



# 5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Fall 2023

*Intended only for adult smut consumers*

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# About 5on1 Magazine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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








# Fall 2023 Editor Message

*So far, the reaction to the magazine has been encouraging. The negative comments have mostly been about the stories being too tame.*

*There have been questions about why the magazine is not available in a printed format and why the pages are smaller than other magazines. The magazine is not printed because of the cost of printing and mailing. The page size was selected keeping in mind how many people access online media. These days many people use their cell phone or tablets to access the web. I still use a computer to access the Internet, but I'm old fashioned.*

*The decision to make the magazine a "flipbook" was so that the pages of the magazine would automatically adjust to the screen size of the device being used to read the publication. The flipbook features also allows for the pages to be turned like you would on a printed magazine. It also allows for the download of the publication. I have included information on how you can navigate and download the flipbook.*

*I wanted the stories in the magazine to be the focus of the magazine. That is partly why I made the decision not to include photographs or paid advertisements. The reason for not including photographs was the cumbersome and difficult record keeping requirements. The decision to exclude paid advertisements was so that advertisers could not object or be upset by the contents of the magazine. To clarify, there will be non-paid advertisements in the magazine. That includes advertisements*

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*for materials being promoted by artists, authors, and readers. If you have something you want to promote, send it in and if it is appropriate for the magazine, I'll include it.*

*The decision to not have paid advertisements means that there is no source of revenue to pay authors or artist contributors to the magazine. This decision might have to change sometime in the future.*

*If you have comments or suggestions, please send them to me by clicking on the "Contact" link at the bottom of the 5on1 website pages.*

## MASTURBATION

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IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN  
THERE IS THE RISK  
OF BEING DISCOVERED



# MASTER BLOWJOB

When I was in the Marines, I studied martial arts off-base. The class was taught by this nice, beefy, muscle daddy that always caught my eye. After a few months, he picked up on my signals, and I finally got in his pants.

After we had our fun at his place, he would invite me to work out naked with him. I loved watching him stretch, punch, and kick while he was naked. He got a kick out of being watched, too.

I got so turned on, I would stop him mid-workout just to taste his big, sweaty sack, and to deep-throat his spongy half-hard cock.

He would get hard in no time, and I would be gulping down another load from his fat boner.

After a few years, I became an impressive martial artist from all his tutoring. More importantly, I became a master cocksucker from all the blowjobs I gave him.

I was deployed to another state, and I never saw my musclebear daddy again. I miss him all the time, and I think of him when I get a compliment on my blowjobs.

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SSP



## Tradhusband

By Natty Soltesz

*I knew my husband came from a conservative background, so it wasn't entirely a surprise when, before I took his hand in marriage, he said he'd expect me to do the cooking and cleaning. But then he said I would need to quit my job.*

*It was important for him to be the provider, he said. We each had a role in the marriage, and if it was going to work out, I had to understand that he was in charge. The man of the house.*

*"But we're both men," I said, and he gave me this look that made me blush. We both knew our roles in the bedroom. And, honestly, hearing him say it- that I would devote my life to him, and follow his rules - made my heart flutter and my hole twitch.*

*So I did it: quit the career I'd happily pursued for the last six years. The wedding ceremony was beautiful. Most of Greg's relatives came, some more enthusiastic than others to witness our union.*

*That first night - our honeymoon - being in Greg's arms felt different. The way he held me was firmer - like he owned me, now. I liked how that felt.*

*Today it's our first-year anniversary, and I'm in the kitchen preparing Greg's favorite meal. I'm naked but for my apron. One thing I hadn't realized before we got married was how much my husband would expect of me sexually. I'd always gravitated toward the submissive role, but my marriage changed me in ways I never*

expected.

*Greg sighs when he opens the front door. I put my oven mitts on the counter and come out to greet him. He looks hungry.*

*“Hi, babe,” I say. Greg doesn’t smile. I give him a peck on the lips. He hesitates, then wraps his arm around my waist and, in one fast motion, pulls me into him and shoves his tongue in my mouth. I moan and his hand goes lower, to cup my bare ass which is draped with my apron strings. He pushes his finger into the crevice of my ass, finding my hole which I’ve of course prepared for him. Greg always expects me to be ready.*

*“Oh!” I moan. Greg pushes a second finger inside before he releases me. He’s still not smiling.*

*I smooth out my apron but it’s not hiding my erection. “Rough day?” I say, and Greg ignores the question as he sets down his briefcase and loosens his tie. “Dinner’s almost ready,” I say as Greg sits on his favorite chair. I kneel before him. He sighs as I remove his shoes from his tired feet. “Want a beer?”*

*Greg grunts. My hard-on bounces as I head to the kitchen. I can feel my husband’s eyes on my ass and get a twinge of fear. Greg can be rough when he’s had a hard day. The thought makes my cock leak against my apron.*

*When I come back to the living room Greg has his pants down around his thick, hairy thighs and his big cock is throbbing in his lap. I take in my breath and hand him his beer. He looks at it, then shoves it back toward me. “Sorry, babe,” I say, and pull the tab on the can before handing it back.*

*I get on my knees again. Greg likes me to start on his balls. They’re musky and sweaty. I take in the smell of them as I suck them into my mouth. My husband’s beautiful rod rests against my face as I clean off his big, round baby-makers. With another grunt, I know he’s ready for me to take his cock into my mouth. I wrap my lips around my husband’s perfect penis and begin to take it down my throat. Greg doesn’t like to be teased - he wants a traditional blowjob, mouth only, no stroking. I dutifully suck my husband’s cock just like he enjoys, taking it deep and being careful about my teeth. My apron has risen and I know it will please him to see my spread-wide ass.*



*I lose track of time as I suck him and almost miss the ding of the oven timer. Dinner is ready. I stand up and head to the kitchen, looking into the oven with some fear that I may have burnt the potatoes, but all seems well. Which is good because, if I had burned dinner, Greg would surely punish me for it.*

*I put the meal I've lovingly prepared on the table. Greg has taken his place at the head of the table and, though I can't see it, I'm sure his cock is still hard and throbbing. I make sure that he has everything he needs before I remove my apron and sit down to eat. But I only get in a few bites before Greg glares at me and pushes back from the table to reveal his still-exposed hard-on.*

*I put down my fork and knife and crawl under the table. As Greg cuts into his steak I continue to suck his cock. Slow and steady, taking my time as he eats. Yes, I'm hungry, but somehow that hunger is sated by my husband's powerful cock. So I stay under the table as Greg finishes his meal, sucking him deeply and working hard to please him. When he takes his last bite of steak, he holds my head down on his cock. It chokes me as he cums, and he holds fast to my head so I can't move. I swallow every drop. Greg makes sure that I do.*

*My dinner is cold but I'm no longer hungry, so I clean up and put away the leftovers as Greg watches the news and has another beer.*

*I'm elbow-deep in dishwater when my husband comes up behind me. Yes, I think, it must have been a hard day for him, because he's already hard again, and I feel him press it against my ass.*

*He slides his hand up to feel my body. Greg likes me to be fit, but not too muscular - lithe. I'm expected to keep my ass as tight, round, and ready for him as possible. My husband regularly inspects my body from stem to stern to make sure I'm keeping myself up to his standards.*

*Greg wets a finger in his mouth and shoves it inside of me. I try to stifle my gasp. He spits in his palm and applies that to his cock. I brace myself against the sink as Greg rears up behind me and pushes himself inside of me - all the way to the hilt in one, intense thrust.*

*I try not to make any sounds - Greg likes for me to stay silent. I*

*continue my chore, washing more dishes as Greg takes me from behind. My cock is leaking against our newly-refinished cabinet doors as Greg grabs my hips and begins to pound into me with purpose.*

*I can feel his excitement increasing. He's surely looking at the way his big cock splits my hole open. It's his hole, to use when and wherever he wants. I scrub pans as he slaps my ass, groaning as he fucks harder. He wraps his hands around my neck, his grip tightening as he closes in on his climax. My breath begins to constrict and it's all I can do to continue washing dishes as Greg slams deep into me, holding steady as his cock swells and deposits his seed.*

*He pulls out and walks away, up to his study where he will remain until bedtime. My hands are still in the dishwasher. I'm tired from a long day of housework, and for a moment I feel outside of myself. I have a memory that pops up from time to time, just of a successful presentation I gave, with a former colleague and friend. I remember the way I felt, then; before I became Greg's husband. But the harder I try to hold that image of myself the further it recedes, and then I wonder why I was trying to hold onto it in the first place.*

## Part 2

*It's Sunday morning and my husband and I are at church. I look around at the other parishioners - mostly straight couples, some of whom glare at Greg and I. There are enough tolerant folks here to keep us coming back, and at any rate our relationship with God is the most important thing. At least, that's what my husband says.*

*Greg glances at me and I snap my attention back to the pastor, who is sermonizing about the importance of giving back to God just a fraction of what He gives to us. Greg grabs my thigh and squeezes, hard. When we're out in public I know not to let my attention wander, especially not toward other men. Greg feels strongly about that.*

*So I hone in on Pastor Carl, who is young and handsome and speaks with conviction about his love for Christ. When the sermon is over the parish rock band tears into a soaring anthem that gets us all swaying on our feet. Greg puts his arm around me and pulls me into him. I feel him slide his hand down the back of my pants*

*and, quickly, his fingers dip into the crevice of my ass. I'm bare under my pants, per Greg's stipulations, and my hole is clean and smooth. Greg pushes his finger into me and I hold my composure. Just as quickly as he's inserted it he takes it out, and I glance around to see if anyone noticed. One person - an older woman named Milly who has never seemed to care for us - frowns at me and shakes her head.*

*As the congregation files into the lobby Greg takes any opportunity to grab my ass and press himself against me. It makes me nervous, but I am always to bend to his will. Greg has explained to me, time and again, that he is like God to me, in that I am his property, to be used as he wishes.*

*Even still, I feel flustered by the time we make our way to where Pastor Carl stands, greeting parishioners with his beautiful wife and three children. Pastor Carl shakes Greg's hand with both of his. They are close and regularly spend time together outside of church - doing what I'm not sure, but then it isn't my place to know.*

*I try not to admire Pastor Carl's strong neck and fit body. He wears sneakers and jeans, and his haircut is hip and modern. Before Greg ushers us away I share a smile with Pastor Carl's wife. There's a connection there, a sense of shared responsibility toward our husbands. I wonder if Pastor Carl is as sexually rampant as Greg.*

*Back home we barely get in the door before Greg is pulling off my clothes and fucking me over the sofa. He pushes my face into the couch cushion and I feel him filling me up with cum. For a moment I have a vision of Pastor Carl doing the same thing to me, which is startling and scary because I should only be fantasizing about my husband. But I remind myself that our Pastor is a man of God and, therefore, I would do whatever he asked. The thought makes me cum without touching myself, which Greg thankfully doesn't notice. It takes me a good hour to get the stain off the couch and I curse myself for not having more self control.*

*Later that week Greg informs me we'll be having a guest for dinner. I feel frustrated - I hadn't planned on a guest when preparing dinner, and I'll have to stop back at the store right then if I am to have time to shower and prepare for Greg before he gets home.*

*But I'm ready by the time Greg comes home with our guest, who*

*I'm somehow not surprised to see is Pastor Carl. As we eat I sense something in the pastor's demeanor. "Such a handsome husband you have, Greg," Pastor Carl says. "And this meal is delicious." I smile and say thank you. Greg just nods.*

*When we've finished I begin to clean up, as normal, but Greg stops me. As Pastor Carl stands in the doorway, gazing at me, my husband instructs me to go upstairs and prepare myself. And suddenly, I understand.*

*"But, Greg..." I say, and my husband stops me. He says that the pastor has needs that only I can meet. Needs his wife can't meet. A need to fuck hard, deep, and raw.*

*I have a moment of panic as I prepare and shower, thinking of the vow I made to God, to be true to my husband, him and him alone. Still, I think, that vow was to honor and obey, and how could anyone deny that that is what I'm doing? A warm numbness flows over me like the water cascading down my fit body. I think of Pastor Carl and what he might do to me, and my cock rises with the shower steam.*

*My heart is fluttering as I prepare myself in the bedroom, stripping nude and presenting myself on all fours with my ass spread.*

*"Praise God," Pastor Carl say in his deep voice when he opens the door and sees me. Greg is behind him. "You're a lucky man," Pastor Carl says as I hear him strip off his clothes. When he's nude, he and Greg lay their hands on me and Carl says a prayer, thanking God for that which he is about to receive.*

*My husband leaves the room. Pastor Carl asks me to look upon him. He's naked and beautiful - all tan skin and gym-built muscle, with tattoos covering his arms and legs. His cock is shaved and hard and hanging heavily from his body. I note that it is slightly larger than my husband's.*

*He has me look at him for a while, and then presents to me what he calls "the sacrament," holding out his dripping cock for me to take in my mouth. I moan in deep satisfaction as I take it down my throat, eyes watering as I look up at Carl, who gazes down at me. I suck on his balls, full of holly seed. Then Pastor Carl begins to fuck my throat with slow, deep thrusts, murmuring praise for the sweet tightness of my throat and beautiful body.*

*Then, he roughly puts me back in my place. Spits on my hole, lines his cock up with it and shoves it home. I make a garbled scream and Pastor Carl leans his tight body on top of my back, wrapping his strong hands around my neck as he begins to fuck. "Take the sacrament, do it for God," he says as every inch of his thick, raw dick stretches me out like my husband's never has.*

*I'd assumed that Carl would just get his needs met: fuck me till he cums then pull out, like my husband does on a daily basis. A rut to meet his needs, to seed and breed so he can clear his mind and focus again on providing for our family. But the Pastor is different. He puts me in different positions - on all fours where he can slap my ass and pull my hair as he fucks, on my back so I can gaze at him, unbroken. He speaks through God as he rails me, explaining that He made our bodies to receive pleasure or, in my case, to give it.*

*Carl summons my husband into the room an hour later and the two of them fuck me well into the night. They trade off, using both of my holes, and seem to go into an ecstatic state, our minds elevating to some other plane as they fuck me into oblivion.*

*"Are you ready to receive God?" Pastor Carl asks as he fucks me on my back. My husband straddles my face, stuffing it full of his cock then pulling out to allow me to focus on the Pastor.*

*"Yes. Praise God!" I say and Pastor Carl holds my ankles as he rams his rod into me and unloads. He pumps his seed deep in me and I feel the glow of it spread through me. Greg goes next, and Pastor Carl holds my head in his lap as Greg rails me more passionately than he ever has. Pastor Carl whispers in my ear, telling me how grateful I should be, that he's chosen me to be a vessel for him, for my husband, for God. My husband cums, then collapses on top of me. Pastor Carl takes Greg's chin in his hand and brings their lips together. I watch them kiss passionately. Greg has never kissed me like that. But the glow I have from our communion is too powerful to ignore, and I weep a little - with gratitude, I'm sure - for the blessings that have been bestowed upon me.*

# Large Black Bear

By Buck4bear

*It was Bear Day at the local bath house so went for a day of looking at big men do each other, and hopefully get done in the process. I got there early to clean the pipes in preparation for taking dick and get a good room. However, the day was quickly turning into a disappointment after a few hours of no action, so I watched TV hoping to see a hot man walk in. After another couple hours of low turn-out, a hunky Black man walked in. After cruising him, I discovered he was a bottom and watched as some big-dicked white guy pounded his ass in the sling.*

*Upset that I spent a lot of money on parking and a nice room, I was about to give up when I saw a large Black man walk in. He was about 6'7", approaching 400#. I had seen him there before and never successfully cruised him, but this time decided to pull out all stops to be able to service this king. Not trying to be a creepy stalker, I kept my distance while he got his locker, undressed, wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to the showers. His body was well put together despite the weight, and his very dark skin tone made him even hotter. I caught a glimpse of his fat, short, uncut dick in the shower. It was hard to determine how big it really was due to his belly. After showering, he headed straight to the glory hole maze, but just walked around it without stopping. I made sure to do everything possible to see if he was interested, walking around naked, bending over when he saw me, lying face down in my room with the door open when he passed by, but no interest was shown. A few times we locked eyes, and I felt he was intentionally ignoring me, for whatever reason.*

*I was certain someone else was going to be able to get with him, but he was the same to everyone, aloof, disinterested and sometimes hostile when someone made a move for him. It seemed as if each time I walked into the same area as him, he intentionally turned and walked the opposite direction. After unsuccessful cruising, I was sitting in the big playroom when an Asian bear named Gan walked in. We had met a few times, blowing each other and he even fucked me once, so I looked forward to ending the day's drought. He joined me on the long bench and after some small talk we started kissing and making out. We went to the bed in the middle of the room where he ate my ass for a good while.*

*I saw that the large Black man stand beside the bed a few feet away, watching us as we switched to a sixty-nine position where I got a good Gan delivered a large load of spunk in my mouth. We engaged in more small talk before he left. I noticed that the Black man had a hard-on, significantly poking out the towel. When I got off the bed, I headed towards him, thinking his erection was a sign that he was finally interested. But he immediately turned and walked away. I became frustrated and headed to my room, planning on giving up and leaving.*

*As I stood, naked with my door open, I saw him pass by. For the first time, he acknowledged my existence with a returned head nod. I was ecstatic! He finally noticed me and there was a possibility that was interested. I had been after this man for a long time and at last, got a sign that he may want to get with me. I delayed leaving, leaving the door open and sitting on the bed, waiting for him to come by again. The bath house was just about empty now, with most guys leaving due to the lack of people there. In a few minutes he passed again, this time stopping a short distance from my room. I came out of my room, and for the first time decided to speak, offering him a blow job. In my nervousness I could barely get out the words, and I sounded too soft. He looked at me frowned up.*

*“What did you say?” he asked. His voice was deep and almost angry.*

*This time I gathered up the courage to sound more confident. “Are you interested in me giving you head?” I asked.*

*“Yeah, sure,” he said, seeming noncommittal. He followed me into my room, where I shut the door behind us. I was thinking how I could have just done that all along and cursed myself for being too timid in his presence. “Leave it open,” he said, sounding almost angry. By his voice tone, I could tell that he was uncomfortable being with people, much less in a small room with someone he did not know.*

*So, I opened the door and began feeling up his large chest. I was surprised at how solid his man tits were. I sucked on his large areolas, circling my tongue around them while reaching under his towel to discover a very thick cock of average length. His foreskin still covered the head, which was wider than the already engorged*

shaft.

*“Suck it,” he demanded, guiding me to my knees. He took off his towel and I immediately engulfed his hard dick, barely able to get it into my mouth due to its girth. After a few seconds of stroking it with my lips I heard him say he did not want to come yet, so I pulled off. I licked his tight, drawn up, fairly large balls. His next move surprised me. He grabbed me by the hair, yanking my head back forcefully. “I’m about to cum bitch. Where you want it?”*

*“Wherever you want to,” I grimaced, with him still pulling my hair. I looked up at him and he seemed almost god-like. His belly was round but firm, tits stood out, and his large, wide cock sticking straight out. The look on his face appeared irritated, as though I said the wrong thing. He eased up on my hair and bent down, and I thought he wanted to kiss me. But instead told me to open my mouth and he spit in it.*

*“I asked you where you want my cum,” he asked, this time more calmly. At this point I knew why guys avoided him. He was temperamental and had a mean streak that most guys would avoid. But I adored this man so much and was turned on by his forcefulness.*

*“In my ass,” I said.*

*“This room’s too small for that,” he said. “Let’s go.” I was able to grab the lube before he grabbed his towel and took me by the hand to the large playroom, not letting go until we reached the sling. “Get in,” he said, putting his hands on his hips. Having experience in a sling, I got in and spread my legs, my ass at a perfect angle for him. I handed him the lube, and he poured a generous amount on my ass, then coated his cock which was still rock hard. He grabbed the metal poles, and guided his cock to my hole, then leaning in so that it penetrated me until he met the second hole resistance. I had taken large cock before, but his girth and hardness were not something one ever gets used to.*

*“When’s the last time you got fucked?” he asked.*

*“Yesterday,” I said, still trying to adjust to his cock. “But he wasn’t nearly as large as you. So please....” Before I was able to get the words out, he shoved his cock into the hilt. The pain was excruciating.*



*“You know you want this,” he said, then reaching out to cover my mouth to muffle the whimpering. After sensing that I was done making noise, he released his hand. The pain was now tolerable, but still uncomfortable. He then started fucking me. Slow at first, then steadily increasing the pace until he was pounding my ass. The noise from his groin hitting my wet ass, the rattling of the chains from the sling, and my moaning filled the large, empty room. I looked up and in the dim lighting, I could see his tits bouncing, sweat rolling off his bald head, and his muscular shoulders and arms as he gripped the poles. He was staring directly into my eyes, a fierce and determined look. In just a matter of minutes he was pouring his seed inside of me. Everything went suddenly quiet except for a slight groan as he spent himself. He remained standing, still inside of me, until he went completely soft at which time his cock slipped out, followed by a warm liquid.*

*He stood, hands on hips, looking up and breathing heavily, then looked at me, shaking his head. “You’re a fucking hoe,” he said laughing slightly. He then stuck out his hand as I was trying to get out of the sling in order to help me out.*

*“Thanks,” I said and the unexpected act of kindness.*

*“No problem,” he said, grabbing my ass hard. “Let’s go back to your room and talk.” He led me, once again by the hand, back to my room. I discovered a lot about Charles, understanding his distrust of men, white men in particular. That day I got fed two more loads from my newly found king.*

**Orgasms are never  
wrong!**

# Our Own Breeding Slave

## By Out-Cast

*This story takes place in a society where slavery is common, and it involves consensual sex between young adult men. Feel free to try this at home if you happen to live in such a society.*

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*“May I have your attention for a moment,” Father says as we are about to leave the breakfast table. “I have a surprise for you all. With four beautiful daughters who will soon reach a marriable age – Maria already by the end of this year,” my eldest sister beams dutifully, “I have decided to buy a breeding slave just for private family use.”*

*Gasps of delight from my sisters. Breeding slaves are expensive because fertile males are so extremely rare. Having one dedicated just for the four of them is an unbelievable luxury.*

*“In fact, our new slave has now arrived and is waiting in the Cloisters as we speak, so I suggest we shall go and inspect our latest acquisition.”*

*With Mother on one arm and Maria on the other, Father leads us to the central courtyard that he pompously insists on calling ‘the Cloisters’. My other three older sisters and I follow dutifully, while house slaves hold open the doors as we process through the corridors.*

*“You know that, for me to get pregnant with your children, we had to hire breeding slaves for one night at a time,” Mother says, “Having our own private breeder will make us so much more of a family ... Your future wife could use him too, Alexander, when you are old enough to marry.”*

*That last bit was aimed at me. I have not dared to tell my family that I think that wives and marrying will never be particularly high on my list of priorities.*

*The new slave takes my breath away. He is beautiful, a delicate smooth face surrounded by riotous blond curls, his mouth slightly bends up at the corners in a cute permanent smile. He mostly keeps his gaze down respectfully, of course, but when he quickly*

*glances up at us, I can see that his eyes are a gorgeous golden brown that makes me go weak at the knees.*

*“He has sired two baby boy-slaves at the farm already, so we can be certain that he is fertile. And he’s only eighteen, so we’ll get years of use out of him yet.”*

*Eighteen, just two years older than me!*

*“He looks very nice. Nice enough to warm my old heart, in fact. I think you may have to get used to a little brother or sister soon,” Mother jokes. Or at least I fervently hope that was a joke. Father seems to take it that way, chuckling as he snaps his fingers and gestures the slave to undress.*

*I tear my gaze away from his face and look at the body he reveals as he strips off his baggy tunic. A tall, lean, athletic frame, not overly muscular, but arms and shoulders broad enough to betray he’s used to doing more work than just breeding. As he steps out of his shorts, a long fat cock and two heavy low-hanging balls swing free between his thighs.*

*God, what a sight!*

*I think with embarrassment of my own 2-incher and the two shriveled – raisin-like! – testicles that come with it. I have never had an erection, despite my regular efforts to encourage one. I know I shouldn’t be ashamed; I know my penis is no different than Father’s, or those of all other men in civilized society. My tutors have drummed it into me for as long as I can remember that infertility is a status symbol: ‘the beasts rut while the gentlemen rule’. A big, fertile phallus is supposed to be an object of shame, but when I see our breeding slave’s package it doesn’t feel that way. I desperately wish I had something like that to enjoy.*

*“What shall we call him?”*

*Slaves don’t get names at the slave farm, of course. It is up to their new owners to name them, if they so wish. Our house slaves all have names, but the land slaves out on the estate just get a number for convenience.*

*“How about Bucephalus, after the horse of Alexander the Great,” Maria suggests. “After all, he’s hung like one.”*

*Father smiles affectionately. "Very droll, Darling ... Well then, let's call him Buck the Phallus, or just Buck for short. Shall we go back inside?"*

*He turns back towards the Apartments, leading Mother by the arm.*

*"How much did he cost," she asks.*

*"Only 30,000."*

*She looks at Father sharply. "What is wrong with him?"*

*"Nothing physical," Father replies quietly. "But he has been difficult to manage from a young age, tried to escape about a dozen times, almost succeeded thrice. I've made plans to deal ..."*

*Their voices die away as they walk up the grand stairs.*

*That night I steal from my room and creep up to the next floor. Buck is kept in a set of rooms in the west facade, outside the Family Apartments but close enough for convenient access. I don't yet know how I will explain my presence, but I have to see him. Touch him even, perhaps.*

*Please let there be an innocent-looking opportunity for me to touch him ...*

*You might think I don't need to explain my actions to a slave, but despite what some people think, slaves are not completely stupid and they do talk to each other. I don't want the whole household hot with gossip about me fancying a male slave ... or any male for that matter.*

*Without a sound I turn the door handle and slip into the room.*

*Oh, my word!*

*For a few moments I just stand there and watch, swallowing heavily at the sight. Well, I needn't have worried about explaining myself. Buck is lying on the bed, stark naked, spread-eagled. Leather cuffs around his wrists and ankles attach him firmly to the corners of the frame. A thick leather hood leaves him unable to see or speak.*

*So that is Father's plan to stop him from making an attempt to*

escape.

*My eyes feast at the sight of his long limbs, stretched by the taut cables. I drink in his smooth flawless skin, an even tan showing that he went about unclothed at the slave farm. His giant manhood lies heavily across his left hip.*

*I can touch him! With him unable to see who I am, and unable to tell others about it, I can touch Buck freely and get away with it.*

*Apprehensively, I rest my hand on his abdomen. Buck flinches at the touch, unaware that there was anyone in the room with him, I suppose. My fingers trace his muscles, a proper six-pack, and he relaxes under the caresses. A trained sex-slave, he will be more than comfortable being touched up. My other hand runs along the inside of his thigh, slowly stroking him, enjoying his soft peach-like skin covered with a cover of blond hair so thin it is almost invisible. My index finger wiggles gently in his belly button causing him to tense up, hopefully from pleasure. For ages I sit on the bed, stroking his abs, stroking his pecs.*

*I've never touched a man before, at least not like this, even though I've dreamt about it for several years now. I love the sensation of his muscles moving under his lean skin, I love the sight of this flat stomach, his slender hips.*

*My left hand has travelled up his thigh and sits quietly in the nook between his leg and his heavy balls. I bend over him and take one of his nipples in my mouth, licking, sucking, biting down gently. His cock is beginning to react to my attention. His breath is whistling excitedly through the small hole in the leather hood. I take hold of his balls, so big, at least the size of duck's eggs, and slowly begin to knead. My tongue probes his belly button until his tool, straightening up as it fills with blood, touches my cheek.*

*Gasping, I sit up and watch in awe at his growing cock. I've never seen a hardon – well, not on a human at least – and it looks magnificent. Reverently, I take hold of it just below the head, surprised by the heavy throbbing of blood rushing in. It is so hard. And so big, well over a foot in length and too fat to wrap my fingers around. Drawn in irresistibly, I bend over it and touch the tip with my tongue. Salty with a slight tangy twist, a taste I could get addicted to, I am sure. Starting between his balls, I slowly run my tongue the length of Buck's monster, using the tip to probe the*

*slit and the edge of his foreskin when I reach the end. Incredibly, I am rewarded by it growing harder and thicker still. With both hands I massage his shaft while I try to get my lips around his head. Too big! He is much too big to fit into my mouth. I go back to using my tongue and hands. He is bucking his hips in time to my strokes, desperate to get off.*

*Voices!*

*Jesus fucking Christ, there are people coming down the corridor!*

*Without a sound I get off the bed and hide behind the door. Only Buck's massive manhood standing throbbing above his belly betrays that anything happened here.*

*Eyes closed and trying to control my ragged breathing, I listen how the voices pass us and disappear towards the south building. False alarm but the mood has gone. What if one of my sisters were to desire a second look and come in here, or – heaven forbid – Mother ... I slip from the room and sneak back to my own suite. Better to wait and see how things develop.*

*It is a week and a half before I dare to move again. I've kept a close eye on what is moving in the night. My sisters have been well behaved, waiting to make use of our new breeding slave until after they are married. Mother was obviously joking when she suggested she might get herself pregnant again. Buck has not had any attention in the intervening nights, and I cannot wait any longer to touch his body again.*

*Back on his bed, I stroke and lick and rub, knowing what will get him hard and soon I am rewarded by a generous foot of rock-hard throbbing meat. I lick him from base to tip, suck on his balls and probe the slit, but it is no longer enough. I want him inside me, and if he won't fit into my mouth, it will have to go elsewhere inside my body.*

*I've been practicing every night since that my first visit. Fingers initially, then bananas greased up with hand cream. Yesterday I sneaked a cucumber from the kitchens, the biggest that I could find and even that one was still not as fat as Buck's cock. The cucumber had been a painfully tight fit and I could only insert half of its length before it became too sore to continue. An ominous sign, I know, and I doubt I'll be able to take much but I am hopeful*

*that I'll be able to accommodate at least some of our slave's big manhood.*

*I straddle Buck's body, gripping his cock, slathered thick in hand cream. Does he know what I am planning? He is lying perfectly still in anticipation. Carefully I lower myself until his head is pushing between my ass cheeks. Pushing down, I allow it to start opening my ring, stretching me wide. I want this, I want this so badly. His hard cock – even the shaft is fatter than the cucumber let alone the big head – is extending my sphincter. Too big! Again, he is too big and it hurts too much to force it in. I keep up the pressure, trying desperately to relax my ring and slowly convince my ass to give in to the invader. I need to feel him inside me. But the giant cock won't fit, too big for me to allow him inside me.*

*Suddenly Buck thrusts up hard, driving the head and several inches of shaft past my ring and deep into my gut. Only the fear of getting caught stops me from screaming. Fighting the desire to pull off the huge invader and ease the searing pain, I sit still and relish the thought that I have this gorgeous slave – this man – inside me. It is not enough for the animal underneath me, though. Probably following a primal instinct innate to a breeding slave, he begins to fuck me, bucking his hips. Several inches of his fat tool move through my gut, rubbing my prostrate and adding a feeling to euphoria to the agony of the penetration. God, he feels so huge inside me, so good inside me, so natural. Despite it all, the pain, the massive head pounding me, the stretch of my ring, I lower myself further, allowing Buck to thrust in deeper. I have no idea how much of him is inside me now, but it isn't enough. I sit deeper still and something changes, Buck pushes through some barrier, space opens up and he rams in hard again and again while I keep lowering myself until his hips bounce off my backside.*

*Every inch! Every inch of that monster rammed up my bowels. The head feels like a massive ball of fire deep inside my belly, stretching my gut every time it is driven into me.*

*I begin to rock, back and forth, meeting Buck's thrusts. My movements become longer, faster, meeting that colossal invader ever harder. When I slide up and down the entire length of his shaft, I know that life will never be the same again, that this is what I will be lusting for during the rest of my life. The long fucking motions of that generous foot of hard slave cock are almost too*

*painful to endure, but also too arousing to abandon. The violent thrusts get too much for Buck and I feel his seed filling my bowels, a lake of hot slave cum gathering deep inside me. I lower myself onto his torso, trying to keep his waning cock inside me for as long as possible, waiting for my panting breath to return to normal.*

*When I finally let him slip from me, fitting more comfortably now, I promise quietly that I will be back tomorrow.*

*I have visited Buck at least a dozen times over the past month, and each time is still as exhilarating as the first. I would have gone more often – I would never leave his room if it was up to me – but I must remain careful to avoid being found out.*

*As my backside has grown accustomed to the girth of his cock, the pain has become considerably less, although I wouldn't say it is completely comfortable yet. Not that that matters, because the discomfort is easily outclassed by the glorious feeling of 14 inches of solid slave meat – I took a tape measure the second time – being driven into me at full force.*

*I am sitting on his lap, the length of his manhood – or is that 'slavehood'? – deep in my backside, but he isn't cooperating. He is shaking his hooded head, lifting it off the mattress, turning it left and right. Most importantly, he isn't thrusting his loins, not pumping my ass with his monster.*

*It is infuriating when a slave doesn't work, doesn't comply with his Masters' wishes. It happens rarely because the repercussions are severe, but in a way I am powerless and at his mercy here. I can hardly complain that Buck is refusing to breed me, can I?*

*Suddenly I realize what he wants. Do I dare? I have wished to see his face again from day 1, but do I want him to see me? If it is what I need to do to get him to fuck me, though ...*

*I lean forward and undo the straps on the back of the hood, gently pulling it away. His wild blond curls appear first, followed by his beautiful warm eyes and finally a beaming smile. Mesmerized, I can only stare at him. Close up he's even more gorgeous than I remember.*

*"Hi," he says finally. "I was convinced it was you, knew it from the energy between us when you came down with the family to inspect me."*



*His hips are pulsing gently, rhythmically, teasing my ass with his hard-on.*

*“Hi,” I reply dumbly.*

*I realize that he is looking directly at me, almost challengingly, unlike any slave I’ve ever encountered.*

*“What’s your name?”*

*A direct question, outrageously. No slave has ever dared to ask me a question, certainly not without invitation.*

*“Alexander ... or Alex ...”*

*I want to talk to him, but my mind has gone blank. Staring at him speechlessly, drinking in his beautiful face, his golden eyes. I am swaying against his movements now, enjoying the slow comfortable pumping of about 4 or 5 inches of meat through my belly. He’s smiling invitingly, expectingly, waiting for me to take control.*

*“Do you mind ... that I ... you know ...” I gesture to his manhood in my backside.*

*His smile seems to split all the way to his ears, and he laughs like a light peal of bells. “It’s what I’m on this earth for,” he replies, candidly. “But since you’re a gorgeous young man, there is nobody I’d rather make love to, even if it weren’t my duty.”*

*I lean forward, hold his face and press my lips over his. Buck opens up eagerly and accepts my invading tongue. As we kiss, his thrusts slowly get longer and faster and I meet every one – two bodies moving in an increasingly fast rhythm, until the length of his cock slams into me again and again. After an age, I have to break our kiss to brace against the force of his lunging, my gut screaming at the power of the assault.*

*“Oh, yes, that’s what I need,” I whisper, “give it to me, breeder. Prove yourself.”*

*He does prove himself with dozen violent thrusts that knock the air from my lungs. His egg-sized balls start to empty themselves inside me, his hot juice seems to scorch my gut. I collapse on his broad chest, and he bends his face towards me, reengaging my lips.*

*"I love you, Buck," I tell him when his tenderness has restored my strength, "but I have to go back to my own room now."*

*"Can't you stay longer? Just lie with me, so that I can feel your body against me?"*

*I shake my head regretfully and take the leather hood.*

*"I'll be back soon," I assure him as I cover up his face.*

*I'm unable to shake the vision of Buck's gorgeous features. He is without doubt the most beautiful, loving, and virile man I have ever met.*

*That in itself is a shocking realization for someone who's only ever known slaves to be of inferior character and talent. I've always been taught that house slaves serve, land slaves dig, mow or herd, breeding slaves fuck and that's what they are good at. In all other aspects they are supposed to be inadequate and backward.*

*In the past weeks I've spent more and more time with Buck, much of it not directly engaged in sex. Three or four times a week, I sneak into his room and remove the hood. We fuck, sometimes violently and fast, sometimes slow and tender, and afterwards I lie against his strong manly body, and then we talk.*

*He's told me about his life on the slave farm, the system of separating babies from their mothers at birth so that every child slave is a lonely anonymous part of the herd, about the hard work on the land he'd done since he could walk. How his salvation came when he was found to be fertile at 10 and was selected as a future breeding slave; afterwards he was still expected to work hard, but the worst tasks were replaced by hormone injections and exercises to improve his sexual prowess. He's only two years older than me, but he seems to have lived twice as much.*

*"Will you release my arms, Alex, and my legs?" Buck asks. I have been snuggled up against him, while my ass recovers from a violent attack. "Just for the night, so that I can hold you against me."*

*It is a question that surprises me, because I almost forgot that Buck's a slave, that he is tied to the bed while we are making love together. I want to, but he is a slave, and the restraints are there for a reason.*

*“Please ... Let me wrap my arms around you.”*

*His pleading brown eyes are impossible to refuse, and I cautiously remove the straps from his limbs. As promised, he folds his strong arms around my waist and pulls me on top of him until our mouths meet. Increasingly Buck is taking the initiative when we are together, against all morals about Master-Slave relationships. But fuck the rules because what we have is so much more than that.*

*His fat cock, flaccid for once, lies between our bellies, where it gently pulsates like a beast that could wake and pounce at any moment; it genuinely is a beast. Now that his hands are free to roam, he takes full advantage, stroking my skin, cupping my bum, squeezing my waist as he pulls me so hard against his chest that I have trouble breathing. He’s stimulating me in so many ways; I should have released him much sooner.*

*“Do you want me to make your go insane with arousal?”*

*“You’ve been doing that for weeks ...”*

*He smiles and kisses me briefly. “What we’ve done so far, that is just entry level stuff ... Do you want me to pull out all the stops? mind that you will not be the same person afterwards!”*

*My mouth has gone so dry that I can only nod.*

*“To be sold as a breeder on the private customers’ market, a slave needs to prove he is able to ejaculate 3 times inside one hour,” he whispers, “that test is usually done on the slave’s 18th birthday.”*

*He is stroking my hair, my head lying on his broad chest. Over the past 15 minutes or so, I felt his tool swell back to its full majestic size.*

*“I took the test when I was 15 and managed 5 full ejaculations in 57 minutes, over two and a half fluid ounces of prime quality sperm. Probably because I was fertile from a very young age and therefore joined the breeder training program younger than any other slave.”*

*“Is that why you are hung like that?”*

*Buck chuckles, “probably, the supplementary hormone program is all about improving sperm volume and quality, but perhaps it*

*helps penile growth too, especially if you're only ten when they begin injecting."*

*"In that case I'm happy they started you so young."*

*He kisses my forehead. "I'm glad to hear it, because I think it is time for you get reminder how it feels to be bred big. How long since we had sex, do you think?"*

*"An hour, an hour and a half, perhaps"*

*"Then I should have built up a couple of ounces for jizz to get rid of..."*

*He gently rolls me off his chest until I am lying on my left side with Buck spooning me from behind, his rock-hard cock against my back. His left arm is wrapped underneath me and around my chest.*

*"Let me take this, baby. Relax and enjoy."*

*His big monster cock pushes between my arse cheeks and pops easily into my loose chute. I close my eyes and let him take charge. For the first time in our relationship, I let Buck fuck me, rather than me impaling myself on his engorged tool. Once fully inside me, our breeding slave – my lover – is surprisingly gentle, slowly and tenderly rocking, so his massive meat smoothly stimulates my gut with a quiet intensity I could not have imagined.*

*"We had to do exercises to improve our stamina," Buck whispers from directly behind me, "to postpone ejaculation until the client has been satisfied. When I am about to finish I will have you screaming for release ..."*

*He goes on to prove his prowess as he keeps me on the edge for the best part of an hour. His manhood leisurely, metronomically, drives deep into my belly, stretching and rubbing my bowels, non-stop stimulating my senses. Nice to start with, great as it went on, then fantastic until it becomes mind-blowing turning to excruciating when my gut can't possibly stand it anymore.*

*"Not so loud, baby," he says quietly, and I realize that I am moaning, moaning noisily.*

*"Please finish," I beg, "I can't take more."*

*“Yes, you can, baby. You can take a lot more than this.”*

*His thrusts keep coming, long, gentle, and impossibly deep inside me. I am panting to prevent myself from starting to groan again. Powerless in the hands of this sexual pro, I repeatedly beg him to speed up, shoot his load and end my suffering, but my pleas are futile. Then, just as I think I might lose my mind, when I genuinely cannot suffer his attentions any longer, he starts to power up, letting rip with harder, faster thrusts, his hips slapping against my cheeks.*

*Barely interrupting his rhythm, he turns me onto all fours and, having positioned himself between my legs, he fucks me like a dog covering his bitch. Two minutes, three minutes to reach his full violent force, five minutes of unadulterated animalistic power before he begins to fill me up. I don't know how long he keeps going, how many shots he releases into my gut, but when he finally collapses onto my back, my belly feels like it might burst with cum.*

*We lie like that for five, ten, maybe fifteen minutes, breathless and sweaty, his flaccid cock still buried in my rectum. I stir ... I should leave. How long have I been here now? I roll him off me, but Buck puts his arms around me and pulls me against his chest.*

*“Relax, baby, let's enjoy each other's touch for a little longer.”*

*I let him hold me, subconsciously conceding that Buck is in charge now, the slave becoming the master, the owner becoming the sex toy. I relax in submission and exhaustion washes over me.*

*I am shaken awake, bewildered and disoriented.*

*“I'm sorry, baby.”*

*His voice reminds me where I am and with whom. It doesn't explain why I am spread-eagled and on my back.*

*“I've got to go.”*

*As the fog lifts, I realize Buck has shackled me to the bed with the leather cuffs that used to hold him. The tight hood stops me from speaking and leaves me blind. I recognize what is going on, what he is planning to do.*

*“I wish I didn't have to, Alex-Baby, but I may never get another*

*chance to become a free man.”*

*He strokes my abs, my thigh.*

*“I hope they won’t punish you too much when they find you tomorrow morning.”*

*“I’ll come with you,” I scream silently into the hood, “I will join you for the rest of our lives. I don’t care about my position, where we will live or how. I only want us to be together, make love every day, twice a day ... all day!”*

*He gently takes my small cock in his hand and stimulates me until, for the first time of my life, I have the amazing sensation of blood filling my manhood.*

*“That’s my boy. Next time you try to have a wank, think of me.”*

*He kisses the leather hood.*

*“I’ve got to go, baby. I wish it were different.”*

*Please, Sir, take me with you ...*



## **Narratophilia**

**The attraction to  
words & stories,  
sometimes obscene  
words & stories**

# Two Chocolates Are Better Than One

By Erotically Written

*(Nico had to take care of his “chocolates.” It was proven that two was better than one)*

*“Nico, I need a getaway. I been working too hard in this damned pharmacy,” Twan told me.*

*“Nico, when are you coming to see me? These fools out here ain’t hitting on nothing. I need some dick and love,” Kelsey complained.*

*My hoes needed some special attention. I myself had been putting in work, as my crew in Virginia were making the streets shake, and dicing up any competition in the process (can’t disclose what it is I do; just know we get money). Twan, my Virginia bottom bitch, was someone I met one night at a Walmart in Virginia Beach, as I was making groceries. He and I had a simple conversation about Nutella at three in the morning, and the connection started from there as he made it clear he liked thugs with big dicks (the irony in how that dialogue turned right).*

*“I was groomed that way,” he told me after.*

*Two nights later, I pinned him against my living room wall, and we knocked the photos off the wall as I fucked the lining out of that ass.*

*“I just love getting pounded,” he said after.*

*Now Kelsey, this Haitian born hairdresser, plump bottom bitch I met down in Miami, was hitting me up, too at that time, as apparently his ‘regulars’ down in Florida weren’t doing their job.*

*“You telling me some Virginia dick would be the move,” I asked.*

*“I’m telling you your dick would be the answer to that question,” he said.*

*Time passed and I went down there to beat on his pussy for a bit, and we went from there. I was hearing the both of them as they wanted time with me, and I needed to be away from the grind anyway. I told my “number two and three” to hold me down for a week, as I chose Miami for the three of us to linkup. I told Twan*

*where we were headed, and he got excited.*

*"You booking the flight daddy?" he asked.*

*I booked him a first-class ticket 20 minutes from the start of our conversation of us traveling, and I had the confirmation sent to his e-mail.*

*"There's one catch: you can't wear underwear on the way down, and while we're down there, you gonna meet my other bitch, Kelsey," I told him.*

*"Other bitch? Who else you fucking? Better question: how many are you fucking?"*

*"When you start paying your own rent and car note, then maybe you could ask questions, but until then, do as I say, and stand by for further instructions," I told him.*

*I had to straighten out Twan as he had a habit of trying to have a handle on all decisions I made. He needed to know that when my dick is on the table, silence was required. He agreed to what I requested, then we hung up. I then needed to give Kelsey the run down.*

*"I'm coming down in a couple weeks," I told him. "I'm bringing my Virginia bitch with me, so it won't just be you and I."*

*His attitude caught fire as well, so I had to cool him off and remind him the same as I did to Twan.*

*"Yes daddy. I just want some cock, that's all," he responded.*

*That was really all Kelsey was good for, for that big, brown ass was big as a truck tire, and could take a mean pounding when called upon to do so. Twan was built the same, with the only difference in him being a "man squirter," as I'd usually hit the right spot within a couple minutes of being in it, and cum would start shooting out of his dick as a result. I was about to nail both of their asses.*

*"I'm coming to get you so we can roll to the airport in a few," I told Twan the morning we traveled.*

*Whenever we did any type of trips, he was always late getting it together. Thirty minutes later, however, he was in the passenger*



side of my Mercedes coupe, with his dreads braided, and a fresh edge up and beard trim, ready to see what Miami, or Kelsey, was about. Right before we parked, I called Kelsey on the Bluetooth.

“Aye bitch, when we touch down, make sure you’re there to grab us,” I told him.

“Nah, the dick ain’t that good for you to speak to me in that manner. Umma send you guys an Uber,” he joked.

“Bitch, you send an Uber, that be the last thing you send anyone. I got premium pussy that’s worth a chariot,” Twan said.

The two of them got into it, getting catty on the strength of this 12-inch pole I carried. I shut it down, then five and a half hours later, that negative energy shifted as the three of us were in a suite in the hotel, the two of them kissing and sucking each other’s tits in the middle of the king-sized mattress.

“Still talking that shit,” Kelsey asked Twan, as he put his fingers into Twan’s ass.

“No, baby.”

“You gon’ act right so we can share this dick? I mean, you flew down here to not have a dry pussy, right?”

Kelsey took control of Twan in the beginning, and it was a sight to see. My dick had never been so hard. I was glad I was able to subdue their attitudes with some grub from Finger Lickin’, a spot on the other side of the bridge, some good smoke, and good vibes.

“You about to make me cum, bitch,” Twan told Kelsey, as Kelsey focused on Twan’s left nipple again while finger fucking him.

I continued to watch the show, as Twan ended up sitting on Kelsey’s face, so Kelsey could take that rigid tongue to Twan’s twitchy twat. Kelsey had Twan shrieking as he ate him out, as I witnessed Kelsey feast on Twan like it was Thanksgiving.

“Fuck me, Nicoooooo,” he begged.

If there was one thing Kelsey could do, it was provide oral, as he rimmed with the best of them. He had Twan speaking in tongues. I just stood there, lighting up another blunt and watching these two tricks go after each other.

*“You like me eating that ass, don’t you? You don’t need no dick,” Kelsey asked him.*

*“No, I need some dick. I need it Kelsey, I need it now,” Twan responded.*

*I carried the blunt in my mouth, then walked over to the bed and stood behind Kelsey, before leaning in and rubbing my stick on his right ass cheek.*

*“Oh daddy,” he moaned. “Do Twan first. I wanna suck on his dick while you drive that snatch.”*

*Hearing that powered me more, and ultimately turned up the threesome. I let them continue as I went into a bag Kelsey brought that was full of toys and pulled out this vibrator. I made Twan get on all fours and spread his legs to where Kelsey could get under him. I grabbed the Vaseline out of the bag as well, stroking my dick with some first, before putting some on my right finger, and inserting into Twan.*

*“I don’t want no finger. Just dick!”*

*And dick was what he got, with a fully propelled thrust that made me lock directly into him. Twan cursed me, yelled and screamed while I forced myself into him.*

*“Take this stuffing, bitch,” I said as started pounding away immediately.*

*Kelsey got his mouth on Twan’s dick while laying on his back, and we officially were working the front and the back.*

*“Yeah bitch, that’s how you submit,” I said to him. “Just take it all in.”*

*Twan made all sorts of noises that caused me to ramp up the speed, as he got me excited. I showed Twan no mercy, seeing that inner hole stretch as I churned my meat into him.*

*“You’ll never have another nigga like me,” I said to him.*

*That made him wince, as I could see Kelsey now sucking on his balls, literally stretching them towards the mattress.*

*“Hold up a sec. Twan, put this vibrator inside of Kelsey,” I told*

him.

*I made Kelsey put his legs in the air, then handed Twan the greased toy. Twan pushed it in, and I'd hear Kelsey bellow, too, as he loved his ass played with. Twan then hit the power button, as Kelsey got loud even with a mouth of dick.*

*"Look at my two bitches," I said, while ramming Twan. "This is how you bitches work together."*

*I couldn't get enough of fucking Twan, but Twan needed a break as that hole got puffy.*

*"You bitches switch. I wanna fuck Kelsey now," I said to them.*

*Twan got up so Kelsey could lay in the missionary position in front of me. Twan hovered over him as now Twan would be the one sucking off Kelsey while Kelsey got rammed.*

*"Tables turned now, bitch," Twan said, before chuckling.*

*We did something different: I put my dick inside of Kelsey, but Twan placed that vibrator just above my meat as we had the instant "double penetration."*

*"Ooooooh. Ooooooh fuccckkkkkkkkj," Kelsey moaned.*

*Kelsey's ass was so wet and welcoming, that he took in both the plastic and my member. I could admit, it actually made his hole feel even better, as Twan and I teamed to slut out Kelsey, with Twan holding his legs back while sucking Kelsey off. Kelsey went back to sucking on Twan as a 69 commenced.*

*"You bitches can't make a hotter scene," I told them.*

*The both of them were moaning like alley cats as their mouths were full. Kelsey's ass was creaming out of control, his juices rolling out of his ass, and down his balls, and in Twan's hair. We kept up the session for maybe 10 minutes, before I had to cum.*

*"Damn bitches got me ready to nut," I said.*

*On cue, they heard that and got into a position where they were side by side, facing me with their mouths open. They always knew to swallow me, so I jerked my dick in front of them while they both rubbed my nuts, and made me cum, nut shooting in both their*

mouths.

*“We want it all, daddy,” said Twan.*

*I pushed that nut out and when I finished, the two of them kissed each other, snowballing the load. We laid back and continued to get blunted*

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Sit down please. The class has already started! We don't want to keep Professor Xavier Mendez waiting, do we?

Did you ever accidentally call your professor “daddy”? My OC Xavier’s students know the struggle. Although I’m sure Xavier doesn’t mind. In fact, he embraces it.

**Artwork by FiliFuck**

Twitter: @FiliFuck

Inspired by Greeneyedwolfking’s Moon Detective comics.

# Big Jack

By Bill Drake

*It was a nice sunny autumn day, and I had just finished my Tuesday crew practice. I'm a junior and I've been rowing since I got to college. I've always liked the water, I guess, plus I really like the way it's conditioned my body. I have a definite crew build: strong upper body and great arms and back. The other guys on the team always give me something to live up to, as they're all nicely built studs with flaring lats and knotted delts - when the weather is warm like on that Tuesday, most of the guys practice with their shirts off, and I get to see every sinew and every inch of my buddies' muscle as we flex and pull in rhythm. The guy who usually is in front of me, Kevin, is a particularly hot senior, and watching his shoulders at work gives me a hardon in my shorts without fail.*

*Anyway, it's about noon when we finish that day, and rather than join the other guys for lunch, I decide to head back to my apartment for a nap before my next class; I'd partied too much the night before and was tired after an exhausting practice. I waited for the subway car and when it arrived, it was packed with the usual lunch-hour rush.*

*We went about one stop before I noticed him. He was dressed in a dark suit with a crisp white shirt and yellow tie and was talking to another, thirty-something businessman similarly dressed. Both men were good-looking, but it was the older man whose appearance hypnotized me. He must have been about 40, and his shortly cropped hair revealed the beginnings of salt-and-pepper coloring.*

*He looked distinctly Irish-American, with blue eyes, ruddy cheeks and slightly rounded cheeks that highlighted his smile as he talked to his friend. But in addition to his face, his build got me - about 6 feet and sturdily built, I could notice his strength from ten feet away where I was standing in the middle of the crowded subway car.*

*At one moment he looked over at me and our eyes locked. I felt myself flush with embarrassment from staring, so I averted my gaze. When I looked back his eyes were still looking right at me, all the while he and his friend talked. He grinned, whether at me*

*or in response to what his friend was talking about, I couldn't tell. I didn't have the nerve to keep staring, but each time I brought my gaze around again, our eyes met. It was the sexiest feeling. I could feel the hairs on my arms stand up in excitement.*

*When the train lurched forward a bit, the man of my gaze reached up with his left hand grabbed onto the railing. Then I noticed the wedding band clearly visible on his thick ring finger. Oh well, I guess he was just wondering why I was staring. I've heard that some straight guys are even flattered by attention from other guys. In any case, it was time for me to stop fantasizing. Besides, my stop was coming up.*

*I eased my way through the crowd and toward the door. As we were pulling into the station I heard behind me, "Well, I'm getting off here, Mike, see you Thursday." I stood facing forward into the glass door of the subway car and could see him directly behind me. My married man stood not two inches from me. I could see his face clearly in the window, eyes now locked on mine, and I could smell his cologne enveloping me. As the car stopped, his body even pressed gently into mine.*

*I was confused, nervous and excited as hell. I exited the car and began walking toward my usual exit - it's the less frequently used one of the two in the station. I could sense that my man was behind me, but I didn't turn around. I went out the turnstile and up the steps to street level. Again, this guy was behind me. I had to look.*

*When I got up to the street I paused and the guy appeared next to me, yet he was acting as if he had a destination at this stop, which for all I knew he did. He turned toward me and unconsciously I found myself nodding as if to say hello. He nodded back then paused with a firm but questioning look on his face. And that sexy grin.*

*It was starting to sink in that this stud wanted what I did and had indeed followed me out at my stop. Yet I couldn't speak I was so overcome with desire. Since I lived only a couple blocks away, I just nodded my head the direction of my apartment and beckoned him to follow.*

*I entered the foyer of my apartment building and was unlocking the door when the man came up behind me and nuzzled his head*

*right against my neck. His breath was heavy on me and by now I was hard as fuck. Strong arms slipped around me, as he began licking and kissing my neck. One arm rubbed my chest and nipples through my T-shirt while the other plunged past the elastic band of my shorts and grabbed hold of my erect, throbbing cock. I let out a gasp.*

*I could have stood there all day with this hunk's arms circled around my body, but I knew his rough, masculine hand would bring me off sooner than I wanted to. So I unlocked the door and led him into the hallway leading to my apartment.*

*Once inside, he took off his suit jacket, undid the top button of his crisp white shirt and unloosed his tie a bit. Silently he stepped up to me and the two of us met in the hottest, wettest kiss of my memory. My arms wrapped around his broad back and held his powerful frame tight against mine. I could feel his strong back muscles through the material of his dress shirt. Overcome by lust, I was humping gently now, grinding my crotch into his. The stud's large hands held on firmly to my hips while his tongue dominated me and explored my mouth with probing, commanding strokes.*

*After about a minute of this, he pushed back from me with his upper torso. With a determined shove, he pushed down my shorts and again grabbed my dick. My cock by now had a life of its own and was spasming in his pleasurable grip and dripping little rivulets of cock juice all over this man's fingers. With a milking motion, he kneaded my hard prick until the precum beaded up at the tip. Then his fingers would take the pearly liquid and massage it into the skin of my rigid scepter. Still he said nothing, but let out a hiss of air in approval.*

*Removing his hand, he unfastened his belt and lowered the zipper of his suit trousers. He pulled them down, and his underwear just enough to let loose his hardened dick and hairy, mansized balls. Before me stood the fattest cock I had ever seen. Not super long - it was maybe 5 or 6 inches - but it was twice as thick as a normal size cock. I knew my hands would not even be able to wrap all the way around it. The head was round and blunt with a clearly visible piss slit that oozed steadily.*

*As I was looking at that massive piece of meat, it was pushing forward, making its way between my thighs. It fit snugly as this*

*stranger started first wedging it deeper in the muscular flesh of my inner legs and then beginning a steady thrust.*

*He held onto my hips again, tighter this time as he fucked that fat prick between my legs. Our mouths locked in hot, male passion. With each thrust, I could feel the man's fuck meat becoming harder and wider and more erect. Gradually it rose and was soon rubbing the underside behind my balls all the way up to my twitching asshole. With each thrust, too, I could feel the trail of his dick's drool.*

*He picked up the pace. His shoves became harder. I reached around his large frame to cup his powerful round ass cheeks and feel them clench with each contraction forward. The room was filled with the sound of his thighs slapping mine. And our hungry moans into each other's open mouth. His fuck pace increased to a rabbit-fuck speed, then stopped suddenly. I thought he was going to hose his seed right there between my legs, but he was holding back.*

*Before I knew it, he'd withdrawn his dripping thick stalk and was turning me around to face away from him. In front of me was the back of my couch and from the pressure his hand was putting on my back, I understood that he wanted me to bend over it.*

*I'd barely complied when I felt his slightly beaked nose part my horny ass cheeks and his tongue lap at my crack. Involuntarily I let out a moan and my cock jumped a bit. Then he did it again, his tongue explored the full length of my butt crack, then went in for another assault. With military precision, he found his target and drilled in with what had to be the most talented and powerful tongue I'd come across in my years of man sex. It alternated between gentle persuasion, making smooth concentric rings around the edge of my rosebud to open me up voluntarily, to full-on jackhammer with the thick, wet muscle.*

*It was a hot enough rim job, but coming from this horse-dicked married stud, it had me hotter than hell for his businessman cock. I was writhing without control and bucking my jock butt as hard as I could against the welcome invader lapping at my insides.*

*I was the one near to losing my load now. I think he sensed this, as he first slowed his tongue work then stopped. I looked back as his rugged yet shaven face, flush red with heat and excitement*



*pulled out from between my cheeks. He stood up, his cock raging hard and imposing. He wiped the saliva off his mouth and chin and putting his hand in front of his mouth, spit twice into it. Slowly, he brought down his hand and used it to coat his fat prick.*

*I turned back to face forward as he stepped up to me. The warm, slick flesh nestled into my crack. I couldn't help but spread my legs to let its hardness stroke against my spit-slicked ass pucker. "Fuck me," I finally urged.*

*The flared cock tip was lodged firmly at my sphincter and now began its slow, urgent push in. Damn, was I being stretched! I'd never taken a piece of dick nearly as big and round as this, and a sharp jolt of pain traveled through my body. I stifled a grunt.*

*The hard flesh kept on pushing. Not fast, but insistently nonetheless. It had cleared the first ring and was now working on the second. I didn't know if I would survive the invasion, but even with the pain, I was horny enough to give whatever this big stud wanted.*

*He stopped his push for a second. I felt his strong hands travel up the small of my back, under my shirt and over my tense. The sensation was heavenly, and once again I began to relax. More of his cock slipped in and while on a fraction of a way planted in me, was now firmly lodged in my rectum. "Yeah, boy, let me in." It was the first time he'd spoken, and the moment was electrifying. His voice was deep and masculine, with a hint of a New England accent. My dick surged upward and my ass loosened up, letting more of his dick meat into my hole.*

*Patient til now, my fucker didn't wait any more. Knowing that he'd cleared the tightness of my anal entrance, he now thrust in with one hard shove. The surprise of the action knocked a bit of air from my lungs, but other than that I was feeling nothing but complete sexual ecstasy. I wanted more and I told him so. The shaft withdrew a good three inches or so, then slammed back in. With each thrust, the force got harder and the interval between thrusts sped up until it was a regular, rough fuck rhythm. "Ummh, nice warm hole," the low, commanding voice moaned. "Tight fuck."*

*Each push in stretched my hole and my bowels to their limit. Each hard shove made my already hard and dripping cock ache in horniness. Each slam of hard cock meat against my prostate drove*

*me to higher level pleasure.*

*This stallion of a stranger was in the middle of a full-throttle, deep-dick fuck when my dick could take no more and started spasming and spewing thick gobs of cock spit up my chest, over the couch, and across the room even. I screamed as this married man fucked the deepest, fullest orgasm I'd ever let loose with out of my balls. My legs squatted, my ass bucked, my chest heaved: I was a man possessed as a giant ball-busting nut drained through my cock and all over everywhere.*

*My man let out a low, soft whistle of approval. "Wow... I got you worked up there, didn't I, bud." His wet, thick cock had slowed down a bit but was still steadily fucking away. "Couldn't wait for daddy to get off, huh?" He ground that beer can meat deeper.*

*"Fuck!" I moaned as the aftershock of orgasm rippled through me. My ass clenched tight around the invading monster.*

*He pistoned that meat in and out of me, with more friction for both of us from my spasming, dilating asshole. Not missing a beat, he leaned forward and put his mouth at my ear. I can feel and hear his heavy animal breathing. Then the wetness of his tongue as he passionately fucks my ear. "Want me to stop?" he asks.*

*My bowels are being stretched to their limit and I know that if I want to walk tomorrow, I should tell this guy to pull out. Let him jack his thick cock til it explodes all over my chest. Or take what I know will be a hard, pile-driving face fuck.*

*"No, man," I say. The big prick filled me so completely, I knew I couldn't part with it yet. I'd been waiting so long for real, hard screw like this man was giving to me.*

*"Didn't think so." That was all he said before resuming his heavy assault on my tight ass. Now that I'd had my orgasm, our emotional states were reversed. I was able to experience everything more fully, taking in the feeling of his thighs against mine, the fullness of his cock pushing between my ass cheeks, the strength of his hands digging gently into my flesh. He was beginning to lose himself to the need to get his nut. His grunts became louder and more fervent. The sound of his flesh slapping against mine filled the room. The slapping sound became faster and faster until a rumble emerged from deep in his belly to*

announce his orgasm.

*“Shit! Fucking coming. I’m...ahhh!”*

*For the next minute I was treated to the feel of his seed discharging into me. I didn’t think his nut would ever stop. He would hold his cock still as it deposited jet after jet of man cream into my guts. Quick, microthrusters or his prick punctuated the jism spray, and throughout it all he moaned deeply.*

*He’d barely come down from his high when I felt his muscular, sweaty hand clasp my now rigid again pole. In the same jerkiness of his seminal injections, he began rubbing my sensitive cock. “I want you to come for me again, boy. Come with my hard dick still deep in your guts... Feel my juice all up your ass? Huh? Feels nice, doesn’t it, boy? Yeah, you earned it stud... Earned every drop of my spunk... For being such a hot fuck. Yeah, give it up, bud... Yeah, that’s it. Shoot, fucker...” As his rigid prick massaged my prostate and his fingers gripped my bone, I lost it a second time. Granted, my load now wasn’t much and certainly didn’t compare to my first. But I didn’t care, I was totally fucked and loving it. I nearly passed out from the intensity of it all.*

*When my head cleared a bit, that wonderful dick was gone from my ass. I looked up and saw that he had picked my shorts off the floor and was using them to wipe his hands and dick clean. His smirk returning, he playfully tossed the cummy material toward my face. I stood up and pulled on my boxers as he hoisted his trousers back up, rebuttoned his shirt and adjusted his tie. His forehead was coated in sweat, like he’d been running to catch a bus, but he looked remarkably neat and in order.*

*As I watched, he retrieved his suit coat and put it back on.*

*“Thanks, bud,” he said, walking up to me and planting a quick peck on my lips. He reached in his suit pocket and pulled out a business card. “Name’s Jack. My cell’s on the back. I’m a real horny guy, so give me a call whenever you want a good, hard fuck.”*

*I took the card and stared deep into those perfect blue eyes. “Yeah, Jack, I’ll do that. I’m Tim, by the way.”*

*“All right, Tim, talk to you soon. Take care, bud.”*

*With that he left my apartment, leaving behind the unbeatable smell of cologne and fresh sperm.*

# *My Big Cowboy Dad*

## *By Cowboy Boots*

*My name is Henry, after my dad. I grew up a country boy in an east Texas ranching community about as far away from a large city as you can get. My mom and dad raised me on about 1000 acres of old family property where we raised cattle and a few horses. I learned to ride and rope and worked along side my father and the hired hands as soon as I was old enough to stay in the saddle.*

*I knew I was different from a young age and always stared in wonderment at the big, tall, brawny ranchers and cow hands when we were in town for supplies and groceries. I was just a little cowpoke then so my infatuation with the Cowboys and cattlemen seemed innocent at the time. They were my heroes growing up and as I got older, my eye candy.*

*There were men of all shapes and sizes in our town but what drew me in was the big burly men not unlike my own daddy. Dad, Henry Sr., was 6 feet 6 inches of big as a bear cowboy with wide shoulders, a thick sturdy frame carrying something like 300 pounds. He wasn't lean and athletic but well muscled from working the ranch all his life and had a nice layer of fat and a bit of a belly from eating too well and drinking beer. He was just big and burly and he carried it all well and I adored him. He had massive hands and the backs of them were well coated in the same golden brown hair that covered much of his body and fingers as thick as the big cigars he smoked. Dad had these startling green eyes that I got lost in sometimes when he was lecturing me on the things in life men should know and he'd have to snap me back to reality. He stayed clean shaven most of the time with a strong broad chin with a bit of a dimple that accompanied his equally strong jaw that still remained well defined with his round face and full cheeks. His light brown hair was usually kept very short in a typical "gruff coach flattop" type cut and only served to accentuate the manliness he exuded. His face was always smiling and inviting, and as big and intimidating as he could be physically, everyone loved him.*

*Women really paid him a lot of attention when my mom wasn't around but he was always a perfect gentleman and let them down real easy but still the women walked away glowing, dad had a way*

*with women. I often overheard people whispering things about the way my dad filled out his wranglers. It was always there so I guess maybe I hadn't noticed it but dad had a huge bugling basket of a crotch. It really looked like he had a large grapefruit or even a cantaloupe in his jeans and some people speculated that it was a "hernia" or maybe he was just "all balls" or maybe theres a pair of socks in there. No one really knew but mom and she would actually make adjustments to the seams and fabric in his jeans so he could still wear his wranglers as cowboys love to do. It was a monster bulge but it fit in with the rest of him. I saw him in his tighty whities plenty of times around the house growing up.*

*When we weren't working life around our house was pretty laid back and as a young guy I would sit next to my daddy on the big front porch and he puffed on one of his fat cigars and chatted up my uncles or the neighbors. I would just sit there leaning up against him, his huge arm around me, listening to him talk and laugh in his deep booming voice. I liked watching him light his big cigars, punching a hole in the end and toasting the other with his torch lighter end before puffing it to a bright red glow. The whole ritual was amazing to me for whatever reason, I couldn't figure out, but he just looked so manly and in charge with his big cigar clenched in his pearly white teeth. I was his boy and he was my daddy, my hero. I looked up to him in every way and wanted to be just like him when I grew up.*

*In my early teens I really started to notice how attractive my dad was in a whole new and different way. I started to notice just how unusually big that bulge of his was because by this time I was really checking out the men around town. Wranglers can be a very flattering cut of jeans to wear but even so the other guys bulges had nothing on my dads. I really wanted to see what was in there. Was it really a hernia, I looked it up online and it could fit but then again he could have a real monster in there or some giant daddy balls. I decided that one day I would orchestrate a plan to accidentally walk in on him in the shower or in his room while he was dressing. I was never actually able to do this because dad was always very careful it seemed. Maybe he was just really embarrassed by what was in his pants.*

*Dads cigars became just as big a fascination for me as his huge mystery bulge. I really started to get into the sheer masculinity of the action of smoking a big fat cigar - how dad rolled the big*

tobacco tube between his fingers between puff, how he looked with it jutting out from his handsome face. I was having to hide a boner while we spent time together and he had a cigar going. I did feel kind of strange that I was attracted to my dad and men in general at all but I knew I was gay and came to terms with it. What I did have a bit of a problem with is my burgeoning cigar fetish. I found online that I was by and far not alone in the attraction.

I soon found all the photos and videos online of men that shared my sexual interest in cigars and the men that smoked them. Along with thinking of my dad and watching all this porn I had discovered, I beat off several times a day like most any teenager does.

One day when I was 14 or 15 and mom and dad were visiting my great aunt a couple hours away I decided I would steal one of dad's cigars and give it a try. I went into his study and got one of his really big ones out of his huge chest of a humidor. It was fat and long and felt great in my hand, I immediately sprang a hardon that throbbed and bounced like my dick had never done before. I held it like dad does when he's smoking and sat in my dad's desk chair savoring the feel and sweet smell of the unlit cigar. I put the big stogie in my mouth and my hands went down to free my hard teenage cock from my pajama pants. I slowly stroked my cut cock and ran my fingers over the sensitive mushroom head smearing precum around the organ, producing so much I didn't need spit or lube. The cigar felt so big and heavy in my teeth, the strong dark tobacco made my lips tingle and the sweet earthy scent of the unlit aged tobacco flooded my nostrils. "I'm smoking my daddy's big fat cigar" I unintelligibly muffled around the huge cigar to myself several times as I felt my orgasm building. My body froze up and my eyes rolled back in my head, my cock getting ready to fire off a huge cigar and daddy fetish induced load. My cum was everywhere and the intense orgasm from my first cigar in my mouth had caused me to bite down on it and leave a decent indentation. Dad probably wouldn't notice as he often "chomped" an unlit stogie in his teeth while he paid bills and did paper work at his desk, replacing the cigar back in his humidor if he didn't get around to smoking it at that time.

I played with my cock with one of dad's big cigars in my mouth many more times while my parents were away. Dad never let on

that he had any knowledge of his cigars getting molested, lucky for me.

## Part 2

I recall the first time I got to see dad's cock, in as long as I had been alive, was when I was about to turn 17. Dad was a night owl and got by on little sleep, often taking long strolls on the ranch, checking on things I guessed. One night I woke up needing to pee around midnight or later. When I had come back to my room ready to go back to sleep I glanced out my window and saw dad in the dim light of our distant horse stable. Suddenly not so sleepy I decided to go see what he was doing in the stables so late, maybe he needed help with a colic-y mare. I slept in the nude by this time and had to throw on a shirt and PJ bottoms along with shoes. I made my way out to the stable which was probably about 1000 yards from the house. The stables were pretty newly built and had some decent amenities: a changing room, office with restroom, a small TV with cable, and Internet access.

I walked into the stables and didn't see dad at any of the stalls. The mares and gelding we kept were sleeping or looking at me as if wondering why dad had waken them up. At the far end of the stables I saw a blue light in a short hallway that led to the changing area and office. I crept up to find the office door cracked open just enough for me to peer in. My jaw dropped and my heart started to race immediately, there was dad watching porn on the computer screen, a cute young woman getting slammed by a nice hefty cock. Catching dad watching porn was nothing though. What was shocking was dad was totally naked, one of the biggest cigars I'd ever seen clenched in his teeth, puffin away, and a truly massive cock that looked stolen off a stallion pistoning in and out of an artificial horse vagina(an a/v, used for semen collection for breeding) he was holding. His cock was enormous, I could see why he would be using an AV. The shaft of his meat that I could see was at least as thick as a soda can, probably bigger, the length I judged to be well over a foot but it was hard to tell. The head of the beast was the size of an apple, the tip was very full and rounded, and the ridge around the head was strongly flared out with the ridge soft and rounded. His balls were the size of large chicken eggs and swung loosely in a low hanging sack. This is what had been lurking in his basket all these years, a cock took big to fit a hand around. It was a horse cock, and he was a stallion.

*I watched intently as he pumped in and out of the AV, the huge head not able to slip past the end of the water engorged AV. He would really take his time and slowly stroke the huge meat pole through the wet AV and then he would really jack hammer it, all the while puffing his fat stogie. He was hairy all over, reddish brown fur coating his big firm belly and chest, back, legs and forearms. Sweat matted the fur making it look a little darker as it clung to his skin.*

*I watched dad for a good 30 minutes while my cock tented out my PJ pants. I watched as dad took a hard draw on his cigar as his body tensed up and cock stopped stroking. A low growl came from him as thick ropey spurt after spurt flew from the huge flared cock head. That's when it happened, I felt almost dizzy from motionlessly standing there for half an hour, I lost my balance and stumbled against the wall outside the office. I heard some banging and shuffling around in the office before dad popped thru the door. "Jesus fucking Christ son, you scared the shit outta me!", dad said looking down at me still on the floor. He had put his underwear on and they weren't doing a very good job of concealing his still deflating meat. He helped me up off the floor, with one strong hoist from a massive arm he yanked me up quickly. I stood in front of him, my PJs still tented out. My face only came up to his chest and chin, being only 5'11" to my fathers 6'6".*

*He was hot and sweaty and I could feel the heat coming off him in the cool night air. "Son, you need to get to bed..We'll talk about this tomorrow." he told me in a deep authoritative tone. "Yes Sir, I'm sorry Dad, I didn't mean to..." I stammered before he cut me off mid sentence. "Son, its OK, nothin to be sorry for. Just get to bed, and you might want to take care of that", he said, pointing to my 7 incher straining in my pants. "Tomorrow", he reminded me. I nodded and left the stables.*

*Back in my room I had so much running thru my head, the sight my dad naked beating off, The size of that horse meat he had, the talk that would invariably come tomorrow. I got in bed with a towel and one of dads cigars I had stached. I chomped the unlit cigar and beat off furiously, thinking of what I had just seen and imagining dad was encouraging me to smoke his cigar and shoot my load for him. I came hard in the towel, put the cigar away and drifted off to sleep.*



# White Boi Pussy

By Eduardu

*When I was 18 years old and a freshman in college, I felt like I had the world in the palm of my hand. I was doing well in my classes, had a beautiful girlfriend and a good part time job with a CPA. As I was finishing my first semester and getting ready for spring break, my boss offered to give me some extra work so I could get away on my time off. Little did I know that Bill was setting me up.*

*He said, "Tim I want you to come in after hours and review some reconciliations on my desk and when your done, you can take the envelope in my desk. It's a bonus for your good work".*

*Of the five accounts I looked at, all were in error and I made adjustments to all of them. It took hours to correct and by the time I was done it showed that we were owed almost \$10,000 based on the information Bill verbally provided me. It was now 11:30 pm, so I went into Bill's desk and pulled out a fairly thick envelope. When I opened it up, I found nearly \$800. I was now very excited to get going on spring break. I locked up, got into my car and headed back to the dorm.*

*I barely got three blocks away from the office when a police car pulled me over with lights on and siren blaring. I sat in the car wondering what I had done when an officer on a speaker told me to get out of the car with my hands above my head. As I did this, two officers with guns drawn rushed me and slammed me on the hood of the car. I was cuffed and read my rights. The envelop with the nearly \$800 was removed from my pocket and one officer gave it to the other saying, "Mark this as evidence."*

*I was told that I was being booked for grand theft. I was in shock and all I could do was listen and say that I wasn't guilty. I told them multiple times to call my boss and he would explain the money. Finally, the frustrated officer in the passenger seat said, "Who the fuck do you think called us on you asshole, your boss!". And so the nightmare started.*

*I was brought in and told that I was arrested for stealing over \$10,000 from clients, the five clients that I had done the reconciliations for. The interrogating officer said that they had me on video stealing from Bill's desk and my fingerprints were all over*

*the files of the clients swindled. They put me in a holding cell and told me I would see the judge in the morning. They also told me I would not get a phone call until the morning and all I could think was I could never let my parents know about this. I was put in a holding cell that was dimly lit, smelled bad and was isolated down a long hallway.*

*The holding cell was mostly empty as most of the prisoners had been recently transported out. The remaining prisoners included three older black men all significantly bigger than me. At 5'7" and 160 pounds, I was at least 6 inches shorter and 50 pounds lighter than the smallest of the three. I was also wearing shorts, a tee shirt and sandals - not exactly comfortable clothing in lockup. My girlfriend Mia liked my body shaved and I did that for her weekly. It was obvious to me that my cellmates noticed this right away.*

*As soon as the officer that locked me up reached the end of the hall and closed the door, two of the three thugs sat down next to me. They started out asking innocent questions about why I was there, where I was from, had I been in jail before. Then it started to get more personal, have you got a girlfriend, what do you do with her, has she ever been with a black man. When I tried to get up, they sat me back down. Then, after the officer left from his late night cell check, they asked the question that was most important to them - do I suck cock?*

*I told them to fuck off and no sooner had the words escaped my mouth than a fist landed to the back of my head. I was laid out on the floor half conscious when a second blow landed to my stomach. I laid there dazed and in pain. That was when the third and the largest man pushed them away from me. He threw one man to the floor and pushed the other against the wall. He picked me up and brought me over to sit with him. The others cussed, but as big as this guy was, they muzzled themselves in a heartbeat.*

*When I came to my senses, I thanked him and asked his name. He just said to call him Big Mike. Big Mike was 6'4" tall, about 275 pounds, bald, tattooed and very black. He had a deep voice but a gentle demeanor. We began talking about our circumstances and Mike just laughed when I told him I was innocent. He told me he was just in the middle of being transported from one prison to another. I was shocked when he told me he was doing 10 years for manslaughter. The way he described what had happened sounded*

*more like self defense and I believed him. As we talked, the other two cellmates fell asleep on the benches.*

*As we sat in back by ourselves, Mike reached over and took my hands in his. I was nervous but listened to him as he told me he had not been with a woman in four years. He told me I was the prettiest boy he had seen and was thankful to have this time with me as he massaged my small hands in his. He reached over and kissed me, then lifted me on to his lap. I did not fight him as his tongue probed my mouth. I put my arms around him as he rubbed my ass and legs. I could feel his tremendous hardness underneath me and knew what he wanted. I pulled away and got on my knees as he undid his pants fished out his manhood. His cock was as black as night and 12 inches of thick awesome power. Seeing his prowess made me understand immediately why he looked at me as a girl. I took it in my hands and could barely get my fingers around it. I rubbed it for a while then looked up at Mike. He gently pushed my head towards it as I wrapped my lips around the head. The thickness made it very hard for me to take it very deep as my lips were stretched to the max. As I found out, this was my inexperience. As Mike pushed my head toward his cock, it started to go deeper and deeper. Every couple of minutes I would retch and release a stream of saliva and precum. After about fifteen minutes, Mike moved me off his slick black shaft and had me lick away the saliva on his huge balls. I could barely get one in my mouth at a time as I worked his nut sack. Then he had me get up on the bench with my ass in the air to suck his cock from the side. I felt very exposed, but somehow natural as I worked my mouth up and down this black monster cock. Mike unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down to my knees. He rubbed my ass and then slowly inserted a thick finger into my ass.*

*I couldn't believe this was happening and I was letting it. It felt good to please this big black man and I began not to care if the other cellmates woke up or if the guard came back. Soon Mike began to tense up and shot stream after stream of cum in my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could but had to pull away as it continued to erupt. I had cum all over my shirt, face and hair as well as what was dripping out of the corners of my mouth. There was also a puddle of cum on the bench in front of me, the result of my own ecstasy of the moment. I pulled up my shorts and tried to get as clean as I could without water. Then Mike had me lick him*

*of the remaining cum on his cock and balls and put it back in his pants.*

*I sat back down on his lap as he kissed my neck. He told me I was the sweetest bitch he had come across in all his years in prison. I blushed like a school girl knowing that if this man had a chance to fuck me, I would let him as if I would have a choice. His prowess had overcome me and I was not even thinking of my girlfriend but thinking of being his girlfriend. When morning came and the guard took Mike and the two thugs to transport, Mike gave me a wink and a smile. Alone in the cell, I dropped my pants and jerked off to the memory of the nights encounter.*

*The next few days were a whirlwind of negative events. First, Mia refused to bail me out because my boss was a friend of her dad and they both bought into his lie. When I went before the judge, he became frustrated with me telling him the truth. He sent me back to the holding cell and I was appointed a public defender. The public defender felt the evidence against me was overwhelming and he said since it was my first offense I would likely get a year of probation. The prosecutor came back with one year probation and 30 days in jail. After a day of considering it, I agreed to this but it had to be approved by the judge. When we got back to court, I had to face the same judge I had previously argued with and as my luck would have it he was in a very bad mood. He refused the arrangement and insisted on at least six months. When I tried to argue again, he became livid. I told the idiot public defender, who was no help at all, I would take the six months before things became worse. With six months I would miss only one semester of school and I could put off my parents as there were no major holidays coming up. Since they didn't keep up with me and they didn't know Mia, they would think I was just at school. The worse part of my ordeal came the day I was to be transported to county. It turns out the county jail was full and I was to be temporarily assigned to a nearby medium security prison by the order of my favorite hateful judge. It didn't sound too bad until I got into the van with all thugs.*

*Between my arrival, the orientation and the verbal intimidation, I was in a state of shock by the time I got to my cell. Luckily, no one had been assigned with me yet. When all the cat calls finally stopped, I fell asleep restlessly in my smelly bunk. The next day*

*was going to be a shower day the guards told me. They told me to enjoy myself as they had put me in my cell and walked away laughing. I prepared myself for the worse while walking in my towel to the shower. First, my towel was pulled from me and I had to walk most of the way naked. My ass was felt up, pinched and groped by at least three black inmates. I kept my eyes forward and just ignored it. When I began to shower, I was immediately surrounded by three black men stroking massive hard cocks. I got weak in the knees as I was getting ready to be group raped on my first day in jail. Just as they were getting ready to pounce, a booming voice yelled for them to get the fuck away from me. At first I thought it was a guard, but then to my amazement I realized it was Big Mike.*

*The three scrambled away in a hurry. Mike took the place next to me in the shower and without any words grabbed my naked body, put his lips on mine and stuck his tongue down my throat. We kissed for a few minutes while his cock grew to full strength. I knew what he wanted and when he broke his grip on my lips, I got on my knees and started working feverishly on his cock. While his slick black manhood pistoned in and out of my mouth, other inmates passed by watching the event. When Mike finally came, I did everything possible to make sure I ate every drop of his seed. As we left the shower a guard said, "Mike's got him a bitch!". Mike told me to wait, then went over and talked to the guard for a little while. Before he walked away, Mike passed him something. When he came back to me he said lets go get your stuff, your moving in with me sweetie.*

*We got my things and I got settled in with Mike. I had never lived together in a relationship with anyone and now I was going to be a sissy bitch for a huge black man. He could definitely protect me but starting tonight I had to somehow prepare for 12"s of thick ebony cock stretching my asshole. When it was close to lights out and after Mike had me shave my body clean, he gave me stockings and a garter belt and told me to put them on. I was totally humiliated as other inmates walked by seeing me dressed as a slut woman. Mike said I had to do this so everyone knew I was his slut sissy hoe and wouldn't bother with me. As soon as the cell door closed, I was on my knees working his black shaft with my mouth and hands. As his cock began to ready for an explosion, he pulled back and bent me over spreading my ass cheeks. He said it was time he*

*ate my pussy and buried his tongue in my boy cunt. The more he worked his tongue in my hole, the harder my cock got.*

*Soon Mike was up looking for something and when he came back he doused my cunt with lube. By nature, I leaned forward on the bed, my face down and cheeks spread. When his first few inches were pressed in my hole I let out a loud squeal. Cheers and obscenities came roaring through the cell block. This went on for a long time as Mike worked his black monster deeper and deeper into my virgin asshole. It took about a half hour of severe pain before my sphincter gave up and allowed him free rein. When we switched and Mike briefly removed his cock, I knew my ass would never be the same as it remained gaped open. As he reentered me, the pain was intense but it was easy for him to get deep now. As he continued fucking me I began to push back against throbbing his dick. When he finally bred me as his seed filled my bowels, I knew I was completely owned. Big Mike fucked me once more that night than again in the morning.*

*After that night I was fully turned out and it became harder and harder to get out of my lacy underwear and stockings in the morning. Over the next three months I was fucked and used in more ways than I can count. When Mike needed drugs or money he would sell me for up to a day at a time. After three months, I was transferred back to county and released two months early. Before I left Big Mike, we fucked all day after he had, "Big Mike's Cum Slut" tattooed in a heart on my ass. The last month at county my reputation preceded me as the older black men fucked me in the shower almost daily. They also liked my tattoo so much they added one to my other ass cheek, "BBC Sissy Bitch".*

*Shortly after I was released, I was back in school as if nothing had ever happened. Mia finally found out what really happened and she asked me to forgive her. I did, than showed her my tattoos and told her what happened to me. She forgave me and began using a strap-on in our love making. Over time, as some of my black masters were released from prison and visited us, Mia and I have been more than happy to give up our pussies to them. And Mia has learned to please Big Mike during their conjugal visits.*



## A Big Problem

*By Real White Guy*

*The young man sitting at the bar was the very picture of dejection. I have never seen someone so down in the mouth, so morose, so depressed looking.*

*And I could not at first glance guess why. He was a very nice looking young man. Early twenties. African American guy with pretty eyes, a smart tight haircut, graceful features, slim build, smooth pretty skin.*

*But, oh, he looked seriously unhappy there, sitting at that bar. One palm on his forehead, elbow on the bar. Just looking like his best friend or favorite pet had died.*

*Now, I'm a friendly guy by nature. I like to flirt. I like to play. I like to tease. But I'm also a compassionate guy by nature, and when I see someone in such a state as he appeared to be, my human curiosity takes over, as well as my desire to make things better if I can. I'm a people person.*

*"Smile," I said to him. "Surely it's not that bad."*

*He sighed heavily and looked down at the bar. "Yes," he said. "It is that bad. I can't smile."*

*"Oh, surely you can give me a little smile," I said. "I bet you have a great smile."*

*"It's not so great," he said. "And I can't. I've got a problem."*

*"I'm sorry," I said, leaning forward. (And I was concerned by this point.) "What's your problem?"*

*He sighed again. "I can't get sexually satisfied."*

*This surprised me. He was, as I said, a very nice looking young man.*

*"Well," I said. "That sounds like a problem. But I can't imagine that a nice looking guy like you wouldn't attract the attention of any number of eligible guys in this place."*

*"Well, it's not that simple."*

*"What do you mean? I'm just looking around right now, and I can spot three or four guys who are checking you out right now even as we speak."*

*"Oh, that's not the problem," he said. "I can pick up guys easily."*

*"Oh," I said. "So you're looking for something more serious, then?"*

*"No," he said. "Just sex."*

*"Ah," I said. "Then none of these guys is your type."*

*"Oh no," he said. "They're nice looking. I'd take any of them, except..."*

*"Except what?"*

*"They wouldn't be able to handle me."*

*"Come again?"*

*"I'm too big," he said.*

*That was the "problem?" I wasn't sure I could believe my ears.*

*"You mean your dick? Your dick is too big?"*

*"Yeah," he sighed. "It's really big."*

*"And that's a problem?"*

*"A big problem."*

*Reader, please forgive me. I wasn't seeing the problem.*

*"How big a problem?" I asked.*

*"About thirteen inches," he said.*



*That didn't sound like a problem to me.*

*"Wait a minute," I said. "You're telling me that the trashy queens in this bar can't handle thirteen inches?"*

*He shook his head sadly, "You'd be surprised."*

*"Amateurs," I said with disdain.*

*"You probably couldn't take it, either," he said.*

*"I most certainly could!" This was an insult to me.*

*"Everybody says that," he said.*

*"Well, I'm not everybody. I know what I can handle."*

*"It's really thick."*

*"That's not a problem."*

*"It might be," he said. "You never know until you try."*

*"Well, I know. I can handle thirteen inches, even thirteen thick ones."*

*"I bet you can't."*

*"I bet I can."*

*"You're just talking."*

*"I am not just talking. I know what I can do."*

*"Prove it."*

*"You're on."*

*He finished his drink and got up. "Let's go to the restroom."*

*"We're not doing anything in the restroom! That's crazy."*

*"I know that," he said. "I'm not stupid. I'm going to let you look at it just to make sure."*

*"Okay," I said. "That sounds reasonable."*

*"You'll change your mind after you see it. Everybody always does."*

*We went into the restroom. I did not change my mind.*

*We went back to my place, which was conveniently close to the bars.*

*"This is a nice place," he said.*

*"Thank you."*

*"You need to get ready?"*

*"No," I said. "I'm all ready."*

*This surprised him.*

*"I always get ready before I go out. Just in case."*

*"Oh," he said.*

*"I told you I'm not an amateur."*

*"Then take your clothes off. I want to see your ass."*

*I dimmed the lights a bit, and we both got undressed. He came up to me, put his arms around me, and started feeling my ass. His smooth skin felt good against mine.*

*We kissed.*

*Then we kissed again.*

*And again. This time with tongue.*

*I lay back on the bed, and he lay on top of me, grinding his hips into mine. He turned me over onto my stomach.*

*"Where's the lube?"*

*"On the nightstand."*

*He scooped some out of the jar and began rubbing it on my ass. He put some on his cock and began stroking it with his other hand.*

*I felt his fingers begin to explore my ass. One. Then two. Then three.*

*"You okay?"*

*"I'm fine."*

*He inserted another finger.*

*“Still okay?”*

*“Still okay.”*

*In went his thumb. He slid his hand further in.*

*I moaned. It felt incredible.*

*He rolled his hand into a fist and pushed further in.*

*“You like that?”*

*“Yes,” I moaned.*

*“I’m getting really hard,” he said.*

*“Good,” I said. “That’s the way I like it.”*

*He gently slipped his hand out and repositioned himself on top of me.*

*“Are you ready for my problem?”*

*“I’m ready for your problem.”*

*“Are you sure? It’s a pretty big problem.”*

*The head of his problem was pressing against my ass. It slipped in, stretching my hole.*

*It felt like heaven.*

*“Ready for more?”*

*“Ready.”*

*He pushed in a few more inches. I sighed in delight.*

*“More?”*

*“More.”*

*He gave me more.*

*“I’m about a third of the way in.”*

*“Take it to halfway.”*

*He pushed in further. “I’m halfway in.”*

*“Give me more.”*

*He slid in further. I moaned.*

*“Ready for the whole thing?”*

*“Yes, Baby.”*

*And in he went. The whole thing. It hit me deep inside, filling my ass, stretching it wide.*

*“I’m in,” he said.*

*“You sure are,” I said.*

*We lay like that for several minutes.*

*Then he began sliding it in and out in shallow, slow thrusts.*

*“You’ve got a nice ass,” he said*

*“I’ve got a happy ass,” I said.*

*He picked up the length and speed of strokes, pumping in and out in a leisurely, deep pace.*

*“Let me know when I can start fucking for real,” he said.*

*“You can start anytime you want. I just need that dick up my ass.”*

*He pulled his dick almost all the way out. I felt my ass closing around the newly empty space.*

*Then he plunged it in. Hard. All the way to the hilt. I screamed into the pillow.*

*“That too much?”*

*Jesus, it was. But I’d be damned if I’d tell him that.*

*“No,” I whimpered. “It’s fine.”*

*He rammed it in again. I swallowed a scream.*

*“This is great,” he said. “You really can take it! I doubted that you could.”*

*Then he rammed it again. And again.*

*It hurt like hell at first, I won’t lie. But after all my trash talk, I wasn’t going to admit defeat at this point. No sir, not me and my*

*big mouth. I was going to be a trooper, damn it. I was going to ride it through.*

*And ride it, I did. For the young man on top of me had youth and pent-up horniness on his side. He had found his piece of ass, and he seemed determined to wring every last bit of pleasure he could from it. He began pumping faster, slamming harder, riding his hips up and down with a hard slapping sound as his hips bounced against my butt.*

*I chewed the pillow. The pain started slowly to subside somewhat. My ass loosened up with the repeated assault, and it began to feel good.*

*Then he pulled me up onto my knees and started fucking me doggy style. The angle was different, and the pain shot through me all over again. I screamed into the pillow.*

*“Yeah!” he yelled. “Make that noise and show me you like it!”*

*Again, the pain started to subside, and the pleasure began to return.*

*Then he started grinding his hips around, his massive cock scraping around my insides from every angle.*

*Oh, God. Me and my big mouth!*

*Then he mounted me jackrabbit style, his hips above mine, and plunged straight downward against the front inside of my ass. I believe this is the point where I actually tore the pillow with my teeth.*

*It was a down pillow. I blew out a mouthful of feathers.*

*“Hell, yeah!” he yelled. “This is the shit!”*

*Then he dropped back down to doggy style and began a piston-like action, pulling my ass onto his cock with hard, rapid motions. I felt like I was sitting on the wrong end of a jackhammer.*

*He let out another holler. “This is some good ass!”*

*He pulled out abruptly, flipped me over on my back, and rammed his cock in again. Another tuft of feathers flew from the hole I had bit in the pillow.*

*He fell on top of me and devoured my mouth with his. Making grunting noises, he pushed his tongue into my mouth and chewed on my lips.*

*“Fuck, yeah!” he yelled. “Who owns this ass?”*

*I could only whimper. That wasn’t an acceptable answer to him.*

*He pulled all the way out, his cock head pressing threatening against my bruised hole.*

*“WHO...OWNS...THIS...”*

*Then he rammed it in hard.*

*“ASS?????”*

*“YOU!” I yelped, about four octaves above my normal range.*

*“DAMN STRAIGHT!”*

*“Ulp!” was all I could say.*

*“You want this cum?”*

*Please, God, yes. Lord in Heaven, yes. By all that is holy, yes.*

*But I just said, “Yes.”*

*“Then make me cum!”*

*I gave his cock a squeeze with what was left of my ass muscles.*

*“Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about!”*

*I squeezed again. And again.*

*As he pulled out, I squeezed tight. As he rammed in, I let loose. And again. And again.*

*And it started feeling good.*

*Not just tolerably good. Incredibly good.*

*“Make that pussy talk!”*

*I kept squeezing and releasing. Making it talk.*

*He let out a growl. “Oh, shit!”*

*“Yes, Baby!”*

*“Oh, fuck!”*

*“Give it to me!”*

*“Here it comes!”*

*“Make a baby! I want your baby!”*

*“ARGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”*

*His entire body started shaking. He let out a yell. His cock inside me was pounding like a heartbeat, pulsing within me, shooting load after load after load.*

*He collapsed on top of me, his cock still deep inside. His face and chest were drenched in sweat.*

*“Unhh,” he finally said.*

*“Oh, God,” I said.*

*His cock was still inside me. And it was still hard.*

*He raised my legs to his chest and began thrusting again. This time slowly. Grinding his hips. Probing my spot.*

*It felt amazing. He smiled at me and continued his thrusting and probing.*

*I put some lube on my cock and began stroking it as he kept up the slow fucking.*

*I was getting close. He smiled again and began playing with one of my nipples.*

*“That’s it, Baby,” he said. “Get yours. Get yours.”*

*“I’m close.”*

*“Get yours.”*

*“I’m close.”*

*“Get yours.”*

*Then he pulled out and plunged in hard.*

*“Get yours.”*

*He did it again.*

*“Get yours.”*

*And again.*

*“GET YOURS!”*

*I got mine. The cum splattered across my chest. He rubbed it with his hands, leaned over, and gave me a long sweet kiss.*

*“That was good,” he said. “I really didn’t think you’d be able to take it.”*

*I kept my mouth shut.*

*\* \* \**

*“Girl! How the hell are you?” It was one of the regulars at the bar. A week had passed since my encounter.*

*“Baby!” I said. “You wouldn’t believe who I was with last weekend!”*

*“Who? Do tell! Spill the shit!”*

*“See that guy sitting there at the corner bar?”*

*He looked over. “Oh, Baby! He is good!”*

*“You’ve been with him?”*

*A roll of the eyes. “Been with him? Of course! Who hasn’t? Girl, he’s the best!”*

*“Well he has trouble finding people who can handle it.”*

*Another roll of the eyes. “Oh, please! In this place?”*

*“That’s what he said.”*

*My friend patted me on the shoulder. “Honey, that’s what he always says. Believe me, he’s doing just fine.”*

*Another friend giggled and rolled his eyes. “She fell for it!”*

*“Hooked like a fish!”*

*“But it was worth the fall, I bet!”*



*They hooted, high-fived, and walked away giggling.*

*This was deflating.*

*I made my way to the entrance. As I neared the young man at the corner seat, I could see that he was engaged in conversation with another regular. Out of the corner of my eye, he seemed the very picture of dejection. He positively radiated sadness.*

*And as I passed by, I heard him say morosely to his sympathetic listener: "I can't smile. I've got this big problem."*





## My Glory Hole Obsession

By DirtyBoy3167

*This is a true story. I'll always remember this day.*

*In my county as a young guy in my early 20s (late 1980s), there was an adult video store out in a less populated area with heavy traffic. Good Time Charlies was seedy. But it served its purpose. Selling VHS porn, a small assortment of dildos and of course VHS head cleaner (poppers) was it's main business. I only found out about Good Time Charlies when an older man kept talking about it at a party when he was drunk. So, I thought I would venture out one evening after having a few beers of my own after work. In hindsight it looked like any other book store, but dirty. Like not clean, at all. Yeah, it needed an update, but it also was very dirty. Or maybe it was just busy. There were a LOT of men there. I walked in and pretended to check out the videos just like so many have done before me and then I asked for my required minimum in quarters and headed for the video booths toward the back. I saw the "Theater" but never knew what it was or what went on in those spaces and only recently found out (LOL). As I walked in the back, past a few men much older than me, the hallway was brightly lit and shaped like an "h" with the booths spread along the hallway. Some booths having one hole to one booth/side wall. Others having a hole on each side to separate booths. On this day, as the guys in the hallway were scoping each other out, I happened to pick a booth with 2 holes.*

*I put a quarter in the machine and scrolled the dial until there was gay porn playing. Suddenly fingers were at a hole in a side wall. And then they were gone. I put my fingers in the hole and*

circled the hole and pulled them out. As I stood there smoking my cigarette, a fat, long white cock started filling the hole in the wall. I grabbed it and started stroking it. It grew longer! I heard a moan from behind the wall. I bent over and licked the head. It seemed to pulse. "Suck it" I heard through the wall. I got down, squatted and gathered as much saliva in my mouth as I could and started to lick the underside of that cock from the base to the tip and then I put that big cock in my mouth as much as I could fit which wasn't very far. It was pretty fat and long cock and I was not that experienced with sucking BIG dicks. But just as I was getting the hang of it, my new friend wanted to pleasure me. I was slowly jerking off so I was not going to say no. I stood up, I inserted my hard cock through the hole. The man enveloped my cock with his mouth. This booth wall happened to have a very large hole. So as my friend was sucking me, he was also able to play with my balls as well as reach under and fingered my ass, which was getting me real hot!

He asked me if I liked getting fingered, I said yes. He asked if I liked sucking his big cock, I said yes. He asked if I wanted his big cock up my ass, I said yes and I turned my ass to the glory hole for him to get better access to my hole. As he started plunging his fingers in deeper, I took off my pants and laid them on the chair. I let out a moan and he said "you're a hot bitch". I heard him spit and now felt something thicker at the entrance to my hole. He had replaced his fingers with his cock and was pushing it into my hungry hole as I backed my ass against the wall. I slowly was taking all of his big cock up my young ass right there in the porn booth with men circling outside my door! It hurt a little but I was loving it! Back and forth he was driving it in as I held my ass against that wall using my legs as leverage. I wanted him to pound my ass. I wanted him to use my hole.

In the light of the video, I could see a man through a hole on the opposite wall watching me. We lock eyes. The eyes disappear. He starts feeding his dick through the glory hole! It's as long as the cock that's up my ass, but not as thick. I reach up to stroke it and am rewarded with "good boy". I am so turned on having a cock in my ass and one just, inches from my face. I would have let those men do anything to me. I stretched to get his cock in my mouth but it was just far enough that when I got the head of one dick in my mouth, the other dick just barely stayed in my ass. So, if I sucked his cock down to the base, I had to pull off the dick in my

ass. But I wanted both dicks. I started slowly long-dicking my own ass as I sucked the 2nd cock deep into my throat as far as I could. I was getting so turned on. I was drooling like crazy around the big cock getting stuffed in and out of my throat and I was pounding my ass as hard as I could against the wall to get as much of that cock in my ass. I was a bitch in heat and I couldn't stop! The two men were moaning and giving me encouragement by calling me names like "Fuck Boy" and "Little Bitch". I could see the eyes of the other men peeking between the cracks of the door. But I was lost in trying to keep my balance leaning on the chair to even care. I wanted them to watch, I wanted them to want me, to want them to want to be next. The cock protruding from the wall in front of my face was getting fatter. It was harder to get down my throat each time I pulled off and on it. The man fucking me was telling me "fuck my cock with your hole". He was getting close. And the cock in my mouth was already dripping pre-cum down my throat and he started shooting. And I didn't want to swallow it but it came too fast, it just poured into my mouth and onto the floor. I was on fire and slammed my ass back against the cock as hard as I could. I felt his cock expand within my ass as he started shooting into the condom. Both cocks quickly withdraw from their holes. And in a matter of a minute or two, both booths were empty. I had stopped jerking my dick to keep both hands on the chair to maintain my balance. I had not cum, but was still hard. I was still ready to go. My screen had gone dark at this point, I put in more coins and sat on the chair and checked out the movie. Cock in hand.

It didn't take very long before both booths had new occupants. The first dick to pop through a wall was not very pretty. I stroked it but it was just OK. But the second one was a cock! Bigger than either of the first two cocks. I guessed it to be 7 ½ to 8 inches. I was/am 6 inches and it was easily longer than me. I wanted my money's worth from this one. I pulled the chair over so I didn't have to squat or kneel on that dirty floor. I lick and slathered that cock up. I wanted it slick. I wanted to deep throat it as far as I could. Make this guy happy he came to Good Time Charlies tonight. I tried as far as I could, to the point of tears in my eyes. I face fucked myself, I put my mouth to the hole in the wall and let him fuck my mouth. And just as he was at a fever pitch, I pulled away. The guy is standing there, up against the wall, with his hard cock sticking through the hole, just hoping I do SOMETHING with it. And then I

*push my ass right down onto his cock. I push right up to the wall. Taking it all up my ass in one push. I am stroking my cock as I pull off the cock and back on. I can see that poor guy I would barely touch is now watching me fuck myself on this big cock. And it gives me a thrill to be watched. I push my ass against the wall and the man begins fucking me. And he fucks me hard, so hard the walls are shaking. I start shooting. My first shot hits the other wall. My ass must have triggered the cock in my ass because he was fucking me through that hole in the wall like a madman. The orgasm I had just blew me away. So intense that I didn't notice the man fucking me was gone. I had to sit afterwards and gather my wits. I was a little rattled coming down off that "cock craze" I was in. I hurried and put on my pants. Straightened myself up and walked straight out the door and to my truck. Lit a cigarette and pulled away. I decided I was definitely returning to Good Time Charlies.*

Do you ever look at  
guys you see out in  
public and think:  
"I wonder what his  
cock looks like?"

# Big Bear Sandwich

By Daniel Blue

*I woke up to a gentle mechanical throbbing in my ass. I opened my eyes and looked up at the ceiling. This was not my ceiling! What was going on here, I wondered. Fortunately, my head did not hurt too bad.*

*Reaching down to my ass I could feel that a vibrator was being used on my asshole. Feeling around some more I came into contact with a big, warm hand and hairy forearm. Opening my eyes fully I saw a great big bear of a man smiling at me. And then I remembered! Sergio and Gianni....I looked down the bed and there was Gianni gently working the vibrator into my ass.*

*'Good morning.' Sergio said, as he stroked my shoulder.*

*'Morning.' I replied.*

*Seconds ago I had been thinking about getting out of bed and leaving but my cock was in control now. I saw it start to lengthen as the head peeked out of the foreskin. Sergio saw it too and took my cock into his meaty paw. He slowly stroked my cock until it was fully hard. I pulled the covers down and saw his thick five incher was fully erect. I reached down and cupped his huge nuts in my palm.*

*Gianni was encouraged by this and started stroking and kissing my back. He kissed up the length of my back, with his black beard tickling as he went, until he was licking and nibbling on my neck. I could feel his warm bulk against me now. That fat, hairy belly was up close against me and his thin, long dick was now pushing into the valley of my ass. I saw Sergio pass Gianni some lube and I realized I was going nowhere soon.*

*I had met the two big bears at a party and had been talked into going home with them. Last night we had started to get it off with each other, but drink, and the lateness of the hour claimed us before we could get very far. Sergio and Gianni looked so alike they could have been brother's. They were both about six foot tall and both had neatly trimmed black beards. They had the same build and weighed about the same but their cocks were so different. Sergio had a really thick, short cock and massive balls. Gianni, on*

*the other hand, had a really thin cock that must have been a good nine inches long and he had little, marble sized balls that seemed lost in the thicket of black pubic hair. One other difference: Sergio had a really smooth ass while Gianni had an incredibly furry one. Both had hairy chests, stomachs and legs.*

*Sergio pulled me close now and kissed me. His breath was incredibly fresh and I realized that he had gotten up to brush his teeth at some stage. I melted into his embrace and Gianni kept nibbling on my neck, driving me crazy. Then he pulled the vibrator out of my ass and started lubing me up. Damn, that felt good. His thick finger worked the lube deep into me and caused a hunger deep within my ass. Sergio's tongue meanwhile was adding to my lust. He started stroking my chest and teasing my nipples.*

*I slid my hand behind his balls and into his warm, smooth ass crack, seeking out the warmth of his juicy asshole. My finger gently probed around his hole and he shifted his legs to give me better access. I broke off the kiss to lick his neck and then down to his big, brown nipples. It was like having a mini cock in my mouth as I worked it with teeth and tongue. Sergio sighed and asked Gianni to pass the lube. I felt the tube being pushed into my hand. My cock lurched in Sergio's hand as I realized what was to come. I started working the lube into Sergio's incredibly hot ass.*

*My finger slid easily into his hot hole. He muttered encouragement as I worked on loosening him up. Soon I had three fingers inside him and I knew he was ready.*

*'Turn around.' I whispered in his ear.*

*He turned his big bulk over and presented his smooth rump to me. I applied some lube to my throbbing red knob and gasped as the lube cooled my flaming cock head. Then I parted his tight butt cheeks and eased my rod into his waiting hole. I slid into him as easily as a hot knife through butter. Sergio sighed and encouraged me. When I was sunk to the nuts I felt Gianni push his thin spear into my hole. The feel of his rigid rod pushing along the length of my assguts was out of this world.*

*Gianni fucked slowly and so did I. On my down stroke out of Sergio's gorgeous ass I would be impaled on Gianni's hard fuck pole. Stroking into Sergio would give Gianni the chance to really nail my ass. I was surrounded by the big pair, almost lost between*

them, and I was loving it. I licked Sergio's broad neck and tweaked his left nipple as I fucked him. Gianni had his arm right over me and he was stroking his lover's smooth, pale thigh. Gianni was whispering in my ear, telling me how much he loved fucking me. His warm breath and tickling beard added to the delight I felt sandwiched between the two big bears.

We moved together for a good half hour. My whole body was one giant sex organ and it was getting a major sexing up. Each nerve in my body tingled. I could feel my orgasm building and I could hear that Gianni was also well on his way. It was time to switch gear. I grabbed hold of Sergio's thick dick and anchored myself as I really started laying into him. I wanted that beer can of a dick as I fucked and soon he was moaning and begging me to cum. Each stroke now felt like it would trigger my orgasm. My cock head was aflame, slick with lube and surrounded by the furnace of a big man's ass. My ass too was on fire as Gianni quickened his pace. His cock was really biting into me now, stabbing at my guts.

I couldn't take much more. Suddenly I heard Sergio groan as he wetted my fist with his thick, sticky warm jizz. My stomach muscles spasmed and then I started blasting off inside his hot hole. On my third spurt Gianni cried out in delight as he lost it in my ass. He fucked like a demented rabbit as his orgasm washed over him. And then it was all over. We lay together, still connected by softening cock and enjoyed the afterglow.

## TO-DO LIST

- ✓ **MASTURBATE**
- ✓ **EDGE**
- ~~✗ **EJACULATE**~~
- ✓ **REPEAT**





## Figure Art Gig

By Mark Smith

*“You can’t be seriously thinking about doing that.” My college roommate was giving me crap about an ad that I had pulled off the notice board about being an art model. “I should sign up for that just to see you squirm around in your undies!”*

*It was 1998 and I was a 19-year-old freshman at Washburn business college. I couldn’t stop thinking about the ad: “Male Figure Art Models Wanted for Evening Senior Class (55+), Contact Mr. Dave Hill for more information 555-0358 or in person at room 216 in the Kennedy Center.”*

*“Ya know, Mr. Hill is a pervert, right?” My roommate kidded, “I’ve heard stories that he sets up those evening classes for his gay buddies to check out young men and uses ‘art’ as an excuse to get them naked.”*

*I brushed off my roommate’s story as just the sort of rumor that spreads like wild fire on a college campus. I had never posed nude for anything in my young life, I was embarrassed just to take showers in the communal dorm bathroom. I had to take my showers late at night to avoid anyone walking in on me! Still, the thought of posing for an hour or two in the nude or undies held a strange attraction for me that I just couldn’t explain. I decided that the first thing in the morning I was going to the Kennedy Center and talk to Mr. Hill.*

*The next morning rolled around and I found myself waiting for the art class that Mr. Hill taught to let out at 10 am. Students shuffled out of the room and I knocked on the door as the last student left. I was nervous and felt that somehow, I had crossed a line that I could not back down from. I was expecting a perverted looking old man in a white trench coat, instead Mr. Hill was nicely dressed and very well spoken.*

*“Mr. Hill?” I asked “I am here about your ad for models.”*

*“Ah, yes thanks for replying!” Mr. Hill said, sizing me up. “I have another class in an hour, so I will make this short and sweet. The class is on Saturday nights from 7 to 9 pm in this classroom. I ask that you be here at 6:30 so that I can run you through some of the poses that I have in mind. I hope that you are comfortable at least in your underwear. It pays \$50 for underwear poses and \$100 for total nude. Some of the nude poses that I have in mind are kind of graphic, so I hope that you are okay with that. Have you ever posed in the nude?”*

*Sensing a strange turn-on, I replied “No, this is a first for me, I’m trying things outside my comfort zone, I guess. What do you mean by ‘graphic’ poses?”*

*“Well, every figure model has a first time. I am going to do a class about the bent over male figure in sports.” Mr. Hill explained. “Do you own a jock and white bikini underpants?”*

*Somewhat taken aback, but turned on, I replied “Well, no but I can get them.” I was surprised that those words left my mouth!*

*“Not all poses will be bent over, this is a class mainly for beginners so most of the poses will be your standard front and back standing and sitting. But at least one pose will be bent, facing away from the class, so if you want to get out of your comfort zone, that will do it!” Mr. Hill said. “I do have one rule for my male models, I know that you are young and these things are kind of hard to control, but please don’t let your ‘guy parts’ get too excited if you know what I mean, because I keep a paddle in my desk if things get too ‘hard’ for you.”*

*I had a feeling that Mr. Hill was going to say something about getting excited but the threat of a spanking took me by surprise. “You spank your models?” I asked surprised feeling a bulge*

*forming in my pants already.*

*“Don’t worry.” Mr. Hill said “I haven’t had to use it too many times because usually just the thought of getting your fanny paddled in front of the class keeps things under control.”*

*“So, are you willing to get totally nude or do you want to be in undies?” Mr. Hill asked, changing the subject. “I can have you in undies to start out and then get nude for the second hour, if that’s more comfortable for you, but I can only pay \$75 for that.”*

*“I think that I will take that offer, for half and half.” I said.*

*“Great, be here at 6:30 this Saturday, and remember what goes on in the art room stays in the art room” Mr. Hill said with a serious tone.*

*I left the art hall with a turned on feeling. I couldn’t quite put my finger on it, but I had a feeling of dread mixed with excitement. It was Tuesday morning and I had to get a jock and white bikini underpants before Saturday...*

*I bought the underpants and jock in my size from the local sporting goods store that afternoon and posed in the mirror before my roommate got back from his last class. Part of me was asking myself “what in the hell did you get yourself into?” I had just agreed to be naked in a room full of strangers! I bent over and examined myself in the mirror. But I reasoned that I was young and I wouldn’t have a nice body like this forever, besides it was a huge turn on!*

*Saturday night rolled around and I found myself counting down the hours to 6:30.*

*At 6:15, I made my way to the Kennedy Hall and to room 216. The classroom was mainly empty except for two older looking gentlemen setting up their drawing boards and Mr. Hill making small talk with them.*

*“Ah yes, this is the young man I was just talking about.” Mr. Hill said, almost excitedly. I nervously entered the room and took out the jock from my coat pocket to show Mr. Hill that I had managed to get one.*

*“Great, I see that you got a supporter!” Mr. Hill said “Does this*

*mean that you will be willing to do the graphic poses that we talked about?"*

*"Yes, I can do the bent poses." I said, thinking about what my roommate had said about being in a room full of gay men wanting to check me out.*

*"Excellent" Mr. Hill said in an almost excited voice. "I will have you in undies for the first half hour and then you can change into the jock for a half hour and then full nude for the last hour. Are you comfortable posing bent in the full nude?"*

*"Well, it shouldn't be much more drafty than in the jock!" I joked.*

*"Is everything 'clean' down there? Mr. Hill asked.*

*I pulled out a small stash of wet wipes from my pocket and assured Mr. Hill that I made sure to clean up before coming to the class.*

*"Very good." Mr. Hill said "I don't have a dressing room and the doors will be closed after we begin, so I will have you undress behind my desk and I will show you the poses that I want."*

*The room filled up as 7pm rolled around...*

*My hands were shaking with nervous excitement as 7 O'clock approached. Mr. Hill motioned for me to get undressed as he was helping a student with his set-up. I got behind the desk and took off my shirt. I then took off my shoes and socks, and then I unbuttoned my pants and let them slide off. Keeping my clothes in a neat pile on the floor, I walked to the small stage and noticed all the eyes looking at me. To say that I was nervous is an understatement! I thought to myself 'if you are this nervous in underpants, imagine how bad its going to be in a jock and fully nude!'*

*"Any pose will do." Mr. Hill said, noticing my nervousness.*

*Inevitably, 7:30 rolled around and Mr. Hill announced that we would take a short break to change up the "scenery". I knew that was my cue to get the jock on and come back to the stage. I put the jock on behind the desk. I felt like I was already in the nude!*

*After a 15-minute pose, Mr. Hill approached me to make sure that I was comfortable with the bent pose in the jock. Nervous and embarrassed, I assured him that I would make the pose. I turned*

*around and faced away from the class.*

*“Just pretend that you are picking up this ball.” Mr. Hill told me. I slowly bent over and exposed my asshole to the class...*

*I heard some approval muffling sounds from the class as I kept my pose. There is something very intimate about exposing yourself like this to a small crowd!*

*Eight O'clock rolled around and I was congratulating myself on actually doing this! Mr. Hill again announced a break and I took the cue to take the jock off and strike a pose in the nude. I was told to lay on a small mattress for the first session and then standing for the second half hour.*

*And then it happened. I knew the urge was coming on, and I tried very hard to not let it happen but when hormones are raging and my voyeuristic excitement overtakes me...*

*At first it was just a few small laughs from the class. Mr. Hill gave me a few minutes to get it under control but it was no use. I grabbed my cock and tried to cover it up.*

*Mr. Hill walked across the room at a fast pace and took out the paddle he had in his desk. Embarrassment welled up in me as I was instructed to face away from the class, bend over, and grab my ankles. Again, I bared my asshole to the class as they watched Mr. Hill take a position beside me with the paddle.*

*I did as I was asked and the sharp pain of 20 stinging swats turned my butt red! With 20 minutes left to go in the class, I was asked to sit on a stool and finish out the class. The spanking defiantly worked; my cock went back down. I was too embarrassed to get sexually excited after that!*

*Eventually, 9 O'clock came around and the class started to put their things away and get ready to go home. Mr. Hill stopped me before I could put my clothes back on to apologize for the humiliating spanking in front of the class and asked me if I'd be interested in making more money.*

*“What do you have in mind?” I asked.*

*“This is a very personal question...” Mr. Hill began. “Are you interested in...men?”*

*I had fantasized in the past about what it would be like to have sex with another man but I considered myself straight.*

*Feeling curious, I replied that I would consider it. I assumed that one of the students had asked about building a relationship with me. I reached for my underpants but was stopped by Mr. Hill.*

*“If you are interested, you might want to leave your panties off... I have someone who wants to meet you and he wants you in the nude.” Mr. Hill said.*

*My cock began to grow again as I stroked it... Mr. Hill introduced me to Jim, an older gentleman in his 50’s who I had noticed was closely examining my body during the class.*

*“I have \$200 for you if I can play with that body of yours.” Jim said.*

*Somewhat at a loss for words and curious, I agreed.*

*“I had a few hundred bucks burning a hole in my pocket and when you bent over in that jock...well, I just couldn’t resist!” Jim explained. “I understand that this was your first time modeling in the nude?”*

*“Yes.” I replied, embarrassed. “I have never done anything like this before. I’m trying to get out of my comfort zone.”*

*“Well, you picked an interesting way to get out of your comfort zone!” Jim laughed as he adjusted his crotch.*

*Jim asked in a frank manner: “Have you ever had anything up your butt?” As he reached to stroke my bobbing cock. “By the looks of your hole, I’m guessing that you haven’t.”*

*I was shocked by Jim’s reply! I hadn’t ever considered playing with myself in that manner. Like I said, I considered myself straight; I came from a fairly conservative background and being gay was just something to joke about in the locker room. If anyone back home knew that I had posed in the nude for an art class, they would be shocked!*

*Blushing, and allowing Jim to stoke me, I replied “No, nothing ever up my butt...”*

*“Do you mind if I change that?” Jim asked.*

*I could use the \$200 that Jim had offered and the thought of anal sex was strangely turning me on.*

*“Okay, I will let you...” I replied while Jim stroked my cock some more.*

*“Let’s get you loosened up...lay on the mattress for me on your stomach and put your butt up.” Mr. Hill said taking something out of his desk of sexual toys.*

*I couldn’t resist thinking that these two had done this before...*

*I took a face down position on the mattress and felt the sensation of having cool KY jelly rubbed on my buttocks. Next, a small homemade dildo was circling my anus...and slowly inserted.*

*I winced as the dildo made its way in my tight hole. The pain of it was not too unbearable, and actually somewhat pleasant in my turned-on state. I decided to give in to all of these two men’s wishes and let them have their way with me. But still, I had to wonder what an actual cock would feel like...*

*Mr. Hill and Jim took turns playing with the dildo in my butt as Jim got undressed.*

*“I think he’s ready...” Mr. Hill said as he slid the dildo out of my butt.*

*«You two can play on the mattress and I’d like to watch if that is okay.» Mr. Hill said. Again, I agreed and took my place on the mattress and waited for Jim to get fully undressed.*

*Before I knew it, I had a semi-erect cock in my face and Jim asked me if I had ever sucked before. Now, I had seen plenty of porn movies so I figured that I would just suck cock the way I had seen in the porn videos. I took Jim’s cock in my mouth and began to suck on it. As I sucked, I felt it get harder in my mouth as Jim slowly swayed back and forth and moaned. I tried my best to keep my eyes closed as I sucked, but when I opened them, I kept noticing the bottle of KY jelly that Mr. Hill had brought over from his desk. I came to the realization that Jim was going to take my anal virginity, not with just the dildo, but also with this cock that was in my mouth. Jim’s cock was fairly long and thick. I tried to imagine it up my ass, sliding between my freshly spanked ass cheeks. His moaning only got more intense as I dreaded what was going to*

*happen next. Jim withdrew his cock from my mouth, my slobber still dripping from the tip of his circumcised tip. I was grabbed by an arm and forced on the mattress, with my bare ass up.*

*I heard the KY jelly being opened and being rubbed on his bobbing hard cock; next he rubbed a large load of KY on my asshole. The cool sensation ran down my balls and onto the bed sheets.*

*“Ass up and pull your cheeks apart!” I heard Jim say.*

*I just lay on the mattress looking at the now empty class room in front of me. Slowly, I put my trembling butt in the air and parted my cheeks with my hands. Jim’s cock met my sphincter hole and, after a few playful circles, he began to thrust into me. Slowly, my ass accepted his manhood and I moaned as he slid his cock into me. Slowly at first, he began to work his cock in and out of my ass, my own sexual excitement growing as I could actually feel Jim’s cock throbbing in me. I grabbed my cock and began to stroke to get my mind off the sexual pain of having my ass violated.*

*I heard Jim say to Mr. Hill: “Where do you find all these tight boys Dave?”*

*I knew then that the rumors were true, but in that moment, I just didn’t care...*

*The rhythm intensified; I could feel his balls bouncing off my nut sack. Mr. Hill, watching from his chair, threw my underpants to me “Here, bite down on these if it hurts too much!” Mr. Hill said, I could tell that he was enjoying the show. I grabbed my underpants and tried to muffle my moans by chewing on them. Jim’s pounding on my ass kept pace with the moans coming from my mouth. Finally, after he had fucked me for about 20 minutes in the “doggie” position, Jim took his cock out of me to inspect my ass and see how loose it had gotten.*

*“That loosened you up pretty good boy!” Jim said, as Mr. Hill came in for a closer look at the progress of my asshole.*

*I wondered to myself how a guy who was afraid of communal showers could wind up a butt slut in a classroom on a single Saturday night!*

*Jim turned me over on my side, reinserted his cock, and began to pound me in the spoon position in a fairly quick and*



*forceful pace as I held on for the ride. After several intense minutes, I felt his cock take deep throbs as his balls welled up, and he began to moan even louder. I knew he was about to explode. The pace slowed and I could feel his hot seed shooting deep inside me. After a few final thrusts, he was finished and I could feel him withdraw his dick from my ass. I felt the strange sensation of cum seeping from my freshly fucked butthole and onto the mattress. I just lay there, covered in sweat. After a few minutes, I rolled over and stroked my cock until I could feel the sensation of having to cum. I moaned as I shot a huge load on my stomach and both men watched in approval. Jim threw me a rag and told me to clean up and that I could get dressed. I stood up and did as I was told.*

*Mr. Hill began to clap and yell "Bravo!" as if he had just watched a play. "Encore...encore..." Mr. Hill jokingly said as he looked at me.*

*"I rotate my models through about every month if you are interested in coming back." Mr. Hill said as I was sliding my underpants back on. I agreed to come back as I rubbed my sore ass. "Great, I have your phone number and I will put you on my list."*

*I put my clothes back on and made my way across the now dark and deserted campus. I wondered to myself if what I had just experienced was planned and that bending over for the class was a way of "showing off the goods". Either way, I had an extra \$275 and actually kind of enjoyed it! I noticed that I had a slight limp from my sore asshole. "I actually did it!" I thought to myself.*

**Porn is fantasy,  
not reality!**

# Master Loves Me

By DImercer27

*It's the weekend, I've slept late. I woke up feeling rested, relaxed. My hands absently wandered over my body, rubbing scratching. My skin welcomes each warm glide of my fingers. My nipples tighten as the tips of my fingers glide over them. One hand moves down, over my stomach and lower. It sifts through wiry pubic hair until it makes contact with my cock. I'm hard. My cock is standing tall, thick and hot. I wrap my fingers around it and begin to pump. My eyes close, my head falls back on the pillows. Mouth opening, breath speeding, a small moan of pleasure escapes my throat.*

*I've worked so hard all week, I've barely had time to breathe let alone pleasure myself in any way. My hand tightens on my cock, the pleasure builds. Precum leaks from the slit of the heavy, throbbing head, my thumb slides over it, spreading the wet, electrifying every nerve it touches. Another moan is drawn from deep inside. My hand moves faster, stroking, stroking. My hips undulate against the bed, back bowing, my cock erupts. Spurt after spurt of thick hot cum explodes and arcs across my body, draping my chest and belly in warm, white rivulets.*

*Breathing hard, I begin to relax, my body easing down on the bed. I feel wonderful, until a voice brings me back to reality.*

*"Who gave you permission to jack off, slave?"*

*Joyous tension fills my body, fear and anticipation shiver down my spine. Master has arrived. He has caught me. I turn my head on the pillow and there he stands. Young, tall and proud, a commanding, handsome man dressed in skin tight black leather. Black is Master's color. It compliments the warmth of his golden skin, his hazel eyes and his gleaming blonde hair. Hair so reminiscent of she who once shared our lives.*

*His firm, hairy chest is revealed and framed by his open vest. The smooth brown discs of his areolas are topped by taut nipples that peep from their golden, furry nest. His leather pants fit his body like a second skin. A thick bulge pushes forth. Master got excited watching me play. He walks to the bed, his boots making an ominous thumping sound that sends another shiver down my spine. Master is holding his paddle. I am in trouble.*

*"I asked you a question, slave. Who gave you permission to jack off?" Master's voice is stern as he demands an answer.*

*"No one Master." I answer, my throat is tight, my eyes are drawn to the paddle that gently sways in Master's hand. My ass tightens, I know what's coming.*

*"And so you've been bad. Again. You must be punished, my slave. Assume the position."*

*I scramble out of bed, eager to do as Master orders. Quick compliance pleases him and will make my punishment less severe. I face the bed, leaning over, my hands palms down on the mattress, presenting my ass to Master.*

*Master is pleased, "Very good slave." his hand slides over the flesh of my ass, so softly, so gently, "Such a beautiful ass, so smooth and lily white. It needs color slave. Shall we give it color?"*

*"Yes Master, please." I'm panting with excitement, my cock has risen, renewed, growing hard, leaking.*

*"How shall we give it color, slave?" Master asks.*

*"Spank me." I reply. I am so eager for the paddle I forget my training.*

*Master reaches out and grabs a handful of my hair, pulling my head back tightly. "I don't believe I heard you correctly, little slave." he demands, his voice deadly serious.*

*I'm breathing hard, his grip on my hair brings tears to my eyes, "Please Master, spank me. I've been bad, please spank me."*

*"Very good slave. Ask and you shall receive."*

*Master releases my hair, I shake my head and stare down at the mattress, waiting for the first blow. It hits, surprising a gasp from my lips. A stripe of stinging heat burns across my ass. And then another. Another. Another. At five I begin to whimper and squirm. By ten my ass is on fire, tingling and stinging. By fifteen I am crying out with each blow, silently begging Master to stop.*

*Tears of relief run down my cheeks. As though reading my mind, Master has stopped at fifteen.*

*“Will you jack off again without my permission, slave?”*

*I swallow hard, wiping away my tears, “Never Master, never.”*

*“Good boy, my slave. For taking your punishment so well you deserve a reward. As do I.” Master sits down on the edge of the bed. “On your knees slave. Suck my cock.”*

*Master lays back and spreads his thighs. I eagerly scramble between them. Carefully I open the top fastener of his pants and slide the zipper down. Master reaches out, running his fingers over my cheek.*

*“Do a good job and I shall give you a further reward, my slave.”*

*Reward! Excitement runs through me at the thought of what that might mean and yet this time, I remember my training. “Pleasuring you is my reward Master.”*

*Master’s smile is like the sunshine. For twenty two years I’ve thought so and now even more. There was a time when Master sought my approval, when I was the one who led. Years and experience have reversed our roles, now I live for his approval.*

*“Very good, little one, I am pleased. You may begin.”*

*“May I make you comfortable, Master,” I ask.*

*“You may.”*

*I begin by removing his boots and socks. His feet are long and sleek. Beautifully arched, they could be part of a classic Greek sculpture. Touching them, touching him, sends a thrill through my body. I love the warmth, the smell and the texture of his skin. It awakens such a yearning need inside. Longing to taste, I touch my tongue to the big toe of the foot I hold in my hand. The need spears through me and I engulf it, licking and sucking. Master moans and I feel a spurt of precum shoot from my cock. I am pleasing him, this is my world.*

*I gently and thoroughly wash his feet with my tongue, sucking each toe, bathing the top and the arch until all are given equal treatment. Master’s toes are treated like small cock’s and I am eager, my appetite teased and ready as I rise between his thighs, avidly seeking the thick pulsing shaft of his desire.*

*The fastenings already open, I ease the tight leather pants from Master's magnificent body, pulling them down and off. Respectfully they are folded and laid on the bed. My breath speeds as finally, finally Master's cock is plainly displayed to my adoring gaze. Long and thick, it stands proudly, prominent blue veins pulsing with the life-giving fluid that has engorged this glorious column of hard, throbbing flesh.*

*Reverently I lean in, lightly touching, en-wrapping it with my fingers as my hot breath mists over the bulbous head. The sweet juice of Master's excitement leaks from the small slit. I watch for a moment as it begins to ever-so-slowly flow down the plump cap. Unable to resist, my tongue captures the tiny river, following it to its source. I place my lips over the slit and gently suck.*

*Master groans and my tongue begins to bathe his swollen cock as I slide him deeper into my greedy mouth. Now he is mine. Master has become a slave to the pleasure I bring. Joy rages through me as I work the hard flesh in my mouth. My lips and tongue are alive, licking, laving and sucking. I plunge downward, taking him deep, my nose buried in the golden pubic hair. The smell of sex and need, Master's rut, potent and musky causes my own cock to jerk and spurt again. I groan in turn, the vibrations causing Master's balls to tighten and rise.*

*I quickly pull off. Master would not like to come so quickly and so I slide my tongue down the wet length of his cock and begin teasing the round pouch that hangs below. His balls are firm, the flesh wrinkling as they drew tight. I take the precious sack into my mouth, my tongue stroking the tender skin. Master's hips jerk and my pleasure rises.*

*After a thorough and painstaking examination of his balls with my tongue, I glide it down the smooth length of his perineum. Parting the taut cheeks of his ass I find his tender rosebud. My tongue moves to it, rubbing, licking, making it slick and wet. Master is moaning, loving all I am doing.*

*Wetting my finger, I slide it gently into Master's ass, fucking him ever so slowly and carefully. I move my mouth back to his begging cock and take it in, lovingly laving and sucking the tall, red pole. Master is ready to come, I can hear it in his moans, feel it as his channel clenches my probing finger and his cock swells ever thicker*

*in my mouth.*

*His hips are undulating, he fucks my mouth with abandon then freezes as the first hot blast of cum rockets forth. I eagerly swallow the thick, sweet syrup of Master's release again and again as he pumps load after load into my mouth. The flow eventually abates and regretfully I acknowledge that he has finished. He lays quietly as I gently lick him clean. When I am done, I wait patiently, on my knees. With a sigh Master sits up. He smiles and pets me.*

*"You've earned your reward slave. Fetch the lube, I believe that sweet, red ass of yours deserves a good fucking."*

*I grin and eagerly comply, bringing Master what he asks for. He orders me to assume my position. On my hands and knees on the bed I wait for him. The bed dips as he moves in behind me and I spread my legs to allow him close to my waiting hole. I hear the click of the cap as he opens the lube, then the cool squirt of liquid on my tight hole. Master slides a finger in and I grunt with the pleasure of it. He finds my prostate right away and works it beautifully. Slowly he opens my ass. First one finger, then two, then three. My cock is rock hard. I am panting and moaning.*

*"Please Master, please fuck me." I beg. I need to be fucked so badly. I need to come.*

*"Head and shoulders down slave." he orders. I comply and Master removes his fingers. I feel the thick mushroom shaped head of his cock press against my hole. The pressure builds. "Bear down." Master orders. I do and the head pops past the ring of muscle, penetrating my ass. The pain is instant, excruciating, yet Master knows and doesn't move as I whimper and freeze under him.*

*"Easy my little slave, easy. I know it hurts, it will be better in a moment. You know it will." Master is kind and stokes my ass. The skin tingles still from my spanking and the feel of it distracts me from the pain of the thick cock that splits my ass.*

*Master begins to push forward slowly The pain is almost gone. There is a dull burning as his cock slides deeper. Master applies more lube to make it easier for me. He pulls back then moves forward again. Back and forward, back and forward. My ass feels full and stretched. His invading cock hits my nut again and again making me moan and wiggle. My cock is aching to burst. Master*

*moves forward again, all the way to the hilt.*

*His body drapes mine. The moist heat between us is incredible. "Lets fuck." he whispers.*

*We both moan as Master grabs my hips and begins to fuck me with a slow steady rhythm. My stretched chute is full of thick, hard, cock. Master increases the pace. He is fucking me faster, riding me hard. His cock spears deeper and deeper.*

*"Please Master, I need to come." It's all I can do to gasp the words and I groan with relief as he gives me permission.*

*"Come for me. Come for me little slave."*

*My cock erupts. Cum spews into the sheets under my body as I cry out with the pleasure of it. Master shoots a second load, this one deep in my ass. He marks me, claims me, owns me. He slows his thrusts and pulls out of my ass. The long slide of his cock leaving my chute causes me to groan and shoot another thick spurt of cum. I collapse into the warm puddle, feeling so good and relaxed I don't care about the wet. Master has given me my reward. I have been well and truly fucked.*

*Master lays by my side, stroking my back. I sigh, basking in his approval and love. He playfully slaps my ass.*

*"Come slave, time for a shower. After you bathe us, you can change the sheets. You made quite a mess my pet."*

*I grin and rise from the bed, "Yes Master," I reply and follow my son into the bathroom.*

*I am ready and willing to continue our weekend game. Master makes my life complete. Master loves me.*

# Angle Of the Dangle

*I'd rather be masturbating....*

*By Ribaldi*

*For guys it's all about cock!*

*I like to be horny and my penis becoming an engorged phallus. That's because I really like to masturbate...hmmmm, let me correct that...I LOVE to masturbate. At times I consider myself a chronic masturbator. And usually when I masturbate I take pictures of my erection to share on various online social sites that cater to people who like looking at or displaying their naked bodies, primarily their genitals. I also chat with other avid masturbators and we show and discuss what got us horny and off during the past week.*

*I recently took the test...are you familiar with the kink test? No doctors or co-pays. You do it online, like everything these days, at [bdsmtest.org](http://bdsmtest.org). Are you familiar with this site, BDSM? It's a great place for fueling my bate and possibly yours if you don't go there already. It has all kinds of visuals to satisfy your masturbation needs, whether it's vanilla or moving towards major kinky, water sports, S&M, any variety of sexual persuasions or femonization.*

*And while you are there think about creating a page where you can store your favorite visual goodies. If you create a page, you can store your personal pictures there too so you can share your love of kink with other BDSMers, like pictures, gifs, or movies that you made yourself or found on other BDSM pages. Collect your goodies there to easily access for future masturbation sessions. And they won't be on your computer unless you download them, which is always tempting.*

*Erections never lie.*

*I've always had a fascination with penises, even before I knew you could get a boner. And when I did realize I could get my penis hard, sometimes just by simply getting naked, I became a disciple of the four E's: Engorge, Erect, Edge and Ejaculate. I also treated this whole subject as taboo and it wasn't until I lost my virginity, or should I say lost my inhibition about being sexually open and naked with other males, that I started practicing the fifth E... Exhibitionism. I had become comfortable with my body.*



*Losing my virginity was a major breakthrough for me. All of a sudden I found out how great it was to hang out with other guys who were into Male2Male sex. And their open and opinionated conversations were so great. I couldn't get enough of that lewd talk. How freeing it was to be able to get an erection in front of other people, mainly guys, who would get turned on by seeing this. Plus, they were extremely encouraging. And that's when I got my first experience and a taste for male orgies and the realization that I had a bit of a talent and interest in getting other guys horny. And they sure did like gooning my erection and watching me sex play. Plus, it was so gratifying to see the best feedback about what you were doing... A nice stiff boner... Or better yet... Ejaculation!!*

*I loved getting horny and lewd with my sexual mentor. He was a silver daddy before I knew what they were. For that matter I was a twink before I heard that word, which came into usage during the early 1970s. Yes, I was sweet and cream filled. And I also was what you might call an easy date. It didn't take much stimulation to get my penis erect. In most cases it just involved taking my clothes off and keeping on my underwear, which in those days was the infamous tighty-whities.*

*My favorite routine with my mentor was him, naked in bed covered by a sheet and me at the bottom of the bed in my tighty-whities. The bed was conveniently on the floor so I could approach him and stop standing close enough so he could easily reach up and rub my erection bulge. He would start by palming my balls and taint area. I loved it when he did that and would grind my crotch into his hand. He liked it when I swayed from side to side with my hips.*

*And, of course, we would talk really lewd, how I loved the way he grabbed and rubbed my nuts and how hard it got my penis and that I know how much he likes feeling my hard penis and making it drip sweet precum for him to lick. And he would say how good my cock and balls feel and how much he wants to suck my cock. At which point I pull back the sheet that covering his manhood and... Sure enough, he's got a nice stiff boner pointing straight up in the air. I was getting really boned then thinking about playing with his furry tits or fondling his orbs while I sucked on that fabulously stiff shaft.*

*I tease him...*

*“My cock’s stiffer than your cock” as I wave my still covered boner back and forth. “Let’s see how stiff you are...” as I lean down and pull his boner down and let it spring back up.*

*He loves this. He truly loves other guys playing with and worshiping his genitals. We got him really crazy when two of us worked his rig. I licked and sucked his balls while my buddy sucked his cock.*

*“Let’s see yours...” He said.*

*He loves watching me pull my tighty-whities off exposing my rigid pre-20s erection, especially if I use the elastic waist band to pull down my hard cock and make it spring up. Boing!! I wave it back and forth, pull it down and let it spring back up smacking against my stomach. He likes a display so sometimes I will kneel on the bed in front of him and edge my cock. He likes it better if I kneel in front of him and let him masturbate my cock while I masturbate his. All this increases our horniness and desire to start fellating each other.*

*So, this is where my exhibitionism started.*

*So, do you like or want to show yourself off? Maybe you should check out the Koalaswim site, [www.koalaswim.com](http://www.koalaswim.com). It specializes in providing swim wear for guys who like to strut their stuff. And for those daring enough some of the swim wear does an incredible job showing off your erect penis for others to ‘goon’ as you parade around.*

*Years ago, Koalaswim.com opened up a part of their site to Koala users to show off and provide user feedback about their products. They preferred users who had purchased their merchandise, but it soon got out of hand and became the place to go to see guys showcasing their cocks and not so much the merchandise. They closed that part to free subscribers who then found a new home at [dick.net](http://dick.net). More on that site, long since closed, in another column.*

*Until then, be sure to masturbate and share it with someone.*

# HELP WANTED



★★★ We are in need of ★★★

**EROTIC ARTISTS**  
&  
**AUTHORS**

Contact [editor@5on1.com](mailto:editor@5on1.com) if interested in helping out.