



5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Spring 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, illustrators, and columnists. Submissions are invited and welcome!

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

Issue two of 5on1 Magazine 2023. 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 made some decisions.

Based on reader feedback, I have decided to expand the types of fiction included in future issues of 5on1 Magazine. The feedback suggested that the stories were too conservative. Readers want to see more daring, adventurous, and explicit stories. I will attempt to include more daring fictional stories in future issues, and there will be a warning when a story contains elements that some might find objectionable.

I have also decided not to include photos in future issues of the magazine. Instead, I will include artwork and illustrations but no photographs. I made this decision due to the record-keeping requirements associated with including photographs of models. However, I will still feature artwork based on photographs on the cover, while excluding photographs from other sections of the magazine.

There were numerous questions regarding the name of the magazine. "Five on One" is a synonym for self-pleasure -- masturbation.

Erotic literature and artwork can be traced back to ancient civilizations, such as the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. These cultures produced erotic poetry, erotic frescoes, and sculptures depicting sexual acts.

The 17th and 18th Centuries saw a shift in attitudes towards sexuality and a rise in erotic literature. Writers like the Marquis de Sade gained notoriety for their explicit and controversial works.

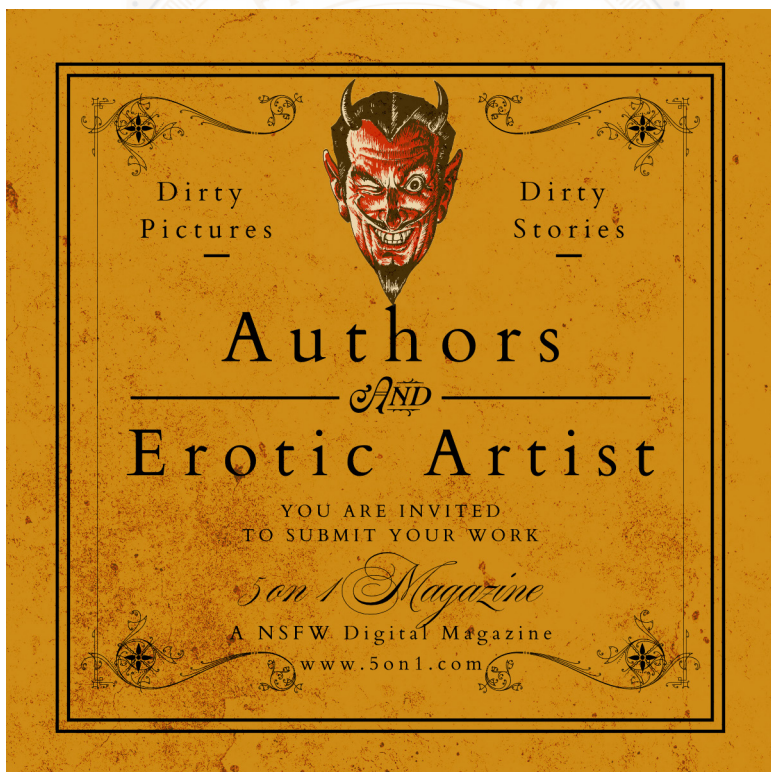
The Victorian era was marked by both strict societal norms and a simultaneous fascination with erotica. During the 19th Century, due to prevailing moral codes, much of the erotic literature was published underground or in private editions.

The early 20th Century saw the emergence of underground publications, often referred to as "smut" or "pornographic" literature. These publications faced strict censorship laws in many countries.

The sexual revolution of the 1960s and '70s brought about a

change in attitudes towards sexuality, and erotic publishing experienced a surge in popularity. Adult magazines became iconic publications featuring explicit content alongside articles and interviews.

With the advent of the internet, erotic publishing underwent a major change. The Internet allowed for the widespread distribution of erotic content, including digital magazines. 5on1 Magazine is one of those digital magazines. It is my hope that the magazine evolves, getting better over time. Your comments and suggestions will guide the evolution of 5on1 Magazine.



Are You Really a Pitcher?

By EroticallyWritten

"Hey, I'm just running some errands, then I have to stop by my shop to ensure some jobs are completed with my guys, then I'll be right over. You want anything," Mike asked.

I've fucked this 60-something, six foot, 240 lb. polar bear a couple times, as he liked to play bottom.

"You got poppers and lube? Can't remember if you did or didn't," he asked.

"I still have the ones you left behind," I told him.

"Good, wasn't sure if you were using it on your other lovers," he responded.

I chuckled, before letting him know I hadn't been with anyone else since we started messing around.

"Travis, you ain't fooling no one. That big black dick, and that tornado tongue, and you're cute, you can for sure have damn near any man you want. So stop stalling," he said, with a laugh.

But I was telling the truth. I actually somewhat fell for this dude, as after our first time, we got to know each other somewhat, and had good conversation. He never hosted, but I was cool with that, as I didn't mind waxing that ass in my place.

"Mike, just get that fat ass over here," I told him.

"Alright, let me check back in a couple hours," he said. "And don't shower. I wanna smell you."

He had a fetish with funky men, but I advised him that I only played with a man if he had a shower (only exception was when I was in a monogamous relationship, as we'd naturally be horny for each other). He'd usually come squeaky and this day would be no different, as he checked in like he said he would as I was leaving the gym, as I tried to garner up a little "musk," for him.

"Hopefully you will pump me, like you pumped those weights," he said. "I can't wait to see you."

We hung up, and I headed home, stripping naked and cleaning my place with Luther Vandross playing in the background. An hour later, my doorbell rang, and my phone went off.

"I'm here," read a text message from him.

I looked outside through the bedroom window to see his Jeep parked out front, then looked towards the door and saw him in a tank top, loose basketball shorts, and flip flops. I also noticed he hadn't shaved, as he was sporting a goatee. My dick rose like the seas. I ran to the front door.

"Hey," I said to him.

"Mmmm, someone's ready already," he said, as he stepped inside.

He gave me a peck on the lips, then we hugged, as he smelled like he was fresh out of a dryer.

"I feel bad for smelling like I just came out of a sweat shop," I told him.

"Well, I like it," he said, kissing me on the lips again, while putting his right hand on my cock tip. "How is it you're precumming already? Do I have that effect on you?"

"You do, you dirty old man," I said to him.

"And yet you keep inviting me to your place. You want this dirty, old man, don't you," he asked.

I shut the door behind him, and he stooped to his knees, pulling off his hat, then sucking my hardened member for a minute, then raising it so he could take his tongue and taste my nut sack.

"I love a set of salty balls," he said. "And you just smell so fucking good. Can we go to the bedroom?"

"There's nowhere else I want us," I said to him.

I led him into my bedroom, turning the music to a medley of lovemaking tunes of different genres from rhythm and blues, to country. I climbed into bed, while he got undressed with me watching him.

"No underwear," I asked.

"I never wear underwear when I'm coming to see you, you know that," he said.

I just loved Mike's fat, bear body, as he was hairy from nose on down. I already had my legs open, and he went between them.

"Oh fuck yea, I love those dark balls," he said to me.

He licked and sucked them gently for the first few minutes, as the precum started pouring out of me, hitting my belly. He moaned as I felt the combination of his nose breathing in my scent, and his tongue rubbing against my sensitive balls.

"Fuck, you do that so well," I told him.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling, as the best way to describe his tongue was like a snake's slithering in and out, as he constantly attacked my cum ovals.

"Don't stop,

He would, legs back device and hole.

"Dammit, you doing," I

He ignored moaning and hairs pressed and outer

he tried to bury that tongue as deep as he could. I always thought I was the only one who could eat an ass like that, for I usually did it to prep a tight hole, or get a bottom feeling so slutted out to where my dick would automatically be accepted into his hole. Mike had my toes curling, as I believe I'd never been rimmed so finely. I'd met my match.

"I usually like to eat out a guy after I fucked him, and sometimes before," he said. "To suck out my cum, or to get his hole nice and juicy. Is this your prostate?"

He asked that question right as his right, pointer finger touched my gland, making me shiver, and bite my bottom lip as no one had touched me in that way.

"Guess the tables have turned now, huh? You're lucky I ain't hard

I usually like to eat out a guy after I fuck him to suck out my cum or to get his hole nice and juicy...

Mike," I told him.

only to push my and use that same motion to enter my

Mike, what are asked him.

me, simply having his beard against my taint edge of my hole, as

right now, or I'd pound your sweet, black ass, Travis," he said.

He tried pushing his finger in deep, but I begged him not to, as it became slightly uncomfortable. For a moment, I envisioned being fucked by the older bear, as he massaged my hole in a way that was reminiscent of me fucking his, and all the other guys I'd been with. He made me juicy, as I could feel his finger sliding in and out with ease now, and hear my hole as it sounded like a whoopy cushion each time he took out that finger.

"Look at you all wet. Little, sweet, black pussy," he said.

He kept on finger popping me, while now sucking my balls, hitting the exact spot within my cum bubbles that made me cringe, and grab my cock.

"I wanna cum, Mike," I said to him.

We'd only been playing maybe 30 minutes when he already had me ready to explode.

"Just warn me, so you can shoot it in my mouth," he said.

He kept massaging my balls, while finger fucking me, and I had to close my eyes for I felt I would've been dizzy. This wasn't the original plan. I was supposed to fuck cum out of him, not the other way around. Mike was taking me past ecstasy, so much he had me wanting to offer my ass to him, vice the other way around.

"Have me come over some time, and throw this dick in your sweet ass. I love black pussy," he said to me. "Say yes? Say yes!"

He pushed that finger deep in me, and it happened: I shot what felt like a gallon of cum in the air, screaming to the top of my lungs as it been a long time since I had a climax like that.

"Dammmmmnnnn," he said. "You were supposed to warn me, dammit!"

The cum just kept squirting, I'd say for 15 to 20 seconds. He didn't catch it at the tap, but he caught the overflow as he licked it off my stomach, thighs and chest, then reached up to kiss with me, pulling his finger out of my now sore hole, so we could make out.

"Didn't know you had it in you, baby," he said. "Should've took my blue pill."

We both laughed, then he kissed me again, but I was exhausted, and feeling bad because I didn't think he ejaculated.

"Oh, I came when you did," he said. "Gotta remember, it doesn't take much for me. You got another load in you?"

I didn't, as I was sure my prostate glands might've been pulsating from all the loosened juice. He sat between my legs, using my left inner thigh as a pillow, while we sat there naked, just talking.

"I gotta get up. Need to hit the grocery store in order to grab some things for dinner," he told me.

He'd get up, head to the bathroom to grab rags for us, then clean us both off, before we kissed again.

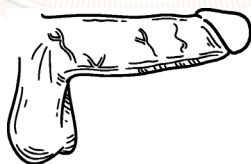
"Thank you," I told him.

"No, thank you. Now I know we've got some serious fun that can be had. Be in touch."

That would be the last time I'd hear or see him again, as I wasn't sure him finger fucking me was the reason he ceased contact. I just knew he made the last time worthwhile.



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5on1

A slang word for masturbation. It refers to your 5 fingers on your penis, hence 5on1.

Pete's Secret Revealed

By Peter Blue Eyes

Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, October 1978

When I left for basic training, I was a naive country boy from a small town in South Carolina. I was a bit of a mamma's boy and leaving home for the first time was a traumatic experience for me, and even 36 years later, I remember that day well. My journey started on a Greyhound bus that took me to Columbia, and after a day of processing at Fort Jackson, several other "trainees" and I were put on a Delta Airlines flight to St. Louis. Then after another long bus ride, I finally arrived at Fort Leonard Wood where I would begin basic training.

Two weeks later I was seriously questioning my decision to join the Army, and wondering if I was even going to be able to make it through basic training. My body ached from all the exercising, and I desperately missed home. I was also finding it hard getting use to being surrounded by guys all the time, and I found myself having doubts about my own masculinity.

I slept in a room with a dozen guys from every corner of the country and we were greeted every morning by screaming drill sergeants, who were all intimidating figures, especially when they were right in your face. I was one of the smallest guys in my platoon, and all the physical aspects of our training seemed so easy for the others while I sometimes struggled to keep pace.

There was also no privacy at all. The other guys in my room were always walking around in their underwear or completely naked. I had especially begun to feel increasingly uncomfortable taking a shower when surrounded by so many of my fellow trainees. Everywhere I looked was a hard, naked muscular bodies and so many dicks...and not just dicks, many were really, really big dicks... especially the black guys, and probably at least half the guys in my platoon were black.

I had a difficult time forcing myself not to stare at the really well hung black guys, especially when they were standing right next to me in the shower. I had seen fairly big dicks on a few of the black guys I played football with in high school, but gosh, some of the soldiers in my platoon were hung like horses! I swear I was in awe.

Amplifying my growing discomfort was the fact that there was no way for me to get any sexual relief, and I started having wet dreams, some of which were really vivid. Almost all of these dreams involved me doing things with guys in my platoon, which was both embarrassing and confusing. I wasn't a fag or anything, so it was just so weird that I was having wet dreams about other guys. Why wouldn't I be dreaming about Vicky or Donna or one of the other girls I dated in high school?

I couldn't help but remember that my friend Andy had once told me that someday I would realize I was a homo just like him. At the time, I thought it was a ridiculous assertion. Sure I had played around with him and few other guys and I had even sucked a few dicks, but I assured him that I was never going to be a homo faggot or a fairy queer and I definitely preferred girls. Yet now, I just wasn't so sure and not nearly as confident about my masculinity. As crazy as it seemed it wasn't female companionship I was craving or dreaming about. I felt almost like I was a woman living among men and that there was a feminine side emerging from inside of me and taking over.

With each day that passed, it became more and more difficult for me to avoid looking at black guys in the shower, and even a casual glance put crazy thoughts in my head. It was practically impossible for me not to get aroused, and yet I knew the last thing I needed to do was to get an erection in the shower. A couple of times, I actually had to dash out when I felt my dick starting to swell to life.

Then, one night, this black guy named Nelson claimed he caught me checking out his dick as he showered next to me. He smiled and asked me, "You like what you see, Malone?"

I tried to play it off, but from the look in his eyes, I knew that he knew, and I was incredibly embarrassed. After that night, he and several of his friends started quietly ribbing me about being a fag and offering to let me suck their dicks. Some of them taunted me by calling me "Sweet Pete" and "Sweet Pea."

They amused themselves at my expense by openly speculating as to whether I took it in the ass. A couple of them would even grab or pat my ass when no one was looking.

Then one night in the crowded shower room this Hispanic guy Martinez was horsing around and came up behind me and

grabbed my hips and briefly pressed his over-sized dick against my butt. All the guys got a good laugh out of it, and I felt so humiliated, especially when my dick started getting hard. The only thing I could think to do was storm out.

Their harassment got even worse after that, and I was convinced it was never going to stop. It reminded me of what happened to these two friends of mine in high school. Somehow, a rumor started that they were both queers, and they started getting constantly harassed and were the brunt of jokes. I felt bad for them, but I was also thankful no one had ever connected me to them or questioned my sexuality like that, at least until now.

I was quickly becoming more and more intimidated and embarrassed, and I really wanted it to stop. I finally decided that I had enough and went to Drill Sergeant Jefferson's office to complain. He was this big black drill sergeant with a barreled chest and thick forearms. He had a booming voice and seemed to always be in a foul mood.

Unfortunately, his reaction was not what I hoped for. He got a good laugh out of my story. It was the first time I had seen him smile. He wrote down the names of the guys who had been harassing me and said he'd talk to them about it, but he could hardly keep a straight face, especially when I told him what they were calling me.

To avoid further harassment in the shower, I started waiting until as late as possible before lights out to take my showers. At exactly 2100, the CQ would kill all the lights no matter if anyone was still showering or not. I began cutting it closer and closer, barely making it out of the shower when the lights went out.

Then one night, some of the guys that had extra duty didn't get into the showers until late, and I reluctantly waited as long as possible. It was almost 2100 hours when I rushed into the shower, but at least it had cleared out. I was just beginning to soap up when the lights went out. There were a couple guys using the sinks and on the shitters, and I heard several of them growl and curse when the bathroom suddenly went black except for a fire light above the door.

It was almost pitch black inside the shower, but I decided to go ahead and finish up in the dark. I was thankful that I was the only

one left showering. It was a little spooky in the darkness, and I wanted to get done as quickly as possible, but as I washed my dick and balls, I found myself becoming aroused. It had been weeks since I had jerked off and my dick was screaming for relief.

As I began to slowly stroke myself, I kept a cautious eye on the entrance to the shower room. I heard some voices outside and saw some shadows pass by the entrance, but I knew no one could see what I was doing. Surprisingly, my thoughts turned to Nelson's big dick, and I let out a low groan as I shot my load as the water cascaded over my body.

I immediately felt guilty for what I had done and the thoughts I was having. I quickly cleaned up and went back to bed.

I slept much better that night, and the next night I decided I would try jerking off in the shower again. I purposely waited until lights out until I slipped into the shower. I immediately soaped up and slowly started stroking my dick in the dark. Then suddenly just as I was about to cum, I saw a dark silhouette pass silently into the entrance of the shower. I quickly took my hand off my dick as I tried to peer through the darkness hoping to see who had entered the shower room.

The shower next to me abruptly turned on, and I felt immediately uneasy. There were ten other shower stalls and this guy took the one right next to me. I strained my eyes to try to see who it was through the darkness, but all I could make out was a dark shadow moving a few feet from me. I had no idea who it was, but I thought it was best if I finished up as quickly as possible and got out of there. I stepped just out of the water spray and resumed soaping down my body. Just as I was about to step back under shower to rinse off, two hands suddenly grasp my shoulders from behind and pushed me forward against the wall. I was momentarily stunned but tried to turn around and confront this guy. His hands immediately clamped onto my arms keeping me pinned against the wall. I tried to twist away, but he was very strong and his hands tightened their powerful grip, and all I could do was squirm.

"What...what do you want?" I whispered as my knees felt suddenly weak with fear. I was almost certain that I was going to get beat up, and this was probably one of the guys I had complained about to the drill sergeant.

“Shhhh,” came the indistinguishable voice close behind me.

“Let me go,” I whispered trying to twist away again as I glanced back into the darkness trying to see who it was. The powerful hands held me in place, and all I could make out was the silhouette of a guy but I couldn’t tell who it was. He was obviously several inches taller than me and appeared to have wide shoulders but there was nothing to distinguish him from the many guys in my platoon.

“Shhhh,” said the guy again but this time with his mouth only inches from my ear.

I was considering yelling out, when I suddenly felt something press against my buttocks. It took me only a second to realize it was this guy’s dick...and it was very big and very hard. I was stunned, and I immediately tried to twist away, but his hands tightened their grip, and he pressed his dick even harder against my butt.

“What...what do you...what do you want?” I whispered again as I was suddenly filled with uneasy excitement. My pulse rate had probably doubled, and I was already breathing hard.

The guy didn’t answer. Instead he very slowly started humping against my buttocks, letting his dick slide up and down between my soapy cheeks.

My head was suddenly spinning and my own dick was fully erect again. My mind was telling me I had to get away from this guy, but my body was becoming increasingly aroused.

For a brief moment, I just stood there motionless as this guy slowly humped my butt. I could tell his breathing was getting more rapid, and it was becoming obvious he had something else in mind besides beating me up. I cut a quick glance back towards the entrance to the shower room, praying the light wouldn’t suddenly come back on or someone walk in with a flashlight.

As I found myself becoming increasingly excited, I began ever so slowly pushing my buttocks back against his dick. In the back of my mind, I kept thinking he was going to suddenly say “see, I knew you were a fag!”

I knew this could all be some sick game to test me, and I didn’t want to become so completely aroused by what this freak was

doing, but I just couldn't help myself. His dick was so big and so hard and it felt so incredibly good rubbing against my buttocks. Even stranger was the fact that my anus was tingling and I was filled with this crazy urge to feel his big dick inside of me. I know it was an insane thought, but I was just so damn turned on.

I guess my attacker realized I was no longer fighting to get away, and his hands relaxed their grip on my arms and then slowly slid down to my waist. I knew I could have easily twisted away from him, but I no longer wanted to. Instead, I began to slowly bend over, wiggling my buttocks as I pushed back against his dick. I knew it was like I was offering my ass to him, and he picked up the pace of his thrust, grasping my hips and pulling me back against him while grinding his cock between my cheeks. I could hear his breathing pick up even more, and I knew he was really aroused and close to coming.

He suddenly pulled back and then I felt the head of his big dick probing between my buttocks, obviously in search of my anus. I immediately bent even further over while reaching back grasping his dick and guiding the big head down between my cheeks to my anus. I was both terrified and incredibly excited. I had only experimented with anal sex once in my life, yet here I was offering myself to this mysterious big dick stranger.

He pushed his dick forward until the big head was pressing against my tight entrance. His dick was obviously well lubricated with soap or lotion, and as he pushed forward, it began to slowly ease inside of me.

My ass began to burn and I groaned and immediately shot my load almost as if it were a reflex action to the initial excitement at being penetrated. As he pushed deeper, I gritted my teeth and clinched my fist and began pushing back, forcing his dick deeper inside of me. He groaned as his body tensed, and then he suddenly thrust forward burying his dick inside my ass. I felt brief sharp, intense pain, and I groaned and almost cried out as I came a second time.

His body shook and his dick began to spasm, and he let out a low guttural groan as he grasped my hips pressing even deeper inside me. I felt the surge of warmth inside my ass and I knew it was his cum, and I began wiggling back against him, wanting to help finish

him off. He let out a loud sigh as he made a few slow thrusts. Then, he tightened his grip on my hips again and made one last hard thrust, holding his dick deep inside of me as he finished cumming.

He held on like that for a long moment as we got our breathing back under control. Strangely, his dick actually felt good inside of me...a little weird but good, and it was so deep! I guess I was getting use to it too because it didn't even hurt anymore.

I didn't want it to end, and I began wiggling my butt and letting his dick slide back in forth inside of me. For the first time in my life, I had really been fucked by a man and his cum was inside me.

He suddenly chuckled as he gave me a light smack on the butt and then let his dick slide from inside of me. I had heard that chuckle before but couldn't put it with a specific face, although I was certain this was a black guy. I let out a satisfied sigh as I stood up and turned around. I was hoping to be able to tell who it was, but he had backed away to the other shower to rinse off. I was considering moving over and seeing if I could help him wash his dick, when seemingly out of nowhere two strong hands grabbed my shoulders. I knew immediately this was a second guy. I wasn't immediately sure what was going on, and my first thought was it was a drill sergeant. I tried to twist away, but the guy tightened his grip on my shoulders and started forcing me down on my knees. Then as I tried to stand back up, the guy put his hands on the top of my head and my shoulder holding me down. I couldn't see who it was and I was terrified.

As I tried to twist away again, I felt something hot brush against my cheek and the bridge of my nose. I started to pull back but the guy pulled my head forward and my face was suddenly pressed against what I quickly realized was the guy's crotch. I immediately stopped struggling as I realized this guy's intent was to get me to suck his dick, which seemed to pulsate as it brushed against my lips. I was suddenly filled with excitement as his strong masculine aroma of his dick filled my nostrils.

Before I could decide my next move, the guy tightened his grip and pulled my face even harder against his dick, which already appeared to be stiffening. My nose was pressed into his wiry pubic hair, and I knew immediately this was a black guy.

"Suck it, faggot! You know you want it," I heard the guy say in a

low voice that I immediately recognized as Nelson.

I heard another guy chuckle somewhere in the darkness to my right and now I was sure the guy who had fucked me had been one of Nelson's friends. I knew I had been set up by these guys, and I was about to protest when Nelson pushed the head of his dick against my lips. My natural reaction was to open my mouth and his dick immediately plunged between my parted lips and all the way to the back of my throat. I fought the urge to gag as my lips settled around his huge shaft. I swear I barely had even half of it inside my mouth and I could tell he wasn't even fully erect.

"That's it," he said as he started easing his dick back and forth.

Any pretense that I was fighting this was lost when I reached up and grasp his buttocks, pulling him forward as his dick plunged even deeper into the back of my throat.

I quickly started enthusiastically working on his dick as it stiffened to full erection. He groaned as I used my tongue to trace the outline of the bulging head and then down the length of his shaft. Then I nuzzled his dick with my nose as I licked his huge balls, taking in the aroma of his masculinity. He seemed to be enjoying my efforts but pulled my lips back to his dick, and I quickly let it sink deep into my mouth.

He began to slowly thrust into my mouth, going deeper each time. I knew he was excited, and I could tell he was close, so I reached up and cupped his balls. He groaned and tightened his grip on the back of my head. Then I felt his dick pulsate and stiffen before erupting with hot sperm spraying into the back of my throat. I was not ready for the volume of his cum and my mouth was quickly flooded, and since I was unable to swallow, some of it spewed from my lips and dribbled down my chin.

He made several more thrust forward with his dick spewing hot sperm in spasms. I swear it was almost like he was pissing in my mouth. I had never experienced a guy coming like this.

He gradually loosened his grip and I was able to taste his salty, tangy cum as I let it linger briefly on my tongue, savoring the flavor before I started hungrily swallowing every last drop. I suddenly wanted every bit of his cum!

After I had pretty much cleaned him up, he suddenly pulled back.

“Next up,” he said and then disappeared into the darkness.

Before I could stand up, another guy stepped forward, and his hand slipped to the back of my head urging me forward. I quickly reached up in the darkness grasping his buttocks and pulling him to me as I let his semi-erect dick slide into my mouth. I was certain this guy was black too, but I had no idea who it was and I really didn't care at that moment. My only thought was making him cum, which hardly took me two minutes. His dick wasn't as big as Nelson's but his load was every bit as huge. His dick spurted thick gobs of his hot cum into the back of my throat.

He must have been nervous about getting caught, because seconds after he came, he pulled away and disappeared without a word, leaving me kneeling there on the floor hoping for more. My dick was fully erect again, and I was still very aroused and ready for another dick, but there were no other guys in the shower room.

I quickly jerked off beneath the shower and I swear I saw stars when I came!

Feelings of guilt and regret were already seeping in before I climbed back into my bunk. I lay awake a long time considering the ramifications of what I had done. My secret was certainly out. At least three guys knew the real truth about me, and I knew instinctively that those three would be talking. My worse fear was that word would now spread and either I'd get beaten up by some of the fag haters or reported to one of the drill sergeants. Either way I would be outed and my career in the military would be over before it really even got started. I almost resolved myself to the fact I wasn't going to make it through basic training. Surely, there was no place in the Army for guys like me.

The next morning my butt was still burning and underwear wet from cum leaking from inside of my ass, reminding me that what happen in the shower wasn't a dream and I had been fucked by one of the members of my platoon. I wanted to think I was as masculine as the next guy, but I wasn't feeling so manly anymore, and I knew no normal guy would ever let himself get fucked like that. What made it even worse was that I really liked it. I wasn't too keen on the idea of being labeled as a fag, but after what happened last night, I was even having trouble continuing to deny what my sexual urges were telling me.

The MP

The characters in this story are fictional although the inspiration came from real conversations. Please always practice safe sex. Feedback on the story is always appreciated.

Ethan stood by his military pickup, which was parked behind the small storage building; partially hidden from sight. He was waiting to catch any soldier trying to sneaking back on base late from leave or AWOL (absent without leave). The punishment for infractions was harsh and he was good at catching them. The men and women had been using this partially hidden entrance for years and he was tired of it. His commanding officer had been on his ass for the past few months to catch the guilty soldiers and today he was ready to catch one. Ethan knew his promotion to a Major probably hinged on a few good arrests over the next few months and he liked being an MP.

Ethan saw a man squeezing through the fence opening in the distance and take a look around; to see if he had been observed. The soldier ran cautiously forward and up the embankment and then ran across the wet field, dampened by the earlier rain. Ethan gunned the pickup forward and towards an intercept with the soldier, who now changed course to avoid the advancing pickup. Ethan stopped the pickup and raced from the vehicle, launching himself as he tackled the soldier and wrestled with him on the ground. Ethan managed to subdue the soldier and put handcuffs on him, but both men now soaking wet and muddy from the tussle.

“Get your sorry ass up soldier,” commanded Ethan as he helped the man stand up and then he added, “March to the truck.”

Ethan followed the man to the truck where he placed the shackled hands on the hood and began to frisk the man, looking for any weapon. The young man was Hispanic and probably about 25 years old. He had short military haircut and was less than 6 feet tall.

“Okay, what do you have to say for yourself soldier?” asked Ethan after he had finished the frisk, both men still dripping wet.

“Sorry Captain, I was just trying to get back to my unit on time,” came his reply.

“Don’t think you are going to make it on time tonight soldier,” came Ethan’s gruff response and then added “And who the fuck are you?”

“My ID is in my right hip pocket Sir,” came the response.

Ethan extracted the military ID card from the pocket and looked at it.

“Fucking marine,” said Ethan as he looked at the ID card.

The base was a shared base in that there were Navy, Marine Corp and Army personnel on the post and the marine’s id showed that indeed he was Lt. Jose Hernandez USMC.

“So what for yourself Ethan.

“Was just my unit Sir little late. So short cut Sir,”

“Yeah, your be real late gruff reply

“You know you are sneaking in through this gate is illegal and I am going to bust you for it.”

“Fuck Sir, I didn’t mean to do anything wrong, I just needed to get in before I was AWOL,” replied the agitated Marine.

“Your going to go to the brig Marine, so get your ass in the back of the truck. I am not letting you climb in the front and get my cab all filthy,” ordered Ethan as he opened the tailgate and pushed the Marine into the back of the open pickup.

The Marine lay down in the back and Ethan climbed in the front, where he was glad for the heat that blew from the vents. It had turned cool after they had gotten wet and the sun was falling quickly. Ethan put the truck in gear and headed towards the main road. A couple of minutes later he pulled in front of a unit and shut the truck off. He walked towards the back of the pickup and lowered the tailgate and dragged the Marine out and upright.

...You are going to have to pull the skin back and point it...

do you have to say lieutenant?” asked

trying to be back to and was running a I decided to take a came the quick reply.

sorry ass is going to now,” came Ethan’s and then he added,

"I am going to change my clothes and you are going to wait inside while I do that," said Ethan as he pushed the Marine towards the door.

"What the fuck place is this?" blurted out the Marine.

"This is my BOQ and you are going to wait inside while I change uniforms," said Ethan.

"I am not going to go into your quarters," said the Marine and then asked, "How stupid do you think I am?"

"What do you think is going to happen to you Marine?" asked Ethan curtly and then added as he grasped the Marine around the neck, "And you will address me as Sir, you fucking jarhead."

"Well Sir," replied the Marine arrogantly and then added, "This is not the brig and don't know what the fuck is going on here."

"What do you think is going on here you fucking jarhead," came Ethan's response and then added, "You think somebody is going to attack your ass in my house."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Ethan as he looked down at the young man's uniform covered ass.

"Your fucking pissing me off jarhead," said Ethan as he pushed the young marine through the open door.

"I have to pee," said the Marine and then asked, "Can I use the head?"

"Down the hall and first door on right," said Ethan as he pointed in the direction.

The Marine walked down the hall, tracking mud as he went. Ethan looked at the mess and then ran down the hall after him.

"You are making a mess in my house you fucking jarhead," yelled Ethan towards the Marine.

Ethan stepped into the bathroom and confronted the Marine, standing in front of the toilet with his hands cuffed behind his back.

"Your sorry ass is going to pay for all this mess," said Ethan to the quiet Marine.

“A little help?” asked the Marine.

“What, you think I am going to whip your dick out for you jarhead. For all I care you can pee on yourself,” said Ethan.

“I can’t do anything with these cuffs on Sir,” said the Marine.

“Fuck,” said Ethan as he reached around to the front of the Marine and unclasped his belt and pulled his pants down.

The young Marine was wearing a jockstrap and Ethan could see his cock prominently in the front of the heavily piss stained pouch.

“Don’t you fucking Marines ever change your shorts?” asked Ethan.

“I was on leave and didn’t have a chance to do laundry Sir,” came the response from the Marine, a little more respectful this time.

Ethan kneeled down and pulled down the waist strap on the jock and the young Marine’s uncut cock bounced loose. The cock looked to be half erect and had a pair of heavy nuts hanging down; surrounded by a nest of heavy black pubic hair. The foreskin still covered the tip of the cock, although it was partially erect.

“You are going to have to pulled the skin back and point it or I will pee all over the floor,” said the Marine.

“I am not touching your fucking cock,” replied Ethan.

“Then I am going to pee all over your floor,” said the Marine.

“If you do Marine you will be licking it up off the floor,” said Ethan and he reared up and grasped the Marine by the neck again.

Ethan had his face within inches of the Marine and could swear he saw a smile come to the younger man’s face.

“Something amuse you jarhead?” asked Ethan.

“Provost Marshall might have something to say about all this,” replied the Marine.

“You fucking jarhead prick,” replied Ethan as he pushed the Marine to the side and into the open shower. The Marine fell to the tiled floor, barely catching himself with his cuffed hands. He rolled onto his back with his pants and jockstrap partially down his thighs and

most of his body in the shower.

“Now you can piss all over yourself,” said Ethan as he looked down at the Marine.

“And I will get you started,” came a quick retort from Ethan as he stepped over the Marine and pulled out his own uncut cock and aimed it at the Marine. It was only a few seconds and Ethan started urinating on the young man’s cock and then repositioned his aim for the already yellow stained jockstrap.

“Here is a little more stain for you jarhead,” said Ethan as he intentionally soaked the jockstrap in his piss.

Ethan finally stopped his piss stream and pulled his foreskin back and forth a few times and shock off the excess.

“Fuck jarhead, lick it clean,” said Ethan as he knelt down and shoved his cock into the open mouth of the young Marine.

The Marine gasped and sputtered a few seconds before Ethan withdrew his cock and stood over the young man.

“Strip your ass down and get cleaned up. I will show you how water works jarhead,” said Ethan as he watched the Marine rise up and roll onto his side.

“My hands are cuffed you prick,” yelled the Marine.

Ethan knelt down and unlocked the handcuffs off the young man.

“I will be right here, so don’t try anything,” said Ethan.

Ethan started stripping down his wet clothes until he stood over the Marine who had only removed his boots so far and struggled with his wet pants and piss soaked jockstrap. The Marine wrung them out in the shower and then removed his shirt, exposing his hairy olive skinned body. The two men looked at each other and then Ethan pushed the Marine into the shower and then stepped in.

“You had better behave jarhead and we can both get cleaned up,” said Ethan.

“What the fuck you want me to do, scrub your back Sir?” asked the Marine.

“You had better not drop the soap jarhead,” came the quick response from Ethan.

Both men scrubbed their bodies with the soap and washcloth; trying to remove the rain and mud. Their clothes bunched up on the wet tiled floor.

Ethan watched the Marine as he stepped from the shower and handed him a towel. Soon both men were dry but still naked; the Marine’s cock still partially erect.

“Are you fucking queer boy? Your cock is been hard this entire time, fucking Marine,” asked Ethan.

“No Sir, not queer Sir,” replied the Marine.

“You marines like to get ass fucked don’t you?” asked Ethan as he leaned in towards the younger man. Ethan still stood a couple inches over Jose and used it to his advantage.

“No Sir, never been ass fucked before Sir,” came the Marines’ response.

“Now you are paying me a little more respect, aren’t you jarhead?” asked Ethan.

“Sorry Sir, no disrespect Sir. You had me scared before Sir,” replied Jose.

“What are you scared about Marine?” asked Ethan.

“Getting written up for AWOL Sir, I will do anything to keep from going to the brig Sir,” said Jose with fear in his voice.

“If I told you to suck my cock, would you do it Marine?” commanded Ethan.

“I am not queer Sir,” replied Jose.

“You don’t sound too convincing on that jarhead,” responded Ethan and then added, “You Marines are always fucking each other from what I hear.”

“If you get sent to the brig, you are going to be sucking cock there Marine,” responded Ethan and then added, “Here at least it is just mine.”

Ethan stepped in front the young man and gently pushed his head down until he was eye level with his erect cock. The idea of the young Marine sucking his cock had quickly caused an erection and the warm mouth was soon working on his uncut cock.

“That mouth has been wrapped around a cock before,” said Ethan in encouragement as Jose worked his throbbing cock.

Ethan let Jose work on his cock for a few minutes until the sensation of a climax began to build. He then pulled the younger mans mouth off and commanded him to stand up.

“You can now lick my ass for a while Marine. I like to have my asshole rimmed and you are going to do it,” said Ethan to the amazed Marine.

“You said if I sucked your cock I wouldn’t go to the brig Sir,” said Jose.

“And you might not,” said Ethan and then added, “But it will take a lot more than a quick cock sucking to keep your ass out of the brig.”

Ethan walked into his bedroom and turned on the lamp. He positioned himself over the edge of the bed and exposed his ass to the younger man.

“Eat my ass jarhead,” commanded Ethan.

Jose knelt down behind Ethan and began to run his tongue into the senior officers hairy ass crack. Jose had often wondered what an ass looked like and was pleasantly surprised at the experience. Jose had not had sex for a few days and the excitement actually aroused him. He pulled Ethan’s ass cheeks further apart and ran his tongue in deeper than he would ever have imagined him doing. Occasionally he reached down and stroked his own cock, dripping pre-cum and rock hard in excitement.

“You are pretty good at that jarhead,” said Ethan and then added, “Now suck on my balls and dick again.”

Jose was still on his knees and gently sucked the man’s hairy balls into his mouth and worked on the dripping cock. He gently nibbled on the foreskin, knowing how much he liked that done on his own uncut cock. The taste was slightly bitter, but not unlike

his own precum; which he had tasted before. Jose had found it erotic licking his own cum from his hand, having to jerk off every few days. Jose had not told Ethan this, but he found the smell of urine erotic, hence the piss stained jock. The jockstrap had been worn and pissed on intentionally; sniffing them frequently when he masturbated.

“Stay on your knees jarhead,” commanded Ethan as he rolled over and pushed his cock towards Jose’s mouth again.

“Feed on it jarhead,” said Ethan as Jose leaned back in and started sucking his cock again. Ethan let him work on it for a few minutes until the urge to climax started building again.

“I have a new place for you jarhead,” said Ethan and then added, “On your back now and show me that hot marine pussy of yours.”

“Fucking me isn’t part of our agreement,” said Jose in protest.

“Me fucking you or your bunkmate in the brig fucking you, which will it be?” asked Ethan and then said, “And that is Sir to you fuckhead.”

Jose lay back on the bed and raise his legs like he knew what to expect. He grabbed his ankles and presented an exposed hairy asshole for Ethan.

“You been in this position before?” asked Ethan.

“No Sir, not queer Sir,” replied Jose.

Ethan had been in this position before and liked it. He had fucked numerous marines before and always loved his big cock stuffed in their tight asses. Nothing quite had the feel of a tight submissive marine taking his thrusts as he drilled his cock in their ass. The marines always grunted and took the fucking and Ethan knowing that some actually liked it.

Ethan reached over and took a tube of lube from the drawer and spread some on the winking hole of the Marine. He rubbed some lube around his finger and began probing the tender hole. He knew if he injured the Marine, there would be hell to pay; so preparing the tight ass was important. Jose seemed to taking the anal probing well and surprising quickly relaxed and so Ethan moved forward. Standing at the edge of the bed, he lubed up his

own big cock and then gently pushed the cock into the jarhead's ass.

The marine grunted at the invasion and after a few seconds Ethan felt the head pass thru his anal ring and the resistance slackened. Another minute passed while Ethan fed the jarhead the rest of his cock and soon his pubes were grinding against the marine's ass.

"You like having a man invade your ass don't you Marine?" asked Ethan.

"Ooh rah Sir," replied Jose.

"You know I love being in your ass," said Ethan as he bent down and kissed Jose on the lips.

Ethan and Jose had played out this scenario before and found it exciting to come up with new ideas and twists.

"And that is why I keep coming back to you," said Jose as he smiled at his lover.

Ethan fucked his jarhead for the next ten minutes before he could not hold back any further. Jose had been fucked by Ethan enough times to know when his lover was getting ready to cum; and so it was that they came together again tonight. Ethan pumped a heavy load of cum into Jose's ass and Jose shot a huge load of cum from his own cock. As Ethan gently pulled his slippery cock from Jose's ass; he pulled the young man into his arms and kissed him.

"Can you stay the night?" asked Ethan.

"You know I will," replied Jose.

"Good," said Ethan as he never wanted to let go of the jarhead in his arms.

You are never too old to masturbate.



Jazz

I lightly knock on your door and wait. You knock back and I know to enter. I open the door and you are standing a few steps inside. We don't speak, I walk towards you and drop to my knees, feeling you place your hand on top of my head.

I run my hands up the legs of your jeans, rubbing and gripping your thighs as I work towards your groin, massaging your cock through the denim and feeling it grow as your hand fondles my hair. I undue your jeans, pulling down the zipper feeling your swollen cock pressing back against fabric providing some resistance. I grip your jeans at the waist and slide them down exposing your throbbing cock. I move my face closer, giving the head of your cock soft kisses with my puckered lips as it bounces up and down from your racing pulse. The tip of my tongue making an appearance to give the tip a little lick wondering if there will be a drop your manliness awaiting me to taste. My head moves closer, running the tip of my tongue down your shaft tracing every engorged vein, lightly grasping your cock to raise it so I can softly suck on your heavy balls. I run my tongue back up your throbbing shaft to the head, and take you inside my mouth, working further and further toward your manly bush, my nose tickled by your pubic hair.

I slowly slide my mouth off your cock with a suction-sound, stand up and lead you by your hand to your chair where you comfortably sit down.

My hands massage your thighs as you spread your legs wide exposing your erect manhood and full balls for me to drain.

Pappa Has Needs

By EroticallyWritten

These days I feel sex is best between two who truly are interested in each other, and have chemistry beyond any lustful encounter that involves love, affection and trust. I also feel some folks don't give a damn about all that, and just need a good nut from time to time.

"This might seem a bit far fetched, but can you stop by my place, for a bit," Allen asked, as he needed a good nut.

Allen called me after we initiated contact via Grindr some months prior, as we flirted and talked dirty, but could never lock down a time to get together due to schedules (me being a marketing manager for a major grocery chain, and he being a retired police officer, always busy with the grandkids).

"I need it bad, but I can never be alone when I'm at my horniest moments," he said to me. "I'd love to ride that fat cock right about now."

We just teased each other daily, then one Saturday as we both were on our couches watching college football, he threw a curve at me when he invited me over.

"Its been six years since I've been fucked, and that includes with a dildo," he stated. "I need it bad. Just stop by, open me up, I'll make you cum, and you can be on your way, before Martha comes back."

Martha was his wife that I was confident wouldn't approve of some big, Puerto Rican mandingo cock splitting her partner like a banana, but the way his voice broke over the phone in requesting me to pay a visit, football could wait, as I just wanted my cock to touchdown inside his anus.

"Lemme shower, and I'll be over within an hour," I told him, right after he sent the address.

"No, come shower here, I want to wash your gorgeous body, man," he told me. "And I'm already naked, cleaned out and lubed, you just bring that caramel colored tool to me, on the double!"

I put on my Crocs, my shades and headed to the garage to fire up my Corvette and zip cross town to his place. The weather was perfect, as it was a good 64 degrees, with sunny, blue skies, and not a drop of precipitation in sight. I made it to his place in 20 minutes, as he called me right as I pulled out front.

“Driveway,” he said.

I did as asked, then parked and ran inside as he had the front door open. He was behind the door, his hairy, dad bod in the buff as he was ready for business. He reeked of Cool Water cologne, and heated lust, as he pushed the door closed to get down to business.

“She’s gonna be gone for a few hours, so we have time. How are you,” he asked.

“Horny,” I responded, alluding to my pointed cock that pushed through my jogging pants.

He didn’t say another word before yanking down my pants to stroke my cock, looking down and smiling as if it was his favorite Christmas present.

“Its all yours,” I said.

He liked the sound of that, as he bowed to his knees and began doing me right behind the door, hungrily locking on to my manhood with his jaws, slipping and sliding me on and off his tongue. I tried putting my right hand at the back of his head, and he moved it, showing he didn’t need “guidance,” as he even deep throated me.

“Oh, I don’t need help,” he said. “Not even a heads up when you blast off.”

He gave oral for another five minutes until I had to peel him off of me, for he had me ready to cum.

“I need to fuck that ass,” I said.

“Yes you do,” he whispered. “Let’s go into the bedroom.”

He got up then walked down the hall from the living room as I followed, and undressed. He had a sling set up in the room, and he’d climb in after grabbing a tube of lubricant from his dresser.

"You know how long I been wanting to put this thing together," he asked.

He bought it after the last time he was fucked, but daily life events got in the way of using it. He was psyched to climb in, as the masculine, six foot two, 250 lb. bear, with hairy, pink nipples and a beer belly, turned into a submissive bitch overnight. "Put some of that on your cock, then my pussy," he said. I hated that word for ANY part of a man's body, but it seemed to fit this occasion as I did as directed, sliding in my thick, nine inch rod after to see his hole stretch and struggle, as he was tight, yet warm, like a pussy.

"Oh man. That's a lot of cock," he wailed. "Oh, Dennis."

He wouldn't reject me, but I could tell he was in pain as I slowly jammed him. He clenched his teeth with my thrust, with the end result of my hairy base touching his hole's edge.

"Not big enough," I asked sarcastically.

"Fuck man," he said, with a chuckle. "Just don't pull out. Let me get used to it."

I kept it inside, filling up and catching his pulse as I was that deep. The lips of that ass caressed my shaft as he slowly started to open up. I rubbed his little, soft cock, as it leaked precum, then he moaned.

"Don't stroke it. Oh God, I'll cum all over the place," he said.

I pondered if Martha touched her undersexed husband, as he made that statement and made me wonder how often he climaxed. Allen was 64, yet clearly his libido was through the roof and it didn't take much for him to shake a hot load. I pulled out of him a little and the precum spit out of his cock, as he held on to the stanchions of the sling.

"Someone's excited," I said.

"Oh, if only you knew how that felt," he responded.

"This," I asked, pushing back inside and making him leak some more.

He winced as I dipped back in, giving him a harder thrust as now I was sure he was used to me. I pulled out again, all the way out, as

his hole “burped” as a reaction.

“You’re gonna send me to heaven with that thing,” he said.

That ass was officially open, and i began the plugging going back and forth with long, deep strokes, making the sling squeak, and him shriek as I kept finding his g-spot. I didn’t need to pound him, for the easy movements felt good on my cock and essentially his ass from what I saw and heard. He was reintroduced to how cock felt again, and with each tap of that prostate he wanted more, as he creamed from inside and outside, his soft cock drooling as it rolled back and forth.

“Oh baby, don’t you stop,” he ordered.

“Oh, right there.”

I was enjoying plowing him, as Allen showed signs of relief each time he caught an orgasm, his man pussy milking every third stroke, and me feeling it with his ass’ hard pulls.

“You got some good ass, man. A shane we didn’t link sooner,” I said to him.

I sped it up a little, and he’d moan louder as I went deeper, harder. He whined like the bitch he was as I stepped up the pace, hitting his spot and getting him off like never before.

“Thereyagooooo,” I grunted. “Look at that nutty hole. Take this dick, baby.”

I pounded him harder, then started jerking his cock as he kept releasing precum.

“Oh Dennis, no no no, please,” he begged.

“But what about me,” I asked. “I want to cum.”

“I wanna cum, but not yet,” he cried out.

He begged for me to stop jerking him, but I was ignoring him as I was getting close and wanted him to release with me. I banged him even harder and he’d cry out, then screamed as he blew his load into the air, and I filled him up with mine.

“Uffff, oh mannnnn,” he winced. “Your cum is like fire!”

I'd pull out and he kept every ounce, with his hole looking like he had a golf ball inside as I left that much nut.

"Kiss me, please," he asked.

I would, as I reached down and gave him a smooch while I was all sweaty, then exchanging tongues in a lustful moment. Allen got more than a nut; he received an entire tree.

"I'm so glad you came over. You just tied me over for ANOTHER six years," he joked.

I raised up to help him out of the sling, then he put on a robe as I got dressed, right before he escorted me to the front door.

As I pulled out of the driveway, I could see a car pull out front, and a woman get out as she had bags in one hand, and the hand of a toddler in the other. I assumed it was Martha and one of the grandkids, and I prayed he "cleaned up" any evidence before they walked through that door.



Narratophilia

nar•ra•to•phil•ia

The attraction to words,
sometimes obscene

Forced To Shoot

When I was a teenager, I often hung out at the public outdoor-pool in the summer. The place was always packed, chicks everywhere, and it never took long before my dick got heavy. It had totally grown out of proportion in the past year and even though I liked that I was also very aware that there was no way I could hide a hardon in my trunks any more. So I did what I always did: I showered and then went in to one of the toilet stalls to beat off.

This time, while I was in the middle of working my bone, I suddenly realized that there was a dude checking me out from above. He was standing on the toilet in the stall next to mine, and he had a full view of what I was doing.

I stopped stroking, of course, thinking that he'll go away now that he was found out. But he didn't. He just stood there, staring down at me.

Now, going to the stall straight from the showers, I hadn't grabbed my towel nor my shorts. With nothing to cover myself - and my cock hard as marble - leaving the stall was not an option. Embarrassed and ashamed, I sat there for a minute or so, hoping that my erection would go down.

As I waited, the man could study every inch of my birthday-suit. And he did. My long, smooth legs; my hairless stomach; my small, stiff nipples; my well developed arms; my penis, a boy's but already bigger than many men's - all of it was laid out for his eager looks.

After what felt like an eternity of me trying to think unsexy thoughts and the dude not moving I felt totally confused. I couldn't leave; he wouldn't leave. If this would've happened today I would just have told him to fuck off, but then I was thirteen and he was an adult. I was kind of intimidated by him. Never had I felt so exposed as sitting there, throbbing dick in hand, unable to get away from his eyes. And the more he stared, the harder my bone seemed to get. I didn't understand why.

Mortified, I slowly realized that the only way to get my dick to go down would be to shoot a load. There was no other way, or I'd sit there forever with that man checking me out. So I started stroking again. Reluctantly. It felt so weird having a stranger watch me do it, but I didn't have a choice. To be able to ever leave the stall, I was forced to stimulate my penis to ejaculation in front of this man's prying eyes whether I wanted it or not.

While stroking, I looked up every now and then, and he was still there - saying nothing, just watching. My dick was almost fully grown at that age, well over eight inches, and against my slim body it didn't just look big - but huge. The head and the shaft was all shiny of precum and the veins were popping; the nuts swinging in their sack for every beat. It took probably ten to fifteen minutes for me to cum, because while the man's presence gave me a strange thrill it also made me nervous. I tried to think of some of the chicks I'd just seen by the pool, but all I could concentrate on was his eyes scanning my body and genitals. His vantage point was perfect, I couldn't hide anything from him.

When I finally came, my cock exploded. My whole body began shaking and I leaned back on the commode, shooting all the way up my chest. Afterward, I was in a daze. Dick still throbbing, I just laid there for a few minutes, not even aware if the man was still looking.

When I came to, I discovered there was no toilet paper in the stall and I had to wipe my chest, stomach and dick best I could with my hands. It was messy and embarrassing, but the dude seemed to enjoy watching me try to get clean. My dick stayed rock-hard while I did this and for a second I thought I would be forced to shoot another load to make it go down. But I waited and waited, and eventually it began to go limp.

When I left the stall it was still swollen, swinging like a heavy pendulum between my thighs as I walked through the shower room. It must have been pretty obvious for everyone what I'd just done on the can, but there was nothing I could do about it. The man came out of his stall soon after and continued watching me as I showered. The fact that he again stared me down when I couldn't get away kind of sent shivers down my spine and made the blood rapidly pump towards my cock. I hurried up, put my trunks on and wrapped a towel around me.

The strange thrill of being exposed against my will has stayed with me ever since. I've felt it in the Army's communal showers, during doctors' visits and even while being strip-searched after an arrest. It's humiliating and embarrassing, but it makes my cock grow heavy every time.

Minotaur Man

By Orlirz

I had been imprisoned for attempting to kill Caesar. I was to be sentenced in the morning. I sat in my stone cell waiting for the dawn. I had been betrayed by Cervious, someone I thought my friend. But now I'm here waiting to die. The early evening came and I heard the cell door opening. A large guard came in to give me my food. He was massive, about 6'4" and muscular. His large thighs were covered in dark fur. I gazed up at him. He had a ruggedly handsome face under his full beard. His large arms crossed as he watched me. I ate quickly knowing that he may pull it away from me at any time. But I kept finding myself looking at his powerful form. Those sumptuous legs beckoned at me. I wanted to touch him so desperately. To have one last moment of pleasure before death came. He sensed my desire as he watched me. He pulled my food away.

"No more for you, for you die tomorrow" He growled.

I grabbed at his arm to reach for the food. It knocked him off balance. He fell over the skirt that covered his loins pulled up and I saw a large lump in garments. I fell on him, my face landing at his upper thigh. The rough hair raked at my face. I looked up to see the large mass pulse. I was about to grab for it when he pulled away from me. He hit me and pushed me down again.

"Touch a roman guard will you" He growled. "When I come back later I will teach you a lesson boy." With that he picked up the plate and walked out closing the door behind him.

About 3 hours later I was starting to fall asleep on the fur rug below me when the guard came back. He flung open the door, and quickly grabbed me. He lifted his garment and shove my face in his groin. I could smell the sweat rising off his crotch.

"This is what you desired scum. Now take it" He growled.

He ground my face into his pouch for several moments. I felt his dick harden and it rubbed my face. He pushed me back onto the rug. Removed his uniform and stood before me. He was a masterpiece of a man. His big strong chest covered in the dark hair that was on his legs. He came close to me and pulled my face

to his pouch again. Then he lifted the hem of it up and his huge equipment fell out. He was utterly massive.

“Open your mouth or I’ll smash your face” He yelled.

I did as he commanded. He slid the large head of his shaft into my mouth. His taste was strong and unclean. He drove his huge tool into my throat, pulling on the back of my head to dig it in deeper.

His heavy balls hit my chin as his cock was fed down all the way into my throat.

“Eat my shaft boy” He grunted as he pulled back and slammed down my throat again.

The pungent taste began to excite me. I reached for my own shaft and pulled it from my robe. I stroked myself to match his pushing his large dick into my mouth. My tongue licked and drooled about his enlarged head. I slurped him deeply into my hungry throat. His balls continued to hit my chin.

“Ugh, Ugh, Ugh, Ugh” moaning sounds came from him.

“Yes. That feels ever so good. You would make a wonderful slave”

His body began to twitch as I lavished his cock with my tongues love. Then he pulled out abruptly.

“We need to stop or I’ll explode in your mouth.”

“Yes” I shrieked. “I want to taste your seed master”

“No” he growled. “I must rut you like an animal”

He pushed me down on my back and lifted my legs up. He lowered his face to my hole.

“I must have your anus boy” he said.

With that he stuck his tongue out and lick my ass hole. The wet slab of meat pushed into my chute. I shrieked from the pleasure as he began to eat at my ass. His bearded face raking at the tender hole drove me utterly mad. I reached for his head and held him down on me.

“MMMM. Yes master. Feast on my hungry hole. Please” I begged.

I grabbed my dick again and pumped hard to milk my balls. I

twitched on his face as he drilled his tongue deep in my ass.

“UGGHH, oh yes, UGHH”

Then he pulled off and lifted my legs over his shoulders. He looked down at me with lustful eyes.

“Take my shaft boy” he growled.

I looked down to see his 10 inch cock ready to pierce me. It was so thick and it glistened from spit. Then I felt his heavy club push at my chute. He pulled on my legs and slammed down hard into me.

“AAAWWWWW” I groaned as his cock sunk deep into me. He didn’t stop until he hit my button, as he smashed into my button, his head flexed on it. That was my trigger. I gripped my shaft hard and by body shook violently in orgasm.

“OH my Caesar, I’m going to explode. Oh by the Gods. Here I go” I screamed.

My cum shot out several feet into the air. Some flew over my head, and some hit my face. This excited him as he pulled on my body and began to fuck me madly. I looked up at him. He plowed his gut crusher into me like an animal, quick jabbing thrusts in and out my aching hole. As my body stopped shaking I grabbed his strong arms and pulled him down to me, his arms on the floor on each side of me. He continued to pump his heavy dick furiously at my ass, my ass walls stretching to accommodate his thickening shaft. I felt full inside from his thick cock. I pulled myself up and began to kiss and nibble at his hairy brute chest. He was sweating profusely now. I could taste it on him. I wrapped my arms around his large torso as I worshipped his upper body. My dick rubbed against his furry body, creating an intense friction on it.

“YES my master. Take me now. I belong to you.”

He grunted his responses. “MMPH, Ugh, Ugh, MMph”

“Yes father of my lust. Crush at my love button. Shatter it with you member”

He picked up the pace. His arms slid under me as he held me on his big shaft. His large balls slapped against my aching ass repeatedly. The slapping noises filling my empty room. I felt my cock stiffen again as he kept hitting my prostate. He continued to push into me

for the next 20 minutes.

“This hole is making me delirious” He shouted.

My cock rubbed against his furry gut. I was coming close to another blissful orgasm. I needed not touch myself from the feeling of the wiry hair on his massive body. Then my body tensed again. I was about to shoot another load. My balls began to erupt again. This caused my ass walls to clamp down on his thick cock, squeezing down on his shaft.

“AAIIIEE” I shrieked. “I’m shooting again”

He reared up and slammed down into me. My ass walls raked along every inch of his big dick forcing him to join me in orgasm, he shook ever so violently.

“AAARRRGGGHHHHH” He cried. “UMMMH, UGGHHH, UGGHHH”

He bucked madly into me as he came. I felt the first fiery bullet tear into me. It hit my button, burning at it like molten lava. He continued to pump my chute as he unloaded a dozen volleys into me. I bit down on his furry nipple as my orgasm continued. Mine subsided as his continued. He drowned my insides with his precious seed.

After several moments he stopped. He slowed and hugged me. Then he pressed his lips to mine, and kissed me.

“You are an incredible lover” He said lightly.

He kissed me again. Then he rolled off me and lay there on the rug. Panting and catching his breath. I crawled up onto him and kissed his big chest.

“What’s your name my master?” I asked.

“Brutus” He answered. “And you my lover?”

“I am Joshua my master” I continued. “Tis a shame I am to die tomorrow. I would wish to be your slave if you would have me sir”

As I looked at his handsome face, he nodded off to sleep. I lay there with him for an hour. Then when I knew he was totally asleep. I crawled up off him and made my escape in walked out my cell and snuck out. I found some clothes drying on a string and

changed. I walked right out the city and left forever.

I had been walking for days it seemed, finding it hard to find food. But I ate what ever small animals or even bugs that crossed my path, the hills and forests surrounding me. Then I came to a clearing. There was a large cave before me. I figured to stay the night there. I walked in and saw human bones. At first I was afraid, but thought better just to stay here. I walked over to a small rise in the cave, climbed up and fell to sleep there. The morning came quickly as I woke to the sounds of heavy foot steps. Then I heard a man scream below.

“No. please let me go.” He shrieked.

I looked down to see the fairly large chunky man was being dragged into the cave by a huge beast of some sort. The monster was almost 9 feet tall. It had the body of a man and the head of a bull, albeit the body was incredibly built. The man’s body it had was huge. He had giant arms and a massive chest that was covered in a lustrous fur. He legs were like tree trunks and he had hooves instead of feet. His lower body was covered in a large draping loin cloth made of animal skins. I found myself almost aroused by the sight of the beast. He dragged the man into the depths of the caves. I ducked my head when the beast stopped. He looked around and sniffed at the air.

“Gads, could he smell me” I thought. He looked about for another moment. Snorted and walked into the cave. I crawled down from my stoop and was about to leave when I heard the man scream again. Then I heard the beast speak, a low guttural roar.

“Silence slave” He growled. “You will now pleasure me”.....





The Plug

By DDL

My lover, Gary, is an ass-man, and it's my ass he's crazy about. When we first got together, Gary told me two things. One, my ass should always be clean, and two, it should always be open and ready for his cock. Keeping it clean was easy, sitting on the stick a couple times a day took care of that, but keeping it open was a problem. Gary thought about it, then bought me a butt-plug, and a mini-douche: a small syringe, sort of like a squeeze catsup bottle. "Put this in before you leave the house in the morning," he said, holding up the plug, "and only take it out to shit. And then douche. Understand?" I nodded.

The first day I wore the plug was a trip. Gary greased me up after my morning shower, and slid the fuckin thing in. The tapering cone hurt like hell going in, stretching my ass to the max, but I took it, spreading open around it's thickness. The stem, the part that keeps it in place was easy. I just cinched up around it, pushing it deep into my gut. "Now, remember," Gary said before leaving for work, "Only take it out to shit." I nodded again. (I nodded a lot when I was with Gary.)

Gary works construction, he's a hunk and a half, dark and swarthy with a dick of death, and I'm still in school, attending Northeastern. The train ride to the campus nearly got me off, the constant click-clack of the train on the tracks, making my gut quiver around the plug in my ass. Gary's words rang in my head as I stepped off the train, "Only take it out to shit."

The first couple of days everything was fine. I'd got used to the plug without too much discomfort. On the third day, during my second period class, my stomach started to rumble. It was so loud that Joey Thomas, my nearest neighbor looked over, and smiled. The pain was intense. If I didn't get to the head now, butt plug or no butt plug, I was going to explode.

I thanked God when the bell rang, signaling the end of the period. I dashed, like a madman, out of the room, flew down the corridor, shoved open the john door, praying that there was an empty stall--there was--and locked myself inside. I squatted, and pushed the plug out, then sat on the hopper. Amid a flurry of farts, and sighs, but no shit, I noticed the glory hole. It was huge, about the size of my head, and there was movement on the other side.

I blushed, thinking what an eyeful that guy must have gotten, then did a quick douche, and flushed. I pulled a jar of lube from my knap-sack, and re-greased my hole, preparing it for the plug.

A handsome, blond face suddenly appeared in the opening. "Hey, help. Let me slide it said moving back looked through the was he gorgeous; with nine thick, solid cock sticking up his legs.

...My ass, now used to the daily invasion, opened, and swallowed it...

I figured, what the fuck, he sat through the whole performance, he might as well help ring down the curtain. "Yeah, if you want. You can slide this baby back in for me," I said, holding up the obscenely pink plug. He reached through the hole and grabbed it by its base. I put a foot up on the hopper, turning my backside to the hole. He pressed the tip of it against my ass, and pushed. My ass, now used to the daily invasion, opened, and swallowed it, forcing little moans of pain-pleasure from my lips. "Holy shit," he groaned, "I've never seen an ass open up like that before." He toyed with me, fucking me with the plug, before finally shoving it in all the way. "Meet me outside," he said.

When I came out of the stall, he was by the sinks, washing his

hands. "That was wild," he said, "You wear that all the time?" I told him the whole story, about Gary, and why he got it for me. "Drop your pants again. I want to take another look." I did, he pushed on the plug, punching on the base, fucking it in deeper. "Meet me here tomorrow? Same time. I want to help put it back in again, okay?" I took another look at him, and agreed, saying, "But that's all. You can only help me put it in." "Scout's honor," he said holding two crossed fingers up in a mock scout's salute.

That night, while Gary rode my ass like a cowboy rides a bronco, I thought about my helpful blond. I wanted him to do more than just a little help with my latex pal, I wanted him to do what Gary was doing to me, knocking the wind out of me with his cock.

The next day, the blond was by the sinks when I came in. "Look," he said, "I run the audio-visual department. Why don't we go up there? It will be safer." I reminded him that all he could do was help, but deep down I hoped he try more, much more.

Upstairs after closing, and locking the storage room door behind us, he said, "Now, let's see that wild, little ass, baby." I kicked off my sneakers, and stepped out of my jeans, leaving my T-shirt on. He bent me over the desk, and slowly pulled the plug out. I felt my asshole distending with it as he pulled it from my gut. My hole stayed open for a second after he had it out, and then clenched closed. I heard a zipper open, I knew what was next, but I didn't stop him.

Gary should have figured something like this was gonna happen, with me in school and all. Someone was bound to notice what I had tucked up my ass.

"Okay, baby. I'm gonna slide it back in. Ready?" I grunted in response, knowing it wasn't the plug he was going to slide up my ass. "Yeah," I groaned, reaching back, and spreading the cheeks of my ass, to make his entry easier. He pressed the spongy head of his cock against the bulls-eye of my asshole, I glanced back, watching him he mount me, watching him push his cock into my hungry hole. "Ahhhh," he groaned, thrusting into me hard, fast, and deep.

His cock, throbbed inside me, draining me of my will, yet filling me with desire. I stretched across the desk and let him take me. The tight friction of flesh against flesh thrilled me as he injected me

with inch after stiff, thick inch of his cock. I was panting, having trouble catching my breath. "Oh, babe," he crooned, "What a fuckin ass you've got. Oh, so tight, so hot. You like my cock up there, babe?" "Yes," I hissed, "Fuck me, stud."

He set a slow, steady pace, plying me with his nine-inch monster. God, I loved it. His skin was wet against mine, the little room was sweltering, both of us were covered in a film of perspiration. In and out, side to side, up and down he went, fucking me anyway he wanted, knowing that I was only too happy to have him on me, and in me. We were one person as long as his thick prong assaulted my ass. I loved it, it made me feel good and bad at the same time.

I don't really know how long we went at it. Time doesn't matter when you're getting laid. Fucking is the only thing on your mind. He pumped me like he was looking for oil, deeper and deeper, harder and harder. I was an oil field, and his cock was a derrick, drilling, drilling, always drilling. The pace quickened, his cock sawing in and out of me at a frantic rate.

Suddenly, in one electric drive, he pumped deep, deeper than he had before, and froze, his whole body taut, and shaking. "Oh god," he groaned, "Oh, babe. I'm gonna do it, I'm gonna blow. Oh take it baby, take my hot, juicy cum-load." I felt his cock nearly double in size, expanding, pulsing, throbbing inside me. Then, wham, the first blast hit me. He held me tightly from behind as he dumped his seed into my gut. I wasn't far behind him, dropping my frothy load on the desktop.

That was the first of many such encounters the blond and I had. Five days a week, we would meet, fuck our brains out, then part until the next time. Gary never knew, never even suspected; every night when he rode my ass, he'd put his lips by my ear and whisper, "Yeah, baby. Love your wide-open ass. Glad I got you the plug?" And I'd honestly answer, "Yes!"

Whoring Out Marshall's Muscle Butt

This is not fiction. But the names are changed...

Marshall, the short, shaved headed sub with the muscle butt I had seen twice before, sent me a text. He'd loved being whored out—and wanted to do it again. We could meet up only in the late afternoon—so we went to the bathhouse that is downtown hoping for end of work day traffic.

I was slightly late as the freeway I was on stopped for an accident. I checked in, found my locker and went up to the room number he had sent me. He's gotten a big double bed room. There were mirrors everywhere and a very large flat screen television playing porn. Marshall greeted me with a big smile on his face—and instantly went to his knees...

I leave the door to the room wide open. I am in a filthy yellow jock and boots, my towel slung over my shoulder. "Get my jock wet." His mouth is right there. He inhales deeply and groans in the back of his throat. Any other man would be stroking himself, but not Marshall. It's all about pleasuring me. He licks the fabric—reinvigorating all the juices left on it: my own, his and so many other mouths and holes which have pressed against it. He groans again and begins chewing on it.

I pull the pouch back and my balls fall into his mouth. My cock is bent at a crazy angle still in the pouch. The fabric stretches obscenely to contain it all. I free it and the shaft slaps against his face. He groans and opens his mouth but waits for my instructions to suck it.

"Take my dick. Deep throat it."

He does. He continues until I pull out and start fucking his face.

"Get up on the bed. All fours. Ass right here. The 'here' is accompanied by the palm of my hand slapping the mattress, right at the edge. He scrambles up and I kneel. It's my turn to inhale the smell of his ass crack—all the light sweat from the exertion and excitement. I dig into his hole with my tongue. Out of the corner of my eye I see two men standing in the doorway—their towels tented.

I stand up and slap my cock against his ass.

“You want this dick in you? Raw?” The last is for the guys watching and who can’t quite see. I know what my boy of the moment wants.

“Yes, Sir!”

I push into the spit filled pucker. One of the guys pushes through the door to get a better look. “Fuck him,” he whispers. He drops his towel and strokes. The other one moves away. The intruder has a nice enough dick. He watches me bottom out and the first pull back. “So hot,” he sighs.

I build up to a good fuck speed. “You want a turn?” This sends him out of the room.

I keep plowing the muscle butt in front of me. Moments later another man (our age, with a good build and short iron grey hair on his head and in a trimmed goatee) looks in. He drops his towel too. He has a good seven inches...and I know from the way he’s looking at that ass, he isn’t going anywhere. I pull all the way out and slam all the way back in. Marshall’s ass is open enough to let me do it repeatedly. I love showing off my full length to the new guy. “You want a turn?”

“Yeah. But let me get harder in this pig’s mouth.” He scrambles up on the bed and worms his way down until his legs are splayed and Marshall is giving him a sloppy blow job as I continue to ream out the ass in front of me. The guy groans and calls the sub all sorts of names—which only inspire Marshall to give his dick more attention. “Yeah, I’m ready,” he grunts out. “Let me at that ass.”

“Sit on him.” Marshall obeys. He inches forward and impales himself on the cock that was just in his mouth. I lean forward and lick the man’s ball as Marshall rides him. They contract significantly. “Fuck, he can milk cock...”

I grunt affirmatively, never stopping my tongue from moving. It’s now going up Goatee’s shaft a little. Marshall feels it—and begins a slower milking. One that entails Marshall pausing on the upstroke—to give me a chance to lick the cock—before he slides back down it. The guy is groaning “You’re a fuckin’ perv, man. Love it.”

We change around. Goatee wants to fuck him from behind. “I think I have another load in me. I just shot before I walked in here.” I say a silent thank you to the gods of Viagra and watch the man fuck before I get up on the bed to get to Marshall’s mouth.

“I know I’d load him if you’d fuck me as I fuck him.”

I slide right back down. I grease my cock and get behind Goatee. I touch his hole. It’s loose and wet. It may even have cum in it. He slows his jack rabbit stroke. I push in. “FUUUUCK!”

I stand still and let him do the thrusting and impaling. He is going for the gold. Faster and faster. His ass clenches as he spurts his seed into Marshall’s glorious ass. I just hold still. He pulls out. I pull out. I insist I lick his dick—though it’s making him cringe. I dive for the trail of jizz leaking out of Marshall’s ass. Goatee watches me clean him up—and plunge my dick into the wet warm cum he left behind. The load is big. It squelches as I fuck in it.

Goatee thanks us and realizes we have a crowd watching us outside the door. He looks at me and shrugs. “Men are pigs—and you are two of the best.” He leaves the door open as he leaves and I continue to fuck Marshall’s creamed out hole.

We decide to fuck out of the room. There is a semi dark area. It used to be just an empty room. Now there are more benches and platforming with rails to be bent over. There is one man getting head as we step in. We can’t see much else.

I fuck Marshall on a bench. A young, short Latino (our eyes are accustomed to the light now) wanders through and stops to watch us fuck. “He has two holes,” I tell him.

To my surprise he comes up, unwraps his towel and sticks his dick in Marshall’s mouth. “Ahhh...” he murmurs. I make sure my hips connect with Marshall’s ass—making a nice thwacking sound in the dim light.

“You wanna fuck him?”

He nods and comes around. He has a condom in his hand. I take it from him. Without any hesitation he sticks his dick into the wet hole bare. “I can cum in him?”

“Yes. Give him another load. That’s what he wants.”

Bam. Ten or twelve strokes and the kid is done. I clean his cock. Only then do I realize how tiny he is. But he's given me a big load to eat out. He stays to watch me do it for a time before heading for the showers.

Others pass and watch.

We fuck some more, now with Marshall bent over the rail. A bigger built Latino—and slightly older, comes in. He watches. I offer his ass. No sucking for him. And no condom hidden in his palm. He just pushes into the wet hole the moment I pull out. Twenty odd strokes and he fires off his load.

I clean his cock—this guy loves it—and lick up the few drops of escaping semen.

Traffic has slowed—so we go back to his room. This time I close the door. I lie on the bed. He stands astride my chest and slowly lowers that muscular butt down onto my mouth. I suck and slurp the three churned loads deep in his guts. Loads that are slowly oozing out as he sits on my face. I suck and slobber in true pig heaven. Marshall finally leans forward. He collects the precum off my cock head—and bends farther to tongue my tight pucker. We are in a 69—our faces plastered to the other's butt crack.

I know it's time to load him. I tap his thighs.

“How do you want me?”

“Just like we started fucking.”

He gets on all fours right at the edge of the bed. I sink into his wet, sloppy hole. He let's all his muscle control go for a moment. I am cock deep in a delightfully wet mess of a mancunt. He tightens down the moment he hears me screw the poppers cap shut.

The wave hits as I begin to thrust. It builds. It overtakes me. And I add a fourth load into his cum-sloppy butt...

First published in From My Side of the Sling From My Side of the Sling (felchingpisser.blogspot.com)

The true adventures of occasional porn actor Charles Wolfe.



The Black Salesman

I had taken the day off to do things around the house. Actually I took the day off because I couldn't stand another day in the office. I could sleep late and still get a lot done. I was wearing my usual hot weather uniform, old Levi shorts, T-shirt, and sandals. I had just finished my second cup of coffee and was thinking about cleaning out the refrigerator. I make it a policy to throw away anything I can't recognize.

The doorbell rang. I wasn't expecting anyone. It was either a religious zealot or a kid selling raffles tickets. Oh, well, I always was a soft touch. I went to the door.

There he was in all of his glory. Beautiful dark black skin, with not a flaw. A neatly trimmed mustache and short kinky hair. Dress slacks and a white shirt and a tie. What was most amazing, he was wearing a sport coat, even in this heat. When it is this hot so early in the morning, you know it's going to be a scorcher. And a briefcase topped off the outfit.

Normally I give sales people short shrift. But I was mesmerized. Had I adequately prepared to protect my loved ones, he wanted to know. I didn't tell him that my "loved ones" were an old black cat and a teddy bear with a leather vest.

I let him in and offered him a chair. A cup of coffee; No thanks. A glass of water; Yes, please. I went into the kitchen and filled a large tumbler with water and ice. He downed it in one gulp. Then he began to tell me about his program to protect my loved ones in case of my demise. I was enthralled, but not with his insurance plan.

We sat next to each other on the sofa, with his brochures spread on the coffee table. He was sweating profusely, but never noticed as he gave his presentation. I asked if he would be more comfortable with his coat off. He thanked me and slipped it off. I casually took it and placed it on a far chair. As he sat back down, I noticed that he was not wearing an undershirt and that two sharp points punctuated his shirt. They stood erect and seemed to get more so as he continued to talk. As we talked our knees accidentally touched. He did not react, either positive or negative.

As I reached over to pick up a brochure my hand brushed against his knee. It stayed there for several seconds. He smiled quickly and made no attempt to remove it. I could have sworn that I saw a bulge grow in his pants. Maybe it was my imagination. Then I picked up the brochure and became very interested in benefits. I could see some real benefits in pursuing this discussion.

He asked if he could use the bathroom. I got up and showed him where it was, even though it would have been just as easy to say, down the hall. This apartment is too small to get lost in. I noticed that he left the door halfway open as he stood in front of the toilet. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled out the longest blackest cock I have ever seen. He seemed to know that I was watching, listening. He was not embarrassed, but neither did he encourage me. I could hear a strong full stream as it hit the water in the toilet bowl. Why does the sound of a full head of piss excite me?

He came out and returned to the couch and his presentation. I chose to sit in a chair opposite the sofa. As he continued to explain the benefits of his company, I began to pass my hands gently down my legs and across my stomach. He finally did notice, but still did not acknowledge what was happening.

I suggested a beer. He seemed taken aback, but then said that would be good. It was very hot, he commented. I went into the kitchen and returned with two frosty bottles. As I handed one to him, our hands touched. He put the bottle to his lips and tilted it up, and I could hear it gurgling down his throat.

He asked to use the bathroom again, saying that the beer had gone right through him. This time I felt really brazen. I said, "Let me help you." I led him into the bathroom and kneeled in front of him. I unbuttoned his pants and felt for that big black fire hose.

There it was. Even soft it was huge. I pulled it out and placed it on my lips.

“OK, go ahead and let it go,” I said. Nothing happened.

“I’ve never done anything like this. Besides, I can’t pee when I’m excited.” I could feel it get slightly harder.

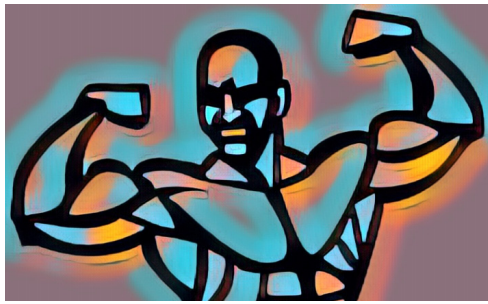
I encouraged him to relax and not think about me. I held his cock gently in my mouth, so that he would relax. Suddenly my mouth was filled with the steaming liquid, so sweet and tasty. I swallowed as fast as I could, but some ran down my chin.

As the stream slowed, I reached down and unbuttoned my own shorts and pulled them down. He reached his hand down and ran it gently over my cock and under it to my balls. He seemed questioning. I said, “Is this a first?” He nodded and said nothing. My cock was rising quickly, but nothing like his.

After the wonderful stream of hot piss was finished, his cock became rock hard and I started sucking rhythmically. Finally I said, “This is kind of cramped quarters.” We got as far as the hallway, where his pants came all the way off. We stretched out in front of the bathroom door, head to foot.

He hesitantly took my cock in his mouth, then became more enthusiastic. We fell into a rhythm, getting closer, then backing off. Soon I heard a growl, beginning low in his stomach, then rising. At the same time he got even harder and began pumping and squirting. Suddenly my mouth was filled with warm cream as he shot load after load down my waiting throat. Soon I followed. I was surprised that he never hesitated to take it. Then we fell back in an exhausted heap.

“I do need to pee again. I don’t suppose you would be interested in that again.” Of course I would, as one more smaller stream of golden glory filled my throat. Then he got dressed and put his brochures back in the briefcase. “Thanks for the drink. Let me know if you ever need any life insurance.”



My Bodybuilder Boyfriend

By C.J.

I want to tell you about my new boyfriend Paul. The two of us are very different. I'm 5'3" and maybe 90 lbs. I'm naturally a bookish kinda guy, kind of introverted - not shy exactly, I just enjoy being by myself. I'm definitely a "thinking about things" kind of guy rather than a "doing things" kind of guy. I never did sports at school, and I'm very uncoordinated. My body is very lean, the only muscle I have is a very faint 6-pack that I'm quite proud of.

Paul is like my opposite in every way! When I met him he was 280lbs of huge freaking muscles! Paul used to be the star wrestler at his university, but now he has devoted his life to bodybuilding. So he spends most of his free time training and lifting weights at the local meathead gym. (Seriously, they all look like roided freaks in there.) He is 6'9" tall so he absolutely towers over me.

Although we don't have that much in common, he is very sweet. And I love his massive muscular body! I want to help him achieve all of his dreams. I spend most of my free time helping him out so he can focus on his athletic progress. He's always trying to gain size, so he spends hours working out, and he's already huge, so he needs 5-6 meals every day.

Not just ordinary meals either. He needs the right macronutrients to fuel his workouts. His body responds best to high protein and high carbohydrates. I roast a lot of chicken and prep a lot of rice and pasta to feed my beast of a boyfriend.

It's a lot of food prep but I'm happy to help out. I only need a little bit of food every day, anyway. Paul is actually really easy to feed. He is not fussy at all. He devours everything I feed him with no complaints. When I first met him he told me he was eating 4000

calories a day. I have been slowly upping that to be more like 5000 calories. It seems to be working because he has gotten WAY stronger since we started dating! I'm going to start increasing the calories again.

This week he had his monthly weigh-in and he was 300lbs. I was so proud of him. I hired him a coach after we started dating, and Paul has been working so hard with him. You can really tell the difference from when we first met.

His shoulders are one of his greatest assets. They respond insanely well to training. "Boulder shoulders" doesn't do them justice. They

look like
man is
I love it
and I walk
and he
himself to
world is not
Paul, but I

Of course
everywhere
Like his
barrel
21-inch
his biceps
vascular.
with veins
to scratch
he flexes those babies POP like you wouldn't believe. His 30-inch thighs are wider than my waist, which blows my mind. Those quads look freaky.

*He has a
very unusual
penis, it's
long, uncut
and very
thick.*

death stars. My
insanely WIDE!!
when we go out
through a door
has to contort
get inside. The
built for men like
love it.

Paul is huge
else as well!
massive, 52-inch
chest and thick,
arms. Oh yeah,
are ridiculously
The light up
when he moves
his neck. When

And the best thing is, he is still LEAN! Well, he's about 15% body fat, so he could be leaner. But that's the same as when we met, which means he put on about 17lbs of muscle in 6 MONTHS. That's ridiculous even for a beginner, but Paul has been training for 10 years! I scolded him for under-eating and starving his muscles for so long!

I know it's hard to believe, but Paul is 100% natural. I know, I didn't totally believe it either, until I moved in with him. His

coach says he's never seen anything like it. It's not because Paul is precious about steroids, he just doesn't want to do it until he's exhausted his natural gains.

I have to be honest, I CAN'T WAIT to find out how he reacts to anabolics. I have been secretly reading up about them in my spare time. They say that the better your natural muscle building potential, the better you will respond to steroids. Thinking about my man BLOWING UP even more makes me dizzy.

Outside of fitness, dating Paul has been very exciting. The gym takes up a lot of his time (and, to be honest, we spend a lot of time in the bedroom...), but when we do go out, we get stares everywhere

the worst people for his son It's SO Paul loves reason. He and adjusts blush and He knows it

I used to be about being attention, love it? Paul

men and women all the time. I'll be honest, I can get VERY jealous, but I also love that my boyfriend is so desirable. So Paul has my permission to flirt if he wants to. Paul is so bad! He loves to lead boys on. His favourite things is when he meets a cocky guy who thinks he knows what he wants, Paul shows off for a while, then he guides their hand to his crotch, and suddenly they are terrified and run off.

You see, Paul has a very unusual penis. All I can say is, everything about Paul is massive. But his dick is different. It's just TOO BIG. It looks like it belongs on something else. It's ridiculous. It's long, uncut, and VERY thick.

And Paul is a pure top. To his credit he let me fuck him a few times when we started dating, but he clearly wasn't into it. And I'll be

...did I mention that my man is hairy all over...

now. Although, thing is that mistake me ALL THE TIME. ANNOYING, but it for some always laughs himself while I correct them. winds me up!

embarrassed the centre of but now, I kind of gets offers from

honest, it wasn't satisfying for me either. A perfectly proportioned man like Paul DESERVES to have incredible sex. Paul has an aggressive, dominant side that he fantasises about, but he's never acted on. I want to do something about that!

But, uh, you can imagine the problem. I'm so much smaller and more fragile than Paul. This guy could snap me in half without even trying. His cock would re-arrange my organs.

Here's the thing though. I know it's dangerous, but the thought was SO HOT to me. When he whispered in my ear what he wanted, in that deep husky way he does when he's lusting after me, I came hands-free. Thinking about it still gives me chills. I told him we HAD to try it. At first he tried to talk me down from it because he didn't want to hurt me. But I insisted that we find a way to make this work.

Paul says it's enough to jerk off together. He's always sweaty and horny when he gets home from the gym. I'll be honest, the smell of his fresh sweat sends shivers down my spine. Everything about my boyfriend is unbelievably masculine and erotic. He calls out my name in his deep voice and I come running. He's usually already throwing off his damp XXXL tank top, his shorts falling to the floor. He stares at me hungrily in his over-stuffed jock-strap, before he strides over and picks me up with one arm, throws me over his shoulder, and jogs up the stairs, while I giggle helplessly in his arms, swinging my fists impotently into that impossibly wide back.

He starts by making me worship his massive pumped physique. I ask him what he trained that day and he tells me all the details as I rub the corresponding body part. I have a particular weakness for his massive quads, oh yeah, and his arms, oh yeah and I go crazy for his lat spread. His body always reeks of testosterone after training so I usually take this opportunity to bury my face into his hairy pits until I'm marked with his scent, which he tells me is hot as hell.

(Oh yeah, did I mention my man is hairy all over? He used to shave until I persuaded him to stop. He says he's gonna start shaving again, because he says his hair makes him feel like a bit of a neanderthal. I hope he doesn't, though!)

Paul loves to undress me. I always thought my body was pretty unremarkable, but Paul loves to kiss it and make love to every inch

of it. I used to be too self-conscious to wear a tank top outdoors, but Paul thinks they look great on me, along with extra small shorts and sandals. We look like such an odd couple, but I think he likes that about us. Anyway, when we are making out, he loves to cup my genitals in one of his giant mitts while as he tells me how gorgeous I am. I keep my body shaved so he can lick me all over. He particularly likes slobbering over my feet (they are small enough to fit the whole thing into his giant mouth). But his favourite thing to do is eat ass. He could eat my hole for hours at a time. His tongue is massive, but it feels so good. And he gets so into it, I practically have to fight him off. Which he interprets as an invitation to wrestle me into submission - which he can do easily, without his tongue ever leaving my hole...

He loves to jerk off with his giant cock side by side with mine. My 6 inches are nothing to sneeze at (it actually looks great on my smaller frame), but they are a fraction of the length and girth of Paul's huge organ. There's something dangerous and frightening about it. The way it throbs and lurches about like it has a mind of its own. You can't look at it and not think about the damage it could do. Holding it in your hands, the size and heat of it is mesmerizing.

I've ordered some anal training kits. But so far I've struggled to graduate from the entry level toys. This has been a problem with other boyfriends as well, but obviously with Paul, it's more urgent.

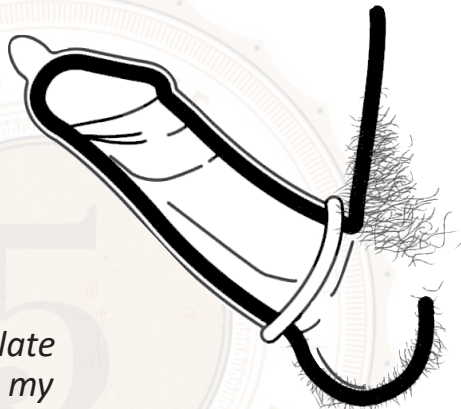
I can't even properly get it in my mouth. I usually have to settle for worshipping the length of it, and sucking on the head - which I can't fit into my mouth properly. One time, I told him I was embarrassed, but he just laughed and said not to worry. He leaned down and whispered in my ear, it turns him on to watch me struggle with it! And of course, it shoots epic loads, as much as 3-4 men combined. He is such a stud!!

Anyway, that's how I am doing right now. As you can see, my boyfriend takes up most of my spare time! Did I mention he has ridiculous stamina? Our daily post-gym sex sessions can go on for hours! I barely have time to spend with anyone else! Sometimes I wonder if that's intentional. Anyway, that's everything I wanted to tell you for now.

How I Like To Masturbate

By Alcibiades

I use these condoms every time I masturbate. I find the experience is much better with a condom. To start I take the condom out of the wrapper and rub a little lubricant on my penis just behind the head, the frenulum for the medically minded. Then I roll the condom on, lie face down on a low bed, start watching hot porn and I begin my masturbation. I'm married, no sex at home, and the wife disapproves. So I can't leave my semen on the bed. Without the condom I'd have to ejaculate into a tissue. That breaks my concentration and interrupts the sensations. With the condom on I don't have to worry about a mess, as the sensations increase I keep masturbating until I have a powerful release. Then I just lie back and enjoy the afterglow, the condom now filled with my semen. I've found that Durex extra sensitive has an excellent feel, it doesn't dull the sensations, and the lube feels fantastic. Also, no latex smell. And one last thing. Sometimes when I masturbate I get close to cumming but it doesn't happen. Then I tend to rub so hard that my penis gets sore and actually gets red. With the condom protecting me I can rub as hard as I need to without tell tale signs of redness. Try it, you'll be surprised how good it feels.





This work of fiction contains characters or situations that some might find objectionable. If you decide to read this story, please remember that this is a fictional story. Please do not attempt to engage in the activities described in the story; doing so might be dangerous, criminal, or both.

The Fall Of A King

By Outcast

My life is a sham. For the last 13 years, I am supposed to have been the leader of a people of 4000 men - and an unknown number of women and children. A king since my ascension to the throne at my father's death when I was 14. I have half a dozen beautiful young wives, and I visit their tent every night when I am not touring the land or warring with a neighbor: I have sired 21 sons in 12 years. I am a warrior king, young, tall and muscular, ruling from the Eastern Sea to the Green Mountains: the richest and most powerful man in the richest and most powerful people in the known world. I have come as close to divinity as a mortal can get. As I said, my entire life is a sham.

Firstly, there is the myth of my authority. For the common members of our tribe, I may seem to be mighty and all-powerful, but those closer to the top know that I only rule by the grace of the Council. For 13 years, they have stood between me and my tribe. They have controlled the people's access to me, and my access to my army. Every day, the Council confer with me, 'advise' me, ask for my decisions and then they do what they wanted to do in the first place. I know I need to try to wrest power from them, appeal to the warriors themselves to disobey their clan's leaders and follow me directly, but I also know that if I fail, I am dead. For 13 years, I've quietly assented and sat back as the Council ruled in my

name, but now I cannot stand it much longer. In recent months I have put out the most tentative of feelers to sense the mood among the junior commanders. Not much longer until I am ready to take control for myself.

The second lie concerns my virility. Don't get me wrong, I do genuinely visit my wives every night and they have nothing to complain about when I leave their tent. My sons are all my real sons from my own loins. But what I do in that tent, comes from obligation rather than desire.

These thoughts are the same every night as I walk from the Queens' tent to my own, and I am practiced at hiding my unhappiness. Head up, shoulders back. The swordsmen guarding the entrance fold back the flaps and let them fall closed again behind me. The only real power I have is to insist that nobody enters my tent without my permission. This is my true domain, this is the only small patch of land where I rule absolutely. It is also the only place in the world where I can be myself.

Mikhal approaches with a beaker of wine, face down and eyes to the floor as appropriate for a servant. I accept the cup and take a mouthful of the sweet red nectar. As Mikhal makes to back away, I grab him by the shoulder, a finger under his chin lifts his eyes towards mine. It is one of those nights when I need him with me.

My servant is 5 years my junior, but looks 5 years younger still: beautiful, delicate, diminutive, and of course subservient. My life was a pure nightmare before he became my servant, but it has become more bearable when he is with me, as long as we are discreet.

My lips find his, my free hand finds his waist and pulls him against me. His head is back, his warm mouth open to receive my tongue. I am more than a foot taller than the boy.

"I can taste the wine on your lips," he whispers with a smile. I give him a sip from my cup. I expect he sometimes drinks from my supply, all servants probably do, and don't mind it, least of all from him.

I savor the contact of his lithe body against mine as we silently kiss for ages, silently because any sound that betrays what is happening here could spell disaster. If my position is uncertain

now, it will be untenable if they know I favor men. I pull his jerkin over his head and let it drop to the floor, reengaging our kiss. While I let my hands roam his soft skin, his fingers fumble with the buttons of my tunic until it slides from my shoulders. The touch of his hands on my bare chest is electrifying. I guide him to the bed and lie back, pulling him on top of me, never breaking our kiss.

Somehow, we suddenly find ourselves naked, having got rid of the rest of our clothes in the intervening minutes. Mikhal's fingers find my manhood, but I push them away. I shot two loads earlier tonight with my wives, and while I could easily shoot another, it is not what I

now. I roll him off me, My hands groin, my his tool, his beautiful cock, which rise to its hardness attentions. size is further his slight

"I have inside me," I around for of animal grease that sits next to my bed. It won't have come as a surprise to him, as I make my servant ride me most nights we lie together.

Greased up, Mikhal kneels between my legs. I am belly down, my legs underneath me, my ass up in the air. I am ready to be fucked. I prefer being taken like this, like a subservient animal mounted from behind by a dominant male. His bulbous head pushes against my ring, pushes hard and forces me to open up. I bite down on a pillow to stop me crying out when his fat cock pops into my ass. However often Mikhal has taken me already and will take me in the future, it will never be easy. His massive tool rams deep into me, hard thrusts that stretch my gut. I can't stop a quiet groan escaping from my clenched jaw.

...Long as he is I wish he had another couple of inches - I want it to hurt when he thrust even deeper into my belly ...

need most right over, pushing onto his back. are on his mouth is on monster, his massive horse is starting to full majestic under my Its staggering highlighted by frame.

to have you whisper as I feel the small tub

Soon, too soon, Mikhal bottoms out inside me. Long as he is, I wish he had another couple of inches more. There are unexplored areas inside me. I want it to hurt, when he thrusts ever deeper into parts of my belly that are yet to feel him.

He fucks me with long driving lunges, each ending with his big balls slapping against my bare cheeks. As my ass relaxes around his big girth, I let go of the pillow and whisper encouragement. I want to be fucked hard and violently, ravaged like a beast. He picks up the tempo, ramming in faster and harder, and deeper too it seems.

Just as he silently fills my gut with his seed, the tent flaps fly open and 2 dozen men push into the tent.

“What the ...,” I begin to protest, but it is hard to act imposing when you’re on all fours with a young man up to his balls inside you.

“Grab him!” Lord Arkhon points at my lover, who is violently dragged away, his cum-spewing manhood yanked from my gut. “Take him away!”

I roll onto my back and try to cover myself with a corner of the blanket. “What the hell do you think you’re doing in here?!”

“Sire, what we have witnessed here is unworthy of your rank and your status.”

Behind Arkhon stand the leaders of three of the most powerful clans of my people, all members of the Council. Behind them are a score of warriors, members of their bodyguards most likely. All fiercely loyal to their clans and unlikely to come to my rescue.

“You will appear before the Council who will decide your fate. Put something on him and take him.”

With just a loose cape to cover my nakedness and a blanket over my head, I am dragged from my tent and across the encampment.

I’ve been given roughhewn hose and jerkin, unbecoming my position, but I suspect that that position is no longer mine. At least the blanket has been removed, so I can see my surroundings. The four warriors inside the tent presumably recognize who I am and yet show no deference whatsoever. The tent where I am kept must be one of Arkhon’s clan’s and the warriors must be his to

command.

As if to confirm my suspicions, the President of the Council enters. The two soldiers behind me grab my arms and force me unwillingly onto my knees.

“Gyengar, my boy, I am so disappointed in you. You have disgraced your Royal position with your deviant behavior, conduct unbecoming for a king. It is therefore the decision of the Council that you are no longer our leader. Your eldest son, Birim Gyangaziv, has inherited your throne. The trial to decide your future will be tomorrow.”

“The people won’t stand for it,” I reply quietly with more conviction than I feel.

“The people won’t do anything simply because they don’t know anything. As far as they are aware, you’ve been murdered by your servant, a perverted lunatic who lusted after you and who got upset when you laughed off his advances. You are dead and your son, the heir, has taken over as the laws specify. Be grateful that we kept your memory intact; to your people and your sons you will always remain a manly warrior.”

“What about Mikhal?”

“You murderer has already been punished appropriately,” Arkhon smiles cruelly, “He was castrated before getting hanged, cut down while still alive and beheaded, a thousand men howling for his blood as they witnessed his death.”

My heart chills as I listen to the fate of my lover.

“His head is now on a pole in front of your former tent, his manhood stuffed into his mouth. Which was not an easy fit, by the way. You must be utterly depraved to have enjoyed that thing.”

I decline to answer, as nothing I say can help me. They won’t want to hear about my love for Mikhal or the amazing feeling of his heavy cock sliding into me.

“Your final fate will be decided by the Council, but we need to ensure that you won’t be recognized accidentally, now that you are officially dead.” He snaps his fingers and one of the servants behind him produces a thick leather hood. Any attempt to struggle

is prevented by twisting my arms onto my back and the leather is pulled tight over my head and fastened with metal studs that tell me that they do not ever intend to remove it. There are no eye holes! I will be blind to the world from now on.

“Did you really think you could get away with it?”

“We were discreet,” I mumble through the small hole over my mouth. The tight hood makes speech difficult as I can hardly open my mouth. “Didn’t show any affection in public.”

“Not that, you stupid fool, that is just an excuse. I’m talking about your attempt to take power away from the Council. Your attempts to recruit our just as foolish who also could get rid was a full-

“My accident.”

“Of course, sarcasm words. “Like the throne young to he thought in his own grew up. Like young by a

course it was an accident. Your father was proud and predictable: he would always ride at the head of his troop. We only needed to undermine the Sea Road to make sure it collapsed into the ocean under the weight of the first rider crossing the weak point. And it did.”

“You bastard!” Mumbled as it is, the insult lacks the impact I intended and Arkhon laughs dismissively. “King Birim is only 12, he should have a nice long reign before he too gets hungry for power and dies in an unfortunate incident.”

“Gyanger Fodroziv, you have been found guilty of gross depravity, unnatural acts, perversion of a younger man, and abuse of your

...Fucked to death?! Are they seriously planning to have me fucked to death?

warriors. You’re as your father, thought that he of us when he grown man.”

father had an

he had.” The drips off the you, he came to young, too rule. Like you, he could rule right when he you, he died freak event. Of

position to take advantage of a servant.”

In my mind’s eye, I can picture the Council sitting at their table, facing me, outwardly grim-faced, inwardly pleased with the way events have turned out.

“The Council has sentenced you to die in accordance with your crimes. You will be taken from here to the Royal Compound and bound to a frame, where the stallions of the Royal Household will be allowed to abuse your body until you die. Your corpse will be buried in a pauper’s grave, as degenerate and corrupt soul.”

Fucked to death?! Are they seriously planning to have me by horses?

They obviously are, because less than an hour later I am strapped to a hand-wooden frame, and-foot to a naked except

for the never-changing hood over my head. Around me are the familiar sounds of the horse pen, neighing, snorting, hoofs scratching in the dirt. I can hear how the lads looking after the horses have gathered around, enthusiastically chatting about what they are about to witness. The public’s shouts make it clear that I am alleged to be Mikhal’s lover and accomplice in the murder of the late King.

Executed as an accomplice in my own murder!

An animal is led up, snorting excitedly, stamping with impatience. I can hear and feel the thuds as its front hoofs land on the frame on either side of my head. A fat lump pushes against my hole, his dickhead. A stallion’s dickhead, bigger than a man’s fist, much bigger than Mikhal’s painfully large cock.

Instinctively, my ring clenches to keep it out, but I am breached effortlessly, a casual movement drives the massive cock deep into my defenseless body. I scream! I scream as loudly as the tight leather allows, grateful that I do not need to be quiet anymore

...I am grateful when I feel him shooting his seed into my belly ...

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when I get fucked. I scream at the white-hot searing pain that spreads along my gut into the very core of my body.

At least it doesn't last long. In three of four powerful thrusts the stallion has rammed more meat into my belly than I ever felt. More meat than I can bear, stretching my tender bowel along its entire length. Almost immediately he begins to fill me up, hot cum flooding my gut to bursting. Still shooting, he pulls out, allowing the release of the pent-up seed. I feel it gushing from me, running down my bound legs.

In and out in just a couple of minutes.

"That was the late King's favorite horse, Pervert. The good King whom your depraved lover killed so cowardly. I hope you enjoyed it. King Birim's palfrey is next."

My son's stallion, a handsome animal, but not as large as my own, mounts me and almost instantly drives his manhood deep into me. I can't help another scream, even if it is less desperate than before. This animal lasts longer, ramming his monster into my backside again and again, deeper than anything I have felt before. The assault on my innards makes it hard to breathe and I am grateful when I feel him shooting his seed into my belly; even if the sheer volume fills me up painfully, I know that the animal is about to finish.

I don't know how long I can survive these assaults.

Perhaps they didn't expect me to withstand the two violent rapes, because there is a period of rest, giving me time to recover, hanging over the wooden frame. I hear the animated chatter of the onlookers, the stable lads discussing the sight of my poor ass getting penetrated violently, stretched around the huge horse cocks. I hear the men taking bets on how many I can take before I would succumb to the violence.

"Lord Arkhon's warhorse now, Degenerate. He's hung larger than any animal walking the earth. Let's see whether you can handle him too."

I am torn open from ass to throat. A vast heavy meatpole rammed into me with such force I fear it will exit through my mouth. I try to scream but my voice seems to have given up. Four, five, six violent thrusts, faster and deeper than I can possibly survive. He begins to

cum, continuing his fucking movements and pumping the semen deep into my gut. There is so much of it! He is too large to take, too violent for my bowels not to rupture as he drives his monster into my midriff. My belly bulges from three horse loads of cum inside me, and a gulf of it escapes when the stallion's massive cock unplugs my ass.

About an hour on the frame and I have survived three assaults. There are about 100 stallions in the royal household, at least 1000 in the wider tribe. I don't think they will be running out of animals before my body gives up.

The next fuck is easier, a palfrey from one of the other Lords, not as heavily hung as Arkhon's animal, I suspect. The animal fucks hard and deep, but no harder and deeper than I've taken already, and while it hurts badly, it is not unbearable anymore. My ass is no longer struggling to resist each entry, another palfrey, a couple of warhorses, all big, all painful, but somehow also stimulating. The continual pounding of my gut by each massive manhood is starting to excite me. Despite the pain and despite the violence, I am getting aroused by the overpowering animalistic savagery. My helplessness at the receiving end of their irresistible lust is the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me. Don't misunderstand me, I don't want to be here, I am in more agony with every next assault, but the longer I'm being forced to continue against my will, the firmer my manhood is getting.

By the time they take me off the frame, I've lost count of the number of animals that have deposited a load inside my belly. I am sure it is more than two dozen. I am so bruised and battered, and in so much pain. And yet somehow, I am actually excited by the experience.

"Gyngar, my dear Gyngar, you have surprised us," Arkhon is standing over my abused and exhausted body, lying on the floor of a stable tent. "There was us thinking that just a couple horses would finish you off, and yet here we are, a week later ... about 200 or 300 times you've been taken by a horse and you are still going. Enjoying yourself, even, if the rumors are true."

Three-hundred fucks? I can believe that, the way my backside feels. Every morning for 7 days they tied me to the frame, brought up horse after horse to ram their cocks hard and deep into my

belly. Hundreds of loads of horse cum, that must be a couple of gallons at least. It feels like it, at times my belly felt pregnant with animal seed.

It still hurts every time I am used, the size of their cocks and the violence with which they are forced into me, but it no longer is unbearable. I am not enjoying it, not really. But I am aroused when I get filled with monster cock after monster cock, load after load of cum. The brutal lust that the stallions inflict onto my powerless body; I cannot stop it reacting, my cock getting hard and spraying my seed across the grass underneath the frame several times a day.

In the evening, when they take me inside, a great hollowess be filled. At night I and bruised, and the animals that me tomorrow, their violence for their long rammed into my ass. Usually there eaking from my backside

...I cannot stop it reacting, my cock getting hard and spraying my seed across the grass...

up to be refilled the next morning.

“As we have failed to kill you, the Council has decided to commute your sentence. From now on you will be enslaved in the Household.”

Is that good news? I don't wish to die, but enslavement needn't be much better. Backbreaking work from dusk to dawn, little food ... no horses to abuse me.

“As you know, before every tournament, the stallions are milked to make them a little more manageable, better behaved. Normally that is done by the stable lads using their hands, but from now on, you will service them with your body.”

My heart skips a beat. Can I live like that? Can I survive as a cumdump for stallions for the rest of my life? The constant assaults on my body, my belly bursting with horse seed at the end of every long hard day? There are tournaments most weeks, sometimes

several days in a row. I will have to see to dozens of the biggest and most violent stallions each tournament day for the rest of my life.

“Day after tomorrow the tournament on the occasion of Birim’s coronation will begin, the largest and longest contest since your own coronation 13 years ago. I suggest you get rest, you will need it.”

I picture 40 huge warhorses raring to use me, all pure power and pent-up fury. Rage that will get channeled through their massive cocks as they violently release themselves inside my body. I picture 40 loads of horse cum filling my belly and stretching my gut, a wave gushing from my gaping hole and down my bound thighs every time the next giant cock is forced into me.

My manhood begins to throb in anticipation.



Fat Never Goes Out of Style

By EroticallyWritten

Y'all gotta remember: fat is always in style.

When your "most straight" guy is missing, or seems "busy," just know he's pushing dick into some big booty bottom like myself, or getting the vacuum treatment on that sweet dick of his because us big boys got stronger jaws than the regular sized guys.

"What's on your agenda this weekend," Derrick, the barber asked.

Derrick was one of those clean cut, good looking young brothers, who had a bad ass looking girlfriend with her life in order.

"I'll be doing me. What about you," I told him.

"I want you to do me," he said. "Just don't know what time I'll be able to come over. "

He was also one who tried to keep tabs on me, for his girl kept him on a leash and he wanted to dog this ass every chance he got.

"I mean D, ain't it Memorial Day weekend? You gotta make this money. I'll be too loose to stay home and wait on dick," I told him.

He didn't like the freedom I possessed, for he wanted to keep me all to himself. Thing was, he played straight, had a girl, house, nice car, and plenty money in his profession as he was good at what he did (that's how we met), but he wanted sweet and juicy Javon who lived in a studio apartment in the lesser part of downtown Cincinnati. I could admit, I liked the way he fucked as he carried a seven inch pipe that had a slight curve in the shaft, and he knew how to work it.

"Come over for breakfast, " I told him, as it would be a Saturday and he could break me off, then go and get paid.

He got back to me and confirmed the time, and in the wee hours before the sun rose, he was walking through my living room with a bouquet of flowers trying sweeten the deal.

"You ain't shit for bringing me flowers. You know how they make me feel, " I told him, as I loved flowers.

20 minutes later, he was laying back in my bed, smoking a fat blunt while I was going down on him, using my tongue to slap that cock head, and my lips as a gliding vehicle in getting that hard dick in and out of my mouth. Sade was playing in the background, enhancing the mood.

"You gon' have to blaze this ass with the same energy you're hitting that blunt," I said to him.

He pulled that dick out of my mouth, and I rolled over to my back as he lubed his love stick, then pushed inside of me to give me the ride of my life.

"When I tell you to stay in the damned house, you do as I say," he said, while banging me.

I preached about my freedom, but whenever Derrick was inside my guts he was all in, in charge, in love, in my pussy, and I'd submit to it all as he consistently would hit my spots. He'd move those hips from side to side, getting all of my hole stretched due to him being in shape, and just knowing how to fuck. Unfortunately he'd never last more than five minutes, and would never breed me, as he'd take that dick out of me and stroke it over my tits to spray his cum all over me.

"Damn good pussy," he said, before hopping in the shower and heading to work..

That was our normal routine as I would be semi satisfied, and on this day, I needed "seconds," so I went online to see who else wanted some fat boy pussy.

"The wife is gone and I'm horny. I'd love for nothing more than to eat that sweet, black ass of yours," Bill told me.

Bill was an older, married white guy in his 60s who reached out to me via Bigger City. I was just toiling along when he applied pressure, inviting me to his place, and even offering gas money.

"Just come ride this tongue," he said.

I took him on his offer and rode 15 miles from my place to his, as he lived in a mini mansion in the boonies. He wasted no time as he kissed on me at the front door, lifted my shirt and started sucking my nipples, all while he was pulling at my britches.

“Take ‘em off,” he said. “You, black bitch.”

He led me to the bedroom and I did, coming completely out of my clothes then getting on all fours, before he planted his bearded face between my cheeks.

“Ew damm Bill,” I said to him, as he would eat my ass for an hour straight, making me shiver.

“I’d fuck you, but can’t maintain a hard on long enough. Your ass is like sugar cane,” he said to me.

He pulled out this vibrating butt plug instead, pushed it inside of my wet love pocket, while using his tongue at the top of my hole. I stroked my dick and came within five minutes, as I’d never nudded so hard, and as quick. He slurped up every bit, then smacked my ass cheeks before pulling out the toy.

“You made me cum, too,” he said, as I remembered hearing a couple moans and grunts.

We kissed, our tongues jostling in after sex lust, right before he pointed me to the shower. What amazed me the most was that I had Derrick’s scent on me, but he didn’t seem to mind.

“Let’s do this again sometime, “ he said to me, as he led me to the door.

I kept Bill’s information, then headed to the grocery store to grab some things to cook dinner. I was minding my business, deciding on doing spaghetti when I noticed the produce clerk looking my direction as I scanned some tomatoes. I gave the older, black bear a wink as a test, and he passed, winking back.

“Lord, do I have a come fuck me sign on my back, or something, “ I asked myself.

I still flirted nonetheless. Ramon was his name and he was cute, plus he had a legit job and access to one of my favorite things: pineapple.

“You can have all the pineapple you want. What you got for me though, “ he asked, as I pulled him outside the store.

Ramon was an older style dude, as under his work smock he had a FUBU shirt, and old handle jeans. He reeked of Brut, an older

cologne, but his charm was on 1,000 and he swooned me into him.

"Wanna come have dinner with me tonight? My treat," he said.

That was another thing about a fatboy: we like to eat.

You wouldn't know it by initially looking at him, but he had money. He treated me to Ruth Chris, where I had the best t-bone ever. He popped a bottle of wine I'd never heard of, and the taste of it twisted my tongue as it was the perfect temperature. We ended up leaving in his Cadillac, and he had his hand on the back of my head while I sucked that 10 inch python as he drove.

"Let a old nigga fuck you the right way," he said to me while he drove. "Suck that dick the way you suck. Imma take care of you."

He did just that when he got me to his place, as I started off riding that dick backwards while he smacked my ass, then he pushed me forward and pounded me, then made me turn over and lay flat, my legs spread wide as ever as he leaned in and dug into me better than any other man ever. He didn't need to pound me in the missionary position: he just grinded in me and let that thing hit where it may, as some of his strokes gave pure ecstasy.

"Them young boys ain't fucking you like this," he said. "And you got that slick pussy, too?"

For an hour, maybe just under two straight, he showed no mercy in diving deep into me, covering my mouth to mute my moans.

"Noisy bitch. You'll get the cum," he said. "One, two, three,.... fuck."

I felt those spurts of semen shoot deep into me as he held my legs back.

"I want you to get all of it," he said.

He pulled that softened dick out of my funnel, then got up to wash off, before I did the same.

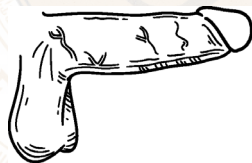
"You can't tell nobody what happened between us. If you do, I'll kill you," he said to me.

I found out later he was married, and was a preacher at a small church not too far from where I lived. We actually kept up our

trysts after that day, as he just knew how to dick me down the way I needed. It was just funny because I popped up at his church the next Sunday after our fun, and half the women gave me this look like I didn't belong. That pretty much summed up society's thing with fat boys, but people tend to forget: fat makes things flavorful.



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5on1

A slang word for masturbation.

It refers to your 5 fingers on your penis, hence 5on1.



The Trainer Trains Me

By Solo_DR

It had been a while since I felt good about myself. At 235 lbs I was more than 50 lbs overweight and more than a bit uncomfortable with my appearance. I mean, people would always refer to me as the cute chubby guy, or the pretty fat boy. But I just didn't like it. I know they were just trying to give me a compliment, but the chubby/ fat part completely canceled it out in my eyes. But I guess I'm a somewhat good looking guy. But that's just a good mix of genetics. I'm light brown skin and I have really light blue eyes, and really thick lips. Racially, I'm all over the place [Black, Dominican, Dutch, Portuguese]. Pretty much take all those most dominate physical traits, throw them together, and that's me in a nutshell. And to a lot of people that's great, that's attractive, but its just not enough for me. My weight just bothers me way too much. So, I decided to join a gym. But it was way harder than I thought. And I ended up only lasting two weeks before I quit. But on my last visit there, I ran into this guy I used to know, Ryan.

Ryan was an old high school friend of mine. Well we weren't exactly the best or closest of friends, but I do remember him being a pretty cool guy. We actually used to both play on our

school's football team, back when I was 30 pounds lighter and way more athletic. I was a linebacker, and Ryan was our second string quarterback. So our experience together was of me, during practice, cutting threw the line and tackling him to the ground. But anyway, we struck up a conversation at the gym, and inevitably he mentioned to me, that he was a personal trainer. In fact, that day he was at the gym looking for new clients. It was like fate. I needed to get this weight off, and this coming to the gym by myself thing wasn't working out all that well; so I figured, I might as well throw some business at an old friend and get in shape at the same time. So we exchanged numbers and set up an appointment to meet.

Now let me describe Ryan a little for you. He's tall, dark, really dark. I think he once said he was Haitian or Jamaican or something. I guess he's a reasonably good looking guy. But I don't really judge other men like that. He's about 6'5", a little taller than me. About 200 lbs of pure muscle, very athletic. He's built like one of those Greek or Roman God statues. He really is all man. But the most peculiar thing about him is, he has the most babyish face of any grown man I'd ever known.

Well later on that day, I got a text from Ryan. It read " Sup Chris." [I'm Chris btw] "It was cool running into you earlier. I missed you a lot. Can't wait till our first session." I really didn't know what to think, or how to react to a text like that. I mean, I didn't really go around texting other guys like that. And Ryan and I weren't exactly close enough, to have missed each other. So I just responded back, with a simple "K". But then, he sent me a smiley face. That, was kind of weird. For one thing, we're not kids. For two, we're grown ass men. And three, I thought we were both straight grown ass men. But later on I'd find out that ever since high school Ryan was gay, and more than that, he had a crush on me....

Well anyway, a few days later, was our first session. Ryan had his own private gym, that only he and his clients used. So pretty much we'd have all the privacy we needed to get a really good workout in. Then afterwards a massage. Ryan was also a licensed massage therapist. The equipment at the gym was beyond impressive. I mean, Ryan had to have spent tens, if not hundreds of thousands of dollars putting this gym together. The whole place was amazing, on an extreme luxury type level.

When I walked in the gym, I was wearing my usual workout gear:

just some old basketball shorts and a white sleeveless Nike Athletic tee. Ryan on the other hand, had something different in mind. He had on these really tight, black bike shorts and a matching tank with the gym's logo on the front. He expected me to wear the same, which he had already waiting for me. I was trying to be open minded about this whole training thing, so I didn't offer any protest. I went in the back changing room and quickly changed into the gear Ryan gave me. Let me tell you, I looked nothing like Ryan did in the workout gear. I looked like a stuffed pig. When I walked back out, Ryan met me with protest. "Man what's with the dick." When I put the bike shorts on, the only way I felt comfortable was with my dick laying along my left thigh. And with these tight shorts, it was more than noticeable. "Man next time you come in my gym, put on a jock." He said to me, with this little smirk on his face. "Cmon lets get started." He said, as he led me across the gym, to a matted area, in front of a giant mirrored wall. Then we started our workout.

First, Ryan on my stretch me remember football my left leg, back of my my calve. my leg into as it would followed suit we did a few before it was

... Eventually I stopped caring if Ryan saw me naked...

had me lay out back, so he could out. Something I from my old days. He grabbed one hand on the thigh, the other on Then he pushed my chest as far go. After that he with my right. Then more stretches, cardio time. We

did the whole running in place, jumping jacks routine, you know all the old basics from gym class. By the end of that, I was already winded. But we weren't done yet. After that we worked on my upper body, weight training. Then finally, for the last 20 minutes, he had me run the treadmill. When the workout was over, my whole body was sore. Ryan said thats the way its supposed to be, if I want results. But honestly I was too tired to care about anything, especially not anything he had to say.

When we were done, he led me to the back, gave me a towel and showed me to the showers. "When you're done, dry off completely,

then come back and lay on the table” he said, as he left me to it. I followed his instructions. I was just glad the workout was over. I couldn’t wait for that water to hit my sore body, then that massage afterwards to relax all my tired muscles.

After my shower, in just my towel, I walked back to the massage area as Ryan instructed me. He was standing there, next to the table with a clip board in his hand. When he saw me approaching, he order me to lay down on the table. I did as he said, laying flat on my stomach. Then without warning, he came over to me and started pouring warm oil all over my aching back and tight shoulders. It felt so good, so amazing. Then he started rubbing the oil into my skin, with the most perfect amount of pressure. I felt weak under his hands. Then he started down my legs, to my feet. At first it felt weird, having another man rubbing my feet, but I grew to like it. Then he began working back up my legs, to my thighs. Putting his hands under the towel, and rubbing the bare flesh below my ass. It was awkward, but I was still in heaven. Then after a few minutes, of expertly rubbing my thighs, he pulled the towel completely from my body and grabbed hold of my thick fleshy mounds. With one mound in each hand, he began to mold my ass, squeezing and rubbing it for dear life. Though this was my first time getting a full body massage, I expected him to work my ass, but not like that, and not with such aggression. But to be honest, for me, oddly it was the best part of the whole experience...

Over the next few weeks [3 days a week], I started seeing results. The training was working. And Ryan and I were getting really close and becoming good friends. By then, we had even hung out a view times outside the gym. Ryan was a great trainer and was becoming an even greater friend. Our sessions, they became longer and longer. And not because we were working out more, but because we were spending a lot more time just shooting the shit, hanging out, kicking back, talking, you know. But Ryan, he was still relentless when it came to the workout. He didn’t cut me any slack. Now, there was another reason why our sessions were running longer. Ryan had gotten into the knack of taking extra special care to make sure my massages counted. It was like he knew my body better than I did. He knew just what I needed and where and how long I needed it. But with all the close contact we were having, and all the touching, I never in a million years

thought anything sexual of it. I never thought anything sexual would ever go down between me and Ryan. Well, that was until, it sorta did.

After a few months of Ryan training me, we had become really close. We had since thrown all pretense out the window. We were extremely comfortable with one another and all modesty was gone too. It started out simple enough, just working out both of us shirtless, touching more and more outside the confines of the massage. Then eventually I stopped caring if Ryan saw me naked. It had gotten to a point, where I would often now walk around the gym completely naked. Whether it be walking back or forth from the shower or just hanging out with Ryan beside me on the massage

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***He pulled
his tongue
out of me...
my dick was
waving back
and forth...***

*table after we
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And he always
encouraged it.*

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sessions, but it
Ryan had gotten
a little more
and sweatier
So when I went
showers, he
The shower, it
one you'd find
A large tiled
multiple shower*

In the shower, Ryan looked great. He looked amazing naked. He was just one of those people that looked like they were supposed to be naked, all the time. Although, Ryan had seen and felt my naked body time and time again, this was my first time ever seeing him completely in the nude. If his body didn't look amazing before, now dripping wet it definitely did. The water was just glistening on his mahogany skin, as it flowed down his muscled frame. And his dick, must've been the biggest blackest thing I'd ever seen. He was definitely hung like a horse, at least 9" soft. I was in awe at the

sight of him. I had never looked at another man like that before, but for some reason I just couldn't keep my eyes off of this Adonis that was showering along side me.

When we finished in the showers, we headed out to the massage table, both of us only in towels. Ryan didn't even bother getting dressed. As I climbed on the table, he jumped straight into his work of rubbing me down. He rubbed my body, taking pride in all the newly bulging muscles he, himself helped to create. He stood there in his towel molding my meaty flesh with precision. Taking extra special care with my ass. Then he did something that I was never expecting. He bit me. He bit me right on my ass, then he gave it a slap. I was a bit caught off guard by it, but he just continued on molding me with his big strong hands, as if nothing out of the ordinary happened. Then, Ryan did something that he definitely never did before. He started stretching my ass cheeks apart, exposing my naked hole. It felt oddly amazing. And then, he really went there. While my cheeks were spread apart he lunged his tongue deep inside me. I was shocked by the sensation. It was electric. All I could do was moan out in pleasure. My dick was hardening quicker than any of our other massages had ever made it. Ryan was eating the hell out of my ass. And I just laid there and enjoyed it.

Then finally, he pulled his tongue out of me and I instinctively turned my self over. I was laying flat on my back now, my dick sticking straight up in the air. Ryan's towel had long since fell to the floor. My dick was waving back and forth, until Ryan grabbed it with one of his massive hands. Then he swallowed it whole. I was amazed at his technique. I barely felt his lips. All I could feel was the back of his throat as it slowly invited me in. He didn't even gag. Then he released me from his throat and slowly ran his lips from the base of my dick to the tip. Then he started bobbing his head up and down, as my dick throbbed in his mouth. He reached his hand up and started teasing my tits, all the while never losing speed on my dick. It wasn't long, at all, before I shot wave after wave of my seed down his throat. He tried to swallow it all, but my load was just too much. It was dripping from the corners of his mouth. Then again, he found my tits, this time with his cum soaked mouth. For a while, he licked and sucked on them both, as hard as he sucked my dick. Then he found my mouth. Our tongues began to dance back and forth, and then they wrestled as Ryan

climbed on top of me. I could feel his big heavy dick, as it laid across my thigh. Our lips once again found each other. I could feel his dick getting heavier and harder, the longer we kissed. At it's fullest it was 13" and as thick as a can of Redbull. He had more than a monster. Soon I felt him lifting my legs. He grabbed the back of my knees and pushed them into my hips. Our stretching exercises really helped my flexibility. I soon felt his dick head, as it pressed against my well oiled hole. I asked him "what you thinking about doing with that thing?." But he kissed me, than assured he'd go gentle. He said he'd never do anything to hurt me. In my mind I laughed. Here, he had his dick nearly in me, yet he was still trying to seduce me.

It wasn't long before I felt him slowly force the head in. The pressure, it was extreme, but he went gentle like he promised. And eventually I let him in, despite the pain. Mmmm, the pain. Pain never felt so good. I don't know what came over me, but all of a sudden I wanted all 13" of his pain inside me. And we weren't going to stop until they were. He slowly pushed inside me, inch by inch. The adrenaline, mixed with the oil and sweat from both our bodies allowed for me to open up easier than I thought. His dick felt so big as it filled me up. I continued to relax and let him in, and soon I had it all. I could feel his heavy balls resting against my ass. I knew when he came, I really had a load to take. I was surprised that he actually got all 13" inside me. A few inches had to be in my stomach. Then he started slowly pulling out, inch by inch. I never felt more pleasure in my life. I moaned to keep from screaming. Then I whispered "fuck me" and he obeyed. He started fucking me. Thrusting his massive meat deep into my guts. I definitely wasn't ready for this much dick. My heart was racing. He was jamming his dick into me hard and deep. He'd pull out a few inches then jam it all back in with a quickness. I cried out " fuck me". I was now biting my lip to keep from screaming. Then finally with one last thrust, he came. He came in me so hard and so deep I swear I could taste it. My hole was more stretched than ever now. Once he was completely out of me, we got off the table and headed back to the showers. We stood there under the water and washed each other, with our lips often meeting. But our session wasn't over yet.

