

# 5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Issue Five

*Intended only for adult smut consumers*

*Photo by Ononymous*

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# About 5on1 Magazine

*Five on One is a magazine intended for men interested in reading sex stories. You can enjoy the stories in 5on1 Magazine without the need of the volume control or play button. 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. The stories in 5on1 Magazine may or may not be true. 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.*

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

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

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

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

# Message From The Editor

*In this issue of 5on1 Magazine, you'll find two special mentions, or "plugs," celebrating two great, prolific, content contributors. These aren't paid advertisements; they are my way of showing appreciation for their fantastic work.*

*Looking ahead, you'll see more of these plugs in future issues. I encourage you to visit their websites and consider supporting their work. Remember, these plugs are purely out of gratitude—no one is paying for these ads. I'm thrilled to support, encourage, and promote these 5on1 Magazine content contributors, and I hope you'll join me in doing the same.*

*This issue's cover photo was submitted by "Ononymous," a member of the Silver Daddies website. If you'd like to see your photo on a future cover, please contact me or submit your photo through our website at [www.5on1.com](http://www.5on1.com).*

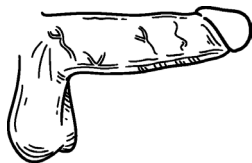
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*Your feedback is invaluable, please send in your comments and suggestions on how the magazine can be improved. If you are an artist or porn writer, please consider submitting your work to 5on1 Magazine.*

*Help the magazine readership grow by spreading the word about 5on1 Magazine.*



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## 5on1

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

# The Cuckolding Continues...

By Jalen Koker

*This past weekend was my second foray into cuckolding, and I learned that cuckolding can come in two ways: intentional and unintentional. The former was obvious to me. The second? Less obvious.*

*I flew into town to see my boyfriend Friday morning, and we did what your average couple does: went out to eat, packed some clothes for our weekend excursion, ran a few errands and got situated into our hotel. As I pointed out in my last journal entry, the key to making this all work is the fact that we do, genuinely like each other. (This seems to be at odds with the cuckold relationships in porn where the wife is over-the-top in her degradation of her weak, meager husband, but porn is porn. I digress.)*

*To make the weekend memorable, he and I put an ad out on a Web site to find a bull for the night. At first, I wrote an ad that said we were looking for a bull to come spice up our relationship; the boyfriend vetoed that and wanted to find a complete Dom who was going to have his way with him. So, we were explicit; he wanted to be absolutely dominated, we were going offer up his holes to the bull and I was not going to participate. We received a dozen or so hits, and we settled on a bull named Scorpio.*

*Scorpio came over and had his way with my boyfriend. He sat beside me on the couch and instructed my boyfriend to suck his dick. So, there I was, watching my partner please this stranger. My shorts weren't off. I was completely clothed (I was wearing what I would wear out afterwards) and I watched the love of my life slurp on Scorpio's dick. This evening was all about Scorpio's pleasure, so much so that he kicked me out of the way as he spread his legs further out, giving my boyfriend better angles to blow him in.*

*Scorpio took my boyfriend to the bedroom and turned him out. He fucked this throat with his large dick, forcing my boyfriend to gag on his dick. Scorpio ate his ass out better than most, apparently, as my boyfriend started moaning in ways I hadn't heard before. And then he took his big dick and forced it into my boyfriend's ass, forcing him to catch his breath multiple times as he felt the bull's*

*dick expanding inside of his hole.*

*Interestingly, Scorpio treated me as my boyfriend's cuck husband, degrading both me and my boyfriend simultaneously. Scorpio never once addressed my boyfriend. He only spoke to me, telling me how good of a kitten I had. It had a "men are talking" vibe, which turned my boyfriend on a great deal. He simply did what he was told to do, being rewarded by receiving Scorpio's nut on his face. Even as he left, the conversations were only between me and him, not my boyfriend. In fact, I don't think he left knowing my boyfriend's name. Yet despite my boyfriend having been completely turned out so much so that he wasn't even addressed, I was still forced to watch another Man use my boyfriend in a way I am simply incapable of doing. It was quite the ordeal for both of us.*

*After Scorpio left, my boyfriend and I decided to go out to dinner and then out to a bar. At the bar, we met up with a friend of his: the chef from last time! He was a pleasant addition to the festivities, and we ended up talking among the three of us at the bar, had good drinks, watch some dancing and went home for the evening.*

*The next day, we had a few errands to run, and because we had had such a late night the previous night, we weren't able to squeeze in another "formal" cuckolding session. We mistimed a few events and before we knew it, the evening was upon us. We tried to invite Scorpio over for a second night, but it didn't work out. So instead, we were going to go to the POC gay bar in town and live it up.*

*We decided to invite the chef back over. He seemed to have enjoyed the bar scene the previous night, and so we were going to pre-game in our hotel suite, eat take out and then head to the bar.*

*But before we started to eat, I noticed my boyfriend was getting pretty handsy with the chef. Moments later, he was feeling the chef up, telling him how much he missed him and how he hadn't been able to give him a proper hello in the bar last night. It didn't take long before my boyfriend was sitting on top of the chef, intimately making out with the chef in a way that was far more than a "happy to see you" kiss.*

*I had no idea this was going to happen, so I didn't know what to*

do or how to handle myself. Where was this going? This was my buddy from last night that we had laughed about different things that had happened to us in new cities; now, here I was, watching my new friend passionately manhandling my boyfriend without any type of discussion beforehand.

So, I did the only thing I could do: I kept watching TV. Sure, I would flip my eyes over to see my now-naked boyfriend grinding on the chef's lap. His beautiful balls were dangling; he was completely submitting to our friend. He whimpered, delicately, as the chef pulled him in tighter. I was invisible to these two, so all I could do is listen to the analysts talk about the Detroit Pistons during summer league basketball. Was I hard? Obviously. But it took my breath away watching my boyfriend go in so passionately with a man knowing I hadn't gotten the same kind of "hello" since I arrived.

After a while, the chef went to use our bathroom. While gone, my boyfriend turned to me. "That was so hot," he said, kissing me. In that instant, I felt two strong emotions: inadequacy and bliss. Inadequate because I would never be the man that these bulls were. These guys were both hung as fuck (and hot as fuck) and they were both on cloud nine using this beautiful bottom without any objection from me. Sure, I'm a cuck...it's my role. But I'm a cuck because I can't be these types of guys, so watching a spur-of-the-moment make out session happen in front of me reminded me of my place.

Conversely, it was what I wanted. My boyfriend had done it for me. Our relationship encouraged these types of moments; I just had never expected them spontaneously. He knew how happy I was watching it unfold. It ended up becoming one of the main highlights of the trip. As I sat there, uncomfortable and confused, I realized that I could have shot a load without touching myself.

Eventually, the night was over...for me, anyway. I'm not a night owl like the chef and my boyfriend are, and although I had lasted until 3:00 AM the previous night, I felt myself fading shortly after midnight. By 12:30 AM early Sunday morning, I whispered to my boyfriend that I was going to pass out. He smiled (he's aware of my inability to play late at night) and kissed me on the head before I went off to bed.

However, before I fell asleep, I heard him tell the chef that I was heading to bed...and this opened up the opportunity for more sex. My boyfriend left the door open for me to watch, hoping for me

*to get a glimpse of the chef turning him out for real this time. And I was able to get a short peek of round two between them as the chef ate my boyfriend's hole out. However, fatigue won out, and I passed out. My boyfriend was having sex with our friend while I slept.*

*When I woke up, I learned that not only had they had sex, but they also went out together to the bar without me. Granted, this had always been the plan, but there was something emasculating about a grown-ass bull taking my model-like boyfriend out to the bar after fucking him...all while I (who had flown in exclusively to see him) slept. The real Man had been victorious with my boyfriend that night.*

*As we got ready to drop me off at the airport, it became clear to both of us that we hadn't done anything sexual among ourselves. We had run out of time. It hadn't been the priority, but even though I flew thousands of miles to see him, I had gone sex-less. Strangers? Yes. Horny chefs? Yes. Boyfriend? No. I went home on an airplane with a raging boner.*

*But ultimately, that's the point. I have my boyfriend's heart. But my boyfriend's body belongs to real Men. And two sessions in...I realize that I wouldn't have it any other way.*

**Masturbation  
is self-care.**



# Playing In Chastity

*By Ethical Slut*

*For the last year or so, I've been having intermittent ED issues, which is not uncommon for someone "of my age".*

*This past weekend, I decided to reframe my frustration and rechannel that energy into a play session with me locked in chastity.*

*The utterly gorgeous dom I recently began playing with (more about him in a separate entry, thank you) was delighted when I asked him, Hard or Soft?, explaining that I could either take ED meds tonight or hand him my chastity cage to put on me. He immediately chose the chastity cage, saying simply, I like playing with your soft dick.*

*Putting on my own chastity cage can be a bit...frustrating. It's a Holy Trainer Nub, and getting the knob piece to slide into place without pinching any skin is very tricky.*

*Having my dom put the chastity cage on me, however, was both a luxury and a head trip, knowing that he was locking down my manhood and keeping the key for the duration of the evening.*

*He was very pleased with the result, especially given that I have very large balls. He toyed with them a bit, which felt wonderful.*

*As far as my cock was concerned, I felt like it didn't exist...and suddenly the world opened up as I realized that I no longer felt the slightest bit of anxiety over whether or not I could maintain an erection to please my partner. And knowing that everything I DID do to please him from that point forward was about using the rest of me.*

*That was a powerful realization. My mouth, my nipples, my hands, my feet, my hole, were what I would need to use to pleasure my dom.*

*It didn't take long before he flipped me over and pushed me face-down onto the bed, and started rimming my clean hole. His beard burned in the very best possible way, and I dropped into my Primal mode, animal noises emerging from deep within my chest,*

*because without any sensation in my dick, it was suddenly all about my hole.*

*This is something a lot of the writing about chastity doesn't make clear; it's not about simply removing using your cock as an option; it's about making you aware of the rest of your body.*

*Everything else was hyper-sensitized. My nipples, my feet, my skin, my belly. All of it. And I didn't miss my dick at all (which probably should have scared me, but didn't).*

*After rimming me for what might have 30 seconds or 30 minutes--my time dilation was vacillating wildly as all of the above thoughts raced though my brain--he pushed my head down into the pillows with one hand while he lubed up his rock-hard uncut dick with the other. He entered me in a single, slow, methodical stroke.*

*That's when my hole--which I've always found seems to have a mind of its own--lit up like a carnival, and didn't just open up for him, it started grabbing at his dick, and milking it for every potential drop of precum. I'm not sure which one of us was more surprised, but he dove in with gusto, hammering me with enthusiasm.*

*Suddenly, he made a strange noise, and in a strained voice told me, I'm gonna cum in your pighole!*

*He needn't have warned me; I could feel the shift in his energy and the way his dick was flexing within me, indicating that he was beginning to get ready to breed me.*

*I didn't have an assgasm--quite--but I could absolutely swear that I felt every spurt of his cock in my hole.*

*It wasn't until he calmed down enough to catch his breath that he confessed that he had never climaxed from fucking ass before. Ever. He'd always had to pull out and jerk himself off and pop back in. HAWT.*

*And I was insanely proud when he explained that he'd never fucked someone whose hole actually milked his cock like he was jerking off.*

*I did look back over my shoulder and make eye contact, and we had one of those unspoken psychic conversational moments, which*

went something like this:

*Him: That's never happened before.*

*Me: Maybe you've just been fucking the wrong pigs.*

*Him: Uh...yeah. Maybe so.*

*And then he grinned and nodded, acknowledging the unspoken conversation. (We verbalized the exchange to each other much later.)*

*I asked if he wanted to rim what he'd just fucked (his usual preference), and he grinned more evilly, and told me, No, I think my load needs to be fully absorbed by your greedy pighole. Let's move over to the sling.*

*He'd fisted me once before, and had taken great delight in sucking a constant flow of precum from my sometimes-hard, sometimes-soft dick.*

*This time, however, there didn't seem to be a lot of precum, so he concentrated on looking deep into my eyes as he opened my butt, licking my feet, and rubbing and touching my belly and anywhere else he could touch, quietly intoning Such a good pig...*

*Every part of my body was hyper-sensitive at that point. I could feel his hand waiting patiently to enter my (screaming for it!) hole, so I started my Tantric breathing pattern: deep nasal breath in from my belly to top of my chest, then releasing the air through pursed lips, visualizing any muscle strain or tightness in my hole leaving my body with my breath.*

*He was staring into my eyes as we both felt his hand slide home, a millimeter at a time, until his clenched fist was wholly within my first chamber.*

*I can't recall all of the things he did in my first chamber, but I clearly recall my hole briefly spasming, grabbing his arm, and pulling him in deeper. He didn't quite reach my second sphincter that night, but not for lack of my hole trying.*

*After the intense evening we'd already shared, we mutually acknowledged that our energies were depleted, and he gradually withdrew from my hole, which remained surprisingly clean for all of the time he'd spent in it.*

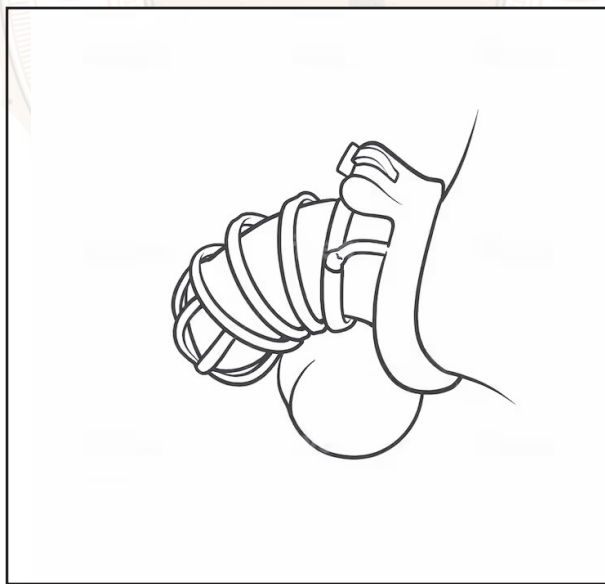
*Later, in bed, he pushed me back while he unlocked the chastity cage, and his eyes got really wide. There's like, a reservoir of precum stored in the gap between the HT and your balls, and in the HT cap.*

*And he spent a good four or five minutes slowly sipping and licking up every precious drop of fluid that he hadn't been able to swallow while I was in the sling, finishing by giving my entire genital area a loving tongue bath.*

*Neither of us was surprised that I didn't feel the need to jerk off or get hard at that point, and we simply snuggled up and went to sleep together for the first time.*

*For me, fantasizing about having sex in chastity was very different than actually experiencing sex in chastity. The reality wasn't a letdown at all; it was far more intense than I'd anticipated. And it set off a few submissive thought patterns I'm still processing. Not unpleasant, just..different.*

*This story was originally posted at <https://ethicalslut.dreamwidth.org/72289.html>*



# *My New Anal Plug*

Soft silicone, cool against my skin  
A new sensation, a feeling of anticipation  
Curved and sleek, designed for pleasure  
My new anal plug, a secret to treasure

I glide it in, feeling the stretch and fullness  
A gentle pressure, a comforting presence  
It whispers promises of sweet release  
My new anal plug, a source of peace

With each movement, it teases and delights  
A dance of ecstasy, a symphony of heights  
I surrender to the rhythm, lost in the sensation  
My new anal plug, my intimate creation

It becomes a part of me, a delicious secret  
A hidden thrill, a forbidden delight  
I revel in its power, its ability to ignite  
My new anal plug, my silent delight

In the quiet moments, it whispers to me  
A reminder of pleasure, a beacon of ecstasy  
I hold it close, a cherished part of my soul  
My new anal plug, my private parole



# Steven On Cam

By Anatol Frere

*Steven dearly loved his wife, but he was relieved when he read the message saying she wouldn't be coming home until well after nine. Steven hadn't taken the time for his usual afternoon jerk-off at work, so he was particularly horny. His teenage son was at a classmate's house working on a project, and was going to sleep over, so Steven was in the house alone. He went to his home office and turned on the computer.*

*He sat at his desk and browsed some porno sites. After a while, he settled into a chat room where guys of all persuasions chatted about jacking off. It was a large room with sixty participants, and the chat went in all directions. As he read, he took off all his clothes. Finally one guy posted something about being a voyeur and watching someone he admired having sex. Steven responded and the two began a private typed chat during which the guy mentioned the exploit happened years ago, when he was a teenager, but still turns him on.*

*The man mentioned he was typing with one hand. We could change to audio, Steven typed. No sooner had Steven written that than the man turned on his camera and his audio. Steven followed suit. Both cams were aimed at torso level. It was clear to each of them that the other was playing with his dick, although neither dick was actually in view.*

*"Nice body," the man said. There was a slight nasal twang to his voice.*

*"Likewise," Steven replied.*

*"Let me tell you right away, what happened involves my father. I say that because I once started telling this story to another guy and he freaked out, so I'm giving you the opportunity right at the start."*

*"Very little freaks me out. As long as there's no violence or pain involved, I'll probably be okay."*

*"Good. May I ask, were you close with your father?"*

*"I guess so. He had me when he was nearly forty, so there was a*

*big barrier to overcome. He'd grown up in a different world, but we were on good terms. I mean, we didn't fight or anything like that."*

*"Did he talk to you about sex?"*

*"Never, not even 'the birds and the bees.' It just never came up."*

*"I see. Well, my dad and I were close. We talked about anything, and did. He explained to me what sex was, when it had become clear I was growing and becoming sexually mature. One night when my mother wasn't home, he came to my room in his boxer shorts to say good-night, and sat on my bed and talked to me."*

*"Did he go into details?"*

*"Yes. He even touched on masturbation, saying it was something most men did and one shouldn't be ashamed of it."*

*"I wish mine had said something like that. It would have made things easier."*

*"I can imagine. I didn't have any guilt feelings about wanking, although my best friend was the son of a minister, and he tried to convince me jerking off put me in league with the devil."*

*"Well, I was spared that at least, but I did have some guilt feelings jerking off as an adult."*

*"Well, I've been okay with it. That night, when my father was talking to me about sex and jacking, it became obvious he had an erection. When he finished talking he said something like, 'Some things a man likes to do in private,' and left my room with his dick pointing the way. He gave me a wink, staring at the bulge in my pajamas. It was pretty clear what he was going to do."*

*"And what he thought you were going to do."*

*"Precisely. Which brings me to the main story, which happened several years later. So . . . , my father had an old school friend named Alan who lived out-of-state, but came to our area twice a year on business. We didn't have a large house, so when he visited he slept overnight on the living room sofa. Usually my mom made a nice dinner and then we had breakfast in the morning, and after that Alan would leave. But this time, my mother was away for the weekend, so we three guys went out for dinner, and got back quite*

late. It was a Friday, so I didn't have school the next day, but still I was fairly bushed, so I said good-night and went to my room. I started to play with myself, but only half-heartedly."

The man paused to adjust his camera downward so Steven could now see his erect dick in all its glory. The man was playing with it lightly. Steven felt obliged to show him he was doing the same. Both dicks were beginning to ooze a little precum. Steven spread his around the glans, making it slippery and shiny. The man did that, too.

"Nice dick," Steven commented.

"I like yours, too. Anyway, for some reason, I couldn't sleep that night. I heard my father and Alan talking in the living room. Our house had two stories. The bedrooms were off a balcony that overlooked the living room. I don't remember why I left my room, but I did. Downstairs, the overhead lights were off, but the lamps on either side of the sofa were on. The sofa was placed so where I stood on the balcony I was at right angles to it."

"Was there a railing going around the balcony?"

"Exactly. My father and Alan were both on the sofa. They would have to have turned their necks to see me, but looking down, I could see them perfectly. They were both in just boxer shorts and were chatting quietly. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but it must have been erotic, because they both had one hand in their laps and were playing around."

"And you could see that from where you were?"

"Easily. I didn't know where things were going, but I started to play with myself, too. I was wearing pajama bottoms, and my dick got hard and sort of came out of the fly of its own accord."

"Yeah. They tend to do that."

"After a few minutes Alan and my dad, still sitting, pulled down their shorts and tossed them away. I had never actually seen my dad naked and hard, and certainly not seen Alan, so I was impressed, as their dicks were substantially larger than mine. They both spread their legs a bit and continued playing with themselves. They weren't talking any more, just wanking and looking down, alternately looking at the other guy's dick and their



own. Tell me, do you ever look at your own stuff when you jack? I love it.”

“Yes, on occasion. I know what you mean, it’s like communing with that thing that’s such an important part of you.”

“Exactly. Listen, I know in these situations, guys don’t usually show their faces, but I’d really like to see you looking down at your dick.” The man adjusted and refocused his camera so Steven could see from his face all the way down to his dick and thighs.

“Nice. You’re a good looking man,” Steven said as he adjusted his camera to show his face and his dick, too.

“Great. Now, look at your cock a moment.” Steven did. “Yeah, take it in. Enjoy the look of it, allow yourself to identify with it. It’s a nice piece; it gives you so much pleasure. Allow yourself to indulge in being a narcissist.”

Steven did. “Okay. Your turn.” Steven watched as the man changed his stroking to a slow mesmerizing pace. Steven could feel the intensity of the man’s gaze, his involvement with the essence of his own prong, sticking out proudly, adamantly making its statement. With every stroke, there was a consequent change of expression in the man’s face. His eyebrows knitted or relaxed, his cheeks seemed to rise and fall. His breathing changed.

The man turned to the camera. “That’s what my dad and Alan were doing. They got lost in contemplating their own packages and then looked over and got lost for a while in their friend’s. It was amazing. My shock wore off and I was trying not to cum too quickly, when there was a change that really got to me.” The man took his hands off his dick and stared into the distance. His rod pulsed. “Sorry, I don’t want to cum before the end of the story, and there’s a lot more to tell.”

“Don’t rush on my account. I’m all ears.”

“It was quiet for a while. Then Alan reached over and started feeling my dad’s dick. I couldn’t believe it. He didn’t just feel it, he started jerking it. I had to let go of my own or I would have shot a load right then and there. I mean, I had figured my dad jerked off, but I didn’t imagine he would let some guy do him.”

“Hadn’t you ever fantasized about what your parents did in bed?”

*“Yeah, I did, but I think I must have thought all they did was fuck, you know, old fashioned missionary position. I never thought about them doing anything else, like masturbating each other. Did you?”*

*“No, I don’t think I did either.”*

*“Yeah, I guess we have limited imagination when it comes to parents. Anyway, I had just accepted I was going to see my father shoot his load when the next surprise happened.” The man gripped his rod firmly with both hands, and didn’t move. “Sorry, another near-cum. So, . . . I was in a type of disbelief already when there was a change. Alan whispered something in my father’s ear and my father stood up and faced him. Alan grabbed my dad’s hard-on and brought it to his lips. Then he licked the mushroom head and slowly started sucking on my dad’s prong, while one hand went to town on his own.”*

*“Wow.”*

*“Yeah. I certainly didn’t expect that. At first, my dad just stood there and let Alan do the work, but after a while he started sawing in and out of Alan’s mouth, and that’s what brought on the real awkward moment.”*

*“He saw you?”*

*“You guessed it. As he got going, my dad held Alan’s shoulders and in some ecstatic moment he leaned his head back and he saw me, standing at the railing, dick in hand. I thought he was going to yell at me, but he didn’t. I mean, he did stop his movements for a second, but then he just smiled at me and went on doing what he was doing. A few moments later he pushed hard into Alan’s mouth and his whole body shuddered. Watching his orgasm, I shot my own load through the railing. The cum landed on the floor below. Just as I was getting the last tremors out of my dick, Alan shot his load up onto his chest.”*

*As the man related the last part of his story, Steven saw him working his dick faster and faster and with greater intensity. Steven kept the same pace. There was silence and then Steven felt his balls tighten and his cock quiver. “I’m going to cum,” he blurted, just in time.*

*“Me, too.”*

*The two men watched each other as they shared a moment of delight and joy, their pearly white juices erupting and landing on their abdomens.*

*"Quite a story," Steven was finally able to say. "Was there an aftermath?"*

*"Yes. Let me recover and I'll tell you, assuming you want to stay."*

*"I'm not going anywhere."*

*"You know, a lot of guys disappear once they cum."*

*"Actually, I'm a novice at this, so I don't know what's usual."*

*"I rather enjoy seeing a dick wilt down to its relaxed state."*

*"An equal opportunity voyeur."*

*The man laughed. "You might say that."*

*"It's okay; I'm a similar exhibitionist," Steven rejoined with a smile and a gentle stroke along the shaft of his slowly softening dick.*

*"So, what was the aftermath?"*

*"Early the next morning, dad came to my bedroom wearing just his underwear and said he'd already made breakfast. He was so calm and ordinary, as if nothing had happened, so I tried to be the same, although inside I was still all churned up. I said I'd get dressed, as we had company, and he said I needn't, as it was just Alan, and we could have breakfast in our underwear, and he left my room. It was so early I hadn't had my usual wake-up wank, but I got out of my pajamas and went downstairs in my shorts. Dad had made scrambled eggs and flapjacks. I remember that."*

*"Did you always have such a hearty breakfast?"*

*"No. That's why I remember it. Alan was there and I could barely look at him. My dad noticed I was embarrassed, so he told me he had told Alan about the night before. I felt my face burning. Then Alan said he was fine with it; he was just sorry he had missed seeing me, especially when my dad pointed out the puddle I had made on the floor. That made me blush even more."*

*"I bet."*

*"Yeah. I was glad we were all sitting at the table, because just the*

mention of the previous night made me start to plump up.”

Steven noticed the man’s hand was beginning to knead his dick as he continued with his narration. To his surprise, the man urging his dick to respond sent a message to Steven’s own dick which began to arise from its torpor. “Do I sense something more than conversation happened?”

“You bet.” The man’s hand gave another tug to his dick and twiddled it through his fingers. “As soon as we finished eating, Alan suggested we go to the living room. I was reticent because my dick was already two-thirds hard. Alan and dad sat on the sofa, just where I had seen them the night before, and I sat on a side chair at right angles to them. Dad allowed Alan to do the talking; he just nodded every once in a while with this big grin across his face.” The man, now playing with his balls with one hand while he continued stroking his dick with the other, took a deep breath before he continued. “So, Alan asked if I wanted to see him and my father do things again, up close. My father finally spoke, telling me it was my choice. And I guess it was, except by that time I had a raging hard-on in my shorts, as did my dad and Alan, so I said ‘Sure.’ As soon as I said that, Alan stood up, dropped his drawers and threw them half across the room. My dad did the same, and I felt it was expected that I should, too, so I did. Alan said, ‘Your stuff is as grown-up as your dad said it was.’ Of course, it wasn’t really, but I was flattered and embarrassed, and got turned on even more.”

Steven saw the man was again staring at his own meat, which had nearly gained the tumescence it had had just a short while previously. After a short period of self adulation the man continued. “I didn’t used to so much, but since I’ve gotten older, I really love looking at my dick, soft or hard, it doesn’t matter, I just love looking at it. Actually, I think the seed was planted that morning when Alan and my father were staring at it and began stroking themselves as they looked at me play with my teenage hard-on.” The man pressed at the juncture of dick and pubes and pressed the base of his shaft so his dick bulged. His other hand twirled around the top part, causing him to do a quick intake of breath, followed by a soft mew. “The two of them were ogling me and I was doing the same to them, especially to Alan, as I hadn’t paid much attention to him the night before, and he had a really big dick. They were working their own prongs slowly, and then

Alan started playing with my father's. For a while dad simply closed his eyes, leaned back, and enjoyed what he was feeling. When he opened his eyes, he asked me whether a friend had ever done that for me. He was disappointed when I told him no. Dad said I should do it someday, when I found the right friend, because it was a real treat for a man. Then he placed his hand on Alan's dick and stroked it. . . Hmm, I see you're regaining some vigor, too."

"It's a sympathetic reaction. Listen, I may not be able to cum a second time, but I'd like to hear the whole story. I can hold the images and then cum with them another time."

"A man after my own heart. I've been jerking to this for a couple of decades. It always seems new to me."

"Well, it's completely new to me, so I have a few decades to enjoy it, but now I want to hear how your story ends."

"So, the two of them sat there playing with each other, but still looking at me every once in a while. They weren't rushing things, but I could sense a development was on the way. Alan whispered something to my dad, then he got down on his knees in front of my dad, between his knees, just looking at my dad's cock, sort of devouring it with his eyes, while he was still stroking his own rod. My dad stopped jerking and leaned back, spreading his arms out on the back of the sofa. He turned to me and asked me to come sit next to him. I did, and dad put his arm around my shoulder. Alan didn't move. He stared at my dad's dick and at mine, back and forth. Even without any touching, my dad's dick was sticking up and out and pulsing. Dad turned to me and said, 'I'm really comfortable like this. Why don't you take hold of mine and point it in Alan's direction so he can do what he wants to.' I was flabbergasted. Not only was my father asking me to touch his dick, he wanted me to position it so he could get sucked."

"And did you?"

"It took me a moment to react. It was the first time I was going to touch another guy's cock, and not just anyone's, my dad's! I hesitated. He asked me again, 'It doesn't bite. You might like it.' I realized he was right, because my own dick had become so hard I thought it was going to burst. So I reached out and did it." The man put both hands around his dick and twirled them. "Alan

*leaned forward and started licking my dad's big mushroom head. I was about to pull away but my dad asked me to hold on. He said I should make a ring with my fingers around the base of his dick and keep it there as Alan went down on him. I followed his instructions. Alan sucked all the way down dad's dick and licked my thumb and middle finger, too. I could only imagine what that would feel like on my dick. Dad put one hand on Alan's head; his other arm was still around my shoulder. He clenched it sometimes when Alan got all of his rod in his mouth. A couple of times Alan gagged, but he recovered and went right back to sucking." The man stopped talking and Steven could see him contemplating his own dick, now nearly fully hard again. He looked at the camera. "How are you doing?"*

*"As you can see: not totally there, but enjoying every minute."*

*"I'm glad. I'll tell you, I've told the first part of this story to a couple of other guys, but this is the first time I'm talking about the second day, so I'm glad you're still listening."*

*"I'm enjoying every detail."*

*"Good. I'm near the end, anyway. There was only one more change. Alan ducked down and licked my dad's balls for a while leaving his cock unattended to except for my finger ring around the base of it. My dad has this prominent vein on the top side of his dick, and his whole rod was so engorged that vein was really bulging. I looked up to my dad's face to see if he was okay, and he had this amazing expression on his face. I don't think I'd ever seen him look so content. No, more than content, he was blissed out. Alan was fingering my dad's balls. He whispered, 'Your dad is getting close. I wanna knead his balls while I suck him and bring him off. How about you stroke him up to where my lips are, so he can feel your hand and my mouth at the same time.' At first I didn't understand, but then I brought my hand up the shaft, nearly to the top, and Alan brought his lips down and the two of us created a continuous moving tunnel. Dad went out of his gourd. Every time my hand went down, followed by Alan's hot mouth, he clenched the hand on my shoulder. Alan was moving one hand around my dad's balls and jerking himself with the other. I was stroking my dad's cock and jerking myself as well. Dad was moaning some incoherent sounds. Then, his face practically in my ear, he said, 'You like playing like this? Getting off on your daddy's*

*dick? You know, there are lots of dicks in the world, but there's only one daddydick, and you're making it feel fantastic!' Then he kept mumbling the word fantastic as his pelvis started slowly pistoning in and out of Alan's mouth and my left hand. After a few of those thrusts, he stopped stock still. His dick was all the way in Alan's mouth, and I could feel these surging spasms go through his shaft and I knew his cum was going directly down Alan's throat. Dad was gurgling quietly. I let go. Alan stood up, dick in hand, flailing away. His cum shot like a tommy gun, right and left. Streaks of it landed on dad's belly and some landed on mine. Seeing that eruption sent me over the edge, and my own cum splashed on my belly, too."*

*While Steven looked, the man squeezed the base of his cock with one hand like a cockring while the other wanked at high speed. After only a few strokes Steven saw a blast of white cum. It was only one, and it wasn't very powerful, but it was enough for Steven to attempt doing the same. He was surprised how his rod reacted to the pressure of his encircling fingers, how sensitive the whole thing became once it was temporarily, if artificially, hard. His excitement was heightened by watching the man scoop up his load with his fingers and bring it to his mouth. That was it. Steven's dick shot its own load. Noticing the man was watching him, Steven ate his cum as well. "I didn't think that was going to happen," he muttered, out of breath. "Thanks for that."*

*"You're welcome. Thanks for being such an appreciative audience. I'll put your chatroom name in my favorites list, so I'll know when we're both online at the same time."*

*"I'll do that, too."*

*"Have a good night."*

*"You too."*

***Be thankful for  
masturbation***

# *My First Really Big Cock*

*By Jessup\_53*

*It was February of 1967, in Rochester NY, freezing cold, snow piled so high the only way to see out of the parking lot was through the entrance. I sat in my car in the lot next to the Lyell Theater. It was a grand old theater with a soaring lobby, two balconies, and rows of loge boxes. In it's day it was a palace, I recall going there to see all the new Disney releases when I was younger. Today it is a rundown wreck, a mere shadow of its former self, relegated to showing what in those days were called skin flicks.*

*I had turned 18 the week before and I was going to an adult theater for the first time. I got up the nerve to go in and walked through the slush and through the door. The first thing I noticed was a feint smell of mildew. I purchased my ticket at the concession stand and walked up into the theater. It was the darkest place I had ever been in. On the screen a guy was screwing some non-descript blonde woman on top of a bare mattress, she looked like she would have rather been anywhere else.*

*After my eyes adjusted to the lack of light, I walked down eight or nine rows and took a seat. At best there were a dozen guys scattered throughout the auditorium, five or six in front of me and about the same number behind me. After a brief period of time, divided between watching the movie and looking around the theater, it was obvious that some guys were performing self-gratification.*

*I noticed that guys standing in the back were moving around. I decided to make a trip to the bathroom so I could see what was going on back there. I passed a guy leaning on the wall on the way to the restroom. I walked up to a urinal and as I was unzipping the guy I had just passed walked in and stood right next to me.*

*We were about the same height, but he was much larger than I. He acted like he was pissing and then turned sideways so I could see his cock. I was not a newbie when it came to man-on-man sex so I reached out and groped his cock and it immediately began getting larger.*

*He pulled me over into a stall that was missing it's door and indicated that I should get on my knees. The bathroom was filthy*



*dirty and as I took his cock into my mouth it felt very deviant which added to my sexual excitement. After about thirty seconds it became obvious to me that he had a very large cock, the largest I had ever had. He was a good eight inches and nice and fat. I had a good blow job technique by then and I took him wet and deep, swirling my tongue around his head and licking the shaft as I bobbed my head back and forth on his awesome cock.*

*This man was much older than the other guys I had been with and had good endurance and resisted cumming. I didn't mind because I was loving this big cock.*

*I was shaken out of my dick coma when he spoke for the first time with what sounded like a German accent. He told me to get up and follow him. We headed back towards the theater but instead of going in he took me to the stairs to the balcony and passed the velvet rope closing them off. They were wide and curved and once we got a little ways passed the curve he stopped. I spread his coat open and went right back to sucking his cock,*

*I was really working those eight inches, but he showed no sign of cumming. I put another good five minutes in when he pulled me up and told me to drop my pants and to turn around. He pulled a tube of something out of his coat pocket, I undid my jeans and turned around and he bent me over and I leaned on the wall. I was nervous and excited I loved having a cock inside of me but this was much larger than anything I had ever fucked before.*

*I felt him dab something wet and cold against my hole and then I felt the pressure of the head of this huge cock trying to invade my insides. He was fairly gentle until he got it all the way in, then he started hitting it fairly hard with deep long strokes that were coming faster and faster. You could soon hear his groin area slapping against my ass as he relentlessly fucked me.*

*It was feeling really good when I happened to look out of the corner of my eye and saw someone at the bottom of the stairs watching us. My cock twitched and I shot my load onto the tread, -- my first hands free anal orgasm. The guy behind me continued his rhythm for another moment or two before I felt him tense up and with one final thrust he shot his cum into my guts holding my hips to keep it in up to the hilt.*

*After he caught his breath, he pulled his cock out did up his pants*

*and wordlessly walked away. I pulled up my pants and returned to the men's room to clean up but I found no paper towels nor toilet paper, I left the place feeling like a debauched filthy whore, a feeling that I would come to love and repeat thousands of times in my life.*



# Doing Mr. Big Time

## By Erotically Written

*Things seemed off before Rodney and I reconnected. I mean, I missed the hell out of that fat, black cock of his, but more important, I missed our friendship, as we bonded better than anyone else I'd been with, including Alice, my wife.*

*I'd been wanting Rodney to fuck me each time we met, but he'd never last after I gave him head. I couldn't help I was good at what I did, and craved the taste of cum so much that I'd become so focused on getting that spunk. The bottom line was he was in my life again, but at a time where school started back up, my needs rose higher, and the quality of young men walking the campus was at an all time high.*

*"Mr. Gardner, we meet again," said Eric on the first day of classes.*

*There were thousands of men strolling the campus at any time of all different shapes, sizes, flavors, and yet Eric piqued my interest the most. A junior, Eric was a big time marketing major who happened to be a highly regarded NFL prospect as a wide receiver on the football team. He'd already excelled in my Economics 101 course as a freshman a couple years prior, getting the highest average of everyone that took the course. The black, light skinned kid with green eyes towered over most in his six foot four frame, making many look silly on the field with his muscular, shifty hips. Above all, he was on the fast track to success in a marketing career, so much that he had his own company while in college.*

*"Eric. Guess you didn't get enough of the brutal reading assignments and pop quizzes that you had to choose me as your instructor once more, " I said to him as he was enduring my senior marketing course.*

*"Mr. G, you know I love a challenge and there's no harder course than what you offer," he told me.*

*On the day we reconnected, Eric was the first to enter the auditorium. A few minutes later all 200 students were present, yet I couldn't get my focus off Eric as I began lecturing. I loved his confidence, his intelligence, and most important, the way that dick print laid in his uniform. Above all, I loved his charisma, shown*

*when I made every student introduce themselves and he being the last, and most animated.*

*“Eric Bust, born and raised in Compton, C-P-T, baby,” he yelled.*

*The class was amused, with he and I making eye contact as I knew him more personally than everyone else. I began discussing the syllabus after he finished, then when examinations would be given, as well as study material for the duration of the course. Three hours would pass when the class ended, with Eric coming up to me after everyone left.*

*“Mr. G, you realize I’m literally almost finished? I got two classes left, and come December, I walk the stage. I’m sitting at a 3.8 right now,” he said.*

*“What’s next,” I asked.*

*There was talk of him entering the draft, as he knew another big year on the field before his senior season would cement his status to millions.*

*“Coming back for another year would benefit me in so many ways, particularly earning my masters,” he said.*

*Not once did he allude to football in his response, as he was more pressed about his education. We might’ve chatted about school for an hour straight until I asked a question that was bothering me:*

*“Where’s Tamara? Hadn’t seen you posting about her on social media.”*

*“She and I broke up. The fame gets to some people, and well, I told her to buckle her seat belt and join in on the ride,” he said to me.*

*I knew of a rumor on campus that he was tangled in a threesome (with two other guys), but it was just that in my eyes. I let him talk on about he and Tamara, a future pediatrician and one of the star cheerleaders, as he stated they grew apart, and how they both agreed to separate. I recalled how when Eric attended my Eco class, she would be there waiting for him outside the auditorium each time. His story didn’t add up, but I loved hearing his voice.*

*“I’m too much of a player to be locked down to one chick, anyway,*

Mr. G,” he said to me.

We’d bid adieu a few minutes later, with me preparing to meet friends for dinner in Koreatown when I got a strange text.

“When’s the last time you been with someone?” asked the restricted number.

I hadn’t “been with anyone” in months, as Carl, one of the adjunct professors and I hooked up in Provincetown last, and I elaborated that in a reply to the mysterious individual.

“Who is this,” I asked.

It was Eric, as he donned a three piece suit, and the biggest diamond studded earrings in the photo reply.

“How the hell did you get my number,” I asked.

“One thing about being the biggest star on a program that’s nationally known, there’s no limit to getting what I want,” he said. “And I want you.”

How in the hell did I get here? How in the hell did this young man, who I was sure was desired by many women throughout Los Angeles, started following me?

“How bad you want me? How long you been wanting me,” I asked thru text, chuckling.

“To be honest, I been wanting you to suck this dick for two years now,” he said.

I felt weird getting tangled up with students, let alone an 18 year old freshman. Eric however did show a level maturity beyond his years, more evidenced now than he truly was on the verge of becoming a superstar.

“Baby, you shouldn’t have to wait another second, “ I told him.

Five minutes later he was shutting the door to the auditorium, coming towards my office in his skinny jeans as that big pecker poked through the middle. He came inside, and I directed him to shut the door and drop his pants: he did so willfully, and I was thankful, as that 10 inch missile with its oozing head dropped parallel to his thighs.

*“Bring me that, babe.”*

*He did, and I tried containing myself but Eric’s young, stiff poke stick had me excited.*

*“You gon’ have to eat all that dick,” he told me.*

*I felt like my mouth wasn’t wide enough, throat not deep enough to take all of what he was packing. I put my hands on his hips*



*as he drove his pelvis into my face, those pubes of his brushing, tickling my nose as I was trying my hardest to pull the cum out of this stud.*

*“Reckon I’ll never get my professors to blow me like you do,” he said to me.*

*He could've had whomever he truly wanted as the proof was with me. A big time ball player, fantastic scholar and fine young, black gentleman that was carrying a sweet nut that I wanted every drop of, the kid was all that and a bag of chips.*

*"Damn this tastes good," I told him as I sucked away.*

*"Mannnn, this feels good," he moaned.*

*The youngster clearly never had anyone provide oral like me, as he made wails and moans that made me question if he had a feminine side.*

*"Bust that nut for Mr. G," I told him. "Bust it big football star."*

*I saw the thunder in his face as he wanted to give me that sperm of his. I stopped sucking briefly and gave his cock a few hard strokes with both hands. I was turned on as he tilted his head back, biting his bottom lip. His moans got louder, with him waving his head left and right as he was getting close.*

*"Fuck! Ahhhh fuckkkkk," he screamed.*

*He'd fill my mouth with his sweet, clear cream, me being a greedy cum slut as I rubbed his hairy, little balls to ensure he gave me all of it.*

*"Gatdamnit boy, all that nut," I said after.*

*This future ballplayer allowed me to "score," and I celebrated, swishing that load around in my mouth before it flowed down my throat.*

*"Looks like me and you are gonna have a great semester," I said afterwards.*

*He shook his head and smiled, sweat rolling on his forehead.,*

*I could tell he was embarrassed by how his favorite professor got him off. He wasted no time getting fully dressed, then exited, just in time for my next course of instruction. He'd also prove to be an alternate to Rodney, as I was almost certain Eric would puncture my hole.*

# Jim's Dungeon

By Bignatl

*The following story is based on a true experience I had.*

I'd been speaking with this incredibly hot, freaky submissive Caucasian daddy named Jim online for a while. We'd been flirting with each other for a while and finally decided to hook up. He wanted me to come to his house to play....which was cool with me.

Straight from work I head over to his place...a nice quiet unassuming house in the middle of one of Atlanta's Jewish neighborhoods.

Jim directs me to come to his playroom which is in his basement... which, again, is cool with me. When I hunch down to go through the basement door...I enter a whole new world. This guy has converted his basement area into a dark dungeon straight out of a hardcore leather movie. It's not large but has a concrete floor and the walls are dark and there is minimal light. One corner holds a padded pommel horse. Another corner has a raised wooden step that is kind of situated to be a piss corner...complete with a wooden wall that has a gloryhole. There's a small padded leather platform in the middle of the room big enough for someone to pose, strip or be on all fours. A huge flatscreen is on the main wall with porn playing. The smaller back wall is where a leather sling is set up suspended by heavy chains from the studs in the ceiling. A long mirror runs the length of the sling so any guy in the sling can see himself being used. A few small leather chairs complete the room.

Now...I've done a lot of freaky stuff in my life...but this is a new scene for me. A little nervous at first, I see Jim when I walk in. He's standing there in a pair of tight jock briefs and some battered boots smoking a cigar. He says he's 51...but looks more like he's in his 30s with that body. He's short, about 5'6"... a tight little muscle stud with a light dusting of fur all over his body. He has nice pecs with huge nipples...a nice bubble ass...thick, sturdy thighs and great calves. His face is rugged with a constant five o'clock shadow and twinkling eyes, surrounded by a halo of curly brown hair.

He's the exact opposite of me...and, it's that contrast that starts



getting my dick throbbing. Let me describe myself a bit. I'm a tall, chocolate-brown, black bear. I'm 6'2" and almost 300 pounds of solid mass. I'm no bodybuilder...but I have nice tone with wide shoulders with a barrel chest...tree-trunk legs...big feet...and a beefy ass. My chest is covered with a pelt of curly black hair; my head is shaved; and I sport a full bushy beard. There's no 'manscaping' on my body at all. I have furry pits, big hairy balls and a nice bush of hair that surrounds 8.5 thick, veiny inches of circumcised black dick.

Looking at Jim as he looks at me tells me right away that this is going to be a fun time had by all.

Jim tells me to get comfortable as he fixes me a drink. So, I quickly strip, and my dick is standing proud with the veins popping and pre-nutt leaking already. I take a seat as Jim hands me my drink. As I take a sip...he dives down on my dick and starts slurping on the head of my dick. Needless to say...the drink was quickly forgotten. I grabbed him by the back of the head and started pumping my dick in and out of his mouth. Soon I had him gagging on my dick and I forced the head down his throat.

After a few minutes of good throat-fucking...I let Jim up. He was a bit red and had pre-cum and drool running out the side of his mouth. I grabbed him by the back of the head and kissed him deep...tasting my dick in his mouth. I started running my fingers down his back to that furry ass of his. When I found his pucker, I started rubbing his ass-lips...teasing his hole just a little bit. Breaking off the kiss...I dove down on his nipples...licking...biting...chewing on them like a hungry man. I love using my mouth on a hot guy who can take it...chewing on their bodies...licking and biting. I like making them moan and groan in pleasure. It gets my dick harder than steel. And that leads to the main event.

Jim climbed into the sling and I noticed all the accessories for the first time. Beside the sling was a short rolling cart. Laid out on top were 6 dildos each progressively larger in length & girth. There were also several cans of Crisco.

The thoughts of what was coming were getting me hotter by the minute. But before I even thought about the toys...I dove tongue first into Jim's hole. He never removed his briefs...so his ass was nicely framed by the jock back. I spread his cheeks and licked

and probed that pucker with my tongue. I started chewing on those ass-lips getting his hole looser. Once I had feasted on his hole a bit...I stood up and slid my dick into the balls. He's started groaning and snorting like a pig as I fucked his hole. I used the chains to swing his ass on and off my dick as hard as I could. All you heard was the porn playing in the background, creaking chains, skin slapping and a lot of groaning.

Jim started begging for more in his hole. So that he would know who was in control...I took my dick out and let it stay empty for about 5 minutes. When he started whimpering...I started chewing on his hole again...hard. I was using my teeth, lips and tongue... while I grabbed and squeezed his balls through his briefs. That kept him squealing and groaning even louder.

I grabbed a fat 10-inch dildo and greased it up. I slid the whole thing in his hole with no problem. His ass was nice and loose now. I twisted and turned the dildo...hitting his prostate and making sure it reached all his spots. Then I spread his hole some more and slid my dick in his hole with the dildo. That really got him grunting like the pig he is...so I just pounded more with my dick and dildo... kissing him & biting his nipples.

Jim had me groaning and sweating like a madman. I pulled my dick out and started in with the 18" dildo. That got him groaning and thrashing all around. I started licking and chewing on his balls while I fucked him with that dildo. Jim was loving it...begging for more...and leaking precum like a faucet.

Finally, we moved up to the dildo that was about as big as my fist. Once I got the head of that in his ass...Jim just started purring like a little bitch boy. When I couldn't take it anymore, I ripped the dildo out of his ass and started fucking his hole again. His ass was loose and sloppy...giving my dick all kinds of great stimulation. I started playing with his nipples again and got an instant reaction. Once I started twisting his nipples...that ass got tighter than a vice. For a fisting bottom, that fucker has excellent muscle control. That hole started milking my dick like a virgin. But I wasn't ready to spill my load yet.

I pulled out and ate Jim's hole some more getting it nice and loose again. Then I greased up my hand and started stretching his hole. I took my time...sliding in and out...twisting and turning my

fingers...spreading them out. I massaged his balls with one hand while I stretched his hole with the other. The more relaxed his ass got...the more he begged for more of my hand. Finally, he took a heavy hit of poppers and I drove my whole hand in. It's a very powerful and erotic feeling a man's tight ass muscles gripping your fist. You can feel his heartbeat and every twitch his body makes. You know that you are in complete control and are making this man melt like ice.


The reaction was amazing. Jim's hole snapped down around my wrist and he just went buck wild. He started bucking his ass back on my fist...clenching his muscles...and yelling "Thank you Sir" over and over again. I started squeezing his balls and twisting & stretching his hole even more. When he was at his peak...I yanked my fist out his hole and started chewing on his hole again. That had him going crazy...groaning...squealing and begging for my fist. From that point...I just started going back and forth with each hand...taking turns...twisting...turning...and stretching his hole.

After all this play...we decided to change the scenery a bit. We moved Jim over to the leather platform. He got on all fours and I started working his hole for a bit more before he couldn't take anymore. Then I ate his hole for a good 10 minutes before pulling him back on my dick...making him ride me while I twisted his nipples. He started jacking his dick while he rode my dick...that just made his ass muscles go wild...milking my dick more. When he got ready to nutt...I drove two fingers in his ass with my dick and started stroking the head of his dick. Jim lost all control and started shooting nutt everywhere. But I didn't let up. I kept fucking his hole with my dick and fingers until he went completely limp. Finally, I stopped stroking his sensitive dick and let him get up.

After Jim got a chance to catch his breath...it was time to make my dick shoot. We switched things up a bit then. I let him tie me to one of the leather chairs and blindfold me. Jim fed me poppers and teased my dick, balls and nipples for a good hour. He sucked, stroked and rode my dick while he played with my nipples. He pulled my balls and stroked my dick...keeping me on edge...not letting me nutt until he was ready. After feeding me one final whiff of poppers...he grabbed my balls with one hand...pinched my nipple with the other and sucked the nutt out of my dick. I roared loud enough for the neighbors to hear. And he didn't stop either. He pulled off with his mouth and started riding my dick again with

that talented ass of his...making my toes curl and me scream in ecstasy. Then he went back to sucking and stroking my dick until there was nothing left and I finally went soft.

*When Jim finally untied me...I grabbed him and kissed him while I fingered his hole...making him promise to call me when he wanted that hole filled again.*



life's  
too short  
to pretend  
you're  
not into  
kinky shit.

# *My First and Only M2M*

*By KlondikeBar*

*An SilverDaddies member liked my photos and offered to blow me. We had chatted before and we knew a bit about each other. What was different this time was that my wife was out of town, I had the time, he could host and I was pretty wired up horny from being on SD and Literotica.*

*So I agreed to go to his house, all along thinking that I would chicken out. Damn, I was so scared. But I made it to his place and went inside. we chatted a bit to help relax me. He knew it was my very first M2M. He asked if I was ready to go to his bedroom and I was; still very scared but driven by the mood of the event. We peeled off our clothes and I saw a naked man in front of me with an erection. it was not as scary as I thought it to be. He guided me to his bed and went to work sucking my cock. He was good at it too. I had to slow him down twice to keep from cumming too quickly.*

*After the second time he edged me, I got real curious and flipped to a 69. I had not mentioned anything about sucking him so he was surprised by this but went right along with it. I then touched, licked and sucked my first cock. It felt so natural in my mouth, like it belonged there, not foreign at all. I was all over his boner and a pair of big balls too. I think I hurt him a time or two but he was nice and did not complain. I could barely get both of his nuts in my mouth at once.*

*After a time he asked me, "do you want my cum?" I said "Sure" as I was pretty certain I was liking what I was doing. I went back to sucking him with a goal in mind, I was going to drain his balls for him. He came for me and I PROUDLY swallowed my first time. I was giddy happy with myself. I had made that cock dance and sing for me. If there had been more guys in his bedroom I would have sucked them all right then and there. A cock sucker had been born. I felt like I could taste his manly flavor in my mouth for about two weeks. It was all in my head of course.*

*Yes, I felt some guilt and regret for sucking a guy but I had expected that. over time that feeling left. I still carry guilt for cheating on my wife and that is a problem I have not overcome.*

*my first gay massage and how I knew I was a bottom. True story.*

*My fantasy life is filled with M2M activity. However, that fantasy does not transfer to the real world. Out in real life, I don't have any attraction to men or any desire to have M2M contact. The conflict between real life and fantasy has been frustrating and confusing for me. To test myself, I decided to get a gay erotic massage and use it to determine my interest in M2M activity.*

*The masseur I selected had a web page with reviews over a span of years. The reviews were glowing as one would expect. This particular masseur allowed for traditional massage or for an erotic massage. He stated that he was gay friendly and accepted gay, bi, bi-curious and straight customers. This sounded like what I had in mind so I phoned and arranged a two hour erotic massage.*

*Once I arrived at his location, we exchanged pleasantries and discussed what I had in mind. I told him I was curious and that I had never had a male masseur before. He said he understood completely. His normal erotic massage was done with both parties naked and with mutual touching allowed. No penetration was to be done but a 'release' was part of the deal. From a video on his website, I knew that full body to body rubbing was part of his massage. A two hour massage is a lengthy affair so a good bit of the time would be spent on normal massage activity. We talked about safety and the need to never exchange any fluids. He was safe [so he said] and I was safe [as I said] and we both wanted to stay that way.*

*I was nervous but agreed to his normal erotic massage, stripped down and placed myself face down on the massage table. My heart was pounding but I tried to relax. He began and his massage felt great. Best massage ever even without the erotic component.*

*Over a few minutes, I began to relax just a bit and to enjoy the experience. I guess he could tell that I had calmed down as his hands and massage oil soon found their way to my butt cheeks. The contact was innocent at first but soon enough it evolved to his hands brushing up and down my crack, sliding over my hole and glancing against my sack. It felt so good that I didn't worry about the gay aspect of it.*

*He worked my back, legs and arms. During the arm work, he would clamp one arm between his legs while his hands kneaded*

*my muscles. I guess that would have been my chance to feel his junk but I had no desire to do so. I could not get myself to look at him or touch him. Still, the massage was magic.*

*While I was still face down, he climbed on the table and slide his body over mine. He even sat on my back and rubbed his ass up and down my back and butt. This kind of creeped me out but as I was here for the experience I just accepted that this was part of it and let the process continue.*

*I did not get an erection from any of this. I guess I was nervous and there was also the aspect of not being aroused by his male presence. No matter, the massage was great. He said it was time to flip over. He brought me a glass of water and asked if I needed a break. No break for me. I was eager to continue the massage.*

*He restarted the process of massaging my arms, legs and body except this time there was more brushing against my cock and balls. That soon progressed to fondling, massaging and teasing my junk. It felt great but I still didn't get an erection. I was failing my M2M attraction test.*

*I felt his legs clamp on my arm again. With me on my back, his butt would have been in reach if I just twisted my hand a little. I was willing to bet that once I did that, he would have pushed back a little so that I could sample his balls and cock too. But I didn't. Just as before, I could not get myself to touch or even to look at his junk. My M2M attraction was non-existent and going nowhere fast.*

*He moved down to my feet and lifted my legs up on his shoulders for a hamstring stretch. While I had obviously been exposed to him this entire time, having my legs on his shoulders made me feel exposed, vulnerable and available. It was a new feeling. My heartbeat picked up. While I had had no attraction to him at any previous point in the massage, with my legs up and my ass at cock level to him I thought to myself, if he made a play for my anal cherry right now, he would probably get it. In fact, I was so available to his any advance that I wondered if I would have thought to demand a condom be worn.*

*Of course, he knew none of this and continued working his massage magic.*

*He lowered my legs but kept his body positioned between them.*

*His hands found my cock and balls and so did a fresh application of warm massage oil. He began to toy with my junk in earnest. I had relaxed enough at this point to where my erection started to grown. His fingers masturbated me in a head spinning slow sensual torture. My body began to respond. I asked, "Do you want this?", meaning my approaching climax. [I know, it was a dumb question] but he handled it professionally by responding, "Do you want it?" I was pretty sure I did at that point. It wasn't really a man jacking me, just a pair of erotic hands that had pushed all my buttons.*

*My legs stiffened and my back arched as he teased me. One hand was attending my cock and one was on my balls. This guy was good. I blew my load in a slow motion climax that lasted forever. My masseur had a towel ready to clean up my mess. As soon as it was clear that my climax was over, he left to clean up.*

*I calmed down enough to marvel at how good this guy was and how scary it was that I would have given my ass to him without even seeing his cock.*

*He returned and I assumed that the massage was over, but he continued with a scalp massage before saying that our time was up.*

*I thanked him and told him that I got exactly what I wanted. He said that I had not acted like a typical gay customer and that he usually had to fight to keep their hands off of him. We spoke a bit more before I left. I paid cash and left a nice tip for him. He phoned the next day and expressed his gratitude.*

*My head was spinning on the way home. I had just let a man jack me to a climax but even more than that, I had responded to a man as a sub bottom. I thought about this for weeks before committing to massage #2.*

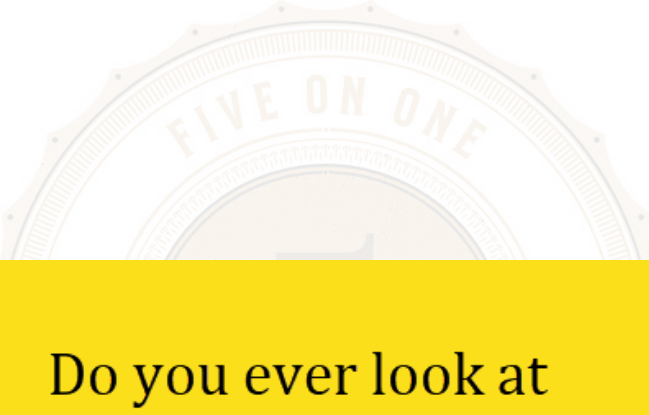
*I thought about getting a second massage for weeks before I scheduled one. I needed to confirm how I would respond.*

*The second massage was like the first except I told him to leave out the part of him crawling on top of me as it was too much too soon. He said he understood and we went on about things. I relaxed quicker with #2 and enjoyed things more. It only took a few minutes before I said, "forget what I said before and do your*



*massage as normal. Just as before, I had no desire to look at or touch his junk.*

*When it came time for him to join me on the table, I felt my legs drift apart to give him room to position on top of me. I felt my hips roll up to accept him when he positioned himself between my legs and I also felt disappointment when I realized he didn't have an erection for me. I knew I was a sub bottom at that point. The massage was great.*



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

# The Top Who Taught Me How To Be A Good Piece Of Ass

By Jessup\_53

*It might be helpful to read my first two stories I have posted on this page for some context. They are "Losing My Cherry", and "My First Really Big Cock".*

*On June 13 of 1967 I took my final NY State Regent's Exam. I was finished with High School, I was sworn into the U.S.Army the next day, having chosen to forego my graduation ceremony. After twelve weeks of BCT (basic combat training) at Fort Dix New Jersey. and three weeks of jump school at Fort Benning Georgia I had my Jump Wings and was headed home for an eight-day leave, before returning for Infantry School.*

*I was planning on taking my car back to Georgia with me so I dropped my car off at the garage in Henrietta and was hitchhiking back to my house in Rush. Rush was a town large in area and small in population, mostly active and no longer used farms. Hitchhiking was very common in those days, in fact in rural areas people would pull over and ask you if you wanted a ride. So I stuck my thumb out wondering how long it would take me to get a ride. Turns out now long, about 5 minutes, I noticed a really nice car, a gold Buick Riviera was coming down the hill. When the car was abreast of me it braked and stopped a couple hundred feet up the road from me. I ran down the road after it and thought to myself that you didn't see many cars like that around here. I pulled the car door open and stuck my head inside.*

*The driver was a very cool looking black man. He had about a two-inch afro, and a Fu Man Chu mustache. He wore black slacks with a black and red button up shirt. He asked me where I was going, I indicated I was headed up into Rush, and he told me to jump in because he was going right through there. I thanked him and jumped in.*

*Once we were under way I noticed he was smoking a cigar and drinking a beer.(this was not uncommon back then).He offered me a beer and I declined the offer. He asked me if I knew where the new golf course was because that's where he was headed. My brother and I had worked at the golf course, first while it was*

*being built and after it had opened we would go in the evening and move the sprinklers around. I told him I would show him how to get there and I could walk home from there.*

*He asked me about my haircut because you didn't see many buzz cuts in the 60s. I explained I was home from the Army and come to find out he was a veteran. We were making small talk about the military when he mentioned that I must be really horny after being in training for fifteen weeks. He asked me if I had a girlfriend and I said that we had broken up when I left for the Army and she was off to college. He laughed and said okay no pussy for you then.*

*.He again offered me a beer and this time I said yes and he told me to take one from the cooler on the back seat. I reached in and grabbed a Genesee Cream Ale as he handed me a can opener. We were having conversation about the golf course when the subject of sex came up again when he mentioned how horny he was. I glanced down at his crotch but I couldn't really see anything, but it put into my mind the thought of having sex with him.*

*At that point he introduced himself as Charles and I said I was Gary and he offered me his hand. Sure enough he had a strong grip and I thought he held on to my hand for just a little longer than usual. When he finally let go of my hand he reached and grabbed his cigar from the ash tray and took a couple of big puffs. After placing it back from where he got it I noticed that his hand went to his groin and it appeared that he was fondling himself. We were a few miles from the country club when he said that a perfect day for him was a good cigar, some drinks, a game of golf and some sex.*

*I looked over at him swallowed real hard and told him that I liked to please men while at the same time I reached across the console and slid my hand under his, and started feeling his semi rigid cock. He looked over at me and gave me a wry smile. He relaxed back into his seat and I had him hard in no time, as we approached the course. I told him to drive past the entrance. About a mile up the road I directed him to turn up a gravel lane. We proceeded about a quarter of a mile when we came upon the pump house and I told him to pull around behind it and park.*

*We both got out and when I headed back towards the trunk he followed down his side. I told him no one would find us here. Now*

*he was standing I could see that he was about six feet tall and maybe two hundred pounds. I grabbed his cock and sunk down on my knees. I began to unbuckle his belt as he unbuttoned his shirt. Down went his zipper and soon I had his pants and underwear around his ankles and his rock hard cock in my hand. He was large, not huge, a nice seven and a half I was guessing and pretty fat.*

*I had never seen a black cock up close before and I was very curious, I absolutely loved the contrast between the blackness of his shaft and the very pink head. Charles noticed how I was ogling his dick and he asked me if it was my first black one. I nodded my head and licked the head of his beautiful cock. He let out a little groan and leaned back on the car. I took about half of it in my mouth as I ran my tongue around the head.*

*After all these years I have learned that men are either one of two ways. They are passive and just enjoy letting me do my thing, or they are verbal and physically active. Charles was the latter. As I was bobbing my head back and forth on his cock he began moving his crotch back and forth. He was breathing harder and moaning. He was the first man that was this active with me. Not going to lie this was a huge turn on for me.*

*He placed his hand on top of my head when he said to me when I thrust forward you take more of me in each stroke. I did exactly what he said. We soon had a nice rhythm going and I was getting more of him in my mouth. He was thrusting pretty good when he said run the tip of your tongue along the underside on the out stroke. I did as I was told and I could tell he was really digging it. For all intents and purposes he was fucking my mouth. He told me when he was almost all the way out I should put gentle suction on the head and then open up so he could reenter.*

*I obeyed like I was following orders. It wasn't too many more strokes before my mouth was all the way up against his crotch my face buried in his pubic hair. I was on the verge of gagging but I kept my composure and relaxed and really got into it. After what seemed like ten minutes, he quickened his pace and his cock got even harder and I knew he was ready to cum. He had both of his hands on the sides of my head and with three big thrusts unloaded his cum in my mouth. My only disappointment was that he was so far in the back of my mouth that I could barely taste his nut as I swallowed it.*

*He kind of slumped back onto his car and I sat back on my heels staring up at him. I was almost dazed, what some people call cock or cum drunk. After a moment Charles got his breathing back to normal. He looked down at me asked me how much longer my leave was. I told him I was heading back in five days. He told me that I was really good particularly for someone so young. I'll never forget what he said next. "You got a lot of potential kid you want to meet with me tomorrow?"*



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



## Lubed

By Carlton Mills

*Shortly after graduating from vocational college with a certificate in car repair, I applied for a job at Roy's Auto, a tiny garage in one of the seedier corners of town. The pay was only mediocre, but within the first 10 minutes of the interview, I was ready to do anything to get hired. That's how long it took me to decide that I needed Roy himself to fuck me.*

*Like most mechanics, he gave off the typical ultra-macho signals. His flannel shirt hung open over a chest so broad it distorted the logo on his t-shirt, and his huge, red-haired forearms looked like they could lift a pick-up truck off the ground with no jack. Several times during the interview, I discreetly dropped my gaze to the lump in Roy's grease-stained, low-slung grey workpants. He pretended not to notice, but his sea-blue eyes would suddenly gleam. The way his upper lip half-curved into a parody of a lecherous sneer suggested that I wasn't just wasting my time.*

*When he finally offered me the job, Roy casually leaned back in his straight-backed chair, tipping the first two legs off the wood floor. Then he dangled his big left hand between his thighs, trailing his blunt pinky along the worn seam bisecting his crotch.*

*"You can start tomorrow," he said, a white-toothed smile lifting the corners of his drooping, fox-colored moustache. The two legs of the chair came down with a slap. He wedged his hand more tightly in between his stout thighs. "But listen--it's gonna be just the two of us around here, and I'm gonna work you like a dog. Anything I*

*ask you to do, you do it without arguing or slacking off. I want to see that skinny ass of yours in motion from the time you get here in the morning until it's time to knock off at night. You got it?"*

*"I got it," I said, nodding eagerly. I had to shift on my own seat to conceal the boner growing in my Y-fronts. When he finally said I could go, I dashed out to my car with one sweaty hand on my fly. I ended up massaging my throbbing tool all through the drive home.*

*I showed up for work the next day a little frazzled, since I'd done almost nothing but beat off the whole night before. Roy was standing at the soiled ceramic sink in the corner, rubbing his hands with a rag. He was wearing an even tighter pair of grey chinos than before, the front worn almost white around the impressive mound of his crotch.*

*He hadn't bothered to shave that morning, and the reddish-brown stubble had encroached a few more inches up the planes of his flat cheekbones. I murmured a greeting, embarrassed at how squeaky and lame my voice sounded to my own ears. Obviously amused, Roy barked out a gruff laugh at my expense. He tucked the rag down the front of his pants, leaving his hand in there just a moment longer than was strictly necessary.*

*"I've got an oil change for you to work on," was his only greeting, and five minutes later I was on my back under a '95 Toyota, my arms and chest covered in grime, my armpits pumping a gallon of acrid sweat into my work shirt. Roy stood over my feet for a few minutes, watching. From my position under the car, I couldn't see anything but his boots. But I could hear his hand rasping against his metal zipper as he adjusted himself with a nonchalant grunt and swaggered away.*

*The afternoon was lonely and tense. Roy didn't let me go out to the office where the customers would ring for service, so his was the only face I saw all day. Every couple of hours, he'd put me onto a particular task, giving me only minimal instructions, and then he'd saunter off to attend to some project of his own. He wouldn't say anything else to me, but every now and then I could feel his icy glare settle on my flesh like talons. The sweat was pouring down my body in rivers, and my balls were so tense and full that they almost felt numb. I soldiered on, wondering if this was why the*

*guy before me had quit.*

*A couple of times during that long afternoon, Roy headed over to the tiny single restroom in the corner of the garage. When he did, he'd leave the door open a crack and stand with his profile to me. Though I remained bent over my work, I'd always create some excuse to look around for a tool or my soda can. Each time, I'd manage to catch a glimpse of him standing in front of the ancient porcelain john, holding a long, meaty, uncut dick out in front of him.*

*My eyes bulged as he used both hands to steady it, shaking it back and forth over the bowl like a spurting firehose. The first few times it happened, I was careful to turn away before he could finish and start zipping himself up. The last time, he turned his head and purposefully met my eyes.*

*I hastily bent back over the open hood of the VW I was tinkering with, pretending not to notice as Roy strode toward me, grabbing something off his workbench on his way over. I froze when he ran the twin forks of a wrench up the seam of my jeans and jammed them against the denim covering the crack of my ass.*

*"Remember our agreement?" he said, leaving the wrench where it was and bending down close to my left ear. His face was so close to mine that I could smell the coffee on his breath and feel his heat against my earlobe. I could feel his bulging balls pushing on the tender curve of my ass-cheek. "Anything I ask you to do."*

*My heart pounding, I swiveled my head so that the end of his thick moustache scratched my cheek. "I know," I managed to croak. "It's what I want." At the same time, I felt his fingers move around to grope my aching nutsac. He squeezed me once, hard, making my cock spring up like a stick shift. I felt the wrench prod harder at the stitching on my pants.*

*"I don't like to be at a disadvantage," he said, finally sliding his hand away and taking a step backward. Steering me with the wrench still pressed against my ass, he pivoted me around so that I stood facing him. His eyes dropped to the tent in my jeans. "You've seen mine--now show me what you're offering."*

*Swallowing hard, my whole body shaking with lust and embarrassment, I reached down and opened my pants with*



*both hands. I bent over, shoving them down to my thighs, and straightened up again. My prong was jutting straight out, trembling along with the rest of my body. My circumcised shaft looked lean and inadequate compared to his mighty sausage. I stared down at it like I'd never seen it before, wincing at the mottled web of pulsing veins and the blunt, rubbery head. My dark bush glistened with nervous sweat.*

*Roy was staring, too. Again that terrible, jeering laugh rumbled in my ears. "Not as big as mine, is it?"*

*"It gets bigger when I touch it," I said breathlessly, then grasped my dick and started to pump it. Not daring to watch his expression, I squeezed my eyes shut and clenched my fist harder. I stroked up and down for what seemed like an hour, yanking myself until my ears were ringing and my arm was cramping. Roy said nothing, though I could hear his breathing grow faster and more shallow. Finally, when I was about to erupt like a broken water main, he clapped his big hands over mine and stopped me in mid-stroke.*

*My eyes flew open, and I looked up to see Roy's eyes shimmering with desire. Putting out his tongue, he licked his lips and moustache as if tasting me in his imagination. He slid his hands underneath my thighs, then hoisted me off my feet in one powerful lifting motion. He settled my bare ass down on the workbench, tossing his hips back and forth to wrench my legs wide apart. His pants, still unbuttoned, dropped around his ankles.*

*I looked down as his huge prong popped free. It reared up from his amber patch of hair, so blood-red and thick it had curved up in the middle. The sharply pointed crown had already forced back the puckered membrane of his foreskin. His blazing piss-hole flared up at me as a pearly droplet of pre-cum oozed out and splattered the concrete floor between his feet. Smirking, he lifted a wrapped condom from the breast pocket of his shirt and tore the foil away with his teeth.*

*I opened my thighs wider, the mingled smell of sweat and axle grease making my head spin. Coolly, Roy fitted the rubber ring over that delicious dick and unfurled it with one hand, keeping the other palm-down on my chest.*

*When he was securely sheathed, Roy reached for my asshole and pried it apart with both hands. "You're pretty tight back there,"*

*he growled, then flicked the tip of his left thumb in and out a few times. My entire lower body shuddered and jerked. Stark, hot pleasure flared in my body, and I sucked in my breath when he reared back and jammed his stubby index and middle fingers inside me.*

*"Yeah, do it," I grunted, punching his shaft forward until it nestled against my gaping pucker. I felt a thrill flash through my body as he nudged closer, his fat tip stretching out my asshole all over again. Soon Roy had plowed another couple of inches into my sphincter. I could feel the tender skin around my rear hole struggling to accommodate his swollen knob, his rubber squeaking as he forced it against my flesh.*

*"Get ready," he groaned, his rough palms holding me in place. "I don't fool around long." Then he reared back, pumped his hips forward as hard as he could, and drilled himself all the way into me.*

*A sudden, searing pain split the cheeks of my ass and raced up my spine. I'd let a couple of guys fuck me at vocational school, but I'd never felt as full of anything as I did Roy's fat, steaming cock. Burning heat spread through every fiber and tissue of my body. I moaned and flopped against the cluttered workbench like a speared fish.*

*Roy wasn't a hurried, frenzied fucker. He screwed me hard, but with an agonizing slowness that made it feel like he was drilling for oil in the tender recesses of my bowels. Every push forced a rumbling groan from my lungs, and every lingering withdrawal made me howl. My asshole felt like it was splitting at the seams.*

*Meanwhile, my own hard-on was bucking in the air between us, stiff and swollen beyond belief...*

**It's never  
just the tip.  
Never.**

# The Fun Power

By Bull Waters

*The first time Steve was aware that he had The Power, he didn't realize, completely, what it was. Paranormal phenomenon wasn't really his thing, but he was bored. It started on a chilly late Winter Saturday afternoon. He was waiting at a bus stop where he vaguely watched an apparently homeless man across the street, as he conversed rather loudly with some invisible being. Like most gay men do with every attention-grabbing gay man they see, Steve began undressing and seducing him in his mind. In spite of his apparent poverty status, the man looked fairly attractive. He had long salt and pepper hair, a beard and mustache, and even though he wore mismatched clothing, there appeared to be a sense of style about him. Steve envisioned the chest hair peeking out of his shirt as he imagined kissing his way to the man's nipples.*

*As he concentrated on what it would be like to tease the man's right nipple, the guy reacted as if he could feel Steve's mouth on his aroused teat. Steve imagined moving downward and stroking the man's hardening cock, surrounded by a nest of unkempt dark hair. He imagined taking the mushroom head into his warm mouth. The man looked around to see if anyone was watching. Steve continued his thoughts as the man reacted to the illusory blowjob, finally succumbing to an intense orgasm.*

*As Steve got on the bus and it pulled away, he watched the man loudly react as if he'd just cum in his pants! "WTF just happened," thought Steve.*

*When he got home, he did an internet search to try and understand what happened, and learned that it is something called Psychic Seduction. After reading several articles on it, he decided to slowly practice this skill, learning more and more each time and enjoying the results.*

*A few weeks later the weather turned warmer, so he decided to pick up lunch and eat it in the park. There was still ice on the lake, but the sun was bright, so he wore shades. He noticed a "gangsta" youth approaching, the type who have to hold their sagging pants up with one hand because they're not wearing a belt, an oversized t-shirt and hoodie up top. This was too good an opportunity for Steve to pass up. He watched the kid, yakking loudly on the*

cell phone in his other hand. Steve imagined him scratching an itch, and when he did, his pants fell down. The guy was going commando. Steve stifled a laugh as he thought about the kid's shaft getting stiffer.

The kid looked nervously around, and when he was certain no one but Steve could see him, he strolled into the circular garden, and hid behind the shrubbery. Never moving a muscle, Steve imagined him jerking off. It was fairly evident that the guy was having an orgasm, because he was panting loudly. He looked around again, pulled himself together, and with cum still glistening on the back of the hand holding up his pants, eyed Steve sheepishly as he walked away.

When Steve got home he wrote this encounter down, pondering just what he had. For one thing, he decided the next time he used this newfound power, it'd be someplace inside. He didn't have to wait long!

A few days later, he was in the grocery store, looking for something that wasn't in the place he'd expected. There was a nice looking guy wearing a t-shirt, workout shorts with the word "minibar" written on them and flip-flops. As Steve walked past him and veered his cart around the guy, Mr. Minibar looked up and Steve was certain he'd heard a snicker. He walked to the end of the aisle and found an employee who walked with him to where the item should be, and then she asked a co-worker who told her they'd been moved. As Steve moved away from her, his head was turned and he thanked her. He almost crashed his cart into Mr. Minibar!

After finding what he needed, he picked up a few more things and went to the busy checkout area. Mr. Minibar was on line, standing as rigidly as if he had a pole up his ass. Steve moved to another checkout, realizing this was a perfect opportunity to use the power on this guy, due to his attitude. Steve put two of his fingers into his mouth and then, pointing toward the guys' ass, moved them as if he were finger-fucking. Minibar stood even more rigidly, but soon rested his torso on his grocery cart. No one seemed to notice as he gyrated his hips. It was as if he could really feel Steve's fingers inside him. The real surprise was that Steve got a boner from this!

Steve moved his hips toward his cart, as if he was fucking the guy.

*He moved his right hand as though he were jerking off Minibar's obvious stiffy, and twisted the fingers of his left hand as though he were twisting the man's nipples. Mr. Minibar put his hands to his mouth to stifle an obvious orgasm. After he'd calmed down, he got out of line, acting as if he'd forgotten something. Steve noticed a wet spot in front of his white shorts. He smiled as he checked out and went home.*

*The next afternoon, he was waiting for his bus, when a blonde twink breezed past him, his hands full of shopping bags. In spite of the chilly air, the kid was wearing shorts and a t-shirt under a light jacket. The hair peeking over the neckline of the shirt and on his bare legs revealed that he was blonde right down to his dark pubes. This kid was ripe for the power, so Steve let his imagination run wild. However, there were too many people on the crowded vehicle, the connection wasn't there.*

*At work a few days later, Steve was busy at his desk, when the blonde, once again, breezed past him. This time he was dressed impeccably, apparently from the purchases he'd had with him at the bus stop. He walked into the office of Mr. Cox, Steve's boss. He must have been expected, because the secretary merely pointed the way, and the office door was closed. Steve got back to work, but about a half hour later, Mr. Cox brought his son, Curt, around and introduced him to the staff.*

*Steve had finished his project and was putting the file into Mr. Cox's in-box, but he thought he could hear what the two of them were saying inside the office. He told the secretary he'd cover for her while she took a break, and when she left, he sat down and concentrated. He used the power and visualized Curt on his knees, taking his Dad's oversized cock in his mouth. Meanwhile, the stiff and formal Mr. Cox had removed his jacket, shirt and tie and told his son that he was going to "work your ass even deeper this time, boy!"*

*"Dad," said Curt, "if you can hold my legs your thrusts will be stronger." His father replied, "Tighten your ass around my cock, boy!" Steve sensed that there was movement in the office, and he visualized the two of them getting completely naked as they laid down on the large rug in front of Cox's desk. The boy was moaning as Steve imagined his boss fucking his son's firm, round, fuzzy hole. He could feel the jutting motions in his own groin and*

*for the first time since he'd had the power, he realized that he had a boner and was oozing pre-cum against his trousers.*

*"Tighten that ass, boy!," Steve thought he heard his boss command, followed by "when I explode, hold my cock tight and feel it pumping again and again, while I fill you with my hot sperm!" The boy moaned his positive reply as his dad told him they were going to strengthen those ass muscles, "I want to feel you hard around the root, boy!"*

*Just as the secretary returned from her break, Steve was sure he heard the moans of a climax. He smiled as he walked back to his desk, but when he looked up, Curt had come out of the office, his clothes looked unkempt and Steve noticed his face was red.*

*"This is gonna be fun," Steve said to himself as he followed the boy into the Men's Room. He loved having this power! Moving his chair, he watched until Curt had turned the corner, then got up to follow. Not looking directly at the boy who was standing at the sink. Steve observed him in the mirror as he walked to the last stall. The door stayed closed without the latch, so Steve sat down, unbuckled his trousers and ran his finger over the wet head of his cock. He concentrated on fucking Curt's cum-filled ass.*

*Something strange was happening to Steve, though. Feeling odd, he had to lean back against the toilet and close his eyes. It felt as if someone was mounting his hard cock. Steve moaned and opened his eyes. He visualized Curt riding him, his fathers' sperm lubing the movement. It took no time at all for Steve to spurt a load all over his cock, balls and legs. Surprised, he relaxed and cleaned himself up. When he left the stall, Curt was standing there, smiling. "I have the power, too," he told Steve.*

*The phone on Steve's desk was buzzing and the file he'd just completed was back on his desk. He picked up the receiver and heard Mr. Cox's voice, telling him to review the file and come into his office at exactly 5:10 pm! "Shit," thought Steve, "I'm getting reprimanded." He went over the file again, but found nothing wrong with his work. He was caught up in his work when he heard his bosses' voice on the intercom: "In here, now! With the file!," it said.*

*The door was ajar when he got there, and as he pushed it further open, he saw Curt standing there, naked and hard. A moment*

*later, Mr. Cox turned his chair around. He, too, was naked. Curt closed the door, knelt down and started to remove Steve's trousers. His dad stood up, and led by his huge boner, walked toward Steve, whom he kissed passionately as he unbuttoned Steve's shirt. Since he always went commando, it wasn't long before Mr. Cox was pinching his hardening nipples while Curt sucked his manmeat deep into his mouth.*

*Steve moaned as he gave himself over to the pleasures of mansex being offered by these two sexy guys.*

*Once he was naked, Mr. Cox laid on the carpet and Steve impaled himself on his bosses' swollen rod, leaning forward to neck with him as he ran his hands over the silky, salt and pepper fur on his chest and belly. He felt a blast of energy race through his entire body, and never more so than when he felt Curt's throbbing one-eyed snake monster invade his rump, filling it over capacity. Steve had to take a deep breath, his head in the stratosphere as he worked the two swollen family members deep inside him. However, the heat was so intense, both men shot their loads simultaneously inside him. At the same time, Steve splattered all over his bosses' man fur. He felt astounding electricity from this newfound power!*

*All three men, were sweating profusely, and their chests heaved as each of them settled back to reality. There was a shower in the company gym, and Curt led the way down a back hallway, directly into the empty locker room. The three of them got into the shower, cleaned off and padded, naked, back to the office. They got dressed and Mr. Cox took his son and employee both out to dinner.*

*Without question, Steve knew he was on his way to a promotion. His sex life was fulfilled by these two men as well, but once in a while, just to keep in practice, he would use the power on an attractive man on the street. It was just for fun, though.*

# Farm Hand Big T

By Triplebottom

*I was walking towards the barn when I saw Big T riding by on the tractor, I waved and he waved back with that big goofy grin he was famous for. Big T has worked here at the farm since he was 18. He's not the smartest guy but he makes up for it in sheer strength and kindness. He's a few years older than me and has always been supportive and nice to me. It's summer break from my first year of college. Being in college was so freeing compared to the farm. I had so much freedom to do and try whatever I wanted. First week in, I went to my first real party. Second week, I kissed a girl. Third week, I drunkenly kissed a boy. I tried a lot of things; some things I didn't like, a lot of things I did.*

*I reached the barn and checked in on the horses. They seemed pretty happy to see me. I gave them some food and inspected the other stalls. I was tidying up an empty one when Big T showed up.*

*"How's college smart guy?" He asked. I laughed and really noticed how tall and built he was. My parents must be paying him well since he's eating so well. While picking things up off the floor I replied, "Well, it's pretty fun, but there's also a lot of work to do. I swear they're trying to drown me with projects and papers." Big T laughed loudly, "Man! Drowning in paper? I bet it can be heavy carrying all them papers."*

*I blankly looked at him and thought better to try and explain that I didn't mean it literally. So instead I smiled and told him about a couple of the parties I'd been to. Big T said, "Wow, sounds like you're having some fun." I tried to stand up and felt a sharp pain in my back. I winced and Big T asked, "You OK buddy?" I told him I'd been having minor back issues since I just sit in chairs all day during class and then at my desk most nights in my dorm. I slowly straightened up my back and I felt somewhat normal if not just sore.*

*"How about I stretch your back a little bit? I'll just give it a quick pop, ok?" Big T offered. I agreed and he stepped into the stall and stood behind me. I could feel how much more massive his body was compared to my thin frame. He told me to cross my arms in front of me like a dead person in the movies. I did and he wrapped his massive arms around me and he lifted me up, but*



nothing happened. I didn't even hear a tiny crack. I looked down and noticed how high I was off the ground. Big T asked, "You feel anything?" and I answered, "No."

"OK let me try again," Big T said while putting me back down. He lifted me a little slower this time and again, I didn't feel my back cracking. But I did oddly notice something else. Big T asked, "Still nothing?" and I shook my head. He put me down again but this time he positioned himself a little better. He told me he was gonna try something and he lifted me once more but this time he kind of bounced me up and down and that's when I really felt it. His erect cock was rubbing against my back side and my cock immediately shot up.

After a handful of bounces, he put me back down and I quickly said with a quivering voice, "I think that helped. Can you do that again?" His voice, a little slower and heavier, said, "Yeah, I can do that again. Just tell me when to stop." I nodded and he did it again. This time he really was grinding his erection against me. I tried to push out my rear to feel as much of him as I could. His breathing got heavier and quicker as he dry humped me against him. I could almost feel the head of his cock through the fabric of our clothes trying to enter into me. His voice broke with a moan as I felt his body shudder in climax.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry." He cried as he bolted out of the stall. I just stood there, enveloped in an intense aura of lust with what just transpired. I quickly made my way to my room hoping no one would see my tented jeans. Once inside, I headed straight to my bathroom and jumped in the shower. I feverishly stroked my cock while imagining Big T taking me from behind. I fingered my ass wanting it to be his big cock instead. I didn't last too long and shot my load. Feeling relieved, I finished my shower and stayed in the house for the rest of the day.

At dinner my mom asked if being back home felt any different and the thoughts of what happened earlier made me blush a little. My Dad's best friend, Phil, had joined us for dinner and chirped in, "Hell look at him blush. I bet you get a lot of tail in college." He laughed as my Mom gave me a quizzical look. I shook my head and my Dad said, "Leave him alone. He's not like you Phil, he doesn't think of tits and ass every two seconds. He's focused on his future." After dinner, my Dad asked me to secure the barn since I

*didn't close it up earlier today. So I went and the sensation of what happened earlier replayed in my head. My cock responded as I looked inside to make sure everything was ok.*

*"What are you doing?" Big T asked, startling me. I snapped back "Big T you scared me!" He chuckled, "Sorry, didn't mean to. Was about to go home when I saw you come this way. Just wanted to make sure you were ok." I sighed, "Yeah, I'm ok. I just came out here to check on things and lock up." I stepped into the barn and glanced behind me to see if he'd follow, he did. I began to get nervous. With an unsteady voice, I thanked him for helping me earlier. Big T stammered, "Oh-oh no problem. Just tryin to help."*

*"Well, do you think you can do that again? My back is still a little strained," I timidly asked. Big T back stiffened realizing what I basically just offered him. He stammered, "Um, yeah. Sure." I turned my back to him and crossed my arms like I did earlier. Again, I felt his massive body approach me. His strong arms wrapped around my body and I felt his rock hard erection press against me. My heart was beating so loud, I wondered if he could hear it. Big T slowly lifted me up slightly and put me back down.*

*"I uh, I can't get a good grip around you. I think your shirt might be in the way," Big T nervously said. I replied, "Oh, no problem." And took my top off. The cool night air gave me goosebumps and even my nipples got hard. Once again we assumed the position and this time when he lifted me, I felt and heard my spine satisfyingly crack. I let out a satisfying moan and while he slowly let me down, I once again felt his cock rub against my backside. I breathlessly said, "Thanks big guy." as I bent over to stretch my back some more. Not realizing what I was doing, I felt his hands slide up my back and his restrained member pressing against me. The erotica in the air filled my body as I slowly teased his cock with my ass.*

*I moaned as he started to grind against me. Feeling devilish, I said, "I think I can bend a little further and stretch out more but my shorts are in the way." I looked back with a sly grin and Big T got the hint right away. His thumbs hooked onto my waist band and pulled down my shorts. I felt so vulnerable at that moment. There I was, naked and bent over in a barn like a bitch in heat. Big T's hand roamed my body as I stretched a little. I heard some clothes rustle and a clang of a belt buckle hitting the ground. His hard, fleshy cock rubbed against my ass. My awaiting hole puckered in*

*anticipation. I whimpered as I felt his hot cock rub itself between my cheeks. Big T's arms wrapped around me again and I felt his warm body against my back as he continued to grind his cock into me. I heard a low groan from within him. I could feel my crack slowly being lubed with his precum.*

*His arms tightened around me and lifted me up. He took a few steps back and sat down on a bale of straw. I sat on his lap as his hands started to grope me. I was like butter in his arms. He could do whatever he wanted with me at this point. His fingers tweaked my nipples and I moaned loudly. I started to grind my ass against his cock while one of his hands began to slide down towards my hard cock. With a firm yet soft grip, he stroked my uncircumcised cock. Erotic bliss filled my mind, clouding it with lust. I noticed his quiet moans also and just then, his body jerked, "Ooooooooooh shit," he orgasmed. He breathed heavily and started to apologize, "I'm so sorry. I couldn't help it. It felt so good." His semen was all over my ass and I relished the thought of it. I turned to him and kissed him. I replied, "It's ok..." I kissed my way down his muscled body until I got what I was hungry for. I kissed his cum coated softening cock. I gave it gentle kisses with the lightest touch of my lips. I kissed the tip down to his balls. I gently took each one in my mouth as I rubbed his thighs with my hands.*

*A cool breeze reminded me that I had cum in every nook of my ass. My hand reached down and back to stimulate my asshole, preparing it for what was to come. His cock started to stir with every kiss and lick. As it got more stiff, I began to suck on it. It didn't take long for him to be fully erect again. I kind of felt like I was having an out of body experience. The image of me on the floor, fingering my ass and with a cock in my mouth drove my level of lust into overdrive. My head worked, bobbing up and down his cock. I wanted him rock hard so I could bounce on it and make him cum again, but this time, in me.*

*"Oh my gosh Baby," Big T exhaled as the head of his cock popped out from between my lips. My tongue and lips swirled around his flesh. I spat on his cock and crawled atop him. I gripped and guided him into me. First, I felt the soft head of his cock at my entrance. Then, I felt him push into me as I pushed out. I groaned in ecstasy while inch by inch he slid into me. I breathlessly said, "You're so thick Big T. Feels so good inside me. I need more." I felt his hips thrust up and bottomed me out, forcing a groan out of me.*

*Big T held on to me while I started to ride him. I moaned wildly while rocking back and forth, feeling his slick and hard cock sliding in and out of me. My cock already lubed with precum, gliding between our bodies with my movements. I was in heaven.*

*“You like that big guy? You like being inside me? You like fucking me? You can fuck me anytime. Fuck my ass whenever you want. Make me suck your cock. Make me your bitch. Fuck me until you break me,” I lustfully whispered into his ears. Big T gripped my ass with his strong hands and he started to drive his cock into me. I yelled and moaned with pleasure, “Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Fill my ass with cum! Please!” Big T continued to pump and piston his cock in me like a jackhammer. I couldn’t take much more, my cock erupted while he steadily impaled me with his cock. My body wrecked again with an orgasm from my ass and I felt him hold me tight to then feel him explode a wad of cum deep in my bowels.*

*Big T held me for a moment while we took in what just happened. The night air swiftly cooled down our sweaty bodies as our heavy and frantic breathing became more subdued. I held his face in my hands and gave him a quick kiss. I smiled and said, “Thanks for helping me big guy.” He replied, “Any time babe.” I thought it would be wise to get dressed in case my parents tried to come out and see what was taking me so long, so we did so. I locked up the barn and watched Big T drive off in his truck. I could feel the slickness between my ass because of his cum. I smiled and started to walk towards the house when I heard, “Looks like you and Big T had a good time young fella.” I stiffened up with shock and horror. I turned to see Phil, my Dad’s best friend who we just had dinner with.*

*“Your father asked what was taking you so long so I said I’d come check it out. Seems like you’re a little more like me than we thought. But instead of chasing tits and ass, you are chasing big ol’ cocks to go in your ass,” Phil chuckled. He sauntered over to me and grabbed a handful of butt cheeks. He growled in my ear, “You gotta real nice one on you too. Bet it made a real nice sound when he was fuckin you.” Phil released me and walked towards the house and yelled back, “Tomorrow night, my house. Unless you want your Daddy to know. Be a shame if Big Boy lost his job Over this.” I stood there frozen in place thinking, “What have I just gotten myself into?”*

# A Quick Stop On The Way Home

By Tito

*I left work early that afternoon. For once I would be home before dark. The day went by smoothly and I was able to make the early train. I settled down for the ride home and put my headphones on. I let my eyes fall on a dark-haired man about 35 years of age. He was handsome and sitting a few feet across from me. He was so comfortable and relaxed in his body. His legs were wide open, and I let my eyes follow the long line of his inner thigh to a full bulge under the cotton corduroy fabric. I felt the saliva well up under my tongue and had to bite my lower lip to prevent the drool from betraying my inner thoughts. The handsome passenger's hand moved slightly beside his bulge, and he started rubbing the crevice of his thigh with his long fingers. I took a deep breath, suddenly becoming self aware as I met his eyes. He smiled with a knowing smirk. I felt naked. The train stopped and he got up. He walked past me and nudged my knee with his leg and gave me a little wink. I was weak with desire, shame and excitement.*

*I was still two stops away from home but I jumped out of the train moments before the doors closed. The stranger was already going up the stairs. He stopped half way up and our eyes met again. He smiled again and motioned for me to follow him with a simple nod of his head. I obeyed immediately. He remained about 50 feet ahead of me for two blocks. He never looked back. The handsome man stopped at a 4-story brick building and disappeared into the alley beside it. I turned into the alley, and he was leaning on the wall waiting for me. I looked up at him and quickly looked down. He introduced himself as Danny and asked if I wanted to come up to his apartment for a beer. I said yes and looked up with a shy smile. He said it was cute how nervous I was. We entered through the side door and took the service elevator to the fourth floor.*

*The apartment was large with floor to ceiling windows overlooking the river. Danny walked over to the fridge and pulled out two cold beers and handed me one. I had taken one sip when he asked if I wanted to watch a movie. He turned the tv on. The movie was already playing. The screen showed two men. One standing over the other with his hard dick out. The other man was on his knees waiting in supplication. The Dominant man stuck his cock in the others' mouth and began to rock his hips back and forth into the*

*willing throat. Even with a dick in his mouth, the sub moaned with pleasure and desperation.*

*Somehow Danny had pulled my deepest fantasies from my brain and played them back for me. He leaned over and asked me if I liked this. I was breathless and could only muster a nod in agreement. Danny stood up and blocked my view. He had his hands on his hips. His bulge had grown. My mind was going crazy. I wanted to pound my face into his manhood but was too afraid to move. I looked up at him. He was magnificent.*

*There he was, looking down on me with that smirk. He told me to get on my knees. His voice broke me from my paralytic state. I could move again and did as he said. "Kiss it" he said. Danny's voice had become breathy and deep. I leaned forward and kissed the visible outline of his cock head. I kissed it once, twice, maybe three times. I don't remember ever stopping. I was lost in the feeling of being at his service. I relished the pressure of his hard dick on my soft lips. I let my lips wander the length of his cock kissing it.*

*I placed my hands on his meaty thighs to balance myself. I was in a trance. I began using my tongue, applying pressure to the ridge of his head and gently squeezing it with my lips. "Fuck yeah" Danny said. "Suck on it". I sucked it through his pants. I opened my mouth and put as much of his bulge into my mouth as I could. "Take it out", He said. This time I could talk, but all I could muster was a weak, "yeah?". "Do you want it?", he asked. "Yes please" I heard myself say. He didn't have to ask me again. I undid his belt and unbuttoned his fly. Danny took control and pulled it out. He waved his beautiful cock around like a trophy. He swiveled his hips and it bounced on my cheeks a couple times. Danny grabbed his cock and said, "stick out your tongue". He rubbed the underside of his cock all over my mouth and tongue. My own dick was wet with pre cum.*

*I don't know what came over me, but I grabbed his cock and started sucking on it like my life depended on it. And at that moment it did. I couldn't think outside of his cock being in my mouth. At that moment his cock was all there was. Danny grabbed my head and started pumping his cock in and out of my mouth. He hit the back of my throat and I gagged a little. "Are you okay?" he asked. I was sad I couldn't take all of him down my throat. I said*

*I was fine and went back to sucking on that delicious dick head. I heard myself saying, "I love your cock" between thrusts. Danny said, "show me". I tried deep throating him again and this time I was able to hold out for a little longer. "Good boy" he said "You're going to be my good little cocksucker". This drove me wild. The thought of being his was serotonin to my brain. "Fuck yeah" I said, "I'm yours.... I'm your cocksucker".*

*Danny pulled his pants and underwear further down to below his knees and grabbed his cock out of my wet mouth. I whimpered at the loss of my new obsession. "Lick my balls" he said. I did as I was told. I lapped up his balls like a good little slut. The scent of him was intoxicating. He was clean but there was a salty musk that emanated from his bush. I inhaled all of it as I licked and nestled those perfectly round balls in my mouth. He stood over me and told me to open my mouth wide as he dunked his scrotum into my waiting mouth. I wrapped my arms around his thighs and worshipped his balls as he moaned with pleasure. "Do you like sucking my balls?" he asked. "Yes sir" I said. I started sucking the base of his shaft as I massaged his exquisite cock against my cheek. "Oh yeah baby, suck it" he cooed. "Make love to it". And he was right. I was making love to his cock.*

*At that moment all I could think of was pleasing his cock. I tried to show him how much I wanted to please him. I took his cock in my mouth again. I sucked on it as lovingly as I could. I wrapped my arms around his thighs and pushed his body deeper into mine. I wanted only this. Only his dick in my mouth. He pumped my throat for a few minutes before pulling out and told me to sit down on the couch. He straddled me and rubbed his balls in my mouth again as he pumped his cock. I worshipped those balls and kissed his thighs. I begged for his cock. "I want to suck it more" I said. He was pleased. "Do you want my cum?" he asked. "Yes Danny, please...cum in my mouth". He thrust back into my mouth.*

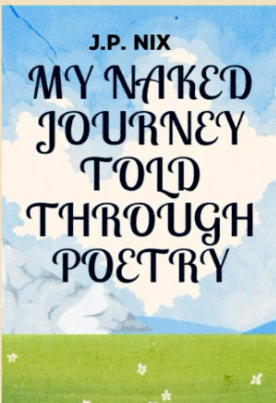
*I was in heaven. I was a willing sex toy. He grabbed the sides of my face and massaged my neck as I worshipped his beautiful cock. After a moment his body began to tense up and his breathing became louder. "I'm gonna cum baby" he whispered. I grabbed his ass and pushed him deeper into my throat. I could feel my gag reflex wanting to eject his cock out of my mouth, but I was not going to let that happen. I held on as his dick began to pulse and shoot hot creamy ropes of semen down my throat. I began*

to whimper in a weird mix of desperation and satisfaction. Danny was full voice moaning now, "Oh yeah baby swallow my cum... drink it all". I drank all of it. I kept sucking even after all his cum had gone down my esophagus.

"You really love that cock" he said. He was right. I got a little embarrassed and let his dick fall from my lips. Danny laughed a little, "It's okay" he said.... you can keep on sucking it if you want". "I want to suck it everyday" I said. "I want to be your personal cocksucker". Danny smiled grabbed my face and started rubbing his cock all over my face and lips. "Yeah....you want to be my little cock sucking slut? You want to blow me everyday?". "Yes please" I pleaded. His dick was resting on my lips as I kissed it. "Okay you'll be my cock slave from now on", Danny proclaimed. His cock slave, that was it. It sounded so right. I was a slave to his cock. A slave to pleasing it.

I left his apartment with a spring in my step. I had found my place that day. On my knees, between his legs, with his cock in my mouth.

A 5on1 Magazine content contributor



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# Let Me Fix Your Husband

By Erotically Written

*“Sex is supposed to be an event between individuals, with love and affection entrenched within. Sex is an emotional exchange, to where parties involved are connected, physically and emotionally.”*

*Yeah, that’s bullshit. Those words came from the same marriage counselor who was collecting me and my ex-wife’s money, in order to salvage our marriage when it was at a stage of skeletal remains (by the way, he blew my cock two days after that session). Love and affection within sex disappeared when my wife got caught getting eaten out by the mailman. I’d actually have a turn with him, too, a month after our divorce, as I’d already packed up and moved out, put the place on the market for renting, and caught him “checking for her.”*

*“No partner, we’re now divorced, and she’s been ordered to find a new property to make her habitat,” I told him.*

*He seemed broken up, then I reminded him that he was a prime reason she was no longer living at that house, that she was married and their tryst was the issue. Next thing I knew, I took him to the back deck of the house, pulled down his little blue postal worker shorts, and fucked the dog shit out of him, as pleasure for me, and punishment for him, regardless of how he thinks he enjoyed it (and he’d want more, but the next day, I was on a flight out of the city to California, never speaking to him again). I could blame their rendezvous, but in essence, me being “curious” could’ve been an issue, too, though I never made it known to her I was wanting to play with men. Ultimately, we just grew apart, marriage, kids grew, and new seasons for both of us. Our divorce wasn’t bitter, but we never spoke again once the case was settled in court, just talking and handling our bubbles with our four adult children.*

*One reason I loved California: a fresh start. When my divorce finalized, I rented out my home in North Carolina, picked up everything and moved to Lakewood, a small municipality tucked between Los Angeles and Long Beach. I’d visited years prior when we had in-laws that lived there, and I loved it, even tried to convince her to pack up and move there. This was around the time our differences were glaring, outside of the bedroom, and I kept*

*this area in mind. I bought a small, quaint little two bedroom, two bathroom property here, and prospered in perfect harmony. I got a rapport with the neighbors, mainly Chad and Lisa, who lived in a slightly larger home to the right of me. They were two former U.S. Air Force officers, parents to three, and grands to seven, and we'd hit it off quite well, especially when they found I was from the east coast.*

*"We both had stints at Fort Bragg, and loved it, so we're familiar," they'd tell me.*

*We had a little mini barbecue, their way of welcoming me to the area as Chad placed some steaks on the grill, and Lisa prepared a salad, as well as macaroni cheese and mashed potatoes. We burned a fire, ate dinner, and drank wine, talking about life, as well as them trying to get to know me, and vice versa.*

*"Yeah, I'm a recent divorcee," I told them.*

*"Oh Jack, I'm so sorry, bud," Lisa said. "How long were you hitched?"*

*"A little over 30 years," I told them.*

*We continued to chat about life, them discussing how they enjoyed their lives. We'd become real close quickly due to this barbecue, as there was a "no inhibition" zone established between me and them. So when three weeks passed, and Lisa was on my doorstep one morning, asking to come over and have coffee, I let her in with no problem. Crazy thing about it, 30 minutes into her visit, I had her naked on my couch, laying back with her legs spread, as I let my tongue take her temperature on her clitoris. After that, she was riding this fat, Native American cock, squirming and squirting all over my nice furniture.*

*"What would Chad think about this," I asked.*

*"Like we said, there are no pullbacks between us. You see Jack, thing is, he needs a good tune up," she told me. "It's like my husband, is losing a step, maybe not a fault of his own, but he needs a tune up."*

*Translation: she wanted to have a threesome between us. We'd talked more and I'd learn this, and internally I was laughing, for it sounded similar to what me and the ex went through. The best*

*part however was their honesty, versus the way me and my ex handled things.*

*"I'd think about it," I told her.*

*Chad wasn't my type, as I usually liked slim, black guys, to pounce on. I also wondered if he would enjoy being fucked, because I wasn't about to bottom for anyone. A few days had passed and Lisa would text me.*

*"So what's up, whatcha think," she asked.*

*"Would this be his first time with a guy," I asked.*

*"No, he bottomed years prior, and he even let me fuck him with a strap on once. I got so mad at him because he shot his cum all over our eldest's clothes when she was little," she told me.*

*I burst into laughter. All this, combined the way it was, was a first. She put me at ease when she said he was a bottom. I agreed to it, and that following weekend, we had drinks at my place to let the events unfold.*

*"I hope you two like pizza, because I ain't unpacked any cookware yet," I told them.*

*"Damn dude, you're pathetic," Chad joked.*

*I ordered us a couple pizzas, and mixed some drinks, as we sat, sipped and waited in the living room, while a movie played on television. I laid back in my lounge chair, with the two of them sitting on the large couch. Chad would get up, then come to me, and start kissing me.*

*"Wait, hold on, we gotta wait for the pizza," I told him.*

*"I'll get the pizza, you two continue," she said.*

*I got a closer look at Chad to see just how handsome he really was. I was 64, maybe four or five years older than him, with his thick salt and pepper mustache, buzz cut, slight belly, and nice ass. I slid my hand in his shirt, and tugged his left nipple, as he moaned.*

*"Is this what you really want," I asked.*

*"It is," he responded.*

*“Come on, let’s go to the bedroom,” I whispered.*

*He helped me up and I had him follow me, while Lisa stayed in the living room, waiting for the food.*

*“You two better not cum before I get in there,” she yelled.*

*“Well, if he blows, he blows,” I joked.*

*I got his clothes off and got him on all fours, while I ate his hole, licked his nuts, and sucked his cock from behind. I loved his fat, hairy ass. His little pink hole puckered a lot, as I kept working back and forth with my tongue.*

*“Yeah, you just want to get that hole wrecked, don’t you, slut,” I said.*

*“Oh man, I ain’t been fucked in so long. I’d love some cock inside my hole,” he said.*

*I turned him around, as I heard the doorbell, then Lisa exchanging words with the pizza guy, before shutting the door and grabbing the food. She ran into the kitchen to drop off the food on the counter, then came into the room, just in time to see me sucking on his moobs, as he had his legs wrapped around me.*

*“You two fuckers have me so wet right now,” she said.*

*“Bitch, stop talking, get into the proper uniform and join us,” I said.*

*She would. She wedged herself under him, and he buried his face in that twat, as I got on my knees to plant my cock in that ass of his. I grabbed the lube I kept on the nearby nightstand, then smeared some on his hole, then jerked my cock in the remainder. He had Lisa moaning, motorboating that pussy, as I slid into him from behind. I took it slow, as he was very rigid. It almost hurt to put it in, and I’d lose a hard on for a second, having to stroke my cock a little to entice it to enter. I ended up having to punch it in, and make him jump in the process.*

*“Easy, easy,” I whispered to him.*

*I ended up getting it all the way in, then pulling it out. I repeated this, while rubbing his big ball sack from behind. Lisa was enjoying the view, seeing my slim body pump into her lard like hubby.*

*“Tune him up, Jack,” she begged. “Oh fuck, tune him good.”*

*After a few minutes his tight hole would open up, and I’d do what she asked, pushing my meat all the way in, then pulling it to the edge. I gyrated my hips at times to get a real feel of his hole, then plunge in deeper. He would moan, while that mustached mouth was in her pussy.*

*“Honey, I want some of that cock, too,” she told Chad.*

*“But I ain’t done yet,” he said.*

*“I know, but I really need some cock in my twat,” she begged.*

*I pulled out of Chad and moved from behind him, then Chad got up, with Lisa to follow. Lisa turned over, getting to the edge of the bed on all fours like her husband, but we switched it up on her a tad.*

*I got on the bed instead.*

*“Oh, so you want me to ride that cock,” she asked me.*

*“Sure,” I said, with a devilish grin.*

*Chad and I were on the same page, not having to say a word as she climbed on my dick, and he came behind her, and extended his cock inside her ass. She would be double fucked. Not once did she reject us, as she rode my dick, and Chad somehow inserted himself in her anus. She screamed, moaned, hollered, while she was getting two out of three of her holes filled.*

*“Yeah bitch, you wanted this, you wanted me to get tuned up,” Chad said, while grabbing her neck from behind. “Ride that fat dick.”*

*Her pussy felt like a glove wrapped around my dick, a result I guess of her body getting overly stimulated. I grabbed onto her tits while she bounced up and down, enjoying the sight of her husband doing her as me. We kept that up for maybe 10 minutes, until Chad got tired, or so he’d say.*

*“Ride his face, babe, I want to ride that cock some more, catch my breath,” he told her.*

*She would, putting her juicy snatch on my lips, as I sucked on that*

*clit. She grabbed ahold of those tits and rode my face as I tugged at that thing, and Chad hopped on my dick, bouncing up and down. She'd let go of one hand, reaching back to jerk him off. He wouldn't ride for long, as he would blow a load all over the place, around the same time this tramp squirted all over my face. When he emptied his nuts, she let go of that cock, then left my glazed face in the process.*

*"That was fucking hot, I was able to make both of you cum," I said.*

*"Now its our turn," she said.*

*They both planted themselves between my legs, as I had them raised. Chad ate and fingered my ass (I enjoyed a finger every now and then), and Lisa put those pretty, little lips around my cock, sucking me all the way to the base, and never gagging or letting go, until I was ready to cum. I'd warned her and she let go, jerking my dick to see me release my load. Chad took his tongue out of my ass long enough to rub my nuts with his finger tips, and I'd give them a show they asked for as I climaxed a huge load.*

*"Oh baby, he cums like a geyser," Chad said. "Guess he needed a tune up, too."*

*That nut was incredible. They both "cleaned" me up, licking up the residue, then kissing each other. From that point, Lisa would thank me, for Chad became an animal in the bedroom all over again.*

*A story by a 5on1 Magazine contributor*

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