

**Do go-go boys dream
the dream of the audience?**

CONTESTANT NUMBER THREE

Leo was Contestant Number Three the night he fell for Contestant Number Four. Their eyes met and fixed on each other, wordlessly saying all, the summer they both entered the End-Up Bar “Jockstrap Contest.” In the toilet, stripping down for his appearance on stage, Leo sized up the sex-bomb boy next to him: slim, muscular, dark-haired, and hung big. He buzzed to the way the guy stepped boots first into his black jockstrap, slowly working the elastic up his legs, tucking his balls into the pouch, momentarily letting his big cock flop up and out and over the waistband. He was a show-stud.

Leo liked exhibitionism. He exposed his own dick hanging fertile from his blond crotch. Slowly, in a tease, he pulled his own blue jockstrap on up his legs and made a spectacle of bagging his balls. They turned toward each other. Their black and blue pouches equally full. Butch-flirting, in tight mirror-image, the dark one smiled into the blond smile.

The End-Up MC interrupted their cruise. “Will you welcome,” he announced, “Contestant Number Three!”

Leo broke off his hard stare, and bounced out into the multi-colored lights of the stage.

“This is Leo,” the MC said over the applause for the nearly-naked boy. “He’s from Florida. He’s a Cancer. And he works as a busboy. He’s been in San Francisco just two days. He says he’s ‘staying’ with friends in Marin.” The MC sized Leo up over his clipboard. “Who you here with tonight, Leo?”

“I didn’t...cum yet...with anybody tonight,” Leo said.

The crowd cheered.

“Do you have a favorite fantasy, Leo?”

“Yeah. I have a fantasy.”

“What is your fantasy here at the End-Up?”

“I noticed there was another Contestant...”

“We see how your dirty mind is wheeling tonight, Leo!”

The MC moved in tighter on the young blond. “What’s the other Contestant’s number?”

“Contestant Number Four.”

“Shall we do two contestants together? Would you all give the clap for Contestant Number Four: Jamie!”

The dark-haired sex bomb marched out into the bright stage light.

“This is Jamie. He’s from Georgia. He’s a Capricorn. And he says he’s a model.”

The MC stood between the blond and the brunet. “So, Leo. You think this man, Jamie, can fulfill your fantasies?”

“I think he could more than fulfill my fantasies.”

“And what about you, Jamie?”

“I think Leo could do the same for me.”

“Okay, gentlemen. Let’s see you strut your stuff!” The MC nodded to the DJ who pumped the house music up loud. The two contestants danced at each other, *dirty bump, dirty grind*, ignoring the audience cheering their obvious lust until the cheering faded, *fades* into the lap of waves splashing.

In a soft-focus Hollywood pornstar dream, the contestants dissolve into each other’s arms. Their contest numbers still hang from their necks, but they are outdoors, alone, pool-side, high in Marin, across the Golden Gate, ignoring all of the Bay and San Francisco laid out in the view. Eyes only for each other. Hands running over bodies. Tongues twining tongues. Hugging. Palming. Groping. Two love-wrestlers.

Jamie licks, nuzzles, nipping Leo’s chest. Leo’s hands guide Jamie’s head. Blue sky above them. Blue water below. They dive bareass together deep into the pool. Stroking. Swimming. Surfacing in water-slick embrace. Climbing to the edge of water and sky and pool and chaise.

Jamie’s hands work Leo’s chest and hips, pulling Leo’s blue jockstrap down his thighs, flipping free his hard cock.

Jamie lips the big blond dick into his mouth. Sucks it deep down his throat. Feels rigid veins twining around the velvethard shaft. Chokes. Tastes Leo's sweet cockjuice.

Leo pulls Jamie up. Hand to hand they jerk their meat. Leo reaches for the baby oil, and rubs down Jamie's body whose hairless torso gleams slick. The oil spreads from one body to the other. Torsos baste in the sun and slide together.

Jamie again slips down, tongue-first, on Leo's cock, jerking himself to full hardon.

"You like dick," Leo says. "Eat me."

Jamie swallows Leo deeper, gladly choking till his eyes tear, then pulls back off his cock, laughs, lifts the meat with his nose, and dives in for the free-swinging yolks of Leo's balls.

Leo slathers more oil on Jamie's chicky body, massaging the sucky boy's shoulders and chest. He pulls his egg-nuggets from Jamie's hungry mouth and stabs down the willing throat with his oil-wet cock. His driving thrusts work his wild rooster dick deeper. Leo is in command. Fuck-crazy. "Get up! Bend over," Leo orders. Jamie flips over on his belly. His butt-crack steams in the California air.

Leo's tongue darts into the dark down of Jamie's cheeks. He sucks on the tight pucker, wetting it, loosening its iris eye.

Jamie pushes his dark hole back toward the blond mouth, feeding Leo his hairy crack.

Tasting ass, Leo stands, his dick bobbing over the wet hole: head of cock touches eye of butt, tentative probe, then full-push bingo. Leo's long blond shaft docks deep up inside Jamie's wet velvet socket. Leo spreads Jamie's pink cheeks wide apart. He works his dick expertly out and in, teasing Jamie into begging for more dick slammed harder. Hip-holding the ripe ass, Leo slamfucks Jamie's hole, for the fucking fun and dominance of it, driving Jamie's face into the chaise.

Jamie turns the welcome attack: he tightens, loosens, tightens harder the vise of his assgrip on Leo's fuckbully dick.

Leo pulls out, tricked to a pitch of cum. "Hey," he says. "Hey! Not yet."

Jamie flips the two of them around, knocking Leo down on the chaise, flat on his back. He climbs between Leo's legs and sucks the taste of his own ass off Leo's throbbler. His

tongue flicks around the pearl-drop of pre-lube oozing out of Leo's piss-slit.

Leo's hands, keeping command, grip Jamie's dark hair. "Suck my big dick." Leo forcefeeds his meat up into Jamie's suction-pump mouth, hair-triggering his load.

"Don't cum," Jamie orders. Cockspit drools down his chin. He lifts Leo's butt, hungrily rims him, chews him a new asshole. A look comes into his trickster eyes. He towers over Leo. Suddenly, the James in Jamie, the Jim, takes over. His energy and hard dick and dark presence knock Leo back to a fuckable blond. Turnabout is fair play when a man's fantasy fucks him back. Leo's fuckass groans turn into jungle animal cries under the dark foliage around the bright pool. Leo surrenders up, wide, opening to Jamie's long, lean, slow fuck, while he beats his own meat.

"Fuck me hard," Leo begs. Jamie's rhythm teases, roughens. "Fuck me hard!" Leo's hand jerks his cock to full throttle. He shoots great threads of white cum, lacing out across his tight belly, landing in spunk-swirls on his chest.

Jamie pulls out of the spasming ass. He straddles Leo's hips, jerking his butt-slick meat over the cum pooling up in Leo's navel. His dick rides glory in his hand. He slaps it harder, intensifying, bowing in close over Leo's face; jackhammering his loaded dick between their two bellies; zeroing in on Leo's eyes begging him to cum. He rears up. His body arches back: taut. His hand pulls his dick down to the base one hard last time. He holds it by the root. He pulls the trigger. The head of his rod leaks, pops, explodes. Cum shoots the length of Leo's writhing body, hits his cheek, bulls-eyes his open mouth. A long blip of white cum hangs like cinnabun icing along his blond jaw.

Jamie still stroking, leans in over Leo, laughing, inching up face to face, kissing the cum on his lips. "This," Jamie says, "is a jockstrap fantasy come true." They dive into the pool together.

In the dissolve back to the brilliant light of the End-Up stage, they shine with sweat, panting, bowing to cheers for what they did, for what they imagine they did, and for what the crowd fantasizes they did.