shower, grabbed his towel, and unlocked the door. I lingered under the water for a while longer hoping to clear my head. Couldn't help but taste his nut before washing clean. Ummm, salty, and kinda tastes like beer.

All clean and recharged I wrapped in a towel and walked back to Atria. What a morning, and it's not even 9 am yet! Can't wait for my meeting with Dave. I changed into a pair of cargo shorts pulled on a teal polo shirt, and put on my trusty topsiders. I felt powerful, and hot. My phone alerted me to a voice message - who leaves voice mail anyway? Dialing in, I found Amy's message, she was coming by at 10, meet her at the dock master's lounge. Cool, looks like I might finally get some going away action!

"Hey babe, how was your last night at work?"

"Slow, took a lot longer to get out without you pulling your weight."

"Yea, sorry, didn't mean to be so screwed up last night. Guess it's the end of summer thing."

"Well tomorrow my folks and I are driving up North to drop me at Duke. We got to settle some things today."

"Yea, I was kinda hoping we could hookup before you head out."

"That's not what I'm here for. I'm here to say good-bye. Long distance relationships never seem to work for anyone I've known. So, let's just be honest."

"Well, you'll only be about 12 hours away." Did I just say, Only? "Look, let's just have some fun, and when you come back for Winter break we'll take it from there. Deal?"

"Deal - no! I'm not here for you to fuck me, so just give me a hug."

She was gone. We'll probably run into each other during breaks, but not much else other than that. Wow, that was really easy, and I don't really feel anything but maybe a little numb. I walked back to Atria and opened by dad's 10 year old dark rum, and mixed myself a strong Cuban Libre. I sat in the wheel well looking out over the smooth bay towards the barrier islands just off shore. Chemical Romance played in the background as time slipped away.

"Will! Will! Give me a hand."

Shaking my head I looked over at my dad trying to manage the bimini down from the dock. "Hey Dad, give me a sec!" I was just in time to grab the loose end and help get it over the railing.

"Looks sweet, Mr. Johnson did a great job on the cover."

"When did you start liking rum?"

"Just needed to space out a bit, didn't have any beer onboard. Don't worry it's only one".

"Just don't let your mom know. She doesn't even like it when I stock beer onboard."

"86 the drink, and let's do an early lunch. You hungry?"

"Hadn't thought about it, but yea, I could use a burger. Is mom with you?"

"No, she wanted to run some errands, but plans to spend the day onboard tomorrow with an old friend from Tampa. We're probably take Atria out for a day sail. You mind coming aboard, I could use the help getting her ready, and out of the marina?"

"Sure, you mind if I invite a new friend of mine? He's starting school Monday, and has never been down here."

"Always room for another deck hand."

The afternoon passed quickly with various projects dad had planned for the afternoon. Usually I don't like working out on deck, but it was a good way to pass time. Around 3 pm I headed for a shower, changed into my work clothes and headed out to start-up the bar. Saturday was going to be strange without Amy there, but as busy as it usually is, time will sail by.

"Hey Dave, how's it's going? Glad you called, I meant to call you. Want to go out for a day sail tomorrow?"

"Sure, sorry I forgot to text you."

"No problem, spent the day with my dad working on the boat. My mom has a friend over tomorrow, so we'll take Atria out - should be lots of fun. Maybe we can even take the sailing dingy out - there's an old fort that not many folks even know about."

"Sounds, like a plan! Is 9 am ok?"

"Sure. Got any weed? My mom doesn't like it when I drink".

"I'll see what I can do."

"Tomorrow dude."

Sunday morning began with a whirl of action on the docks. Seems everyone wants to hit the water with this cooler than usual weather we're having. What I mean by cool is like 65 degrees in the morning and 80 degrees at noon with crystal blue skies with a nice gentle breeze. Dad called around 8 to meet him at the gate to help bring onboard 2 blocks of ship's ice, a case of Base Ale, some mixers, and some rum, vodka, and gin. Looks like I'll be playing bar tender today. Funny how it's ok for me to mix drinks for the folks and guests, but according to mom, I'm still too young to participate.

Right at 9 sharp I get a text from Dave, he's at the gate ready to board. Wow, what a hot looking guy. He's decked out in A&F cargo shorts, an olive tank, baseball cap, and leather slides.

"Hey, looks like you're ready."

"Yea, is what I'm wearing ok? I've got a pair boxers on underneath in case we go swimming."

"What, no red thong! Get lost dude, this is a clothing optional cruise only."

"Yea, right!"

I introduced Dave to dad, and we joined in on the pre-cruise chores. It was funny watching Dave trying to fill the fresh water tanks. Even worse, watching him and my dad taking down the sail covers. We did however finish early so dad treated us with a couple of ice chilled ales. Plenty of time to get rid of the evidence before mom and her friend arrives.

#### Time to Cruise

Walking the bow line down the finger pier, I stepped onboard just as the aft cleared the pier. Passing the breakwater, dad turned the wheel over to Dave (with very clear instructions regarding compass heading) as he and I untied the main sail and hoisted it into place. With the main sail in place dad returned to the wheel well to make a course correction, and give Dave a quick lesson on red and green buoys. We turned our attention to the Mizzen, and then unfurled the jib. Dad cut the engine and Atria was under sail - that's my cue to open the bar. Two rum and cokes, a John Collins, and we were underway. Usually on our day trips we do a 4 hour out and back past a series of barrier islands.

"Dad is it ok if I show Dave the old fort? "

Dad and I looked over at Dave and both started to laugh - first timers always get the wheel; keeps them out of the way on deck. Dave's eyes were still locked on the compass even though dad had engaged the autopilot right after he cut the engine.

"Sure, we'll drop the dingy, but you guys will have to swim for it. I'll drop the sails on the way back in to pick you up."

"Deal - it's starting to feel a little warm on deck how 'bout a cool one?"

"Sure"

I handed Dave a can of ginger ale spiked with a double shot of gin. He took a big gulp and immediately started coughing, with a spray of ginger ale blowing out of his nose. "Hey"!

"You boys ok"?

"He's fine mom". My dad and I were laughing, as I gave Dave a slap on his bare back.

"It just went down the wrong way. I'm good". The look on his face told me that payback was coming my way.

Coming up on the starboard side about 300 yards out, a barrier island came into view. On the leeward side a narrow white sand beach rose out of the aqua waters. Small gulls were walking along the shore. Scrub trees and palms anchored the sandbar thus securing the title of island.

"OK boys I'm going to ease off this tack. As soon as I drop the dingy you guys hit the water. Dave, make sure you push off the side rail, away from the boat. Will, double check your cell, and make sure the Ziplock is secure."

"See you guys in a couple of hours. Bye mom". The dingy touched the water and moved swiftly away from the stern. The warm clear water enveloped us as I reached the bowline and towed the dingy ashore. In a matter of a few minutes Dave and I were pulling the dingy high up on the beach. Good to his word, Dad

had a couple of towels and our shoes sealed in a water tight bag next to a small white foam cooler with a couple of bottles of water and 4 ales. Thanks dad!

"What do they call this island"?

"I really don't think it rates a name, barely shows as more than a sandbar on the charts." Unpacking a pair of towels and slides I toss Dave a cold ale. "Here you better get some sun block on. It's got mosquito protection in it - no burn, no bites".

"Do many people come out here"?

"Sometimes a few locals, but usually I've got the place to myself. Once we walk off the beach there's a short trail over the island to an old brick and concrete fort. It's not much to look at, I think it's civil war era." I reach down and slip off my wet shorts and hang them across the side of the dingy.

"Going commando again I see".

"I was just going to get wet anyway. Less to dry this way." Toweling dry I reach for the sun block and apply a coat to my upper body, legs, ass, and a good bit to my cock and balls. "Nothing's worse than a burned cock or ass." Tossing the sun block to Dave, "Hey can you get my back?".

"Sure", Dave reached up and worked the lotion on to my back. Ummmm, strong hands. I closed my eyes as I felt him work the lotion across my shoulders working the muscles with his long fingers.

"Thanks man. Need any help?"

"Yea, wait a sec." He pulled down his shorts and boxers and lobbed them into the dingy. Turning towards me, "When in Rome man - lube me up!". I warmed some lotion in my hands and started making big circles across this hard chest and rippled abs.

He had a nice patch of hair above and just between his pink nipples - a shade lighter than his short wet spiked hair. His hair continued along a little trail down the center line of his abs leading past his narrow hips into a short patch of trimmed pubes at the base of a beautiful cut cock. Taking advantage of the sunlight and our new "Closer" friendship, I studied Dave. His soft 5 inch cock resting on two honey colored smooth balls came under my touch. Dave stepped forward and closed the distance wrapping an arm around my waist, and pulled my chest into his wet lips and gently kissed my left nipple. Moaning as he circled my nipple, my cock started to swell.

"Tex, slow it down man - you're going to have me creaming right here on the beach. We don't want to attract an audience". He stepped back and flashed a brilliant smile, licked his full wet pink lips, picked up his towel and reached back and twisted the hell out of my nipple. "Shit man! Fuck that hurt!"

"Pay backs are hell man! Come on let's check out this place". He folded the towel over his head like a silly naked Egyptian, and headed down the trail. I picked up the cooler, towel, and cell and headed down the trail following two perfect melons of an ass. The trees closed in a bit, but still allowed ample breeze to wash across the island. Every now and then brightly colored green lizards would dash across the path. The sky overhead was a clear deep blue with shafts of light filtering down through the trees illuminating a carpet of vines and the occasional wild flower.

"Just up ahead you'll see a broken brick wall with steps on the right." We followed the steps up a few feet before walking out onto a concrete pad overlooking a breakwater on the windward side of the island. A partial arch framed the open water beyond the island. "The breeze is nice today - not too hot. Well what do you think?".

"It's kinda small, but really private. Got anymore beer?"

"The Alamo it's not, but hey not everything is a big as you guys have it in Texas. Here. We've got this last round left." We set down on the towels and stretched out to soak in the sun. "Hey Dave, this stuff we've been doing together is all new to me man. I'm just not sure how I'm supposed to feel about it. I mean it's really intense."

"You feel what you feel. Don't start labeling everything." Dave rolled on his side and moved in to nuzzle by neck. "You smell like a pina colada - good enough to drink." He bathed my neck in hundreds of gentle wet kisses, and when he nibbled my ear my cock started to fill up and graze his hot thigh. I pulled his chin up and our lips met in a hot wet fury. My hands roamed over his back as I pulled him on top of me. My now fully erect cock fit perfectly under his balls between his firm hot thighs. I pulled him hard into my body wanting to feel his very essence. We broke the embrace. My heart was pounding so hard I could feel my neck pulse. Sweat was starting to make both of us slick which just added to the feeling. No longer shy, we slid past one another into a 69. I looked down in time to see my fully erect cock with the dark and swollen head pushed out from the foreskin leaking pre-cum out onto Dave's full lips. I gasped as he slowly sucked in the head of my cock. I moaned as he traced the outline of the glands and foreskin with his talented tongue. I turned my attention to the swollen member in front of my face. Fully erect he appeared to be about 6 and a half, cut, with a gentle upward curve. I reached out my tongue and licked the coconut flavored cock. From tip to base I licked the cock like a tasty popsicle. Making a circle with my lips I sucked him into my waiting mouth. Trying to keep pace with my teacher I moved down on his shaft taking in most of his 6 1/2 inches. It felt amazing, the feeling of being sucked like never before, and being filled with a hard hot cock in my mouth. I started to taste his pre-cum on my tongue. A warm cocktail of sweet and salt. Again, he pulled my cock down his throat and made a swallowing motion sending me right to the edge. He must have felt me getting close because he slid off and firmly squeezed the base of my cock. He went down on my nuts - licking the entire sack - then taking one round ball gently into his hot mouth - then the other. I was in heaven. Before I got used to the great feeling he opened wide and put both balls into his mouth. I was leaking pre-cum into a pool on my lower abs with a string of pre-cum linking my cock to my stomach. Sensing my breathing getting faster he came off my balls, and moved his head between my legs. Licking my taint caused me to suck in a fast deep breath almost making me gag on the cock I still had in my mouth. Dave's tongue found it's mark and once again his tongue was sliding in my ass, exploring several inches of sensitive territory. Dave was moaning and pushing into me hard, I must have been giving him pretty good head. I slid off his cock and spread his legs and started to explore his tender underside. The experience was intense; the smell was the fragrance of coconut, salt, and musk. The more I explored the more urgent he became trusting his tongue in and around my now twitching hole. I pulled back his ass cheeks to expose his tight, pinkish brown pucker. I reached down and lubed up my finger with my pre-cum and circled his tight hole. The hole puckered in - kinda like it was winking at me. A little more pre-cum and I pressed into him with my middle finger. Knowing the way it feels when I've got a soapy finger up my own ass, it didn't take long to

find his sweet spot. He took in a deep rugged breath and started bucking against my finger.

"Shit that feels great man - put another one in!" With my ever dripping supply of pre-cum I lubed up another finger and slid it into him. He was sweating heavily, and moaning and bucking onto my fingers. "Fuck me man - I got to have it! I want you to cum up my hole!"

His hole was already slick and stretched, so I thought to myself, how different could it be from fucking a pussy. I gave him my towel and with his legs over my shoulders I lined up my cock and watched in fascination as my cockhead slipped past his ass lips. Wow, tight and hot! Inch by inch my shaft sank deeper into his hot welcoming tunnel. No pussy ever felt like this - that's for sure. Pretty soon my whole 7 inches bottomed out and my smooth balls were hanging against his ass. I realized I haven't felt him breathing so I asked, "You ok?".

"Yea man - just hold it there so I can adjust". After a moment of two he started moving around, fucking himself with my cock, so I took the hint and started a slow steady rhythm. Pulling out just to the edge then push all the way back in. Looking down his eyes were closed, his mouth open, and sweat was pouring off him. I leaned down and pulled his tongue into by mouth. We made out passionately as I picked up the pace fucking in a fast strong cadence. His hard cock pressed into the remaining pool of pre-cum on my stomach - I could feel him sliding his cock across my abs as I fucked him deeply. Suddenly he pulled away from my mouth and bit down hard on my shoulder and started moan uncontrollably. I felt him tense, go rigid, then a cycle of spasms moved through his groin and ass. "Oh God, Oh God, I'm cumming!" I felt his cock expand and his cum shot out between our hot slick bodies. Now it's my turn, first I felt my balls pull up, got that tingling in my groin, even saw silver flashes across by eyes.

"Me too man - here I cum man!" I rammed my cock as deep as it would go and started shaking all over. Three strong volleys shot through me, then kinda an almost calm, then a big spasm passed through me into his ass and another 2 even stronger shots of hot cum. Just then he started shaking all over again as he cried out, "Shit dude I'm coming again".

We lay there still connected - breathing hard and feeling warm, sleepy, and completely at peace. "Dave, that was the best man". Just then Cold Play sounded on my cell announcing a call. "Well, it's time to pack it in, they're headed back".

Sitting up on either side of the dolphin striker with our feet dangling over the bow we watched the marina come into focus. With the breeze in our hair and the taste of cum on our lips we didn't need to talk, we just soaked everything in.

Just another day in paradise.

I appreciate your constructive comments. Email me at  
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