

5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Issue Four

Intended only for adult smut consumers

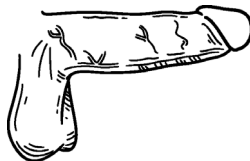


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5on1

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

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.

The Tenant

By Thewo-watchr-ods

I didn't want to be at work and all I wanted to do was sit in the maintenance office and try to jack off. So, I locked the door dropped my pants and began to slowly work on my hard dick. Usually, I try to do it faster so as to not get caught but I figured since it was the holidays most people had left and the ones here wouldn't call for maintenance. I was wrong.

I got a notification that an apartment wanted to have the kitchen light changed. All the lights in the apartment are the responsibility of the tenants but the kitchen lights are tubal florescent bulbs, so we have to do it. I was pissed. I was even more pissed when I found this was the second complaint so what would usually be routine is now marked urgent and I have to stop jacking my dick to handle it. So, I pulled up my pants and headed out.

I got to the apartment and knocked on the door. No answer. So, I used the maintenance key to get in. I called out that I was maintenance and got no reply. I went to check the light and sure enough it was out. I went to turn on another light and to my surprise I saw him. He was laying on the couch naked. His skin was like gold. His back had peaks and troughs leading down to a supple ass. He had one leg on the couch and the other hanging off so far away that I could see a magnificent star that was his hole. I was already hard on the job but seeing him like that I almost came in my pants.

"Yo, sorry. I didn't know anyone was here."

I got no response.

"I'm just here to fix the light," I exclaimed but the guy didn't move.

I got kinda scared and I went over to him and shook him. He was startled awake and turned to look at me. He had beautiful almond eyes, a strong jawline but everything else about his face was soft. His chest was more chiseled than mine which made me jealous along with all the abs that seemed to form a perfect triangle point towards his pubic hair which was ironically neatly trimmed into the shape of a triangle.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU," he yelled.

"I'm the maintenance guy. I called out for you when I came in, but you didn't say anything," I replied.

After that he lost all of his initial shock and he seemed to go back to sleep. I ran my hand down his body because I just couldn't resist, and he slowly roused again. I told him I was here for the light, and he told me to do whatever I needed to do. My mind and my gaze immediately went to that beautiful hole I saw earlier, and I was fixated on it now.

My mind was lost in the fantasy of what that glorious hole could feel like. At first, I was fantasizing so hard that I thought I was going to cum because I felt the sensation in my penis. I looked down to see a jet-black curly bush in my crouch bobbing like balls was apples in a barrel at a county fair.

I was so shocked that I fell back and my dick fell out of his mouth. I looked down at my dick standing tall through the zip hole of my pants. It must have fallen out while I was daydreaming. Or did he take it out?

He crawled off the couch and over to the spot where I fell and then he undid the button to my pants fully exposing my dick and balls and began to work again. His mouth was so warm and his tongue felt like a hand around my manhood. He could stick his tongue out to caress my balls while my head was touching the start of his esophagus. It was amazing.

He looked at me with those brown almond eyes and then began to straddle over me. He grabbed my dick and lowered himself down until I was inside him. I felt a pulse go through my whole body. I still could not believe this was happening.

He began to ride me like a horse, and I couldn't take it. He felt so good, and he had already given me this cosmic head that I felt I was gonna blow my load.

I grabbed his hips. He instinctively knew to put his legs around me. I got up and got him to the couch and began to fuck him missionary style. This man was a fucking sex god. With every thrust I gave him I felt his asshole squeeze my dick. The inside of him was so warm and so tight but I fit inside him like his ass was molded specifically for my dick.

The little bit of control I had didn't stave off my orgasm for long

because I felt the sensation again and as much as I wanted to cum inside this man, I didn't want it to end just yet.

I pulled out and turned him around and I got another look at his chocolate starfish. It was still as beautiful as ever but now it was wet. I slid back inside him and it felt even better this time. Now it felt like his ass was targeting certain parts of my dick to please. It was a rush. I looked at him again and I felt like a king. I was inside of the most beautiful man I'd ever seen, and he was giving me his bountiful pleasure.

I started to lose it. I knew I couldn't hold my nutt back anymore. So, I started to pound him. I was going so deep in his ass. His cheeks slapped my thighs with every thrust. I grabbed his neck and pulled him close to me and his body was on fire. I wrapped my other hand around his stomach to feel his rock-hard abs. Then I slowly moved it down and felt his massive penis. I was dripping with precum. When I grabbed his dick, a surge went through me. I could tell he liked it, so I began to jack him off. That was the final straw.

While I was jacking him his asshole got tighter around my dick. Even though I was giving him a thorough pounding it was like his ass was pulling me in. The fire that was his body radiated me. With his neck so close I licked it. He tasted of salt and sugar. Then he looked at me with those almond eyes and smiled. I was so deep in his ass now and I realized I still didn't want this to end so I tried to pull out, but he jerked his hips and I slide deeper inside.

The first sensation hit and I thrust deeper. Then the second and I moaned. Then the third and I thrust and then the fourth and I moaned. This kept going until I couldn't move anymore but I still felt my dick pulsating in orgasm inside his ass. I fell back.

He climbed off of me and then looked at me. I saw his perfect frame. He was average height but with broad shoulders. That perfect chest and those abs in the shape of a triangle. He smiled at me and said, "Hey, mister, do you still have the energy to replace my light?"

Dad's Pal

By Willscot

Stan and my Dad worked together in the sawmill. Although Stan was almost 10 years younger than my Dad, they were good pals and every Friday night they would walk down to the village pub for a few drinks. Stan lived on his own, about a mile up the hill, but he would cycle down to meet Dad and they walked to the pub together.

I was 16 and just finding out about myself and whether I preferred girls or boys, but I did have a thing for Stan. He was stocky, tanned and muscled from all the heavy lifting at the mill, with dark eyes and hair. I was fascinated by the dark chest hair that showed at the neck of his shirt and tried hard not to stare too much when he came round.

My bedroom was downstairs at the front of the house, so even though I was in bed when they came back, I used to stay awake to get a glimpse of Stan as he said goodnight and got on his bike, especially in the summer when it was still light enough to see outside.

One night, at about 11 o'clock, I heard their voices, so I headed for the window to have a look and realized that the window was wet with rain. I saw the two of them hurrying across the yard to the door, so went back into bed, as I heard the front door open.

There was some whispering, then the bedroom door opened and my Dad came in, saying softly "Will, are you awake?"

When I sat up, he came over to the bed.

"Listen, it's raining heavy. Stan will get soaked if he cycles home. I said he could bunk up with you. Hope that's okay?"

That was more than okay with me, but I tried to keep the excitement out of my voice.

"Of course, it sounds really bad out there."

I switched on the small lamp beside the bed and Stan came in apologizing for disturbing me, but I just told him it was fine with me, which it most definitely was.

Dad headed for the door “I’ll just leave you boys to it. See you in the morning.”

Stan looked at me “You sure you don’t mind sharing your bed with me?” as he took off his jacket which was a bit wet.

I shook my head, “No, as long as you don’t snore” trying to make light of it, although inside I was so excited and slightly giddy.

I could see his hair was wet, so I said, “Do you want a towel for your hair?”

“Might be better.”

I climbed out of bed to the dresser drawer for a towel, forgetting for a minute that I was naked.

Stan whistled “ Well somebody’s grown up this year”, studying my body.

I suppose I had filled out a bit and developed some muscle from swimming and gardening. I now had some hair on my chest and in my groin area, surrounding my cock, which also seemed to have grown that summer.

I was a bit embarrassed, so just handed Stan the towel and got back into bed. It was a bit late to think about putting on shorts, but I was worried I would get a hard on.

Well, that happened sooner than expected, when Stan got undressed. The sight of his naked body was beyond my imagination. Manly, with muscled chest, covered in dark hair that continued down over his flat belly to his cock, which hung, thick and long, above his large ball sack, then came powerful thighs and calves, again covered in hair.

I knew I was staring but couldn’t stop. Stan was aware of my gaze but didn’t seem bothered. He just said “Ok, Will, shove over, I’m coming in.”

I moved over a bit, then Stan was there beside me under the covers, really close, facing towards me, so that I could feel his slightly boozy breath on my face.

“I’m feeling cold, Will. Can I have a heat up? “ and without waiting for an answer, he wrapped himself around me. It was too much

for me and I could feel my cock harden but was also aware of Stan's cock against my thigh, which was getting harder and longer, nudging my leg as it grew and grew. Stan took my hand and placed it on his huge weapon, then leaned in for a kiss. He tasted of whiskey and cigarettes, as his tongue explored my mouth, and I couldn't believe this was actually happening, so it took me a minute to respond. I rolled on my back and he was on top of me, his body weighing me down on the bed and that hard cock pulsing against my stomach.

He sat up and his erection stood proud and huge in front of him. I scooted down the bed and took him in my mouth, or at least as much as I could. His wasn't the first cock I'd sucked, but it was definitely the biggest. I moved to his balls, taking them in my mouth one at a time, before going back to that lovely big cock and giving it some more attention.

Suddenly like a light bulb going off in my head, I realized that what I wanted more than anything, was to have that cock inside me, for Stan to possess me, as he filled my hole with his shaft, stretching me with the thickness of it.

I turned on my stomach, not saying anything, but Stan knew what he was doing. He parted my arse cheeks and worked on my hole with his tongue, getting me good and ready for what lay ahead. When he reckoned that he had me moist and ready, I felt the nudge of his cock and I put my hands back to hold my buttocks apart so he could get easy access. He pushed slowly, inch by inch, till his whole cock was inside me and I'd never felt anything so wonderful, the feeling of being taken by a strong handsome man, when nothing else mattered except his huge, thick shaft embedded inside me.

He pulled halfway out, then back in to the hilt, then again, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till he was fucking like he wanted to be right inside me.

Suddenly it felt like his cock stiffened even more and hot man juice filled my insides, shooting far up my back passage, two, three, four times. Stan's legs were shaking, and he lowered himself down on top of me, his breathing heavy and his cock still hard inside me.

I could have lain like that forever, but eventually his cock softened and he pulled out with a satisfying plop, collapsing back on the

mattress. My arse felt empty, but strangely satisfied.

Stan patted my behind and gave me a kiss. "Sleep now?"

I nodded and switched off the light.

His voice came in the dark "G'night, Will. Thanks."

In the morning as we all sat at breakfast, I thought that it must be written all over my face that I'd been fucked senseless the night before, but everyone was just normal.

Stan had sucked me off early in the morning and just before we got up, he'd given my arse another seeing to, leaving me well stretched and full of his cum.

Now Stan was thanking my Mum and Dad for letting him stay when my Mum did something that I will love her forever for. She turned to Stan and said "It must be a bit of a trial, cycling up that hill late at night. Why don't you just stay here on a Friday night from now on?"

Then she looked at me, "You won't mind if Stan shares your room on a Friday, will you, Will?"

I was almost speechless, but managed to say, "No problem."

Well Fridays were something to look forward to from then on, as Stan fucked me at least twice or three times and always gave me a blow job in the morning. Sometimes I fucked him, but I was never happier than when that huge cock of his was deep in my arse hole.

Friday nights with Stan continued till I went off to University for 3 years.

In one of her letters, my Mum mentioned that Stan had got married and moved away.

And me, I've never really settled down because no one has ever measured up to Stan.



His Dad's Hickey-Freemans

By Bill Drake

I knew what made Rob click, at least I had a good idea. It was there in his profile on the app where we first met. "Into suit and tie guys, daddies and DILFs. Guys into suit sex and/or role play come to the front of the line." His picture was cute as fuck, too. Dirty blond, green eyes, trimmed beard, nice smile, looking younger than his 37 years. His profile had a shirtless pic showing off his beefy, gym pumped bod in preppy shorts. Guys like that tend to prefer muscle bear daddies, in my experience, but I figured he was worth a shot. I decided to be a little sexy and flirty in messaging him, and Rob took the bait.

I was into suits myself. It wasn't as deep a fetish as it was for Rob - basically for me it was that practical knowledge that I could score a hot guy suited up - but I get off on those Men at Play videos, and the times I'd done a suit scene with a guy were fun and a complete turn on, too.

I wasn't looking for a boyfriend, and I gathered Rob didn't think he could find a boyfriend into his kinks. But the sexual chemistry between us led to a deeper connection, and pretty soon I asked my fuck buddy if he was into going on a date sometime.

The rest was history. I was 47 and head over heels. Rob thrilled to

have a man he could open up to. We didn't rush things, but the great part is how our relationship progressed so quickly, naturally.

The sex was scorching hot, too. We weren't strictly top or bottom, and we enjoyed oral, handjobs and slow mutual exploration as much as we did fucking. Rob's enthusiasm made me even more turned on. We did a lot of roleplay... dad/son, big bro/little bro, coach/player, professor/student.... Rob loved it all and said that my sexual imagination was the thing that surprised him most about me. I could have said the same thing about him.

We didn't play in our suits all the time, but at least once a week, we'd go for a scene. Whether entirely suited up, or just in shirt and tie with dress socks. Rob bought some sock garters that looked amazing on his meaty, furry calves. I tried to give him pleasant surprises, like dusting off my underused tux on a weeknight. That one earned me a deep throat blowjob.

After a year and a half, I asked Rob to move in with me. Maybe eventually we'd find a new place together, but the real estate market is tough in the city and for now I had enough space, which would have to do for the both of us.

I purged some old stuff to make room, and Rob purged even more. But on moving day, I was surprised by a couple of boxes he had set next to my walk-in closet, which was going to be pretty full with our combined wardrobes. "Gonna have to find room for these," he said.

I stepped up to the pile. "What are they?"

"I like to keep my old suits for play time," he answered. I had started that practice, too, and there was one old J. Press suit of mine that was all mucked up with lube and dried cum.

But then the letters on the top box caught my eye. In black marker, Rob had written, "Dad's."

I said that aloud and looked up.

Rob blushed. "You're gonna think I'm the biggest perv," he said.

I arched my brow. "Yeah, babe? We've gone pretty deep in the bedroom..."

He laughed. "Well, when my dad retired, he was throwing out all

his old work suits. Four Hickey-Freemans, conservative like Dad. I offered to take them to Goodwill for him, but instead I kept them."

"For play time?" I ventured.

He nodded, clearly embarrassed at the admission. "They're big on me, but I like to put them on," he said softly. Then looking at me contritely, "I'm sorry, Bryan," Rob said softly. "I should have told you before moving in."

I knew he was referring to more than the suits. He was copping to boning for his old man. I'd never met Mr. Allen, at least not yet, but I knew Rob and his dad had a cordial but not close father-son relationship. The Daddy issues themselves weren't a surprise, but how deep they ran was.

Still, it was Rob, the man I loved. I stepped over and hugged him. "It's who you are man," I said, patting him on the back. "Don't be ashamed."

"Thanks, Bryan. I love you so much." He still clung tight to me. Even as a grown man of 39, muscled up and hunky, he still was very much a little kid at that moment, needing affection.

I was glad to give it to him. And Rob later told me that was the moment he truly fell in love with me.

We talked and we processed Rob's dad-lust. But mostly we just enjoyed that deeper level of roleplay in the bedroom. It was like our sexual game wasn't just a game anymore, and the idea that Rob would trust me with his emotions and desires that way turned me on even more.

I got really into the Dad role. Before I'd be more dominant on roleplay night, and I still could as Coach or Boss or some other persona. But once I was Dad, I was the loving supportive father. And Rob was "sport" or "big guy" or "little buddy." That last one usually made my boyfriend cum really hard if I said it mid fuck.

One weekend night we were getting deep into a roleplay session when Rob asked, "Would you put on a suit for me, Dad?"

I nodded and an idea occurred to me. "How about one of my old Hickey-Freemans?" I offered.

“Oh fuck!” Rob grunted, a grimace on his face.

“Did I go too far?” I asked. Rob and I didn’t have a safe word for roleplay, but we’d switch out of character if we needed to.

My boyfriend shook his head no. “Not at all, Bry... it’s just, I think I almost came from just you saying that.”

I patted his knee. “Well, my boy may have a quick trigger tonight, then. What do you say, son?”

“Oh yeah,” Rob hissed. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

His excitement was infectious as we made our way to the spare closet and pulled out that box. I brought it back to the bedroom, set it down and pulled off the packing tape. There they were. Four folded, vintage Hickey-Freemans. A musty wool smell to them but otherwise in pretty good shape. Charcoal, navy, pinstripe, and a light-gray plaid. Even pulling one out, I could tell they had a fuller cut than was in fashion now. But there was something exciting about the sexual power they had for Rob.

“You’re about his size,” Rob said, and there was a naughty perversity to the realization I appealed to my man for matching his father’s build. “Though the waist is gonna be big on you. Dad always had a little bit of a paunch.”

I peeled off my sweatshirt, wishing I’d started our session in a dress shirt at least. But it was also fun doing striptease while Rob watched, horny and erect.

“Pick out a shirt and tie for your Dad,” I said softly, feeling the deeper sexual vibe building in intensity already. “I’ll start with the navy.”

He jumped to the task, stepping into the walk-in closet. He picked out a basic white shirt and one of the most conservative ties in my collection, at least among those I regularly allow for sex.

I buttoned up and slipped the silk tie over my shoulders. “Is your Dad a half-windsor man?”

Rob smiled and shook his hand. “Four-in-hand. He’s kind of lazy.”

I grinned back and tied a simple four-in-hand knot, adjusting it up to the top. As Rob watched me he stripped off all the way. I

thought maybe he'd suit up too, but instead this was gonna be all about his Dad's Hickey-Freeman, with Rob completely naked.

I was hard now, too, and I decided to slip off my briefs to let Rob see my boner momentarily before slipping on the navy trousers. I was maybe an inch shorter than Mr. Allen, and the waist was a little loose, but in all they fit OK.

"Jesus," he grunted, and I could see his own prick leaking lots of clear sap. "Your cock is where his was."

For all our roleplay, this was on another level of hotness. I tucked my shirt in and zipped and fastened the trousers. A belt would have completed it but I had a good feeling I'd be fucking Rob in a moment, and belts just got in the way unless I was wearing that beat-up J. Press, when I could go to town.

I felt like I had to respect his dad's suit. Not defile it. I picked up the jacket and slipped it on.

Rob was right. The waist was way loose, but everything else was surprisingly right.

Rob thought so, too. "God the shoulders are perfect on you," he said.

I looked up into his horny face. "Guess I'll be wearing this puppy a lot more, huh?" I growled.

"Oh fuck yeah, Dad," Rob moaned. He was getting in the zone, all right, and fast.

I almost worried he'd cum prematurely. "On the bed, son," I ordered. "Your dad's gonna fuck you."

Rob's face was red he was so turned on. He scrambled onto our bed and like a flash was on his back, pulling his legs back. I'd discovered the open sesame all right.

With a grin, I pulled out the lube and got on bed with him. Our kiss was fevered and intense. Rob grabbed every inch of my suited body he could get his hands on. I didn't know exactly what he was experiencing, but I knew it was the playing out of a long-standing fantasy for him.

I finally pulled up. Maybe I'd be the one with the quick trigger. I

only knew I was horny as hell and needed to fuck, bad. I undid the fly and pulled my erection out of those pleated trousers. I was no longer Bryan, but Mr. Allen and I was OK with that. I reached over and got the lube, applying just a nice, thin coating.

Looking up into Rob's horny face, I asked, "What did your Dad call you growing up? Rob? Robert? Robbie?" It was a lewd question given the context.

"Robbie," he answered immediately.

I nodded and placed my hardon at his entrance, as Rob kept his legs back and spread wide for me.

"You tell me if this is too much," I said. Rob knew I wasn't talking about the physical part of the fuck.

"Yeah, Dad," he grunted.

And like that I was pushing into Rob's hole.

"Fuck, son..." I hissed.

"Feel good, Dad?"

"You bet, kiddo. The best...." Rob's hole was opening right up for me, and I started fucking. "You're so good to your father."

"You're the hottest man, Dad...."

My hips were going faster now. We didn't need foreplay, or a slow build up. We were ready to fuck hard. "Beg to differ, Robbie.... my hot fucking son."

That worked big time. Rob let out a loud moan, then a whimpery, "Oh, Dad!"

"Yeah, buddy? Your dad's right here, son. Right here fucking your hole."

"Fuck me, sir!"

My hips were going wild and now Rob's hands were feeling up every inch of the suit lapel as I shafted him.

"Take it, Robbie. Take Daddy's cock."

"Oh Dad... I'm gonna..."

“Cum, Robbie. Come on Dad’s cock. Come, feeling your dad’s suit.”

That did it. Hot jets of his sperm sprayed between us as I started going into orgasm myself, deep in his guts.

We humped a little more to cool down then kissed passionately.

“That was... wow...” Rob finally said.

“Too much?” I asked. I worried adding his real dad to the roleplay mix would be tricky emotionally.

Rob just smiled and shook his head. “Fuck no. Not for me, Bryan. You OK with it?”

“Yeah, I’m OK with it, stud. More than OK. I love that it turns you on.”

Rob ran his finger along my tie. “I think you were a little turned on too, Bry,” he grinned.

I nodded and gave him a quick peck. “Yeah, I was.”

The next morning, Rob was a little quiet.

“You doing OK, babe?” I asked as I slipped behind him as he was pouring us a second cup of coffee.

He gave me a faint smile. “Yeah, I’m good, Bry...” He turned around and wrapped his arms around my waist. I’m a couple inches taller than him, but it just seemed like our bodies fit perfectly against one another. “I wanna double check, you know, to see if everything was cool after yesterday.”

I nodded. “It was crazy hot,” I assured him. “You having second thoughts, buddy?” I don’t know why but I couldn’t help but slip a little into Dad mode.

He grinned and kind of pressed his crotch to mine. I was less of a morning guy when it came to sex, but I was starting to firm up.

“No, not really,” Rob said. “Not if you’re into it, too. I just know it’s fucked up I have fantasies about Dad.”

“No more fucked up than me being turned on by your fantasies about your father,” I countered. That got a relaxed smile from my

boyfriend. Then, cocking my head in the direction of the bedroom. "Want me to go try on another of those Hickey-Freemans?"

Rob got a sheepish expression and nodded silently.

"Come on," I said. "You can pick out which one."

We were in a giddy, playful mood as we went back and opened up the box. The navy suit I'd worn yesterday was now hanging in the closet, so I pulled out the pinstripe one and laid it on the bed, smoothing out the crease from the fold. "A nice dry cleaning and it'll look like new," I said.

Rob was looking on and massaging the boner tenting out his sweatpants. "I don't know if I'll miss that musty smell," he chuckled, suggesting his fetishistic attachment to the suit.

I picked up the charcoal one and held it up. "They're your dad's suits, Rob," I said, "but what do you think of me taking these to my tailor? He should be able to bring in the waist and take in the trousers."

"Fuck yes, Bryan," Rob hissed with excitement. I could tell he hadn't even thought of the idea but the wheels were spinning in his head now. "Just don't get rid of the cuffs when you hem them. Dad always had cuffs on his trousers. And a full-break."

This is something that guys not into suits didn't get about us suit fetish guys: the way the small details were important.

"Gotcha," I said. "The dude's old school, huh?"

Rob chuckled, "You don't even know. There are a couple of extra trousers in there, too. Dad was super practical."

I pulled out the spare navy pair. Pleated like the rest of them.

"I know this isn't your style," Rob half apologized.

It was true. I preferred a classic but fashionable look. Slim silhouette, thinner lapels, flat-front trousers, thinner ties. "That's what makes this fun," I said, then reached in to pull out the gray plaid suit. It was summer-weight and had a nice soft feel. But my attention was immediately on a bunch of ties beneath it.

"Looks like you saved more than the suits," I said.

Rob nodded excitedly and reached and started pulling out a few of the ties.

“How many are there?” I asked with surprise.

“About a dozen,” Rob replied. “Dad was throwing them all out.” He held up two 80s-style power ties, one yellow with small blue paisleys, and a red one with a diamond pattern. “These are my favorite,” he said. “I may have gotten some stains on them,” he laughed.

That turned me on, in a deep way. “I’d love to watch you add some more stains,” I growled.

“Yeah?” Rob asked. He liked that idea.

“Why don’t I try on the gray suit and then you can show me how you treat his ties.”

“Oh damn, Bryan...” Rob was getting into the scene all right.

I picked out a pale blue shirt and then took the red tie from Rob. Indeed, there were a few dried cum blotches on the silk, the kind of stain that won’t come out.

As Rob watched me button the shirt and put on the tie, he looked on with excitement. “Dad liked those blue shirts with the white collar,” he said. “Particularly with that red tie.” I nodded, feeling my erection stick up in my briefs. I still had on some lounge wear and once I tied the four in hand, I peeled them and my underwear off, freeing my hardon.

“I don’t know what it’s so hot to go commando in your dad’s suit,” I grunted as I slipped the trousers on.

“Leave your cock sticking out, Bryan,” Rob pleaded. “I wanna see that.”

I did as instructed, leaving the fly unzipped but the button fastened. “You like the pleats, kiddo?” I smirked.

“Oh yeah. Fuck I do... I know they’re not in fashion, but give me a 90s box cut suit and I go fucking wild.”

I slipped on the jacket. I’d have to think of how to keep some of that box cut while bringing in the waist. I normally liked a lot of

waist suppression to show off my chest development. "I bet you do, buddy," I smiled and then stepped up to him.

Our kiss was wet and deep. Rob moaned into my mouth and let me take charge as we made out and as his hands felt my up all over my suited torso. Finally as we broke the kiss, Rob reached down and gently gripped my erection.

"Let me suck you off, Bry..." he pleaded. It was interesting that we weren't slipping into dad-son roleplay, but I was cool either way.

I shook my head. "You get off first," I countered. "Show me how you treat your dad's best ties."

Rob's lust grew and he nodded. He stepped back slightly and pulled down his sweats. His boner was red and wet from precum. He picked up the yellow tie and gingerly draped it over his hardon, then wrapping the wide silk around it from the base to the tip and gathering the excess in a ball in his palm. With a casual ease he started flicking his wrist in a regular motion, moving the tie back and forth over the end of his cock. I could tell the pleasure was immediate.

"That's it buddy. Stroke off with that silk," I encouraged.

It was like Rob didn't where to look. As he jerked his rod, his eyes traveled all over my form, particularly taking in my jutting cock. As he got more into it his gaze went down to my bare feet, and I wished then I'd taken the time for some dress shoes or at least some proper socks.

"What kind of shoes did he wear?" I asked.

"Allen Edmonds, Park Avenues," he replied. "But he liked wearing loafers with the gray suit." His hand was working faster.

"You getting close?" I asked.

Rob nodded. "Oh yeah."

"I want you to soak that silk, Robbie," I hissed. "Imagine your Dad's here watching you come all over his favorite tie."

His face grew red and his body tensed and he tossed his head back as he roared in orgasm. "Oh FUCK YES!!" It was a deep cum, I could tell. He came too, still feeling the aftershocks and

then looked at me with a big smile. "Oh god, Bryan, that was incredible." He held up the tie, which was splashed with his white seed. "I used to do my best to clean them off after using them, but I kind wanna leave it on to dry this time."

"You should," I said, trying not to betray the urgent need in my voice.

Rob laid out the tie flat on the dresser then turned back to me. "Your turn," he said then crouched in front of me. I teased him for the hair trigger the day before, but now I was primed for the blowjob he gave me and despite my best efforts wasn't able to last long. Rob didn't seem to mind. He gripped my ass through the trousers and swallowed every drop.

I had my errands to do that week. I took four suits to my tailor and he said he could take them in to my size.

"Haven't seen the old cut Hickey-Freemans in a while," the man said as he pinned the material as I tried the suits on. "At least not on a man under 60."

I think he realized he may have sounded insulting, but I made up a story to save face, about having a more conservative client down south and wanting to give the vintage suits a try. I'm not sure he bought it, but we had a good conversation about men's fashion and changing preferences in suit wear. Between four jackets and six pairs of trousers, the alterations were gonna set me back a few hundred, but it was worth it.

I had to search all over the city for a blue shirt with a white collar. At least one that would fit me. I found it in a gentleman's store I hadn't been to in ages, and again I paid more than I probably wanted to for a shirt.

A part of me worried Rob and I were getting too fixated on the dad and son role. But that night we enjoyed a fun coach and player scene and Rob slipped on a jockstrap and a ball cap and some eye black and we had a fun rim 69 that was a great change of pace.

A couple nights later, I was tired from work but found some energy for a good old-fashioned vanilla missionary fuck. Us naked, no roleplay, no pervy verbal, just Rob's furry thighs on my shoulder

as I pumped him slowly and fucked us to a mutual climax. It was awesome.

And on the weekend we tried out a big-brother/little-brother roleplay scene and seemed to have fun spinning out the improvisation for a couple of hours.

So I felt better, like Rob and I had a grounding in our sexual connection that wasn't going to be reduced to a few vintage hand-me-down suits from his father. But that didn't mean I wasn't excited to try them on when I got them back from the tailor. Rob had to work late that day and I was all ready for him when he got home: gray plaid suit, blue-and-white shirt, red power tie, brown belt, brown loafers, sheer socks. He almost had to do a double take when he walked in and saw me sitting on the coach.

"Whoa..." he exclaimed. "You look amazing, Bryan."

"You like?" I prompted. I'd been looking forward all day to showing the new/old suit off to Rob.

He nodded. "Oh yeah. Stand up."

I did, taking a turn to model the altered suit for my boyfriend.

"It fits you perfectly," he said.

"It does," I replied, feeling the lapel and showing off the fit for him. My tailor had done a great job. Even the waist was perfect, not blousy on me but preserving that old-school Hickey-Freeman cut. I admired the look then looked back up at Rob. "Wanna break this bad boy in?"

"I do," Rob said with lust in his voice. "Sit there and let me get ready."

I watched some TV, distracted by my sexual excitement. It was fun to just sit in his dad's suit and massaging my hard cock in the wool. The suit fit me now and was just as much mine as Mr. Allen's.

I had a good idea Rob was cleaning himself out, since he took a while. But when he stepped out, he looked amazing. Navy suit coat, pink shirt and repp-stripe tie, he looked freshly showered and ready for the office from the waist up. From the waist down he was mostly naked, with an erection poking between his shirt tails and those sock garters holding up some navy dress socks. Below

were his favorite tan dress shoes.

In one hand he held some lube which he set down on the coffee table.

“Is this gonna be one of our play suits?” I asked. There was the kind of sex you had if you worried about messing up a suit and the kind of sex you had if you didn’t care.

“All of ‘em are,” Rob said. “That’s why I kept them.”

“Just wanted to be sure,” I said. “They’re your dad’s and I wanna respect that.”

Rob’s face got a surge of excitement. “Shit, Bryan. You don’t know much this turns me on.”

“I have a pretty good idea,” I smirked.

His fingers traced along my spread legs, feeling the light wool fabric. “You gonna be able to hold off if I play with you a little?” he asked.

“Have at it, Rob,” I replied. “I’ll let you know when I’m getting in the danger zone.”

My boyfriend looked at me intently and leaned down for a kiss. I could tell he was worked up and I responded in kind, battling tongues with him. He broke it off and touched my cheek affectionately. “Thank you so much for this, babe,” he hissed then got down on his knees between my legs.

He took his time feeling me up, exploring my suited body. I was rock hard as he did, but didn’t rush anything. Finally Rob nudged his face against my crotch and started rubbing it against my suited hardon.

“Shit, Rob...” I gasped. This felt sexy and amazing. Even more so when he unzipped and pulled out my erection. Reaching in, he extracted my nuts too until all me was sticking out from the suit pants.

“Beautiful,” he sighed then leaned in and started licking. Smartly he avoided the head of my prick and resisted taking me into his mouth. Instead, I was getting a worshipful tongue bath as our moans grew louder.

At last he pulled off and with a determined look uncapped the lube, squirting some out into his fingers and reaching behind to apply it between his buns. He used more then slicked up my cock carefully.

I watched with anticipation as he stood up on the cushions, straddling me, the using his balance to squat over my lap. The effect of his completely suited upper bod was amazing. Our lips met as Rob reached back to guide my dick into breaching position.

He squatted down further and I felt a groan in my mouth as we kissed. He held steady. Rob's not a power bottom and sometimes entry was easier than other times. But he soon got the groove as he pulled back and used his weight to sink all the way down on me.

"Fuck!" he hissed. "Your cock feels amazing, Bryan."

I wasn't Dad and Rob wasn't son. We were gonna fuck as ourselves. My fingers gripped his outer thighs. Hard muscle, the blondish fur soft to my touch. "I love being suited up for you, Rob."

"Yeah," he croaked then rose up about four inches, only to sink back down. He was riding me now, in regular swiveled motions of his hips. The raw penetration of his ass felt amazing, and a wild contrast to our formally attired selves.

"Ride me, babe. Ride my hard cock."

Rob braced himself some on my shoulders, feeling up my suit as he fucked himself and as my own hips thrust up to meet his. "Come in me, Bryan," he urged.

I'd been holding back but now I held his hips around his suit coat and fucked faster. I was getting there, quick, and seeing the way his strip tie swung and bounced between his pecs got me there. I started nutting good and hard in his ass.

That was Rob's cue to let loose. He tugged at his prick with a few angry jerks and like that his slit opened up and a few heavy ropes of his seed rained all over me, soaking tie, shirt and coat.

"I'll say that's good and broken-in," Rob smirked as he rested on my still half-hard meat and ran his finger tips through the cum splotches.

"Oh, I don't know," I winked. "I'm sure we can add a lot more stains to this."

I admired our restraint. We saved those Hickey-Freemans for when we were really in the mood to go deep. And I couldn't help but notice that after my first time putting on his dad's suit, we kept the dad-son roleplay separate from the sex with his father's clothes.

It came together one Saturday night. Rob and I had gone out to dinner with some friends to celebrate Rob's 39th birthday and were heading back home by 10. I made some crack about how dating an old man was keeping him from having more fun.

Rob kind of leaned into me as we walked down our block. "Wouldn't have it any other way, Bry," he said with a glint in his eye. I'd gotten the vibe all evening Rob was in a horny mood, but it was becoming clearer now.

We settled into our place, kicking off our shoes and reclining back on the couch, my arm draped over Rob's.

His hand ran up and down my polo shirt. "Up for playing Dad tonight?" he asked.

My dick twitched in my shorts. "Sure," I said. "Sounds hot, son...."

Rob smiled big and we kissed. Our make out session was soft and gradual but after a while we were clearly erect and writhing against one another on the couch.

"I wanna fuck you, Dad," Rob grunted in my ear.

That sounded amazing at the moment. It had been a few months since my boyfriend topped me, and well, sometimes this guy needs a cock in him. I clenched at his ass cheeks as he ground his crotch into mine. "Yeah, I want that son cock in me." Rob's kisses and soft beard were on my neck now, turning me on even more. "Give me a few to get ready?" I asked.

Rob pulled himself back, a boner sticking out in his shorts. "Yeah," he croaked. "God, Dad, you're so sexy..."

"You too, son," I said, as I scooted off the couch and stood up, feeling similarly erect.

I gave a wink before turning and heading to the bathroom. I cleaned myself out and took a quick rinse. I toweled off and stepped out into the bedroom to find Rob adjusting his half-windsor knot in the full-length mirror. I'd gotten him a new suit for a birthday present, though at that moment I had to ask who it benefited more. His muscular beefy bod looked just amazing in the blue pindot two-piece, a pale pink short off-set by a brown striped tie. He looked sharp as fuck.

"Whaddya think, Dad?" he asked. He'd just gotten it back from the alterations and it was his first time showing it to me.

I stepped forward, my erection not going down in the least. "I think I'm about a goddamn incredible, feeling a thrill in character, hadn't a particularly this time.

That seemed who placed behind my me roughly kiss. I loved his suit and against body. I kind of

fuck me right then and there, bending me over or pushing me back on the bed and lifting my legs.

Instead he pulled back and ran his hand over my pecs. "You have an amazing body, Dad," he hissed.

I reached down and grabbed his erection in the crotch of his pants. "The birthday boy ready fuck his daddy?"

Rob looked me direct in the eye. "I want you to put on your Hickey-Freeman, Dad. The pinstripe one."

We were going back there, I realized. My heart pounded and I nodded. "Your call, son."

***Our lips met
as he reached
back to guide
my dick into
breaching
position.***

to get fucked by stud. You look son." I was that we stayed even if we committed to roleplay bit

to excite Rob, his hand neck to pull into a hard the feel of his clothes my naked expected he'd

Rob sat on the edge of the bed and watched me get dressed. The blue shirt with the white collar, the yellow 80s tie, then the dark blue pinstripe coat, which now fit well. I started to step toward the bed, but Rob shook his head and stepped into the closet and came back holding a pair of trousers.

“The full suit, Dad,” he instructed. “Might as well put your shoes on, too.”

I took the pants. “Can do, son,” I said, a little confused. “But I don’t know how long these are staying on.” Maybe he wanted to pull them down over my rump, which we hadn’t done before.

“Check again, sir,” Rob said with a grin. “I undid the back seam on these.”

I checked and sure enough there was a big hole where the seam had been opened. That made me smile big. “You naughty boy,” I laughed. “Why didn’t I think of this first?”

Rob laughed and massaged his suited erection. “The holy grail of suitfucking,” he said. “It’s been on my bucket list forever.”

Eagerly, I put on my over-the-calf socks then slipped on the trousers. It took another half minute to lace up my dress oxfords. Rob was looking at me but also standing in front of the full-length mirror checking out his reflection. I stepped up to him and was rewarded with a kiss. I loved playing out a scene like this, taking our time, one of us not knowing exactly where it was headed. It was the best foreplay.

Rob and I were now outright writhing against one another in our suits, standing right in our bedroom.

He was getting a dom streak unusual for him. “I wanna nail you right here, Dad. Right in front of this mirror.”

“Yeah?” I said, communicating that I liked the idea.

Rob had clearly been thinking of this while I was in the shower because he had a couple of folded towels ready for padding. He set them down and nodded. “Get on all fours, Dad.”

The newness of this scenario was driving me wild. I took one last look at my reflection. An old-style suit, pleated, cuffed pants and all, transformed me into another man. I knelt on the floor and

placed my elbows on the other towel.

“Goddamn, Dad, I’ve dreamed of this for so long,” Rob grunted. I couldn’t tell how much was role play and how much was the truth. It didn’t matter, it was all mixing in that deep place in both our psyches. Particularly when Rob crouched behind me and gripped my suited buns, prying them apart and leaning in.

It was my first time experiencing a rim job while still wearing my suit, and I fucking loved it. Loved the feeling of the cloth on my buns contrasting with the exposed pucker. Loved the psychological pull of it. I looked straight into the mirror and watched my hunky boyfriend bury his face in my wool-covered ass and munch away.

Rob enjoyed the act, savored it even, but I could tell he was eager to get inside me. So after a couple of minutes, he rose up and hurriedly unzipped to pull out his hard-as-nails tool.

“You gonna fuck me right through my suit, son?” I asked, horny as hell, too.

Rob drizzled some lube on his prick and scooted forward. “That’s exactly what I’m going to do sir,” he announced.

And like that I felt that slick cock press pass the seam and past the furry inside of my crack, to nudge at my ring.

“Let me in, Dad,” Rob grunted. His voice had a real urgency now. “You’ve been fucking me a lot. It’s my turn to be in you, now.”

“Yeah, son,” I said, willing myself to open up for the dick that was already pressing in. “Get up in there, Robbie.”

“Oh Dad!” He cried, both from the intensity of the verbal and the sensations around his dick.

I looked up in the reflection and couldn’t imagine a hotter sight. Both of us fully suited, Rob in his new suit holding onto my hips and looking down at the sight of me in his dad’s old suit.

“Attaboy,” I urged. “Fuck your dad, son.”

That first shove was intense but in a good way. Then another came. Rob’s green eyes were on me now, our gazes meeting in the mirror, sharing the view of our full-suit rut.

“So good, Dad.”

I braced my body and took his fast thrusts the best I could. Rob didn't have a lot of finesse as a top, but when I was in the mood I loved his hard-and-fast approach. It was amped even more now, his full body getting into the fuck and his hands gripping my suited hips harder.

“Gonna seed you up, Daddy,” he hissed, getting into it. “Gonna sauce you up good.”

“I want it, son. That hot raw son dick. That son sperm in me.”

“Dad!” Rob cried, letting me know my words were getting to him.

Thing was, it was all getting to me too. Particularly as I felt my hardon rub against the ample billow cut of the suit crotch. Wool moving back and forth as Rob's fingers inadvertently pulled the fabric back against my engorged genitals.

“Oh shit” I gasped, realizing I was approaching orgasm suddenly. “I'm gonna come in your dad's suit, Robbie!”

“Fuck yes,” Rob yelled, his hips going into overdrive to pound the cum out of me. “Soak that suit wet, Dad.”

I lost focus of our reflection as I came. About six or seven hot heavy spurts of cum pulsed and made a warm wet spot spread around my hairy crotch.

Just then Rob leaned his strong body right on top of mine and went rigid with his own orgasm, as he shot my guts full of his seed.

We stayed like that a second, overcome with the intensity of it all. Finally, Rob dismounted and gave an affectionate pat to my rump. “Wow, Byran,” he said, slipping back into our normal names. “That was fucking amazing.”

“Yeah,” I said. I didn't usually get so needy bottoming, but the whole scenario and Rob's lust had brought it out in me.

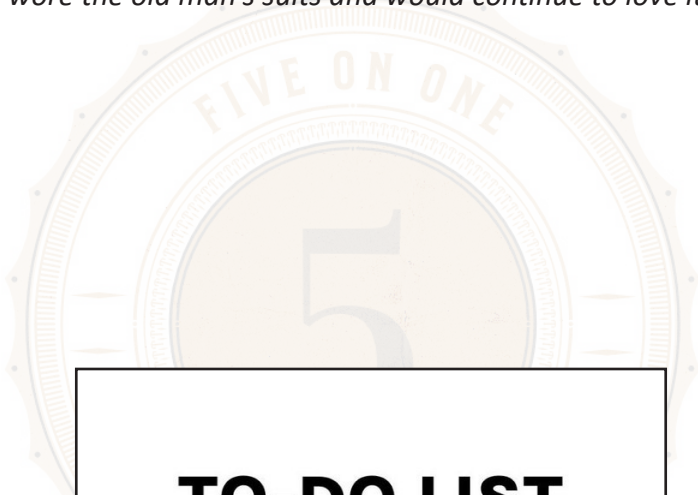
I leaned up and got to a standing position. The cum spot was pretty big now, soaking the crotch of those pinstripe trousers full. I appraised the wanton display of my reflection.

Just then Rob scooted around, still kneeling. He reached up and

undid my belt, then pulled down the zipper.

“I think I might be spent,” I cautioned but Rob wasn’t after my dick, at least not mainly. Instead he started slurping at all of the semen I’d shot, sucking it out of the crotch fabric, and licking it off my balls.

I took a look in the mirror, seeing how Rob so eagerly tongued the crotch of his dad’s old Hickey-Freeman suit. I’d probably be meeting Mr. Allen in person before long. I knew it was be awkward as fuck meeting the man who’d had such a role in Rob’s and my sex life. But I also knew I loved every second of what happened when I wore the old man’s suits and would continue to love it.



TO-DO LIST

- MASTURBATE**
- EDGE**
- ~~**EJACULATE**~~
- REPEAT**

FTM Mare Takes It All

By BlackPathicus

I'd heard about the Horse Market a few years ago and had wanted to attend one ever since. I'm a slut, and the thought of being used by unseen cocks, fucked and bred over and over, is the stuff of my fantasies. A little about me: I'm in my 50s, Black, a bit short but an average build. I'm also FTM. I started transitioning over ten years ago and have had top surgery and a hysterectomy but no other lower surgeries.

Anyway, I desperately wanted to go to HM, but I didn't think I'd be welcome until I heard an FTM porn actor planned to attend one in Washington, DC. That made it a real possibility for me, so I got on the mailing list to know when the next party would be. That was early 2020, and we all know what happened next. Flash forward two years later, and when HM started to have events again I tried three times to snag a mare ticket. The third time was the charm! I bought my ticket and booked my flight. Yeah, I was traveling across the country for this, but this was that big of a fantasy for me! I wanted to make my holes available to a room full of cis-men. I wanted to be of use to those men and not have a say in what cock used which hole. I love being submissive that way and it's rare to have such an opportunity as HM presents.

I got in touch with Horse Market and we figured out together what was needed. They listened and made suggestions. My main concern initially was ass-to-front hole action. When I'm hooking up I just make it clear ahead of time that the cock can't go from ass to front hole. I've gotten more than one infection in my front hole from that type of play so I try to avoid it as much as possible. They suggested that they could tell the stallions to have a clean cock ahead of time, and I was good with that. The only other thing I mentioned was that I was very willing to make all holes available and that I wanted to wear a red hood (meaning I'd take bare cock). Certainly, I could have said I wanted a white hood (condoms only) or that I only wanted cocks using my front hole, and I know that whatever I decided the HM team would make it work, but as I said, I'm a slut! I love bending over, getting fucked, being a cumdump... then using that cum to stroke my t-dick.

HM sent an email out about two weeks before the party,

reminding people to get their STI tests done. Honestly, I'm never too concerned about STIs. I'm on PrEP, I get tested every three months, and I came to terms with the world of STIs a long time ago. (It also helps that I've not had an STI in years!) I got tested and notified my fuck buddies that I wouldn't be available before the party.

Man, oh man, figuring out what to wear or not wear was unnerving! I was aware that most mares wear jockstraps, but that doesn't work for me since they block my front hole regardless of what position I'm in. For me that meant I would be wearing nothing but a pair of boots; I also added some wrist restraints. If I'd had a fun t-shirt, I might have chosen that too, but alas.

When the appointed hour came, I was there, one of about 25 mares or so. I'm not a big fan of walking around naked, even at the bathhouse. So, when I saw the changing area and all the guys in there, I got nervous. Some clearly were Stable Hands. Others were mares in the process of stripping down to their jocks, their shoes, and the occasional chest harness. I took a deep breath and got naked. To my amazement, the world didn't stop spinning!

There were no stares or comments; it was all perfectly fine. I was one of them all. I mingled and chatted with the other mares. No one commented about me being trans. I was secretly disappointed, though, that I couldn't check out any mare dick. We waited and talked to each other for about an hour or so in the play space. I did my best to keep my mind off the fact that it was cold in there!

The space was filled with fuck benches and slings. In the middle of the room, there was a large square platform with a solid top about 2-3 feet high. If I knelt on it and bent over it might have been too high to fuck, but if I stood bent over the edge or lay on my back it would work. Nearby, and lower than the platform, were a couple of mattresses pushed together with Sheets of San Francisco covering them. (I seriously covet those sheets!) I wandered around counting all the pieces of equipment, but those details got fucked out of my brain over the course of the night.

The HM staff checked in with me one final time and addressed any issues I had before everything got started. They were really

keen on making sure I had a good time and I appreciated that. I lubed up both holes and pulled out the plug I'd had in since shortly after arriving. There was quite a bit of time that passed before the fucking actually started. Finally, after a brief welcome speech from the hosts, it was time to don our hoods, assisted by the stable hands. The hand-sewn hoods let in the barest of light but not enough to see a face or even a body in front of me.

Once hooded I asked to be moved to a sling: I wanted to make my front hole immediately available and not hide that I was trans. The party got underway, and it didn't take long for the first stallion to

introduce me to his cock. After the first couple of stallions mounted me, a stable hand next to me said that a line had formed. I did my best to make sure each stallion knew how good it felt and how thankful I was they were using my front hole.

He bred me then licked his cum from my hole...

Most fucked my

All the stallions were polite. If anyone put a hand or a mouth where I didn't

want it, simply

covering it with my hand was enough to get the action to stop. I'd have said something too, but the music was pretty loud and they possibly wouldn't have heard me anyway. At one point a stallion had been fucking my ass and was headed back to my front hole. I moved my hand to block it and simultaneously I overheard a nearby stable hand or other stallion remind him that his dick had to be cleaned off. That stallion moved on.

It was so fun and so hot for me to be offering up my front hole. More than one stallion commented on how long it had been since they had fucked pussy. I also hoped a few stallions who never fucked a front hole before took the plunge and tried mine out!

The twelfth stallion to mount me was the first to breed me, and it was a terrific breeding. His cock seemed to keep pumping more and more cum into me. After he pulled out, I felt so slutty laying

there in the sling feeling his load drip out of my hole. That slutty, beautiful feeling was enhanced by hearing all the moans and sounds of fucking going around me.

A rather hung stallion fucked me later in the sling but damned if it wasn't the wrong angle. It caused some shooting nerve pain through my hip and thigh. I took as much of his cock and adjusted as best as I could but it got to be too painful, so I asked him to stop.

I spent most of the night in the sling, but towards the end, I was moved first to the platform. There the last stallion who used my ass fucked it terrifically. It was toward the end of the night, and I told him he might have to open me up a bit. He was probably shocked to find a tight ass so late into the party! But boy, did he feel soooo good in my ass.

After some time on the platform, I was moved to my last area, the jumbo mattress. Lying on my back at the edge of it, a stallion mounted me there, then pushed me further back to the center of the bed and mounted me in the missionary position. He seemed to be a big guy and his fucking felt really nice. Someone was at my head preventing him from fucking me off the other end of the mattress! Eventually, he bred me and then licked his cum from my front hole, which I found to be very hot.

My last stallion of the night was a long endurance fuck; he just kept going and going. Sadly (for me at least) he didn't breed me. The night came to an end shortly thereafter. I can only make an educated guess, but I was mounted about 20+ times in my front hole, sometimes more than once by the same stallion. My ass was used three or four times but never bred. My front hole, however, had at least four or five loads of sperm deposited in it.

A stable hand collected me and led me back to the mare break room where I retrieved my clothes. I got dressed along with the other mares and then headed back to my hotel with a fellow mare. It was great to talk to him and hear his perspective. I flew home, did my STI tests, and everything came back negative. I really appreciate the stallions and other mares who took care of their health.

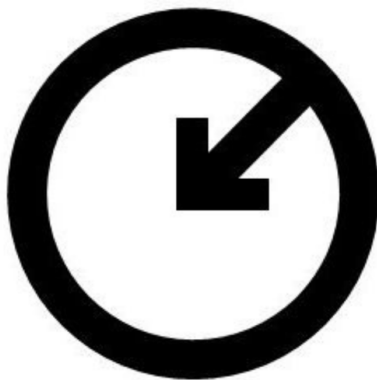
I can only speak to my experience as a red-hooded FTM mare, but if you're a trans man and thinking of being a mare, you can be anal-only if you prefer. Whether you choose to open one or both holes to the stallions is up to you. You also don't have to bareback and can choose the white hood instead.

The Horse Market was an incredible experience of inclusiveness and belonging. The whole team – Stable Master, Stable Wrangler, and all the Stable Hands – work very hard from beginning to end to ensure that trans guys like me have a great time. I'm already looking forward to my next HM one day!

Story originally appeared on horsemarketsf.com



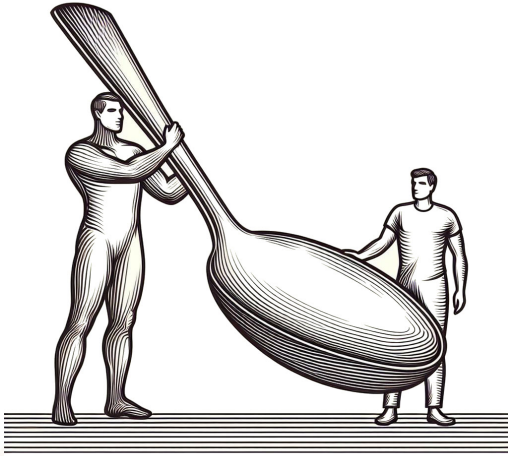
SOLOSEXUAL



MASTURBATOR

The Grooved Spoon

A shy curious boy starts with the promise of cuddling.



After some good body contact the daddy pulls out his dick and starts jerking it off.

Aroused by it the shy boy offers his ass for daddy to play with. Daddy then maybe grinds the lower back for some time before sliding the boxers down.

Boy gives his consent by sliding it down all the way and then taking his legs close to himself like a flower bud.

The boy passively let the daddy lube his rosebud taking in all the feelings.

Daddy then turns around kisses the boys neck preparing him for penetration.

Lifting his upper butt cheek daddy penetrates the boy slowly and steadily.. letting the boy adjust.. no body weight in the picture.

The boy moans and winces as he is being opened into a grooved spoon.

A Day At The Fetish Flea

By Cathy

I first met Jack at the bar. It was a little uncomfortable for me talking to people there, because not only was it was a drag bar, I was drinking alone and dreading that I might run into someone who might recognize me.

I had been to the Fetish Flea that afternoon, gawking at the outlandish gear in the many booths that lined the hall, and the hundreds of freaky people strolling through the flea market: some on leashes, others encased in luscious latex with giant inflatable tits and artfully decorated hoods. I was sporting a huge boner behind my shopping bag virtually drooling over all the trans people in their sexiest finery.

Many scantily clad women strutted their assets drawing lots of stares, but I only had eyes for the outrageous gurls. Especially those obvious sissies in divine pink chiffon dresses, layered soft clouds of petticoats with cute little bows and frilly ankle socks over their matching tights. I so admired their proud exhibition of personal sexuality that I could not bring myself to share.

I was in my usual jeans and t-shirt, trying desperate to be nondescript yet secretly deliciously clad in pretty pink rhumba panties with stay up sheer white hose embracing my recently shaved privates. No one knew my secret fantasies yet I felt every thrill of my dainty pretty things. Sashaying through the crowd of people, some breathtakingly strong and masculine. While others allowing their feminine side to shout to the world.

I was next in line at a vendor table selling brightly colored sex toys when I saw an acquaintance from work down the next aisle. I froze and my cheeks clenched around the small butt plug in my boi pussy as I caught my breath, searching for the nearest exit. I had to get out before I was found out.

My feet betrayed me as I stumbled and tripped. I cursed myself and dropped my bag into the mass of the oncoming crowd. The over-sized black curved dildo and jar of lube spilled onto the floor exposing my proclivities. I landed on all fours, caught between a pair of black leather boots. They were old and hand-rubbed, smelling of polish, spit and age.

As I looked up, my boner twitched at the weathered leather chaps ending at his revealing hairless groin. His cock was large and obvious in a skin tight sinuous black sheath. The sheath, wrapping his meat, bobbing, beckoning to me.

My gaze traveled upwards to a prodigious man in a black leather bike jacket, zipped down to reveal his clean-shaven chest. He had another man behind him with a studded black leash attached to a collar around his neck. In spite of myself I stopped and stared unabashedly up at the sight in front of me. As I bent to retrieve the contents of my spilled bag, I felt a hand run up my backside and give my plug a slight push. It was then I realized my t-shirt had ridden up, and my sissy panties were peeking out over the top of my jeans.

Quickly, I retrieved my bag and ran for the exit. I heard a soft whistle behind me. My mind was in a state of frantic confusion when I reached the exit door. I shot through it quickly, slamming the door. My chest heaving, gasping for air, I leaned back against it. I felt a deep sense of relief as I gasped for breath. In my haste to keep from being exposed, I didn't realize my tiny cock had begun leaking precum and my panties were soaked. I clutched my purchases over my damp groin as I made my way through the dusty exit.

I felt so shocked and scared when I saw my co-worker, and then practically crashed into a secret fantasy dream man. My dream man had touched me! He saw my panties and felt my plug!! He knew what I was. I had to get out of there, I had to run.

I searched for my car. My brain still focused on that massive cock in its sheath, surrounded by leather.

I remembered the smell: his smell. It was musky, slightly sour smell of a man who has been lightly sweating but recently cleaned with strong deodorant soap. His teeth, large, white and sharp grinned broadly from a square-jawed face with dark, laughing blue eyes. He knew I was a secret sissy. Somehow, he seemed to know! In an instant my dream man knew he could have me.

My thoughts kept playing through my head. I had a great job, a wife and kids at home. I was Mayor for Christ sake! I shouldn't do this at all. I hated the impulses that drove me here! Stupid! Stupid! Fool!

The fact that I was an overweight 45-year-old white male, masquerading in my own mind as a teenage girly boi made me feel like a total fool. I felt the momentary shame, yet my little clit remained hard, that man's smile remained in the front of my mind, tantalizingly close yet a world away.

I needed a drink, something strong to calm my nerves and I needed a bathroom to get this plug out and throw away all this sissy stuff forever. I needed to change and go home to my family and be the man they thought I was.

As I left the hall, I felt the stares of the crowd moving all around me. I felt them laughing at this pitiful sissy. My gaze danced around the parking lot searching for the man, my dream man and his submissive on a chain. Something made me remember his hunched shoulders, that submissive posture of him slouching behind his Master.

I wondered what it must be like to be a sub to that man's strong hands; touching him, groping him. To offer himself to that monstrous cock and have it forced down my throat and so much more, being used in any way his Master desired.

I was lost in my daydream and forgot where I was, where I was going.

Dreaming as I walked, I tripped over a low curb and landed face first in a patch of damp grass. Somewhere behind me I heard a soft chuckle. It was him! I knew it! He had followed me! I couldn't move.

I felt a small hand on my shoulder and a young girl asked if I was okay. She was pretty yet heavily made up but attractive and sexy. With a start I realized she was actually a guy. Her voice a bit too low and her Adams apple a bit too large. Her make up a touch too slutty covering a dark 5 o'clock shadow.

"Are you okay?" she repeated.

I mumbled something, stuttering badly and rushed back on my feet. The large curved dildo had fallen out of my bag again and was laying there beside me.

Blushing deeply, I scooped it back into the bag and once again felt the need to escape.

“Hey, it’s okay,” she said. “Here, take one of these. It’s a safe place and the people are nice there.”

She shoved something in my hand and with a sweet smile she turned away. As she left, I stared at the delightful exaggerated sway of her full hips. She was passing out flyers, quickly sliding them under windshield wipers and handing them to Flea patrons with a big friendly smile. I looked down at the paper in my hand, reading the colorful flyer for a local bar.

I don’t really remember much about the drive to the bar. The Hardwood Haven, an interesting name, and only a short drive. I felt my luck may be changing as there was a parking space right out front.

The dim lighting around a low-ceiling room gave the place a soft seductive feel. My eyes were slow adjusting to particle board seediness of the place. The bar’s open floorplan might have felt expansive if not for the high heavy shoulders of the many booths. Wisps of smoke curled from heavy red-leather booths, lurking in the dim corners of the room. I kept my gaze down, carefully avoiding the eyes of the many stares following the new customer, which was me. I shuffled my way to the polished wooden bar and a vacant high-top chair on the corner. I ordered a beer and a shot of Fireball to calm my shaky nerves.

An eagerly attentive barmaid greeted me as I sat down. I tried hard to return her smile as I again felt the hard bit of plastic tucked away in my boy pussy pushing against the hard stool. I had to get it out and get this sissy gear stowed away - no thrown away - very soon even if it meant going commando all the way home.

The cute tall barmaid brought my drinks and smiled again. Did she really make a small kiss with her mouth as she took the ten off the bar?

“Booths are in back down that hallway,” she said in a soft low voice pointing with her chin. “You should check out Maquisha tonight, she’s hot.”

She chuckled and motioned with her strong chin at the ATM machine in the corner. “There’s an ATM over there and a change machine next to it, if you feel so inclined.”

Again I must have looked confused and she chuckled again

and moved on to another customer with what looked like an exaggerated swing of her hips.

“Barmaid’s a hottie ain’t she?” I was surprised by a masculine voice in my left ear.

I turned to see a round-shouldered, vaguely familiar man standing to the side rather close to me that I hadn’t noticed before. He smiled wickedly and continued. “I wouldn’t mind tapping that after I check out that Maquisha honey for a little while. Name’s Jack,” he proudly exclaimed, extending his hand in an overly friendly manner.

“T-tim,” I stuttered, “mmy friends all call me Tee though.

“Nice to meet you Teeny,” he said with a grin.

“Tee, please.”

I suddenly realized I still clutched the colorful paper flyer in my hand. I opened it to reveal the words “The Hardwood Haven’ is pleased to introduce ‘Magical Maquisha’ - the gurl with something extra, direct from sunny San Fran.”

“You ok friend? Something bothering you?” he asked. I snapped back into reality, shocked to realize I had been rubbing the end of my butt plug on the edge of the stool and zoning out. I also realized this man had lightly rested his hand, just for a moment, on my thigh.

“You going into the booths? This place is the best I tell ya, everybody says Providence is hot, but nothing is better than this place.” Had he really given my thigh a squeeze before taking his hand away?

“I-I have to go to the john,” I said standing.

“Ya, It sort of looks it” he laughed staring down at the growing bulge in my pants. I blushed and quickly rushed towards the men’s room door.

As I entered the Men’s I noticed six or seven men waiting to use the urinals. I turned to the stalls hoping I could go in and get out of these clothes and relieve my anus of its silent shame.

The middle stall was vacant and I slipped in and shut the door. My

heart sank as I noticed the broken lock hanging off the steel door.

“You want cock you came to the right place” was etched crudely into the door, scarring up the inside in large letters.

“Doms rule and sissies drool” was carved beneath it.

I could hear a loud familiar fumbling of belts and shoes from the stalls on either side of me. It seemed they contained large men breathing heavily. I sat on the toilet and put both my feet against the door to hold it shut, and pondered my predicament. I couldn't risk someone checking the stall door and opening it to find me changing. I had my pants down around my shins but decided I couldn't change here, staring at what looked like a very sticky floor.

I decided I would tough it out and change somewhere else. Then I remembered my gym pass. I could go there and change in one of the private rooms and even shower. Feeling greatly relieved I pulled my pants back up and left the Men's room without even using it or washing my hands.

I returned to find Jack with his hand on my barstool, holding down the fort and guarding my drink. Hey man let's go check out Maquisha together. That would be a hoot. I'll pay for the first look.”

“No thanks,” I said. “I think I'll just finish my drink and go to the gym, but thanks anyway Jack.”

“Ok suit yourself but you're gonna miss the hottest little piece of ass you ever saw.” He said clapping me on the back.

I tried to smile and be polite to this friendly stranger as I downed my shot in one swallow and took a healthy gulp of my beer.

“Let me buy you one more before you go” He said. “Well ok, if I can return the favor some other time.” I replied.

He smiled what seemed to me a sad smile and patted my thigh again. “Not a problem at all hun.”

Did he just call me hun? I realized I was rubbing my butt on the chair again. Jack ordered another drink from our 'hot' Barmaid, and after our third shot I was feeling much happier and calmer. When he asked me if I was sure I didn't want to check out the

booths, it didn't seem like such a bad idea. I was safe now, I had time, my body seemed numb to the idea of heading home and the constant pats on my thigh had me thinking Jack was a pretty good guy after all.

Jack called the barmaid over and changed a fifty-dollar bill. Turning towards the back, Jack dropped a large tip on the bar and winked at our barmaid. I staggered just a little bit as I tried to look nonchalant following meekly behind this stranger towards the back rooms.

An arching hallway led to a narrow dark space painted in a ghastly crimson hue from which cheap hollow wood doors hid unknown rooms in the surrounding darkness. We shuffled into the gloom, some doors cracked open, eyes peering out watching our passage. Jack seemed to know his way and marched ahead towards a light-colored door at the end of the hall. He entered boldly without a knock and turned to beckon me with a smile that grew larger as I approached.

"You sure about this Jack" I asked not at all sure I wanted to follow this man into a dark deserted back room of a divey bar.

"Just wait you are going to love this," he beamed. "I can almost guarantee this will be the best night of your life."

I chuckled at the obvious hyperbole and was sure it was just bold alcohol talk, but cautiously I peeked around the doorframe into the room.

The expansive space was not at all what I expected. I was prepared for shabby and seedy beyond the door. I expected...hoodlums with guns, monsters...? What I found was a gaily painted, brightly lit room with a wall of glass across one end. There were antique-looking sconces framing tasteful artwork on the walls, illuminating the room with a soft pinkish hue. An almost homey feel coupled with a pleasant floral fragrance in the air lent a special, almost pretty ambiance. This brightened my spirit and eased my fear somewhat and I may have straightened up just a bit as I followed close behind Jack.

The glass wall was the room's most prominent feature. It took up the far end of the space and was covered by a silken drape of soft pink that appealed to me and made me feel that much

more at ease. The room had a wing chair of heavy brown leather, overstuffed and worn with an unmatching divan. The divan was done in beige and marked by many dark stains that called for silent speculation.

I moved to sit in the chair, but Jack was already seated so I stood next to the divan wondering how comfortable I would be with my plug still firmly in place. Jack held out a handful of dollar bills and pointed to the cash machine next to the curtain.

"I think you need to feed the kitty to start the show," he offered with a chuckle. "First 10 minutes are on me...after that you'll have to earn your keep," he smirked.

I wonder what that means, thinking to myself as I fed the bills into the slit. A moment after the second five went into the machine the curtain began to slowly separate from the center and reveal a small bed in the center of a totally white room. The room was unremarkable except for the shiny brass pole that ran from floor to ceiling beside it. Otherwise the room was empty.

"Ring the bell for service," Jack chuckled pointing to a small button on the wall beside the cash machine. I pushed the button feeling some unknown slimy substance. A small door cracked open behind the bed and a vision of femininity dressed in gossamer and lace floated into the room. She was wrapped in pastels, soft reds and yellows, greens and blues. Her hair was long, wavy and so light as to be almost white. All this contrasted with her dark olive skin and her huge doe eyes, painted a deep smoky violet. Her lips were creamy magenta and tilted up in a playful smirk. Her body was lush, full with hips that were wide and held the promise of blissful sensuality. Her gown embraced and lifted her full generous breasts. The material danced to cover her as she moved. It enhanced and emphasized her sexiness rather than covering her. Jack and myself found ourselves drawn under her spell.

"What did I tell you," Jack whispered. "Go up and talk to her Tina." I barely heard him as I walked without hesitation over and stood inches from the glass barrier.

"C-can you hear me Miss?" I said stuttering. Maquisha smiled a sly little smile and ducked her head coyly before raising up, breasts thrust proudly towards me. She replied so softly I almost couldn't hear, "You want me"! It was a statement, not a question.

She locked eyes, and held me there like an animal in a snare. She danced with sinuous motion towards the glass barrier, never seeming to come straight towards me, yet edging ever closer. I felt cold on my face, and realized she had seductively drawn me against the glass. Somewhere far behind me the sound of a door opening barely scratched my mind, so captivated was I with Maquisha, all I knew was her charm.

She abruptly turned her back and bent, wiggling her full round bottom slightly at me glancing back over her shoulder. The tip of a pointed tongue escaping her lips offering more. She seemed to prance back to the bed, grasping the brass pole and swinging herself down softly on her back, eyes locked with my own. Maquisha prowled the bed, circling and writhing. Running her slender strong hands up and down her body, cupping her breasts and offering them to me. The room was spinning and yet her eyes were steady, solid holding me close to her. Her hands smoothed down her body to her panties, thumbs hooked in the waist as she slid them achingly slowly off her hips and down her legs. It felt like a physical blow as her large swollen cock bounced up out of her tiny panties, pointing directly at me. It was large, uncut and fat. Much fatter and longer than any I had ever seen. So much so it tore my gaze from her eyes.

“You want to touch me?” she said. “Give me your hands,” she said gesturing towards a drawer I hadn’t previously noted. Marquisha looked down at her wondrous cock and I knew she was going to let me hold it. I shuddered at the thought, but I could no more have refused than stopped breathing. My hands reached into the room with her and I felt her run the tips of her breasts into my sweaty outstretched palms. She then leaned back, allowing her erect cock to slide along my fingertips.

I was transfixed, eyes closed luxuriating in the feel of her. That is when I heard the click of the handcuffs on my wrists capturing them inside the room with her. I noted oddly that there was some sort of bar running between the cuffs. “What the ...?” was all I could muster at this startling turn of events.

“I think he is ready for you Master...” the words barely registering in my brain. Then from somewhere in the forgotten distance behind me, I heard someone stirring.

Marquisha crawled back to the bed, grinning like a feral beast. My hands were trapped by the bar behind the glass, in spite of myself I felt the bulge growing increasingly harder against my panties. Strong hands seized me from behind. Something penetrated my lust-fogged brain and I yelled "Jack no!"

"Jack is gone my pet," I heard from very close to my ear.

If front of me, Maquisha was gently jacking her monster cock and smiling at the scene playing out before her. "My my, now you're going to put a show on for me," she purred as she licked her lips.

Reflected off the glass above me, was the image of the man I had seen at the Flea. His smile was full and broad, filled with large brilliant predatory teeth. He leaned in again and spoke softly in my ear. So nice to meet you today my dear Tina. I think we are going to be great friends," he chuckled with confidence.

"My name is Patrick but you must call me Daddy or Master because from this moment on you belong to me."

As if to emphasize the point, I felt the man's strong hand press the plug, I now wish I had removed, in my sissy pussy. Expertly rolling it around with his fingers and making me squirm with excitement.

I tore my gaze from Maquisha, trying desperately to turn my attention back to the man manipulating my rear end. He moved his hands around me to hug my body, working on my stiffening nipples through my thin shirt. My small nubbins betrayed me responding to his touch and a jolt of excitement shot through me to my twitching clitty.

No, I thought, it's not a clitty-it's a cock! A man's cock, I'm a man not a sissy, somebody please help me! I thought of yelling out for help, but the look on Maquisha's face stopped me. She was loving this show and the look on her face spoke volumes. She had seen this play out before. Her smile said she knew I wouldn't call for help.

In spite of what was happening, the entire disastrous, tumultuous series of events that led me here today, I was still becoming more and more aroused. My attention was still captivated by her swollen breasts, her large round sensuous body and most of all, I had to admit, to her manly cock that she continued to stroke in front of me.

I was in a total panic from this man's hands roaming about my body, pinching and stroking, grabbing. Doing whatever he wanted, yet I found myself drooling over her cock.

"She is magnificent, don't you agree," he murmured breathing close to my ear. "My most fantastic creation so far. Her eyes are hypnotic, they hold you in her power, but it's not her eyes you want is it? You want to taste her, feel her, hold her, yes you want her to use you don't you my new sissy?"

"NO," I tried to scream, but it came out an unconvincing whimper. "Please let me go. I need to go home, my wife, my children. PLEASE!"

"If I release you right now, this minute you may leave. Run out of this place and never look back. Would you like that? Or would you like me to open the glass and let my pet Maquisha have her way with you?"

Perhaps you would like me to bring back my sissy Jack to go in there and you can watch him play with her? Would that be better? Tell me Tina, what is it you want me to do with you?"

My mind was a jumble of emotions. Desperately, I wanted to escape this trap I had drawn myself into, Caught. I could no more stop staring at her than I could deny the feelings of this man's hands. My body was responding to his touch and his words and I felt myself melting back against him. I found myself craving his touch. His arms around me felt so strong and forceful. And would he really let me go in the booth with Maquisha? Could I have her... or did I want her to have me?

I discovered something deep down in my core being, exhilarating and fulfilling. Without even thinking I realize I was grinding my pussy, yes it was my pussy, grinding uncontrollably back against him.

He laughed a deep, penetrating laugh into my ear. "I don't think you'll run away little sissy Tina. I think you have already decided you like it here."

"Yes Maquisha is one of a kind," he stated. "But so are you. Where she is lovely and sex incarnate, you are round and soft and meek, she is a tigress and you are a cow. Yes, that's it, you shall be my cow, a breeding cow."

“Do you like her breasts? They are magnificent, aren’t they? She used to actually give milk. I trained her to do that. A combination of hormones and precise stimulation. I am going to do that for you as well...”

He stopped touching me and moved to the side so I could see his face. “You will be my dairy cow. I will milk you every day and breed your big round wonderfully fat ass.” And with that he started to laugh. Not with mirth or pleasure but with something deeper and primal. He grasped my chin in his strong fingers and forced me to look him in the eye. “Men will pay just as much to fuck a cow as a Tigress. you will become a fine specimen in my farm Mr. Mayor.

Oh yes, I know who you are. “Timothy Bond Waybright, Mayor of Oakwood”. Did you think it was a coincidence that your Assistance Chief of Public Policy was there at the Flea at just that moment? No. No Mr. Mayor, he is one of my bitches as well. I had him pass by just to see what you would do. The strong, proud man of the people ran like a scared little girl just as I knew you would. Right into Daddy’s arms.”

He paused for a moment as if a thought had captured him. “Yes, I think it might be fitting if I offered your sissy pussy to him as a sort of employee bonus, don’t you?” He slapped my ass at that and laughed driving the plug home to make the point.

“Please, I haven’t done anything to you. Let me go, I’ll change, I’ll give him a raise...I’ll.”

“SHUT UP, COW!” He shouted, slapping my face. “You do not have permission to speak. In fact, we need something for this cow to put in her mouth and we need to start the breeding process.” From somewhere outside of my field of vision I could hear someone fumbling with something.

“Open your cud, cow,” he said. I opened my mouth to protest again and something like a hard rubber bit was shoved between my teeth and strapped around my head. I dimly registered Maquisha peripherally clapping her hands in glee and hopping up on her knees to watch behind the glass. “Please remove the bar my pet,” he instructed her. Still cuffed I pulled my hands free but discovered at some point while I was distracted a long bar had been attached to my ankles so I couldn’t run, couldn’t even walk. The man, Daddy or Master or whoever he was, shoved me shuffling over to the

divan. All I could do was bend at the waist to support myself with my cuffed hands.

Jack was there grinning with pleasure enjoying the show and he grabbed my hands, attaching them quickly to an anchor point hidden in the folds of cloth. "This couch has such a history Tina. it's a funny name for a cow, but I think it suits you. You are about to be part of that history. I am going to cut all your clothes off now Tina. I may let you have new panties after this, oh and you will be fitted for a bra to hold your udders. As a matter of fact, you will need new ones all the time as we will make your udders grow into enormous bags for men to suck on".

The click of a knife sounded very loud in the quiet space, punctuated by the excited soft moans coming from Maquisha. Jack's face was grinning close to my own.

The bit was causing me to drool constantly onto the divan. I thought about kicking out somehow, maiming my assailant, but what would I do next. Jack certainly wouldn't help me and I couldn't run. I tried to yell for help but all I could manage was a guttural yell muffled by the gag.

Then I felt a cold steel blade against my back. For a frightening moment I thought he would stick me and my life would bleed out there in the most degrading death ever, but instead it began slicing up the inside of my t-shirt. He did it slowly, achingly slow. The dull side of the blade tracing a line up my spine, the cutting edge parting the cloth. My shirt fell to either side like wings on my pudgy arms.

I felt him trace a line, inch by gliding inch up my leg to my crack and then up the crack to the plug. He pirouetted the point of his blade on the faux jeweled top of the plug, pushing it ever so slightly. My breath caught as my imagination went wild with fear. With a quick flick of the blade my pants parted

I felt cool air on my bottom. My new master was taking his time, enjoying the smell of my fear as much as the grunts and moaning pleas as I tried to beg for mercy. He started again at my other pant leg and soon all my clothes were in tatters around me.

I was hunched over, naked to a strange and evil man who knew who I was, and was unintimidated. In that moment I felt deep

shame. The once proud leader of men, pillar of the community, future candidate for Governor and who knows how far I could go, was reduced to the lowest point of my life at the hands of a stranger. And yet, I felt the stirrings of something else too. I felt a kind of rightness. My fear was changing in the darkness of my perverted mind and something else more primal was taking its place.

“You have been wearing this toy in your ass for a long time today haven’t you Tina?” he whispered. Your cunt must be all stretched out and ready for a bull like me to mount you.”

I did need to be rid of that plug, I suddenly realized. My pussy was burning and itchy and alive with sensation. I could feel his hot hands on my fat round cheeks. He slapped them repeatedly and the pain and sharp sound caused me to yelp in fear. Rough fingers grasped the end of the plug and pulled it sharply out without any warning. The sudden pain was replaced with a great emptiness and I moaned into my bit.

“You have a nice cunt there Tina. It even smells like a farm now!” he laughed. My cock was now rock hard and aching to be touched. Maquisha was laughing somewhere in the back ground and Jack was jumping up and down like a little boy at Christmas in front of me.

“Master is going to fuck you good now!” Jack exclaimed. “You so lucky. Master has the most wonderful cock ever! He is going to pound you like a fat cow Tina...ha ha ha. Oh, and Master cums gallons too.”

That’s when I felt it. Like a probing snake looking for a hole to hide in. The tip of his man cock sliding up my fat pussy crack. Sliding up and down my sweaty hole. “Are you ready Tina?” my tormentor asked. “Are you ready to become my latest creation? Become the cow you were meant to be? Once my cock fills your cunt with cum it will be all over for you. You will never want another woman near you. You will always be mine. Cum from my man meat will fill your nasty animal hole and you will be mine forever.” He paused for a moment. Still sliding his cock up and down my cunt hole.

“Perhaps I should give you a choice.” He whispered. “If I turned you loose now Tina and let your run naked from this place would you go? Would you run to your car and return to your wife? Would

she ever satisfy you again after you have seen Maquisha? Would she satisfy after you have felt my man cock at your hole? Would you like a taste of my cock while you try to decide?"

This nightmare figure, strutted slowly around the divan and I could now see his impressively fat, engorged cock, half a foot sticking past his fist. "I'm going to take out the gag now and shove my cock down your throat Tina. You don't have permission to talk, you may not cry out. You may only suck and gag do you understand?"

I hesitated with my head down, my mind twisting and turning with fear and overarching lust. Some part of me wanted him to take me, to go back and ram his cock deep into my aching empty pussy. Another part wanted that monster man meat in my mouth and the drooling had increased for it. Still, a smaller voice was screaming in my brain to take his offer and run! I looked up into his deep blue eyes and knew which choice I would make.

His hands were calm and gentle as he unstrapped the gag from my head. His face was almost fatherly for a moment and he stepped closer. The head of his dripping cock was now inches from my face and he smiled two words.

"Kiss it."

I hesitated again, but only for a moment. My lips parted on their own and my head moved towards him. I pursed my lips and kissed the tip of his cock. He reached out and patted my cheek as you would an animal you were very fond of. Then his hand cupped the back of my head and he rammed his cock deep into my throat. I was caught unaware and could only gasp and cough. I began to choke and felt my gorge rise. The drooling became profuse and coated his cock running down my neck. He held me for a short time like this and I felt I would die from lack of air. Slowly he moved back allowing me to breathe, a split second of air and then shoved back in...all the way.

"Do you love my cock Tina?" he growled. "Am I the bull you have wanted all your life you pathetic cumslut? Here take it again, take more, take it all! SUCK MY BULL COCK YOU COW!!" And with that he slammed his huge man meat into my mouth and throat over and over. I had no time to get used to it, I could only hunch there, legs spread wide, arms shackled to the bed supporting my heavy body while this incredible man used me like his personal hole.

And then he stopped.

“Did you enjoy that little taste Tina? You may thank me.” He said simply.

My throat was so dry and sore I could only croak a muted response.

He grabbed my chin in his strong hands and pulled my eyes up to his. “I said you may thank me cow!”

“Yes.,” I croaked. “Thank you.”

“WHAT WAS THAT?”

“Thank you, Daddy.” I muttered meekly.

“Better. So now that you have had your first taste are you ready to run or do you want my cock deep in your hole? Do you want me to fuck you cow? Are you ready to be added to my breeding herd?”

Someone whispered so softly I couldn’t hear my own response; couldn’t believe they were my own words. I could not deny them any more...

“Yes Master...”

With that, the preliminaries were over. I could hear Maquisha clapping her hands and licking her lips. Jack had at some point moved around and was seated on the floor between my legs. His mouth was teasing my aching clitty. His tongue flicking out and dancing across the head. Then he would run his tongue up the length of it and then wash my balls. Pre cum ran down from my cock head and he lapped at it then stopped. He Giggled slightly and stopped his teasing tongue.

Then Master was back at my cunt hole. His huge cockhead pushing firmly at my entrance but not going in. He held it there for long moments and I realized what he wanted. He wanted me to do it to myself. He wanted me to impale myself on my master’s meat stick. It would be the ultimate submission.

I could always say that I had been tied, teased tortured into my situation, but if I did this to myself, I could never deny that I made him fuck me. Shoving my sissy cunt back onto my Master’s cock meant I was willingly becoming his servant, his cow.

Yet I did it. I squeezed my fat boi pussy back onto his monstrous cock and kept pushing. Swallowing his fuck stick deep, all the way to the innermost part of my being and became his. I held him there and used my sissy pussy muscles to squeeze him so he would have no doubts. And then he began to move. He moved like a freight train. Like a prize fighter who knows he is the champ. Like a man on a mission he slid his length slowly out and slammed it back. I felt ever ripple, every vein of his cock within my pussy walls. He almost pulled it entirely out and I mewed with disappointment but he shocked me by slamming it back, all the way home again.

“YES MASTER!” I screamed. “Fuck me, Fuck MEEE”

“Moo like a cow you cunt,” he snarled in my ear.

“MOOOOOOOOO...ooo fuck” I cried.

“Yes, you are my new fat cow, my fat sissy cow cunt who is going to take my cum and give me calves.”

“MOOOOO...”

“I’m going to fill you full of hormones so your udders will grow and put you on a milking machine at night you fat bitch! Your tits will grow so big you will have to walk on all fours and drag them on the ground. We will bring in real men, bulls to fuck your fat cunt and you will suck their cocks and make money for my stable.”

“That’s it my fat cow bitch, take that cock and then I’m going to fill you with my cum and make you mine forever.” His hips pistoned over and over, hard into me, His cock was an iron rod deep in my pussy. I lost consciousness for a few seconds with the erotic pleasure of it all but he shocked me back again and again.

His cock seemed to grow hotter and harder, his breathing more labored and I could tell he was close to filling me with his cum. I squeezed as hard as my overused cunt could squeeze to milk him into me. I could feel him grow hotter and larger still inside me and he pushed me flat on my face on the sofa.

And then Master came in my cunt. He came so much I could feel it expanding me, changing me... mutating me into something else.

“Moo for me Tina...”

I mooed for my master, my daddy, my dream man. I knew I was his

cow forever.

Epilogue

It was high time Jack came to tend to me. He knew I needed my udders rubbed down with bag balm or else the machine would chafe me and my milk wouldn't flow. Jack usually enjoys taking good care of me. Sometimes he sneaks in to suck my big cow clitty and even licks my ovaries. He keeps my stall clean and I have even developed a liking for the salad he feeds me.

My tits had, as Daddy promised, been manipulated and exercised and treated and grown. I now had a 55 inch chest and a belly that stuck out beyond them. I don't remember when, but Daddy thought it would be funny if I had a tail. So when my pussy isn't being used I am plugged with a cow tail plug. My ass was so wide it hardly fit through the barn door and my cunt is sloppy and gaping from all the abuse it receives from visits by my Master and other Dom Bulls. Master has sold the use of my cow cunt to many men and they use me as they see fit. It's amazing what nasty old men will pay to do.

They each get a free jug of milk with the price of admission too.



**JO does not need
to be a solo activity!**

How I Greeted The Day

By Jess Fellatio

I woke before sunrise this morning. Naked and unashamed, I walked down the hallway and turned on the coffee maker.

Awakening senses, my morning ritual begun.

The aroma of freshly brewed beans filled the air, welcoming the day with a warmth so rare.

As the liquid dark elixir dripped into the pot, I pondered the day ahead, the possibilities sought.

Naked, vulnerable, and free from constraint, I embraced the morning, with no need to feign.

With each sip, the caffeine coursed through my veins, reviving my spirit, dispelling any remains of weariness and doubt that clung to my soul, As the sun's first rays started to unfold.

I kneel at your feet, my hands on your knees, slowly spreading your legs apart. I slide my hands up your thighs and rub the bulge in front of me. I look up at you and smile as I begin stroking you.

It's getting hard already, and a tingle runs through my body knowing how much you want me. I hold onto the shaft and pull it toward my eager lips and plant a kiss on the tip of your cock... then another kiss... then the kiss turns French and my tongue swirls around the head. Then another soft kiss. I know you want more, but don't worry... the teasing won't last long. More kisses, then my mouth surrounds the head of your cock once more.

With one hand I reach around and grab onto your ass, and with the other I take the base of your cock in hand and rub the head over the side of my face, looking up at you and smiling.

"Sit down, baby," I suggest. My body leans forward as you slowly lay back in your chair, continuing to rub your cock over my face and lips. My soft pecs hang beneath me and brush against the inside of your thighs as I take your luscious cock into my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm..." I look up into your eyes long enough to say, "I love your cock," and surround it with my lips. As I suck I feel it

against the inside of my cheeks. The warm saliva in my mouth begins to flow and the slightly salty, sweaty taste of your penis is heavenly. I close my eyes and face straight down, bobbing up and down on you.

Your cock slides into my mouth... in... and out... in... and out... I can't get enough! My grip around the base of your cock tightens as my head bobs down... and up your cock... down... and up... in... and out... in... and out... I pull my face off your cock. Licking the head, I pull your cock down and tilt my head back so my neck straightens out.

I open my eyes then, slowly, as I lean forward my hand lets go and your cock enters my mouth, my throat opens and I impale myself upon you. Your pubic hair tickles my nose as I feel the entire shaft of your cock in my mouth, the head inside my neck. After a few seconds, I slowly let it back out. As I take a breath through my nostrils the scent of you begs me for more. Back into my throat you go, my chin between your balls, my nose again in your hair. I hold for a few more seconds, then slide back to breathe, then take you once again. Your cock enters my throat nearly a dozen times when my facial muscles tell me I need a short break.

My hand regains its grip on your shaft, this time pointing it straight up toward your face, and I lick over your right testicle. I slowly and carefully take it into my soft mouth and lick all over it. I then do the same for your left. I remove it and playfully lick figure-eights around your balls... up between them... down the right... up between them... down the left... up.... down the right... up... down the left... and up, ever so slowly to the base of your cock. As I lick up the shaft of your cock, ready to finish you off, I look at your face, smile, and ask, "Want to cum on my face, baby?"

I sweep the hair away from my face and over my ears, readying myself for your orgasm. My fingers tighten around the base of your cock and my thumb presses down just above your balls. I slide my face down on you, sucking in with my cheeks. My mouth is partially full with saliva. Up... and down... up... and down.... From the way you breathe and the throbbing of your cock I get a sense of the pace you like best and continue sucking your penis. You feel the soft warmth of my wet mouth as it goes in... and out... in... and out....

Your breathing changes ever so slightly. I know you're close, honey. It's time for the oral move that's never failed me since I learned it in college. My face goes down on you once again. This time, though, as I slide up, before bobbing back I swirl my tongue around the head of your cock. You feel my tongue all over you as your cock goes in... out... and swirl... in... out... and swirl.

It doesn't take long, and I'm ready for my reward. In... out... and swirl... in... out... and swirl. The girth of your cock expands in my mouth a half-second before you start cumming. My tongue is swirling around your cock as the first glorious squirt of your cum fills my mouth. I immediately pop off your cock, pull it downward as I lean back and point it straight at my mouth. Shot number two hits my open lips and off down the right side of my chin. I close my eyes and start jerking on your cock as it splashes gooey cum all over my right cheek in all directions. As I continue stroking it shoots on the side of my nose. I pull it over to the left side of my face and feel shots five and six on my cheek, temple, ear, and into my hair. I turn my head and caress your softening cock over my right cheek as the last few drops dribble and ooze out. When the throbbing stops, I turn back to the tip of your penis and lick off the last of the cum from you.

I look up at you and smile, my face splattered white with your cooling salty cream. I'm sure I look a mess, but I'm a sexy mess. I'm filled with a sense of pride and I feel my nipples stiffen. Finally releasing your cock, I use my fingers to sweep the cum off my cheeks toward my waiting tongue. I kiss your belly and wipe my face into it. I continue kissing upward... pausing to lick over your nipples, then up to your neck as I feel your arms tighten over my naked back. I feel so happy knowing you're content.

Just a reminder



**Literally every man plays
with himself.**

The Cum Controller

By a*cocksucker

(This story is based on a composite of real experiences I have had being edged and milked by a number of men over the years, The main arc is derived from my first such experience with one who I visited many times. The rest are fragments from other encounters and a little bit of it is embellished.)

I love to edge. I think most guys do. Getting close to the point of no return but not going over, that's the trick. Delaying the warm sweet release that washes over you as your balls contract and your cock spasms. You feel the hot cum inside your cock rushing throughout your organ which becomes hard as rock. Then the piss hole ejects the first pulse of creamy white jism and you are riding the roller coaster. You squeeze out a few jets of hot spunk and then you are done. Your cock deflates, you feel tired and for most of us who are older it is over. I remember when I was 18, I didn't have to edge I could just cum 7 times a day (my personal record). Those days are over. I can shoot a load and that's probably it for the day. So, the time spent on the brink is precious and difficult to control. Unless, that is, you give that control to someone else.

I don't remember who found who, but it doesn't matter in the end. This was back in the day when Yahoo messenger was a good medium for carrying on a conversation. He was an older gentleman, a gay man somewhere in his 60s and I in my 40s. He told me he enjoyed tying men to his bed and taking control of their cocks. If I agreed to visit him I would get that same treatment. A date was arranged and I drove 120 miles out into the desert countryside, to what exactly I was not sure. I had procured some Viagra which I had never used before and took a dose when I was halfway there to have it kick in when I was in his clutches. I didn't want to leave anything to chance. With great anticipation I drove the final miles to his home.

I arrived a little early and waited up his street until the hour I was to put myself in his hands. I like to be exactly punctual especially with someone who was a bondage top. I am submissive by nature and wanted to follow his instructions to the letter. Soon enough I was pushing his doorbell. He opened his door and stood before me. An older man, white haired and shorter than I he told me to

come inside and go to his bedroom. I was ordered to disrobe, and I removed every shred of clothing and stood before him naked while he remained fully clothed. I asked to use the bathroom before we began and was allowed to use the one that was private to his bedroom.

When I was done I washed up and presented myself to him. My cock was already at half mast, the prospect of giving the man control of it in only a few moments exciting me. He had prepared leather cuffs attached to each of the 4 corners of the bed. I lay down as ordered with a towel under me to keep any fluids that might result off of the comforter. I extended my arms and legs to meet the restraints and soon he had attached each to its corresponding limb.

I could not move my arms, let alone touch myself. I could not put my legs together to cross them if I wanted to. My cock became fully erect simply being bound, cock fully exposed and available to my owner. He could see my excitement, my anticipation of what was to come. Then without a word a leather penis gag was put in my mouth, penetrating it and filling it, making its presence a constant reminder of my place in this scenario. As a final touch, a leather blindfold was put over my eyes denying me the sight of my cock and its controller. My world was reduced to the senses of touch and sound. The only taste I had was the leather cock plug in my mouth and I don't remember any smells.

I lay there, so vulnerable, so exposed, my cock hard enough that my foreskin had retracted somewhat, revealing the tip of my cock and the piss hole that was no doubt leaking precum.

He gave me some time to consider my predicament. Naked and helpless, charged with powerful erotic energy but completely dependent upon this stranger's fancy. My cock, now fully erect, twitched uselessly. I could arch my back a little to raise my cock as if to fuck the air and present it to my owner to beg for his touch. I could not beg for this in words as my voice was restrained by the gag.

Soon I felt his hand on my dick, and it slid down my shaft fully retracting my foreskin and exposing my tumescent cock head, The hand withdrew, He was assessing my sensitivity so that he would not inadvertently have me cum before he was ready to allow me

to. After several tentative strokes I got a few more and then the hand would disappear. I was slowly climbing the ladder, but the pace was deliciously slow. He let me consider each step and savor it. I was slowly being driven mad by the teasing, I arched my back trying to fuck his hand, but he quickly withdrew it denying me any chance at self stimulation.

At one point he paused and undid my ankle restrains and told me to present my ass. I felt him push something into it. The insertion complete I was returned to the ankle restrains. Suddenly I felt a vibration in my ass that made me feel both violated and excited. I later learned it was a vibrating egg tethered to a battery pack. Then he took what I later learned was a plain dildo vibrator and with it buzzing I felt him stroke my rock hard shaft which, by then, had been kept in that condition for at least 45 minutes, Although I must say the passage of time was hard to gauge, I was deep in subspace focused on my poor abused dick. Whenever he removed his hand he would wait for my cock begin to relax. Then he would return to stroking until it was once again a pillar of stone and but no further.

Maybe his hand needed a rest, or it was just something that amused him. With my cock just having been stroked into an aching rock hard erection I felt him tying it up. He looped a long shoelace around the base of my twitching engorged member. Then he took my balls and roped my nut sack so that each testicle was separated from the rest of my cock and each other. The final result was an achingly stiff cock turning a shade of purple, flanked by my two balls each in its own pocket of my tied-up scrotum. I heard him snap a photo which I was later given a copy of,

He left me like that a while. He knew I could not cum because my cock was tightly bound. He also knew my erection would need no maintenance by his hand for the bindings trapped the overload of blood in the erectile tissue. I was in a fever over the feeling of my dick, fat with the effect of the bonds, reaching a level of excitement that surely would have resulted cum exploding from my balls. But neither sperm or blood would make it past the restriction.

My tormentor sauntered back into the room which to me had become the center of the universe whose origin was the searing singularity of my molested genitals. I heard a cup or a glass being

put down and then the string binding my manhood was undone. As the string was pulled from the base of my organ it spun round and round as the string unraveled. With the free flow of my body's juices returned to their normal flow I felt relief as the ruddy indentations left by the string returned to their normal state. My tormentor returned to keeping my cock hard and excited with single stroke here and maybe a couple there. Either way I was not given a break to allow my shaft to flag in the least

My gagged mouth was whimpering at the pleasure/pain of denied release. Constantly being brought to the edge only to be left contemplating my inability to cross over into it. So near, yet so far, literally in the hands of my sly host. O sweet release how I long for you.

*Suddenly, without warning my host had decided to forcefully kick me into the abyss of orgasm that yawned before me only a hairs breath away. His tentative strokes became like a piston pumping my engine. *Fap, fap, fap.* remorselessly milking my electrically charged organ. I resolved to resist, to stay in this place of no return as long as possible. My nervous system lit up like it never had before. The endorphins or whatever it is that generates the pleasure of orgasm flooded my brain. It washed over me, like a pleasantly warm tsunami drowning my ego in the chemicals of ecstasy. All that was left was my consciousness floating on the infinite ocean of the eternal now.*

The wave crested and started to crash down on the shores of reality. I was keenly aware of the cascade of contractions they were automatically set into motion. My cock is, after all, just an insemination machine. It follows the ancient program that evolution coded into it. First the balls retract against the base of my crotch which pumps out a charge of cum into the erect shaft. The hot goo rises in my shaft like lava in the throat of a volcano. I am sex. I am the animal. The shaft in a single pulse ejects the fluid out of the asshole in the meaty head becoming a long airborne string of cum that falls across my chest and my face. For the next 30 seconds the process repeats a dozen times, each with less force than the previous one.

So I am done but not so my owner. He continued to pump me with all the vigor he could muster, my body was wracked by the oddest sensations I have ever felt. It was painful yet simultaneously

ticklish. I wanted to sit up and make him stop but the bonds held me down. I tried desperately to sit up and fold over, but my cock was as defenseless as ever. Jutting out, unable to break away from this madman. Spittle erupted from the perimeter of my gag. The owner of my cock finally took pity and released his grip. The spent organ deflated and came to rest on my pubic bush, sore but deeply satisfied, the head half covered by my foreskin,

The owner of my cock removed the gag and blindfold and light flooded into my eyes and my mouth raced on dispensing thanks and recollections of my journey through edge lands. Finally, control was returned to me, the wrist and ankle bonds opened.

My top told me he loved working my cock and that I should return. I thanked him again and vowed that I would. And I did, a dozen times or so over the next few years. Finally, he found the love of his life and moved to another part of the US. I am very happy for him and his husband, but I do miss him dearly, he was one of a kind.

Narratophilia

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

I Want To Taste Your Cum

I want to taste your cum,
The sweet nectar of your love,
The essence of our passion,
That I can never get enough of.

With every kiss and touch,
I crave for more and more,
The desire to feel you inside,
Is all I could ever ask for.

I want to taste your cum,
As it drips from my lips,
The intoxicating flavor,
Leaves me in a state of bliss.

It's the ultimate ecstasy,
That I long for every night,
The taste of your arousal,
Sets my soul on fire, alight.

From the depths of my being,
I yearn for your release,
To feel you pulsating within,
As my senses find their peace.

I want to taste your cum,
As it fills my mouth,
A symphony of pleasure,
That I can't help but shout.

For it's not just a physical act,
But a connection of our souls,
The taste of your love,
Is what truly makes me whole.

So let our bodies intertwine,
And our passion ignite,
For I want to taste your cum,
And drown in pure delight.



Wet As Water, Hard As Stone

By Erotically Written

Angela brought me home, I did her and her husband.

Big booty Angela was one of the janitors at the bank I worked at.

"Hello mi amigo, how are you today," was the question she'd ask each day.

Part Mexican, part black, Angela was a fine specimen of a woman if i had to describe her, as she was 35, short, curly black hair, fair brown skin with a small mole on her nose, big, soup cooling lips and an ivory white smile. She flirted every chance she got, whether she spoke in Spanish or English, calling herself tempting me, but not realizing the dangers that came with doing such.

"Judy, I'll rock your world," I'd always tell her.

She'd laugh it off, saying that if she wasn't faithful to her man, she would've tried me out a long time ago.

"Eating ain't cheating," I said to her once, referring to her riding my face until she squirted.

"You couldn't eat me out if I was on a platter," was her response.

We kept going back and forth, as we sat in the break room eating our lunches.

"Instead of an eating, I need a beating," she said.

"What's the matter, your old man ain't rubbing that cat right?"

"Rubbing, tapping, smacking or nothing else. He ain't been doing me right for awhile now" she said.

"Well, maybe you need to get with another to remind you how things supposed to go," I said.

"Maybe, but who else is gonna pay my car note, house note and put these three bad ass kids through college," she asked.

We kept going at it, me setting the scene to get her to come to my place. She broke on this date when I mentioned I had no one coming over.

“Hell, you can come to my spot tonight. He ain’t gonna be home, he’ll be on the road,” she stated, as her husband was a long-haul trucker.

We set it up for after work, as we grabbed a bucket of chicken from KFC, and I followed her to her place.

I parked behind her car, and rushed in the door behind her, then grabbed her by the waist as that fat ass was pressed against my dick. I had all intentions of eating that pussy sloppy when I was sucking on the back of her neck, making the chicken drop and fall everywhere. She led us into her bedroom, and I began to unbutton her work top from behind, then her bra, so I could fondle her perfect breasts. She had the smoothest nipples, as they were black, bullseye style from what I could see in the mirror in front of us. She had the perfect shape, with barely any belly, and when she pulled down her pants, she showed off the prettiest looking pussy line, with a small landing strip of hair at the top. I turned her around, then picked her up before laying her on the bed, as she spread her legs wide. I saw the most beautiful twat, one that seemed to wink at me, with the prettiest little pussy lips. I dove down and ran my tongue up and down them, making her quiver and moan, before I pulled that clit with my lips.

“Melvin,” she hollered.

Didn’t take her long to squirt, as she glazed my Adam’s apple with a straight shot. I then commenced to putting my hands on her thighs to keep her legs extended while I lunched on that twat, getting into her tasty snatch when I heard a male voice over us:

“The fuck you doing, Angie,” he asked.

I turned and saw the biggest creature of man, and he went by Worm.

“Oh baby, this is Melvin, he was just helping me stretch,” she said.

I couldn’t do nothing but laugh inside because buddy looked the part of a club bouncer. He was twice my size at maybe six foot four, 300 lbs. (I’m five foot seven, 160 at best), with bulldozer like arms. He stood there at the door sill, chest bouncing up and down.

“You should be doing me and my wife,” he said.

I was a bit puzzled. I'd never look at him as a guy who played with other men, but his request was precise. He came out of his clothes and sure enough laid beside her, as they started kissing. They'd done this before.

"Suck me like you sucked her, then I want you to fuck me, like you'd fuck her," he said.

Just seemed odd, but I wasn't going to argue with this beast. She kept her legs open and I started rubbing her clit, while stroking his surprisingly minimal sized cock (was maybe four or five inches hard). Seeing his reach over and let his tongue fight her nipples turned me on, and I went back sucking and slurping their middles.

"Somebody fuck me, please," she begged.

I obliged, as position with air, and I was her, lowering entered her

"Damn girl, ocean," I said

She was warm, cock drowning Worm reached her, as I slid my and middle ass.

*I want
you to
fuck me
like you'd
fuck her.*

she kept that her legs in the just above myself as I moist puss.

you're like an to her.

and deep, my into her slit. over to kiss right pointer fingers into his

"Big boy, I see I'm gonna have to open you up, too," I said.

"You damn right you will. Mmmm, I love my ass being played with," he said.

I gave Angela long, slow strokes, trying my best not to cum too soon as her hot twat felt like a massage for my cock. I pushed my fingers into Worm as deep as I could, as his fat thighs were also in the air. I was loving the idea of doing this horned couple at once.

"Ooooooh, that dick feels good," she said.

I picked up the pace and started pounding her, with her juices spraying everywhere as our bodies smacked. The harder I fucked

her, the more aggressive I fingered Worm and had them both singing tunes.

"The way you've got her moaning, I hope you fuck me like that," he said.

I'd look down at Angela's abs and see her muscles contract with each banging I gave. Her body was a work of art, and I'd have to pull out to preserve the fuck.

"Suck this dick," I told Worm.

I pulled my fingers out of his ass, and did as told when I pulled out, as he rolled over to me and began sucking the juices off my shaft, and licking the rest off my pubes. He then bent over in front of me, while Angela was beside us, fiddling with her snatch.

He handed me lube from a chest drawer, and I used some to stroke my cock, then add to his hole, right before digging in.

"Go slow at first," he said. "Oh, you bastard!"

I didn't heed his request, just pushing in my thick, seven inch prick with one stroke to remind him who the real man in the room was.

"Take dat " I said.

"You jackass, go slow," he whined.

I gave him slow, long, deep plows, as his ass felt better than Angela's pussy. He was tight and tried to work his muscles to push me out, but I only pushed back harder. I even went deeper as I began throttling that ass, me high off watching his little hole expand and swell from the beating.

"Now you're hitting it," he said, as he spread his ass cheeks for me. "I can feel your balls, man."

I showed no mercy after a couple minutes, tapping his ass and seeing Angela with a finger in her mouth, and another in her soaked swamp. I was ready to blow this nut.

"Breed me, man, I need it bad," he said.

"Gonna have to fuck you harder. Think you can handle it," I asked.

"Pound that ass, man!"

I banged him harder as he wailed, his little hole now spread and geeqing each stroke.

“You wanted it, now here it goes,” I warned.

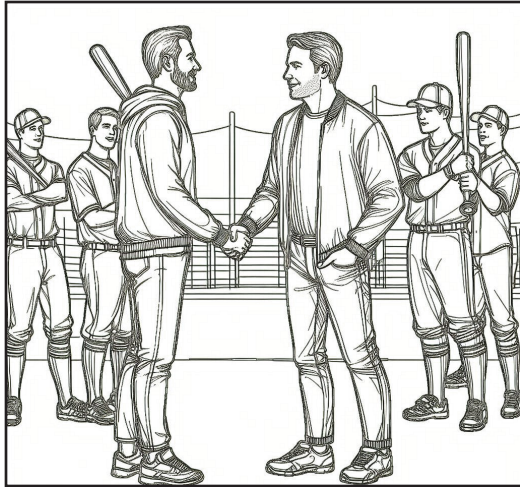
I blessed him with a good amount of my hot semen, as I gave him so much his ass overflowed with it even as I was deep inside. I pulled my dick out and watched his hole burp and pucker, and my ego was stroked as I was able to top this beautiful couple in their home.

“You were true to your words,” Angela said with a chuckle.

I smacked both their asses, as they made out, and then I became the third wheel, so I got dressed and left.

Angela no longer talked trash at work, as she knew exactly what I was capable of from that day forward.

**Why are big
fat uncut
cocks so hard
to find these
days?**



The Softball Team

When I moved to town, I only knew people from work, so I joined a softball team to meet new people. There were eight other guys, all in their 20s and 30s. Some were married. A few had children. Most were single like me. As a guy who has loved male sex since I first sucked cock and got fucked at Boy Scout Camp, I thought about each of my teammates sexually. I undressed them in my mind. I saw myself sucking this one, being fucked by that one. I thought about the married ones, on how they pleased their women by fucking with their big cocks, and then I saw myself there instead, under them, receiving those hard, deep thrusts. I jacked to these thoughts, but I kept all of this to myself and made no hints or advances. I just wanted to be a good team player and have the friendship and respect of the others.

Jim, the third baseman, and I shared devotion to the same MLB baseball team, and he invited me over to eat pizza and watch a game. I came with beer. We drank two brews a piece, ordered pizza, and finished off the six pack. With two innings left, my host broke out the whiskey and we were getting shitfaced. The game ended and we talked. I walked unsteadily to the bathroom, and we both laughed.

Jim said, "You better stay here tonight. You can't drive if you can't walk."

We were both on the floor. I laid on my back, staring at the ceiling. Jim sat with his back to the sofa. The whiskey flowed and the talk continued. Jim told me that he had dated a girl for the past year, but it was over.

He asked, "Are you going with anyone right now?"

I said, "No, not right now."

Jim replied, "That settles it, man. Next weekend you and I are going pussy hunting. I know a bar with great looking girls. We both need to fuck."

Here I was, drunk, looking at a guy whose image I jacked off to just a few days ago, talking to me about finding girls to fuck. The booze was working on me, breaking down my usual posture as a straight dude. I felt confessional. I had a secret, and like every secret, it yearns to be shared.

I said, "I like to fuck."

"Hell, yes," replied Jim. "Don't we all?"

"No, it's different. I like to be fucked."

Jim's brain was in slow gear from the drinking, but as soon as he comprehended what I said, he jumped up and walked fast to his bedroom. Back he came. Standing there with a grin on his face and a bottle of lube in his hand, he said, "Let's do it."

I unbuckled my belt, raised my hips and started to push my jeans down. Jim grabbed each leg and pulled them off of me. I slid down my underwear and kicked them off. Jim discarded his tee shirt and gym shorts and was standing there. His erection was growing, bobbing upward as blood filled his tool. I had dreamed of it. Now I saw it. Seven inches at least with a nice helmet on the end. His hairless balls sitting close to his body.

There was no foreplay. Jim lubed his cock and knelt. I grabbed my legs at the knees and pulled them back, raising my bottom. Jim ran his lubed fingers over my puckered hole. He braced himself on one arm, guided his cock to my boy pussy, and pushed his tool beyond the door. With both arms bracing his body over me, he moved his hip and slid his dick slowly and smoothly all the way in.

I had that wonderful sensation of being filled, having a man

take possession of me. Jim began a gentle, rhythmic dance with his dick, of back and forth, in and almost out and in again. My legs were now on his shoulders. My hands were free and I used them, placing my two palms against his smooth pecs, holding his muscled arms, and finally jacking my super hard dick. I looked up at him. He was looking straight ahead, beyond me, to some spot across the room, almost indifferent to me. I knew what it meant. He was focused on his cock and did not want to admit that he was having man sex. I wanted to reach up and pull his face to mine and kiss his lips, but I didn't. That would be too much for him. I was fortunate to have his cock in me, I couldn't be greedy.

Still, as I jacked, I watched his face. His mouth was open as his breathing deepened. He closed his eyes tightly as his excitement increased. Then he turned his face towards me. He smiled. He stared into my eyes. The tide had turned. He was filled with excitement and sexual energy and he appreciated this guy, his friend, who had offered his body for his pleasure. I saw lust and affection.

"I'm going to cum," he said low and breathlessly.

I answered back, "Give it to me." Our eyes were locked. We were about to share a magic moment. He signaled the start of his orgasm with a moan just as I shot squirt after squirt of spunk across my chest. Our breathing slowed, he softened, my feet rested on the floor, he eased out, we laid together side by side on the floor.

"Oh, shit! That was good," said Jim.

I answered, "Yeah, that was good. You are good." That was all that was said. Minutes passed. The next thing I knew, I was waking up, still on the floor. There was a pillow under my head and a sheet over me. I had slept the night on the floor. Jim had made me comfortable. I saw him stretched out on the sofa. Neither of us had gotten far from the place of our powerful and exhausting sex the night before. We woke up. He made some coffee and found yogurts in the frig.

He said with a light laugh in his voice, "Boy, did I get drunk last night." I said the same for myself. Both of us avoided the excuse so often muttered after such a night about being drunk and not remembering what happened. We both knew and remembered

clearly what had taken place right on the living room floor.

Our softball game was Saturday afternoon. We were the last game on the field that day. As usual, we parked our cars in a cluster at the end of the parking lot. Each week someone was designated to bring a cooler of beer for all to share. The game was a blowout. We won 9 to 2. It was hot and I pulled off my shirt, as had several others. I had opened the back of my SUV and was sitting there, beer in hand, legs dangling over the rear bumper. The captain of our team walked up and then the other players gathered around. Jim was standing there in their midst.

The team captain said with a grin, "Jim tells us you are a hot piece of ass. Speaking on behalf of the team, we would like to sample your wares." He was trying to be cute with his language, but the message was clear. Eight guys wanted to fuck me.

I had fantasized about them all, wondering how they looked naked, thinking about their cocks, dreaming of sucking them or getting their erections up my ass. Now fantasy has become reality. I did not really think about whether I could take eight fucks in a row. Not saying anything, I put my beer aside, stood up, pulled off my pants, turned and leaned into the Jeep, putting my face on the carpeted trunk, my arms stretched out.

I pushed my bottom into the air and said, "Call out your name so I know who you are."

A moment passed as the team captain pushed down his pants. I could feel him standing behind me. He called out his name. He had a beer in his hand and he poured some down the crack of my ass and then poured more on his hard cock. Someone yelled out, "Beer fuck!" and there was laughter. Immediately I felt the head of his dick pushing on my hole. The beer eased the entry, and he moved into me completely. Suddenly I was filled. He was thick. My adjustment was swift. He felt so good. I thought of how he uses his tool to please his wife, to sire two children. His dick is now in me and it wants me. He began, moving from slow to faster and faster thrusts. He was holding my hips and I was moving back on him as he pushed his hips forward. Each pump of his hips pushed his manhood against my prostate and caused me to softly moan with pleasure. His movements told me he was close, and then he gripped my hips tighter with his hands and pushed on my bottom

as streams of cum emptied into me.

Next was the shortstop who called out his name as he slid his dickhead up and down my crack before entering me. The shortstop was an agile guy, graceful on the ball field. He fucked the same way. The movement of his dick in me was like a dream. He was long, the longest I would have that day, and it was pure pleasure reaching so deep into me. He announced his climax with "Ahhhh."

The catcher was next and he called out his name as had the others. The catcher was shorter and stockier than the rest of the team with powerfully built legs that he used to squat throughout the game. His cock was thick but shorter. He used his powerful frame and fucked my boy pussy like a piston going in and out at the same swift speed from the time he entered me until the time he withdrew. He told me, "Here it is," as his balls emptied into me, and in my mind, I could see and feel the shots of cum juice he left in me, joining the two previous cum dumps.

If I had any doubts of whether I could take all eight of my buddies' dicks in my hole, it disappeared as the catcher withdrew. I was empty. I wanted more. I needed more. I did not have to wait, for the next guy was right there in position. So, they came, one after another, cocks of different sizes, some quick to shoot, some long lasting, but all hard and wanting me, and they all left me the gift of their cum. Some guys held my hips. Some would hold my shoulders. A few would touch me in a sensual way by running their hands up the small of my back or holding my torso just below the arms. The last was the guy to whom I had shared my drunken secret and who had told it to the team. I was grateful for it.

He said softly, "It's Jim."

His cock slid in easily. My hole was gapping and my channel was filled with cum. Jim leaned over, his chest against my back, his head to the side of mine, his mouth near my ear. He whispered our conversation secret from the others.

Jim said, "I love your ass. It feels so good. Tell me what you want. I want to hear it."

I said with a plead in my voice, "Fuck me. Fuck me again. Fuck me good."

He fucked me as he had done before, and I lay there accepting his hunches as I dreamed of his face and his eyes as we shared his first climax in me. When he came, he was holding my shoulders. After the last shot left his dick and he was finished, he patted me affectionately on the shoulder three times. To me it signaled that I had done a good job, I had taken all their cocks, drained their balls, and pleased eight friends.

I lifted myself from the back of the Jeep and turned. There were my eight teammates with eight cocks, some soft now, some were still softening, and a few, like the shortstop's, seemed to have recharged and was hardening again. From my hole dripped the cum loads of all of them. It was running down the insides of both my legs. I reached down and scooped up cum and grabbed my cock. I was ready and it only took five whacks on my dick before I shot, the first stream going nearly three feet, followed by four more.

I stood there in front of my teammates. Someone started to clap, and the others joined in with clapping and yells of approval.

The team captain spoke. "On behalf of the team, I want to say that we all are looking forward to next week's game."

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



My New Life As A Cuckold

By Jalen Koker

I am a cuckold.

For the uninitiated, I am in a relationship with someone who has sex with men better than me.

Did that just trigger you?

When you read "better than me," did you feel the urge to assure me that I DO have worth and shouldn't say things about myself that devalue me? If so....well, that is your problem. Not mine.

Because that is what it means to be a cuckold.

Truth is, I watch men come over to fuck the love of my life. Most of the time, I don't know who these men are. But these men are stronger, they are more attractive, they are more hung, they are bigger and yes, they are better than I am. That's the point of being a cuck.

At the end of the day, I am not good enough to please my boyfriend; instead, I watch as he parades hot men in front of me... men who CAN please him. And each man who comes through is a not-so-subtle reminder that I've failed as a man and my lover must look elsewhere for satisfaction.

Welcome to my new life as a cuckold.

To give you a better idea of the life of a cuck, let me outline the

events of Memorial Day weekend. My boyfriend loves dick, so he planned for three men to come over Saturday night and a fourth to come over Sunday. We had a busy two days ahead of us.

First thing's first. It was time for my boyfriend to get himself cleaned and prepped for the night. He usually spends an hour cleaning himself out, and tonight was no different. As his cuck, I will not be the one inside his asshole. This hourlong preparation is for the men who will be replacing me for the evening.

Rather, my involvement is to keep my boyfriend company as he gets his hole ready for his night's conquerors. I sit outside of the bathroom, watching in awe as he goes through the painstaking and meticulous process of making sure his hole is as clean as humanly possible. He regularly tells me how proud of his prep sessions he is, and the bulls appreciate the attention to detail even if they never notice it. As his cuck, I keep him company, drum up conversation so the process doesn't seem so long and help keep him focused on the task at hand. It might seem humdrum to many, but to us, the hour represents a special bond the two of us have with each other.

As the night begins and each bull comes over, I watch him greet and make out with them as they enter. He doesn't hold back. Both my boyfriend and the bull are in this immediate state of bliss... all while I play Scattogories and other games on my phone. This is their time, not mine, so I find ways to keep myself entertained. My boyfriend even has snacks and drinks out for them in the den to help them relax and feel comfortable...food, plates, and glasses I will end up cleaning up after they make it back to the bedroom.

After conversation, we head back into the bedroom, and the fun begins. I'm not a participant, mind you. Sex is not my role in our relationship. Instead, I sat in a corner and watched these men unwind in my boyfriend's various holes. He is not focused on what I am doing; he is focused on pleasing these big, beautiful men who turn him out.

As I watched, I realized just how beautiful my boyfriend was. This was going to be the man I would eventually marry, yet here I was, watching some stranger violate his hole. I love my boyfriend and I love our arrangement, but man, I wish I could be a Man who could satiate his needs. I wish my dick was like theirs. I wish my sex

game was like theirs. I wish I could get my boyfriend to moan like they do. But that's not my reality, so in the corner I sat, watching these different Men climax in all kinds of degrading ways to a man I'll eventually propose to.

During the night's second fuck, my boyfriend told me to pull down my pants. I probably should have seen it coming. My boyfriend's bull knew what my boyfriend already knew: I was turned the fuck on watching these strangers plow my boyfriend's pussy. God, what was wrong with me? My tiny (yet hard) clit was exposed for both my boyfriend and his guest to see. It's a very small clit, and even though my boyfriend is admittedly not a size queen, there's nothing he can do with it.

Perhaps the most degrading part was watching this specific bull smirk at the size of my dick and started fucking my boyfriend harder, reminding me and my boyfriend why it was him fucking my boyfriend and not me. I continued to watch and let hard-on continue to rage; again, this was about them, not me. (My boyfriend and I have talked about eventually caging my clit.) Ultimately, there nothing is more emasculating than to later have to relief myself despite my boyfriend being feet away, currently having sex with someone else.

The third bull was the final one Saturday night. He's ex-military, yet he still had muscles the size of my head. What made this third bull different was that he views my boyfriend as his boyfriend; they exist in a quasi-relationship together. I encourage this, of course; my boyfriend and I are both poly, so there's no harm in the arrangement. He treats my boyfriend like royalty; this, in itself, brings me joy, not jealousy.

But because of the nature of this arrangement, I wasn't allowed in the bedroom as this man is unaware of our dynamic. Instead, I sat outside of the bedroom "as a friend" and waited until they were done. As they fucked, I realized that my relationship had been downgraded for the sake of a stranger. Some guys will kill the men their wives are cheating with; I allowed these men to view me as my boyfriend's acquaintance. And you wonder why I'm a cuck...

I waited, listening to a thirty something demigod wreck my future husband. My boyfriend is moaning in ways I've never heard him moan before, and once again, I look down to my clit to see myself

hard as fuck. How am I turned on and I can't even watch what is going on, I asked myself? Even before the two of them went into the bedroom to fuck, I could see the lust in my boyfriend's eyes... it was going to be a long session. Least I could do was tidy up as I waited...

As that final bull was fucking my boyfriend, I find myself drifting off. I am an early bird and my boyfriend is a night owl, so as midnight comes and goes, so does my wakefulness. But as I drifted off to sleep in a different room, I can hear the muffled moans of my boyfriend, taking dick like a champ, living the life many can only dream of.

Two hours later, around 2:30am, I'm woken up by the boyfriend. His hole is sore from being dicked down three separate times within a short eight-hour window. "Eat my pussy," he whispers as he kisses me. Without a word spoken, I flip him over and go to town. The scent of different big dicks in his hole is fresh, but that doesn't deter me. It excites me. I go in as soothingly and sensually as I can with a whirlwind tongue, hearing him whimper in pleasure. His hole relaxes and soothes, right in time for bed. Finally, he gets on his back and I suck him off and swallow his nut before we go back to bed. There's no aftercare. There's no reminder that the degradation I felt for the last eight hours was all in the context of play. No, with a kiss and a cuddle, we realized we were both living our truths...and we turned in for the night.

I woke up the next morning before my boyfriend did and stared at the ceiling, processing what I had experienced the night before. Had I really become a real-life cuckold? Was I ready to take on this label for the rest of my life? How would the rest of the world perceive me? To see what the masses thought of the cuckold life, I went to Urban Dictionary to see what "cuck" meant to the rest of the world. The definition of "cuck" with the most up votes defined my new identity as:

A man who is desperate for acceptance, approval, and affection from [men.] This desperation has led to the compromise of his beliefs and values, the desecration of his dignity and self-worth, and his inability to stand up for himself and what he deserves as a human being, e.g., loyalty, fidelity, and honesty in a romantic relationship.

My heart sunk. Desperate for affection? Compromised values? The desecration of my dignity and self-worth? The inability to stand up for myself? This is how the world saw me. I wasn't shocked, of course. The word "cuck" doesn't have a positive connotation. Republicans call their fellow party members "cuckservatives" when they come off as weak-willed and roll over for the opposition party. Zoomers insult one another by calling each other cucks, which is really just a synonym for bitch. I think my heart sunk because of how pathetic the world would see me...and once again, I was turned on.

My thoughts were interrupted by my boyfriend pulling me into a deep morning kiss. Immediately I remembered why I fell in love with him in the first place. He is so passionate. So open. So loving. So intimate. I was his cuck but also his lover. He knew what I craved from life and he was giving it to me; who was I to complain, right? For twenty minutes, I made out with my best friend, who continuously thanked me for making a special night come true. I was in a trance and would have killed someone if that ensured his happiness. As he got out of bed to get his day started, I laid in bed, reassured.

That night, he only had one guy over. He had an intimate relationship with him as well. He had known him for the same length of time he had known me, he had gone to sex events with him, and he had explored kinks that we had never even talked about. My boyfriend's lustful gaze returned, and once again, I found myself with a hardened clit.

I got to know this fourth and final bull, who was a chef with a sex drive as high as mine and my boyfriend's. That made me happy; it meant he would constantly take care of my boyfriend's hole when the urge hit. So instead of concerning myself with my reputation and perception as a cuck as I had that morning, I enjoyed the night while my boyfriend cooked an amazing meal for the three of us. We took pictures and videos to document the holiday weekend before it was time for my boyfriend to get his hole wrecked.

As my boyfriend prepared to have his hole violated by the fourth bull of the weekend, I returned to my cuck chair, content. My boyfriend and I both knew that I was pathetic, that I was a limped dick faggot unable to bring him pleasure. Even if I was what the Internet had said I was, I embraced and enjoyed my new reality.

This relationship brought both of us an unprecedented amount of joy, and I had had the best weekend in years! It was time to stop concerning myself with the opinions of strangers and get focused on making my man happy.

Ten minutes in, I had a “read the room” moment and felt that even though the chef had agreed to allow me in the room, my presence might have been causing performance anxiety. Instead of being the “voyeur” cuckold and enjoy the show, it was best for my boyfriend’s pleasure if I was the “waiting” cuckold. I excused myself (I lied about the reason I was leaving in an effort to leave the chef’s ego unbruised) and headed back into the den. It was time for more Scattegories. By the time I sat down, I could hear the chef grunting and moaning. I had made the right decision for everyone involved by leaving the room.

By the end of the weekend, I realized that a brand-new chapter of my life had begun. I had spent the weekend watching man after man wreck my boyfriend’s holes without getting as much as a handjob. I spent two days as my boyfriend’s “friend” to assuage the egos of the men using his aforementioned holes. And there was no way he was going to find any physical satisfaction from my microscopic dick when 9½” dicks were having their way with him. I was my lover’s bitch....and a weekend of fucking made that crystal clear.

Yet when all was said and done, I realized that I was excited about the future. I wanted to see what kind of different ways we could make all of this work. Whether I was my boyfriend’s husband or friend or boss or another random stranger, I would play whatever role it took to see those looks of sheer satisfaction cross his face. This was my lot in my life, and I am definitely down to see what comes next!

Have you ever been dickmatized?

My First Time At Vikings Sauna

By KinkyBiLad

I walked in, and that's when it hit me. The smell of sex, attacks you the moment you walk through the door, the smell of men on men, all here for thing, to get off and get other people off. The thoughts and images that flash through my mind excites me even more, the thought of being fucked hard just to please a stranger or strangers made my cock swell and ache. Begging for some release, begging me to yank down my jeans and pull out my cock out and jack off right there. The building wasn't much to look at from the outside, just a grey, dull boring looking building, you would hardly know it was there, one of those you would just walk past and think nothing of, unless you looked a little closer and saw the plaque on the wall by the black metal doors "Vikings Sauna".

I am usually a shy, reserved, type of a guy. 24 years of age, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'8, and slim build, my friends say I am not bad looking either and couldn't understand why I was still single or not in a relationship. When we go out to gay clubs or whatever, its usually me that gets the attention, but me being me either didn't notice or put people off cause I wasn't going to "put out" after dancing with some random guy. I like to talk to guys, get to know them before I jump straight into the sack with them, and that is what turns people off about me. My friend Thom told me about this place, when I got very drunk one night and I told him how I felt, and that I would love to just give myself to anyone who said "Hello" to me, to take that big step forward, and he said that Vikings lets you do that.

"You go, you explore, you don't need to talk, its just there for you" Thom had been a few times and said that every time was amazing and that I should defiantly try it to overcome the shyness, and that's what I did. You see despite me shyness I have a very kinky fantasy, and that is basically to be used over and over again, but have never had the guts to do it. Tonight was going to be different, tonight I was going to be used, and I was going to make sure of it.

So after prepping myself, washing, shaving all my body hair off the usual you know, I drove to Vikings, stayed in my car for an hour before getting the courage to go in. As I pressed the buzzer the doors opened and I walked in. "This is it" I thought to myself

as I walked up to the counter. There was a guy there who was just a couple of years older than me and he was buff, and I mean buff, you could tell he worked out, "finally came in huh?" he said in a deep voice, I looked up at him and he motioned his head to a screen behind him, of a security camera filming the car park "its all right pal, everyone has first time nerves". This reassurance made me feel a whole lot better, and after completing the forms and paying my fee, getting a key for my locker he buzzed me through another door to his left, "Towels are on the side when you walk in, the lockers are the first door to the right. Have fun". He said with a smile and I nodded a thank you and walked through.

I grabbed a small white towel and walked through to the lockers, it wasn't very busy in there, so as I searched for my locker number 451, I stumbled across my first scene of pure lust, it made my hard cock even harder, an older guy in his 40's was standing over a younger guy, his cock pumping in and out of the younger guys mouth, his cock was 8" long and thick, I watched for a moment seeing the cock disappear into the hungry mouth, the younger guy was frantically jacking his own cock. The older guy placed both his hands on the back of the younger guy's head and started to fuck his mouth hard, grunting with every thrust. I started to stroke my cock through my jeans, god I wanted to be that guy, on my knees sucking that cock, it spurred me on so I hurried to my locker and proceeded to get undressed, my cock was hard and the small skimpy towel just barely covered it. When I finally locked my stuff away I turned to the door, reading the sign it said "welcome To Vikings", I walked through.

I went exploring first and looked at the map of the building, This building had four floors, the ground floor had the lockers, sauna, hot tub, weight room, and a swimming pool, there was a basement, which had a dark room, an open room, and glory holes, the first floor had a lounge and bar area, and the fourth floor had private rooms and a cinema.

I didn't know where to go. As I was standing studying the map, a guy walked passed me and squeezed my ass, and carried on walking, he stopped by a staircase and smiled, and headed down stairs. I smiled to myself, "well that's decided" I thought and headed in the same direction. I got to the stairs and looked down; it was dark, really dark. The only light I could see was the warm glow of the faint red lights somewhere down the corridor at the

bottom of the stairs. As I got down there I looked left and right, this place was a maze, there seemed to be lots of little corridors jutting off in different directions, the other guy had disappeared, I couldn't see him anywhere.

I began walking through the corridors, my eyes trying to adjust to the moody red lighting and the dimness, when I walked into a large even dimmer room, as I stepped forward my foot hit something on the floor, I looked down and on closer inspection I noticed it was a large circular platform in the middle of the room. I sat down and felt the smooth latex finish, then I saw him. The guy who squeezed my ass standing in the doorway was just behind him, he must of been following me. From what I could remember from when we were upstairs, this guy was smooth, tanned and looked like he worked out a lot. His towel was draped across his left shoulder and his right hand was gently stroking his cock, giving me a full display.

"This is the open room" he said in a deep voice, and proceeded to walk towards me, due to the light of the room, I couldn't get a clear view of his cock, it was only until it was inches away from my face, that I saw it. "Wanna try?" I wasn't in the mood for small talk, the build up of this whole experience was too much for me to handle. I didn't speak I just opened my mouth and let his cock gently slide in and glide over my tongue. I closed my lips around his member and began to suck him gently. My friend obviously took that as his cue and started to draw his cock in and out of my sucking mouth, gently fucking my face.

This was it, I was on my knees, a cock in my mouth fucking my face, and all I wanted now was for him to fuck me anyway possible. He started to grunt and coo, whispering things like, "Oh yeah, suck that cock" and "Such a hot dirty little mouth" I closed my eyes and carried on sucking every inch I could, my friend obviously wanted to take it up a notch and started to push his cock further into my mouth, forcing it down my throat "Yeah, take it" he grunted as his thrusts got more powerful and violent. I loved every minute, every second, every throbbing inch. It was only then I felt the towel around my waist being undone and it suddenly occurred to me, why they call this the open room, another guy had entered without me knowing, he wanted some action too and began to guide me up onto the platform. So here I was on my hands and knees, a stallion fucking my throat, and second guy,

who had just begun to explore my ass, his tongue began licking all around my ring, long strokes, short strokes and then inviting himself further, he forced his tongue into my hole, he fucked my ass with his tongue and I was squirming with pleasure, his invasion made me let out a muffled moan of excitement, which made my fuckers smile and say "I think this bitch likes it." The thrusts into my mouth got faster and faster, he pulled his cock out just to the very tip before plunging it back in and hammering it into my throat, his balls hitting my chin with every thrust. I suddenly felt lost as the guy behind him pulled his tongue away, I needed to be filled, but it wasn't for long, soon I felt that fantastic sensation of his cock

forcing my tight he pushed and then with a pop of his cock was then by that of his hard forcing its inside me.

"Such hole" he he began and push more, slowly rhythm, fucking my as the



its way into sphincter, and pushed suddenly the head throbbing in me, and followed smooth ride member way deep

a tight grunted as to withdraw in once gently and building a until he was ass as hard guy fucking

my throat. I was in euphoria, it was heaven, then I felt other movement on the platform, two more guys had joined us, one was stroking my back and jacking off his cock right in my eye line, the other was currently stroking my chest working his hands down to my crotch, instead of gripping my cock and helping me get off, he gripped my balls and began to pull and tug on them hard. The feeling made me shudder. Then with no warning the guys pulled out of me laughing and I felt someone grab my feet and pull me across the platform, I slipped onto my front and was dragged

across the room.

I was grabbed by my wrists and pulled up, a guy grabbed my balls and squeezed them hard, forcing me to bend forward, it was then when my neck hit something hard, followed by my wrists. I heard a clunk sound and something clicked. I was locked in a wooden frame that people call "The stocks." My head and wrists were fitted through three holes. When I finally caught my breath to protest, my mouth was filled again, and the fucking of my throat became a lot more serious. These guys were not going to go easy on me. The emptiness I felt was soon gone as a cock was filled there deep in my ass. In a matter of moments I felt the cock in my mouth swell, and not long after with all the grunts from the owner my mouth was full of hot sticky sweat tasting cum. I tried to swallow as much as I could, but some leaked out. The guys cock was withdrawn from my mouth was being rubbed over my face. I moaned with pleasure. This event set everyone off and the guy who was now fucking me mercilessly came shooting his hot load deep inside, he thrust his cock hard wanting every drop of his cum in me.

It wasn't long before I was presented with another cock forcing its way into my mouth, and another forcing its way into my ass. Again I was being fucked from top to bottom, hard, and fast and what seemed like only minutes the guy behind me shot his load to join that of his friends, deep in my ass pulling out and sending one final spurt across my back. The guy in front obviously wanted to do the same so he pulled his cock from my hungry mouth and began to shoot his load over my face, his cum spurted and covered my cheeks, chin and mouth. I could hear all four guys cheering, and then a click and I was released from the stocks, I slowly slumped to the floor, watching my fuckers leave me all alone in the dark open room.

After a minute or two when I caught my breath I scrambled slowly for my towel which was on the platform, I got it and began to wipe my face. I smiled, I felt so dirty, so excited I wanted more. I picked myself up shakily and wobbled my first steps as I headed out. I was a little disorientated at first and walked down a corridor which I thought was the way upstairs, however I was wrong, I saw an open door thinking it to be the exit, I went in and found it was a cubical. I thought the rest couldn't hurt me and I sat down on a stool in the middle and closed the door.

As I sat there, I heard someone next door, I looked and saw a hole in the wall, curious I peered through, and saw a man standing there stroking his cock, he obviously saw me looking and walked towards the hole, and slipped his cock through for me. I undid my towel and began to jack myself off as I jacked him too, I then took his cock into my mouth and began to suck him. I must have been doing a good job, because of the grunts and noises he was making, at that point I thought he was going to knock down the wall. My cock erupted and showered my chest with my cum, it was the most intense orgasm I have ever had, not long after the cock which I was now going to town on shot his load right across my face and into my hungry mouth.

The guy soon pulled back, and I heard him leave. I sat still for a bit, exhausted. I cleaned myself up, found my way to the stairs and headed back to the lockers and the showers. I had only done the basement and I was exhausted, time for me to go, however I booked some holiday from work next week, and had nothing planned, well that was until now, I had another three floors to explore.

As I left the guy at the counter asked me if I had fun, I just smiled and nodded and he said "See you here again soon then" and with that I walked out of Vikings and headed for my car. I didn't know how long I had been in there and I didn't care, it was just pure heaven. I can't wait till next time.



