

5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Winter 2023

Intended only for adult smut consumers



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About 5on1 Magazine

Five on One is a magazine intended for men interested in reading sex stories. Five on One's purpose is to provide a sex positive forum for fiction. The subjects and activities in some stories might sometimes be considered taboo. The activities mentioned in stories might be illegal in some countries. Five on One Magazine does not advocate or encourage unlawful activities. Everything you see in the magazine should be treated as erotic entertainment.

Any depiction or mention of a person in 5on1 should not be considered as an implication that they are gay, straight or bisexual.

Five on One needs authors, photographers, and columnists. Submissions are invited and welcome!

Let us know how you get off. Send us your stories, photos and descriptions of your favorite gay events.

5on1 Magazine reserves the right to edit all materials submitted for publication. Any similarity to people and places in fiction is purely coincidental. Opinions offered in stories, columns, letters and articles are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the publisher.

Safe and sane sexual behavior with respect to contagious diseases and erotic practices are continuously emphasized by the publisher. The publisher, editor and all contributors to the magazine cannot be held responsible for accidents or injuries or any other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information or ideas generated by materials in 5on1 Magazine.

The use of words like dad, daddy, uncle, son, or boy in stories are not references to actual fathers or children. Authors often use these terms as slang or to describe dominant/submissive relationships.

Portions of 5on1 Magazine may be comprised of correspondence describing true experiences and or fantasies of the reader, all of whom have been screened in the submission process to be over the age of 21. Portions of 5on1 Magazine may be comprised of true case histories. Photos and fiction are not to be construed as indicative of the submitter's sexual conduct or sexual orientation. The fact that they are published in this magazine does not mean that the publisher or editor necessarily approves of the acts described which may be illegal. It is against the law to have sexual intercourse with anyone under the age of 18 but we may print the memories of men talking about their own boyhood experiences.

Message from the Editor

I have always been a fan of porn but lately I have been saddened by the disappearance of adult magazines.

I still remember the first time I saw a pornographic magazine. My first was a nudist magazine that I found. It had photographs of men and women at what I assumed to be a nudist colony.

Back when magazines were thriving, I had subscriptions to several magazines. In addition to those magazines, I made weekly visits to a large the newsstand to if anything else might catch my eye.

Magazines were in their heyday. It seemed like every few months there was a new magazine. These magazines were primarily made-up of photographs of men that looked like they were 19 or 20 years old young adults along with two or three articles in mixed in. Then suddenly magazines started to disappear. Postal rates started going up. The cost of printing a magazine also started going up. Magazine slowly started changing. First, they got smaller, then they started going out of out of business.

Today, more than 20 years later, it is too expensive to print and mail a magazine. So rather than missing something from the past I have decided that I am going to try to revive the genre tailored to the digital world. My intention is to create or to recreate the magazines that not primary focus on photographs. Most of the content will be stories and with the occasional photographs.

One thing that I hope to do differently is to not focus on youth. The stereotypical change with this new magazine is to have a publication that is not just focused or just not featuring the men and the people that were in the stories of the old magazines in those magazines it was rare that you saw a person of color even more rare that you saw a person that did not look like they were 22 or 23 years old uh occasionally of course there were men who had hair on their chest occasionally there were men who were muscular and occasionally there were people who were dressed in leather uh but that was a very rare situation it is by intent to try to be more inclusive not only in photographs but also in the stories the fiction that is included in the magazine. In addition to the photos and stories I am hoping that the authors and photographers will be just as diverse as the characters featured in

the stories and photographs. Everyone is someone's type and I hope to reflect that in diversity of people in the magazine.

Overtime the magazine will change. I hope to include diverse interactive content both of audio and video content from diverse content creators.

My hope is that others will enjoy reading the stories. In order to be successful I need to hear feedback to what you see in the magazine. I also hope is that the stories cock hardening and inspire any masturbation session.





Police Visit

I had put an ad online looking to get fucked raw. A guy answered my ad and said he would love to fuck me with his ten inch dick, but the neighbors might get suspicious if they see his car parked out front. I told him no problem and send out my address to him.

Ten minutes later a cop pulls up to the house. He rings the doorbell and I let him in. I am just wearing sweat pants. I ask him if there is a problem. He said the only problem is that his dick is not inside of me.

He pulls me towards him as I drop my sweat pants. I feel his hard dick straining to be free. I undo his zipper and out comes his ten inch dick. I am all over his dick and balls. He pulls me up and said he wanted to go to bed to fuck me.

I lay on the bed as he gets naked. He is smooth all over except for his trimmed bush. He has large pecs and a six pack. He pulls me to the edge of the bed and lubes up my hole. I am on my back watching as he slowly inserts his dick inside of me. Slowly he starts to fuck me. I am being torn into by his massive dick. He is hitting spots that have never been fucked before. He tells me to bite down hard on his nipple as he is ready to blow his load. I bit down on his nipple just as he loads me up with his cum.

He pulls out and tells me to get on my back. Up his dick goes again. He blows his second load of man seed up me. When we are done fucking and he is dressed, he gets out his pad and writes down my address and asks me if this is correct. I tell him yes it is. He then leaves.

Two weeks later I blow through a red light and next thing I see is

flashing lights. I pull over and the cop walks up to me and asks for my license and insurance card. I hand them to him. He walks back to his patrol car and stops half way and turns around and walks back to me. He hands me back my paperwork and pulls off his sunglasses. It was the same cop who fucked the hell out of me. "You need to drive slower man." "Yes sir I will." "You on your way home?" "Yes sir I am." "Good I am going to follow you and fuck that hole of yours again."

Off we go to my house. I park around back and he parks out front. I open the door to him nude. He takes off his uniform and folds it neatly on a chair. We are soon fucking like to mad men. He fucked me on my stomach, on my back, and then doggy style. Each of those three fucks he comes in me. When he is done, he gets dressed and leaves.

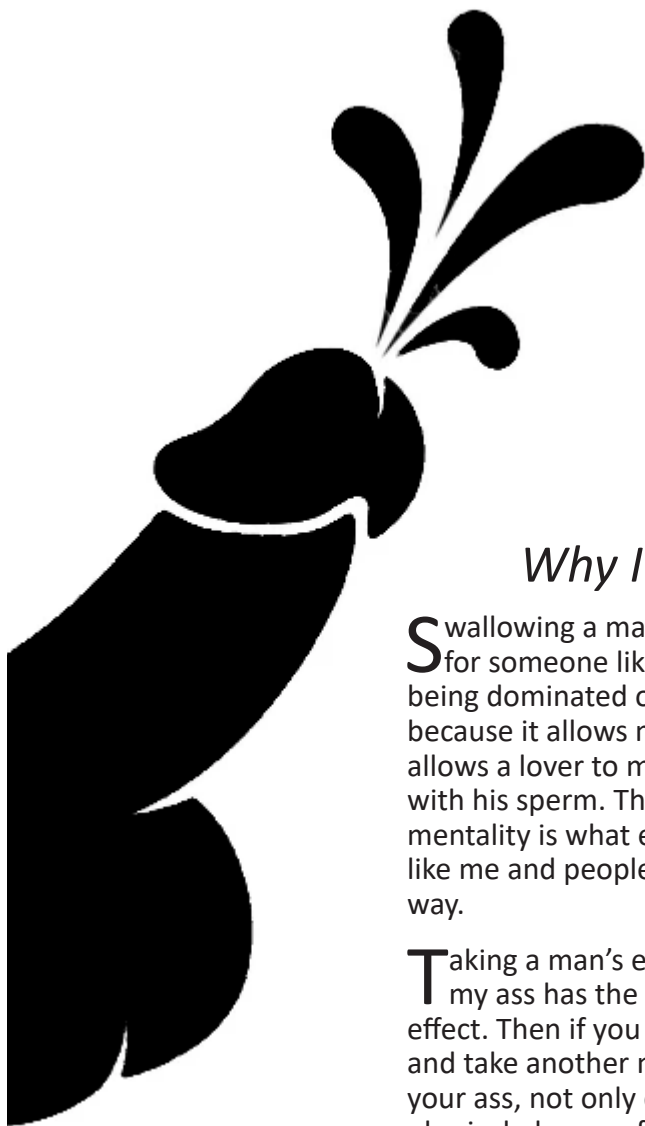
A few minutes later the doorbell rings. I open the door wearing my sweat pants. It's one of my neighbors wanting to know if everything was okay as she had seen the cop car at my house. I tell her everything is okay he just dropped bye to take down some information. She then leaves.

I can feel the need to go to the toilet and let all of the cum inside of me flow out off my very sore hole. My ass was sore for two days after having him fuck me over and over.

Do you like



Locked cocks?



Why I Do It

Swallowing a man's cum is great for someone like me who enjoys being dominated or humiliated because it allows me to feel used or allows a lover to mark his territory with his sperm. That submissive mentality is what excites people like me and people who feel that way.

Taking a man's erect penis in my ass has the same erotic effect. Then if you go a step further and take another man's cum in your ass, not only do you feel the physical pleasure from the warm sticky texture but the mental fantasy from allowing a man to breed you or use you as an object that pleases his cock and accepts his seed.



I found that adult men had a thing for my soft, small body. I was not quite five feet and came in at just 90 pounds. My home just got their first TV. At home the only porn we had was a Sears catalogue. I'd often stare at the underwear ads. Often when I was allowed out of our yard, I'd go a few houses down to visit the teen boys who lived there. They were brothers, 14 and 16 years old. Both were athletic and quite dark blacks.

Their dad would often join us in their back yard. He'd installed a high fence around the yard, telling the neighbors that it was needed to keep his dog from running away. In fact the dog was so small that it could never jump any fence. Their dad often exercised with weights in his basement. The teen sons were encouraged to join him. I'd sit by watching the three of them workout. I noticed that they all wore nothing under their loose shorts. I could see their thick cocks bounce around. I was curious wanting to see them naked.

Soon their father, Ike, invited me to lift weights with them and to sit on his lap as we watched his boys exercise. I moved to sit on his knee.

But he moved his legs together so I actually sat on his lap. I saw the boys look over at us smirking. As I wiggled to get comfortable, I felt the hard, pulsing thing in his shorts push up against my butt. This did not go unnoticed by the boys. I watched as their own dicks began to get stiff in their shorts. Ike moved a hand around to the front of my body, gently rubbing my chest. His other hand moved up from me knee to the edge of my own shorts. I felt it move and began to squirm around at the good feeling that seemed to rush through my body. Ike leaned close to my ear to whisper "You like the feeling, boy? My boys like it too when I do it to them."

By this time the boys stopped lifting weights and rolled out the wrestling mats on the concrete basement floor. They knelt down in front of their father, heads bowed in supplication. Ike said "You see how I have trained my boys? Do you want to join us, to be one of us?" I turned my head and looked at his dark eyes nodding my head. As I did this I heard my mother calling me to come home for supper. I jumped off Ike's lap and turned to kiss his cheek. He moved suddenly and kissed my lips. I felt his tongue push against my lips and opened to protest. He pressed harder against my lips pushing into my mouth. I pulled away smiling and asked if I could come back later. Ike said "Of course, my boy. We will all be waiting for you. Remember that you want to be one of us."

That night I had a dream of the things that Ike and his sons could do to me. I woke in the middle of the night, about 11PM. I slipped off my PJs and put on a pair of gym shorts. My bedroom was on the lower floor of the house so it was easy to slip out the window. Quietly, I left the yard by the alley and went down to Ike's place. I saw a basement light on and went down the steps to find the door unlocked. I pushed it open seeing Ike with his 2 sons sitting on the mat. Ike motioned for me to come to him. All of them were still dressed in just their gym shorts I could see their junk hanging out of the leg of the shorts.

When I stood in front of Ike, he stood placing his hands on my shoulders. He leaned to kiss me again. I opened my mouth for his tongue.

The boys moaned as they saw their father begin molesting me. Ike's hands moved to my hips to push the shorts down to my feet. I stood naked embarrassed at my white nakedness and little boy cock. I felt his hands begin to rub my body up and down. The boys slipped off their shorts pulling on their uncut black cocks. Ike pushed me to my knees in front of his dark, uncut cock. I opened up ready to receive his man tool. He wasted no time pulling me to his body. I felt one finger rub my ass crack seeking my most private place. I moaned when he found his target. He moved his finger around my rose bud preparing me. He spit on another finger. Moving me around to face his sons, he pushed at my hole until it finally gave in accepting the spit lubed finger. I tried to cry out at the sudden pain. But one of the boys moved to cover my lips with a kiss.

It felt good to share a kiss with the boy my own age. Ike worked my hole for some time until it finally gave in allowing the 2 fingers to enter.

His other son placed a small, brown bottle under my nose telling me to inhale. I did as instructed. My head began to spin leaving me with an intense desire for cock.

Ike pulled his fingers from my ass and lifted me up onto his shoulders.

He carried me outside into the dark backyard laying me on a lounge. His sons followed us with their cocks leading the way. I was limp in his arms. He pulled up my legs to his shoulders. I looked over to the boys standing on each side of us. They were smiling down at us. I was ready to accept all their cocks in any way they wanted. Ike pulled my legs back to expose my pucker to

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his tongue. He began to lick it before shoving his tongue into the depths of my body. I felt a new sensation overtake my body filling me with need. His sons' cocks were dripping with anticipation of their father's new toy. Ike replaced his lubed fingers with the pink head of his massive black cock. He moved slowly into my guts, each inch sending me to new joys. He soon picked up the pace plowing my no longer virgin ass. I screamed out "Please give me more daddy. It feels so good."

For the next half an hour he plowed me dropping two loads into my body.

His boys soon grew ready to join the fun. The older boy pushed his father aside and without any fanfare pushed his 8 inch dark tool in to the root.

Meanwhile, his brother had moved to my face letting his dripping cock brush my lips. Ike pulled my legs back to give his son better access to me.

an amazing
went soft after
He screamed
filled my inners.
give his brother
new toy. The
actions soon
air. It went on
dropped 3 loads
colon. I was
and cum as I
home. In my
my body as well
soon deep into
neighborhood. Ike and his sons soon were hosting parties where I was the main attraction. Cameras were soon produced and photos taken of me being used by the boys. I enjoyed all of the action at the parties.

*...without
any fanfare
he pushed
his 8 inch
tool into
the root...*

The boy had
stamina. He never
his first orgasm.
aloud as his loads
He pulled out to
full access to the
sounds of our
filled the night
until each one had
into my needy
covered in sweat
moved to return
bedroom I cleaned
as I could. I was
the mm sex in my

Once I returned to school my reputation had preceded me. Soon I was being singled out in the locker room for treatment involving their cocks and my body. Ike's boys took me under their wings or more correctly became my sponsors, organizing my after school life. My working parents did not miss my presence at home. I

became very popular at school. That pleased my folks now that I'm popular. Ike talked to my folks one day and asked if I might spend the weekend with his boys. They agreed quickly to the idea. Friday after school I packed a backpack and walked over to Ike's. The boys were at home but Ike was still at work. They were expecting me. Both were wearing only their gym shorts and flip flops. I was no sooner in the door when the boys began taking off all of my clothing. I stood naked and proud before the two dark boys. Their pink cock heads were peeking out of their foreskin. I knelt to worship their awesome thick tools. They told me that their father had phoned and would be coming home with two of his work mates. They were going to get me ready for the adult males. We went into the bathroom where we took turns cleaning each other outside and insides. They boys told me about the two men who would be joining us for the weekend. Jeff was a tall, white dude with long, blond hair. Chris was a redhead with an enormous cut cock and large low hanging balls. Both were always ready to play. The boys had enjoyed their company before. I was assured that by the end of the weekend I would have learned all there was to know about male bodies and male sex.

Ike arrived shortly after 6PM with the two men trailing behind him. I was shocked at the size. Each of the well muscled men was over 6 feet tall with wide shoulders and thick arms. Ike introduced them to me.

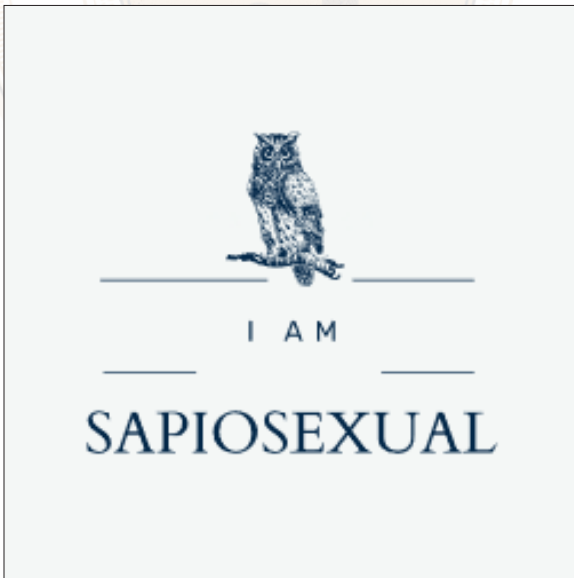
Instead of shaking hands each one picked up my naked body and gave me a deep, passionate kiss. Jeff said in a Texas accent, "Boy you sure are fine. Ike had told me all about you and I expect that by the end of this weekend I will have fallen in love with your body." I was carried into the living room and placed on the sofa. The two newcomers took turns kissing my body all over. They paid special attention to my nipples. I was squirming under them as they licked my tender nuts. While Ike tended the BBQ grill, his sons put on a show for the adult guests. Their sexy dancing and playful antics only heightened the adult wanton neediness. I sat between them holding their stiff erections. Fingers were under my ass rubbing my crack making me moan with lustful need. The high fences hid us from any prying eyes.

After eating we all retired to the basement playroom. The benches had been arranged now as fuck benches. Ike and the boys had set up a sex swing. Chris placed me in the swing securing my feet in

the stirrups.

This position exposed my boy pussy, a term I'd now learned, for all the men and boys to admire and use. A joint was produced, fired up and passed around. It was my first time using it. But I was a fast learner. Soon I heard myself calling out begging for cock. My calls were answered first by Chris. He stood between my legs. I could see his hard, 9 inch pink monster pointing to the ceiling. The others cheered him on as he inched into my boy pussy. The first inches were painful but the cock widened near the base. There was an upward curve that managed to touch a pleasure spot in my body, setting me off. I screamed out that I needed a man, any man to fuck me. He repeatedly hit the spot as his labored breathing increased with each shove.

That night ended with me and Ikes's boys each taking a load from each adult. We slept on the mats, asses filled with cum and stiff cocks. My dreams were of me servicing those adult cocks free to enjoy each inch.





My Wedding Day

God I was so nervous.

I don't think I'd ever been this terrified in my entire life. Everything I prepared for was happening tonight and if I didn't do a good job who knows what would happen next.

I stood outside the door in the outfit chosen for me, visibly shaking when I felt a rough hand on my shoulder. The calluses of my father's hand on my shoulder rubbed back and forth over the lace of the top I was wearing as he tried to calm me.

"It'll be fine pumpkin, just stay calm."

I leaned forward into the bouquet I still had hold of and breathed deep hoping the scent of the huckleberry would calm me. I kept hold of it hoping it would make my presentation to my new husband more enjoyable. As I breathed in deep the sweet smell the door in front of me opened abruptly startling me and causing me to choke and sputter. I froze in terror hoping I hadn't embarrassed my father.

The next 30 seconds felt like an eternity as I held my breath hoping to stifle the coughs until my father let out a deep belly laugh. A burst of rumbling noise that I could feel as he stood so close to me.

"I guess he's a bit nervous, can't blame the kid!" He bellowed, then leaned forward and said in my ear gently "go ahead Darling he's waiting for ya."

I stepped forward and let the light hit my frame, I was dwarfed by the two men standing in front of me, easily a head taller than me. My skin was an alabaster that practically reflected the light. I tried my best to stand politely without shrinking away but the lace of my bridal lingerie was already riding up the crack of my ass

as my cheeks struggled not to burst free but instead were slowly swallowing the material of my lace bikini. The tights rose up to my immense thighs rubbing gently on the auburn hairs that gently covered my quads and glutes. Thankfully I was still wearing my veil keeping the fear in my icy eyes hidden from the two behemoths in front of me.

On my right stood the man who officiated our ceremony, Father Brown. As he looked down at me with his midnight skin, I couldn't help but shudder as he ran his hand along my smooth stomach, no matter how hard I worked I wasn't able to define it into abs causing his enormous mitten to almost pet me as he inspected my body.

His arms like pythons under his clerical clothing he ran his hands gently over my entire persons inspecting me for any sign of infidelity or adultery.

"You'll find him in peak condition Father, he's always been a good boy this one!" My father beamed cheerily over his bush of a fire red beard.

"I'm sure Patrick but just to be safe we have to make sure he's still an unsullied flower for his patient groom. No one wants a boy-wife who's already been spoiled, now do we."

My husband continued to keep his face to the wall, the silver specks in his dark hair shining in the light. As I was appreciating the broad shoulders and the deep tan of his skin, I felt hands wrap around my waist and lift me up until my feet were placed on the bed in front of me.

"Stand please" I heard Father Brown behind me. I did as he said and stood on the bed, standing there I felt his hands slide up and down my muscled legs gliding across the white tights that were stretched to their limits on my lower body. As his hands reached my ass he took each side in one hand and began to knead and massage them, filling his massive paws completely as he kneaded my muscular globes. I tried to hold it in but I couldn't, I let out a quick moan and shuddered.

"Wow, she is primed and ready isn't she," he said, I could feel his breath just inches away from my crack and I heard him very quietly breathe in through his nose, "And she smells like flowers."

He then guided me with his hands to sit on the edge of the bed.

“It’s time for you to wait on the other side of the partition now Patrick” Father Brown gestured for my father to step into the segmented part of the room where he would be able to be present to observe in some capacity. I could see his shadow through the partition but not much more as there was no lighting in that part of the room.

“Your bride has passed her inspection; none have tasted their fruits and they are ready for the joining of their husband. In order to consummate the marriage and ensure the passing of the dowry you must impregnate the boy-wife while we witness the joining to ensure it is done with regard to both parties and done honestly.”

Father Brown stepped back next to the partition my father was behind but maintained in the room eyes on my, as I moved myself to the center of the bed I noticed that the father had a thickening tube snaking down the right side of his pants and thought about how lucky I was that I wasn’t going to be expected to accept such a large man on my first night as a boy-wife.

The shaking began again as I realized it was time. I sat in the middle of the bed and held tightly to my bouquet as my new Husband whom I had met that morning turned to face me.

As Bilal saw me I could see an almost as large tent as Father Brown tenting the tunic he wore, his 6’8” frame was already imposing but I felt myself shrinking even more beneath his gaze until I saw his eyes, they were a beautiful brown and just as nervous as mine.

Seeing the moment of vulnerability, I slowly started to move myself toward him. I slid off the bed and stood to face him, my head becoming eye level with the base of his massive round chest muscles, thick with dense black hair peeping through the tunic. I reached forward and slowly pulled the strings keeping the tunic closed and as it fell I was slapped in the stomach with the beast I had seen hiding under the fabric. While Balil was massive, and no one could mistake his strength as his shoulders and biceps bulged with hardly any effort. I had a hard time believing I hadn’t noticed this monster before now. His round belly stuck out firm and strong and underneath it was at least nine thick inches of Arabian cock already drooling like a beast in heat. We both

stood frozen as I watched two massive wads of precum slowly drip down my stomach as my new husband's cock gently pushed against my torso. As I felt his juice begin to soften the lace of my panties, I felt my own cock start to get hard feeling his warm juice on my privates. Still unsure what to do we stood frozen for a few moments more until we heard Father Brown cough inconspicuously.

Trembling with anticipation but not wanting to make the wrong move Balil gently picked me up and laid me in the bed, he crawled into a position in between my legs resting them on his own, I naturally wrapped them around his waist feeling his hard rod gently resting underneath the massive globes of my ass. With shaky fur covered hands he reached for my veil and lifted it up looking me in the eyes for the first time. He leaned forward and shocked me by asking,

“May I kiss you Habibi?”

I wasn't expecting such gentleness and knew from that moment I could trust this man with my body, so I took a leap of faith and replied, “I am your wife, you own me, you don't have to ask.” a quick flash of lust and fever shown in his eyes. He looked over his shoulder at Father Brown who was very clearly fully aroused at this point, his cock almost tearing the fabric of his pants. Father Brown noticed the question in his gaze and replied with a firm nod.

Turning back to me with all the permission he needed he slowly slid one hand up my body and grabbed me around the throat firmly, suddenly eliciting a gasp from me as he clasped down around my neck. Lifting me up to his mouth with just his one hand around my throat he then shoved his face against mine as I felt his body growl against mine. He was strong and firm, but it didn't hurt, he didn't choke me, but his grip was iron around my throat. He began to invade my mouth with his massive tongue, his beard felt like it was ripping open the skin on my face and I couldn't get enough, I moaned into his mouth and he growled back in response, with his free hand he reached behind me with one hand ripped my undergarments into pieces in a single yank, holding them in his hand he then held me aloft in the air as he raised them to his nose and breathed in my scent while looking me deep in my eyes. I felt seen in a way I had never felt before. With the fabric gone there was no longer a wall between my ass and his massive

cock, it was so hard I was sitting on it with half my body weight, and it continued to hold me up, my cheeks on either side of it like a bun wrapping around a sausage. My skin was red from how viciously his body hair had rubbed against it and I wanted more, I needed more.

“Please” was all I managed to say but it was enough for him.

With a single motion I was upside down propelled in front of him as he held me by my hips. I was upside down and I could feel him holding me weight in his hands like I was a ragdoll, I was nothing compared to his strength despite all the muscle I had put on for the betrothal.

As I hung there, I could feel his hungry gaze on my hole, Pink and unblemished, unstretched, waiting for my role as his bride. But I was consumed with my own lust, I was now face to face with what was easily the most intimidating prize I'd ever been faced with, but I was determined to do my part. I grabbed his 10 inches of thick brown meat with both hands and shoved as much of it into my mouth as I could possibly manage. It hit the back of my throat and stopped abruptly as I realized this would be much harder than my good intentions could manage on their own. It was, however, enough. As soon as his massive cockhead hit my throat Balil let out a roar, I would find terrifying in any other circumstance, and he dived his face in between my cheeks like he hadn't eaten in weeks. I had never felt anything like it and let out a moan that would have been a scream if I didn't have a mouth full of beer can sized cock shoved into my mouth.

He ate my pussy like he it was the last bottle of water and he'd been lost in the desert for months, I tried my best to keep working his cock but I could barely think as my mind went numb and my eyes rolled into my head, I hung there as he ate my hole his cock thrusting into my mouth while my arms flopped below me, I was useless and in the most pleasure of my young life. I could feel the blush on my face but continued to do nothing but whimper and moan as he chewed on my lips and dove his huge Arabian tongue into my teen hole. The hair felt like a brilo pad tickling my cheeks and absorbing the lube my hole was producing mixed with the saliva he left from his ravenous meal. At one point the sensation was so intense I think I passed out because I was suddenly facing the partition and Father Brown my face pushed down into the

mattress the stem of my bouquet between my teeth like a gag. I felt the end of something large separating the halves of my massive ass.

“Are you ready Habibi?” I heard a rumble from behind me. I could do nothing but continue to look through my glossy eyes at Father Brown who now had a wet patch reaching from the end of his massive cock the ankle of his pants. Father Brown locked eyes with Balil and nodded, as he did I felt my husband’s cock push into me for the first time.

It was so thick I thought I was gonna break in half and I was snapped out of my stupor I tried to get up suddenly and pushed down my Balil’s firm hand

“It’s time Habibi, we can’t wait any longer” he said as he continued to push it further into me I felt like it had reached my stomach already.

“I can’t take it, it’s too big.” I said I’m still trying to struggle.

Suddenly Father Brown was in front of me and put the bouquet back into my mouth.

“Bite down.” I did as he instructed and as I bit down I felt a pop in my hole.

“There we go, my love, now the heads in, the hard part is over”

I groaned, the head? He wasn’t even in before. I was gonna pass out.

Father Brown was still at the foot of the bed and he surprised me by reaching over my body and putting his hand on my red ass cheeks, I felt his hands spread my cheeks open so Balil could push in without obstruction. I grabbed onto Father Brown’s thighs and squeezed for dear life as my husband pushed his massive cock into my chute for the first time. With every inch I could feel myself getting higher and higher. I could barely see straight, I looked through the gap between my Father Brown’s legs and noticed movement behind the partition. Was I delirious or was my father peaking around the partition? Was he... masturbating? His massive cock was in his hand bating furiously. I thought to say something when finally I felt Balil’s bush against my exposed crack.

I saw stars, every inch of my body came alive and I immediately started spraying cum onto the sheets beneath me. After 5 or 6 volleys of my seed I realized that Balil had already filled me with his cum and was shuddering as the remnants of his own orgasm shook his body, his cock like a steel rod still inside me his cum felt like a fire in my stomach. He slowly pulled out and I could feel every ridge and vein of his cock as it slowly retracted from me.

The next few moments happened quickly, Father Brown ushered both Balil and my father out and assured them he would clean me up and have me ready to go home shortly. He pushed them out the door frantically and approached me as he ripped his own belt off. I rolled over and attempted to sit up on the edge of the bed but as I did I was hit hard in the face with a full foot of midnight colored cock.

I fell back onto the bed and Father Brown grabbed my ankles and pushed my knees up so they were next to my chest. He lined up his cock with my puffy red pussy and told me "Now we gotta make sure those babies get alllllll the way up in that gut ok?"

I nodded and let out a pathetic moan and I tried to prepare myself for another slow entry.

Father Brown had something else in mind and with one deep thrust he shoved all 12 inches into my pussy in one hard slam. I cried out in shock and in pleasure as his cock ripped across my button.

"Oh god!"

"Yes, praise God."

He spoke as he thrust into me, pulling all the way out until the ridge of his head pulled on my lips.

"The Lord"

SLAM

"Asks"

SLAM

"Much"

SLAM

“Of his”

SLAM

“Followers”

SLAM

“But the”

SLAM

“Rewards”

SLAM

“are”

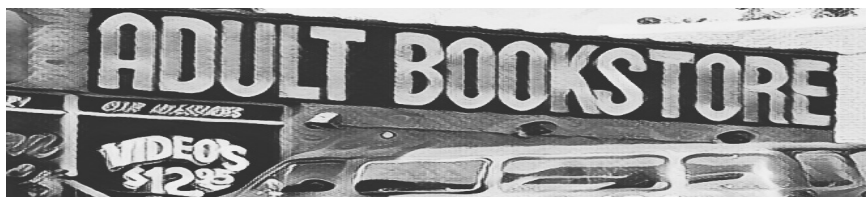
SLAM SLAM SLAM

“PLENTIFUL.”

He roared the last word as he barreled into me one last time shooting volley after volley of his seed into my body. “I had to be patient with you.” he said “I knew you would be sweet, but I couldn’t ruin you for your husband. But now I made sure his babies are wayyyy up in that pretty cunt..... Let’s get you cleaned up.”

He got me up and I could feel my stomach slightly pushed out with all the cum inside me like a well-fed kitten. He helped me get dressed and I managed to somehow walk to the car so I could go to my new home with my new husband. My dad gave me a pat on the back and told me he was proud of me and Balil held my hand as he drove us home.





Bookstore Meeting

By Mad Man

Driving home from work last Tuesday I was horny, much more than usual. I had been chatting it up with a few online prospects, but it didn't look like any hookups were going to happen in the near future. I took the long way home to hit my usual Adult Book Store figuring that I'd suck a cock or two and jerk off before going home.

Got my change for the one-dollar bills required and walked into the video booth area. There was this dark skinned Mediterranean-looking guy standing in a booth, door open, with his cock in hand. It was a nice cock, thick head, long, thick but not massive. Around seven inches long.

I went into a booth across from him and left the door unlocked. Muscle builder construction guy wasted no time in zipping up and coming over. He pushed the door open and walked right in.

He whipped out that nice, fat, long cock and motioned for me to suck him. It looked good to me, so I dove right on it. So far, the standard hookup.

His cock was tasty, freshly showered with a hint of baby powder in his fur. I dove on it hungrily. Licking it all, deep throating it, and generally making a cock-whore of myself. I had my pants down and was stroking my own cock the entire time. I stood up, gripping him with my hand, and asked him if he minded if I got naked. His eyes opened wide, and he said, "Sure, go ahead."

I took off my shirt, folded it neatly and then turned to pull my pants off. I may have unknowingly leaned my ass a bit close to his cock, but he didn't mind. I took off my undershorts and stood in front of him, naked for him to see. In contrast to his dark complexion, I am pale, almost white. His hands touched my shoulders and pulled me down to my knees. I opened my mouth

to take him in but noticed immediately that he had grown a bit. His cock approached eight inches and had hardened greatly and was now as thick as a beer can. The head barely fit in my mouth.

He reached down and grabbed my hair and face-fucked me hard, ramming my head down on his cock (the back of my throat is a bit sore today). He pulled out and started smacking my face with his cock till I was wet with spit and precome. It was like getting hit with a salami, but it felt great. He rested his cock on my forehead and pushed his ball sack into my mouth. "Lick it, Bitch!" I tongued like my life depended on it. I licked his balls for a few minutes, then he sticks his cock in my mouth, grabs the hair on the top of my head and uses it as a handle to face-fuck me hard.

A bit more sucking and then he stands me up and forces me around. He starts finger fucking me and talking dirty, "You know you want it,"(I did) "I'm gonna fuck you silly (oh goody!), you little whore (I am). You're such a pussy bitch. (oh shut up and fuck me already)" One finger, then two, then three.

He starts to try to fuck me bareback, I resisted, asking him to put on a condom. He pushes me up against the wall and starts to force himself into me. Surprisingly, it went in. I guess I really was ready to be fucked. Here I was, flush against a come-stained wall, with a madman's cock stuffed in my ass. I pulled away by dropping to my knees. His cock fell out, dragging against my back.

I resist, halfheartedly, I was on fire by now. He stands me up, forces me against the wall, pins my arms over my head and finally enters me and starts fucking me for all he's worth. I beg him not to come in me. He keeps telling me, "You know you want it. You want to be fucked, fucked like a little girl." (He knew me better than I knew myself.)

I turn around so he can't keep his cock inside me, he forces me around and rams it back in. I turn again, he twists my body around. But this time, I clamp my ass shut tight and he can only push against my hole. He pushes, hard, getting maybe an inch in but no more. I make him swear he won't come inside me. Reluctantly, he agrees but only if he can come in my mouth. I agree, I would have sucked him dry from the get-go anyway.

He spins me around again, this time pushing me against the

booth door, and rams his cock straight into the hilt. His massive ball-sack, still wet with my spit, slaps my ass. He fucks me hard, pinning me to the door and holding my arms behind me grabbing my throat, pushing my groin back toward his cock so he can get in real deep. I milk his cock with my ass (I have great muscle control there). Each thrust slams me against the door, which creaks. I can hear the others in the hall, listening to the sounds of my being fucked. I can only imagine them rubbing their cocks, hoping to be next.

He fucks me hard, using my cock as a saddle-horn. He pulls me back, bends me over and slams in deep. I am on fire. I can feel every thrust. His hands griped my cock hard, but he never moves it, even though his fucking motion makes my cock rub his hand. After about ten minutes, he pulls out, spins me around, sits me on the filthy bench and rams his cock down my throat and comes buckets. My mouth is full of his jizz, but I don't let a drop out. He pulls his cock from my mouth, wipes it on my chest, zips up and leaves.

I sat there stunned, in heat and hard as a rock. I had to finish myself off, but I had the come of my life. I had just been raped, consensually, and had the best sex ever. It took me a half-hour to get myself back together enough before I could leave. Some guys actually applauded me when I left the booth.


All I could do the rest of the day was replay that session in my mind. I was hard and dripping all night long. Later I fucked the wife when I got home, twice. Woke up in the middle of the night and jerked off.

I'm going back same time this Tuesday and hoping he's there again.



Have you ever used one of these?

The CODE OF THE ROAD



By Warren H.

I stood there, feeling helpless, watching my emergency blinkers flash against pitch darkness on the shoulder of Highway 99. It was well past midnight, my swing shift at the plant having just ended, and this was a desolate stretch of desert road. The worst kind to blow a tire on, at the worst possible time. Life has a way of sticking it to you like that, though I had no idea at the time just how many ways life would stick it to me that night.

My spare had long since been used, so I didn't even think about that. No AAA, no money for a tow, no one at home to call and rescue me, my options were grim and limited to one; get walking. It was about 25 miles to my front door, and with a steady but not too hectic pace, I figured I could make it by sun-up. I let out a long, deep sigh, and set off.

I tried to take my mind off the tedious walk ahead -- One foot in front of the other, don't think about it, just do it. You're a young man. Healthy, strong, fit. This should be no problem -- and droned onward. After almost an hour, only two cars had passed in either direction, and having never hitchhiked I was hesitant to jerk a thumb into the air either time. Part of me hoped a good Samaritan would take it upon themselves--see a young, small, handsome white boy walking alone through the desert night, exposed and alone--and take pity, but I was far too meek a person to actually initiate the ride with a stranger.

Then, almost as if the universe were hearing my thoughts and replying to them, a low rumble approached from behind. An 18-wheeler thundered toward me, tall and hulking, its contact lights twinkling against the ink black night. It grew louder as it approached, its double headlamps gradually bathing me in light, then slowed quickly as it passed and began to pull onto

the shoulder of the road ahead of me. My heart jumped into my throat, this guy was pulling over for me!

I walked cautiously around the passenger side of the truck. The air brakes whished at me as I passed. The gentle, throbbing hum of the diesel engine seemed somehow intimidating, like it was alive. I approached the passenger door, looked up, hesitated, then said “fuck it.” I needed the ride, what’s the worst that could happen? I opened the door and hefted myself into the cab.

I froze when I saw him, a pang of electricity shooting down my spine to the balls of my feet. It was hard to be sure with him sitting down, but he had to have been at least 6’3”, and built. He was wearing a skin tight white wife beater that projected rows of cut pectorals and abs. Dark chocolate arms bulging with knotted muscle gripped the wheel, his smooth shaved black head and thick jaw line gleaming in the dim dome light. “Sup, you need a ride?” he said, his face still and emotionless.

I looked up at him, frozen in the doorway for a pregnant instant, then stepped up into the seat and closed the door. “Yeah, thanks so much man, I’ve already been walking for like an hour” I said, eyes looking straight forward at the windshield. I didn’t know why, but I found myself intimidated in a way I hadn’t been in a long time. I almost couldn’t look at him, as if he were a bear that would charge if I made eye contact.

“Yeah that must been you car back there huh,” he said, staring into me mercilessly. “Yeah, few miles back, that’s me. Need to get to Lodi, you going that way?” I said, managing to look at him and smile. I don’t know why I did it--smile--but I felt all aflutter. Giddy, like my senses were on edge. My pulse pounded in my eardrums, I could feel beads of sweat pooling on my brow. This was the first time I’d been picked up in this way, and to have it be by him made it all the more surreal.

The edges of his full lips curled into a subtle smile, “Yeah, I got you, that is my road” he said, hitting the air brakes and revving the engine. “Buckle up, I’m get you there.”

I did as I was told, buckling in, then put my hands in my lap and again faced eyes forward. “This a bad stretch o’ road to break down on” he said, the truck lurching forward as he cycled through the gears, then settled back into his seat. His tree-trunk legs were

straddled out wide, draped by baggy gray sweatpants, one hand resting on his lap.

“Yeah tell me about it, I thought I’d be walking till morning after just working a full shift” I said, training my eyes out the passenger window, trying to look anywhere but at the black muscle bull I was locked in the cab with.

“Yeah, that’s rough, good thing I came along” he said, then ever so gently started rubbing his thigh. I couldn’t help looking by this point, and he was fully aware of it. “Yeah... good thing”, I somewhat squeaked. I wasn’t sure what the vibe I was picking up here was, but it was both terrifying and, in some ways, exhilarating

“You ever done this before?” He said, flashing me a sideways glance. My stomach did a back flip as he looked at me, though I tried not to show it. My eyes scanned up and down his chiseled physique, which I was now having trouble looking away from. “Uh, done what before?”

“Hitchhiked” he said, now very visibly rubbing his thigh, which began to grow.

My eyes went wide as I saw a long thick snake begin to stir under his sweats. It stretched down his right pant leg, most of the way down to his knee, his big sinewy hand tracing it in long strokes. I was panicking by this point; what had I gotten myself into? I’d given him the wrong idea with the smile, oh god, what do I do now?!

I watched hypnotically as his hand slid down the obscenely long pole, making it bulge up and harden, tenting his sweats. “Um, no... no, this... uh, this is the first time I’ve... I’ve ever had to” I stammered, my words tripping over one another and my eyes lolling in my skull as I watched him stroke the length of his monster dong. He grabbed it tight around the base and pulled up on it, giving me the full outline. It was easily as thick as a coke can and nearly three times as long. My heart slammed against my ribcage and, to my horror, I felt a spreading warmth within my own crotch. This can’t be happening, I’m not gay, I’m not....

“For real?” He said, pulling his massive cock up even harder, so that it stretched the sweats up and out comically. “Well shit, you

don't know the code of the road then... " He let it slap hard back against his leg and, for the first time since he'd started playing with himself, looked over at me, "... do you?"

I was suddenly mute. There seemed to be no way out. And in some ways more alarming, I wasn't sure I wanted out. My cock now stood painfully erect in my own jeans, all I could think about was the huge black donkey dick five feet from my face. This couldn't happen. I wasn't gay, or bi, or even bi-curious, I was straight. Always had been, always would be. No, it was time to put a stop to it.

"Uhm... why are you doing that?" I said, darting my eyes down at the bloated summer sausage in his pants. He looked down at his crotch, "What, playing' with this monsta dick?" He said casually, pulling up on it. I stared at it in a dumb daze, unable to speak or look away, and managed a weak nod.

"Because you fiddling to choke on it, take it up in that ass." He said, as matter-of-factly as if he had said that fire is hot, or water is wet. He wrapped the sweat pants around its massive girth and looked back at me, "That the code of the road, white boy."

Lightning struck my numb mind. This couldn't be happening. Of all the cars I could've gotten into that night, I chose the one with a horny black monster cock. I sat there in a stupor, the thrum of the engine humming through my legs. What could I do? The truck was moving 75 miles per hour down the freeway, and I was still a good 20 miles from home. But even more alarming; something in me had come alive. Something I never knew existed until faced with it. I... wanted to feel it. Taste it. Feel its texture on my tongue and my throat stretched wide with it. I felt like I was in a dream, some bizarre intersection between nightmare and fantasy.

I stared back, mute, my mouth slightly agape. It took me a moment to fully come to my senses. "Sir, look... I, uh... I appreciate the ride, I really do, but I'm not... you know... gay." I said, eyes still fixated on his swollen monster. He looked over at me and smirked, then wobbled it around in his pants.

"You know you fronting boy, look at that shit" he said, pulling it up high, making his sweats tent up to their limits.

"I... I..." I stopped. No words materialized, only emotions and

images. Flashes of my face buried in pillows, my ass in the air, screaming out in pain. Fleeting images of kneeling in front of him, his rank musk overpowering my senses.

“Get back in that sleeper, get them clothes off, there’s a truck stop jus’ ahead” he said, training his eyes back on the road. I stared back at him, overtaken by shock. It wasn’t a request. This was it, resist or submit, I had to make a choice.

I hesitated for one more agonizing moment, at war with myself, then unbuckled my belt, stood up, and moved back into the sleeper, making sure to close the curtain behind me. Passion and anxiety roiled within me, pit in a tug of war with each other. The very core of my sexual identity was being rocked, and I was letting it. Giving in, being hopelessly washed away in a current of lust. Resigned to my fate, I slowly began to undress. When I was down to my boxers, I sat on the edge of the bed, and waited.

The truck seemed to slow, the roar of the engine weakening to a whine, then rocked back and forth jarringly. We must have reached the truck stop. I lurched forward as we came to a halt, the air brakes sighing their familiar hiss. There was stillness for a moment, the truck still purring in the background, then a whoosh of the curtain.

He had to duck down to get into the sleeper before standing in front of me at his full height. He was absolutely massive; I was now thinking closer to 6’5”. His giant erection bulged out in front him awkwardly, closing in to within inches of my face. He looked down at me, his features cast in dark shadows, a fierceness in his eyes, then grabbed a handful of cock and kneaded it firmly, running a hand down its long shaft. “Damn, you a pretty little white boy” he said, his breathing getting heavier. I looked back up at him and cooed softly, my head wavering back and forth, feeling like I might pass out. I’d never been this turned on in my life. “What you waiting’ on, get that dick in you mouth”, he said, his voice lowered to a husky baritone, and untied the string of his sweats.

I swallowed hard, then grabbed his pants by the waistline and slowly pulled down. Inch after inch of thick black cock revealed itself as they lowered, hooking up and under the elastic band of his sweats, fighting to break free. Finally, when they were almost at

his knees, it sprang into the air.

It was stupefying huge. 11 inches at least and thick, impossibly thick. Dark black and velvety smooth, it had a slight upward curve, its plum-sized head pulsating and dribbling precum. I reached out with a trembling hand and grabbed its girthy base. My fingers wouldn't close around it. "Oh... oh my god", I said aloud to no one, gazing at it from both sides, marveling at its sheer size. It throbbed hot and smooth, hard as steel in my hand. I waved it back and forth in front of my face in astonishment, I'd never seen a dick this big, in porn or anywhere else. Passion roiled up from my gut, a lust for huge black cock enveloped me, I needed it inside of me. All of it. Now.

"Yeah, get on that big black dick. This your payment." he said, and grabbed the top of my head with a meaty hand, pulling it forward. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth wide, flinching slightly as it was stuffed wide full of thick black cock. The salty tang of his precum immediately splashed my tongue, sending trembles and quakes throughout my body. He pushed in slow, instantly gagging me as his fist-sized cock head jammed up in the back of my throat. "Now, get on that shit" he said, pulling my face down harder. I opened my eyes and was taken aback to see I didn't have much more than the head in.

My mouth was stretched into a horrifically wide grin, my eyes squinting and watering as I rolled my head back and forth, hopelessly fighting to take another fat inch. A strong hand grabbed the back of my neck and he began to fuck my face, slowly at first, then harder and deeper with each stroke. I gacked and sputtered, slurping off and plunging back on, matching the rhythm of his hips with my head. My hands reached up behind him, exploring the back of his granite legs and muscled ass.

"Yeah, that it. Mmm, goddamn white boy" he muttered down at me, pursing his lips and thrusting his hips forward, "slob that mutherfucka." He pulled up his shirt, showing off rows of shredded abs. I ran my hand over them, gagging and croaking as he rammed his freakish rod down my throat.

I snorted, spit shooting out the sides of my mouth as it forced its way down. My face turned beet red, my eyes bulged out of their sockets and my throat made horrible squawking noises. I looked

down his shaft; his plump black balls were still 6 inches away, I wasn't even halfway down and I was already choking to death on it. I looked up at him, my face now turning a shade of dark scarlet, my throat convulsing madly, and pulled off with a loud "sssloop!" His monster cock jutted out into the air, thick and slimy, streams of my saliva and deep throat mucus dangling off it.

"Hell yeah, now you sucking dick" he said, running a tight fist down his shimmering pole in long strokes, sliding my gooey spit down the meaty shaft to his nuts. "Sucking this big ebony dick for your ride", he said, tilting his hips so that his cock waved back and forth in front of my face lazily. I jacked my hard little penis through the shorts and looked up at him, black dick slobber running down my chin. He looked back down deep into my eyes, his lips pressed together. "That cock good and wet" he said, flopping it up and down in front of me, "all ready for tight ass." I moaned softly, my heart sinking into my shoes. This giant nigger dick would rip me in two. There was no way, just no way I could take it. "I... don't know if I can" I said, wiping the cock spit off my chin.

Without warning, he reached down, hooked a strong hand under my armpit and hauled me to my feet. I cried softly as he pulled me hard up against him, running a hand down my back and sliding it into my underwear to grab big handfuls of ass. "Gonna rip that pussy open" he whispered into my ear, his giant wet horse cock grinding up against my abdomen and chest.

**Create the
porn you
want to see!**



Model Prisoner

By EroticallyWritten

Being locked down could do something to you, if you let it. I'd been arrested for armed robbery and was serving a 30 year sentence, when at my 11th year, I decided I no longer wanted to do dumb shit, and live life to where I could still see the sun through the dark clouds.

I remained affiliated with the gang I came in with from the streets of Los Angeles, however I would move different, no longer fighting, going to church, earning a degree, and becoming the "OG" most looked up to, and not for the negative I put in, but the positive. I became well respected by the fellow jailers, and the staff, as I was, the highly sought model prisoner. But with this, still came perks of trust: extra time in the library, time on the yard, snacks from the staff, and many other things, including conjugal visits almost weekly, if I wanted. I would receive one from an individual who you'd least expect however, and not in one of those trailers on the prison compound, but an office.

Officer Morales was a Mexican brother who came from the same exact hood as me. South Central Los Angeles we both claimed, as he was born and raised not even a mile from where I was from. We were the same age, 50, went to the same schools, and even knew some of the same people, whether friends or foes. We however, had no smoke, as he'd got transferred from another camp across the state, and quickly sought out his allies within the population he could trust. We hit it off immediately, though we kept it quiet, and not just for professionalism, but for our safety, for he originally belonged to a rival Latino set to my gang, and it was also considered "fraternization" if you got too cool with the guards.

“You see the Dodgers getting their ass kicked,” or “how bout them Raiders,” were the type questions that we had on the surface. When the presence of others was minimal, we’d talk more, discussing things such as our kids, sports, and just things above the prison climate. We’d get even closer, and one day he asked the ultimate question.

“Can I suck your cock?”

It wouldn’t be the first time a guy sucked me off, for I was one of the more feared, intimidating prisoners due to my size (six foot six, 290 pounds, half muscle, half girth), and could get it on demand. A man like me, who was used to getting pussy on the outside, two, maybe three times a day, had needs. I had a regular type, a masculine guy, no one would expect, and it was a select few I’d use to get my rocks off. In my 10 years at this camp, Morales would be only the second guard to give it to me.

“You may get addicted,” I told him.

“Oh, and that’s a bad thing,” he responded. “Come on man, I never sucked black cock before. Maybe you can fuck me, too.”

I really didn’t expect Morales to come at me like this, but he was a handsome fella, and he wanted badly to wrap his pretty little lips around my fuck stick. I wasn’t too keen on the fucking, for I still longed to place my throbbing 11-inch dick into some hot pussy, but I’d feed his advances to get off.

One night on the tier, he came into my cell, as I was alone. I knew he was coming so when he opened the door, I was up, freshened, and ready to get serviced. I picked up the trade of plumbing, so when someone would see me leaving the cell at odd times, they often thought I was going to work (the jobs the workers performed were usually during the day, but most prisoners didn’t know that). I was actually “getting my privilege,” and this time would be no different. He led me out of the general population area, and into the administrative spaces, as we went into an office he shared with other guards.

“Sit down,” he told me.

The office was plush, with a large couch, two oak wood desks where the guards sat and did any paper work, and a large television to the side wall, facing both the couch and the desks. He

cut on the television, showing hetero porn, a slender, big titted black girl getting her ass rocked by black dude with a gigantic dick. He cut the lights and had me lay back on the couch.

“Get comfortable man, I want that dick,” he said. “Pryor, I see your cock swinging every day, and now, I finally get to taste it.”

“Well, have at it, man,” I told him.

I'd taken off the jumpsuit, wearing only my white tank top and nothing else. He took off his uniform, stripping down to his white tee, boxers, and black socks, while he laid between my legs. He pulled my dick towards him, putting the head on his lips and sucking it gently.

“Oh no buddy, you gotta put it all the way in,” I said.

He slowly went down, but struggled at first with my length and girth, as he gagged.

“Got damn,” he said, coughing.

“Nah, suck that dick, you wanted it, you gotta take it guard,” I said to him.

I pressed my right hand at the back of his head, while he tried again. He couldn't get the job done.

“Fuck, Pryor man, let me ride that dick, homes,” he begged. “I promise you, you won't regret it.”

“Morales, we're wasting time man, is you gon' suck it or what,” I asked. “You brought me out of my cell, and I'm horny as hell. I need this cock in your mouth.”

He continued to struggle, and I was getting agitated. I would fold, and allow him to ride this dick, as this would be the first time I fucked a man.

“You got a rubber,” I asked.

He did, placing it on my dick, before he got completely naked. He even had lube in a nearby drawer. I couldn't stop chuckling, for I really was fucking another man. Morales was a well kept guy, maybe five foot eleven, 200 pounds, in great shape. He lubed his hole, and stood on the couch, before lowering himself onto my

dick. His ass felt great, better than I anticipated. I just laid there, rubbing his toned, smooth pectorals, while he wiggled back and forth for a brief time, before going up and down.

“Oh fuck, that’s some good dick,” he said.

He went up and down slow, now rubbing his own nipples. His little cock even got hard, and I began to play with it (another first).

“Oh, that tight little ass of yours feels pretty good,” I said. “How often you got us in here fucking this ass?”

“You’re the first here,” he said. “My girl don’t put out no more, and I get so horny, Pryor. Jeez.”

He was enjoying himself, balling his face up each time he lowered himself, as I was hitting his spot. I swatted his hands away and began pinching his nipples. That made him ride me harder.

“Oh fuck, man,” he said.

I kept my left hand on his right nipple, then took my right and began stroking his cock.

“Oh damn, you keep that up and you’ll make me cum,” he whimpered.

“Well, I’m getting close, so maybe we can shoot together,” I suggested. “How bout it? On the count of three?”

We counted to three together, and he muffled his climatic scream, as he shot his hot liquid all over my stomach and chest. I replaced what he lost, and shot off one inside the rubber. This was a time I wish we wore no condom, for it probably would felt incredible drooling inside him. He’d get off me, then take the rubbers and toss it in the trash, before handing me baby wipes. He cut off the television, as our scene seemed to be hotter anyway.

“Clean yourself up,” he said, while getting dressed again. “Dude, I’m gonna want more of that cock.”

He made good on his promise, and I would get more of that ass, as he broke me in, technically. We would remain there together another three years, and at least once, or twice a week, I was tearing that ass up. He would eventually learn to suck my dick properly.

The 3 P's

I believe in the 3 P's: Penis, Porn & Performing

Penis: For me the most important thing is pleasuring my Penis. Fortunately stimulation of the Penis can be achieved in many ways and I believe that it is my primary purpose to do so. I am an avid masturbator and enjoy long sessions of stimulating my pink sex glans in order to achieve a state Penis bliss.

Porn: I am unashamedly a heavy consumer of pornography. I enjoy viewing and discussing various pornographic material and have total admiration of the sacrifices made by the performers for our pleasure. This is a selfless act which I believe makes them the true heroes of our society. For me being involved in pornography has always been and will always be something I strive for. Pornography inspires me to develop and push myself and is always a vital source of stimulation.

Performing: As an exhibitionist, I have a strong need to expose my sexual organs, especially in an aroused state. It is important that these organs are seen, admired, analyzed and stimulated. For me performance is ceremony. As I have been blessed with large genitals, I believe it is my duty to share this gift with the world and perform the best way I can.









IML Fornication Party

Chicago—May 2022

I had heard a lot about Fornication from my fuck bud, the massively hung Keshawn. He had been to a couple of them—and loved the energy the porn guys brought to the sex party. He wondered how it would work at Steamworks during IML. Would party goers be up on the third floor with special tickets? The answer from Ray Butler that afternoon was that no, there was no special admission price for Fornication tonight. Just look for the performers around the bathhouse.

I was horned. I needed a good group fuck party. I got to the bathhouse around 10pm—an hour before Fornication began. Security was high—bags were limited in size and checked. My pockets and ankles/socks were examined. It is a drug free party—and Steamworks was stepping up to make sure that they protected Ray's performers. I got a locker and stripped to my jock, wrist band and boots. I tossed the towel over my shoulder and set out making a tour of the three floors. On the first and the third there were slings in new places. I guessed this might be where the fornication guys would be...

I have ended on the third floor with my tour of the building. I like how my cock is just sort of swollen, not hard. It is stretching the pouch of this mostly clean jock. I go back down to the dark area on the second floor where there is a public sling, some gloryholes and a fuck bench. I stop on the steps down to the bench. Two beautiful men are fucking, with a bevy of guys in towels clutched around waists, watching. The bottom is gym built, between 45 and 50, a dusting of hair on his ass (and on his chest I eventually discover) and lots of it in his ass crack. Tats are on his muscular shoulders. The top is younger, more swimmer built and smooth—but for a glorious big bush, currently being smashed against his partner's ass. His hair is long and sways with his fuck stroke. I take a moment to just watch before I move closer.

My cock has erected. I am standing to their right. The Top sees me first. He nods. "Look who's going to fuck you next," he tells the bottom.

The tatted bottom turns his head and grins his approval.

“You’d like to fuck my man?” says the Top, with a slight smirk.

“Please.”

He pulls out. I kneel and begin licking the hairy ass crack. He’s an ass creamer—he’s wet and ready. I see the Top feeding his dick to the tatted bottom. I stand up and slide in. He is now very full of cock. I fuck hard and long. When the Top guesses I am done, I surprise him by eating the fucked hole again. I ask if he wants to fuck.

“I get him at home—I want to watch you fuck him some more.”

I gladly slide in again. Hairy Crack Bottom groans and calls me a hot fucker. I plow him hard. When I’m done, the couple kisses—pulling me into it, too. All three of us know we are going to fuck again before this night is done.

I go get some head at the slurp ramp. A guy takes me fully down his throat the moment my cock emerges from the hole. Only then do I remember all that ass jizz on my cock. The sucker seems to not care.

Keshawn enters the room, on the cock sucking level. I excuse myself from the sucker and go greet him. We kiss. Keshawn bends and takes my spit covered cock right there. It a simple hello fuck—not long, not hard—as natural to us as shaking hands for some.

A younger guy watches us. “I would love to take both your cocks.” Keshawn and I grin and take him to the first floor sling. We get the guy into it. “You better go first,” he says to me, looking at our two dicks. I eat him out and he takes my cock. Just. I can tell he has never had a bigger one from the look on his face. How the fuck is he gonna take Keshawn? I fuck him slow and long. Stretching his ass. Keshawn feeds the guy his dick.

We switch. Keshawn is just too big. The guy taps out. We get him off the sling and onto some seating nearby. He tries to sit on Keshawn, just as Ray Dalton arrives to man the sling. It must be 11:00pm. The kid begs off—and Keshawn gets up and hugs Ray. Ray is great with faces if not names. He recognizes Keshawn from previous parties—and me from this afternoon.

Ray grabs my ass. “You ready for me?” I shake my head. An insistent guy comes up to Ray and asks if he’s really fucking

anyone tonight. Ray leads him over to the sling and shows him that indeed he is doing just that...

A bigger Latin guy takes me to his room as he doesn't want to get fucked in public. But he loves dick in his hole...

I fuck a hot Black ass on the third floor fuck bench, while a white guy jerks off to us...

I watch porn guy Luke Morrison decimate asses on the fuck bench where I started. I hear him tell someone he's a top only so I know I won't be there tonight...

We are into hour two of Fornication. The porn guys have rotated floors. I find Ray on the third floor at another sling. There is fuckbench nearby. Ray is plowing a squealing man. He is totally connected and into it. The beautiful couple is watching Ray. They come over and we watch as a unit, our hands idly playing with cocks and asses. Ray finishes up, getting the squealer out of the sling. Ray hugs him—a hug that seems as sexual as the fuck.

“Who's next?”

Hairy Ass Crack raises his hand. Into the sling he goes. The Top moves closer to watch. I find Keshawn—and fuck him, braced against the wall.

Hairy Ass Crack is now out of the sling. He sits carefully on the edge of the small platform the fuckbench is sitting on. The Top beckons me over as I pull out of Keshawn. “Will you open me up before I let Ray into my ass?” I bend him right there and eat out his hairless butt. Hairy Ass Crack loves seeing his partner used. He actually gets fully hard. I eat. I fuck, with him braced on his partner's shoulders. Just as I'm building speed, Ray is ready for him. I pull out—very pleased I could help...

I wander.

I get my cock sucked.

I go back to the third floor Fornication area. Ray is still fucking. There is a beautiful man on the fuckbench. And Hairy Ass Crack is rimming him. I move around to watch this. He stands up and gets his dick in the man, but he goes soft quickly.

“You need this guy,” HAC says to the beautiful man, slapping his

ass. We trade places. I go to my knees. My face is buried in this guy's ass.

"Damn, you're good..." the guy groans.

Hairy Ass Crack bends and whispers in my ear. "Make Dirk as happy as you did me."

I stand up. Well, fuck me, it is Dirk Caber moaning over the tonguing I just gave his ass. My cock head slides into him. Slowly and smoothly. He welcomes me with a slight squeeze. I push on in. Hold. And fuck.

Here I am in another man I've jacked off to for a long time. I always liked his look, but his maturing into a Daddy really turns my crank.

Dirk is panting and telling me how good my cock feels. HAC moves around and cradles Dirk in his arms—his head turned so he can see me pile drive into Dirk.

I finally stop. I help Dirk up. He's a little shaky on his feet. We embrace. Holding on to each other as tightly as we can...

The Fornication guys take a break. Dirk hugs me one more time before he leaves. I stay in the third floor play area with the sling and the fuckbench. The Cute Younger Top with the long hair finds me there. He has become very versatile after his fucking by Ray.

"Will you fuck me in the sling?"

I nod—wondering silently where the tatted boyfriend is as they have been inseparable all night. I get his ankles in the stirrups. They tilt his hot ass to the perfect angle for me. I kneel and begin to feast on his wrecked hole. He is loose and leaking both cum and lube. I lick him clean as he jacks his bigger than average cock. I lick all the way up his crack and tongue his balls, too.

"I've shot like three times tonight," he moans as I suck them. I finally knock his hand away to suck the head of his cock—hoping for some precum for his hole. I don't get any, but I still spit on his loose pucker one more time before I fuck myself into him. His eyes roll up into his head and he grabs his cock. "Fuck me hard, daddy. I want to get off one more time."

I take him at his word. I fuck him hard. The sound of my hips

smacking his ass fills the space. I look down at this young man, his long hair framing his face, totally lost in his lust of the moment. He is grunting with each of my strokes. His jerking is now in time with my fucking. I feel he can't last much longer—and suddenly he is there. He is having a totally dry orgasm—there's nothing left in his balls to shoot.

I slow, I stop, I pull out. I lick his hole—cleaning him up. I stand up, lean across him and kiss him. He sucks my tongue. He obviously loves the taste of his ass as much as I do. I hold on to him until he is ready to move. I help him out.

“Now I can go home...” He kisses me one last time and is gone...

Keshawn finds me still near the third floor sling. “I just got fucked by Aaron Trainer.”

“Yeah?”

“And I did him, too.”

This leads us to fuck again, with Keshawn bent into the sling and holding on.

I go looking for Aaron. I would love to get into that ass. I find him in the dark second floor area, but he is so busy topping, I just watch for a bit. A slight breather—and then I continue on.

I end up back on the third floor. Luke Morrison is pounding into guys on the sling. A cute young man in a knit hat, very tan and very fit, goes from watching Luke to watching me. He comes over. He kneels and begins to suck me. He gives good head, taking me deep until he chokes. He loves the sound and how he has to pull off me quickly.

“Will you fuck me?”

“Sure.”

“I'm really tight—is that a problem?”

I shrug and suggest he gets up on the fuckbench where I did Dirk. He lies down and I go to my knees to eat him out. He's right, he's tight. He loosens but I am leery of my dick going in. There are a number of men watching us. A young guy, around his age is stroking his five-incher. I stand up. “I think this young man should

help to open you up.”

Hat Boy is all for it. Surprisingly, so is Five-Incher. I hand him my lube and make way. I stick my dick in Hat Boy’s mouth. Five-Incher glides right into the tight ass and begins the fuck.

“He’s tight,” says Five-Incher.

“Get him loosened up for me.”

Hat Boy groans at this—around my dick.

Five-Incher must like the idea, too. “Ah, fuck, I’m gonna cum!”

Hat Boy grinds his ass back and takes the load. I move around. The kid won’t let me clean his cock, but I am treated to the cum filled hole. I lick and swallow, lick and spit.

“That was hot,” says an older Latin man. “You want the next size up?”

I look. He is just over 6 inches. I look at Hat Boy—he nods.

The guy steps up onto the platform. I lube him by licking Hat Boy’s dripping hole and dripping the collected semen on the new guy’s dick.

He laughs and pushes into the ass of the hot boy. He fucks. Hard and rhythmic.

“You gonna load him?” I ask.

“Naw. Too early in the night.”

But his dick has other ideas. “Oh, fuck! No!” And he is spewing into Hat Boy. I kneel. He marinates in HB long enough for the sensitivity to peak so he can let me lick him clean afterward.

Keshawn is now watching us. “Looks like your turn,” he says.

I stand up. I fuck Hat Boy hard. Keshawn swings his big dick in the kid’s face. “I’m next,” he says.

I pull out and step to the side. Keshawn cleans my cock and starts to fuck the kid. HB is game—but even with two loads to help, he finally taps out on Keshawn. I clean up Keshawn’s cock and Hat Boy’s ass. We help him off the bench—as the floor is now a mass of cum and lube...

Dirk Caber is working the first floor sling. He is in full top mode. I watch him fuck a guy. We catch each other's eye. When the guy gets out of the sling, I move closer.

"You want to fuck me again?" he asks.

"Yeah, I really want to see your face as I fuck." We adjust the sling for taller me. A kid walks up and demands Dirk suck his dick. Dirk apologizes and says he gets throat infections easily so he's not doing that tonight. The kid won't believe it. "I've seen you do it in videos."

Dirk sighs and reminds him videos are about angles and editing. I murmur in Dirk's ear to ignore him and get in the sling. He does. I think for a moment that my eating Dirk's hole has shut the kid up, but no. He now starts asking about Dirk's personal life. Dirk remains polite—but I can hear him working at it in his answers—while trying to stay focused on what I am doing to his ass.

I stand up and fuck. He feels great. The face to face is working for both of us—but the constant chatter from the kid is really distracting. I had hoped that this would be my breeding moment for the night—but it's not going to happen with this guy nattering on in a very loud voice.

I finally stop. I get Dirk out of the sling. We hug and I kiss him on the cheek. Damn...

I go to the second floor darker area. Ray Dalton is there, using someone in the sling. Beside him is the Master, my fuck bud from Thursday afternoon. I look at the man in the sling again. Ray is fucking Master's boy as he watches. I catch Master's eye. He comes over to me.

"That should make some good eating," he says gesturing towards Ray's cock fucking into boy.

I agree.

"Want to come back to our room?"

I nod, just as Ray finishes the fuck. Master moves to help boy out of the sling. Ray is asked by a guy in the crowd if he'll bottom. Oh, shit—I have wanted to fuck Ray since I first saw him in Piss Break. I think for a minute and decide that will keep for another day. I

need some of the connected play with these two. I really want to bring our earlier sessions to a climax.

We go up to third floor. They have a room with a double bed. Mirrors are everywhere. I lie on the bed. Master has boy suck me as Master watches and jerks. Then Master sucks my cock as boy sits on my face—letting Ray’s fuck juices seep down into my mouth.

“Fuck him,” says Master.

“If I do, I’ll breed him.”

“Do it.”

“Yes, please,” adds boy.

I sink into him. I fuck. I close my eyes and see the highlights of the night: The long haired top, Hairy Crack Bottom, Keshawn, Dirk, Hat Boy taking loads, Dirk, Ray plowing the ass I’m in right now...

Bam—I’m there. I spew my pent up cum into boy. I collapse on the bed. Both of them are on me, kissing and licking my spent cock and sharing...

A side note: Keshawn told me later he was fucked by Luke, Aaron and Ray and topped Aaron.

Reprinted from FelchingPisser’s blog, From My Side of the Sling. FP, also known as occasional porn actor Charles Wolfe, writes about his sex life; the good, the bad, the odd, the entertaining—but always the truth, with names and tattoos changed...

Please visit From My Side of the Sling: FelchingPisser.Blogspot.com



Learning a lesson the hard way

I met a new Dom online in a chatroom. It had been a while since my last session with a man, and I was feeling particularly naughty. So, one evening I logged into a popular chatroom, and started fishing for a long overdue punishment. Shortly after logging in, an older man messaged me, inquiring about how I liked being spanked. We chatted at length about past experiences, positions, what each other were looking for. He appeared to be a very good match for my kinky desires. Eventually we set a "play date" for a couple of days later.

The time went by fast, a blur of kinky erotic dreams. I showered, dressed casually in tight jeans and a nice t-shirt. I wore the cup and jockstrap he told me to. I then grabbed a few of my favorite dildos, a ping pong paddle, and drove over to his house. I slowly eased the car down the long driveway, carefully parking out of sight. Tentatively I climbed out of the car, glanced at the impressive old Victorian style house, adjusted my semi hard cock in the tight cup, and walked up to the back door.

I sheepishly, and softly knocked on the old weathered door. I was both nervous as hell, and horny as ever. The cup was tightly confining my now swollen cock, making me even more uncomfortable.

Suddenly the door swung open, I was staring into the dark eyes of an older man, slightly shorter than I, fairly well built. He had a very commanding, powerful aura about him.

"What the are you standing out there for?" He barked.

"I, I, I just got here." I stammered

He grabbed my arm, yanked me into the house and shoved me down the hallway.

"Get that fucking clothing off and stand in the living room," He commanded.

I almost ran to the living room, pulling my clothes off as I did. I stopped in the living room, completely exposed, only wearing the jockstrap as instructed.

He sat down in the center of a large stuffed couch. Glaring at me.

“So, you are here for a punishment? Why is your faggot cock hard?”

“I, I, I, really can’t help it...” I responded

“So being spanked excites you, does it fag?”

“Uuuuum, yes sir” I responded

“Good, jack off then fag! Make yourself cum, NOW!”

I pulled down the jock, mesmerized by him, and slowly began rubbing my cock.

He got up, walked over and slapped my face hard. “This isn’t a fucking show, fag!” He yelled “make yourself cum, fast or you’ll regret it.”

I was caught off guard, and extremely aroused. I began jerking off furiously. It became apparent I was very close, and he handed me a large glass.

“Catch your cum in this, and don’t spill a drop.” He hissed as I started to erupt.

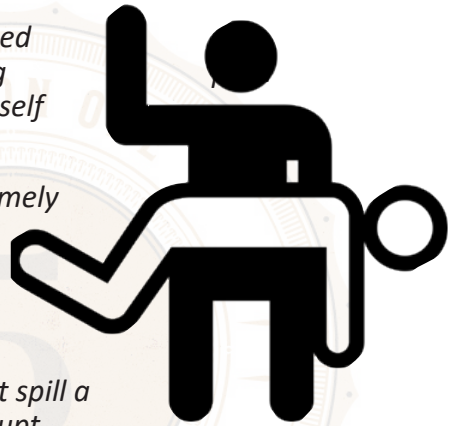
I blew a huge load and somehow caught every spurt in that glass. He grabbed my cock, wiped the head roughly on the edge of the glass. My new Dom then set the glass down on a coffee table. He leered at me, shook his head.

“You really need to empty every drop of your little fantasy cum out of your gay body.”

Instantly he shoved me face down across the arm of the couch. Just as fast I felt the cold splash of lube on my butt hole, followed by his finger slipping in me. I grunted, and instinctively pushed back moaning as I did.

“You are really some kind of horny, aren’t you?” I heard him say as he worked his finger in.

I then felt his finger gently messaging my prostate, it instantly sent



me over the edge. I exploded, ejaculating a huge load from deep in me.

I could hear his grin as he said “Now we are ready!”

Somehow, he had found the largest dildo in my bag, had it lubed and against my hole before I knew it.

“OMFG, Noooo I begged”

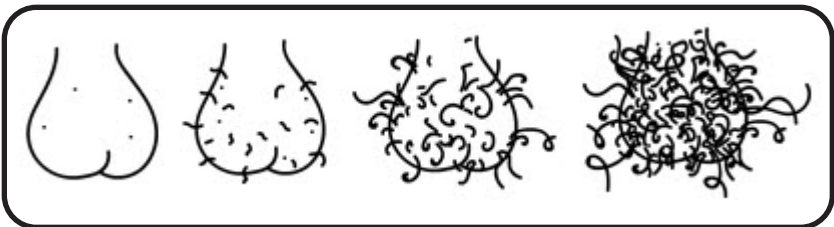
“Shut up and relax, or this will really fucking hurt.” He hissed in my ear.

I then felt my asshole searing as he slowly pushed the tip of the toy into me. I moaned a mix of intense pleasure, and unreal discomfort. He kept slowly sliding the dildo in, slowly opening me up. I had heard stories of how much more painful and unpleasant anal was after an orgasm. This barely described the intensity of feelings I experienced. I had felt this toy before, however it never filled me as deliriously as this before. It was unreal, and my poor cock was limp and lifeless.

Once the dildo was firmly inside me, he said, “Pull up that fucking jockstrap, I don’t want your gay cock flopping around.”

I hypnotically stood and pulled the jockstrap up and into place. As soon as I did, he grabbed me, spun my all to willing body around landing us on the couch. I was planted in the wheelbarrow position, exposed.

Just as quickly, he began spanking my helpless ass. His hand swung fast and hard. The sound of my flesh being slapped ruthlessly. I screamed... Never before had a spanking felt like this.





Twink Bottom

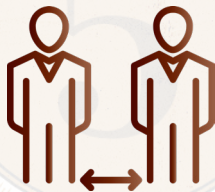
I lost my virginity to a retired high school science teacher when I was 18 years old. He was 55 years old. I was extremely nervous and scared. I did not have any sexual nor intimate experience prior to meeting him. It is shocking and disturbing to many people that I lost my virginity and had my first kiss with a 55 year old white Daddy. Since I am Asian American, my first time was my first interracial experience, too. I relied on the retired teacher to show and teach me things. I struggled to perform oral on him. The thought of sucking a 55 year old cock was, at the time, disgusting to me because of the internalized notions that older men are dirty old men with unclean, wrinkled, penises. I tried my best to put on a good show for him but failed miserably. I spent the majority of the time trying not to throw up from having gagged so much. However, I went along with everything that he said and suggested. So, I ended up having bareback sex with him. He moaned loudly and shook uncontrollably as he slid his cock in and out of my bottom hole. He didn't last long. He pulled out of me and shot his cum load all around my boy hole. Being curious, I swiped some of the cum with my fingers and licked it. I instantly gagged, but after a few tries I managed to clean my fingers clean of his cum. As I laid on my back with my legs spread apart and his cum still splattered all around my butthole, the older Daddy asked if he could use his cock to scrape and push his cum into my hole. Not giving it any thought, I shrugged my shoulders and told him to go right ahead. Some individuals feel that I was taken advantage by a sex predator. The 55 year old man simply preyed on me because I was a horny, vulnerable, inexperience and clueless 18 year old. I will forever be his trophy. He accomplished so much of what many can only dream of doing in the hour that he was with me. I would go on to have sex many more times with other older men. The rest is history.

The vast majority of the men that I have had sex with were older white Daddies. As a result, although I will and have played with

men of every ethnicity, I sexually prefer older middle aged white Daddies and Grandpas.

I am sure that some people will say that my preferences are a result of internalized racism etc and that I am exploited by mature white men in their journey to explore their sexuality. Honestly, I love to have raw sex with white Daddies and Granddads, and I have always encouraged bi/gay curious older men to take advantage of my youthful boyish attributes. It's wonderful to be able to let horny older men use me to fulfill their kinky, perverse and tabooed fantasies about having sex with a much younger sex partner.

I love hearing horny older men moan, grunt, breathe, and talk dirty as they gradually and completely give in to their innate animalistic sexual behaviors. It's erotically orgasmic to hear, see and feel a much older man blissfully and vociferously growl and shake uncontrollably during explosive orgasms. I love the contrast of my smooth body and hairy bodies of older white daddies, the physical size and age differences, and more such as how mouthwatering delicious Big White Cocks are!



Quarantine Companion

Written by: Brett

I am a boy that is used to getting daddy dick at least a few times every week, so when the city shut down due to corona virus and my regulars were staying home, I was going through a terrible dry spell. I usually jerk off daily even when I'm getting cock regularly, but it was getting out of control with me craving cock constantly. My toy collection was getting a ton of use and I burned out the motor in one of my prostate massagers, but it's just not the same. I thoroughly enjoy the whole process of pleasing a man. The kissing, rubbing, groping, touching, and teasing makes my hole twitch with excitement. Sucking a man, feeling him get harder in my mouth, and tasting his precum makes me crave him inside me. The more turned on I make a man, the more I want him to toss me

around and thrust into me. The harder he pounds me, the more I want him to cum. Toys are fun, but I desperately needed to please a man.

I was spending a lot of time online chatting with men while I played with myself. This was nothing new, but it was definitely taking up a lot more of my days than before. One man that messaged me lived nearby and we began chatting. He is 54 years old while I am 24. His pics made my hole tighten around the dildo I was sitting on when I read his introduction. He seemed sincere and charming right away. It didn't hurt that his girthy eight inch erect cock was prominently displayed on his profile. He had moved to town at the end of last year and had a whole house to himself. We were both isolating to stay safe, so we weren't going to meet for a while, but we were enjoying talking.

Within a few days, we were texting and calling each other. He described what turned him on in amazing detail and I loved every minute of it. He seemed like the dominant top daddy of my dreams. I would play with my toys as I listened to his sexy voice describe some of the adventures he's had with boys in the past. I would send him pictures and he'd detail what he was thinking about doing to me. We would listen to each other moan and cum while asking each other all kinds of questions about our prior experiences. Sometimes he would even tell me which toy to use and exactly what to do with it. After a week or so of him making me cum several times a day, we agreed that after another week it would be safe for us to meet.

We continued our distant pleasures as the anticipation built in the following week. When he would shoot a load, he'd snap a picture of his cock and seed to text me. Everything he would say he wanted to do to me sounded amazing. It's hard to say which one of us wanted it more, but we were both insanely excited for that Friday to finally arrive. He even stopped jerking off a couple days before to give his balls time to fill. That Friday after I was done with work, I took a quick shower and did something that I had mentioned doing before and he requested for our meeting: clean myself out, inject a good amount of lube into my hole, and put in a medium sized butt plug to squeeze and keep the lube in. I got dressed in tight jeans and a slim shirt, grabbed the bag that I had packed and headed over to his place. I had a huge smile on my face as I rang the doorbell. It has been more than three weeks

since I was with a man and I was giddy for cock.

The door opened and before me was the tall, masculine, hunk of a daddy that I couldn't stop thinking about for two weeks. He was just out of the shower and only wearing his white robe. As I stepped inside, his smile was intoxicating and his excitement obvious with the loose robe not holding his erection back. As his cock was unveiled, my mouth dropped open. The pictures didn't do his fantastic phallus justice. He shut the door and grabbed my head on both side as he pulled me in for a passionate kiss. My right hand instinctively wrapped around the shaft of his half erect cock and I could immediately feel it stiffening. I was melting right there before him as my bag fell to the floor. I could feel my hole pushing and clenching the butt plug as if it were getting ready. I

myself his living he sat on opened his his now member at me. I in a trance first words person were take off my did without gaze.

I had assured him that I could depthroat his cock, but he said he wouldn't believe it until it happened.

quickly found being led into room where the couch. He robe to reveal fully engorged pointing directly was practically staring at it. His said to me in telling me to shirt, which I breaking my

I hit my knees between his spread legs and my head moved to within an inch of his cock head. There was already precum beginning to ooze as my tongue shot out to lap it up. My right hand once again wrapped around his shaft as my mouth opened and lips closed behind the head. I moaned and closed my eyes as I tasted him for the first time. He began whispering some words of encouragement as I'd heard him do several times on the phone. I had confessed to him that I'd sucked a lot of cock, especially for someone my age, so he just let me work him. I started slow, moving up and down while taking a little more of him into my mouth each time. He had told me that he leaked a lot of precum, but it seemed like a slow and steady flow that was just enough for me to never lose the taste, which was wildly erotic to me. He was

moaning noticeably more as I started introducing him to the entry to my throat. His hand ran through my hair, which he knew I liked from our conversations. I had assured him that I could deep throat his cock, but he said he wouldn't believe it until it happened. Once he felt the pressure against my throat slightly increasing with each down stroke, he said "you're really going to do it, aren't you?" followed by a louder moan. My eyes were still closed, my hand stroking his shaft right in front of my mouth spreading my saliva all over, and it was time to show him my skills.

I tilted my head back a little and raised myself up to give me the right angle for entry. I took a breath, relaxed my throat, and pushed myself down to accept him in. My hand moved out of the way to allow the final three or so inches of his shaft to pass my lips as his head forced my throat to expand to its girth. I tightened my lips around the base of his cock as my nose flattened against his stomach. I held myself in place for maybe three second to allow myself to adjust and him to really feel it. He gasped and I moaned slightly while slowly pulling back, my hand back to stroking him. With his head still in my mouth, I swallowed a combination of my saliva and his precum, took a breath, and went back down. Now was my moment to show him what I could really do. I sped up and started a rhythm. I would stroke his shaft and have him touch the top of my throat two times allowing me to take a quick breath threw my nose. On the third stroke, I would take him all the way down to squeeze and stroke him with my throat.

He was losing his mind and I was loving it. He let out a few "ooh god!" exclamations while his hands tightly grabbed the couch cushions on either side of him. He would gasp on each of the third strokes and I knew he wasn't going to last long. I may have made it through ten of my cycles before he took control. Both of his hands grabbed my head and forced me to take those last few inches in and out. At this point, my hole was getting tired from all the clenching and the whole experience made me cum out of nowhere. My boy cock was rock hard inside my tight jeans and I could feel small spurts of cum soaking my briefs. I was powerless to stop him and I wouldn't if I could have.

After maybe five thrusts, I started to gag a little, which isn't something that usually happens with me anymore, but his cock was too thick for me to take in rapid succession like that. Without slowing down at all, he fucked my throat another three or four

times before suddenly pulling my head completely off his cock. By this point, I had saliva running off my chin and tears coming from my eyes. I took a much needed breath and opened my eyes to see his hand grasp his cock. I realized what was about to happen and smiled with my mouth still open. With his other hand still on my head, he aimed his cock and gave it a single mighty stroke accompanied by a deep roar of dominance. My eyes closed as the first splatter of cum fired onto my face. Another stroke and roar resulted in a second rope of cum exploding against me. It was on my eyes, covering my nose, and some in my smiling mouth. By the fourth or fifth blast, my mouth had caught enough that I had to swallow. After eight or so, the quantity of each shot had

but his definitely yelling as cry with stroke. he pulled inches on sucked the directly I could throbs of caught his

Another stroke and roar resulted in a second rope of cum exploding against me.

diminished, enthusiasm had not. He was if it was a war each powerful As he finished, me down a few his cock and I last of his cum from the source. feel the last few his shaft as he breath.

His hands fell to his sides as he fell back on the couch. When I released his cock and set back, he looked at me and laughed. I was still smiling with tears, saliva, and a heavy coating of cum covering my face. I started scooping the cum from my face with my fingers and licking them clean. I giggled when he told me that he was now a believer in my deep throating abilities. Once I got the cum off my eyes and was able to open them, I saw his spent cock still about a third hard, sagging straight between his legs and glistening from my mouth. He pointed me towards the bathroom so I could rinse off my face and told me to bring the towel back with me. I was happy to clean up the mess we'd made and then curl up next to him on the couch and give him a kiss while he recovered. He told me that was the best deep throat he'd ever had and I confessed to him that when he took control, I came.

We chatted and flirted some more in the living room before going to the kitchen to get some water. He had me take my jeans off

and smiled when he saw the cum stain on my blue briefs. There was also a wet spot on the back from some lube that had escaped. I was instructed that I would have to take my briefs off too, which I happily did. He knew I was usually naked while at home.

I was practically hypnotized by this Adonis of a man thirty years my senior. After talking, texting, sending pictures, and helping each other jack off for two weeks, we were finally together. I had only been at his house for fifteen minutes or so, but I had already deep throated his thick eight inch cock and received a massive facial in return. The brief experience was so hot that he even made me cum while fucking my throat. After catching our breath, we cleaned up and found ourselves in the kitchen getting water where he had me strip for him so we were both naked.

His cock was still half erect as he stared at me with a big smile on his face. Over the course of our phone conversations, we had discussed in great detail what he liked to do with boys and I was excited by it all. He had me slowly spin around to show my naked boy body and then bend over slightly to give him his first look at the butt plug which I had been gripping since I left my apartment. It was medium sized, silver, and had a circular red gem on the end that was visible. We sipped some more water and continued to flirt. Neither of us could stop smiling and his cock was getting noticeably erect again. We were a couple feet apart facing each other next to the counter. I placed my water glass on the marble and hit my knees again without being asked. He continued to finish his thought as I dipping my head down, looked up at him, opened my mouth, wrapped my lips around his tip, and moved up so my head was level with his cock. In seconds, he was hard as rock for the second time. Our conversation didn't stop and I was listening to his every word while slow sucking his shaft. His hand was gently playing with my head and hair. When I had something to say or he asked me a question, I would sit back slightly and respond while stroking his wet cock. This went on for maybe five minutes before he pulled me to my feet and kissed me.

My mouth had a small dose of his precum as his tongue darted to toy with mine. There was no doubt that the stories he had told me of him charming the pants off all those boys were true. I had been at his house half an hour and I probably would've accepted if he asked me to move in. I was putty in his hands while he passionately kissed me and I slowly stroked his cock. He pulled

away and looked me directly in the eye to tell me in a very certain tone that he was going to fuck me. What he failed to mention is that he was going to be deep inside me within a couple minutes. He turned me to face the counter and got behind me. His hand pushed my shoulder forcing me to bend over with my elbows on the marble. He kissed the back of my neck as I felt his hand run down my back to grasp my butt momentarily before moving to the plug. He toyed with it by turning it and pulling it enough to tug at my hole. My back arched as I moaned and bit my lip a little. Without saying a word, we were both ready for our two week long foreplay to come to it's logical finale. He tugged harder so that the plug popped out of my hole to reveal the bulb still coated in lube which he rubbed around my tight rosebud for a few seconds.

The plug disappeared to be replaced with his fingers touching me to gauge my readiness. Seconds later his girthy head was pushing me open. I let out a yelp and a gasp as he forced his way into me. Within five or six thrusts, he was all the way inside me. My torso had fallen to the counter as I just accepted my role as his fuck boy. I knew that's what he liked and I was more than happy to be whatever turned him on. Despite his firm, controlling hands holding my hips, I made it a point to push back into him some to encourage him as much as I could. We were both moaning and giving the occasional words of pleasure. My cock was hard again and bouncing between my legs as he would pull back maybe six inches just to drive back into me. This man could fuck and seemed to know exactly how hard and often to hit my prostate to edge me from the inside. I would get to close to climaxing that I would moan loudly and buck just a little before he would back off just enough to stop me while whispering "not yet." He did this countless times until I was so ready that he had to hold back after every few thrusts. My orgasm was imminent and he knew. He paused just long enough for me to exclaim "fuck me, please daddy!" and he drove his rock hard cock directly into my prostate harder than he had been before. Three fast and powerful thrusts later, I was in heaven.

It was like a fireworks crescendo throughout my body. My head sprang up as my back arched and my body shook with pleasure. I was screaming and gasping loud enough to echo throughout the house. My feet tingled and me knees were bouncing off the cabinets under the counter. Only my ass was stationary. Held in

place by his powerful grip, he continued the bombardment on my sweet spot as if his assault would last all night. I have no idea how long this went on as I was practically having an out-of-body experience. It was as if he knew exactly how to use my body to make me explode. He adjusted his angle slightly a few times which somehow made the whole experience even better. If I would've died in that moment, I would have had a smile from ear to ear for all of eternity. I got the feeling he knew that I was spent as he asked me a simple question: "do you want my cum?" I stopped gasping just long enough to let out a loud "YES, DADDY!" and I immediately felt him burst.

I had thought I had taken his biggest load on my face and in my mouth earlier, but I was thrilled to find out how wrong I was. His cock fired like a cannon inside me with each thrust. His hand was holding me to my back on the counter. "That's right boy, take it!" I felt his cum running down both of my legs after the third or fourth thrust, but he went as least a dozen pushes left to go. My body shook with every powerful pulsation of his shaft against my stretched hole until he slowed to a stop. He was still deep inside me and every twitch of his cock made me jump a little. I went limp as he rubbed my back with his hand. "You're good boy." I needed a few minutes to collect myself. I knew I couldn't stand up. He was still inside me, but I could feel him slowly softening and my hole tightening around him. He spent a little time assuring me that my hole felt amazing as we caught our breath. He moved around a little and I could tell he was about to pull out. As he slid clear of my hole, I immediately felt the butt plug again. It popped inside me with ease and he told me to grip it tight. He knew it turned me on to hold a man's cum inside me until he wanted to fuck me again. He grabbed the towel and began wiping down my legs for me before helping me to my feet.

He was still inside me, but I could feel him slowly softening and my hole tightening around him.

As I stood up using the counter to brace myself, there was a huge mess on the cabinet and floor below me. My boy balls had been drained and ran down the wood finish to a pool of our combined semen. The towel was pretty well soaked and we had to grab some paper towels to clean up the evidence of our fun. I was practically giddy. I had a sheen of sweat on my naked body and an even bigger smile than before. One thing that hadn't been cleaned yet was his cock, which I hit my knees in order to fix. He was mostly flaccid, but still a very impressive size. I took him in my mouth a couple times as he caressed my head. I don't think he could've possibly turn me on more.

My new lover suggested, in his very charming manner, that we should rinse off and instructed me to grab my bag. He led me into the master bedroom to his king-sized bed where I dropped my luggage and we headed into his huge master bath and directly into the shower that was big enough for several people. We showered and helped each other lather up while kissing a bit. I obviously helped soap up his cock and he couldn't help but make sure my butt was nice and clean. After we toweled off, we headed back to the kitchen naked. He retrieved a bottle of wine from a small refrigerator and popped the cork. We sat on his couch again with our pinot noir and continued talking like we would on the phone, only this time while staring into each other's eyes. This was going to be a long and very fun night. It's just what I needed after being on lock down for three weeks.





Black Navy Sailor

I was working as a medic on the male surgical ward. Back in those days the corpsmen performed the surgical preps...lucky me. One day I was ordered to prep a guy for an appendectomy. I was happy to do that little task, as this prep involved shaving the guy from his belly button down to mid-thigh, including his cock and balls. Then I was told that I had to show 3 students how to prep. Well, there went the privacy. I got my students and took them into the ward to show them how to prep. I almost swooned when I saw the patient. He was about 20, well built, and black. I had prepped a lot of white guys, but this would be my first black man. I had heard that black men were really hung, and I wished I could be alone with him.

Usually when I prepped a guy, I so thoroughly lathered him up that he couldn't help but get hard. With students along, I knew that I had to be quick and professional. I pulled the curtain around the patient and explained that I would need to expose his "private" area and shave him from belly button to mid-thigh. I explained that being hairless down there would feel strange, but that the hair would eventually grow back. With shaking hands I pulled the sheet down to his feet. His hospital gown was covering him, and I took hold of the bottom hem, slowly pulling the gown up to expose the biggest cock I had ever seen. It was black, like licorice, soft, and resting on top of his left thigh. I almost passed out right there.

It was difficult to keep the shakiness out of my voice as I explained the procedure to my students. I lathered up a washcloth and rubbed it over his manhood. I immediately felt his cock twitch, and saw it begin to fill with blood. It took less than 10 seconds before his 11 inch cock stood hard and pointing straight up. I continued to lather and shave, gently lifting each ball, pulling the skintight, and running the razor just right so as not to nick his skin. I fondled each huge nut as I lathered, shaved, and rinsed. Then I had to make sure there was no hair on his cock. I took it in my hand and, getting my face real close, examined every detail of it. Occasionally while

doing a prep, the man gets so excited that he cums. I explained this to my students, telling them that if this happens, to just place your hand over the head of his cock, to prevent the cum from flying, and wait until he is finished. I looked from my students up to my patient's face and saw the biggest smile. Unfortunately, the students were along so I quickly finished the prep and sent this black Adonis to surgery.

Two days later I was assigned to work the 11 pm to 7 am shift. Usually, the patients are asleep by the time the shift starts, so you don't see them unless they ring the nurse call bell. At about 3 am the call light went off and I went to the patient's bed to see what I he needed. As I got to this patient's bed I recognized him as the black seaman who had his appendix removed. I quietly asked what he needed, "I need to piss" he said. I asked if he wanted me to help him

he needed a nurse, pulled him. I held but he didn't stand there. I and there smile again. with it." he

**...I had an 11"
long, 3" around
black cock in my
hand...**

into the latrine, or if urinal. "Urinal" he up the urinal from and, being a good down the sheet for the urinal out to him, take it. At first, I just looked up to his face, was that beautiful "I need some help said. Again, being

the dutiful nurse, I pulled up his gown, placed the urinal between his legs, and gently picked up his soft cock and placed it into the urinal. I naturally held this big black cock so that it wouldn't fall out while he pissed. I could feel the piss running thru the piss tube of his big soft cock, and hear it flowing into the urinal.

When he had finished, I shook the last remaining drops of piss off his tool. As I was doing this, I felt his cock begin to harden. I shook it a little more, and then milked it a little. Again, in less than 10 seconds I had an 11 inch long, 3 inch around black cock in my hand. I leaned up to his ear and quietly asked, "do you want a blow job?" "Yes", he answered. Just to make sure I hadn't just heard what I wanted to hear, I asked him again. "Yes," he answered again.

I placed the urine-filled container on the stand, bent my head down to his crotch, and without a moments hesitation, sucked that

big beautiful black cock into my mouth. It felt different that any other cock I have had between my lips. The skin felt more, oh, I don't know, more velvety. Being such a large cock, I could only get my mouth about half way down before I felt his cock-head pressing against the back of my throat. I don't think my black man minded, though, as I heard him let out a deep moan. I slowly moved my mouth up and down, rubbing my hot lips hard against this giant black cock. Slowly I moved up and down, each time I heard him let out a moan. It wasn't long before his breathing speeded up and I felt his cock-head grow larger in my mouth. I didn't care how big it got. Even if it got so big I choked to death, what a way to die. I didn't have long before I felt the first hot spurt of cum hit the back of my throat. He shot so hard I had to pull my head back a little and aim his cock more toward the back of my throat so that his hot cum could just shoot right into my stomach. I counted each load as it shot out of his cock into me, 5-6-7. Then I felt his cock begin to soften. I sucked until I had the last drop of this black stud's cum. As his cock softened, I was able to take his entire manhood into my mouth until my nose pressed into his shaved balls.

About two hours later, I went back and sucked him off again. Not as big a load, but just as nice.