



# **New Beginnings**

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Cover art by Amanda Young

**WARNING:**

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit language, hot manlove, and is meant for mature readers.

# New Beginnings

*Amanda Young*

The sound of rock music awoke eighteen year old Seth McKinney. Disoriented by sleep, he rolled over and hit his alarm clock, thinking it was time to get up and dress. When the music continued unabated, Seth opened his gritty eyes and realized it was still night, not only night but he'd only been in bed for a couple of hours. The bold red letters on his clock jumped out at him, proclaiming it to be just shy of 3 a.m.

Wiping his sweaty bangs away from his forehead, Seth attention focused on the window. As the blue curtains billowed back and forth over his open window, he groggily came to the conclusion that the noise must be coming from outside. More than likely from their new neighbor's house. The gay couple, Mike and Brian Houser, must've been throwing a party.

Seth swung his legs over the side of his tiny twin bed and rose unsteadily to his feet. He staggered into the private bathroom attached to his room and took a leak. As he passed by the window on his way back to bed, curiosity got the better of him and he stopped to pull back the curtain, looking out across the yard.

His neighbor's house was brightly lit, every room in the house aglow. No one appeared to be inside though. Whatever they were doing, it was taking place in the backyard. Unfortunately, the six-foot privacy fence between the two properties prevented Seth from being able to see anything. That was a disappointment.

Seth dropped the curtain, letting it fall back over the window. He strode across the room and flopped down on the bed, staring at the ceiling. His mind busily worked up feverish scenarios for what could be happening next door.

Surely, they couldn't be having a quaint dinner party at three in the morning, could they? What he knew about the gay lifestyle could fit into a thimble. Which was sad, since he was gay himself. Closeted, but gay nonetheless. Since he was dependent on his parents paying his college tuition come fall, he knew he had to keep his mouth shut and let them believe he was just shy around the opposite sex. The moment they found out he got wood from looking at tight male asses, instead of big tits, they'd disown him. Of that he had little doubt.

As soon they'd found out the men who'd moved in next door were a couple, instead of friends or roommates, his parents had gone from outraged that someone like that had moved into the neighborhood, to cold indifference. His parents, along with all their buddies on the block, went out their way to shun the couple, sickening Seth.

And though not a single derogatory remark was made in his presence, Seth had overheard plenty when no one thought he was listening. The sly remarks and snide accusations about how unnatural it was to be a homosexual. All of it left Seth heartbroken and disgusted with humanity. Himself in particular, because though he abhorred what was being said and done, he kept his mouth shut, too afraid of being ostracized to say a word.

Seth rolled onto his stomach and punched the pillow beside him. What the hell was he supposed to do? He could stand up for what he believed in and fuck up his future, or keep quiet and lose his self-respect. It was a no win situation.

He scrubbed his face over the pillow and threw it away from him. Sleep wasn't going to happen tonight. He might as well get up and do something. What, he hadn't a clue. Then his stomach growled and he figured getting a bite to eat was as good as anything else. He could scarf down some grub and then maybe go down to the basement and lift weights. Unless he wanted to chance waking up the parental units, his options were pretty limited.

Seth got up and left his room. He walked down the hall and entered the kitchen. The disgustingly cheerful hen and rooster themed crap his mother collected was everywhere he looked. He bypassed the fridge and picked up a glass from the dish drainer, pouring

himself a tepid cup of water from the faucet. He downed the contents of the cup in one long swallow and sat the empty glass in the sink.

The water churning in his gut, Seth leaned against the counter, his hands gripping the cool, chrome lip of the sink as he gazed out window. Curiosity ate at him. He wanted to know what was going on over there and no amount of lecturing himself about minding his own business was going to lessen his interest until he found out.

Before he lost his nerve, Seth slipped out the backdoor and crept quietly along the perimeter of the fence. He found a small, half-dollar sized hole in the wood and crouched down, the sound of his heartbeat echoing loudly in his ears. He peeked through and gasped, his palm flying to cover his mouth before the sound escaped.

The vision before him was un-fucking-believable. It was as someone glimpsed into his most feverish fantasies and brought them to life. A cornucopia of naked, male flesh paraded before his wide eyes. Behind the half inch thick banner of wood stood a veritable wonderland of hot, writhing male bodies as if on display for him alone. Everywhere he looked men were grouped in pairs of two and three, sucking, fucking, in all manner of positions.

Seth's cock went from flaccid to tire-iron hard in the space of a heartbeat. His balls pulled up tight, aching for release as they snuggled up to the base of his prick. He reached down and slipped his hand into his sleep pants, giving his balls a tug. Sweet Jesus, if just looking was enough to turn him on almost to the point of coming, what would it be like to be in the center of the action? To be an active participant in any one of the things he saw?

He palmed his balls and rubbed, trying to soothe the ache. At the same time, his gaze wandered over the crowd. He counted eight pairs of two, four groups of three, and then he quit counting. His attention focused in on the couple closest to him.

Under a halo of dim illumination cast by a string of colored lights strung around the hot tub, were two men. The older of the two—his body heavily muscles and dark hair fringed with silver at the temples—sat on the lip of the hot tub, his thighs spread wide. The younger man—slight of build, with golden blond hair that reflected the colored lights

above—knelt at the other's feet, his face upturned in supplication as he lapped at his lover's heavy ball sac.

Seth couldn't see the younger man's expression, only his profile, but he imagined it to be one of sublime pleasure, divine submission, as the flat of his tongue moved over his lover's balls, leaving their delicately wrinkled surface wet and glistening from his saliva.

The older man stared down at his lover, as if hypnotized by what was being done to him. He wrapped a fist around his cock and began to stroke it in a slow and leisurely pace that Seth craved to mimic, but didn't dare. He feared one touch, one single stroke and the moment would be ruined. He would come and that would be it. Not matter how torturous it was to sit and watch, with his cock a fiery ache that begged to be touched, he wanted to drag out the magnificent horniness he felt. This was not the time for a quick wank; not when the chance to learn and absorb all the kinky things he'd only dreamt of doing stood right in front of him. From what he saw, the grunts and groans of the men indulging in pleasure, his reluctance to come out of the closet was causing him to miss out on a hell of a lot of fun. That would have to be changed in the near future, but for now all he could do was sit there and enjoy the show.

Seth's gaze zeroed in on Blondie's tongue as it moved upwards, sliding up and his lover's thick shaft. He batted his lover's hand away from his cock and replaced it with his own, gripping it by the base and tilting it forward. Seth stared, transfixed, as the blond leaned over his lover's cock and swallowed it from swollen crown to base in a single gulp. The older man cried out, the sound traveling, as his head tipped back and his hands bracketed the younger man's face. His hips began to pump, holding the blond in place as he began to fuck his mouth in short, jerky thrusts. Smooth, flushed inches of cock disappeared into the clinging depths of the blonde's suctioning mouth, only to reappear slick and wet, somehow thicker than it had been a moment earlier.

Seth's cock pulsed, tenting the soft cotton of his pajama bottoms, hot for the same action the other man received. He kneaded his balls, trying to appease the ache he felt, to no avail. A steady pulse of pre-come leaked against his groin, wetting the head of his dick, making it that much more sensitive and eager to blast. He swiped his thumb over

the crown, rubbing gently just beneath the flange. His cock twitched, practically jumping into his hand and he loosely gripped it, milking his shaft with the lightest of touches.

As if blondie were following Seth's lead, he reached down between his thighs and Seth saw his arm begin to move, jerking off as he blew his lover. Seth couldn't see the younger man's cock, but he could well imagine it. Long and thick, flushed a ruddy pink from desire and leaking, just like his own.

Seth stroked his cock a little harder, picking up his speed in tempo with the couple, until he was pounding the hell out of his dick. His eyelids drooped and he licked his lips, imagining the taste of cock on his tongue. His orgasm built with the force of a runaway locomotive, collecting in his groin, tingling across his perineum, and finally shot up through his cock, exploding from the tip. Seth grunted, come spilling into his closed fist.

Seth pulled his hand from his pants and wiped his come off on his pant leg. He exhaled, spent. That was without a doubt the strongest climax he'd had in all his life.

His body still reeling from pleasure, he heard a loud caterwaul from one of the men. He opened his eyes in time to see the older man pull his cock from the younger one's mouth and blast his seed all over the blonds face. Blondie leaned in and began to lap at the man's softening cock, cleaning away any trace of come that was left. After a moment, he stood and the two men kissed, sharing the taste of their pleasure.

Then something happened that would follow Seth for the rest of his life. The men broke their embrace and turned his way. They smiled and winked at him.

Seth jerked back from the fence and fell on his ass. He jumped to his feet and sprinted into the house, slamming the door shut behind him,.

His back leaning against the kitchen door, his heart racing faster than a thoroughbred horse at the Kentucky derby, Seth laughed. Part of him was mortified about being caught spying on the men, but a larger part of him was still enthralled by what he'd seen.

Come fall -- after his move into the college dorms -- he was going to make a few changes in his life. As far as he was concerned, August couldn't get there soon enough.