The Cumpany of Men

by Hands Solo

"SEX DIRECTOR CASTING MAJOR RELEASE. Expect heavy shooting schedule. Recent casting couch experience a must. Only superstars need apply."

What a creative way to announce a jack-off party! Jerry was so original! Each of his parties had a theme; there were the garden-variety jock-strap affairs, where needless to say, your BVD's stayed at home; there was that wonderful "Nature in the Raw" soiree, where some men were the "flowers" and others "bees" (still stings when I think of that one!) (Sorry!)

And now the "Casting Couch" party! This would certainly bring yet another shade to the meaning of the word "performance!" Would life imitate art? Would art imitate life? Could we be sure that some queen wouldn't blurt out, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille"?

It was a crisp Novemeber Saturday night. I was between boyfriends, so the photocopied invitation to the party held some allure. I had just about given up hope thinking the days of wine, roses and orgies were over. Little did I know that there was an underground jack-off circuit developing around me for the last seven years!

Jerry's apartment looked like any other in the area from the outside. He didn't make me wait very long before answering his bell.

"Perry! So good of you to come, but not too soon, darling!" chirped Jerry upon greeting me at the door.

"Jerry, are you soaking your contacts in Masengil again? It's Marcus!" I countered as I hugged him and then entered his guest-house flat.

"You're Perry Thrust for the rest of the evening! Anyway, that's the name of your character."

Jerry whisked me aside to make myself comfortable. I got a cold beer from the fridge, then found a doorway to occupy. They're the best places to be at parties or bars — people have to squeeze by you! Jerry circumnavigated back to me to hand me my "script" for my role as "Perry Thrust." He winked at me and said tongue in cheek, "A demanding role, but you can flesh it out! Just remember, all parts are as big as the actors can get them!"

The "script" I held in my hands was more like one of those packets of instructions you play Murder Mystery games with. The first instructions were to relax and socialize, which I had no problem doing. After all, I had jacked-off with 90% of the people who were there. The doorbell rang and Jerry floated by me to become the gracious host that he was famous for.

"Look, everyone! It's Clark Able!" piped Jerry, introducing a new guest into our friendly club. A humpy blond stood dazed at the announcement, not knowing what to make of it, or our chorus of groans in response to Jerry's punstering. Jerry pulled him inside and began to explain the evenings activities All eyes were on the new meat, er, face, naturally.

It wasn't long before I had to take a leak. Being an aggressive S.O.B. and noticing the bathroom door invitingly open, I entered and perched myself against the pink-tiled sink commode, waiting for my turn at the bowl. And how nice it was to wait! The new cute blond was the one I was waiting on to finish his turn! I was there just in time to watch him from behind as he began unbuttoning his tight 501 jeans. They had to be peeled down from his 30 inch waist, past his muscular thighs. His white crew-neck tee shirt must have shrunk in the last wash, or else he knew just the proper size to buy to show off the dimples just below his tan line on his luscious white blond furry rump. He sheepishly glanced around for a second, then smiled to himself as he waited for his recycled beer to make an exit.

"I'm kinda pee shy," he said sideways.

"Here, let me help you," I offered. Keeping an eye on his whereabouts during the evening was starting to pay off.

I stood a breath's length away from his warm body, echoing his spread-eagle stance with my legs just outside of his. I first gave him a gentle bear hug, full-palmed across his speed-bump pecs. My left hand sidewinded down his rock-hard torso to flirt with the tree-tops of his furry backside. I guided my right hand underneath his taut tee to fine tune his push-button nipples. Surprisingly, he was much smoother than I imagined on his chest, what with all that fur he supported to the south. A hairy forearm is no guarantee for splendor on the pecs.

I fantasized that he knew I would follow him into the bathroom. I began to nibble on his left earlobe, having completely forgotten why we were both there. I could tell by the smell of fresh talcum and the evidence of small cuttings that he just had a fresh haircut. I darted my tongue underneath the crew-neck collar of his shirt to taste his freckled shoulders, as he began to lean back into my arms and tilt his head past mine to offer his long neck to my velvet tonguings.

By this time, his left hand was groping at my straining fly. His deft fingers unbuttoned my jeans to probe my pubes just above my buried treasure. In a few moments, my hardon was guided out of its captivity and held sandwiched by his warm ass valley. He then pulled me closer with his left hand on my backside, while slowly massaging his raging hardon with his right hand.

"We'll never get anything accomplished this way," he said, peeking out of his eyes and smiling.

"Yes we will," I said coyly. "Oh, yeah I almost forgot why we were in here. Stand aside a bit. Maybe we could pee together."

He moved to the left as I took my place next to him over the placid bowl. I quickly undid the rest of my fly buttons and waited for our hardons to subside. My left arm rested across his shoulder while he held my waist by his right hand. In a matter of moments, our trickles grew to full flow. A loud echoing of splashing waters emianated from our raining yellow torrents down into the percolating bowl. We watched our streams dance with each other, crossing currents within and around themselves, his slightly darker in color than mine. We smiled at each other, then looked down into the mixture, while both our grips became stronger. Fuck! I didn't want that scene to end, but like all good things, one must tap when one must tap.

It was at the moment when Jerry stuck his head around the corner to announce the beginning of the "script" reading. We had to break it up and join the others in the "play" room.

"I'll catch you later," I said back at "Clark" as we exited bathroom half-buttoned.

Jerry was the director of course. He began by placing us around the pillowed playroom, which served as a guest bedroom when the "theatre" was "dark."

" 'Hands Christian Anderson'! You should be on the bed with 'Holland Tunnel'," insisted Jerry.

"I object," I said out of turn. "We all know that's type casting!" Everyone let out a howl at that one, all except "Holland" of course.

"Be careful, Marcus! I was this close to giving you the only female role tonight, 'Prematura Ejaculata'!" Amid the second round of cackles, Jerry placed himself in the center of the room and took charge.

"Now, boys, I haven't let you down before, have I? Just stick to the scripts and your socks will be sticking to the floors in no time!"

We opened our "scripts" to page one of *"The Cumpany Of Men,"* A Play in Many Acts. The scene was set in Jerry's playroom, convenient and farsighted since none of us were likely interested in moving any "scenery" around. Jerry began by reading the "Greek Chorus" (life is punny that way).

"Why is tonight different from all other nights? I have invited you here to enjoy The Cumpany Of Men. Please turn the pages of your scripts to see with whom you will share Cumpany tonight."

Jerry paused for the sound of turning pages all in unison. Then, each person looked up to the object of their pleasurings for the evening. I looked down at my page and saw a blank. I wondered if a page was missing from my "script". I then looked up and discovered that the whole congregation, all twelve of them, were looking in my direction. They were all smiling at *me!* I glanced up and behind me to see the new blond hunk looking down lustily at me past the "script." held close to his chest. I then turned to Jerry in disbelief.

"Happy Birthday, kid!", Jerry intoned lovingly. It was my 31st.

The next thing I knew, my "script" was taken away from me. The four guys sitting around me began to unbutton my shirt, pull off my boots and wiggle me out of my jeans. I was then led to the middle of the room and gently lowered onto one of Jerry's large white furry animal skins. All the while, the rest of the group silently shed their clothes off to the sides.

The glow of the playing porno video cast its light psychedelically off bare chests to my right, while haloing the kneeling nude bodies to my left. It seems that Jerry was the only one with any lines in this script as he continued.

"We are here to bring pleasure to you, Marcus, and by that fact bring pleasure to ourselves. Feel the touch of twenty-four hands massaging you," he said, and twenty-four hands descended upon me to knead my sky-clad body.

"Free yourself to our loving touch. We will stroke you everywhere, upon every inch of your being. We will make you feel as good as each of us would want to feel if he were lying there in your place."

That last line must have triggered something primal in what only could described as a group mind. In place of twenty-four massaging hands, my body was now being bathed by a dozen probing tongues. Between the wet laps came slow, passionate kisses, all causing currents of electricity to run up and down me. My arms were raised above my head to expose my armpits to their willing worshippers, while each of my nipples were being sucked at and chewed onby disembodied mouths.

"We are explorers, frontiersmen, experimenting on the fringes of the new sexual age!" said Jerry to the fold. He then returned to the wonderful toe job he was giving me.

A warm mouth had my balls sucked inside of it, sloshing them around back and forth, in and out. I began to lap and suck at the balls that happened to be hovering above my scrotum-loving sucker. They were the sweet lollypops of the blond hunk! I couldn't seem to get enough of his dangling package and hairy inner thighs for the musky dessert that they were.

I had never felt the warmth of so many hands upon me, so many smiling faces directed at me, so many naked men's bodies pressing against mine and attending to me. I felt a great fraternal bond welling up within me, as well as a hard dick in each of my groping hands. Pearl drops of pre-cum soon lubed both dicks that I pumped away at, while my own hardon felt the multiple passes of a duet of tongues gliding up and down its length.

As long as no one played with my asshole, I could keep this action going on indefinitely. Just as I was thinking that, I felt the familiar softness of grease being applied to my shy anus, then the gentle insertion of one, two, three fingers. Before long, that wonderful feeling was exchanged for the insistent purrings of a vibrating dildo, pulled up to my bumper of a prostate gland. I came up for air just in time to halt the boiling juices in my groin from becoming the "climax" of the play. I gently pushed aside the licking mouths from around my groin and redirected the scene slightly.

"Oh Fuck, guys! You are really making me feel great! But I'm gonna cum any second if we keep this up! If its O.K. with you, I'd like to get everyone to stand around me in a circle so that I can suck on each one of your balls!"

Without hesitation, and without comment from Jerry about any unplanned change of script, the entire group formed a circle around me, left arms entwining around adjacent shoulders and necks. I took charge of my own peter to control the urge to spill seed much more efficiently. I looked around me at the sight before my eyes; some of them were nestling into each other's necks, others concentrating their attentions on me, then alternately down on their own throbbing cocks, and everyone jerking off to the sounds of sliding palms against lubed dicks.

I passed my mouth around generously to enjoy each manly midsection, displayed prominently with widely spread legs and jiggling ballsacks. Sometimes, I rooted my face into the sides of their inner thighs just next to their balls and dicks; to get a whiff of the varying essences of twelve men in heat. One of them, a real daddy type, started to slap me across my face with his rock-hard dick, then stuffed my mouth with his balls, pushing them past my straining jaws with his thick fingers.

I then heard throaty growls coming from behind me, signaling the beginning of multiple body spasms to come. I felt the splash of warm semen hit my shoulder twice, then run dripping down my back, joining the sweat droplets already forming there. The impulse to cum inside of my body was tripped immediately. As I felt my volcanic juices racing arond the tracks within my balls and groin, two others, then another three, then the rest of them shot their white jets onto me. My back arched with orgasmic punctuation as I watched through squinting eyes the circle of men all cuming on me. As I shot my long distance load into the humid air, I uttered through my teeth in a gravelly speech, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille." Aghhhhhhhhhhh. □