THE CHURCH OF EROS

Prologue: The Church of Eros is a fiction with elements of truth about it and you should be at least eighteen to read it. My sole purpose in writing it is to enhance your self-pleasuring. It would give me great joy to know that you have taken off your clothes as you read this and that you are naked and masturbating your beautiful cock to a wonderful cum.

THE CH URCH OF EROS

By TANTRA

Chapter One

 I was just thirteen years old when I was introduced to The Church of Eros and to Father Mulcahey and, as it turned out, it became the most important event in my young life. I can’t really believe that if it were not for the church I might not have gone the way of gay sex because the lure of it was too overwhelming for me. But thanks to the church I found the acceptance of the life-style that encouraged me to freely enjoy all of the special thrills that go with it.

Out of the blue my mother sat me down for a serious talk one day after school and told me that she wanted me to join her church. She had become a member of a church just after she separated from my father three months before. I thought, at the time, that maybe it made sense for her to seek out some spiritual support in the aftermath of a divorce, but it sure didn’t apply to me.

 If nothing else the church took too much of her time. She would go off to services on Sunday morning and not return until mid-afternoon. On Wednesday and Friday evening she would be off to church and not return until just before she had to go to work. My mother worked midnights as head nurse at a Boston hospital.

 I hated to see my mother get religious after so many years of being proud of her sexiness. She had had numerous affairs with men over the years that even I knew about and which ultimately led to the separation but since joining the Church of Eros and even though she was now single, she never brought anyone home. You can all me weird but I liked the idea of her fucking men. If only my father could have found the same kind of sexual excitement in allowing his wife fuck to other men they would still be together.

But now it was like she took to religion seriously. She still looked as sexy, and, in fact, sexier. I couldn’t believe the way she dressed for church. She looked like a hot blonde on the make. She was thirty-five years old and still had it.

 “Why in the world would I want to join a church?” I asked her. “We’ve never been religious before and I kind of liked it that way.”

 “Honey, it’s a different kind of church,” she said. “Very different. And at first I thought you were too young. But now you are thirteen and Father Mulcahey has convinced me that it is right for you. Besides I see all the other children are so happy with it, some of whom are much younger than you. Anyway I agreed to have Father Jim talk to you and I made an appointment for this afternoon.”

 If my father was so hell-bent on having a faithful wife, I thought, he should have stuck around one more month. It looked like my mother’s sexy days were over. At least for now.

 Even though she never brought her boy-friends home, and even though I was only twelve at the time, I was pretty much hip to what was going on. I heard my father on the phone talking to a friend of his and saying that my mother had asked him to consider swinging but he just couldn’t bring himself to do it. My father taught Political Science at Harvard University and felt that a loose life-style might not sit well the administration. I heard my mother tell him that it was ridiculous to think that way because most academics were into sexual freedom in a big way. I heard her tell him that his real problem was that, even though he was a wildly attractive man, for some reason he lacked the self-confidence necessary for that kind of life style.

 So now I got to see my father every other week-end and he came to all of my Pop Warner football games that fall and was proud of my talent. He had played for Harvard as an undersized running back and had scored three touchdowns against Yale his junior year.

 Anyway my mother and I made the thirty mile drive to Grafton to a building that looked more like the private school it once was. It was set back in the woods on a forty acre campus and pretty much away from you might say prying eyes. Oddly there was only one small sign out front to announce that it was a church and there was none welcoming visitors. The sign simply said “The Family Church”.

 A Sister Sarah greeted us at the door and, while she was attractive, and young she also looked a trifle mannish. Her black hair was short and she was wearing a man’s shirt and tie with long pants.

 “So this is Stephen,” she said. “He’s almost too pretty to be a boy. Are you absolutely sure he is a boy, Lydia?”

 I’d heard it before. My Aunt Susan always called me a “near Miss.” On the other hand I was the star running back on my Pop Warner team and the high school coach had already been out to scout me for next year. There was really nothing effeminate about me.

 The Sister led us to a small conference room that had four lounge chairs in a circle, and, though I was expecting my mother to sit in on the meeting I was left alone to wait for the priest. When the door next opened I was stunned at the appearance of Father Jim. He was really tall and very handsome and had a smile that put me immediately at ease. He was dressed in a cassock and collar and looked as much like a priest as anyone could.

 I stood up when he entered and we shook hands. But instead of letting go in the usual amount of time the priest continued to hold my hand. He was looking directly at me, eye to eye, while he used a middle finger to gently trace a line along the palm of my hand.

 Then in a low almost whisper he said, “You are so beautiful, Stephen, so very beautiful.”

 I started to erect. I couldn’t believe it but this handsome priest holding on to my hand was giving me an erection. He saw it, too. He was looking at my crotch and smiling.

 “Please sit down, Stephen. This meeting won’t take too long. I believe I have some of my answers already.”

 He thinks I’m queer, I thought. He knows he gave me an erection and he thinks I’m queer. I glanced at my lap and couldn’t miss the obvious tent. But then I noticed something else, too, as he sat across from me. His cassock had a nice bulge, as well, to the point that I wondered if he was wearing any underwear.

 Again in a quiet voice he said, “I would say that man to boy we are going to get along very well, wouldn’t you?”

 He was one of those priests, I thought. My mother had unwittingly set me up with one of those boy loving priests. Well I was at the age where my sex drive was in full bloom and if this handsome priest wanted to give me a blow job who was I to refuse. His secret would be safe with me.

 “Just what has your mother told you about the Church of Eros?” he asked.

 “The Church of Eros?” I asked. “The sign out front said The Family Church.”

 “Well the actual title is the Church of Eros but for obvious reasons It would be far to revealing to announce that to the world.”

 “Announce what to the world?

 “You see, Stephen, ours is a religion, alright, but a religion that worships a sub-God. We do not deny or affirm the one true God that other religions worship. We leave that up to you. But this church worships the sub-God, Eros. Are you familiar with the Greek God Eros?”

 “Isn’t he like Cupid or something? Isn’t he the one with the bow and arrow? Doesn’t he shoot his arrow and make people fall in love?”

 “That’s very good, Stephen. It’s really remarkable that you know this. But Eros is not Cupid. They are often confused. Eros is actually the God of sexual desire. Just think about that for a moment. He is the god of sexual desire. In legend once struck with one of his arrows you are driven to seek out and enjoy all manner of sexual pleasure. The arrows of Eros don’t always make you fall in love with one person, but far more often they cause you to become addicted to sexual pleasure itself. In our church we welcome those arrows. We pray for them to strike us and turn us on to sex.”

 I stared at him in disbelief and at the same time I was becoming very excited. My erection which had begun to subside was back in force and I was beginning to sweat. At the same time I couldn’t really believe I understood him correctly.

 “Are you saying that you pray for …………. Are you saying that you are looking for ………….”

 “Sex!” the priest said. “Thank to the arrows of Eros, our congregants want to have sex with each other.”

 “What about the kids like me?”

 “You are included in those prayers.”

 “So the kids have sex with each other, too?” This was almost too good to be true, I thought.

 “And the children have sex with the adults, as well.”

 “But it’s against the law, isn’t it?”

 “That is why we conduct ourselves in utmost secrecy. It is against the law. But it is not against the law of Eros or God, for that matter. Once you are struck with the arrows of Eros you will find yourself desiring every variety of sexual pleasure. Once Eros has you in his spell you will be unable to resist. And that includes homosexual acts and family love.

“When you say family love are you talking about………….. about incest?”

 “Yes.”

 “You expect me to……….with my mother?”

 “Yes.”

 “Does she want to do that with me?”

 “Yes. She joined the Church of Eros because she likes to have sex with children as well as other adults.” He said it just like that straight out. “She wants to have sex with you. You see the Church of Eros believes that sex is God’s special gift to men and women and that incestuous sex helps bond families together. Even though it makes pals of parents it seems to work out better than the authoritarian alternative.”

 Even though I couldn’t believe what I was hearing my cock was so worked up I almost wanted to unzip my fly, take it out and start jerking off. My mother has been fucking other kids and not me.

 “She’s been a member of the church for a couple of months now,” I said. “How come she didn’t bring this up before?”

 “She was afraid of how you would react. It is quite delicate after all. She’s been looking for signs that you had the sexual interests I’ve been assuring her were there at your age. But with your football and everything she couldn’t be sure. She’s been checking your computer to see if you were showing any of the normal interest in sex. She’s probably been asking you some questions, too.”

 “Not too much. Maybe she asked me a few about girls. I have been checking out sex sites a lot but she wouldn’t have been able see. I use a second identification with a different code.”

 “What kind of sex sites?”

 “Mostly stories. You learn more from the stories than you do from the videos. Nifty Alternative Sex Stories is the one I use mostly.”

 “To jerk off with,” he said.

I had a fit of coughing that didn’t want to quit.

 “Gay stories?” he asked.

 “They have everything not just gay,” I finally managed to say.

 “Do you like the gay stories?”

 “I like them all.”

 “Which do you like best?”

 It was kind of a moment of truth. And I trusted him enough to answer him honestly.

 “I guess I like the gay stories the most. I get my biggest cums from the gay stories Does that mean I’m gay?”

 “At your age you are subject to change as you go along. And your interest is perfectly normal. Have you ever had sex with other boys?”

 “No, father. I have never had sex with anyone.”

 “Would you like to have sex with other boys?”

 “Yes, Father. With men, too.”

 I could see he liked that answer.

 “Do you have a curiosity about sucking a cock?”

 “Yes, Father.”

 “Is there anything else that you fantasize about?”

 I knew where this was headed and I could guess the answer he wanted to hear.

 “I am curious about what it would be like to get fucked. I’ve seen videos and the boys and men seem to enjoy getting fucked. From the looks on their faces the feeling is supposed to be pure pleasure. And in the stories they make it sound like it’s the most awesome of all the sexual experiences.”

 “Brother Frank and I have a method of introducing boys to anal sex that doesn’t cause them any of the usual pain. It takes a lot of patience and a lot of time. It takes well over an hour to do it and it is pure pleasure from beginning to end. Would you like us to do that for you?”

 “I would like that very much. When could we do it?”

 “Probably not tonight because your mother is anxious to make love to you and I would think
she deserves some attention before anything else.”

 “Can I be honest, Father. I can do it with my mother at home. I would much rather do something with you tonight if that’s possible. I guess you could say that right now I am in a mood for guys.”

 “What if we made it a threesome. You know three is just the right number for the best of sex. You are not only engaged yourself but you have the erotic stimuli of watching others. There is always the inclusion of homosexual sex that adds to the excitement.”

 “Can I ask you a question, Father?”

 “Go ahead.”

 “Are you gay, too?”

 “I would have to say that I am. Others would say that I’m bisexual. But my leanings are more to the homosexual side. You have to understand that when you are sexy like you and I we are able to service both genders and that gay men, due to their sensitivity and their desire to cause others to experience pleasure, make the best lovers for women. I know that I have a minor difficulty in cumming when I am fucking a woman and that when I want to cum I have to think about men. So I can last and last and some women need that time because they take longer to orgasm.”

 “Have you fucked my mother?”

 “Yes!”

 I allowed myself to envision the two of them naked and together. “She’s very sexy, isn’t she?” I asked.

 “Very. And she likes it all. We have special nights during the week. Thursday night is for lesbians only and Friday night is for bondage. She loves it all.”

 “She does it with girls, too?”

 “Yes.”

 “Wow. I wouldn’t believe that about my mother.”

 “As you say she’s very sexy. Next Sunday she has agreed to be one of the presenters at services. We have a new member named Butch. He is a three hundred pound black guy with a huge cock. It is the biggest I have ever seen. It could be as much as thirteen inches and as thick as my forearm. He told me that he rarely meets a woman who can take it all so he has developed a bunch of different positions to enable a female to take as much of his cock as she can handle. But your mother thinks she can take it all and she is willing to get on top of the altar with Butch next Sunday and give it a try. It should be very exciting.”

 “Is that what you do at services?”

 “Services take a half an hour or less. It consists of a few short prayers and then a sexual demonstration of one sort or another, to pay our respects to the power of Eros and to get everyone in the mood for sex upstairs in the sex room. The demonstration might be something as charming as two pre-teen kids fucking on the altar or as beautiful as having two Lesbians scissoring each other. I try to come up with something different and erotic each week to get everyone in the mood. The chapel has no pews. The congregation stands throughout. They are required to wear panties or thong pouches and to remain clothed throughout so they don’t get into a frenzy that the confines of the chapel couldn’t handle. They are allowed to lower their underthings to above the knee or even to the ground as long as they have the garment around at least one ankle. They are allowed to play with themselves, but they can’t touch each other during services.

“There is really nothing sexier than a church full of congregants masturbating to our presentation. It fact the custom goes back to the early days of the Catholic Church. They felt periodical sexual orgies relieved them of potentially troublesome urges and allowed them to live their daily lives productively and without temptations.”

 “Wow! This all sounds too good to be true. It’s like all of the sex things you wanted to do are suddenly okay. It’s like all of a sudden your parents are saying that they want you to have sex. It’s all too good to be true.”

 “And we are talking about all kinds of sex. There is more homosexual sex than anything else. Do you find that idea exciting?”

 My voice was nowhere to be found. I was trying to picture the mother I knew doing any of this and, I had to admit I could. My cock was so hard it was painful.

 “You haven’t answered me, Stephen. Do you find it exciting?”

 “Yes,” I finally blurted. “You mean about the orgy. Yes I find it exciting.”

 “Including the homosexual sex?”

 “Yes. Especially the homosexual sex!”

 “And you still haven’t answered my question about having a threesome with your mother.”

 “As long as you’re going to be with us it sounds okay. I think I need to see what it’s like to suck a cock more than anything else.”

 “I have an idea.”

 “What’s that, Father?”

 “I think I would like to start off with you doing a strip tease for your mother. I’ll bet she hasn’t seen your pretty cock since you were little. I’m thinking of a strip tease while she masturbates.”

 “Wow. You are so sexy. You want me to do a strip for her?””

 “Would you like to do that for her?”

 “I don’t dance.”

 “Strip dancing is related to sex. You don’t have to be Fred Astaire. All you have to do is move sensually with the music. Just think about sex and the moves will come naturally. The more subtle the movement the better it is.”

 “You have sexy music?”

 “We have underground obscene music that we play at services.”

 “Obscene?”

 “Yes, obscene. Blunt, unadulterated lyrics with a pounding, penetrating beat.”

 “Wow! Father! How does a priest ever get to be so sexy?”

 “It is the influence of the god Eros.”

 “What will I wear?

“Your clothes will do fine. I’m sure, in her mind, she has been undressing you for months just the way you look right now. Now we are going to make those thoughts a reality.”

 THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER TWO

 We came out to the lobby hand in hand, priest and boy, with me presenting a tell-tale bulge that wouldn’t go away. Seeing my mother, and how sexy she looked, I felt a renewed interest in doing a three-way with her and Father Jim. I would have both a pussy and a cock to play with and what could be better than that? She even looked sexier now than she did an hour ago due, in large part, to my new awareness of the sexual things she was doing.

 “We have a new convert, Lydia. We should rejoice.” Father Jim said solemnly

 “I’m not surprised.” She said.

 “Well if you’re not surprised, Mom, what took you so long to bring me here?”

 “Well, I was looking for signs that you were ready for it and that you would be interested. It is very touchy, after all, to bring up the subject of free love to your thirteen year old son. It could have been a disaster. I knew you had a second call sign in the computer and that was hopeful. At least I knew that you were looking at something you didn’t want me to see. I was trying to get up the nerve to call you on it and demand that you open it up and see what was on your mind. But what convinced me to go forward finally was seeing the other children at church and how happy they were having sex. I was sure you were no different than them”

 “Wow! I can’t get over any of this.”

 She came out of her chair to enfold me and her lips came directly down on mine. It was my first adult kiss. Our mouths came open and her tongue touched mine. It was so electric. We clung to each other trading tongues and one of her hands found my cock to fondle it. I reached under her skirt for her pussy and stroked the surface of silk panties before sliding inside to feel the real thing. I was feeling my own mother’s pussy. I was tasting my own mother’s tongue. This was hardly the normal mother and son thing to do. Or was it? We were entering a new world and it was going to be so wonderful.

 When we finally uncoupled my legs were weak.

 “Well your pretty boy comes as advertised,” Father Jim said. “You can’t look that much like a girl and not be attracted to men. Or the other way around.”

 “He’s gay?” she asked.

 “Happily so. And very sexy. But I am sure he will still be able to make love to his mother, you don’t have to be worried about that. How long has it been since you’ve seen his cock?”

 “Probably not since he was seven.”

 “Well, why don’t you sit down and we’ll have Stephen do a strip for you. How does that sound.”

 “It sounds like fun,” she said. “You want to do this right here in the lobby?”

 “It’s as good a place as any and it’s really kind of cozy. Stephen, you’ll want to take off your sneakers before you start. It would be awkward to have to take the time to unlace shoes during your dance. I am going to pick out a record just for you and when you hear the lyrics you’ll understand.”

 Father left the room for a minute and in a few minutes we heard the sexy, throbbing thumping beat of music being piped into the lobby and probably to other parts of the building. And it was to play several strictly instrumental choruses before there was any singing. The beat of the music was hypnotic and I began to sway with the beat.

 Father Jim returned to take a chair next to my mother’s. I kept swaying and moving my pelvis in time with the beat. My mother hiked up her dress so that I could see her electric blue satin panties and one hand slid up to play with the surface. I delicately ran fingers along my pants covered cock to emulate her. Father Jim’s crotch began to rise again so I guess I was doing it right. I slowly slipped my shirt up over my head, held it out at arms’ length and then tossed it at my mother. I had seen strip teases enough on the internet to know what to do and I was into it.

 A chorus finally started to sing with the thumping beat.

 “Do it. Do it. Do it. Take off your clothes and do it. You know you need to do it. You know you need to play.

 “Do it. Do it. Do it. You know it’s fun to do it. You really need to do it. It’s better if it’s gay.”

 Wow? What sexy lyrics. I felt sexy. I was sexy. And I knew my mother was going to love my cock. I slowly unbuckled my pants and let them fall. I was down to my white briefs. My mother’s hand was now inside her panties and she had a slightly glazed look on her face. Father Jim was unbuttoning the buttons that covered the crotch area of his cassock. He had already removed his collar. His cock appeared and for the first time I was looking at an adult erect prick. It was so beautiful. It was much bigger than I thought it would be even on a large man, and it was much prettier. The circumcised helmet was a thing of beauty and it was twice as large as the shaft that followed. He was idly playing with it and my mouth watered as I swayed with the music.

 “Do it. Do it. Do it. It’s so much fun to do it. It feels so good to do it. It’s better when it’s gay.”

 I turned my back to them and slowly lowered my briefs to just above the knee. I gave them a good view of my ass as it wiggled. Then I bent over and pulled my cheeks apart to let them see my hole.

 “Do it. Do it. Do it. It’s so naughty when you do it. You know you love to do it. It’s better when it’s gay.”

 I was going to raise my briefs and then turn around and tease. But then I decided to take them down and dance with my back to them for several minutes while they waited with anticipation for me for me to turn around and show it. So I continued to dance while they looked at my backside. I looked down at my cock which was totally rigid and pink and pretty and I knew they would love it. I was pretty sure that it was going to be a lot bigger than they expected on a thirteen year old kid.

 And then I turned. My mother gasped. Her panties were down around her ankles and her finger-covered pussy was nearly in full view. Father Jim’s big beautiful cock was fully exposed and he was masturbating, too.

 “Oh, My God!” My mother moaned. “He’s gorgeous. It’s gorgeous. Oh, My God!”

 Her pelvis rose out of the chair and I knew she was cumming. Her pelvis remained elevated through several more frantic “Oh, my Gods” before she settled down. Father Jim was still stroking and so was I. Then my mother slid down out of her chair and on to the floor. She spread her legs. Her dress was hiked. She was still wearing her blouse but her naked pussy was an open invitation for me. I could see that the hair on her pussy was trimmed to a thin blonde trail. It was as pretty as anything I had ever seen.

 “Come to me, sweetheart. Come to your mother.”

 I dropped between her splayed legs and she took hold of my cock and guided it home. I slid in with one move and I was buried to the hilt. Wow, it felt so good! It felt so moist and warm and good. Father Jim was standing and unbuttoning his cassock his rampant circumcised cock in full view.

 “Do it. Do it. Do it.” Went the music. “Don’t hesitate to do it. Everyone needs to do it. It’s better when it’s gay.”

 It might be better when it’s gay and I was willing to buy into that, but, for the moment the wet, warm sweetness of my mother’s pussy would do just fine.

 It took me exactly eight very sweet thrusts before I was shooting my sperm deep inside her and I swear she came again right along with me. She was hot. Our lips locked passionately. She was almost beside herself.

 “Next!” I heard Father Jim say. And I slid out to make way for the naked priest.

 His big prick entered as easily as mine had and I watched as they fucked in long, amorous thrusts, kissing, nuzzling and touching tongues. It took longer. A lot longer. And my mother obviously needed a longer fuck. They were like a cheating couple in the way they fucked. They rolled over without separating until my mother was now on top. And she made the most of it. She raised and lowered herself in long, sensuous strokes and her eyes were glazed over. She was moaning aloud. “I never knew it could be like this. It’s so goooood. It’s so gooood.”

 She increased the pace and went crazy when she had her third orgasm. She gave Father Jim a long, grateful kiss before she rolled off and found her panties. I guessed that Father Jim had not cum and when he looked expectantly at me I never hesitated. I knelt down beside him and reached for that marvelous tool. I stroked it, kissed it, and cradled it against my cheek. I made love to it. Finally I brought my mouth down to take in as much as I could manage. His big beautiful cock had the flavor of my mother’s pussy. I loved it so much. I sucked and bobbed and knew I had found my calling. This was me. I was meant for it. I was meant to suck cock. I was gay and loved it.

Soon the object of my rapt desire began to swell and to promise a pearly white reward. Father Jim, estimating me correctly, did not bother to warn. Even though I knew it was coming the first blast of cum stunned me with its force. It hit the back of my throat like it was sand blasted. The second and third were just as forceful. My mouth began to fill and it seemed like the blasts of cum would never stop. There was an unusual non-duplicable taste to cum that was different than any other taste on earth. There was a strange and overpowering strength to it. It was like a salty bleach and I knew I was going to become addicted to it.

 “Don’t swallow until you kiss me, Sweetheart,” he murmured.

I continued to lick around the head of his cock until I was sure there was no more cum to be had before crawling up to bring my lips to his. It was a man’s kiss. It was a man’s arms that went around me. It was different. It was powerful. And he used his tongue to extract his cum and to pass it back and forth between us.

I heard my mother murmur, “That was so beautiful. “Where did you learn to suck cock like that, Stephen? Whom have you been seeing?”

I could not answer her because I was still lip-locked with my beautiful priest. Eventually, after a lengthy exchange of the pearls, we swallowed. I was oblivious to anyone else in the room but when I came back to reality there was a young, very slim, very good-looking black guy standing in the doorway and my mother went over to wrap him in her arms.

 “Brother Frank!” She said. “I want you to meet my son. You’re going to love him.”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER THREE

 Brother Frank was beautiful. He was young. He wasn’t tall. He was black. His slender legs were like a thoroughbred’s and he was wearing the shortest shorts I had ever seen. And he was also wearing a female’s blouse, of all things, that tied at the abdomen leaving his midriff bare. He was obviously effeminate and just as obviously gay. As he came toward me he walked almost gingerly as though he had a cock in his ass he didn’t want to slip out. I wondered if I would be walking that way after I got enough of what I was really looking for.

 But I liked him instantly. I found him exciting. And I could tell he found me just as exciting. He reeked of sex.

 “My, God, Lydia. This is your son? He is the most beautiful boy I have ever seen!”

 He took hold of both of my hands and brought them round behind me and closed his lips on mine. Tongues again. Mmmmmmmmmmm. Tongues. Mmmmmmmmmmmmm. In spite of my recent seeding of my mother I was as erect as I had ever been in my life. It was the gayness I guess but he aroused me.

 He let go of my hands and dropped to his knees to fondle my cock lovingly and to engulf it with his warm mouth. It was the first time my cock had been sucked and it was wonderful. He was doing something with his tongue that tickled.

 “Hold off on that, Frank,” Father Jim said. “You better save that for later. I believe Lydia wants us to deflower Stephen tonight.”

 Reluctantly Frank removed his mouth. “I love his beautiful cock so much. Just look at it.”

 He gave it a loving kiss and stood up. “Is that right, Lydia? You want Father Jim and I to initiate your beautiful boy tonight?”

 “Now that’s up to Stephen. Honey, do you know what they are talking about?”

 “Yes, Mom, I know what they mean and I want to do it.”

 “You’re sure?”

 “It’s something I need to do.”

 “We will keep him overnight, Lydia, and you will have to call him in sick for school tomorrow. When we give you your son back to you tomorrow he will have been fully introduced to homosexual sex.”

 “I’m sure that’s what he wants,” she said. “And I know I can trust the two of you not to hurt him in any way.”

 The beautiful Brother Frank was holding my hand as they discussed things and he gave me an occasional squeeze and I did the same to him. I couldn’t have been more excited. My cock could not have been stiffer than it was.

 After my mother left for home and work the two men led me first to the chapel. I was carrying my clothes and the equally naked priest was carrying his cassock and collar.. The chapel was larger than I expected and it had no pews. I remembered Father saying that the congregation stood for services. A rope delineated the separation from the area of an altar that was lower than customary coming up to my waist and the marble top was probably eight yards wide. On the wall behind the altar was an oil painting of a life-sized Eros naked and holding a bow at his side. His cock was flaccid and very small but beautiful. He had large wings and his slender body was slightly angled in a very provocative way.

 Have you told him what we do at services?” Brother Frank asked.

 “He knows and he approves,” Father Jim said.

 “Well you couldn’t ask for a sexier young boy. How old is he?

 “He’s thirteen,” the priest said, eliciting a little murmur of approval from the brother.

 Next came the locker room just across the hall. Each family had a locker marked with their name and they pointed out the one marked Haywood and had me hang my clothes inside. My mother had a cock-shaped vibrator on the shelf.

 The room had a long cosmetic counter and mirror. There were four barrels against the far wall marked “Men”, “Women”, “Boys”, and “Girls”. The barrels were filled with skimpy, sexy thongs or equally skimpy panties.

 “These are what the members wear to services,” Father Jim explained. They can toss them wherever they want to after services, but preferably in the sex room, and the sisters go around and pick them up and launder them. Why don’t you pick out a pair for yourself right now.”

 Father Jim picked out a black and white striped pair and put them on. I found a blue pair to my liking in the boy’s barrel and slipped into them. They were really brief. They were designed so that, while the cock was barely contained. The pubic area on either side of the covered cock was largely exposed. It was little more than a pouch with strings that run around the waist and under the crotch.

 We both watched Brother Frank slip out of his blouse revealing a smooth, ebony chest and then the shorts to reveal a pretty pair of pink silk panties. Wow! So sexy! He slipped out of his panties to reveal that his six inch cock was every bit as excited as mine. True to his style Bother Frank went to the women’s barrel for another pair of panties that were electric blue like mine and that tied on the sides. They could not contain his beautiful hard cock, however, and he had to free it by allowing the pink helmet to peek out of the top. Then the two men took each of my hands and led me up the stairs to the next floor where the sex room was situated.

 It was a huge room. It had mattresses, covered with contoured sheets, strewn around one half of the available floor. The other half had series of small four cornered tables with stools. Several couches aligned the near wall. It had a long buffet bar at the far wall. The rest rooms had been combined into a unisex single by knocking out the intervening wall. And there were six small cubicles with curtains at one end of the far wall for those who might be more shy or who might prefer more intimacy.

 “The tables double as fuck tables,” said Frank. By way of demonstration he went over to one removed the stool and bent over the table and wiggled his pantied ass for us.

 “They are perfect for standing fucks,” Father Jim said. “Standing fucks give you the best leverage for penetration and for rabbit fucking. You can hear the slaps all around the room. But the fuckee needs to have support of some sort. The table is just high enough to lean on and the surface is just small enough to allow him to kiss and tongue the other guys around the table.”

 Father Jim’s soft, smooth voice was driving me crazy.

 “You’ll notice that each mattress has a loop on one end.” He reached down grabbed one and dragged it over until it was flush against one of the couches. “The loop enables you to drag mattresses easily over the linoleum floor. You can bring several mattresses together if you want to have enough space to form a daisy chain for example. When the sisters mop the floor they have a hook to drag the mattresses without bending over. As you can imagine there is cum everywhere. On Sunday or on Gay night you will be walking around with cum leaking out of your pretty boy pussy like everyone else.”

 “Wow. That’s so sexy.”

 “We are going to start with a little sex before we work on your pussy,” Father Jim said. “We need to take the edge off our urges because you are so beautiful we wouldn’t have the patience to take our time. He then took both of my hands and went to one knee. “First of all, Stephen, let Brother Frank and I welcome you to the sensual world of homosexuality. From this day forward your life will no longer be the same. You will have enjoined a practice of men pleasuring each other for the most part in secret that goes back to the beginning of time.”

 My head was slightly above his and he pursed his lips with his eyes half closed and I brought my lips down on his. Brother Frank came up behind me and reaching around began to play lightly with my tits. I reached behind me to feel his cock and to lower his panties so I could feel more.

 Father Jim slid my thongs down my legs to my ankles. Then he stood up and I knelt to slide the priest’s thongs down to the floor. I kissed his cock lovingly before I felt Brother Frank’s hands under my shoulders urging me to stand. Brother Frank’s panties were on the floor, too. I looked at his cock which wasn’t that much bigger than mine but beautiful in its blackness. It was black with a pink helmet. I knew I was going to be into black guys big time after tonight.

 The three of us moved to the mattress that Father Jim had moved up against a couch. And at his direction we flopped down. We got into a triangle and had to turn slightly on our sides to offer and receive cock. I was holding Brother Frank’s beautiful tool, Father Jim had mine and Brother Frank had the priest’s. And we all started to suck and fondle. At one point we switched and we had to do a complete reversal to wind up leaning on our other side. I was sucking Father Jim, Brother Frank was sucking me, and Father Jim was sucking Brother Frank. Father Jim was right. Three was just the right number to cover all of the options. It was altogether pleasant. It was altogether thrilling. It was a case of simultaneous giving and receiving and with two super cocks to play with. We switched at least four times until Father Jim broke us up and sat up so that he was using the couch as a back rest. He splayed his legs out at a forty-five degree angle. He had Frank and I straddle each of his legs and move closer in until our pricks were touching.

 Father Jim enveloped the three cocks with both hands while Frank and I wrapped our arms around each other and kissed. Mmmmmmmmm. It was ecstatic. We traded tongues while our cocks rubbed and nestled. Mmmmmmmmmm.

 Then it was Frank’s turn to manipulate while Father Jim and I traded tongues. I was ecstatic. Our cock s were making love to each other and so were we.

 Then it was my turn to handle them. It was like a game. I banged them together. I nestled their heads. I used one cock to rub under the helmets of the other two. The three cocks seemed to have a life of their own. They bowed and nestled and hugged like they were little boys playing. One black cock, one huge white cock, and one smaller white cock all engaged in loving each other. I was manipulating the three of them in both hands when Frank’s began to spurt and shoot and spurt. I was next to offer up my cum gasping aloud at the pleasure. Finally Father Jim cut loose throwing cum in all directions. The three of us used fingers to scoop up the pearls and bring them to our mouths and then went to round robin kissing to pass the pearls back and forth before we swallowed. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Yummy.

 It was no longer a question of whether or not I was gay. The only question was how queer was I? This was what I wanted. This was what I was meant to do. I had truly and happily enjoined a sexual artistry that went back centuries that was based on an unabashed attraction to, and worship of, an erect rampant male cock. How could you not love it? It was wonderful.

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER FOUR

 It was time for my deflowering and I could hardly wait. Father Jim went off to get his suitcase full of toys from a closet behind the bar and Brother Frank had me lie face down on the mattress. I had complete confidence that this would be done without any appreciable pain. And I already knew from the internet that, after I was initiated that as long as I stayed sexually active there would be no pain at all. That is unless I ran into someone who was larger than normal and even that would be, at the outset a mixture of tolerable pain and pleasure. I had also seen survey after survey that indicated that 90% of gay or bisexual men, having experienced both, would rather bottom than top. That told you something.

When the priest returned the first thing to come out of the toy-box was a bottle of baby oil and Brother Frank began to spread it teasingly all over my back and arms. The Vaseline came next and I could feel Father Jim’s fingers begin to play at the hole of my pussy. I felt totally relaxed.

 Brother Frank slid under my head so that his lap became a pillow. I could lye my head on it or turn slightly to kiss or suck his cock when the mood hit me. The Brother languidly rubbed my neck and shoulders or run his fingers through my hair. A solitary finger began to probe my pussy. Nice! Very nice!

One delicious finger became two. I gently sucked Brother Frank’s cock as two fingers became three. Mmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!

After I got used to the fingers Father Jim brought out a butt plug which he showed me before beginning to insert it into my pussy. There was the slightest twinge of an ache at the outset before my ass welcomed it gladly. It was all very nice and pleasurable. The feeling of having something inside me was pleasantly awesome. I kissed Frank’s cock as the plug was pushed well up inside. There were no marked retreats for the plug but, rather, a series of nudges and holding in place. And Jim took plenty of time.

 I sucked a little more of that beautiful black cock. The plug was withdrawn leaving me with an empty yearning for more.

Father Jim showed me a string of plastic balls that progressed in size from one that was comparable to a marble on up to one about twice the size of a golf ball. They began to go in, one by one. They took my breath away. I felt a twinge with the largest but only a twinge. And when he got them all up inside he pushed them back and forth, sometimes removing three balls and inserting them back in. Sometimes it would be two. One time it felt like it was four balls that retreated before they deliciously returned. Mmmmmmmmmmm. He took plenty of time. When he finally removed them, with a series of plops as they came out, it left my pussy with an empty feeling that wanted them back in. But I didn’t have to wait too long before my desires were answered.

 It was dildo time. Father Jim broke open a popper and had me inhale it for a momentary high as he, first, introduced my pussy to a thinner five inch dildo that went in easily. It was pleasure all the way. It was really nice. It was so good. By this time I was more than convinced that I was meant to be a hot-assed boy whore. It felt so good.

When my dildo was taken away I got the same empty feeling but took solace in knowing that there was a lot more to come. I was treated to the jolt of another popper and a larger and far thicker seven inch dildo began to enter. It was all good. I was in heaven. It felt especially pleasurable when it brushed my hotspot well up inside. Wow, that was really nice. This was really hot.

It took more than an hour. “You are such a natural,” Father Jim said in his sexy croon. “You even suck cock like you had years of experience. Even the way you moved your body when you stripped for your mother was so sexy. You are such a sexy boy. It would be such a waste of talent and beauty if you weren’t gay.”

“I like being gay,” I said. “It is so great. It is so much fun.”

“Now I am going to use a dildo that is every bit as big as my cock.” And he let me take a look at it. It was about eight inches long and thicker than anything so far. It had veins in it like the real thing. “If you can take this you will have no trouble taking mine,” he said.

He brought out another popper for me to inhale and then began. I felt the slightest twinge at the very beginning. It was not enough to bother me probably due to the poppers. The dildo burrowed on in. It went past the opening ring and in and in. Once it was fully lodged Father Jim left it there until I got used to it. I kissed Frank’s cock and waited.

It was just a nudge at the beginning then a few more insinuations. Then it was moving back and forth while I moaned in pleasure. This was it. Wow! Mmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmmm. I loved it. Really loved it. This was me.

Finally my big dildo was taken away and I had that empty feeling again.

“Are you ready for the real thing?” Father asked.

 “Oh, boy, let’s do it,” I said.

Brother Frank went to a couch and sat down and beckoned me to him. He had me straddle him above his fully erect and beautiful black cock. And then he guided it home. As I lowered myself into his lap, inch after beautiful inch entered me lovingly and the pleasure was enormous. I was stunned by the heat of the real thing. It was a red hot poker. Once we had it all the way in we began with the slightest movement. It was little more than a series of nudges just like we had done with the dildo. We locked lips and nudged. I realized that I was going to fall in love over and over again with the men and boys that fucked me because, at that moment, I was totally in love with Brother Frank.

But I had another lover, too. Father Jim was kneeling on the floor behind me and he was tall enough to reach around and alternately play with my tits and stroke my cock.

We picked up the pace. “So good!” I moaned. And now we were fucking in earnest. I was raising and lowering myself in response to the pleasure I was feeling. Father Jim was now playing exclusively with my cock and picking up the pace.

“So good! So good! I love it. And now I’m going to cum! Now I am going to cum! Oh, God now I am going to cum! Cuuumiiing!” My cum shot all over Brother Frank’s chest and chin. I felt his sperm unloading deep inside me at the same exact moment. We were one. We kissed long and hard as the glow subsided. I began scooping up my cum and feeding it to Brother Frank. Father Jim was now seated beside us and I fed him, too. I got some of the last of it for myself. And for the second time that night we traded our cum with kisses. Mmmm. Mmmmmmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmmmm.

“Good?” Father Jim finally asked

 “Loved it.”

“You’re going to want to do it again?”

“Yes! Again and again for as long as I live!”

“But I think you’ve had enough for tonight, don’t you? As much as I would love to fuck you I don’t want to spoil a perfect night.”

“Oh, no, Father,” I said. “I need you to fuck me, too. I need it bad!”

“But you’ve just had a tremendous orgasm and you’ve lost your edge.”

“No, Father! I know I am going to love the feeling of your big cock inside me. I really want it.”

“Why don’t we have a Coke at the bar to give you a chance to recover and then we’ll do it.”

So we stood at the bar and had our Cokes. We were all naked. I felt Frank’s cock and he felt mine. I felt Father Jim’s erect cock and he felt mine. We smiled at each other.

“This isn’t too bad a way to have fun, is it?” Brother Frank said.

“It’s the best,” I said.

“Tuesday night is Gay night here at church and I go dressed in girl’s lingerie with a wig and make-up.” Brother Frank said. “A few of the older guys do too. It’s very sexy. But the rule is that all of the boys sixteen and under come as girls. You wear panties, stockings, heels, make-up the whole thing. You take a girl’s name for the night. It’s so sexy you won’t believe it. For that one night a week the young boys pretend to be real girls fucking older men. Of them all, Stephen, you would be the most beautiful. You could really pull it off. You would really look like a girl. There are a lot of lip-stick coated cocks on gay night. Does that idea appeal to you?”

Wow, I thought. I was trying to picture myself dressed like that and I liked the idea a lot. “It appeals to me a lot,” I said.

“You pick a girl’s name and we make up a silver necklace with your name on it so everyone knows what to call you.”

“Stephanie,” I said without hesitation.

“Of course, Stephanie,” Frank said.

“Stephen, if anyone is made for it it’s you,” Father Jim said. “For that one night a week you will be a girl. You will feel like a girl putting out for men. You will feel so sexy you won’t believe it. Once you slip onto a pair of panties or put on lipstick you will know what we are talking about.”

“Did you ever do it, Father?”

“When I was you age I used to put on my sister’s panties all the time.”

 “But how am I going to get here on Gay Night. I don’t have my father to take me.”

“We have other members that live in Cambridge. We’ll set it up on Sunday for one of them to pick you up on Tuesday. We can’t have you miss out on Gay Night, Stephen. That’s your kind of thing. I promise you that if you dress up you will be the hit of the evening. You will drive every man wild.”

“What about the clothes?”

“Your mother will buy them for you. The mothers all like to do that.”

The idea was beginning to grow on me. I would be a girl with a cock. It would be the best of both worlds. And I heard Frank say that a boy’s pussy is far more thrilling than a girl’s. I was erecting again at the thought of becoming a Stephanie for a night.

“Look at this angel,” Father Jim said. “He’s already ready for more. Do you want me to fuck you now, Beautiful?”

My answer was to purse my lips for him to bend over and meet mine. His answer was to take me by the hand and lead me to one of the mattresses nearby. He had me lie down on my back. He knelt down so that I could suck his cock back into a full erection. Frank had gone after the Vaseline. He coated the priest’s cock lavishly. It was huge. It was far thicker and longer the Frank’s. Father Jim took my right leg and held it aloft against his chest. He kissed my leg wetly. My left leg was sprawled outward and I was turned slightly to my left. Father Jim aimed his huge cock at my entrance and the head of it burrowed inside. It came up against the first ring and burrowed on through. Mmmmmmmmm. It was so delicious. More of that magical cock entered slowly. Ecstasy! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.The pleasure was indescribable. The pleasure was sheer agony.

“Wow. This is so awesome,” I said, as more of it went in. “I really love doing this!” I said as the rest of it went in. I was so full of cock I felt completely stretched. It felt like it was all the way up past my stomach. Mmmmmmmmmmm. Why kid around, I loved it.

Father Jim began to fuck slowly still holding my leg aloft and occasionally kissing it. His pelvis was moving back and forth as we fucked. Then he took the leg and put it on his shoulder and reached down to get left leg up on his other shoulder. He leaned into me pushing my legs back toward me as he got into position to really fuck me good. Mmmmmmmm. Mmmmmm. Mmmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmmmm. Please tell me what could be greater than this. It was unadulterated ecstasy. It was nothing but pure pleasure. It was Brother Frank who reached for my cock to play with it. Father Jim had moved in snugly in an upright position between my legs and began to move in and out with short, quick, rolling rabbit-like thrusts. I looked down but could no longer see parts of his cock his thrusts were so short and rolling. But the feeling was awesome. I basked in it. In and out! In and out! In and out! Wow! Mmmmmmmm. Father Jim really knew how to fuck.

This time my cum was little more than a large amount of tiny pellets that flew everywhere but the feeling was just as intense as anything I ever felt in my life. Father Jim simply moaned as he shot his seed deep inside me. He brought his lips down on mine. We kissed for the longest time. Now I was in love with Father Jim. It was hard to make up my mind.

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER FIVE

I woke up in the middle of the night in bed by myself and completely naked. I felt some wetness beneath me where cum had been leaking out of my butt. There was a digital clock that said it was three in the morning and I had a vague recollection of being carried in the strong arms of a naked Father Jim. I remembered a kiss when my head hit the pillow and little else. I was in a private room at the church.

I lay there thinking about the few hours before and found it hard to reconcile it with reality. At seven o’clock the night before I had been a curious virgin with no realistic expectation of sexual adventures but, thanks to my mother, I had been ushered into a new world of complete sexual license. I had managed to do every conceivable sexual act in a matter of a few hours.

There was an ache in my butt to remind me of my loss of virginity but it also gave me a strong desire for more of the same. It had been so great. It had exceeded all of my hopes and expectations. I wondered if I would ever be able to look at a male again without my eyes going straight to his crotch. Would the kids at school be able to tell that I had turned gay? If I continued to fuck would I evolve into an obvious fem like Brother Frank? And would I care if I did?

I dozed off again and when I woke up next one of the nuns was at the door holding a neat pile of my clothes that had been washed and dried.

“Up and at em, Stephen,” she said. “I’m Sister Louise. It’s ten o’clock and we have breakfast waiting for you. Go get yourself a nice shower and head down to the dining room. I will be driving you home after you have breakfast.”

The dining room was large and had a series of wooden benches with attached seats of the kind you would see in a park. It was more practical than fancy. There was a buffet bar with eggs, bacon and fruit and two of the nuns were attending it. I was to learn later that there were four nuns and Brother Frank who lived at the church with Father Jim and who took care of the cleaning and cooking. I was to learn later that the church tithed its members requiring ten percent of their earnings but the members obviously felt that membership in a church that offered free sex made it well worth the price.

There were at least six families at different tables and all eyes turned to me as I entered walking gingerly and it was like they all had to know the reason for my careful gait. It was possible that they had been told by Father Jim or someone, but they all seemed to look on approvingly as I smiled back at them. If they felt that good about my indoctrination well so did I.

I had hardly retrieved my breakfast and sat down when one boy who couldn’t have been more than nine peeled away from a table nearby and came over to me. He was very cute. His jet black hair was slicked and he had bright blue eyes. He had a peaches and cream complexion. His parents were smiling at me as they saw him approach me.

“Hi,” he said. “I’m Jimmy Welch.”

“Hi, Jimmy. I’m Stephen Hayward.”

“We think you’re pretty,” he said.

“I think you’re pretty, too.”

“My father and I would like to spend some time with you if you would like.”

“You mean today?” I looked over to the other table and both parents were smiling broadly.

“Yes today. Right after we finish breakfast.”

“I would really like to, Jimmy, but Sister Louise is going to be taking me home right after breakfast so I really can’t.”

I looked over to where Jimmy’s father sat and I could see that he was a very athletic looking man in his early forties with hair the same color as his son’s and a thin mustache to go with it. He gave me a wink and a smile and I felt a tingle deep in my anus. I knew I could easily be turning into an out of control boy whore I wanted to get fucked so badly.

“Can we plan to get together on Sunday?” I asked.

“Will you promise me that you will do something with us on Sunday?”

“I promise. It will be you, your father and me right after services.”

 “Would you like to see my cock?”

 “You mean right here?”

“Sure. I like to expose myself in front of people. My Dad says I am an exhibitionist. If I go to a public rest room I like to make sure that everyone gets a chance to see it. And my father goes right along with it.”

“Are you sure it’s okay to do that here?”

“Everyone says I have a cute cock and no one ever complains when I show it.”

“How old are you, Jimmy?”

“I’ll be ten in August.”

“Well if you think no one is going to complain I would like to see it.”

He was in full view of everyone in the room but he never hesitated. I expected him to open his fly and stick it out but instead he unbuckled his pants and let them fall to the floor and stepped out of them. He was wearing sexy thongs that one would never expect to see on a nine year old. I looked around and just like Jimmy had predicted the onlookers including his parents were smiling. He lowered the thongs to just above the knee and his nearly four inch very hard little cock sprung to full attention. It was uncircumcised. The helmet was barely peeking out from its sheathe. I could see why everyone was happy to see it exposed. It was as adorable as its sexy little owner. Two or three of the diners even applauded.

“You’re really beautiful, Jimmy. I really appreciate your showing me.” And I wasn’t lying. I could have dropped to my knees and gone after that cock if we weren’t so much in public.

“Would you like to touch it? He asked.

I looked around and sensed that no one was going to object to that either. So I did. I ran my fingers along the length of the shaft. I cupped his little balls which were about the size of marbles. I pulled back the sheathe to release the pink helmet. I stroked his cock up and down.

One of the men from the nearest table appeared at our side. He was around six-foot but very husky and broad. The neckline of his sports shirt revealed a heavy mat of black and gray hair. He was probably around sixty years old.

“I’m John Willlard,” he said, “and you can call me John.”

“Stephen,” I said, shaking his extended hand.

“Why don’t you go from table to table and give us all a chance to feel your cock, Jimmy,” he said. “I’m not sure it is within the rules for the dining room but I am sure no one is going to object.”

Jimmy smiled up at him. “Okay.”

“Technically I believe that the dining room is off limits for this sort of thing,” he said to me, “but no one ever said so. So maybe you would like to join Jimmy and give everyone a feel of your cock, too. How about it?”

John was what the sex sites would call a ‘Bear’ and even though I never thought that I would be attracted to the type I was attracted to him. Again I found myself looking at his crotch and imagining that his cock was entering me. I looked around and everyone was smiling and I thought that maybe letting them see and feel my cock would be a generous thing to do. Maybe I would turn out to be exhibitionist, too. So I unbuckled my pants. I even took off my shirt. I took my briefs completely off and this time there was far more than a scattering of applause.

Following my example Jimmy got rid of his shirt and thongs and together we went from table to table starting at opposite ends while everyone played with our cocks. There were six families at different tables. There were Jimmy’s parents for openers. One couple had two pre-teen, skinny but pretty girls. One couple had a boy and a girl about my age. The others had no children with them at all.

I would let each of them feel me and look at my cock before I pursed my lips for an open-mouthed kiss. And while we were kissing I would feel them. I reached under dresses and inside panties. If the women were wearing slacks I let my hand enter from the waist. With men I unzipped flies and brought out their cocks and fondled them.

I felt up the two young girls while their parents looked on smiling. Both of their pussies were as hairless as the day they were born. I did the same with the young boy and girl.

I finally got to big John and could hardly wait to get his cock out and play with it. As one might expect his pubic hair was gray and copious. His cock was about the same length as mine but twice as thick. I brought our two cocks together and held them in both hands. I rubbed them around and up and down. It was nice. My pursed lips were and invitation he couldn’t refuse. It was very, very nice. He was like a father although way different from mine. My father was a pretty boy this guy was a warm huggable bear. When we finally broke off the kiss he offered a suggestion.

“Stephen, why don’t you and Jimmy get down on the floor in a sixty-nine while we males form a circle around you and jerk off over you? Do you think you would like that?”

Jimmy was nodding his head eagerly. “Count me in,” he said with a flushed face. We moved to an area between the tables and the buffet counter and we got down on the floor. I found myself face to face with little Jimmy’s beautiful little cock. We became surrounded by a stark naked circle of men and boys with their hard cocks in hand. I was conscious of the fact that the women were undressing and moving off to another area to do their thing although I couldn’t see them. My rapt attention was drawn to Jimmy’s gorgeous little cock.

I took hold of it. I kissed it and swallowed it whole. I made love to it. And he did the same thing to mine. I was not surprised to feel how expert little Jimmy was. Even though he was only nine years old he was every bit as good as Father Jim at sucking cock. It didn’t take long with his expertise for me to come to the brink. Just before I came I felt the first assault of cum from above us. I knew that Jimmy was having his dry cum from just what he was doing to me. It started to rain cum down upon us. At that moment I joined the crowd, filling little Jimmy’s mouth with mine. I looked up to see Jimmy’s father just as he spurted and some of his cum landed in my right eye and stung a little.

Then Jimmy did a strange thing, as though he knew what was to come next. He knelt and waited for the big John to bring a glass under his chin and he unloaded my cum into it. He had done this before. John then used a spoon to scoop up the cum that was on Jimmy’s back and neck and add it to the glass. The glass was more of a goblet with a stem and a shallow holding area.

John got down on his knees next to me and carefully removed the pearls from various parts of me. When he stood up the glass was filled to the brim. He used the spoon to carefully blend the contents. He had Jimmy and I stand up to join the circle.

John raised the glass aloft and said aloud “To the good God Eros.” He stuck his tongue in the glass to stir the contents and relish the taste before coming away with a smattering that he readily swallowed. The glass passed to Jimmy’s father and he inserted his tongue to relish the taste before coming away with a nice amount of the pearly white blend. The concoction was a blend of every man and boy in the circle who was old enough to contribute. When it got to me I stuck my tongue into the pearly contents to taste it before taking a delicious sip being careful to make sure that there was enough left for the remaining participants.

And there was. The glass wound up back with the sexy John and he drained the last of it.

Mmmmmmmmmmmm. Mmmmm. Mmmmmmmm. How sexy that old guy was, I thought! How nice he seemed to be. His torso and arms were covered with graying hair. I stared at his cock which was now flaccid. It was short and thick and I was most definitely very interested in it. He saw me staring at it and smiled.

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER SIX

 I managed to tear my eyes away from the old guy who had my interest to see what the girls were up to and saw that they had a circle of their own. They were all down on the floor in a daisy chain. Heads were buried between legs in a completed round robin. Louise had drawn one of the skinny, but pretty pre-teeners to ravish and, while still naked, little Jimmy and I went over to get a closer look. The orgasms began to blossom one after the other with audible moans and pelvises rising. Mmmm. Mmmmm. Mmmmmmm.

“Lesbian sex is nice, too, isn’t it?” Jimmy said.

“Very nice.” I said.

 “Tonight is lesbian night so I guess they are getting a head start.”

 “Thanks to you, Jimmy. You got everyone turned on.”

 “You like John, don’t you? I see the way you look at him.”

 “For some reason he really turns me on. I didn’t think I would go for hairy bears but he gets to me.”

 “We’ve done it,” Jimmy said. “He’s really great. He’s a tit-tickler. He likes to give you bear hugs and tickle your tits.”

 “What have you done with him?”

 Jimmy blushed. “I guess there is no other way to put it. He’s fucked me. He is boy lover like my father.”

 “Did you like it?”

 “He was wonderful.”

 I looked over to where John was retrieving his clothes and again he kept looking back at me and smiling. It was a smile that went right through me. I knew I wanted him to fuck me in the worst way.

 The girls were beginning to separate and stand up offering as much variety to tits and pussies as we guys do with cocks. Everyone started looking for their clothes.

 Louise was at my side. “Get dressed, Stephen, we are running late, now, and I’ve got a bunch of errands to do in Boston after I drop you off.

“Did you have fun?” she asked when we were finally in her car and headed out into the street.

“Do you mean just now or last night, too.”

“Well how about both?”

“I’ve never been so happy in my life. This whole thing has been a wonderful dream.”

“I’m glad because you are a very sexy boy and you are an asset to the church.

“Tell me about John,” I said.

“You like him don’t you? Everyone does.”

“For some reason he really turns me on.”

“His name is John Willard and he’s a millionaire. He owns the building. And he likes boys.”

“The church building? I thought Father Jim owned the building.”

 “No, John Willard owns it. It used to be Elliot Academy but it closed down four years ago. So John came up with the idea of a school for gay boys with a gay faculty and you can see what he had in mind. He was negotiating with the Ellliot Estate to purchase the building, when he ran into Father Mulcahey at a gay club in Boston.

 “Father Mulcahey had been studying to be a Catholic priest and was taking Theology at Catholic University in Washington. He was within a year of getting ordained when he got caught having sex with another seminarian and was asked to leave. That’s when he ran into John.

 “Father Jim pointed out a number of problems with trying to run a school for solely gay students. You would have to find a way to contact parents with gay kids who responded to the idea of having their children put in a school that is tolerant of their separateness. Then you had to convince them that they would not be “molested” by adults an unlikely prospect. Then you had to educate them along with the fringe benefits they would enjoy in being in the company of other gay kids. You would be subject to state and county supervision. You had to meet accreditation standards. There were all kinds of hurdles.

Then when John got drunk enough he mentioned to Jim that he was the product of an incestuous family and that he in turn had continued the practice with his own family the answer was right in front of them. Taking into consideration Jim’s background a church could be a natural! They could have a church that encouraged sex within families.”

 “Wow!” I said. “It sounds so sexy.”

 “And the best of it was that they were not likely to encounter authorities looking over their shoulder since there was a natural inclination not to pry into religions. People either had their own religion or they wanted no part of being converted. So, as long as everyone kept their mouths shut we could have all sorts of fun.”

 “How did they find so many families to form a church.”

 “First of all the practice of incest is more widespread than most people realize and we are able to find each other on the internet. But to answer your question we started with family nudist camps and it went from there. Nudists will tell you that nudism has nothing to do with sex and they want you to believe that. But, of course, that’s a lie. Let’s face it, you can’t be wandering around some cozy cabin with no clothes on and looking at your naked kids and have them looking at you without touching and, once touching, start to feel. This is what happened to me.”

 “Your family was nudists?”

 “I was ten when my parents took us to a camp one summer for two weeks. By the end of the first day I was in bed with my legs spread and my mother holding my hands and kissing me. My father was taking my cherry.”

 “Did you want him to do that?”

 “Boy did I ever. After a whole day of looking at naked boys and girls and hearing about the sex they were having I was hot as a firecracker.”

 “That’s the way I feel right now.” I said.

 “My brother slept with my mother and I slept with Dad. The next night I slept with my mother and my brother slept with Dad. The next night a childless couple came to dinner. We had invited them before we had started having sex and we were sorry we had because it looked like a night without sex. But it turned out to be the best. We three girls wound up in the bedroom and the three guys got together in the living room and it was great. That night my brother Bruce got fucked for the first time. The men took turns.”

 “Did he like it?”

 “He’s twenty-four now and it’s still his thing.”

“That’s what I want. That’s what I like to hear. Are they members of the church?”

“My parents live in Colorado now but they visit occasionally. Bruce moved back to Boston just to be with the church. You’ll get to meet him.”

“I want to meet him. And I want to be with John.”

“I’m sure John is just as interested in you. He’s practically exclusively into young boys and you will find he is a wonderful fuck. You will notice on Sunday that all of the young boys will be tripping all over themselves trying to get John to romance them. He’s that good. ”

“You said he practiced incest. Where is his family?”

“John is not young. His wife went down in plane flying out of Boston years ago when the boys were small. He raised four boys alone. They are all gay and living in San Francisco. John visits them on a regular basis. But John is strictly into young boys and his sons are well out of his age interest now.”

“Can I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“Are you a lesbian?”

“I consider myself a lesbian, but every once in a while I feel an urgent need to have a man’s cock in me. Mostly for the variety, I guess. Growing up I spent most of my time with my mother and her girlfriends. Before I found the church I found that unsophisticated guys have clumsy ways of turning me off when they make their moves. They can be so desperate. On the other hand all a girl has to do was look at me in that certain way and my panties get wet. Given a choice I am more into pussies and tits than cocks. So I would have to say that I am a lesbian.”

“I’m the same way about men. But, thanks to my mother, I am confident I know how to make women cum and if I like them enough I want to do it for them.”

“Exactly! Sometime I am going to figure out why it is that when you become truly bisexual that homosexual sex is always more exciting. It might be because it is still forbidden fruit in most minds. Or it might be because you are compatible with your own gender on so many other levels.”

“I started out looking at sex sites and, almost accidentally got caught up in watching men and boys. It triggered an interest I didn’t know I had. At first I was drawn to videos of girls doing it together. But little by little it was sex between men that intrigued me even more. My interest in sucking a cock began to grow.”

“With me it was at that nudist camp. As soon as we got out of our clothes my mother started me with my first birth control pill so I knew that they had it planned from the beginning. Before the afternoon was over in talking with the other kids my brother and I had a clear picture of what was going on. What surprised me was the incest. I didn’t tell you but the fourth or fifth day we were invited to a party where four families had gotten together. I fell head over heels with a sixteen year old redhead and she became my primary lover for the whole two weeks. Even when we had other girls we were together.”

“How about your brother?”

“He played the field. He was into getting fucked by older men. That was his deal and he never looked back.”

When we got to my house Louise gave me a very sexy kiss. “Some time you and I will have to get together for a threesome with your mother. She is really hot!”

I had a feeling that my mother was going to be naked when I got in the door but instead she was dressed in shorts and blouse.

“How’s my little man? Did everything go alright?”

“It was wonderful, Mom. You can’t believe how great they were.”

‘Are you sore at all? Can you use some ointment in your little pussy?”

“No, I’m fine.”

“Do you mind if I take a look?”

“You want to check out my …………”

“Your pussy, honey. Now that it’s available for cock I consider it your boy pussy. Why don’t I check it out and see if it is irritated.”

I had a pretty good idea that this was going to lead to sex but I knew I would be up to it, especially if she sucked me first. So I unbuckled my shorts and turned around and slid them down to the floor. Then I lowered my briefs. She got down on one knee and used her fingers to spread the cheeks.”

“It looks fine,” she said. And to my surprise she used her tongue to give it a couple of pleasurable licks. “You realize that when a boy is sexually active in that way that you can tell, don’t you? Unless he abstains for a few months his hole stays at least a little dilated. So, when you are showering at school, be careful about bending over where anyone can see.”

“What about the doctor?”

“He’ll know. But then he is used to such things and he is bound to confidence. It’s the other boys at school you have to be careful about.”

“I’ve decided that I am not going out for football next year when I get to high school. From now on sex is going to be my sport.”

“You like it that much.”

“Oh, Mother, you don’t have any idea.”

“Oh, but I understand it completely. You are going to be like a bride on a honeymoon for the next week or two. You will be able to think of nothing else. You will be in a daze for a while. And then you will snap out of it. The urge for sex will rear up maybe two times a week, maybe three. But then you will go back to being normal. I even expect your grades to improve because you will have a clear mind.”

“Mom, do you know John Willard?”

“Everyone knows John. Did he make love to you?”

“Not yet, but I want him to. I like him a lot.”

“As a mother I couldn’t wish for a better person for you to be with. Now do you know what day this is?”

“Thursday.”

“And do you know what takes place on Thursday?”

“It’s Lesbian night.”

“Even though it’s my favorite night I will be perfectly happy to stay home with you if you feel the need for attention.”

“If that’s your favorite night does that mean you are gay?”

“It sure does.”

“I’m glad, Mom. And I want you to go to church and be with the girls. We’ve got plenty of time for us.”

“Thank you, sweetheart. You know that I love you with all my heart.”

And I love you, too. And, Mom?”

“Yes, honey.”

“I’m glad you are a lesbian.”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER SEVEN

On Sunday I was out of bed like a shot. This would be my first all-out orgy and I could hardly wait. My weekend had gone quickly. I had gone to school on Friday and walked around in a near daze. All I could think about was getting laid. I tried not to stare at crotches or to visualize different boys naked. But I was in a daze. One kid even asked me what I was smiling about when I didn’t even know I was smiling.

My mother had skipped bondage night and we had ourselves a nice fuck. We dozed off to sleep and woke up in the middle of the night to do it again. She gave me a lengthy lesson on eating pussy and told me I was a natural. I was beginning to believe that sex was my real talent.

My mother was off on Friday and Saturday night but on Saturday she thought it best to abstain since she was to be a presenter on Sunday and she was going to be taking on, or rather, in, big Butch.

“From now on, on my nights at home, we’ll be sleeping in the same bed like husband and wife,” she said.

But now on Sunday morning I was on pins and needles. I was showered and dressed and had breakfast and it was only eight. My mother, on the other hand, finally sat up and stretched at eight-thirty. I couldn’t believe how calm she was with the prospect of fucking Butch in front of nearly two hundred people. She was wearing a see-through baby doll and white panties.

“Aren’t you nervous at all?” I asked.

“A little,” she admitted. “But at the same time I am looking forward to it. I didn’t tell anyone but one time I fucked a guy who was every bit as big as Butch. He was a friend of your father and another Professor at Harvard. He made some foolish excuse to drop by the house when your father was working and you were in school. I can tell you the pleasure was enormous. If he had asked me to leave your father and run off with him I would have done it in a heartbeat. Of course that was before I got into girls.”

“Suppose Dad had said it was okay for you to keep on fucking him?”

“Then that would have been different. But your father is a stick-in-the-mud if there ever was one. Tom and I got together again at an educational convention in Las Vegas while your father was attending meetings. But we got caught coming out of my room and he got fired. The University didn’t go for that kind of thing.”

“Did Dad find out about it?”

“It was all over Harvard. And once the talk started the girls who knew let everyone know about the size of Jim Woods cock. Your father just packed up and left without an argument. In spite of being publicly embarrassed he had the courage to continue on with the University I’ll say that for him.”

“So you know you will be able to handle Butch.”

“I would be very surprised if I couldn’t. And I’ll tell you something else. Size really doesn’t matter for the most part except when it comes to a cock that is incredibly large. Then it’s a whole different experience. You are so filled with cock that the pleasure is beyond description. There are only two things left on earth, your pussy and that cock. For the next three days you walk around aching for the missing cock that’s no longer inside you.”

“I know that feeling,” I said.

“Are you hungry for cock, sweetheart? I am going to have to get a strap-on dildo so I can help you out when you get desperate.”

“I’d like that,” I said. “That would be nice.”

 “You know they want me to put on something sexy so Butch can undress me but they left it up to me. What do you think I should wear?”

“I think the baby doll you are wearing would be perfect. But no panties. High heels and plenty of mascara. Your make-up should make you look like sex-hungry whore on the make.”

“See how sexy you are, Stephen? You have a sense about it. You really are a natural. You are Eros personified and you don’t need a bow and arrow. Your imagination will turn people on just like Father Jim’s.”

When we arrived at the church it was a half-hour before the services were to begin. Mother was whisked away to a private dressing room and I had to stand around and wait for the locker room to open. They deliberately gave us fifteen minutes to undress so that we wouldn’t succumb to temptation and get into sex before services. And you can imagine how that could happen when you have men, women, and children all in the same room. The panty barrels were moved outside the door so that you picked your underthings first and took them to the locker. They didn’t want fully naked people walking around for long in the locker room. Brother Frank and Sister Sarah were present to make sure things didn’t get out of hand.

I picked out another electric blue pouch and stood waiting for the doors to open while looking for John. Little Jimmy Welch came up to shyly take my hand holding the cutest pair of pink thongs. I remembered that I had promised to play with him and his father and it was a promise I didn’t mind keeping.

But when John Willard finally arrived I was beside myself with excitement. John went straight to the barrel and didn’t seem to have seen me. Then I saw Jimmy’s father approach John with their backs to us. Jimmy’s father, who, by the way is named Ron, said something to John that caused John to look over his shoulder to stare at us. He saw me and smiled and waved. I nearly melted.

When John got his thong he and Ron came over to us. “I told John that I sensed from the other day that Stephen was quite taken with John and that maybe the four of us together would be more to his liking.”

I couldn’t help myself. I ran the few steps over to Ron and threw my arms around him.

“Easy,” he said. “It was obvious to everyone the other day that you had fallen completely in love with John.”

What a thoughtful, nice thing to do, I thought. I was turning red and could hardly bring myself to look at John until I felt his hand on my shoulder. He leaned down to whisper in my ear.

“You understand that I am going to have to do things with Jimmy first, Stevie. We can’t have a father and son doing things together on Sunday that they can do with each other the rest of the week. But I certainly want to make out with you, too.”

I nodded because my voice was nowhere to be found.

The doors to the locker room opened and we all crowded in and I couldn’t get to my locker right away. People began to undress. Men, women, boys and girls all started taking their clothes off next to each other and it was something to see. I noticed that those of us who were blocked from our lockers took off their clothes where they were standing right down to their underpants. So I did the same. My mother had bought me some thong underwear which was sexy in itself. I was standing next to a tall, slender boy of around seventeen and a mid-teen, very pretty girl with burgeoning tits. We were holding our clothes, waiting for a path to our lockers and smiling at each other.

We were getting quick looks at asses as underpants came off and thongs went on I was making a study of the difference between the sexes. While each had their beauty I found I preferred the sleeker males to the broader females but that was me. I also noticed that there were a few black families present with outstanding asses especially on the younger boys.

A scantily clad couple and their very young son exited giving me access to my locker and I stashed my clothes less carefully than I should. I took my time taking off my brief briefs and sliding on the electric blue pouch. I wanted people to see my ass. I turned around and there were several people watching me and smiling including the teen age boy who, already clothed had every reason to have gone on to chapel.

“Very nice,” he said to me, as I approached. “Do you like boys?”

“Are we allowed to kiss in here?” I asked.

“You’re not supposed to but let’s do it anyway.”

He bent down to bring his tongue to mine and raised me up on my toes. Wow. I felt his hand on my cock and I reached out to fondle his. I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Brother Frank dressed only in his pouch. Mmmmmmmmmmm. He looked so sexy.

“Stephen, Stephen, what are we going to do with you. You get everyone so turned on. Ralph, you know the rules. Now let’s get on to chapel.”

The chapel was right across the hall and my true love John was waiting for me. He and Ralph shook hands and we went inside. You had to unhook the rope to enter the public area and everyone was so crowded together that bodies were touching. John stood behind Ralph and me and put his arms around our shoulders. I wondered if Ralph had done things with John, and in a whisper, decided to ask.

“We like each other,” Ralph whispered. “But he is strictly into young boys. I am too old for him.”

Music started to come at us through a public address system the same kind of sexy, throbbing beat that accompanied my strip. The congregation began to sway in unison.

“Boys and girls do naughty things when no one is around. Boys will stick their cocks inside and pound and pound and pound.

“And pound and pound and pound. And pound and pound.

“Boys and girls do naughty things when no one is around.”

I looked up at the painting of Eros on the wall and studied it. It was the body of a young boy. I studied the long slender legs and the pert little cock. I could understand how men went big for young boys like me. And the best part of it was that when you grew up it was your turn to seek out young boys. I decided that of all the sexual combinations that were possible, the bond between older men and young boys might be the very best. I put my hand on top of John’s and squeezed.

The music ended and Father Jim entered with two altar boys. The altar boys had surpluses but no cassocks. Instead they were wearing pouches down below like the rest of us and their abdomens were naughtily naked.. They took places at either end of the altar while Father Jim climbed up to the podium. He was resplendent in a long white cassock with a blue cape and sash

“Good morning Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys and Girls. May the arrows of Eros pierce each and every one of you and arouse your desires to give and receive the pleasures of carnal love.”

“Amen” we responded.

 “In the spirit of Eros may you have the generosity of spirit to ensure that all of your brothers and sisters find the sexual happiness and joy they seek.”

“Amen.”

“In the pursuit of sexual gratification may we see men lie down with women, men lie down with other men and women lie down with other women.”

“Amen!”

“In the true spirit of our God, Eros, may we ensure that our children experience the pleasures of sex with each other and with adults.

“Amen.”

I gave John’s hand another squeeze.

“Brothers and Sisters we are going to have a special presentation this morning of which we believe Eros would approve. Most of you have seen if you have not met one of our new members, Butch Harrison. If you have seen him you would have found it difficult not to notice his most outstanding asset.”

The crowd reacted with murmurs and giggles.

“Butch would you come out here please?”

Butch came into the room stark naked to stand in front of the altar, causing startled gasps from the men as well as the women and including me. His cock was beyond anyone’s imagination. In its flaccid state it hung down nearly to his knees. If length weren’t enough it was as thick as John’s forearm. Butch was over six foot tall and weighed around 270 pounds probably. He had a gut and a big smile. And the thought of my mother getting fucked by him had me fully erect.

“Now some of you ladies, I am sure, have tried to get all of that inside you and all, as far as I have been told, have had to settle for less. We can all understand why.”

There was more nervous laughter.

“Now most of you know Lydia Haywood. She is a very beautiful, hot mother of one. Her son Stephen is here this morning to watch his mother do her best to insert this monster inside her pussy. Stephen, will you please come forward.”

 I was caught by surprise. John’s arm came off my shoulder and I felt him give me a little push. Red-faced I made my way to the front of the altar. One of the altar boys came forward to take me by the hand and lead me to a spot behind the altar where there was a small platform that would put me above the action on the altar. It had a waist-high rail to insure that I didn’t fall off. When I got up there everyone applauded.

“Isn’t he beautiful? And for those of you men and boys who might be interested he’s very gay.”

The applause was even louder. I fully erected at that very moment and there was nothing I could do about it. My pouch became obscenely extended. If I wasn’t outed to my schoolmates and acquaintances I certainly had been outed here. There was more applause I guessed for my hardon that told them that I was turned on by what was about to take place.

“And now, Lydia, would you please come forward.”

My mother appeared in her baby doll with her pussy partially veiled just below it. She wore stockings and high heels and her mascara was extended to the point that she looked like lust itself. Her eye shadow was bold and purple. Her lipstick was broad and thick. Just her face alone would cause cocks to stiffen.

In her heels she clacked on over to Butch and took hold of his hand.

“Don’t they make a lovely couple?” Father Jim asked in his deep croon. “Black and white. He, so exceptionally endowed and she willing and eager to take it on.”

They looked at each other smiling and brought their lips together in a long, lathering kiss. There was more applause. She reached for his cock and her hand looked very white and small as she fondled it into life. The big black cock began to expand. They broke the kiss and she led him to sit on the altar before she knelt down and took the huge head of it into her mouth causing he cheeks to bulge. The big black cock continued to swell until, by the time she released it, it was standing tall in all of its glory. It was an ebony thing of beauty.

 Although I knew that Butch was way beyond anything I could handle at either end I knew I was into black guys big time. Black cocks just turned me on and apparently my mother, too.

 My mother bent to take off her shoes and Butch lifted her baby doll over her head exposing he beautiful tits. She had that glazed look that comes over her when she gets hot. She kept her stockings on.

Butch laid back on the altar and moved around to get comfortable with his big black cock standing incredibly tall. My little platform was an extension of the altar and so close that I was standing over them. My mother moved to straddle him and had to stand in a crouch to get high enough get on top of it. She began to lower herself slowly and had at least three inches inside her before she was able to get her knees fully down on the altar. Her eyes were glazed over and she was moaning. There was more applause.

I had to rearrange my pouch and allow head of my cock to stick out of the top. There was no other way to contain it.

“God, this is wonderful!” my mother yelled and there was more applause. Several more inches of black cock disappeared. “Oh, baby! Oh, Baby! So good!” She moaned.

Inch by succeeding inch went inside until she took it all. When she bottomed out her head fell forward and she brought her tongue down to meet Butch’s.

Their extended tongues diddled with each other.

“Do you like it, baby?” Butch crooned loud enough for the audience to hear.

“I love it, Butch, darling. I love it!”

All around the room the pouches and panties started coming down. Under the rule you had to at the very least keep them around one ankle so that you were technically clothed. I did just that. I joined the room full of masturbating madness. Big Butch was bouncing my mother all over the place. She was like a row boat in a squall bouncing around and screaming her head off. Father Jim undid the buttons that covered his crotch, brought it full out. He was beating away as madly as the rest of us. My cum began to fly and flew all over the fucking couple, the stark white of it contrasting with the ebony black of Butch’s leg. Cum was flying out from the congregation and some of them were on their knees screaming. Butch unloaded deep, deep inside my mother and you could hear him in Boston.

It took several minutes for the wildness to ebb. My mother and Butch were still embraced and kissing each other with passion. When my mother finally rolled off of Butch with his cum seeping from her pussy, Father Jim’s voice was heard again.

“Lydia, why don’t you spread your pussy and show us the dilation?”

 She did exactly that. She laid back on Butch’s tummy and spread her legs. I couldn’t see it from where I was but it drew a thunderous round of applause.

Butch spotted the trail of my cum on his leg and reached down to scoop it up and bring it to his mouth. He looked up at me, winked and smiled.

“Nice,” he said. “Very nice.” From what they said Butch was strictly heterosexual but I took that as a sign of hope. There was no way he could fuck me and I doubted I could get enough of that cock into my mouth to matter. But then there was frot. I would love to get my cock up next to his and play. I would love to hold that beautiful black cock against mine. Now that would be nice.

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER EIGHT

There were five of us males climbing the stairs to the sex room and I wasn’t sure how this was all going to unfold. There was little Jimmy, his father Ron, the teen-aged Ralph, John Willard and me. Jimmy was holding my hand and squeezing it.

“I love you,” he said earnestly as he squeezed my hand and looked at me with those big blue eyes.

When we reached the room there was a horde of people standing around in small groups in thongs and panties looking the field over. They had to stand in the spaces between the scattered mattresses. Everyone was looking for something or someone different but no one was sure who they would wind up with when the underthings came off. But all were eager and open to suggestion. Not all of them were classically beautiful but all of them in their nakedness were sexy and desirable.

There was a buffet all set up on the long table with chicken wings, shrimp and punch but it appeared that most of the crowd wanted to get at least one session of sex out of the way before they ate. Once again it was John who took charge of us.

 “Stephen , how would you like to be ‘Lucky Pierre’?”

 “What’s Lucky Pierre,” I asked.

 “When three guys fuck at the same time the guy in the middle gets to fuck and be fucked. He becomes Lucky Pierre.”

 I threw my arms around John and kissed him ardently. I needed to get fucked in the worst way.

 When we broke it off he added, “We can use one of the fuck tables and do it standing. You can fuck Jimmy and I will fuck you.”

 “That’s so awesome,” I said. I had yet to fuck anyone yet and fucking little Jimmy would be so good.

 “That leaves Ron and Ralph together,” John said.

 “That’s okay for starters,” Ralph said. “But I would like to fuck Stephen next.”

 “Would it be okay if we joined them at the fuck table and maybe I could fuck you?” Jimmy’s father asked Ralph.

 “Perfect!” Ralph said.

Simultaneously we lowered our skimpy little pouches and stepped out of them and, with cocks rising as we moved to a table that had several jars of Vaseline and various other lubricants. Jimmy lubricated his pussy and I had to do both my cock and pussy. Then we moved to one of the fuck tables. One couple was already there. A white guy had just positioned himself offering his backside to a tall, handsome, well-built black guy and I got a glimpse of his sleek black cock just before it made entry.

Jimmy leaned over the table and spread his thin little legs and I slid into him without any problem at all. It was heaven. I liked it. It was, I had to admit, even more thrilling than my mother’s pussy. Then I felt John’s wonderful cock slip into me. Ecstasy! His cock was possibly not as long as mine but it had a thickness that took my breath away.

Ralph moved in on Jimmy’s right and soon he had Jimmy’s father’s cock right where he wanted it. The three heads over the table touched tongues. Jimmy put his little arms over the shoulders of the two. We fucked in a smooth synchronization.

I didn’t want to cum too soon and tried to distract myself by looking around the room as we fucked. But it wasn’t like counting backwards or thinking about baseball. There was too much sexual stimuli and it wasn’t helping me to prolong the inevitable. Still I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the sexual goings-on. Several wide-eyed teen age girls were being fucked by older men. My mother had somehow separated from the over-endowed Butch and was stretched out and lip-locked with some teen-aged girl. There were several male-female adult couplings, undoubtedly with people to whom they were not married. It was beautiful to see. But, as Father Jim had said, most of the activity was homosexual. Women and girls were getting it on together everywhere and nearly all of the young boys seemed to be linked up with older men.

Then I saw a completely naked Father Jim coming our way with an equally naked young boy about Jimmy’s age. Both had cocks in full majesty and the priest’s literally shone with lubrication. The young kid leaned over our table and Father Jim came in behind him and drove his cock home. The young kid’s mouth fell open with an inadvertent “Oohhh!” Then he smiled before his tongue came out and he brought his face forward to meet the kisses of those around him.

There was a loud slap, slap, slap as the sleek black guy really hammered the white guy who was yelling “Yes! Yes! Yes!” at the top of his lungs.

I had been playing with Jimmy’s cock as we fucked and I felt him remove my hand and begin to do himself, a sure sign that he was getting ready to cum.

That did it for me. I felt Jimmy’s tight ass contract around my cock as he felt the throes of a dry cum and, with a loud moan, I blasted off inside him. Then I felt John’s cum blasting up inside me. It couldn’t have been more perfect. Our orgasms were virtually simultaneous. It was so good. It ws cum number one in an orgy. I really was Lucky Pierre. I was the luckiest boy in the world.

We relaxed as our cocks began to wilt and watched the action in front of us. The white guy turned around and he and the sleek black guy embraced. Little Jimmy turned around to hug me and our open mouths locked up. John was lightly playing with my tits and kissing the back of my head. Ron poured his coals into the teen-aged Ralph and the cum came pouring out of Ralph’s untouched cock to puddle on the floor.

It was left to the little kid with Father Jim and we watched them as the kid, too went over the top. It was all so beautiful.

I loved the intimacy of the fuck table. If you were getting fucked you could lock lips with other guys who were getting fucked. You could reach the cocks of the guys on either side. And it put you in a nice standing position which gave the fucker the leverage to really pour it on. Nice.

 John wrapped the two of us in his big arms and whispered. “You were so great. My sweet little boys!”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER NINE

 On Monday after school my mother took me to Boston and to Victoria’s Secrets to buy my lingerie for Gay night.

“Let’s have some fun,” she said. “We could give the girls the impression that I was buying the unmentionables for your sister but it would be so much sexier if we just came out and said they were for you. It would blow their minds. And I will make you a bet that one of the girls tries to contact me afterward.”

“But you can only fool around with members of the church,” I said.

“Actually oral sex with females is allowed because you cannot easily transmit diseases. But maybe we can make us a convert or two for the church. The point is that being sexy is fun. So let’s have some fun.”

And that’s the way we played it. My mother picked out a sales girl she thought was particularly sexy and stalled around until she became available. She looked to be about twenty and she was wearing a satin mini dress that clung to her and did little to diminish opportunities to see what was underneath. When she raised her arms at one point to adjust the bra on a dummy we could see her shapely derriere clad in pink panties. Her jet black hair was short, the bulk of it swept down over her forehead. She walked in a slinky way with her pelvis thrust forward, her leggy legs reaching out like a thoroughbred horse. Her violet eyes were so large that she looked like a Keane painting.

“This is my son, Stephen,” my mother said. “He’s gay. And he likes to dress. So we are looking for some very exciting underthings.”

In spite of her obvious sophistication the girl audibly gasped. She stared at me for several seconds while I smiled at her. “Of, course,” she said. “Of course! He is exceptionally pretty for a boy. And I think it’s very admirable that you have given him your complete support. So many parents take such a dim view of ho……………. Of …………….”

“Homosexuality,” my mother said. “Well it was a little less difficult for me because I like girls.”

The violet eyes blinked several times while our sales girl tried to find some way back to earth. Finally she managed to find a way to begin.

“I’m Wendy.” She almost blurted.

“Lydia,” my mother said and held the girl’s hand for several seconds.

“So you would like to look at some lingerie?” Wendy said with her eyes fixed on me.

 “Why don’t we start with the panties.” My mother said. “He’s going to want something that will be as brief as possible and still contain his cock, which I might add is large for his age.”

I thought the sales girl was going to pass out. She stumbled a bit before her slinky gait led the way to a bin of a counter that contained a casual scattering of sexually themed panties. Behind her back my mother smiled at me and winked and mouthed the word, “Fun”.

“I think you will find exactly what you want here,” she said. “Please take your time and when you find something just signal me.”

She went went off to tell some of the other girls what was happening and soon we had almost the entire sales crew stealing glances at us. They would know that we were both queer and that my other knew the size of my cock. That was enough to get their collective bloods boiling. I should have been embarrassed beyond words but I wasn’t. I had become so comfortable with being gay that I would have gladly got on the loudspeaker and let everyone in the mall know.

My mother would pick out a pair of panties and hold them aloft for me to see. Then, for the benefit of the onlookers she would align them with my crotch. She came up with a pair of pink panties that I really liked. They were tiny and had a dash of embroidered flowers on the crotch. We concurred on the selection and mother signaled the girl to join us.

“May I ask how old Stephen is?” The girl got up the nerve to ask.

“He’s thirteen. It could be that when he gets older he will discover girls but right now all he is interested in are men and boys.”

The girl fell into a fit of coughing. When she finally recovered she said, “Well he’s certainly pretty enough to be a girl.”

“He hears that a lot,” Mother said, “and if you and I dress him like a girl it will make him even more attractive to men, don’t you think?”

She started to answer but nothing came out. After a couple of swallows she said to me, “Is that what you want, Stephen? Do you want to be attractive to men?”

“I’m gay,” I said. “So I want to be able to attract men.”

“Are you talking about grown men?”

“I’m not saying that I will do things with them. But I want them to desire me sexually.”

“Do you have corsets?” my mother interjected.

“Corsets?”

“Well we could go with a training bra just to cover his tits. I wouldn’t want to have one that was padded. It would be sexier to just have a flat bra that covered his tits. Maybe it could be a see-through flat bra. On the other hand a corset would leave his tits exposed and push them up a little bit for effect. He has very pretty tits.”

“Maam, if I may say so, you seem to like the idea of your boy dressing up.”

“I do a lot,” my mother said. “I find it very sexy, don’t you?”

“Yes, I guess I do.”

“I purposely picked you to wait on us, Wendy, because you looked sexy. Sexy people are on a different wave length when it comes to things like this.”

“Thank you, Lydia” she said. “And I do find all of this very sexy and I’m glad you picked me to wait on you.”

“Are your panties at least a little bit wet?”

“Now that you ask they are a lot wet.”

“Are you married?”

“No.”

“Engaged?”

“No.”

“I find you very attractive,” my mother said in a throaty voice.

“And I find you very attractive.”

My mother went to her purse and produced a business card. “Please call me,” she said.

“You can count on it,” the girl said.

My mother found a pink corset that she wrapped around me for appraisal.

“May I make a suggestion, Lydia?” Wendy asked.

“Surely.”

“I think your selection is perfect but your colors are wrong. Instead of pink panties I think they should be black lace. We want a black garter belt with black nylon stockings. The corset should be bright red.”

“Wendy you are so sexy. You see, Stephen, how really sexy people know?”

We made the changes and I got more excited every minute. When Wendy held up the black lace panties I had to reach down to make the familiar adjustment and the girl smiled ear to ear when she saw me do it. They picked out a pair of shoes for me that were red and had four inch heels.

 When we cashed out Wendy whispered, “Does your beautiful son do girls at all?”

“Absolutely!” My mother said. “You can take my word for it. We’ll make it a threesome.”

 THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER TEN

On Sunday after my spin as Lucky Pierre we had lunch. Big John and little Jimmy went with me to the unisex bathroom a mixed assortment of nudes all crowded in to do their business and wash their hands, and, in most cases, use paper towels to remove cum from faces and chests. Jimmy and I were seeping cum deliciously from our enlarged holes every step of the way.

 We filled our plates with chicken wings and shrimp and, coincidentally wound up at the same table we had used to make love on shortly before. We had to take care not to slip on the cum sprayed on the floor by the lucky recipients.

“I would have loved to stick around and have another session with you, Stephen,” John said, “But Brother Frank, Ron Welch and I have an important cocktail hour and dinner with the Boston Chapter of Nambla later. Do you happen to know what Nambla is?”

“No.”

“It’s the North American Man-Boy Lover’s Association. We meet to discuss ways and means to enable young boys looking for men to contact us. Most people don’t realize how many young boys, particularly gay boys, are anxious to find older men with whom to have sex. Nambla believes that the most natural and bonding of all of the sexual relationships is that between adult men and young boys. Would you agree with that?”

“Very much so.” I said. “Do you take boys to the meeting?”

“We can’t quite pull that off without getting arrested. But I do use these meetings to recruit for the church. If I find, for example, that a man is having relations with his son or sons than it is a natural even if the wife is not yet included in the incest. Later we try to find a way to seduce her usually by using another female.”

“Wow! So nice!”

“A lot of times the fathers are not including their sons in their sex with young boys, even though they would like to. But it is delicate. So we help them out by seducing the boys for them if they would like.”

“How do you do that?”

“Ron, Frank or I arrange to be introduced to them as a long-time friend of their father. What I do is slip them a folded note when I get a chance and the father makes sure that I get that chance. I tell them that they should open it in private when they are alone or they might be embarrassed. The note tells them that the matter is confidential between them and me and not to discuss it with their father or it might end our friendship.

“What does the note say.”

“It says that, thanks to the internet, interest in bi-sexual sex is increasing among young boys. They are no longer interested in limiting their sexual adventures to just girls. I, personally know a lot of boys your age who would be very interested in someone as sexy as you. If you think you would like to meet them call me at and I give them my telephone number. If you aren’t really interested a this time then that’s okay, too. Simply tear up the note and just be friends.”

“Wow! That’s so neat. I notice you didn’t mention gay.”

“You’re very observant. Most boys prior to experiencing homosexuality are deathly afraid of being queer.”

“That was the way it was with me, too. Now I would be willing to fly a banner over Boston letting everybody know.”

“Well you’re still in school and I would strongly recommend that you remain in the closet.”

“What if the boy doesn’t call?”

“If they show the note to their father he is carefully instructed not to over-act. He is to tell them that he is not exactly surprised at John because very sexual people tend to think everyone else is turned on to the things they are. The father is instructed to say his friend probably wrongly sensed that you had the same feelings he did. “I’ll tell him to knock it off. But John is right about one thing, though. There is a growing trend toward bi-sexuality among young boys.” And leave it at that.

If the kid senses a level of tolerance in his father it will give him food for thought.

“I’m sure.”

“Which brings us to you and Jimmy.” Jimmy stopped wolfing his wings to look up expectantly.

“Us”

At our last meeting a month ago I dropped a note on one boy who is fourteen and who is a high school football player like you, Stephen.”

“Grade school,” I said, and I am thinking about giving up football when I get to High school. I’d rather make sex my sport.”

John smiled at me. “After you get through the early stages of your new sex life and settle down you will want to include other activities in your life. Football can get you a college scholarship. Sex won’t.”

“Maybe,” I said.

“I would like to arrange for the boy to come to my house next Friday. He will ask his father for permission to sleep over at a friend’s house not knowing that his father is wise. I would like you and Jimmy to be there. We will have a little party for the boy. He knows that he will be meeting a couple of boys who play around with boys. His name is Sean and he is black.”

“Mmmmmmmmm. That sounds good to me.”

“Me, too,” said Jimmy. “Dibs on his first fuck.”

“I figure that two pretty little boys like you guys won’t intimidate him and, in fact, will really turn him on. But you are going to have to use your skills to seduce him. I figure that if we can get him into an opening romp and he likes it we will spring his big surprise.”

“His father is going to show up,” I said.

“We are going to give Sean the time to experience gay sex and think about it a bit. And if all goes well his father is scheduled to ring the bell at exactly eight o’clock.

“Wow, super,” I said. “Another black guy.”

“Whose name is Avis, by the way.”

“And, one thing more.”

“Yes.”

“I should tell you that when Sean first read my note he showed it to his father and tore it up in front of him. But them a few days later he went to recover the scraps and had a tough time piecing the phone number together. Something told his Dad not to empty the basket. He had to empty parts of the basket during the week to keep it from overflowing but he made sure that the scraps of my note remained. It tells you that Avis had a real sense that Sean had tendencies.”

“Who is picking him up at his house?” I asked.

“Jimmy’s dad is going to pick him up with Jimmy of course. And then they will drive over to get you. By the time the car arrives at my house with you two cuties in a car with Sean the poor kid will be hooked.”

John had to leave for his meeting and to tell you how the best laid plans can get way-laid at an orgy I wound up getting approached by a complete stranger. He was in his early twenties, a little on the chubby side, not tall, and average looking at best. His name was Tommy and he told me that he had been involved in incest since he was nine and liked little boys. He had a sexy way of talking. But if he was average in appearance his cock was not. It looked like it belonged on someone else, someone much larger. It was so ponderous that it didn’t stick up at an angle. It struck straight out. It was horizontal with the ground. You could have hung your laundry on it except no clothespin could open wide enough to encompass it.

“You’re so beautiful that you take my breath away, Stephen. Would you be nice enough to let me fuck you?”

“Are you kidding?” I asked. “Just pick the spot.”

“One of the tables is available.”

“Let’s do it. It meant I wouldn’t have the thrill of watching that big cock enter me but it was a way of getting the penetration I needed and it was going to be my biggest cock yet.”

We stopped by the lube table and I made sure I was going to have enough. By the time we got to the table to move the stool out of the way, Jimmy was already there with some middle aged guy aiming his big cock at my little friend’s little pussy. I leaned over and engaged Jimmy’s tongue in a delightful duel as we both had huge cocks sliding in. My eyes got wide and so did his. There was a little pain but not enough to matter and it soon gave way to enormous pleasure. I thought of my mother and Butch. This was my biggest so far. And like she said size may not matter but when you got a cock in you that was grotesquely large it was a totally different experience. The whole world evolved around that cock and your pussy. There was nothing else to think about.

He started to fuck.

Another boy, not as young as Jimmy but probably not as old as me with another middle aged fat guy behind him arrived to my left. This kid probably didn’t produce any cum yet either. I felt Jimmy’s little hand encircle my cock and I immediately reached one hand for his and one hand for my new friend’s. It was beautiful.

The new kid’s tongue joined ours. It was electric. I really liked the table. You had someone to kiss while you got fucked from the rear and two beautiful cocks to feel. Our partners picked up the pace until the audible slap, slap, slaps could be heard half way across the room.

This time Jimmy didn’t try to remove my hand as he had his dry-cum. And I went along with his hand all the way to mine. Tony was shooting his sperm well up into me just before I sent mine all over the floor. I felt the kid’s prick on my left swell and throb and heard him moan. And he came a little. It coated my fingers. I held on to it without moving my hand to take him through it and he kissed me head-on to express his gratitude. I brought my hand up and licked it clean. Yummy!

 It had been beautiful from beginning to end. When I finally felt that long, thick thing slip out I turned to embrace Tony and thank him profusely.

“Where do you live?” he asked.

“Cambridge,” I said.

I could see his disappointment. “Hanover, New Hampshire,” he said. “My father teaches at Dartmouth.”

“My father teaches at Harvard,” I said.

“It’s too bad we are so far away. I am so in love with you I am out of my mind”

“Are you coming to Gay night?”

“Yes, I am,” he said. “My father and I never miss it.”

“Will you be bringing that lovely thing with you” I asked playfully feeling his now deflating and fully satisfied tool. In its flaccid state it was larger than an average erection.

“We are inseparable partners,” he said with a giggle. “You will be a girl that night, won’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, “I will be Stephanie Haywood.”

“My heart won’t be able to stand it!”

 “Come on, Sweetheart,” I heard my mother say. “We have to go. I have to work tonight.”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I was naked and sitting on a stool by my mother’s mirror. My girl’s underwear was laid out on our bed. She started with the lipstick and as she applied it I immediately erected.

“You better pay attention to how I do this, honey,” she said. “From the looks of things you are going to be doing a lot of this in the future.”

I had to blush.

Application by application she explained to me exactly how to do it. The eye-shadow, the mascara, the eye-liner, the blush all turned me into a girl I didn’t know. The transformation was so exciting. The girl in the mirror seemed to jump out at me.

Throughout it all my erection never waivered. I was happy to realize that for one night a week from now on I would get to be a girl. It was a role I was looking forward to.

My mother then combed my blond hair into a sweep forward over my forehead while sweeping the other side of the part back. Without a wig my hair was long enough to look like a girl’s shorter hair-do.

“You will be going to gay night once a week,” she said, so I think we ought you let your hair continue to grow until it is more than shoulder-length.”

“Let’s do it,” I said.

 If we can ever get your hardon down they will definitely think they have a real girl on their hands.”

The panties came next. Black lace. Diaphonous lace. Gauzy lace. I tried tucking my cock inside and managed it with some strain against the fabric.

“Honeybunch, just let your pretty cock stick out through the side until you get to church. Otherwise you will be hurting yourself.”

I pulled it free from the confinement and my mother said, “That’s looks as sexy as hell. Maybe that’s the way you ought to present yourself.”

She put on the garter belt next and I sat back down on the stool to roll down the stockings and then roll them up my legs.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm!” She said. “Very sexy!” I thought so, too.

“Girl’s clothes are tricky,” my mother said. “In order to get your panties completely off you have to undo the garters. Otherwise you can lower them and be available front or back while your panties remain hung up on the garters. But if you want the panties off you can re-hook the garters and that is a very sexy look, too.”

Next came the red corset that zipped up the back and bound me up nicely. It pushed up my bare tits just enough. The tits looked very pretty and the illusion was that they were early puberty which is where they would be if I was a real girl. My abdomen was bare.

Next came the shoes. I had practiced walking on them for an hour the night before. They were red to match the corset. And they had four inch heels that elevated me to around five-feet seven. They accentuated my stocking covered legs. They accentuated my ass. They gave me a sensual, if a little uncertain, stride.

Next she took a silver necklace out of a jewelry box that had the name “Stephanie” spelled out and put it around my neck. John Willard had it specially delivered that morning.

I was dynamite.

My mother used her cell phone to take several pictures. I tucked my cock inside my panties and sat on the stool with my legs crossed. Click. I stood and thrust my hips to a sexy angle. Click. I stood with my back to her and my ass flared while looking over my shoulder. Click. Finally I faced her and lowered my panties and let my cock stand upright and free. Click. It was followed by a “Nice!”

 “Wouldn’t it be something if your stick-in-the-mud father could see you now?” She said. “Wouldn’t he just go crazy. He would blame his little gay boy on me and in a way he would be right.”

“I was gay before I went to the Church of Eros,” I said. “I just didn’t know it.”

“Well, then we can say that I helped you realize it.”

I was to be picked up by at six by a man who lived at Porter Square, nearby, with his two sons. Mother knew who they were but they missed Sunday so that I never met them.

“You’ll like him a lot,” my mother said. But you will especially like his boys. Peter is fourteen and Robert is twelve. He is Peter, Senior, so they call the boy Petey.”

“We need to get them far enough up the driveway so the neighbors can’t see you,” my mother said. “They know you will be dressed.”

The car arrived right on time and they did pull well into the driveway as it turned out. I kissed my mother good-bye and walked gingerly to the car. The back door flew open and I slipped inside. To my astonishment both boys looked gorgeous in their make-up and lingerie. I thought they looked every bit as pretty as me. Both had let their hair grow long over the months since the regular weekly stints as “girls” had begun. I intended to do the same.

“I’m Roberta,” the youngest said.

 “I’m Pamela,” said the oldest.

 “Stephanie,” I said.

“Well, pretty little Stephan, for tonight you are officially a girl, “Peter said. “We want you to be as feminine as you can. We don’t want to talk about guy things. We talk about sex, about boys and men, about clothes, about the size of men’s dicks. If you are going to be girls try to act like girls.”

 “This is really going to be fun,” I said.

“I’ll tell you one thing, Stephanie. You will see a lot of lip-stick covered cocks tonight. That’s what I like about Gay night.”

His two “girls” were smiling broadly.

 “Brother Frank will be Frances, tonight, and there will be one or two adult girls. But when you see all of the boys sixteen and under turned into pretty little girls that is what is really exciting. You will see.”

I took a good long look at Peter and he was very handsome. And he looked like he could still play college ball. I figured him to about forty-five. And I kind of thought I might have a special way to thank him for the ride. I felt that familiar surge deep inside my pussy that I had been getting lately any time I saw a sexy guy.

We parked in the rapidly filling lot and disembarked. We could see all of the young “girls” all stumbling along in panties and high heels all them transformed into quite beautiful girls. It was a gorgeous sight to see.

 John was waiting at the door specifically to see me and smiling from ear to ear. “Wow! You have exceeded all of my expectations and that is something I’d never expected to say. The corset was exactly the right touch.”

 He began to softly tickle my tits. “At last a pair of tits I can feel,” he said.

 “Thank you, John. And thank you for the necklace.”

 “Of course, Stephanie. I have someone special I want you to meet tonight.”

 “Okay.”

 “You remember that I went to the Nambla meeting, Sunday.

 “Of course.”

 “Well I met a father who is into young boys but who has a son who he would never expect to be able to get it on with. In fact he believed his son was homophobic, if anything. You know the typical situation I run into all the time. Except that this was different.”

 “Why different.”

 “His last name was Haywood.”

 “The same as mine?”

 “And there is a reason for that. He happens to be your father.”

 “Are you serious? I can’t believe you are talking about the father I know. You’re telling me that my own father is secretly into young boys? He is a member of Nambla?”

 “He is head over heels into boys and it started before he left your mother.”

 “He should have told her,” I said.

 “It’s just amazing how people can live together and not know what is going on in their partner’s minds. He had no way of knowing that she would be accepting of his getting into young boys. It was unthinkable. I guess we all tend to try to keep up a false image of ourselves and that’s too bad.”

 “I’ve been seeing him every other weekend and he seemed like the same dad he’s always been, very moral and upstanding.”

 “He has been seeing these two boys for several months now. They visit his apartment on a regular basis. They are fourteen and eleven. It started with the eleven year old who made a move on him in the men’s room at the Cambridge mall. At first he thought the kid wanted money, but he didn’t. His parents are well off. He just wanted some gay attention. The other boy is a friend of Timmy.”

 “Are they with him tonight?”

 “We couldn’t quite work that out. You see with underage kids we make it a rule that they have at least one parent involved. It helps keep them from blabbing about what goes on here because it would jeopardize their basic security.”

 “So my father knows about me?”

 “And he is thrilled about it. Your football star dad has finally turned gay even if his experience so far is strictly with boys. . And there is something else.”

 “What?”

 “I’m predicting that your mother will want to remarry the new Stephen, senior. They can now swing the way she wanted to in the first place.”

 “Where is Dad now?”

 “He is in the sex room waiting for his Stephanie.”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER TWELVE

The sex music was blaring in the halls and I took off my shoes in order not to break my neck climbing the stairs. My cock was flaccid enough to keep inside my brief black panties at least for the moment. The hypnotic thumping of the music alone was enough to get me going. John was right behind me and I guessed he wanted to see me from behind. When I opened the door it was to a scene beyond belief.

The mattresses and couches had been crowded into one half of the available floor. The remaining half had been turned into a dance floor. While some of the adult males were dancing with other adults for the most part the older guys were matching up with the young “girls”. It probably should have been called Father and Son night instead of Gay night from the looks of things. Everywhere turned on Daddies having offered up their sons to the party were dancing sexily with other young boys transformed into girls. All of the “girls” with their applications of cosmetics and their sexy attire were wholly desirable. Some of them had wigs to go with their make-up and underthings, but most of them, because of their weekly girl play had allowed their hair to grow long. All of them were wearing bras except me. The corset that left my tits exposed was the perfect touch.

My father was dancing with a ten year old “girl” who looked adorable in white panties and white bra. My father really was a handsome guy. He was wearing a blue denim shirt and blue jeans and had a mop of blonde hair that fell at random across his forehead and hung down long in the back. I realized that all of the adult males were starting out fully dressed as they would be at a gay club although some of them were already stripping as they danced. Strobes were flashing and throwing eerie lights around the room.

My beautiful, black Frances, nee Brother Frank, danced into view. She was wearing white against her ebony skin. She had a white bra, garter belt and white mesh stockings. She had a black page-boy hair-piece that was adorable. Her panties were already discarded and her erect black cock was a thing of beauty as it swing to and fro with her gyrations. Her dancing partner was the nineteen year old Ralph and he had already stripped down to his blue thong briefs with nearly all of his long, beautiful cock was, out of necessity, exposed through the side.

 And the music was obscene. After the long thump, thump, thump of instrumentation you suddenly heard a chorus of deep male voices sing, “I need your cock! I want your cock! I love your cock!.............. I need your cock! I want your cock! I love your cock!...................I need your cock! I want your cock! I love your cock!” Then, after a slight pause added, “Suck! Fuck! Cum!”

There was attempt at subtlety in the sexually inspired lyrics. It was so wild. So sinful. The lecherous expressions in the blinking strobes were near-maniacal. The clothing on the adult male dancers was falling away. The “girls” contented themselves with lowering their panties enough to free their cocks and play with them a little bit before pulling their panties back up. My cock was back to sticking out of the side of my panties.

My father was totally absorbed with the young “girl” he was dancing with as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt. He didn’t see me at all as I approached dancing with the music as I went. I probably was the only “girl” on four-inch heels and it limited my undulations to a very sexy minimum.

The young “girl” turned around to sway with the music and give my father a look at a very nice fanny. My father’s shirt came off and he sashayed over to the edge of the floor to drop it never taking his eyes off of his little girl partner. She lowered her panties to let him see her pretty backside in the flesh and my father licked his lips.

I suppose I should have been jealous but I really wasn’t. I was excited instead. I was really excited. I knew that my father was so anxious to have sex that he was more than willing to start without me. But that was okay, too.

“I need your cock! I want your cock! I love your cock!” The chorus sang out. The little “girl” was back facing him with her panties still lowered and her pretty three inch cock fully engorged. My father’s focus was entirely on that pretty little cock as he was unbuckling his belt. I had now gotten close enough to hear him sing the lyrics. “I need your cock! I want your cock! I love your cock!” And then, “Suck! Fuck! Cum!”

My father’s pants were coming down and I realized he was in his bare feet or he would have had a real problem stepping out of them. He was wearing a brief red thong and his cock was peeking out of the top front. He picked up his pants and was dancing his way to the end of the floor to get rid of them when he saw me.

His mouth fell open. He stopped dancing for the briefest moment and then got back into it. I was staring at the head of his cock. I edged forward and dropped to one knee and licked around the exposed helmet of that beautiful cock. It was probably the perfect beginning. His little “girl” friend was smiling broadly. I lowered his thong all the way to the floor. His little “girl” friend moved in beside me and went to one knee, too. Her necklace said “Cynthia.”

Together we licked either side of his big cock applying a nice coat of lipstick the length of it. I wasn’t sure whether my father had informed his little Cynthia that he was expecting his son but she couldn’t have been more sharing. We passed his cock back and forth sucking it and licking his balls until I got up and nodded toward the lubrication table and began to dance in that direction. Smiling they followed along behind me.

I unfastened my garters to pull down my panties and re-fastened the garter loops to keep my stockings from sliding down. Still moving to the music I scooped up a gob of Vaseline from an open jar and applied it very liberally to my pussy.

Cynthia slipped out of her white satin panties and she, too, applied a generous amount of Vaseline to her pussy. I applied Vaseline to my father’s beautiful lipstick covered cock and he gleamed with anticipation. Then I applied some to my own cock.

 My father, I’m sure, caught the significance immediately and knew it meant we were going to be doing a threesome fuck and I was going to be Lucky Pierre. But he probably thought we would be lying flat on a mattress. I wondered if he had done this with his two boyfriends.

 “Take your panties with you, Cynthia. We can’t lose those,” I said, as I danced off in the opposite direction from the one they expected. The tables were just starting to fill up with lovers and I was sure they understood what was ahead.

 We arrived at the nearest table and Cynthia bent over and spread her slender little legs. I placed my panties on the table on top of Cynthia’s. Then I got behind her and aimed my cock at her pussy and started to drive it home. It went in easily. She took it like a champ and I wondered if she had the pleasured introduction that I had to anal sex, or anything close.

 My father got behind me and had no difficulty entering me. It was sheer pleasure. It was my own father fucking me for the first time. Mmmmmmmmm! It was nice and big.

 “Oh, God!” He said. “This is so great!”

 I reached around to get hold of Cynthia’s clit. My father found mine. We fucked beautifully.

 Soon two more couples arrived and settled in on either side of us. Two more pretty “girls” in naturally long hair appeared on either side of Cynthia with two middle aged men to quite happily bring up their rears. The three girls played tongues as we fucked. No one got frantic. We stayed with the beat of the music. My father stuck his tongue in my ear. He was stroking me like an expert.

Slap, slap, slap! Slap, slap, slap! Slap, slap, slap! That big gorgeous cock of my father’s was thrusting. That big, gorgeous cock of my father’s was burrowing. That big gorgeous cock of my father’s was cumming and I felt his seed. Cynthia was next and I felt her clit swell and heard her moan. I stopped stroking as she had her dry cum. And then I picked up the pace as I fucked her. Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! I spurted my seed deep into her and she felt it with a loud moan. It was perfect.

 I turned around to kiss my father and he broke it off to moan, “My beautiful, beautiful Stephanie. I love you more than ever.”

 “Do you like doing little “girls”?” I asked.

 “Mmmm, yes,” he said, gently feeling my dripping cock. Especially when they have a big beautiful clit like yours.”

 “You know, if we are not careful, this could lead to a regular thing,” I teased.

 “You mean you might want to do this with me again?”

 “I thought it was kind of nice,” I said.

 His lips came down on mine and there were tongues.

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

 Sean Bell lived on the top floor of a three-decker in Dorchester, and, according to plan, Ron Welch, little Jimmy and I arrived at four o’clock to pick him up. It was supposed to be an innocent sleep-over with a couple of school buddies but the truth is that Sean and I had never laid eyes on each other before. The only thing he knew ahead of time was my name and that he would be going to John Willard’s house for a boy’s sex party. His father, of course, unbeknownst to him was in on it. His mother wasn’t.

 I climbed the three floors to Sean’s apartment and it was his mother who greeted me at the door.

 “Sean, your friend Stephen is here,” she said.

 Sean appeared, acting like he knew me from school, and looking a little nervous about the whole thing. For fourteen he was nearly six foot tall and very slender and good looking. I was drawn to him immediately and I could tell he was equally taken with me.

“Hi, Stephen,” he said, with a nervous smile. He was holding a little overnight bag as he kissed his mother good-bye.

 “Now you behave, Sean,” she said. “and have fun.”

 About half-way down the stairs I whispered to Sean, “Your mother doesn’t have any idea how much fun we are really going to have.”

 I could see a bulge begin to develop in the area of Sean’s crotch.

 “I’m a little scared to tell you the truth,” he said.

I took his free hand in mine and gave it a little squeeze. On the landing above the ground floor I stopped and took the suitcase from him and set it down. There was no one around. I put my arms around him and backed him against the wall. I pursed my lips for him and he had to bend slightly to bring our lips together. I forced my tongue inside his mouth and my tongue found his. He was pleasantly startled. I knew he was struggling with his potential gayness and I wanted him to give up the fight. I felt his cock. He felt mine. We were both hard but constrained. I squeezed his cock and he squeezed mine.

When we broke it off Sean was breathing heavily. “This is what I really want,” he said. “I want to do it with boys.”

When we got to the car Jimmy had moved into the back seat and his father was behind the wheel. I think Sean expected that John would be driving.

“I’m Ron,” Jimmy’s father said as Sean and I slid into the back seat with him in the middle. “And this is my son, Jimmy.”

Jimmy smiled at him with those angelic eyes that would melt and iceberg.

“You’re young,” Sean said.

“I’ll be ten in August,” Jimmy said.

“Are we going to John’s house?” Sean asked.

I knew Sean was probably thinking that Ron was simply going to drop us while unaware of what the sleep-over was really all about but that impression began to erode as soon as we got out on the street. Little Jimmy reached up to pull Sean’s head down to his and into a long, sensual kiss. Little Jimmy could really kiss. I gave them a few minutes of lip-lock before I began to unbuckle Sean’s pants. Sean pointed to the driver as though to say we couldn’t do this.

Ron clarified the matter immediately. “Have you ever had sex with boys before, Sean?” he asked.

Sean was alarmed. “What?”

“Will this be your first experience with boys?”

“Ron, knows,” I said smiling. “He and John are going to be with us tonight.”

“He knows about his own son?” Sean asked.

“We have sex together,” Jimmy said. “We love each other in a special way. My mother, too.”

I had Sean’s shorts open and was pulling them down and off. He even lifted his ass to helpme do it. His big, beautiful black cock was sticking out of his tight white briefs.

“I wish my father would do things with me,” he said.

Jimmy went to work getting him out of his briefs and he was naked from the waist down.

“Have you ever seen your father’s cock, Sean?” Ron asked.

“Yes,” he said. “Actually quite a few times. Once even when it was hard.”

“Did you like it?”

“I liked it a lot.” He had to gasp as little Jimmy went down.

“I would say that your father might have been intentionally careless wouldn’t you?”

“Oh, I love this,” Sean said in response to little Jimmy’s expert ministrations. “You mean he was letting me see his dick on purpose?”

“That’s what I would say.”

It was my turn to go down on that beautiful black snake and Jimmy’s turn to reach under his shirt and play with his tits.

“You think my father wanted me to see his cock?”

“I would say so. I will bet that he has something on his mind. Jimmy plays with me, Stephen plays with his father. I think your father wants to play with you.”

“Oh, boy, this is so goooood! This is so gooooood! This is so gooooood!” And then he came. And came. And came. “Oh, God, it’s so good. I love it.”

I gave some of Sean’s cum to Jimmy and got up to sit directly on my black beauty’s lap and kiss open-mouthed trading his pearls. It was still daylight and, even though the windows were heavily tinted, there was some risk of being seen by a passing car. We swallowed and I climbed off his lap.

“What do you think, Sean,” Ron said. “Is this something that you want to do?”

“It’s something I’ve been fantasizing about for months. I was really afraid of being gay but now I know it’s what I want to be.”

Little Jimmy smiled up at him. “It’s really great, isn’t it?”

“Do you really think that my father wanted me to see his cock?”

“When did you get to see it hard?”

“It was the day before yesterday. It was
Wednesday night. The lock on the bathroom door hadn’t been working for a few days. He walked in on me naked while I was toweling off. He said he was sorry but he thought I had left and he forgot about the lock. He stood there looking at me and I saw his cock grow big right in front of me.”

“Did that excite you?”

“I got big, too. He said that it was strictly nature and then he got in the shower.”

“I guess the big question is that if your father really wants to have sex with you how do you feel about that?”

“I would like to do it a lot.”

“What if I told you that I know for a fact that he does want to do it with you.”

“You do?”

Ron handed his cell phone back over the seat to Sean. “Dial your father’s number and hand me back the phone.”

“Hello, Avis,” Ron said when he got the phone back. “This is Jimmy’s father. “There is no sense stalling around until eight. Sean is really into it. Why don’t you leave now and head out to John’s house. Yes, I’m sure. I’ll let you talk to him.”

Sean stared at the phone for a few minutes before bringing it to his ear. “Hi, Dad!” he said. “These guys think that…………….. These guys are…………. These guys are having sex with their dads,” he finally blurted out. “I want to have sex with you!”

THE CHURCH OF EROS

CHAPTER FOURTEEN