

**Sensual Mutuality...**

## ***SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE***

**T**onight was our first time together: Christmas Eve.

“Let’s go home,” you said. “Let’s go to my place.” You didn’t say, “Hey, let’s go fuck!” So I smiled and followed you silently into the night. All year long I’ve seen you standing around The Ramrod looking tough. I wanted you. I wanted to touch you through your leathers.

Once last summer I caught a glimpse of your sweaty pecs and shoulders and arms. I wanted to hold on to you. Even more, I wanted you to hold me. But summer left. Fall came. You disappeared for awhile. Now this winter you’ve come back.

You looked at me. For once, I pinned on my balls; I returned your stare. You looked hard, experienced, disciplined, gentle. My cock hardened. I wanted you more.

“Come home with me,” you said. “We’ll build a fire. You can see my tree.”

I wanted sex. I needed a little TLC. You seemed to suggest something sex sometimes lacks during the holidays. Genuine human affection.

You broke out your best wine. We shared a smoke.

Your masculine arms embraced me. Held me. You, a leatherman, held me. Your face filled me with trust. I opened to you, silently, while the FM played stereo carols.

You gave me tenderness: tenderly you slipped your dick wet from my mouth into my willing ass; tenderly you greased your strong, pliable hand and filled me full of your strength; more tenderly you slipped your dick into your hand inside my ass and jerked yourself off inside of me. The throes of your cuming triggered my load out and up my belly, onto my chest, all the way to my face where you kissed and licked my seed through your thick moustache into your warm mouth.

Now you're laid back asleep. Your tree glows. Your fireplace warms me. My face feels good against your drowsy belly. You're an experienced leather guy. I'm new to it all. I like it. I like you. I guess even a leatherman is allowed to get a little sentimental during the holidays.

I'll lie here awhile, dozing with you, keeping watch with you by night, and in the morning it will be Christmas.

You'll make strong black coffee. Your big cock will swing easy between your thighs. We'll shower.

I'll offer to drop you by the friends you promised to visit as I go on my way to visit the friends I promised to visit.

You'll say you will call me in the afternoon to see how I'm doing.

"Fine," I'll say.

I never lie.

I loved hundreds of men this last year and I'll love hundreds more in the year to come; but right now with you, on your belly, because I am with you, because of what, tonight, has passed between us man-to-man, because I nearly always love the man I'm with, I love you now.

And that's, omigod, enough.