

Surfside Sex

Slowly the shadows of reality began to filter through sleep and into Mark's brain. Sounds from the street outside began to come into focus. Vehicles thundered by outside as their motors were accelerated for extra power to make the steep climb uphill. The screams of laughter of children at play were drifting into the room. Mark rolled onto his back and drew his arm away from his brow. The sudden removal of the shield from his eyes sent waves of pink light flooding into Mark's head. Another day was beginning.

Another day without Jim was beginning. Another day without companionship. Another day without shared laughter and shared thoughts. Another day of eating and showering alone. Another day without physical contact and physical release. Another day of morning hardons and solitary satisfaction. Jim had only been gone for a week. A week that seemed an eternity. And there was another week to go.

There are times when there is no difference between the concept of a week and the concept of forever. Now was such a time for Mark. His cock throbbed for action and his mind and body cried for the attentions that only another can bring. Slowly Mark began to respond to the demands of his rigid organ. He eased his hand down into his groin. It was unsatisfactory at best but it would bring a lessening of the physical pressure which was so insistent at the moment. Mark's fingers tightened around his pole. Squeezing, kneading, pulling and twisting, his fingers were simultaneously producing pleasure and increasing need. As his right hand began to slowly stroke up and down the shaft of his cock, his left hand began to roam over his belly and groin. Lightly caressing at first, its pressure became more insistent and probing as Mark's lust quickened.

Secure in the pleasures of the moment, Mark's mind began to wander back to the situation that created the problem. It wasn't that Jim insisted on fidelity or anything. Before he left on his trip, Jim had laughingly encouraged Mark to go out and have fun while he was away. He had gone on to enumerate some of the pleasures to which he was looking forward - trips to the bars, visits to the baths, parties, and general whoring around. But Jim was so secure in their love and relationship that he could do these things without any problem.

It was different with Mark. He was afraid to play around. The things that troubled him were a host of fears of the unknown. Now that he had Jim, could he make it with a stranger? Could he make it in a situation that was purely physical and without emotional and spiritual aspects? Would the physical needs be strong enough to sustain themselves in so casual a situation? Would the adventure and newness of the partner strike some balance against what he had with Jim? Could he become involved enough to even care about the other person's need?

And underneath these tears were even stronger fears about what might happen in his relationship with Jim after such adventures. Would the adventure and newness be so exciting as to throw a shadow across Jim and his love? Would he become restless in the love relationship and want more and more adventures and affairs. Would casual sex cause him guilt that would destroy the rich sharing that he had with Jim?

Suddenly the activity in his groin became so demanding that Mark's mind was pulled back to the moment. All his consciousness was suddenly focused on his sex. His hand was moving more rapidly now. The head of his cock was swollen and glistening. With each stroke, a wave of pleasure coursed through Mark's body as his hand brushed the swollen flange and rubbed against the super sensitive, taut skin.

The fingers of Mark's left hand were tightly wrapped around his balls, sending waves of pleasure-pain coursing through his gut. Twisting the sac with his hand, he stretched the skin tightly around the twin orbs. With his fingertips Mark tapped out a rhythmic message that caused the balls to shutter back and forth and rub against each other and throb in response. With the base of his palm, Mark pressed against the ball sac and the base of the pulsing cock that was buried there.

The pace of the hand stripping his shaft increased and Mark could feel his climax begin its approach. His left hand slowly released its grip on his balls. Spreading his legs and raising his knees, he slid his hand down and back between his legs. With his finger he began to probe into the valley between his cheeks. The probing finger zeroed in on the sphincter. Gently but forcefully it pressed against the opening until the sphincter suddenly gave way and his finger was inside his asshole. Deliciously it began to probe and thrust, adding new sensations of pleasure to the impending climax.

Mark's hand was now just a blur as it pumped the steel-rigid shaft. His legs clamped shut around his left wrist and his pelvis began thrusting and jerking spastically. Now his testicles pulled up tightly against his groin. The finger in his ass found its goal and began to massage the super sensitive gland. Throwing his head from side to side, Mark let out a passionate cry. He arched his body into a taut bow as the spunk rushed up the shaft of his cock, spewed out into the air, and landed in hot puddles and drops on his chest and stomach. Time stood still and Mark lived a moment of eternity as pulse after pulse wracked his body with agonizing pleasure. Slowly the pulse weakened and then stopped. Mark fell back to the bed panting and exhausted. For a time he just lay there regaining his breath.

As the consciousness of reality returned, Mark began to think about the experience. Physically it had been good - much better than usual. That would help. At least it would take the pressure off for a little while. But it wasn't the same as sex with another person. It just underscored the aloneness that he felt. Without another person, without sharing, without communication, the release was merely physical and the need would be as strong and insistent as ever once his body recovered physically. Three times yesterday he had crept off and produced a solitary orgasm. Three times his needs had forced him to experience the sex of loneliness. Each had brought momentary release followed by recovery and increased frustration. Today promised to be even worse. The weekend stretched out before him an endless obstacle in his mind.

Pushing these thoughts away, Mark got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. He stepped into the shower, swung the nozzle away, turned on and adjusted the water. When the water was just the temperature he liked, Mark swung the nozzle back. The spray of water beat against his chest sending rivulets of water down his body and creating a pleasant tingling sensation that coursed through his body. Mark relaxed and enjoyed the stimuli. He shifted back and forth so the spray

would cover his entire front. At least it was something external doing the caressing.

As he toweled off, Mark was aware that he was physically recovered from his earlier climax. His cock had been quick to respond to the towel as he dried his groin. Disgustedly he walked back to the bedroom, threw the towel into a corner and began to dress.

Maybe he ought to go down to the beach. He had discovered a smallish beach area that seemed fairly deserted that might be just the thing for the long afternoon ahead. He pulled on a pair of fresh shorts, grabbed a six-pack out of the cooler, picked up a book he was reading and headed out the door.

About half an hour later Mark's car was speeding along the Pacific Coast Highway. Already he was feeling better. The smell and sight of the ocean was refreshing. The wind was fucking with his hair but even that felt good. Soon he spotted the landmark that led to his private area. Pulling off the road, he noted that his was the only car in sight. That would mean his beach was still deserted.

Hopping out of the car, he found his way down the hillside that led to the beach. He strolled along the water's edge for awhile looking out at the incoming waves. It was really quite beautiful. The waves seemed to him to be the kind that were perfect for surfing. Long and rolling, they approached the shore with a power that was thrilling. When he had first discovered the beach, he had wondered at it being deserted and he still did. Well, it was his gain. Turning, he let his eyes travel further up the beach. About half a mile away there was an outcropping of large rocks. In front of these and out in the water were a series of sandbars that formed something of a cove. It was toward this area that Mark headed seeking the peace and privacy of those rocks and cove.

Separating one can from the others, Mark put the remainder of the beer in the shade created by the rocks. He opened the can in his hand and took a long drink. Cool and refreshing, it felt good going down. Spreading his towel on the sand and using one of the rocks as a back rest, Mark settled down for his afternoon of reading on the beach.

Later, when he had time to reflect on the whole experience, Mark decided that this was the moment that Fate began to control the situation. At the moment it happened, however, it was an incident of frustration and dismay.

About a week previous Mark had discovered the paperback edition of *THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAINBOW*. Like any self-respecting Gay, Mark was, or had been, a Judy Garland fan. While he had developed considerable hostility to the book after reading its reviews, he still felt that he should read it. So he had bought a copy. It was this report of Judy in Boobtubeland that he had meant to pick up when he walked out of the house that morning.

Seated on the beach, he picked up the book and discovered that instead of Dorothy and the Wicked Witches of CBS, he had come away with one of those charming little bits of erotica that are read, used, and put aside by countless numbers who resort to hand held sex in their loneliness and frustration. *STUD CLUB*, the cover proclaimed. Hardly the world of Judy Garland.

It was obviously just the sort of thing that he wanted to get away from. Stimulating reading was the last thing that he had in mind. He was in a constant state of stimulation already. The book could only make things worse. Probably much

worse.

Yet the alternative of just staring out at the ocean all afternoon had very little appeal either. He decided that the book was the lesser of the situation's evils. If worse came to worse, he'd just be forced to beat off again. God knows he'd had adequate experience at that during the past few days.

Taking another drink of his beer, Mark settled back and opened the cover of the book. Soon he was lost in the story of a group of college athletes who had formed a club whose meetings were sexual contests of amazing endurance by an author whose imagination must have brought him rewards by the quarts.

Finally the endless bouts of sex in the book began to have their effect on Mark's own cock. Slowly his hand crept down to his groin. At first he was satisfied with just rubbing and squeezing his organ through the shorts. Soon, however, it was hard and throbbing and demanding more personal attention. Mark grabbed at the top button of his shorts and quickly undid it and pulled down the zipper. Sliding his hand inside his clothing, he grabbed his cock. As Mark's eyes flashed back and forth across the page, his hand began to stroke the pulsing tool inside the shorts. He continued to read and beat off in this manner for a few more moments. Suddenly he felt the clothes to be binding and restrictive and he had to get out of them. He dropped the book on the sand and glanced around as he started to pull off the shorts. Suddenly his hands froze as he discovered that he was no longer alone on the beach. About twenty feet away over by another group of rocks was another young man. Beside him was a surfboard. The youth had his back to Mark and he was slipping off his trousers. As the material dropped away, Mark beheld the cutest set of buns to have come into his world in some time.

Mark continued watching the boy strip as he swung into a kneeling position and let his shorts drop. His eyes locked on the action taking place down the beach as he continued to strip away at his cock. The boy was out of the pants now. He dropped them on the sand, grabbed his surfboard, and ran toward the water.

Mark had to follow the boy. He had to know what the front view was like. The back view was tremendous. The boy's hair fell to his shoulders in the style favored by the surfing crowd. It was sun bleached and had a golden glow. The shoulders were broad and muscular. The back had a sensational taper with beautiful, well-developed lats and a tight, narrow waist. And just below the waist were those luscious melons two golden globes of tight muscles, perfectly rounded, that flexed and dimpled as he walked. Mark's mouth watered with the thought of the delights that lay between those gorgeous cheeks.

Jumping up from where he had been kneeling, Mark stooped and stepped out of his shorts. Carrying them in one hand and beating himself with the other, he followed the boy until Mark stood at the water's edge. The boy was well out into the water. He was straddling his board and seemed headed for a sandbar about twenty-five yards out. Mark still hadn't seen the boy's face but he knew he was going to. Now Mark noticed something else. The boy's right arm was moving in such a way as to suggest that he might be masturbating. If this were so, he must have some tool for the strokes seemed to be quite long. Now, Mark's urge to see the boy grew stronger and was concerned with a lot more than just his face.

Mark continued to stand watching the boy move toward the sandbar. Slowly

his hand stopped beating his cock. He had to get to this boy. He was almost to the sandbar. Dropping his shorts, Mark walked out into the water until it was deep enough to swim. Then, diving into the water, Mark began to stroke toward the sandbar.

As he reached the sandbar, Mark pulled himself out of the water and flopped down on his stomach to catch his breath. He looked up and saw the boy in front of him. He was kneeling in the sand, his back to Mark still. Both of his arms led into his groin. Both of them were making this pumping motion as if both were wrapped around his cock. Mark had to see that cock now! He rose to his hands and knees and began to crawl forward. He was completely in the boy's spell. As Mark moved forward, the boy rose up off his haunches and leaned forward on one hand as he continued to pound himself with the other. He was very much in the grip of his own lust. Mark saw that lovely ass again. His mouth was positively dripping with desire to taste those beautiful mounds of flesh and the valley between. The boy was inches away and Mark's tongue was out in anticipation of the moment ahead. Mark's own cock was totally aroused with desire and slimy with need.

With a lunge, Mark grabbed the boy's hips and drove his face into his buttocks. With his tongue, Mark sought out the muscular ring at the entrance to the boy's anal canal. The suddenness of the attack caused the boy to fall forward, letting go of his cock to maintain his balance. No sooner had he released his organ than Mark's hand slid between the boy's legs and grabbed the released cock and began pumping.

The startled and disconcerted surfer was quite taken aback by the attack but the waves of excitement which coursed through his body from the attention he was receiving quickly overcame the disturbing thoughts that had flashed through his mind. Now he wanted to identify the talented mouth and hand which were producing the thrilling sensations. He turned to look at the man behind him. He couldn't see the face for it was buried in his buttocks but he did see a groovy body and a marvelous and gigantic joint which was crying for lack of loving. The boy reached back and grabbed Mark's cock and began whipping it back and forth. At the same time, he began to push himself backward, raising his buttocks into the air. Mark caught the idea and lifted the boy's rear higher. Then he felt the delightful thrill as the boy's lips wrapped themselves around the head of his cock and began to tongue the tip and thrust into the slit. The attentions that the surfer was giving Mark's cock were sending incredible electric waves through Mark's body. His muscles began to twitch from the love that was being lavished on his cock. Slowly he began to shift the boy down onto his back. His tongue was deeply buried in the boy's ass where he had been enjoying the lovely sweet taste of his young body for some minutes. Slowly he eased his tongue out of the sweet channel and lowered his buttocks onto the sand. Now he worked himself around between the boy's legs and to his balls. First he flicked his tongue back and forth across the surface of the sac. Then Mark slowly sucked one of the surfer's nuts into his mouth, rolling it to and fro across his tongue and causing the boy to squirm and whimper from the sensations. Then Mark tried to suck both balls into his mouth but they were too large for him to accommodate together. Slowly he eased one ball out between his tightly ringed lips and quickly sucked the other one into its place. The boy responded by thrusting upward with his hips, sending his groin crashing into Mark's face. After giving his full attentions to the boy's large,

sauce-filled nuts, Mark began to tongue his way up the young surfer's shaft.

Now Mark knew for certain why the boy had been using both of his hands. The shaft was incredibly long. He tongued his way up, and up, and up, wondering if there were ever going to be an end. Finally his tongue reached the flange. The surfer's hips were twitching and thrusting and the swollen, steel hard shaft was throbbing with an impending climax as Mark wrapped his fist tightly around the base of the mighty pole. A good six inches of heated flesh still thrust out and up from between Mark's tightened grip. Realizing that the boy would soon climax, Mark quickly sank his mouth down over the heated shaft. Mark's mouth was filled with satin-covered steel and there was still space between his lips and the hand he had wrapped around the base of the cock. With his tongue and lips he massaged the shaft and head, feeling the pulses of the surfer's hot blood. Removing his hand from the boy's cock, Mark opened his throat and engorged more of the shaft. Sinking the cock as deeply into his throat as possible, Mark still saw that the base of the cock was inches away. He held his head motionless and began to massage the shaft with his throat muscles. The boy writhed in the agonizing ecstasy of his quickening heartbeat and his boiling blood. Mark's lungs begged for air and the muscles in his throat ached from the monstrous intruder that stretched them to their limits. Slowly Mark began disgorging the boy's organ. Inch by inch it came out of his throat and mouth. Mark withdrew until just the crown was inside his mouth. All the time he flicked away with his tongue. Now he swirled his tongue around and around the knob of the cock. Then he went back down, taking the cock deeply into his throat again and using all of his muscles to give pleasure to the boy. Back and forth, again and again.

At the same time Mark was fucking away at the boy's mouth with his own swollen tool. The boy was very accomplished at giving pleasure with his lips and tongue and as Mark thrust his cock in and out of the boy's mouth, the boy lavished all of his talents on Mark. His tongue was everywhere - darting, lapping, flicking, massaging, and sending a variety of thrills and electric charges flowing through Mark's body.

Suddenly Mark realized that the boy was about to shoot his load. His balls had pulled up against the base of his shaft. His cock swelled even larger and Mark felt the little pulses that mark the beginning of climax. Mark felt the first burst of sperm as it came hurtling up the shaft and spewed out the head of the cock and into Mark's throat. Mark was sure that it was still hurtling forward when it hit the lining of his stomach. Again and again the boy's cock spit out wads of spunk. Mark pulled the cock back into his mouth, wanting to taste the sweet nectar of the boy's juices. Still the boy's cock spit out its juices. The taste was sweet and fresh and musky. Soon Mark's mouth was filled to overflowing with warm liquid of the boy's loins. A small trickle eased between Mark's lips and down the outside of the boy's shaft. Slowly the pulses finally slackened and then stopped. The boy's body eased back down to the ground. H's head fell away from Mark's cock and he lay exhausted.

Mark's tongue continued to lap at the boy's cock, cleaning away the last of the juices. Although he hadn't climaxed, Mark too felt relaxed and fulfilled. Suddenly the surfer jumped up, his young body fully recovered from the intense experience. He ran to the edge of the sandbar and jumped into the water.

Mark followed him with his eyes, studying the beautiful body as it disappeared

into the surf. Mark's reverie was interrupted by a loud splash on the other side of the sandbar. Mark swung his head around. He blinked his eyes in disbelief. It didn't seem possible but coming out of the water on the opposite side of this little island of sand was the young surfer again. And he was holding a throbbing erection. The recovery seemed impossibly rapid but here was the young stud again and he was all primed for action.

As soon as the surfer was completely out of the water, he came over to where Mark was kneeling and without saying a word, lay down on his back, raised his legs into the air, grabbed his beautiful ass cheeks with his hands and pulled them apart. The path into the lovely valley was open and waiting for Mark. Through his legs, Mark saw the boy's handsome and inviting face awaiting his response.

Mark quickly grabbed the suntan lotion that was lying in the sand. He squeezed a liberal amount onto the head of his heated organ. It felt cool and soothing. With his other hand he began to massage and pump the rigid shaft, spreading the lotion thoroughly and lubricating himself for the adventure that awaited. Then he swung around and positioned himself between the boy's legs. Easing forward, Mark guided his slippery tool into the channel until it was stopped by the puckered muscle at the entrance to the boy's heavenly hole. With one hand Mark grabbed the boy's bobbing erection and began manipulating it. Pressing forward gently but firmly, he felt the muscle begin to relax. Suddenly the resistance gave way altogether and the head of Mark's cock eased past the tight little circle and into the warmth of the boy's body. The feeling was exquisite as the heat of the boy's loins seemed to caress the head of Mark's cock and the tight ring of muscle contracted and expanded with the pulses of the boy's passion.

Grabbing the boy's hips and raising his buttocks a little higher into the air, Mark began easing forward a little at a time, burying his demanding cock deeper and deeper into the channel of liquid heat inside the young body. When Mark was about two-thirds embedded in the surfer, the boy's hands shot up and pushed against Mark's abdomen. Mark stopped pushing forward immediately for he knew that it took time and experience before anyone could take all of his long tool. He held his position for a few moments to give the boy's tight channel time to adjust to the monster that was filling it. Soon Mark felt the boy's muscles relax and begin a kind of undulation that signaled his readiness to proceed.

Slowly Mark withdrew his cock until crown and muscle ring rubbed together sending a shiver of delight rippling through his loins. Then he pressed forward again, panting as the muscles and heat enveloped his shaft, massaging and squeezing and tugging at his pole initiating waves of passionate pleasure that sped through his groin and upward through his body into his brain where they burst into flashes of electric excitement.

Soon Mark's tempo began to accelerate. He pushed the surfer's legs back against his shoulders and began pumping with concentrated frenzy as he felt the pressure building up in his loins. Mark jammed his cock forward between the layers of muscle which pressed themselves around his rigid organ and then pulled away from the tugging and sucking flesh that threatened to pull his cock from his body. He looked down into the boy's face and the sight heightened the lust and need of his aching body. Head thrown back with hair fanned out on the sand and encircling his

head like a halo, a smile which was at once contented and lustful, impassioned and sweet, the boy looked like nothing so much as an erotic angel.

As his moment grew near, Mark's strokes became more forceful and pushed deeper into the boy. A blazing fire burned at the base of his prick and a knot of muscle, juices and nerve endings bunched together there and threatened to explode through the walls of his abdomen. Suddenly, he peaked. He slammed his body forward, burying his cock completely in the boy's ass as balls and cheeks slapped together. His mind was engulfed in flashing light bursting in brilliant colors and patterns of sound, smell and taste mingled with the light to create a sensual galaxy through which his mind raced at impossible speed. Gushers of sperm coursed up through his cock and geysered into the tight channel. Wave upon wave of release flowed out of his body until his balls ached from the demands that were draining them.

Finally the experience came to an end. Slowly Mark eased the boy down onto the sand and he withdrew. Mark fell back on his haunches, drained and gasping for air. The boy lay quiet and contented for a few moments. Then, just as before, he jumped up, ran to the water's edge and plunged into the ocean.

Mark was truly perplexed by the boy's strange behavior but before he really had time to consider the matter, he heard a familiar splash behind him. Swinging around, he saw the boy again. And again he looked completely refreshed and primed for action. He was crawling out of the water onto the sandbar, lazily stroking the erect tool in his hand. Exhausted though he was, Mark found such beauty of face, body, cock, and activity irresistible. He motioned the boy over to him, sat him down on a rock and began to concentrate his attentions on the boy's groin. Taking his time, he slowly began licking and nibbling his way up and down the cockshaft - tweaking the slit with his tongue, lip-biting the crown that was stretched shiny and purple in excitement, and lightly nipping a vein or piece of taut skin with his teeth. Quietly and peacefully he made love to the boy's virile pole. He realized that soon he would regain his strength and he wanted more of this young man whose own energies never seemed to flag.

Suddenly Mark heard the familiar splash again that signaled someone was coming up out of the water. Almost before he had time to register the sound, a body popped up from behind the rock where the surfer was sitting. Mark stared in disbelief. It couldn't be. The young man who was joining them was an exact duplicate of the surfer who had brought him such fulfillment over the past few hours. No sooner had the shock of the appearance of the duplicate beauty registered in Mark's befuddled brain than the pieces of the whole experience began to fit together. Twins! Perfect duplicates and perfectly matched in their beauty of body and personality - two angelic faces, two erotic and stunning bodies, two marvelous love poles, and four perfectly rounded buns! The thought was staggering and awe-inspiring. Now Mark understood the amazing recoveries and appearances. And now, at the sight of these two wonders together, Mark was fully recovered and ready.

The twins had watched Mark go through his changes of discovery with wry amusement. Now, as he reached for both of them, they responded by moving in close on either side of Mark. Mark's hands ran up the back of their legs and he cupped a muscular melon in each hand. Small, rounded, and firm, they were a deliciously

perfect fit for a man's hand. Glancing from side to side, he stared at the dangling stalks that were slowly stiffening as he kneaded their rumps. Even here the boys were a perfectly matched pair. And in perfectly matched rhythm they began to rise to greet him. The lovely sight became a compulsive need. His tongue snaked out lapping first on one and then on the other. Burying his head in each groin in turn, he sucked and tongued four large juicy balls. With his teeth he nibbled two sacs filled with the liquids of ecstasy. With his tongue he probed the bases of two mighty poles working his way up each with nips and licks and kisses. Two lovely purple heads glistened and bobbed before his eyes and each in turn knew the pleasure of his talented and attentive mouth. Each cock was sucked into Mark's heated mouth and plunged deeply into his throat to be massaged and stripped and taunted. Attention to one cock seemed to bring responses from both as if the boys were so closely united in their identities that they responded totally together.

One of the boys had moved between Mark's legs and captured his throbbing column between his calves. Mark rose up slightly on his haunches and began fucking the boy's calves. He could feel the juices gathering in his groin for another onslaught. He also knew that both of the boys were approaching their climaxes as their muscles began to tense and tremble. Suddenly Mark was faced with a dilemma. They were both going to climax at the same time. If they did, he would likely lose the juices of one. The thought of missing that sweet milk was unacceptable to him. He had to have them both. But how? Their tools were so large that it seemed unreasonable and impossible to accommodate both in one mouth. But he must try!

Pulling the two boys in closer and stretching his mouth to its greatest opening, Mark managed to force his lips around both cockheads. More than this he couldn't manage. He pressed the two heads together and closed his lips around the crowns. With tongue and lips he squeezed and massaged the twin heads. He scraped his teeth lightly across the ridges as his tongue probed against the slits. They were all on the verge of orgasm from this unusual situation. Suddenly they all began to come simultaneously. Great globs of liquid shot up Mark's cock and out into the air, falling on the sand behind the one boy. At the same time, twin bursts of semen shot into Mark's mouth and crashed against opposite cheeks. Quickly his mouth was flooded with the salty-sweet viscous juices of the two mighty organs. The bursts of liquid filled his mouth faster than he could swallow and he felt the excess dribble out from between his lips and run down his chin. In just a few moments it was over but those moments had been outside time and space in the erotic pleasure they had produced.

Mark sucked the last of the two juices of each of the boys and fell back on the sand panting. The two boys looked down at him and smiled a delighted and delightful smile. Then they each turned and ran to opposite edges of the sandbar, dove into the water and disappeared. Mark continued to lie on the sandbar for some time, relaxing and enjoying the afterglow of the wonderful experience. Then he rose and dove into the ocean and swam back to the beach. He found his shorts just where he had dropped them. He picked them up, slipped them on, grabbed his belongings and headed for the car.

Driving down the highway and headed home, Mark felt relaxed and contented for the first time in many days. He knew now the answers to all the questions that had been bothering him earlier. Caught unaware and responding instinctively, he had

managed to find the answers to a number of problems which he now realized had been blocking his life. He smiled ruefully, realizing that it was the thinking that created the blocks in relationships and not the body. All of the fears had been foolish. His feelings and need for Jim were as strong as before but now they seemed affirmations and choices rather than compulsions born of fear and loneliness. He realized suddenly that love could really be an enlarging experience opening one's visions to the world more acutely and increasing one's responses to the rich variety of experience. Rather than cutting one off from the world, a secure bond with another could open new vistas. Now he was anxious for Jim to return so he could share his discoveries, but he was content knowing that his longing for Jim could sustain itself through the coming week without fear and frustration. Smiling, Mark wondered if those twins had any idea of just how much they had done for him and for a wonderful guy they'd never even met.