

# 5on1 Magazine

A NSFW Masturbation Publication

Issue Six

*Intended only for adult smut consumers*



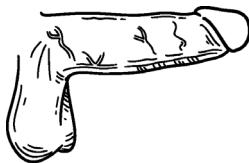
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### 5on1

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

# About 5on1 Magazine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Curse

By Oni6874

*The soft light of the rising sun filters through the curtains, illuminating the contours of Wyatt's muscular and tanned body as he sleeps. Max can't help but admire the strong curve of his shoulders, watching them rise and fall with each peaceful breath. It's moments like these on the weekends that fill Max with joy and a sense of euphoria - knowing that he has found a man as ruggedly handsome as Wyatt to love. But admiring him in this way also stirs up feelings of desire, and he feels a familiar heat building in his own body, a warm sensation spreading down through his groin. He knows all too well that staring at Wyatt like this will only lead to trouble, but in this moment, he can't resist indulging in his desires.*

*He silently gets out of bed and removes his tank top, feeling a spark of anticipation. He then hooks his fingers inside the waistband of his briefs and slides them down, quietly dropping them to the floor. The thought of Wyatt and their bodies entwined has him throbbing, and he slips back into bed, pressing against Wyatt's muscular form under the sheets.*

*Wyatt barely registers the movement and unconsciously presses himself back against Max's body. Max starts by innocently spooning him, tracing his hands over Wyatt's toned hips and up to his chiseled abs and firm chest. But then, his intentions become more mischievous, and he says a quiet word of gratitude that Wyatt only sleeps in boxers as he slowly begins to pull them down his athletic legs.*

*After being in a relationship for two years, he knows Wyatt's most aroused in the early morning, and with little effort, he inches his way into his awaiting ass. To his delight, Wyatt responds by pushing back onto him with a soft sigh. Max grins and places one hand on Wyatt's hip and the other on his stomach. There isn't much of a noticeable difference there yet, but that's expected since he's just begun, and the curse hasn't had enough time to take effect.*

*The funny thing about Max is he's been cursed since a young age. He was always destined to be a heartbreaker, with his early*

*physical development and chiseled features. Dark auburn whiskers and matching hair covered his chest, stomach, and legs by the time he was sixteen, making him appear older than his years, but it was at eighteen when everything changed. His once innocent blue eyes had begun to smolder with an alluring intensity, and that's when his mother discovered his sexual orientation. Growing up in a devoutly religious family, she saw his homosexuality as a curse from God and sought out a dubious spiritual healer who claimed to have the power to rid Max of his "affliction." The healer, a mysterious and unsettling woman with dark eyes and an aura of darkness, performed a ritual meant to purge Max of his identity.*

*The elderly woman used her powers to curse Max, ensuring that whenever he took pleasure from a man, the object of his affection would suddenly swell with child and remain that way for two days before it faded away. This was intended to discourage any romantic pursuits and keep Max on the righteous path in the eyes of God and, for many years, the curse succeeded, and Max remained chaste. However, it only took one man who found the enchantment arousing for the curse to become a blessing.*

*Max begins his movements with a slow, deliberate pace. He eases himself into Wyatt's tightness feeling his dick slowly being sucked in, and his body trembles with pleasure. Max glides his hand over Wyatt's chiseled abdomen, moving over his belly button and coming to a stop just before dipping into his pubic area. This is the spot that Max loves most, and he feels the smallest surge of pressure from the surface of Wyatt's belly as it pushes outward, causing a grin to stretch across Max's face.*

*As much as he enjoys being inside him, Max longs for the curve of Wyatt's belly so he starts to rock his hips back until he meets resistance against Wyatt's ass, and then he begins a steady rhythm of pumping in and out of him. Wyatt lets out a soft, pleasurable moan as he begins to register what's happening, and he responds eagerly, pressing himself even closer to Max. Taking this as a sign to continue, Wyatt increases his pace, causing his entire length to disappear inside. A drawn-out groan erupts from Wyatt's mouth as Max's force ripples through his body, including his new burgeoning belly which is starting to bounce slightly with each impact.*

*Max cups Wyatt's bulging midsection, feeling the skin strain against his hand as he grows heavier with each gentle thrust. Keeping a slow and steady rhythm, Max gives Wyatt deep penetration as they both moan in pleasure. As their passion builds, Wyatt's sleep crumbles, and he becomes more awake.*

*"Oh my god, babe, you give it to me so good," he breathes sleepily into the pillow.*

*Max chuckles and leans in close, his nose tickled by Wyatt's short dark hair as he whispers in his ear, "I'm happy you're enjoying it; your already getting big."*

*Wyatt pauses his hip movements and places his hands gingerly on his hairy belly. It has grown significantly, almost as if he was six months pregnant. As Max continues to move in and out, Wyatt can feel it expanding further, but Max keeps his hand still, content to feel the growth from his favorite spot as Wyatt's belly begins to overflow from his grasp.*

*Now fully alert, Wyatt is fueled with determination and purpose as he eagerly rides Max's cock. His vigorous pace outpaces Max's gentle thrusts, causing his body to rapidly grow and transform. His gut continues to expand outward, his chest softening and expanding, his buttocks swelling to provide more for Max to penetrate, and they both have to readjust as Wyatt's hips and thighs thicken.*

*"I, I'm close ..." Max tries to say, the intense pleasure overwhelming him.*

*"Do it!" Wyatt gasps in response. "Make me bigger!"*

*The sensation of Wyatt's growing belly, the electric feel of his ass, and his thrill of blowing his lover up become too much for Max, and he can't hold back any longer. He thrusts inside of Wyatt, succumbing to the waves of climax that ignite in his loins, and with each twitch and ejaculation, Wyatt's stomach surges with growth.*

*"Yes!" Wyatt bellows. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"*

*As Max climaxes, he can feel Wyatt's belly vigorously expanding against his hand. It has been big before, but now it's grown so firm and large it's pushing Max's arm up and forcing him to give up his favorite spot. Wyatt's moans become louder as his body continues*

to grow and change, the sensations overwhelming him. Max gives one final shudder before pulling out, collapsing onto the bed next to Wyatt. They both lay there breathless and sweaty, taking in the sight of Wyatt's massive round belly that now dominates his body.

"Wow," Max says between pants, "You really wanted to be bigger."

Wyatt grins and rubs his hands over his midsection, feeling its firmness and weight. "I couldn't help it; the thought of growing for you is just so hot."

Max nods in agreement, still in awe that he's found a man who embraces his curse. He leans in to kiss him deeply, their bellies pressing together as they do so.

"Let me finish you off," Max says between kisses, enjoying the scrape of Wyatt's dark beard across his lips when he speaks.

The arch eyebrow answer, his lips to chest, his across each and he

he's caused. are now rounded, milk and against his and he cups them in his palms to feel their weight.

**He adjusts his grip on Wyatt's cock, tightening his hand around the throbbing shaft...**

of Wyatt's gives Max his and he moves Wyatt's ample tongue flicking swollen nipple, marvels at the transformation Wyatt's pecs heavy and filled with straining once-firm body,

The sensation of Max stimulating his sensitive nipples sends waves of pleasure coursing through Wyatt's body, and then Max's fingers reach down to grip Wyatt's waiting cock. He squeezes gently, causing Wyatt to gasp, and with each stroke of his hand, Wyatt arches his back, his hips instinctively pushing forward into the firm grip. Pleasure dances across his face as he loses himself in the sensation as Max continues to explore Wyatt's body with his mouth, leaving a trail of wet kisses down his plump belly, swirling around his furry navel before finally descending to his swollen balls.

*The softness and weight of Wyatt's body only adds to his heightened arousal, and he can feel himself teetering on the brink of climax. Max senses Wyatt's impending release, and he adjusts his grip on Wyatt's cock, tightening his hand around the throbbing shaft. With each stroke, he brings Wyatt closer to the edge, and as Wyatt's pleasure reaches its zenith, a euphoric cry escapes his lips as thick steams of semen shoot onto his velvety underbelly, leaving glistening trails across the curve of his stomach.*

*"Thanks for the morning treat," Wyatt says, panting heavily and out of breath. "Best way to wake up on a Saturday."*

*"Thank you," Max counters, and they lay in contented bliss for a few more minutes, basking in the afterglow of their intense morning encounter.*

*Feeling a rumble in his stomach, Wyatt shifts slightly and looks down at his new round belly with a satisfied smile. He always feels hungry after growing a new gut, and this time was no exception. Max notices his hungry look and offers to go make them some breakfast.*

*"Mmm, that sounds amazing," Wyatt says, rubbing his hands over his belly. "I could use some sustenance after all that growing."*

*Max chuckles and quickly cleans up, putting on his tank top and underwear before heading off to the kitchen. He makes them both some coffee, a bagel with cream cheese, and then he snags an extra banana for Wyatt on his way back.*

*As he enters the room, Wyatt tries to sit up, struggling against his new mass. Max laughs; it's always adorable how clumsy Wyatt gets with a new gut. He finally manages to sit upright and balance himself against the headboard, and he reaches for his food. Max crawls back into bed as he hands it to him.*

*"Thanks, I need this!" Wyatt says and immediately sets about devouring everything.*

*Max picks up his bagel in one hand and uses his other to rub Wyatt's perfectly hairy and round abdomen. "So you're not mad? Are you even going to be able to work on Monday?"*



Wyatt takes another big bite of bagel and shrugs. "It's construction, babe, and it's December. I'll just throw on a big sweatshirt and jacket, and no one will notice.

*I'll find something I can work on mostly by myself, and it will be fine for a day."*

*After they both finish eating, Max gets up to take their dishes to the sink. As he heads towards the door, his eyes can't help but linger on Wyatt, who's caressing his stomach while absent-mindedly scrolling through his phone. Max enters the kitchen and places the dishes in the sink before getting a mischievous idea. He quickly slips out of his clothes again and leaves them in the hallway before returning to the bedroom completely naked. Sitting down on the chair next to the dresser, Max takes in the sight of his tanned and exceedingly well-fed construction worker boyfriend and instantly becomes aroused once again.*

*Wyatt seems too engrossed to notice. "Hey, since you got me pretty big this time, I was hoping we could go shopping. Maybe grab a couple of larger shirts and -" he stops talking and looks up. "What're you...," bit in that instant, he put the pieces together and his eyes go wide. "No! Don't!"*

*Max grabs his cock and begins furiously pleasuring himself. The interesting thing about the curse is the ambiguous nature of its wording. If Max derives pleasure from a man, that man will gain weight. He discovered back in college, when he lived adjacent to a very attractive teacher's assistant, that if he thought about him while he pleased himself and he was close by, the curse would take effect.*

*As he looks over at Wyatt's fattened body and furiously strokes, he sees an immediate pulse of growth push his belly out against his hands. Wyatt gasps and presses his palms against his stomach. His belly is already large, too heavy and unwieldy for him to quickly get up and stop Max, but he tries, pushing himself up from the mattress a bit. Max quickens his pace and Wyatt's belly springs forward another inch, causing his big arms to tremble before he falls back into the bed. "Ugh!" Wyatt grunts as he goes back to holding his belly. "Fuck, I'm so big!" he says, his tone distressed, but Max notices him biting his lip at the end.*

*Max slows his strokes so he can enjoy the growth, knowing Wyatt won't fight it anymore. As Wyatt's belly grows in size, he arches his back and rubs his thighs together. He knits his brows together as he grunts and moans. He closes his eyes and takes a sharp breath as he slides his hands around the bottom of his belly.*

*"No, I'm so big!" he grunts, opening his big brown eyes wide. "I can't hide this belly!"*

*"I don't want you to hide it," Max says with a wicked grin, continuing to pump himself up and down. "I want you so big you can't even work on Monday."*

*"Fuckkk," Wyatt winces as his growth intensifies, and his belly starts to sag legs apart.*

*flattens starts to and his pecs like small increasingly Wyatt arms to around growing the other stimulate that is*

***...Max grabs his cock and begins furiously pleasuring himself...***

*and force his His belly button out and then poke back out, fill and hang melons from his bigger chest. uses one of his try and scoop his massively stomach, while attempts to his manhood slipping further*

*and further out of reach. Although he may have resisted at first, it's clear he's now giving in to the pleasure and seeking release.*

*Wyatt's belly is getting exceptionally large, and his tanned skin is gradually replaced with a coppery glow as his stomach stretches to accommodate his new incredible girth. He is just so impossibly large, and even though Wyatt has climaxed only a short time ago, he's getting close watching Wyatt's fruitless struggle against his swelling figure, his hands desperately seeking the need for satisfaction he can no longer provide himself as his belly presses out further and further. With every inch of growth, Wyatt squirms and grunts as he struggles with his size.*

*"I think I'm gonna—" Max says before the overwhelming pleasure cuts him off.*

Wyatt's eyes fly open. "No! Don't cum! Please!" he yells breathlessly, his hands already struggling to reach around his massive globe. He gives two hissing breaths, panting between clenched teeth. "I'm gonna pop!"

Max feels himself cross the line, his balls clenching and filling to the brim. "Too late," he says as he staggers to his feet. He gets to the side of the bed, finishes his last stroke as his cock begins to twitch. Rope after rope of cum shoots from his cock, covering Wyatt's immense stomach as it quivers, the coming growth spurt rumbling just beneath the surface. The cum splatters over his now leaking breasts and clings to his drum tight belly just as the force beneath surges forward. His growth is so forceful, Wyatt physically tries to hold back his belly with his two hands, his fingers sliding across the surface as he lets loose a wail and involuntary climaxes all over the bed.

Max stands there for a moment, unable to keep the smile from his face. Wyatt is just so massive, and though he's still groaning and breathing heavily, he can't keep his hands off himself. Max can't blame him; he's so big and beautiful, and he wants to keep him like this always.

## Just a reminder



**Literally every man plays  
with himself.**

# Black or Brown Cock Only?

By Erotically Written

*Keith learned he “could do” ANY cock, especially when it’s “so accessible.”*

*I couldn’t help that I preferred brown or black cock.*

*My first guy was Sean, a grocery store clerk who I inadvertently flirted with one day while in my late 20s, when me and the now ex-wife started seeing our differences. I went to grab baby formula and left with his number, as the tall, caramel skinned charmer and I discussed politics and just hit it off. Two days after, I was on my knees in his garage while his wife was gone, sucking my first dick, not knowing that I would become addicted.*

*“Just call me and say the word, and I’ll rearrange my schedule to give it up, “ he told me.*

*After four meetups of me blowing him, he took my anal virginity, on a day which he came by the house while my kids were in school and the wife was out handling business. I took the day off as I figured I needed time to recuperate, and he stopped by that morning to help me “clean,” then afterwards dug into not only my anus, but my soul, chiseling that nine inch dick while I laid on my stomach until he got me open and pounded me to the heavens. It hurt like hell at first, but once he found my spot, I didn’t want him to stop, and off and on for three hours he used my hole until he bred me. No other man that was Caucasian, Asian, or any other lighter complexion could give me what I wanted, as I might’ve been considered racist in a sense but I loved the contrast, and the style of a black, and later on Latino, man.*

*“So you don’t like white guys, at all,” Terry asked.*

*Terry was an older, chubby white guy who worked with me at the warehouse, as he was a forklift driver and I one of the managers. We’d cross paths at the building and were always cordial, but the married grandfather would also see me on hookup sites as he wanted to play with men on the side.*

*“Please man, I wanna fuck you,” he said constantly as he had a thing for younger chub guys, and loved me especially since I seemed the most accessible.*

*One day I broke it down to him on my preference and why, explaining how I was wired and couldn’t be changed.*

*“Well, I’d at least like to watch you get fucked. You know Alvin,” he asked me as we messaged back and forth.*

*Alvin was the supervisor for the forklift drivers and someone I talked the most trash to about sports and other points of debate. Each Monday before our weekly meetings, the divorced father and I would go back and forth, joking, laughing, and carrying on about things as he would be the one to “pick,” and we’d harbor a light hearted, group discussion each time until our supervisors addressed the crowd.*

*“You telling me Alvin wants to fuck me? Terry, that’s a huge assumption, “ I told him.*

*Terry would text me away from the site, sending me screenshot after screenshot of text messages between he and Alvin stating how’d they love to “spit roast” me. I was shocked, as Alvin, who might’ve been in the same age bracket as me, wasn’t necessarily on my radar, but I for sure thought he was handsome as fuck. I’d never looked at his dick for the simple fact I heard rumors he loved to pounce on the young girls from the dispatch office, but this had my full interest.*

*“It’s hard for him lots of times to play like he wants, but mark my words Alvin wants to fuck you,” Terry concluded.*

*The next morning I came to the building early, being one of the first in the warehouse as I walked around, scouring the place hoping to find Alvin.*

*“Looking for me,” I heard a familiar voice say from feet away.*

*I turned around and would see Alvin’s silhouette, as he stood just an inch taller than me at six foot one. He walked closer to me then asked if I spoke with Terry.*

*“He told me everything, “ I said before looking down and seeing the bulge in his jeans.*

*“So what we gonna do about it,” he asked.*

*“There’s only one thing to do,” I told him as I started grinning.*

*We agreed to link up after work that day, a Friday, as long as Terry could come and watch. I messaged Terry after our agreement, thanking him and letting him know my address. The nine hour shift seemed to move slow as I wouldn’t see Terry or Alvin at all until 5 p.m. when they were pulling into my driveway in their pickups. I was already clean and naked for I figured we had no time to waste. I left my front door unlocked and laid on the couch, and minutes after they pulled into the driveway they were walking*

*through my both spoke, say a word them to and tend followed with Terry to me first, I claimed cock, his six*

*...He pushed back in fully, then out completely...*

*front door. They and I wouldn’t as I expected get undressed to me. They the assignment, coming over and although not to do white to eight inch*

*prick was oozing precum and looking too tasty to pass up.*

*“I knee you’d suck it,” he said to me once I sat up on the couch and began blowing him.*

*Alvin, whose cock was much longer, and thicker than Terry’s, stood beside Terry and watched us as he stroked that “black mamba.” I was a little intimidated by Alvin’s size as I for sure hadn’t experienced such a meaty cock, but I gave it a lick anyway, then a full blown gorging as i tried my damndest to get him down my throat.*

*“Got the best of both worlds right now,” he said to me as I made love to that sweet meat.*

*He also precame a lot as I could feel his pulse through that hard shaft, and I was hooked to pulling on that prick with my lips. I’d go back to Terry when Alvin mentioned he wanted to eat my ass, and so I continued blowing Terry while turning my body to get on all fours so Alvin could play from behind. “Now we’re talking,” I heard him say as he bent to the floor and got behind me, then spread my cheeks in order to give my tight hole a good tongue lashing.*

*I whimpered and cringed as I didn't notice how long of a tongue Alvin had until it was deep in my ass. He flickered that device in such a way that made my hole spasm, and my body jolt as I already loved being rimmed, but this was another level. He'd end up pounding his face against my butt while tongue fucking me, and Terry face fucked me as he was turned on by my moans. Terry wouldn't last five minutes as he filled my mouth with cum, grunting and wailing at a high spit while that cock spit in my mouth. He pulled away when he finished then Alvin, with that massive dick, entered my slushy hole from behind, as I normally would get wet if rimmed properly.*

*"You a leaky bitch," he said as he pressed that monster against my flower, then pushed in.*

*I buried my head into a pillow while spreading my cheeks. It felt like when Sean first fucked me some almost 30 years prior as I wasn't used to something so large infiltrating my hold, but here we were, with Alvin having absolute delight plowing me.*

*"Finally got that ass," Terry said as he watched from the side. "Got damn, look at that pussy!"*

*My hole was stretched to the extreme while Alvin was still, with his entire penis inside of me to the maximum as my hole was in shock. He rubbed on my ass as I tried getting used to it, and Terry would come over and rub my tits as that seemed to send waves through my body. I loved my tits played with and he began pulling on my nipples, then cupping my entire breasts before Alvin slowly pulled out of me.*

*"Listen to that pussy talk back," he said as my hole "belched" from the air pressure.*

*He pushed back in fully, then out completely, and I'd feel my hole dancing to the repeat assault as the orgasms came rapid fire.*

*"Look at you cumming all on this dick," Alvin said as he was elated to finally get me open.*

*All he had to do was be patient, and he would be rewarded with my sweet pussy as it had a mind of its own. He didn't pound me hard, just repeat, slow motion of digging me in and out as he would swivel those hips to give my ass tunnel the full effect, hitting my spot constantly and making me one noisy, fat white bitch.*

*Alvin was taking me to a place I could remain, and that was his personal bottom for I didn't think another cock could pleasure my hole like his. The way he stretched me, him rubbing the prostate, and even going past the sphincter the way he did, no other man could do. The proof was evident as he turned my ass into squishy punching bag, as you could hear the waves crash when he tapped my bottom with his hips, and hear my twat curve to his girth each time. I was cloud nine getting fucked, plundered so good that I came from my cock in the duration without touching myself. Terry let go of my tits only for Alvin to grab hold as now he was pounding me, grabbing my chest to hold on. That dick seemed to feel better and better, and I ultimately became wetter as he rushed my guts, rearranging my insides until he couldn't give another thrust.*

*"Shit, you got me ready to cum," he mumbled.*

*The next breath he stopped to plant his dick deep inside, and I'd feel plentiful squirts of his cum shooting erratically.*

*"No one's cum that deep inside me," I told him.*

*He smacked my ass and pulled out, then slapped five with Terry before they sat on the floor for a minute to catch their breath. They wouldn't remain long, but Alvin promised to drop by another time for Part Two.*

*"You sure you don't wanna do white guys still," Terry said with a chuckle before the both of them would leave.*

*I'd get up to clean out and shower, then spray the living room with air freshener after sanitizing the furniture, then went to look in the bathroom mirror to see my hole swollen, after feeling like a golf ball was between my cheeks. I got dressed and was on a high knowing I could take such a big cock, and moreover I was no longer into just one type of cock, but any cock.*

**Porn is fantasy,  
not reality!**





## Letter from a Jailed Husband

By Barsvontrier

My Dearest Wife,

*I hope you are well. I miss you and the kids very much and think about you every day. I know me being locked up hasn't been easy for you, but I also know that you are strong and together we will get through this. After all, "For better or for worse."*

*Anyway, I need to talk to you about something very important to me, which will come as a shock to you, but I love you, and you always told me you loved me for my honesty.*

*So here goes: I am forfeiting my parole hearing next month. I've already told my lawyer to not bother.*

*I know it sounds crazy, but the fact is I haven't repaid my debt to society yet, and I think me leaving prison early would deprive me of a real learning experience and my newfound purpose, which is to be the very best cock slut I can be. Yes, you read that correctly.*

*I've been reborn, honey. Your husband is now a prison cockslut. A bitch. And I love it. And my fellow inmates love me. And so do the guards.*

*It started on my first day, when I met my cellmate, Spider. He's 6'5, 200 pounds of muscle, covered in tattoos, and has a facial scar given to him by a rival biker gang leader he killed. He also has a fat, delicious cock and the most glorious set of balls you've ever seen.*

*Spider made me feel so comfortable and welcomed that within thirty minutes of meeting him I was on my knees with all his manhood in my mouth. He didn't have to threaten me in the least.*

*I had never thought of men sexually outside of prison and yet here I was, not even an hour into my sentence and I was gagging on one. He told me I was a natural, better than any women that had sucked him on the outside. I was shocked at how much I was enjoying myself. That compliment got me especially hard.*

*After what felt like fifteen minutes Spider pulled out my mouth and blew a load like a shotgun onto my face. I felt humiliated. Used. And I had cum in my pants. Spider laughed and assured me we were gonna have fun. And did we ever.*

*I was about to wipe the cum off my face and eat it until Spider ordered me to wash it off in the shower instead. I assumed he wanted me to walk there with his cum all over my face as a way of marking me as his territory to other prisoners. Sounded good to me.*

*As I walked the shower I was met with catcalls from other prisoners. It was funny. What I had initially feared before coming to prison was now flattering to me.*

*The showers were empty. I swallowed as much of Spider's cum as I could as it washed off my body. I thought about how much I missed our shower, our home, and our bed. All the plans we had before my sentence. But I was also thinking about what had just happened, and how different I felt. It was like an awakening.*

*My deep thinking was interrupted by the sound of whistling. I turned around and saw eight tall, muscular, Black muslims. Their leader, Kareem, informed me he was a friend of Spider's, and that he had highly recommended my mouth. I didn't think these guys were that big on homosexual acts, or White guys, but they certainly made an exception for me. Soon they were lined up and I sucked off every. Single. One. Most of them were even bigger than Spider was.*

*They took turns slapping me in the face with their mammoth cocks, making me sniff and lick them all over. Slobbering on them like the bitch in heat I was. I gobbled them up until they soaked*

*me with their seed, making the shower I had just taken entirely pointless.*

*Have you ever gotten cum in your hair? No, of course you haven't. You were always very vanilla in the bedroom. Especially when it came to blowjobs. In fact, I think the main reason I'm so good at what I do is by doing everything you never did for me. You know I love you, honey, but fellatio was never your forte.*

*Anyway, after my newfound friends finished fucking my face, I was left on the shower floor exhausted and soaked. I took a second shower right before it was bedtime. But as you might have guessed, I didn't get much sleep that night. Not because I was nervous, far from it. But because Spider introduced my ass to the wonderful world of gay sex. He started by turning my into a human hand puppet. It hurt at first, but eventually it fit like a glove and I was immediately enamored with the feeling of him inside me.*

*He pulled his hand out of me before pulling his big hard cock out. He didn't even need to tell me to suck it. After what felt like half an hour his cock was soaked in my slobber, lubed up and ready.*

*He took his time inside me. Grunting like an animal, whispering in my ear how I was his property, his to do with whatever he pleased. I loved it. He gave me little spanks, hits, slaps, and bites, but it was all out of love. It was welcoming. I knew I would be safe with Spider by my side. Or rather, inside.*

*Word spread pretty fast about my abilities. Soon everyone wanted a piece. The Muslims, the Latinos, the other bikers. Spider was more than happy to oblige them.*

*I've sucked nearly everybody in here, honey. Members of Spider's biker gang, the rival group he eventually made peace with, some members of MS-13 (who are actually very polite young men, despite what the media might tell you), not to mention one of the oldest prisoners in the yard, who's been locked up since 73'. I didn't think he'd be able to get hard, but he sure showed me. Oh, and don't worry dear, I've stayed true to our liberal sensibilities and refuse to do anything with the Aryan Brotherhood. They don't care for that, but with Spider's protection I have nothing to worry about. I also have the protection from the guards because they all get a turn with me every Sunday night. One of them even said I could show his wife a thing or two!*

*Prison is truly doing its job in rehabilitating me. I can't wait to be a better person once I'm outside. But I can't do that until I serve my full sentence. Again, me getting out early would only deprive me. My body might leave this place, but my mind wouldn't. I would spend every night next to you, staring at the ceiling wondering if Spider was getting sucked off enough, or if Tony, my favorite guard's balls were getting played with regularly. I can't do that to these people who mean so much to me. Like any good soldier, I refuse to abandon my mission.*

*I know it must be hard to read this, but I hope in the end you'll be proud of me for committing like this. I know you must miss me as much as I miss you, and I cannot wait to go back to our normal lives; PTA meetings, Christmas mornings, barbecues at your parents'. That will be so much sweeter after I've served my full term. We can still communicate via phone (provided my mouth isn't full) and letters like this. I also think you should come visit me sometime. I can tell you about my exploits in person, and you can tell me about your life at home.*

*We can finally make love again. That is, after the boys are done with me. I want you to watch me, your high school sweetheart, your husband and father of your children, take multiple cocks in both holes. Watch him surrender to his fellow inmates as they completely ravish him.*

*In fact, you could even get in on it. My boys would absolutely love your pussy and ass, and I know for damn sure they've never taken cocks as big as the ones in here. Trust me, honey, you'd love it. You'd get the fucking of your life. You would be in such deep ecstasy that you would never wanna leave. You'd know exactly how I feel.*

*Anyway, I have to go now. Spider just got back from a work out and needs someone to lick the sweat off his balls. I love you, honey, and I know you love me enough to understand. I look forward to your next letter and your next visit. Give my love to your folks and the kids.*

*Love, your husband.*

*P.S. When you visit can you bring some of your famous tuna casserole? I told Spider all about it and he is just dying to try some.*



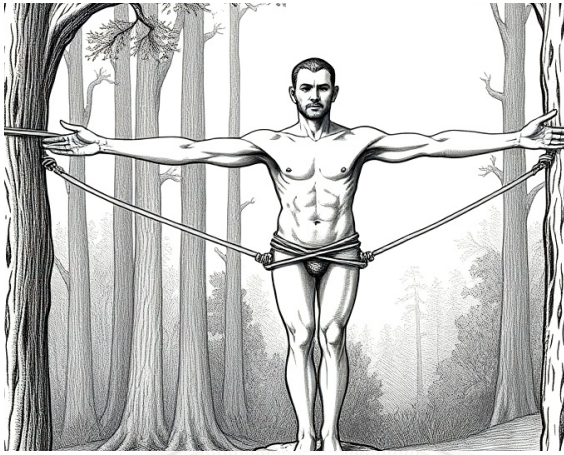
# **SPRING 2025 ANNUAL GATHERING**

## **MINNEAPOLIS, MN**

### **MAY 2 - MAY 4**

The gathering is a multi-day social event for gay/bi guys. Its purpose is to provide a venue to meet, greet & socialize with other like-minded men 21 y/o & older.

**Midwest Community Group**  
**<https://shorturl.at/lzivR>**  
**(<https://lvjupiter.wixsite.com/midwestcomgroup>)**



## Caught in self bondage in the woods

By Slaverobbie4u

All my preparation was done the day and night before my next trip out to the woods for some more self-bondage. It was Friday morning, I had to get my ice timer release ready, which consisted of one large coffee can, one seven inch long eye-bolt, one three inch wide washer and one nut. On the eye bolt threaded shaft I placed my key ring that held my handcuff and lock keys, although I would not be using my handcuffs. I then placed the washer on and screwed the nut until the bottom of the eye bolt was flush with the nut then I filled the coffee can up with water and place the eye bolt inside and steadied it while I placed the entire can in my freezer. With the coffee can water freezing in the freezer I set out to the woods to pick "my spot". The wooded area was near my home was a short 15 mile trip to get there. I have not been in the woods I was heading to; it would be a new area to me. I had driven by the spot several times it was off the road and I rarely saw anyone in the vicinity mostly some bikers or hunters. I brought with me five screw in eye-bolts each about 6 inches in length with an opening about 3 inches, rope, two wood logs that I had cut earlier that each stood approximately 14 inches high and about 10 inches in diameter, one large screw driver, a knife, wooden stake and a hammer.

I pulled off the main highway and down a dirt road and drove for another mile or so before pulling off to the shoulder and set out to find the tree that I would be hanging from tomorrow. I knew what

*I was looking for and took about 45 minutes to find a tree that I knew was going to work it was about 5 feet in diameter at its base and had two branches about seven feet off the ground but the spot also needed to have a tree in front of this tree (will explain why later) which this spot did so it was the perfect spot. Now I had carried with me the smaller things I needed but I had to go back to my car to get the two wood logs that I had cut. I put the rope and all the eye-bolts at the base of the tree and walked as straight as I could back to the road, once reaching the road side I hammer the stake into the ground to mark my spot and walked about 200 yards back to my car and drove it up to my stake. I carried the logs one on each shoulder and headed back to the tree. Now to get the tree ready, I screwed one eye-bolt into the center of the tree base 14 inches up from the ground to compensate for the height of the logs, screwing a 6 inch eye bolt into the tree was hard that's where the large screwdriver came in handy as I passed the screwdriver shaft through the eye-bolt and was able to turn the eye-bolt into the tree. I then used one of the logs to stand on and screwed another eye-bolt in-between the two tree branches, then screwed two more into each branch about four feet from the body of the tree. Everything was coming along great as I placed the two logs about 4 feet apart just under each branch eye-bolt and fed the rope down through each eye-bolt and left 14 inches of extra rope at the tree base then did the branch again leaving 14 inches of extra rope. I had to test it out so I tied off both pieces of rope to the base eye-bolt and stood on the logs reached up and grabbed the rope that was hanging and was able to wrap each wrist one time around (which tomorrow would be locked to my wrist straps) held it tight then kicked the logs away and I was hanging there suspended. Perfect it worked. Now the last eye-bolt would be screwed into the tree that was in front of "my tree" this was going to be a little extra discomfort as I was going to attach a rope to the eye-bolt then attach the other end to my ball weight I would be wearing tomorrow.*

*Everything was now set and ready for my big day tomorrow so I gathered up the rope, moved the two logs to the base of the tree and headed back to my car. When I got back home I was excited thinking about what was going to happen tomorrow as I walked into my house but I still needed to get the rest of my things ready to go. I got the rope and tied each end to a brass O-ring then I taped up each knot with nylon packing tape so there would be no*

*slippage of the knot. I placed the rope, my wrist cuffs, two master locks into a small duffel bag along with a stiff collar with a D-ring in front with a small carabiner attached to it, clover nipple clamps, a ring mouth gag, blindfold and my tens unit with an anal egg and penis probe insert with ball wrap terminal. For my tens unit to be secure I had made a pouch from my iPad carrier that I had stitched a Velcro strap to so I could wrap it around my thigh. Everything was set I was excited and shaking just thinking about what I was going to do tomorrow morning and I had an erection wanting to burst out of my pants. Before I went to bed I jumped into the shower and gave myself a 5 bag enema just to clean things out a bit after showering I checked on the coffee can in the freezer it was coming along just fine, watched the news for the weather report going to be a nice, sunny and hot day. Everything was set so I headed to bed. It was a restless night I tossed and turned and could barely get to sleep.*

*4:30am I awake to my alarm going off I roll over turn it off, I got my 1.5 pound ball weight from my nightstand and screw it on tight around my ball sack. I had also decided against eating I did not want any accidents, so no breakfast. I grab a pair of shorts, muscle shirt and sneakers, the duffel bag was ready at the door, got the coffee can from the freezer, which was now solid and grabbed the car keys picked up the bag and out to my car. It took about twenty minutes to get out to the woods I found my stake and parked my car off the road. As I sat there excited about what I was about to do however I did notice two or three cars parked off the road about a mile or so up the road but I paid them no mind. Got out of my car grabbed the duffel and headed out to "my tree".*

*I found "my spot" without any problem then removed my shirt and sneakers threw them in the duffel, but left my shorts on until I was completely ready. I grabbed the two stumps placed them in their spot I then fed the rope thru both the eye bolts on both branches, down to the center eye-bolt then to the bottom eye-bolt after threading through the bottom bolt I tied both ends to the coffee can bolt I then walked to the two stumps, stood on them, and pulled the wrist straps down thus making the can come up the eye-bolt in the can went thru the eye-bolt in the tree, so I know that it would fit ( not that I didn't already just one last check) and it stopped at the ice "PERFECT" I said. I then attach rope to the second tree and place the end of it between the two*



stumps. Standing at the stumps I start to get ready I removed my shorts and put them in the duffel, I was now completely naked I took one last 360 look around seeing no one. I place the ring gag in my mouth and tighten it down. Next I place the collar on, then the tens unit I wrap the pouch around my thigh and pressed the velcro.. I took the anal egg and push it up inside my ass, insert the urethra rod and snap it to the glands ring and wrap the ball terminal around my balls just above the 1.5 pound ball stretcher that I was wearing. My tens unit has a setting for alternating the leads which I can set for 10, 20, 30, 45 seconds or one minute I set the setting to 2 and time interval to one minute.. the first jolt hit my ass after one minute and the second jolt hits my cock and balls another minute after.. Whoa setting of 2, I felt, would be too high for I

how long I until the ice again at the was better so one minute turn the unit ready. I then clamps and between

...My cock was hurting as it has been erect since I started...

did not know would be there melted. I try it 1 setting that I set the timer to intervals and off until I was attach the nipple took the chain them and attach

it to the small carabiner clamp that is attached to the D-ring of my collar the chain was tight and any movement of my neck pulled my nipples to that direction. I grabbed the rope that was attached to the second tree and I stood up on the two stumps and attached the rope to the two small eye-bolts on my ball stretcher weight. I was very close now.. the only problem I was going to have was getting the second wrist locked to the O-ring of the rope, but I thought of a way that might work. I reached down and turned the tens unit on knowing that in 1 minute I was going to get jolted, but here goes. I put the two master locks on my D-rings of each of my wrist cuffs and leave them open I then put on my blindfold which just slipped over me eyes there was nothing to buckle (it was used for sleeping) I reach for the left side brass ring and found it quick feeling my way I am able to get the lock on the brass ring and I got it locked now trying to shift my weight and body to the right side, ZAP my first jolt was inside my ass now I found myself waving wild to find the brass ring.. after a couple minutes and two more jolts I found the brass ring now to get the lock locked on it was very hard and took about I would say five minutes to do feeling as if my

wrist could not bend any further I heard the lock click was I lock? I quickly gave the right wrist a tug and felt around the lock with my fingers.. the lock appeared/felt like it was in fact locked all the while my tens unit was doing its job . Ok I turn back to the middle still standing on the two stumps now all I had to do was push the stumps away and should be suspended with just my toes touching the ground. I position my toes on the stumps so that I pushed them to the sides so they would roll away from me. I push the stumps to the side and I fell back, the rope attached to my balls stopped me with a hard jerk, my hands went up to the side and I found myself standing up on the tips of my toes just as another jolt hit my cock and balls. Everything worked perfectly I heard the coffee can hit the bottom eye-bolt and stopped at the ice and it seems like all my knots were holding tight. This is actually what I wanted to happen I was tied with no escape until the ice melted I was on my toes, my nipples were clamped and taught, my mouth was gagged, my ass, cock and balls were taking a beating from the tens unit, I was blindfold, my balls were being stretched out in front of me I was bound and helpless. I tried to estimate how long it took me to get in this position and I was figuring that it was around 7am it was already getting warm outside and there was no wind blowing my body was already drenched with sweat.

I was trying to track time by the jolts I was getting from the tens unit as the jolts where coming I was getting good at counting out a minute to the next one, but I was starting to get worried that the tens unit was not a good idea it was starting to hurt and I did not know how long I was going to be there.. I thought I could force the egg out but my cock and balls would still be getting the jolts.. I decide that I came this far so I was going to stick it out the best that I could. I am not sure how long it has been now but my toes and ankles were starting to hurt and my arms felt a bit numb from being above my head all the while I am getting jolted every minute. I tried to shake my arms and shift my weight from foot to foot that seemed to help a bit but my cock was hurting as it has been erect since I started and the jolts were not helping it any and my balls were being stretch to their limit for right now my balls were holding most of my body weight. How long could I take this attack? Maybe I should have went without the tens unit as I make a mental note to myself to use a regular butt plug next time. I estimate that I have been here now three hours the day was getting hotter, the air was still.

*I was awakened by another jolt inside my ass.. did I dose off? I must have.. I thought to myself how could I doze off with this attack to my cock, balls and ass? It was exhausting and I figured I just passed out was all that could have happened. How long was I out? How long have I been hanging here? How much ice has melted? What have I done to myself I started thinking this was too long to be here.. I realize that there was gnats flying around my head I could hear them flying into my ears and into my mouth I started to shake my head as hard as I could I felt my saliva flying out of my mouth and I was hoping that it was taking the gnats with it. I kept shaking my head for about 5 minutes when I heard a noise. Panic ran through my entire body and I stopped moving altogether even when the jolt hit my cock and balls I hardly moved maybe I was used to it I don't know but I was still. I heard something like a cracking sound, I though great it's the ice ok finally I was straining my ears to hear it again. Then I heard the coffee can it must have come free from the ice and fell to the ground.. Ok I thought the ice is melting that's great won't be long now I thought. Then the worse sound that a self-bondage person could hear, but all secretly wanted to hear, human voices! I could hear them but how far where they away from me could they see me? I went silent.. waiting to see if the voices got louder, which would mean they are getting closer to me.. the voices are getting louder and I could now hear the leaves and the rustling of their footsteps this was not good.*

*“Well, well, well what do we have here guys”, I heard one male voice say? Looks like we got ourselves a little exhibitionist bondage bitch, a little slut all shaved and smooth I heard another different voice say. I felt a tug on the rope to my balls and I let out a little moan. A moan bitch, does that feel good to the bitch? I felt another tug to the rope this time however he or they pulled it back thus lifting my toes off the ground and then let it go and I swung back only to be stopped by my balls again.. I was in a difficult situation here and not sure what to do. I heard another different voice again say “hey guys look at this” I sensed them behind me and I now counted three this guy sounded older than the other two but what were they looking at? I felt them now standing around me one of the same voices said “the bitch has an ice release” and he started laughing “didn't plan this out right did you bitch”, what did he mean I thought? “You come out here and tie your ass up on the opening day of small game season and on*

private property to top it off”, as they all started laughing I then got several hard swats on my ass! “Looks like we got our small game” now a different voice said in the background again this male sounded older. The first person said look at this in the he has on his thigh, oh god I though don’t touch that, I felt someone open the pouch he says that it is set at 1, I then felt a tug on the wires that go to the egg in my ass and he continues to pull on it until it comes out.. he said “holy shit” what is this? The second male said it is a tens unit push it back up in his ass and let me see the unit, he examines it for a bit and says looks the bitch has a rod in his penis also attached to the tens as I felt the egg pushed back up inside my ass as another jolt hit my cock and balls. I still felt the second male standing next to me still looking at the tens unit then it hit me a jolt to the inside of my asshole that shot spasms though out my body as I let out a scream through my ring gag.. “Whoa” said what sounded like the 3rd male, the older one, put that back on the setting it was on we don’t want to kill the bitch. I then heard the 1st male whisper in my ear “ok bitch you did not expect this but by the looks of the ice that is left you are going to be here a bit longer so we will be back in about 30 minutes so don’t go nowhere” as they all started to laugh. I heard them start to walk away. I then realize that the jolts had stopped either they turned the unit off or the batteries went dead either way I had to get out of there. I started jumping up and down to try and break the ice but the damn rope tied to my balls stopped me from getting any height. My heart was pounding and my mouth was leaking like a dam had burst.. sweat was dripping off my body but I could not get free what the hell I said, Christ this was not the way it was to happen.. what the fuck is opening day of small game season, rabbit hunting? I never saw any signs saying I was on private property. You have got to be kidding me how was I to know about hunting season I am not a hunter.. I struggle in vain trying to get something to break loose.. shit I can’t get free.

I heard them coming back what are they going to do to me? I have figured out that there are four of them two sound older 50’s 60’s maybe and the other two maybe their sons I guess. I felt them standing around me now one of the older ones said “does the bitch want a drink” I was actually dying for some water he was standing in front of me and poured water into my mouth ring and said to me quietly but so that they all could hear him “I have used slaves before and I am a sane but firm Master so you can be expect to be

*kept tied and gagged the entire time as you await and serve our every wish. You are going to be beaten, abused and humiliated. We will pay particular attention to filling your worthless holes and we expect to be worshiped and adored for hurting you do you understand bitch? I did not say anything or even attempt to then I felt the tens unit moving again and got a sharp jolt to my cock and balls, he said "do you understand bitch?" I shook my head yes.*

*The Master, if you will, said to me "bitch you want to know where we went when we left you for those 30-40 minutes we were gone? I shook my head yes.. We'll we want back to the house and I have with me my little black bag and you will be surprised how many toys I can get into this little bag. I had realized that my feet were now more flat on the ground and my hands were starting to come down a bit meaning that the ice was melting and getting smaller and there was*

*in the ropes. came over out my ass taking the rod he remove the thigh as well. there when me to "pick a my gag I number. He many times*

*...one was hitting just under my cock and balls...*

*now some slack One of the four men and pulled the egg and I felt someone from my penis as tens unit from my I heard them all still the Master says to number", through get out 25 as the says ok that is how we are going to*

*smack you with our belts and this will get you warmed up for what is about to happen to you. I sensed they had gathered around me and I can hear them taking their belts off from their pants. They were all taking their belts off meaning I wasn't getting 25 swats but 25 swats from each of them. I heard the Master say ok ready begin.. they were hitting me all at the same time.. one was hitting me just under the nipple clamps on my chest, one was hitting just under my cock and balls (which were still tied to the tree in front of me) on my thighs, one was hitting me on my back and one was hitting me directly on my ass. These were not easy swats this was a full out whipping.. my eyes filled with tears the pain was unbearable at about 15 swats me knees felt like they were going to give out and my hands were holding me up as they were stretched back out over me. By the time they all got to 25 swats I was a sobbing mess and could barely stand.*

The Master came over to me and pulled my head back by my hair and said bitch we are just getting started with you surely you can take more than that and with that he let my head go I was still slumped there hanging by my hands. There was a loud noise behind me I was trying to figure out what it was when my hands fell to my sides, someone had kicked the ice block and broke it I was now kneeling on the ground it felt good to be able to drop my arms down to my sides but the good feeling did not last too long. Each hand still had the wrist strap attached to the rope, but the rope ends all went to the bolt in the can which had now come thru the two eyebolts which was when I was to get myself free. I heard the Master say to cut the rope and then I heard a clunk sound into the coffee can which must have been my keys. I was still kneeling I felt one of them messing with the rope to my ball weight and my balls were now free as well. I was still blindfold and had the ring gag in but I was now free from the ropes that had held me. I heard some noise behind me and was told to lean forward I then felt a large weight on my neck, what was it, I then felt my hands being tied around something when I realized that it was a large branch on my neck and my hands were begin tied to each end with that existing rope still attached to the wrist cuffs. I was then told to turn around as I did I was given a few good swats to my ass.. as they all laughed. I was now facing the tree, still on my knees with my hands tied to the large branch resting on my neck. The ground in front of the tree was on a light decline so when I was told the lay on my back and bring my knees up to my chest I almost went completely over, but there was two of them right there to make sure I did not roll over. They grabbed both legs at the knees and tied my knees with the remaining rope from my arms, pulling tightly so that my knees were forced out towards the ends of the branch. The Master then rolled one of the stumps up under my back so that now my feet were pointed slightly over my head and my ass was in the air and exposed. I felt fingers on my asshole rubbing on what I know now was lube and then forcing a finger or two inside me.. the person said we have a tight bitch, then another said not for long! I then felt a cold sensation then something being forced inside my hole. Come on relax, relax bitch as I felt the object being push in further. The pushing stopped but now I get tension as the object was getting wider and spreading my asshole apart. It was a speculum inside me and it was getting wider, and wider.. I had started to moan/complain when the person said one more turn there we go wide open now. The Master was standing

over me and he said bitch we are going to use your asshole good, but we don't want a dirty ass so we are going to clean it out first before we do.. I felt he was standing right behind me he could probably see right inside me then I felt warm liquid filling my ass, he was now pissing in the speculum, then the next guy one went and finally the other two all pissed inside my asshole. I felt the speculum being released and I was warned that when my asshole is closed up I dare not spill any of the contents now inside me.

With my ass still up in the air they again took their belts.. the Master speaks to me and says your number was.. I mutter out 25. The Master says 25 it is then.. and they start to smack my ass with the belts but this time the other two were hitting the soles of my feet which are also sticking up in the air, so two were taking turns on each ass

smacking the the while the not let any of your nasty understand?"; in agreement. 100 smacks the stump my back.

**...we are going to use your asshole good...**

cheek and two were soles of my feet all Master is yelling "do of our urine leak out slave asshole do you I just shook my head After I received the with their belts I felt removed from under Oh god what a

relief that was as I was able to get to a sitting position although not for very long. I was instructed to stand up. I got slowly to my feet, my hands still tied to the large branch that I was holding up with my neck someone pushed me and I fell over into the tree but remained on my feet still trying not to let any urine escape from my ass. Someone grabbed me by my cock and was leading me around by it I was trying hard to keep up with him as I still had the damn blindfold on when I was stopped I was then turned around and they laid me down on what I now know was the two stumps meaning they placed the branch across the two stumps, the stumps were place about four feet apart I was facing up my legs where holding my bottom part of my body up off the ground when I felt someone at my balls.. then several hard swats with the belt to my balls sent my into a dizzy haze.. the pain was almost unbearable because my balls still had the weight attached with the two eye bolts sticking out the sides thus my balls were very taught. Then I felt a rope being tied to my balls and I was now being pulled up by my balls to the point I was on my tip toes and they tied it

off. I heard the Master at my head saying now bitch your asshole is being cleaned by our urine and you have done a good job not letting any of our urine leak out, so now you are going to be cleaning our assholes with that slut tongue and you had better do a good job which brought laughter from the other three. My face was exposed and pushed up due being on the branch then I felt someone straddle me then I knew what and how I was going to be doing the cleaning. The 1st one sat his asshole right down on my face right on my ring gag.. he grab the chain between my nipple clamps and gave them a good tug yelling I don't feel any tongue down there. I was very reluctant to stick out my tongue I never did this before and the thought of sticking my tongue out to clean a man's ass was making me sick to my stomach. I still don't feel any tongue down there he said again and the Master knelt down and whispered in my ear "you'd had better start cleaning this man's asshole or what I will do to you next you would wish that you had." The man pulled the nipple clamps chain again and I felt a swat to my left thigh and then one to my right thigh, the Master said your number was 25 so you will receive 25 swats on each of your thighs and when we are done his asshole better be cleaned and these first two swats they don't count so on the next swat you start licking away. They landed the first one on my right thigh and my tongue darted out and started licking as hard as I could and as fast as I could thinking that would make a difference and get it over quick but I still had three other assholes to clean. The guy was saying now that's better this guy is good as he worked my tongue from his ass to the base of his balls.. and they continued to beat both my thighs. After the 50th smack on my thigh the Master said to stop and asked the guy how was his cleaning and he said it was damn good. The Master then said to me see one down and three to go. The next guy did not sit the same way he sit with his cock and balls facing my forehead so he was more leaning forward meaning his ass cheeks where spread wider than the first guy and the Master said get started as they now swatted my calves and my tongue darted out into his asshole and I started licking again as fast and hard as I could. The third guy sat the same way the second guy did but this time they swatted my chest just below the nipple clamps. Then the Master came over, he sat the same way that the first guy did he spread his butt cheeks and put his asshole right down on my mouth gag, I felt the chain to my clamps getting pulled tight and then just pulled completely off I squirmed, moaned, started shaking and tears filled my eyes and the Master



said bitch you better do a good job on my ass and you can start now.. my tongue went out and started licking as hard and fast as I could, but there was no whipping no nothing, I was like oh shit I better do him the best that I can there is no time limit nothing to go by at least with the other three I knew when they reached 50 it was over and he just sat there he did not move my tongue was going like a motor boat I just wanted this to be over. I wanted to see if I had any nipples left or did they rip off, how long was I going to have to clean his asshole for?

The Master smacked the side of my face several times and got up off my face and said great job you slut, my asshole feels nice and cleaned now, which of course brought laughter from the other three men. The to cut the rope to the ground the rope that my ball weight. remove that my shoulders, free and they knees. Someone my nipples hard

...we will fuck  
this slut until  
we all cum...

Master then said and with that I fell as someone cut was attached to They proceeded to large branch from my hands were now moved me to my came over squeezed and then place

the clamps back on and attached the chain back to my collar. The Master came up behind me and said get up on your feet and squat down to a sitting position. I heard him place the coffee can underneath my ass, the can had my keys in it, and he then told me to let the urine out into the can. He pushed me down so that my asshole was directly over the can and told me to release the liquid now.. I heard the urine hitting the can and start filling it up the Master said to stay like that and make sure that all the urine was out of me as they had to get some things ready for the next phase.

I was pushed from the back down to my face, which really hurt my nipples as they got pulled hard. My arms were pulled out to the sides, I was still on my knees and my ass was in the air. They placed two thick branches down each arm and started tying my arms to the branches very tight I could not bend my arms at all. Two men picked me up from the front and place my arms down straight in front of me they then moved my arms apart a bit and I heard the Master say that's perfect. I was propped up kind of like one side of a wooden horse using my arms as the horse legs.

Then they moved to my knees and picked them up and place one knee on each log that I had cut, and moved the logs wide apart. By lifting my knees up and placing them on the logs the branches that my arms were tied to started to sink in the ground as my ass and knees were now up higher than the front of my body and now I could not even move the branches at all. Someone got under me and disconnected the clamps chain from my collar and then tied the chain with rope to the tip of my cock head and tied it very tightly. Another person took off my ring gag.. my jaw did not shut at first the pain was un-believable as I tried to move my jaw and get my mouth to just close. I was hoping that they would remove the blindfold but I was not so lucky.

I sensed they were all taking off their pants, the Master said to me now the real fun starts.. I felt someone at my asshole pushing his finger inside me and lube was being poured into my ass as well. The Master said to me your number was 25 right.. now for the first time I could actually answer and I said yes! Ok then the Master said 25 it is.. I heard him say to one of the men you're first with that I felt someone behind me between my spread legs then I felt him enter my asshole with his cock, but did not move just entered my asshole. The Master said 25 times in the slut ass, completely in and completely out, than move up to the sluts mouth by getting between the sluts arms so that the sluts mouth sucks you 25 times.. as soon as he pulls out of the sluts ass (I guess Master pointed at another man) you go next, so while the slut is sucking his cock you are banging the sluts asshole then you go(I guess he pointed to the third man) and then the Master said "I will go last". The Master then said "we will fuck this slut until we all cum is that understood" I heard them all say yes. Remember the Master said, completely in and completely out of the slut's ass and mouth 25 times in each hole. The Master said but there is a twist whoever comes in the sluts mouth gets to do one thing or make the slut do one thing before we wrap it up here is that understood? They all cheered yes it is! The Master then says the slut won't be able to count so we all have to count ourselves and when you are standing there waiting your turn to fuck the slut or be sucked by the slut you are not allowed to jerk yourselves off is that understood.. Yes they all said, just waiting for the Master to give the go ahead. The Master said to the man in my ass still with an erection, are ready? The man said hell yes lets go.. the Master said ready, set, gooooo.. the man starts fucking my ass taking his cock out all the way then

*pushing back in all the way as the other three men are counting his thrusts! Twenty-five they all yell as he pulls out and the next man's cock is now fucking my asshole as the first guy is now sitting between my arms with his hands on my head forcing me down to suck his cock. I can't believe that I am being made to do this his cock was in my ass now I am sucking it clean my head is spinning with all that is happening to me at the moment. I can hear the man fucking my ass yell twenty-five and he moves to my front as the third man starts to fuck my asshole as the first guy gets done in my mouth the second guy sits down and forces me to suck his cock! The third guy yells out 25 as the Master now moves in behind me and starts his cock inside me as the second guy finishes with my mouth and the third guy sits down and starts fucking my mouth. The Master took his time on my ass as the third guy finished with my mouth before the Master did.. the Master yelled out 25 and he moved to my mouth and the first guy is now back fucking my ass.. On the 3rd time around the second guy comes in my asshole.. he is out now.. the other three continue this fucking around the slut.. on the 5th time around the first guys comes in my mouth as he holds my head tightly down on his cock to the point I almost throw up as his cum hits the back of my throat. He is still in as the other two continued to use my two holes. I can't tell which one is in my ass or which one is in my mouth I just know that one is the Master and one is the third guy. About the 10th turn the third guy is in my ass I know cause the Master is waiting to go.. on the 25th one the third guy pulls out but he comes before he gets his cock in my mouth the Master says you are out as well.. then the Master starts to fuck my ass he is now the only one still left.. I hear him yell 25 and he pulls out of my asshole and gets to my mouth he grabs my head and pulls my mouth down deep on his cock as he explodes into my mouth and hits the back of my throat, so he is still in as is the first guy who came in my mouth. They are all standing around me talking about how great that was.. as my asshole is hurting very bad from the pounding it took my jawbone feels as if I will never be able to close it again my arms are numb and tingling.*

*The Master comes over to me and takes the blindfold off.. it is the first time I see their faces and what they look like. They were all in their fifties or sixties; they all still had their shirts on and no pants.. the Master looks down at me and says that I still have two more tasks that I am going to do.. I look down and say I know with that*

*the Master says to the first guy that came in my mouth.. what is the task you want the slut to do or do to the slut.. as the other two guys start removing the branches from my arms and take my knees down off the two logs. The guy says to the Master I want the slut to jerk off, while on his knees, as he sucks my cock and I want him to catch his cum and rub it on my cock and then continue to suck my cock until it's clean of his cum. The Master grabs my collar and gets me up to my knees he reaches down and unties my cock from my nipple clamp chain takes the chain and re-attaches it to my collar. The guy moves over in front of me and the Master takes the guys cock and puts it in my mouth and says start sucking as I did without thinking and the Master says now start jerking your cock and you know what you are supposed to do correct? I mumble out yes as I am sucking this guy's cock. The Master and the other three guys have put their pants back on and come over to watch what I am doing. About 15 minutes go by and I am going to cum.. I reach my other hand down to the top of my cock and put it under as the guy continues to fuck my mouth.. I come in my hand, he pulls his cock out of my mouth and I rub my cum on his cock and he pushes back into my mouth as I lick, suck and clean it.. about 20 seconds after I did this he comes again in my mouth and keeps his cock inside my mouth and tells me to lick all around it which I did. He steps back and says that was fantastic and walks away from me and puts his pants back on..*

*The Master comes over to me and says it is my turn now right.. I said yes Sir. The Master said ok here goes.. he takes a rope and ties it back to my balls and ties it to the tree that it was originally tied to. He reaches into his pocket and takes out my keys and shows them to me.. he unlocks the lock on my wrist straps and takes another piece of rope and ties it tightly around my cock head and takes the other end and ties it to my collar ring. The Master lays me down on my stomach and ties a rope that has the brass ring to each ankle, he then takes a good size branch and tells one of the other men to come over and help him spread my ass cheeks as he pushes this wide branch into my asshole.. he then pulls my hands back behind my back and locks my wrist straps to the brass rings on my ankles. The Master takes another piece of rope and ties it around the branch inserted in my ass and ties it to the back of my collar. The Master looks at me and gets the coffee can that is still filled with the urine from earlier. He tells the other three guys to help him lift me up and move me back to the tree that my balls*

are tied to which they all do, Master then takes the coffee can and drops the keys in it and places the can in front of me about 15 feet away. Then they all go and get themselves together giving each other hi-fives about what they just did..

They come back over to me I am hogtied and helpless the Master bends over to me and says all you need to do is get to the can and you can get your keys and get unlocked and you are free to go, but I am not going to make the path easy to get to and the way you are tied it is not going to be easy. If you want to go home today I know you will get to the can and get the keys out. The other three men start putting branches and anything else that could find in my path to the can.. the Master walks toward the can and

I watch the two logs and inches apart the coffee can two logs. He says good luck I am taking you will come to this same continue with understood, down to make inserted in anywhere as I Then the walking away for a moment

**The rope attached to my balls, which is tied to the tree, would not let me go any further...**

Master take the place them about 6 and then he places directly behind the comes back and slut and by the way your TENS unit and back in two weeks spot and we shall your training is that has he reaches sure that the branch my ass is not going mumble out a "yes". four men all start from me. I think about how I am tied

up, I am on my stomach, my wrists are tied to my ankles, there is a large branch inserted in my ass that is tied to the back of my collar, my cock and nipple clamps are tied to the front of my collar and 15 feet in front of me is the coffee can holding my keys to freedom. I start to pull my knees up under me and then move my upper body forward like an inch worm.. aaah that was good I moved about 4 inches. I had to move some branches with my head or I would have to drag my nipple clamps and my cock over them and I did not want to do that.. another 4 inches and move another branch this is going to take a long time.. however I finally make it to the two stumps just as the rope attached to my balls, which is tied to the tree, would not let me go any further how was I going to get

*the coffee can from behind the two logs? I tried to move them with my head but they did not move as I looked at the can I realized that I am going to have to put my head between the logs and bite the top of the can and left it up over the logs to get it to the other side that meant at one point the can was going to have to be tilted towards my face and the urine was going to go all over me. I press my face between the two logs and bit the top of the can with my teeth and to my surprise the damn can was half full with urine. I guided it up over the top of the logs I was able to keep it facing down but once it got to the top of the logs I was going to have to take a urine bath no matter what I tried, so I held my breath and tighten my lips as hard as I could squeezed my eyes shut and went for it. As I did sure enough the urine came out covered my face went up my nose and down the sides of my face but I got the can to the other side tipped it over and had to bite the keys with my mouth. I wiggled back about 5 feet or so place the keys on the ground and wiggled forward a couple feet and lean over to my side to try and get the keys but now I could not go over any further due to the branch that was inserted in my ass. My hands tried in vain to reach the keys on the ground but I could not.. but after several attempts I was able to grab the branch between the heels of my feet and I was able to pull it out from my ass. Now I was able to roll to the side and get the keys.. I was able to get to the key into one of the locks and then the other side.. I got myself untied and gathered my stuff as quick as I could, but I could not find my shorts I think they took them with them. I grabbed my bag threw my stuff inside and got my car keys and walked with no pants on to the edge of the woods. I could see my car I just had to get to it, so looking both ways down the road I ran for my passenger side door pushing my unlock button all the way to the car I opened the door and jumped inside. I started up my car and drove home.. I had to sit out in the driveway for a couple hours because I could not get out of my car without any pants on and as I sat there I wondered what was going to happen two weeks from now because I was definitely going back.*

*The End!*

# Back Door Is Open

By Jessi

*In the dimly lit realm of the city's underbelly, where neon lights whispered seductive promises and the air was thick with the scent of desire and the clink of ice against glass, there I was - Jessi Fellatio, the unabashed epitome of a man eager to please. With legs shaved smoother than a freshly licked lollipop and a white thong and shorts that barely contained my yearning, I strutted into the bar like I owned the place. The crop top, a daring declaration of intent, boldly displayed the words "BACK DOOR IS OPEN," leaving no room for doubt about the evening's entertainment. My eyes scanned the room, a veritable buffet of suits and ties, each one a potential candidate for the night's main course.*

*I perched myself on a stool, the coolness of the leather a stark contrast to the heat radiating from my body. The bartender, a burly man with a knowing smirk, slid a drink in my direction without a word. I took a sip, feeling the cool liquid slide down my throat like a lover's caress, and returned his look with a wink. His eyes lingered on my chest, the fabric of my top riding up just enough to tease the definition of my abs. A shiver of anticipation danced down my spine as I felt the eyes of the patrons begin to gravitate towards me, like moths to a flame. I knew what they were thinking, what they wanted. And tonight, I was more than happy to oblige.*

*My gaze locked onto a man in the corner, his tie askew, his collar undone. He looked like he'd just stepped out of a boardroom, the weight of the day's responsibilities etched into the lines on his face. His eyes met mine and for a moment, the world around us melted away. I could almost feel the pent-up tension in his body, the desperate need to unwind, to let go of the reins of power and submit to something more primal. Slowly, I swiveled my stool, letting the fabric of my shorts whisper against my bare skin as I turned to face him fully. The thirst in his gaze grew more apparent with every passing second, his eyes dropping to my legs, which I crossed and uncrossed with deliberate slowness.*

*I sauntered over, my hips moving in a rhythm that spoke of untold pleasures waiting to be discovered. His breath hitched as I approached, and I could smell the faint scent of his cologne,*

something expensive and out of reach for most men. “Buy you a drink?” I purred, my voice low and husky, a promise wrapped in a question. He nodded, his Adam’s apple bobbing in his throat. I signaled to the bartender with a flick of my wrist, the motion as graceful as a ballerina’s pirouette. The man’s name was Marcus, and as he spoke, his voice was gruff, but his eyes remained soft, hungry. We talked of mundane things, the weather, the city’s traffic, all the while the tension between us growing thick, a palpable force that seemed to pulse in time with the bass of the background music.

The whiskey he’d ordered sat untouched between us, the amber liquid a silent witness to our dance of desire. His hand hovered over the glass, his wedding band glinting under the strobe lights. I took a step closer, my bare chest brushing against his arm, and leaned in to whisper sweet nothings about the delights that awaited him if he’d just take the leap of faith. He took a gulp of the whiskey, the fire of the alcohol doing little to dampen the fire that was burning within him. Our conversation grew more heated, my hand grazing his thigh, feeling the muscle tighten beneath my touch.

Marcus’s gaze dropped to my mouth, watching as I licked my lips, savoring the taste of the drink I’d just sampled. The tip of his tongue darted out, a silent plea for me to give him what he so clearly craved. I leaned in closer, my breath hot against his ear as I whispered, “Let’s find a quiet spot.” He nodded, unable to form words, his need for me overwhelming his usual stoic demeanor. We moved through the crowded bar, our bodies brushing against others as we sought out the back alley, where the shadows promised privacy and anonymity.

Once outside, the cool night air hit my skin like a lover’s slap, sending a shiver of excitement through my body. I pushed him against the rough brick wall, his hands automatically coming to my hips, his grip firm and possessive. I took his face in my hands, pulling him down for a kiss that was as fiery as the whiskey he’d just downed. His mouth was eager, his tongue pushing past my lips with a hunger that matched my own. Our kiss grew sloppier, wetter, as our hands explored each other’s bodies. He tugged at the hem of my shorts, his fingertips brushing the bare flesh of my ass, sending jolts of pleasure through me.



*I reached down and unzipped his pants, freeing the cock that had been straining against the fabric. It sprang out, thick and heavy, and I wasted no time in wrapping my lips around it. Marcus groaned, his body bucking against me as I took him deeper, my throat constricting around his girth. I could feel the pulse of his arousal in my mouth, the throb of his blood as I worked him with a practiced ease that belied the excitement coursing through me. His hand tangled in my hair, guiding me, urging me faster, harder. The sounds of the city faded away, replaced by the wet smack of our skin and the harsh panting of our breaths.*

*As I sucked him off, my own cock grew stiff with anticipation, straining against the confines of my thong. I reached back and tugged it aside, giving myself some much-needed relief. My hand slid over my skin, the slickness of my precum making it easy to glide along my length. Marcus's eyes followed the motion, his breathing growing more ragged. He reached down and palmed my ass, his fingers digging into my flesh as he pulled me closer, pushing his cock deeper into my mouth. The head of his dick hit the back of my throat, and I swallowed around him, the sensation making him growl.*

*His hand left my hair and trailed down my back, coming to rest on the small of my back, pushing my pelvis into his. I could feel his other hand unbuckling his belt, his pants sliding down his hips. He stepped out of them, and I took a moment to appreciate the powerful thighs that I knew would soon be wrapped around my head. His boxers followed, and his cock bobbed free, slapping against my cheek. I took him in my hand and stroked him, my tongue swirling around the head, teasing the slit before taking him back into my mouth. His hips started to thrust in time with my sucking, his hands now both on my head, holding me in place as he fucked my face.*

*I moaned around his cock, the vibrations sending a thrill down my spine. His hand left my head to reach around and squeeze my cock, his grip firm but gentle, the pad of his thumb rubbing my sensitive head. I let out a muffled whine, the sensation making me want to buck my hips and fuck his hand. But I held still, focusing on the task at hand, the taste of him, the feel of him, the sound of his pleasure. His breathing grew more ragged, his grip on my cock tightening. I knew he was close, could feel the tension building in his body like a coiled spring.*

Suddenly, Marcus pulled away from me, his cock glistening with saliva. He turned me around, pushing my face into the brick wall, my cheek smearing against the cool surface. His hand trailed down my back to my ass, his fingers dipping into my crack, teasing my hole before pressing inward, breaching me with a single digit. I gasped, my legs trembling slightly. He chuckled, the sound dark and full of lust. "Ready for me, Jessi?" he growled, his voice a deep rumble that sent shivers through me.

I nodded, my voice a needy whine as I spread my legs wider, begging for more. He added another finger, scissoring them apart to stretch me open, preparing me for what was to come. I bit my lip, trying to muffle the sounds of pleasure that escaped my throat. His fingers moved with purpose, twisting and curling until I was moaning, my body begging for his cock to fill me up. He took his time, reactions, moment might go

Finally, his hand back, firm slap. ordered, command through

eagerly, leaning over the nearby dumpster, my shorts riding up to expose my bare ass cheeks. The cool metal of the dumpster's lid pressed against my stomach, sending a delicious shiver up my spine. I heard the sound of a condom wrapper tearing, the sound of latex rolling down his cock. And then, with a single, powerful thrust, he was inside me, filling me to the brink.

I cried out, the sensation of his thickness stretching me open almost too much to bear. But I craved it, my body welcoming the intrusion like a long-lost lover. He didn't give me a chance to adjust, instead pounding into me with a ferocity that had me seeing stars. His hands gripped my hips, holding me in place as he used my body to satisfy his needs. The alley was alive with the sounds of our passion, the slap of flesh against flesh echoing off the walls.

...the sensation  
of his thickness  
stretching me  
open...

savoring my drawing out the until I thought I mad with need.

he withdrew and stepped giving my ass a "Bend over," he his voice a gruff that sent a thrill me. I complied

*Marcus was a man on a mission, his hips moving with the precision of a machine, driving into me like he had been waiting for this moment all his life. Each thrust sent waves of pleasure crashing over me, filling me with a sense of complete and utter submission. I pushed back against him, eager for more, my moans lost in the cacophony of the city's nightlife.*

*His grip tightened on my hips, his nails digging into my skin, leaving a trail of pain that only served to heighten the pleasure. His breath was hot and ragged on my neck, his teeth nipping at my earlobe, sending jolts of electricity straight to my cock. The coldness of the dumpster's lid against my stomach was a stark contrast to the heat building inside me, a delicious reminder of the depraved nature of our rendezvous.*

*My hand slipped down to my own erection, stroking in time with his relentless pounding. The head of my cock was slick with pre-cum, leaving a sticky trail on my hand. Marcus noticed and reached around, his hand wrapping around my shaft, his movements in sync with his thrusts. The feeling of his hand on me, the slickness of our combined pleasure, was almost too much. My eyes rolled back in my head, my body shuddering with the force of an impending orgasm.*

*"Fuck, Jessi," he grunted, his grip on my hips tightening. "You're so tight, so fucking perfect." His words were like gasoline on the fire, making me burn hotter, my moans growing louder. I could feel the tension in his body, the way his muscles coiled and released with every thrust. It was a dance we had performed many times before, a dance of lust and power that ended in a crescendo of ecstasy.*

*The head of his cock hit my prostate, sending sparks of pleasure through my body. My hand moved faster on my own shaft, my thumb circling the head in time with his strokes. Marcus knew just how to touch me, where to hit, how to make me beg. And beg I did, my voice hoarse and desperate, my pleas echoing off the alley walls.*

*He pulled almost all the way out, leaving me empty and aching, only to slam back into me with a force that made me see stars. His breathing grew harsher, his thrusts more erratic. The hand that wasn't wrapped around my cock moved up my back, his fingers*

*digging into my shoulder, pulling me back onto him. The pain was exquisite, a symphony of sensation that played across my nerves.*

*I could feel my orgasm building, a pressure that grew with each pound of his hips. His hand on my cock was a blur of motion, matching the rhythm of our fucking. The world narrowed down to the feeling of him inside me, the slap of his body against mine, the tight grip of his hand on my shoulder. I was his, utterly and completely, a toy for his pleasure.*

*Marcus leaned over, his breath hot against the back of my neck. "You're going to come for me, Jessi," he murmured, his voice a seductive purr that sent a shiver down my spine. "You're going to come all over this filthy alley." His words were a command, a declaration of his dominance over my body. I nodded, unable to speak, the words lost in the haze of pleasure.*

*My hand was a blur on my cock, my movements frantic as I chased the release that was just out of reach. His thrusts grew more erratic, his hips slapping against my ass with a wet, obscene sound that only served to drive me wilder. His hand on my shoulder pushed me down, his cock driving deeper with every movement, hitting that sweet spot inside me that had me seeing colors.*

*The pressure built, a crescendo of pleasure that grew with every heartbeat. My body tensed, my toes curling in my shoes, as I felt myself teetering on the edge of oblivion. And then, with a final, powerful thrust, I was over the edge, my orgasm crashing over me like a tidal wave. My cum spurted out, painting the alley floor with ropes of white-hot pleasure. Marcus's grip on me tightened, his own release following close behind.*

*He pumped into me, his cock pulsing with every spurt of cum, filling me with his seed. The feeling was overwhelming, a sense of being claimed, of being owned by this powerful man. His breath was hot against my neck, his teeth grazing my skin as he whispered filthy words that sent aftershocks of pleasure through me. I moaned, my body boneless, my legs trembling with the effort of holding myself up.*

*Marcus didn't stop, though, his thrusts slowing to a deep, steady rhythm that had me seeing stars. His hand never left my cock, milking the last drops of cum from me, keeping me on that*

*delicious edge. His own orgasm had not diminished his desire, if anything, it had only made him hungrier, more demanding.*

*As my tremors subsided, I felt his grip shift, his hand moving down to my thigh, his fingertips tracing the wetness my body had left behind. He pulled out, the loss of him inside me making me whimper. But before I could miss him too much, he spun me around, pressing me against the wall, his cock still rock-hard despite having just come. "Your turn," he rasped, his eyes blazing with a fierce hunger that had me hardening again almost instantly.*

*He dropped to his knees, his eyes never leaving mine, and took my cock  
his tongue  
the head  
that had  
I threaded  
through his  
him, urging  
deeper. His  
as he bobbed  
his throat  
around me*

*...The head of his  
own cock was now  
resting against my  
thigh...*

*in his mouth,  
swirling around  
with a mastery  
me groaning.  
my fingers  
hair, guiding  
him to take me  
cheeks hollowed  
up and down,  
constricting  
in a delicious  
rhythm. I could feel my orgasm building again, the sensation like a coil of hot wire in my gut.*

*Marcus's hand found my balls, gently tugging and rolling them in his palm, adding a new layer of pleasure to the mix. His other hand roamed my body, teasing my nipples, tracing the lines of my abs, and finally coming to rest on the base of my cock, his thumb pressing down, applying the perfect amount of pressure. The head of his own cock was now resting against my thigh, the condom still on, glistening with our combined juices.*

*I looked down at him, his eyes closed, lost in the act of pleasuring me, and felt a swell of something more than just lust. It was a strange sort of affection, a bond formed in the heat of our illicit encounter. I stroked his cheek, my thumb coming away wet with my precum. His eyes snapped open, a look of pure lust in them as he took me in deeper, his throat working around me.*

*His hand on my cock was a perfect counterpoint to the warm, wet heat of his mouth. His grip was tight but not painful, his movements steady and sure, as if he'd been born to do this one thing. I could feel the beginnings of a second orgasm building, my body tightening with each pass of his tongue. I didn't know if I could handle it, didn't know if I wanted to come again so soon, but I knew that with Marcus, I had no choice but to submit to the pleasure he offered.*

*He looked up at me, his eyes full of a fierce determination, and I knew that he wasn't going to stop until I'd come again. He took his hand away from my cock, and for a moment, I thought he was going to release me. But instead, he took hold of the base of his own cock, still sheathed in the condom, and began to pump it in time with his mouth on mine. The sight of him, so powerful and in control, was too much to bear.*

*I leaned into the wall, my hand in his hair, guiding him, urging him on. His tongue danced around my shaft, teasing my frenulum, until I couldn't hold back anymore. With a strangled cry, I came again, my cum spurting into his mouth, painting his throat. He swallowed, his eyes never leaving mine, a look of victory in his gaze. His own hand moved faster on his cock, his movements erratic, his hips jerking with the force of his own climax.*

*Marcus stood, pulling the condom off with his teeth, and stepped closer, his cock now a mere inch from my face. "Clean me up," he said, his voice still thick with lust. I eagerly opened my mouth, my tongue flicking out to lick the head of his cock clean, savoring the taste of our combined pleasure. He groaned, his hand coming up to cup my cheek, his thumb tracing the line of my jaw. "Such a good boy," he murmured, the words sending a thrill through me.*

*As I knelt before him, my mouth worshiping his spent cock, his hand found its way back to my ass, his fingers once again teasing my hole. The sensation was maddening, the combination of pleasure and pain making me want to both beg for more and push him away. But I knew better than to deny a man like Marcus what he wanted. I leaned into his touch, my own hand reaching down to stroke my hardening shaft.*

He stepped back, and I watched as he tossed the used condom into the dumpster with a flick of his wrist. "On your back," he

ordered, his voice still thick with lust. I lay down on the cold, gritty pavement, the stones digging into my bare skin, but I didn't care. All that mattered was the feel of him inside me again. He took a moment to admire me, sprawled out before him, my legs spread wide, my crop top riding up to expose my stomach. Then, with a grin that was both predatory and playful, he knelt between my thighs.

Marcus's cock, still partially erect, bobbed with every beat of his heart, a silent testament to his insatiable hunger. He took my hand and placed it on his shaft, his skin hot and slick. "Make me hard again," he whispered, his eyes never leaving mine. I complied, stroking him with a gentle but firm grip, feeling him swell in my hand. His eyes closed briefly, his head tilting back, a soft moan escaping his lips. It was a heady feeling, knowing I had that much power over this dominant man.

As his cock grew back to full mast, I couldn't help but admire the beauty of his body in the dim alley light. The lines of his abs, the breadth of his shoulders, the power in his thighs. It was a stark contrast to the well-tailored suit and tie he had worn inside. His skin was flushed with desire, beads of sweat glistening along his hairline. He leaned over me, his chest pressing against mine, his breath coming in quick, shallow pants. Our bodies fit together like puzzle pieces, made for this moment of carnality.

Without a word, he took his cock in hand and guided it back to my waiting hole. I gasped as he pushed in, filling me once more. The sensation of his bare skin sliding into mine was almost too much to bear. The alley was a cocoon of depravity, a world where the only law was the pursuit of pleasure. We moved together in a dance as old as time, our bodies speaking a language that didn't require words. Each thrust was a declaration of want, a silent promise of more.

Marcus leaned down, capturing my mouth in a kiss that was as fierce as his earlier dominance. Our tongues dueled, tasting the remnants of our lust, our breaths mingling in a heady rush of passion. His hand found my cock again, his grip tightening, the friction of his palm against my sensitive skin pushing me closer to the edge. Our rhythm grew more frantic, the slap of our bodies against each other a testament to our desire.

The world around us faded away, leaving only the sound of our breaths and the harsh grunts that punctuated each thrust. His eyes held a wildness that was both thrilling and slightly terrifying, a look that told me he was lost in the moment, consumed by his need. And in that moment, I was his, willing and eager to give him anything he wanted.

Marcus's hand moved to my hip, his thumb digging into my skin as he pushed into me with renewed vigor. The pain was a delicious reminder of his dominance, a reminder that he was the one in control. His other hand found my throbbing cock, stroking it in time with his hips, driving me closer and closer to the edge. I could feel the tension building in him, the way his muscles tightened and his breath grew ragged.

He broke the kiss, his mouth moving to my neck, his teeth grazing the sensitive skin. His breath was hot and wet, his mouth leaving a trail of kisses that sent shivers through me. "I'm going to come," I gasped, the words torn from me by the force of the pleasure building inside me. He responded with a low growl, his hips moving faster, his grip on my cock tightening.

And then, with one final, powerful thrust, he was coming, his hot cum filling me as I spurted my own load, the warmth of it mixing with the coolness of the night air. Our bodies trembled with the aftershocks of our shared climax, our breathing ragged and harsh. For a moment, we stayed like that, connected in a way that transcended the physical.

Marcus leaned his forehead against mine, his breath hot and fast against my skin. "Fuck, Jessi," he murmured, his voice filled with a mix of awe and satisfaction. I couldn't help the smile that spread across my face, my body still humming with the afterglow of our encounter.

He pulled out, and I felt the sudden emptiness keenly. But before I could voice my protest, he was standing, helping me to my feet. His hand was gentle, almost tender, as he brushed the dirt from my skin and straightened my crop top. "Come on," he said, his voice gruff but not unkind. "Let's get you cleaned up."

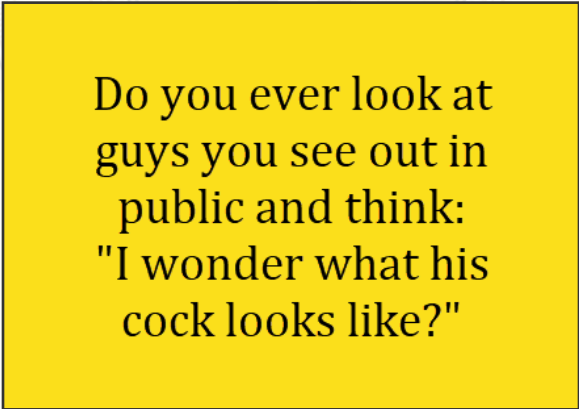
He led me to a nearby bathroom, the starkness of the fluorescent lights a stark contrast to the intimacy of the alley. Inside, he turned on the faucet and wet a paper towel, carefully wiping away



the evidence of our encounter from my face and neck. His touch was surprisingly gentle, the harshness of his earlier demeanor nowhere to be seen.

Marcus leaned against the sink, his eyes never leaving mine as he washed his cock. The water ran red with our mingled fluids, swirling down the drain in a silent testament to the passion we had just shared. His gaze was intense, a question lingering in his eyes that I didn't dare to answer. The bathroom was small, the air thick with the scent of sex and desire. It was a space that held only us, our whispers and the sound of the running water.

As I watched him clean up, I couldn't help but feel a sense of longing. Our encounters were always like this - raw, intense, and utterly satisfying. Yet, there was a part of me that craved more than just the physical release. I wanted to know the man behind the suit, the person who craved the touch of another man's skin. But the rules of our dance forbade such intimacy. We were creatures of the night, driven by lust, not love.



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



## Plugged In

By: Onatangent

*I straightened up, took a deep breath, and left the apartment, down the three flights of stairs to the busy street.*

*There was a bit of a bounce in my step. How could there not be? After all, nestled deep inside me was a brand new toy. A soft black plug, seven inches long and thick. It rubbed against my prostate with every step. Stairs were especially nice.*

*I stepped out onto the street and looked around. I had a few places on my list to go, just a few errands. But of course the real goal was just to see what sorts of attention I would attract.*

*Not from passersby, no. It would be rude to loop them into my fun if they didn't want it. Plenty of trips to the street nice and filled had gotten me to learn how to hide my excitement - I was pretty well tucked at the moment, and straining.*

*The attention I was hoping to get was a bit of an experiment. It was a new toy, after all, and a special one at that. It doubled as a vibrator, first of all, with a wide range of intensities. And it could be controlled by app.*

*The idea came to me the moment I read about the toy the first time. So here I was, on the street, toy in. And on my Grindr profile it said exactly what I was up to, and listed the password to control my toy. Anyone checking their phone would see me close by on Grindr. And if they felt like giving me a buzz they would be more than welcome. And there would be nothing I could do to stop them.*

*The thought thrilled me.*

*It was a disappointing walk at first. I made it all the way to the corner store and picked up a six pack with nothing. I had been walking slow, wanting to prolong the outing, but nothing doing.*

*I was getting frustrated when finally, as I was walking from the corner store towards the park when I finally felt a buzz. Despite all my preparations I still hadn't planned for it. I let out an audible gasp and my cock strained hard against its confines.*

*I grinned and looked up to the apartment building across the street just in time to see someone dart back inside. At least it wasn't a total wash.*

*I kept going about my day. I picked up a sandwich and began eating it in the park. Pausing every once in a while to lean my head back and try to keep my composure when someone else found the password and decided to play a bit.*

*The buzzes were infrequent. A random guy would log in, push the button a few times, and then leave me in my excited state. Probably five or six different guys. I felt like an absolute slut and my heart was pounding.*

*After about an hour and a half out on the town, my errands run, I began to head back home, already planning for exactly how I was going to jack off once I got there.*

*A few blocks from my house I gasped audibly and stopped in my tracks as the vibrator in my ass cranked up to full. I could barely move for a few moments and surely was getting some odd looks, although I managed to just about keep it together. It lasted a solid thirty seconds, and when it ended, I was breathing hard on the street, surprised I hadn't fallen over.*

*My heart was pounding. I couldn't help but smile. A wonderful sendoff to the day. I walked another block when I froze and it happened again. Just a little bit of gurgling in my throat. Same intensity, same length of time. A repeat customer!*

*I rushed home. I couldn't stand the wait and needed to release myself. As soon as I shut the door behind me, I started to undress, when it hit me once again. I dropped onto the couch and arched my back as it seemed to drill inside of me, vibrations emanating outwards from it, feeling like it was jacking me off from the inside out.*

*I didn't even need to touch myself. Another few minutes of this and I came, shooting between my legs, bucking my hips in the air and yelling. My ass clenched the plug hard, triggering its sensor to let whoever was on the app know what had just happened.*

*The vibrations stopped. I panted, hand to my chest. That had been amazing. Even better than I could have hoped for.*

*I came down from my high, head still spinning. I was finally about to get up and take the plug out when it came back to life, making me groan. The buzzes were evenly spaced and deliberate, and less intense. Seven of them, and then it stopped. Like a message. Nothing for a while after that. I flicked the switch on the plug to off, slid it out of me, and began to clean up, thrilled with the success of the day.*

*I checked my phone to see if any of my playmates had left messages. And a few had. "Enjoy, cutie" said one. "I see you down there hon. msg back we fuck sometime" another. Then a bunch that seemed to be complaining that the password didn't work. Nothing from anyone talking about the long and intense session they'd just given me.*

*I checked the toy's app and couldn't log in. The password had been changed. From when the messages started, it had been just before I started getting the most intense buzzes. I tried to change the password back but remembered I didn't have the recovery email on my phone, just my computer. A task for tomorrow.*

---

*The next day I came home from work, wondering where my outing for the evening should take me, thinking about who might buzz in. Or maybe I'd message that one guy back, get fucked for real.*

*I found the toy right where I'd left it and then cursed myself, remembering the changed password. Then it hit me. I looked at the clock. Almost seven. That's what it had meant!*

*I looked at the toy and back at my phone. Should I change the password back?*

*Oh, who was I kidding?*

*In moments I was out of my clothes, lubing up the plug, and sliding it back in. With a minute to spare I flipped the switch to on.*

*At 7pm exactly I yelled as the highest intensity vibration began once again, my cock spitting pre onto the floor. I doubled over. It lasted a full two minutes this time. I was gasping and grinning, naked on hands and knees on the floor.*

*Then, just as suddenly, it stopped again. I rolled onto my back and breathed hard.*

*A few moments passed, and then it began again, much softer. Rhythmic. Three short buzzes. Three longer ones, curling my toes, and then three short ones again. Some time passed, and the pattern repeated.*

*Wait a minute...*

*Was this guy trying to send morse code to my ass?*

*I scrambled for my phone to look up a key for morse code just in time for the message to start coming in. I paid close attention, pretty difficult as my insides hummed, and managed to read things out a letter at a time.*

*7 E..VRYNIGHT*

*I couldn't argue with that. My cock was bobbing between my legs, pre flowing down the shaft.*

*SIR 2 U*

*CNTRL YR ASS*

*I was breathing harder. I'd had fantasies about a big man wanting to control me - although who knows what kind of man this was exactly. Never had a chance to try it out.*

*U OBEY. CUM 2 AGREE*

*Cum to agree? I wasn't sure what that meant... and then suddenly I did as the intensity cranked to full once again and began its assault, buzzing continuously into my ass, pausing only to start again and highlight how heavily I was taking it.*

*Two minutes later, my ass constricted, and whoever it was had my confirmation.*

*The buzzing stopped. After about ten minutes, I turned it off, slid it out, and cleaned up. I didn't think I needed to go out again that night.*

---

*The next week was a blur. Get home from work, settle in for a bit, and watch the clock for 7. Then I'd be there, in my apartment, naked and completely stuffed, ready to go. At 7 he'd begin his work.*

*He, of course, set some ground rules. NO TOUCHING, he said. That became a pretty difficult rule to live by as he began to slow his work down. Bringing me to a touchless orgasm after five minutes became ten, then twenty. After a week he had me sweating and rolling around for an hour before he finally gave it full blast and had me cum. Not touching myself at that time was so extremely difficult, I'm not sure how I did it. But I managed to, proud of myself for following the order.*

*He began to train me to hear the messages more directly. He'd buzz a word to me before we really got started, so I'd know what it was, and then as we began he'd blast the word at full intensity until I knew what the letters were in code at the pit of my soul. BITCH he'd buzz repeatedly into me. Or SLUT. I couldn't hold out long as I OWN YOU was drilled into me over and over, and came in only ten minutes that night. GOOD BOY he'd said after that one was over.*

*After a week of this, I was shocked to hear a knock at the door right before I was about to cum. ANSWER NUDE he said. It took me a moment to parse, my code recognition wasn't quite there yet. My mind swimming, I peeked through the peephole. It was a delivery guy. I swallowed hard and opened the door. He smirked, not too surprised. I realized I didn't recognize the delivery company on his uniform. He handed over a large box.*

*Disappointed to not have cum yet, I took it inside and shut the door, then opened it. Inside were three webcams, apparently the kind set to stream directly off somewhere else. How did... how did he know my address? Could he see it in the app?*

*ALWAYS ON, he said as I took the webcams out of their packaging. I swallowed hard. I started to second guess myself when he buzzed*

*me again and I got so fucking close... in moments I was hanging up a camera in each room of the apartment, my erection tapping against the wall if I wasn't careful.*

*The little red lights on the cameras all came on. He could see me, I was sure. I smiled at the camera, and was rewarded by the vibrator coming to life once more. It knocked me to the floor and in moments I was shooting cum across my chest and face. I panted hard. I laid there, still, a while, before reaching for the plug to remove it as normal.*

*NO, he said.*

*I paused.*

**STAYS IN**

*My hand wavered. He wants me to leave it in? Like, overnight? I shuddered and looked at the little red light on the camera. I got up and left the plug in, wandering off to bed.*

---

*I had wonderful dreams as the toy swum around inside me. In the best of them I had been tied up and blindfolded, and an enormous thick man pushed my knees to my chest and was ramming me hard. I woke up to the yells of my own orgasm, the vibrator at full intensity inside me. I just about drooled. I looked at the camera in the corner of the bedroom and bit my lip.*

*I got up, shaved, and removed the toy to clean myself. I looked at it. Was it supposed to stay in all day? I looked at the camera. The toy stayed still. He'd never told me to take it out...*

*I wanted guidance. I slipped the toy back in and it sprang to life again.*

**KEEP IN**

*I let out a sigh of relief. I wasn't sure how I was going to get through work plugged, but it felt good to have him connected to me during the day, whoever it was.*

**DOOR**

*Door? I wasn't sure what that meant.*

*I checked the front door again. Another package in the hall. I took it inside and opened it. A chastity device. A small one. Designed to keep my cock close to the body. He'd thought about how I'd get through the day I supposed...*

*I took a deep breath and felt the heft of the toy inside of me. I took the cage out of the packaging and looked down at my own cock, thankfully soft from the orgasm I'd just had. Before it had a chance to change that, I slipped the nub-shaped cage over my cock and nestled it close to my body, then fed my balls through the ring like I'd seen online. It latched into place. My cock squirmed and I winced. That would take a bit to get used to.*

*It was difficult to focus on work that day. A BITCH or SLUT would slip in every once in a while. Once in the afternoon he ordered me into the bathroom where he proceeded to turn the intensity to high for a solid five minutes before turning it off and sending me back out for a very shaken last couple hours of the day.*

*When I was finally home I stripped, bent over to give the camera a good view, and he made me cum without touching myself twice, cum shooting through the opening slit of the cage that kept me from even being fully erect.*

*I panted and slid to the floor. GOOD BOY he said. I looked to the camera. "Thank you Sir."*

---

*He knew then that he had me, and I wasn't about to change a thing. The messages became more frequent throughout the day, and as I became fluent in Morse they felt like they were coming from deep inside me, like he was really there saying them, pulling my levers.*

*The messages expanded. Not just sexual any more but starting to tell me other things, too. What to have for lunch, where to go on the weekends. And, invariably, I listened and obeyed. A little thrill went through my gut every time I did what he said.*

*The messages became a part of me. While I dreamed of whoever might be sending them, they just started to feel like they came to me fully formed, almost like they were my own ideas. He was that deep in my head. Sometimes I would find myself doing something*



*and not remember making the choice to have done it, only to feel the tingle in my ass reminding me I had received a message.*

*His names for me shifted too. From SLUT and BITCH to PET.. TOY.. to now, two years after this all started, SLAVE. I thought of myself as his property. Doing what he said without a second thought. Any decisions I had were his to make. The plug and cage were a part of me, removed only for cleaning and battery replacements, and dearly missed until they were put back on. Every once in a while I would remember how things had been before, putting in stark contrast just how much he controlled my life, and it would send a wild smile across my face.*

*After all this time it seemed unlikely he would reveal anything about himself. I didn't know his name, his face, anything about him, other than that I was his completely and helplessly. And as I gazed up at the little red light, cum dribbling out of my cage driven only by the toy for what must have been the thousandth time, I never wanted any of it to change.*

**I'M NOT ASHAMED  
OF BEING A  
MASTURBATOR**

# OMG or Oversized Male Genitalia

By Paul François

*For many gay men, a Black guy is super well-endowed. According to the Journal of Sexual Medicine, the average flaccid penis is somewhere between 3.5 to 4 inches (7.6 to 10 cm), while the average erection falls in the 4.5 to 6.5-inch range (10.5 to 15 cm). Brian is Black and he boasts a whopping 13.5 inches (33 cm) at full mast. He confirms the BBC legend: Big Black Cock.*

*OK, he's not your typical or average Black dude, but he can shed some light on Black shaft and bulge, plus the consequences of being hung like a bull. Brian can tell us how the sense of feeling special can start pretty early in life.*

*When I was getting close to puberty and seeing changes below the belt, my mother told me that my endowment had been noticed on Day 1. The nurses paraded in the hospital room to pamper me, and mostly to wash my "private parts" that quickly became public. They all confirmed that my cock had a record size. Mom could not find diapers to fully cover my black jewels.*

*In grade 9, after gym class, we had to shower three or four guys at the same time. My classmates had smaller dicks and kept staring at me. My coach asked me to meet him after class for... a special matter. He was blunt and said that I should wear a jockstrap during Phys. Ed. "From what I've seen in the locker room, you need an extra-large support. You are fuckin well hung, boy!"*

*The coach was a muscular man and the bulge in his pants seemed pretty impressive. He thought I should try on his jockstrap for size. It was obviously too small, too tight, but it gave him the opportunity to measure my package. He caressed my dick and suddenly started to suck it. "Wow, my rod grew in size and sensation!" Once he had swallowed my load, he promised to get me the right size – XXXL – and to adjust the waist band.*

*All the boys in my class dated girls, and some bragged about how they made out on the sofa. I didn't want to be different, so I asked Jenny to accompany me at a dance. Not to show off my impressive bulge, I wore loose pants. We danced a few slows and she kind of brushed against my crotch. I didn't get aroused, but I invited her*

to my place for a night cap. My parents were away and I had the whole house to myself.

Things didn't unfold as expected. She was curious to see my schlong, but as soon as I pulled out my flaccid weapon, she screamed and ran out of the house without her shoes and underwear. The next day I brought back her belongings in a brown bag. "Thank you, she said, I didn't know you were a monster!"

I had better luck after the Phys. Ed. class the following week. In the shower, while trying to grab the soap bar, a cute slim guy nonchalantly caressed my dick. When we were the only two students left in the shower area, he offered to rub my back. Ted took this opportunity to whisper that he would love "to honor my chocolate manhood". A date was struck on the premises.

Ted lived a few blocks from my home and had the whole basement to himself. He could even lock the door to his suite. Some students called him names like Sissy or Faggot, but that didn't bother him. "The most homophobic are the ones who have secret gay tendencies. Believe me, I've sucked the cock of a few macho guys and let them screw my ass."

The size of my bazooka didn't scare Ted at all. He couldn't swallow half of it but vowed that his ass hole would be able to handle the whole 13.5 inches (33 cm). After an intense kissing-licking-sucking-spitting session, Ted ordered me the fuck him raw. "I want to feel your virility hard and deep inside me!" His ass seemed pretty small and maybe not ready, I thought, to welcome my astronomical engine.

On the contrary, slowly but surely, I managed to shove it in and out with rhythm, triggering moans of pleasure each time I pounded him further deep. My initiation to fucking a guy was an amazing success. I got to play with his ass and fill it three times that night.

Much later, when social media became popular, I found out that OMG did not mean Oh My God, but Oversized Male Genitalia. Having a big penis comes with its fair share of problems, too. Nine out of ten times, I was known as the BBC, my identity being reduced to only one part of my body.

Something as simple as riding a bike can become a nightmare. "Where do I put my penis when I'm on a bike seat? I end up just

*sitting on the thing. If I want to go for a nice ride in the country, the pain distracts from the euphoria of the journey itself.” Using the restroom is an equally dicey proposition. In a public urinal, if I’m not careful, my penis will hang down and touch the edge of the urinal or the water.*

*And there’s the condom conundrum. If a guy insists on safe sex, I use the largest size possible – around 7.5 inches – and it only covers half my cock. When you constantly have to keep one hand on your rubber to make sure it doesn’t slip off during sex, it sucks some fun out of the process. Sometimes the condoms end up either breaking or slipping inside when it’s all said and done.*

*Finding the proper pants raises some concern. It’s a problem to get trousers or jeans that are not too tight through the fork, i.e., the crotch. When there was a trend towards fitted tight pants, it became a real issue. A tailor has told me that, after thirty years of measuring men and working with guys, “nobody’s normal, everybody’s got something: a big bum or no bum, different length arms, shoulders that are different heights”.*

*He adds that there is a reasonable amount of stigma around men and their penises. “I guess it’s something that they probably don’t feel comfortable talking about in the same way. Interestingly, they’ll normally talk about their testicles more than their penis.”*

*I’ve been out for decades, but I still cross gay guys that view black men as thugs, as if we all have great bodies and are all dominant. These days, the minute I see something like “looking for BBC” on a profile or if it’s said to me at a bar, I end the conversation. It’s an immediate turn-off. I have white guys who come up to me, too, asking if they could be my slave or vice versa; I’m always like, “No way!”*

*If you want to have cock and ass play with me, you are welcomed, but it will be on an equal basis. We both get to suck each other, fully or not it doesn’t matter. We both get to fuck and be fucked, in ass and face. There are many ways to share a chocolate bar. Come and explore a few with me.*

# *My Black Boyfriend*

*By Jess Fellatio*

*Jessi Fellatio, the moniker a testament to my unquenchable thirst for the throbbing essence of masculinity, is not just a name; it's a declaration of my submissive nature. With skin as smooth as freshly whipped cream, thanks to the meticulous art of waxing, and a palette as starkly white as the pages of a novel untouched by the ink of experience, I present a canvas that seems almost too pristine to be true. Yet, the very act of adorning it with the dark, dominant strokes of a partner speaks volumes about the cravings that stir within me. The mere thought of my body, a stark canvas against the midnight hue of my black boyfriend, sends shivers down my spine, a silent symphony of anticipation playing out in every nerve ending.*

*Our rendezvous is a dance of desire, a ballet of carnality where we are both the choreographers and the performers. He, the all-powerful top, and I, the eager bottom, ready to be filled and used at his whim. The air is thick with the scent of lust and the faint hint of wax from my recent hair removal session. We lock eyes, the silent agreement of the challenge passed between us, and the game begins. I drop to my knees, my mouth watering at the sight of his burgeoning manhood, a promise of pleasure yet to be delivered.*

*With a gentle smirk, he steps closer, allowing his cock to graze my cheek. The warmth and the velvety texture sends a jolt through me, my resolve to serve him only growing stronger. I open my mouth, welcoming the thick, veiny member that I have come to crave like a drug. The tip teases my tongue, the salty taste of precum a sweet nectar that fuels my hunger. My boyfriend groans, his hand tangling in my hair as I take him in deeper, my cheeks hollowing as I suck with the fervor of one who worships at the altar of phallic power. His cock hits the back of my throat, a delicious intrusion that I welcome with a moan of my own.*

*My eyes water, my throat stretches, but the pain is a delightful reminder of my purpose. I want to see how many times I can bring him to the brink and pull him back, how many times I can make him spurt his seed into my waiting mouth or how many times I can feel his hot, pulsing member deep in my ass before the night is*

*through. His breathing quickens, his hips bucking slightly as I find a rhythm that speaks to his desires. He is the maestro, and I am the instrument, eager to play the symphony of his pleasure.*

*Suddenly, his grip tightens, and with a grunt, he pulls away, leaving me gasping for air and begging for more. He looks down at me, his eyes dark with lust, a smoldering ember that threatens to ignite the room. "Not yet, Jessi," he growls, his voice a low rumble that sends a tremor through my body. "First, I want to see how well you can handle this," he says, gesturing to his cock, now standing tall and proud. "On your hands and knees," he commands, his voice firm yet laced with the sweetest of tenderness.*

*I obey without hesitation, my body moving of its own accord to please him. As I assume the position, my heart races, and my ass cheeks clench in anticipation. He steps behind me, and I feel the head of his cock nudge against my eager entrance. With a swift thrust, he enters me, filling me up with his hardness. I moan loudly, the sensation of fullness overwhelming yet exhilarating. His grip on my hips is firm, guiding my movements as he begins to fuck me with a rhythm that matches the racing beat of my heart. Each thrust is a declaration of his dominance, a claiming of my body that I revel in. The room is alive with the sound of our skin slapping together, our breaths mingling, and the slick, wet noises of his cock invading my most intimate space. This is what I live for, to be used, to be taken, to be his. The challenge has only just begun, and I am eager to see how long I can endure the sweet torment of his relentless passion.*

*He leans over me, whispering filthy words into my ear that make me wetter and more desperate for his release. "You're mine, Jessi," he says, his breath hot against my neck. "All of you." His words resonate deep within me, striking a chord that makes me want to scream out my submission. I arch my back, pushing my ass back to meet each of his deep, punishing thrusts, silently begging for more. His hand reaches around to find my cock, now standing at full attention, and begins to stroke it in time with his fucking. The dual sensation is almost too much to bear, and I feel myself getting closer to the edge with every passing moment.*

*As his strokes on my cock become more urgent, his thrusts grow more powerful, and I can feel his orgasm building. The head of his cock swells inside me, and I know he's close. I tighten my muscles, squeezing him, trying to milk him for all he's worth. "I'm going to cum in your ass," he pants, his voice strained with the effort of holding back. "And then you're going to swallow it all, aren't you?" I nod eagerly, not trusting my voice to form the words. I want to feel his hot seed fill me, marking me as his property. With a final, deep thrust, he releases, and I feel the warmth of his cum flood into me, the sensation sending me over the edge as I spurt my own load onto the floor beneath us.*

*We collapse together, our bodies slick with sweat and cum. He pulls out, and I feel the emptiness left behind, a void that only he can fill. He rolls me onto my back, and I gaze up at him, my eyes glazed with satisfaction. He grins, knowing he's conquered me once again. "You're so good, Jessi," he murmurs, leaning down to kiss me, his tongue tasting the lingering essence of his own cum on my lips. "But we're not done yet," he says, his voice filled with mischief. "I want to see how many more times I can make you beg for it before the night is over." And with that, he stands, his cock already beginning to harden once more, and I know that this challenge is far from complete. The excitement of the unknown fills me, and I can't wait to see where the night will take us next.*

*Our bodies intertwine as we explore each other anew, our passion a living, breathing entity that feeds off our desire. His cock finds its way back into my mouth, and I suck him off with renewed vigor, eager to taste the saltiness of his cum once more. His fingers explore my body, teasing my nipples and playing with my hole, preparing me for another round. The challenge has shifted, but the goal remains the same: to push our boundaries and indulge in the rawest form of carnality. As he flips me onto my stomach, his cock still rock hard, I feel his weight settle on top of me, and I know that the night is going to be one of endless pleasure, a marathon of orgasms and submission that I will cherish for all eternity.*

*He enters me again, his cock sliding into my ass with ease, thanks to the generous amounts of lube we've been using. Each time feels like the first, the sensation of being filled so completely, so utterly, never growing old. I moan into the pillow, muffling the sounds of my ecstasy as he fucks me from behind. His grip on my hips tightens, and I push back into him, our bodies moving in a*

*harmony that speaks of our deep, primal connection. His strokes become more demanding, more insistent, and I can feel his balls slapping against me, a delicious sting that sends shockwaves through my body.*

*My boyfriend pulls out again, his cock glistening with my juices. He flips me onto my back and straddles my chest, his cock hovering just above my eager mouth. "Make me cum again," he says, his voice a gruff demand that sends a shiver down my spine. I open my mouth, and he feeds me his cock, his movements more forceful now. I suck him greedily, my tongue swirling around the head as I take him deep. His hand wraps around the base, guiding my movements, as he fucks my face with the same intensity he fucked my ass. His eyes are closed, his head thrown back in ecstasy, and I can feel the power dynamics shift as I control his pleasure.*

*With a roar, he cums down my throat, and I swallow every drop, savoring the taste of him. He collapses beside me, his chest heaving with the exertion of his climax. I lick my lips, feeling a sense of pride that only a dedicated bottom can understand. He looks at me, his eyes still dark with lust, and says, "Again." It's not a question but a command, and I eagerly nod, ready to take on the next round of our intimate challenge. The night stretches out before us, a canvas of potential, and I know that each stroke, each moan, each drop of cum will be a testament to our love for one another, a celebration of the unique bond we share. And as he slides back into me, the world outside our bubble of pleasure fades away, leaving only the two of us and the symphony of our passionate cries echoing through the darkness.*

*We try different positions, his cock never leaving my body for long. Each time he enters me, it feels like the first, the initial burn of penetration giving way to the warm embrace of fullness. I am a vessel for his pleasure, a living, breathing toy for his amusement. And as he takes me, over and over, I am filled with a sense of purpose that transcends the physical. We are connected not just by our bodies but by the raw, primal need that drives us together. He pumps into me from behind, his hands on my hips, guiding me like a marionette on a string. I can feel the head of his cock brushing against my prostate with every thrust, sending electric jolts of pleasure through me. My moans become screams, my body trembling with each wave of sensation that crashes over me.*



As the night wears on, our challenge evolves, the lines between pleasure and pain blurring into a delicious haze. He brings out a vibrator, pressing it against my clit as he fucks me from behind. The combination of his cock and the vibrator's relentless buzz sends me spiraling towards climax, my body tightening around him. He groans, his movements becoming erratic, and I know he's close. I push back into him, the vibrations sending him over the edge, and he cums deep inside me with a roar that shakes the very foundations of our love nest. I collapse, my body a quivering mess, as he pulls out and collapses beside me, his cock still twitching from the aftershocks of his orgasm.

We lay there, spent and satisfied, the silence of the room a stark contrast to the cacophony of passion that filled it just moments before. Our

with sweat tangible our shared wraps his me, pulling whispers, "I And in that know that many times how sore I would and more. wildfire,

*...I push back into him sending him over the edge and he cums deep inside me with a roar...*

skin is sticky and cum, a reminder of experience. He arm around me close, and love you, Jessi." moment, I no matter how he cums or my body feels, do it all again Our love is a untamed and unpredictable,

and I wouldn't have it any other way. As we drift off to sleep, our bodies entwined, I can't help but think that this night is a testament to our unbridled lust and the unbreakable bond that we've forged through our endless pursuit of pleasure. And as the first light of dawn creeps through the curtains, we stir, our bodies ready to begin the next chapter of our erotic odyssey, the challenge ever present, our love ever stronger.

The sun rises, casting a warm glow over our tangled sheets, and with it comes a renewed sense of purpose. The day ahead is ripe with possibility, and we know that our night of debauchery has only just begun. We rise, our limbs heavy with exhaustion but our spirits high. A wicked glint in his eye, my boyfriend suggests we

take our challenge to the shower, where the slickness of water and soap only add to the slippery embrace of passion. He pushes me against the tiles, the coolness a stark contrast to the heat of his skin. His cock is already hard again, a testament to his insatiable appetite. He enters me, the water cascading down our bodies as we fuck under the warm spray. The sensation of his cock sliding in and out of me, the sound of our bodies slapping together echoing off the walls, is a symphony of eroticism that only the two of us can understand.

The water turns cold, but our desire remains unabated. We move to the bedroom once more, our bodies craving the familiar embrace of the soft mattress. This time, he ties me up with silk scarves, my limbs spread-eagled and at his mercy. His cock is a weapon of pleasure, a tool of his dominance that I willingly surrender to. He takes his time, exploring my body with a hunger that's only grown more intense as the night progresses. Each touch, each kiss, each stroke of his cock against my skin is a declaration of his love, a testament to his need to claim me, to make me his in every way possible. I am his canvas, his muse, and as he fucks me, I am a masterpiece of ecstasy brought to life.

Our final act is one of pure, unadulterated lust. He flips me onto my stomach, my legs splayed wide, and enters me with a ferocity that steals my breath away. The headboard slams against the wall, the sound a metronome to our rhythm. His hands grip my hips tightly, guiding my movements as he fucks me from behind. The sound of our bodies colliding is a crescendo that builds and builds until I feel myself on the brink once more. He reaches around, his hand finding my cock, and with a few swift strokes, I cum, my orgasm painting the sheets with my seed. He follows soon after, filling me with his cum, marking me as his own.

As he collapses on top of me, our bodies sticking together, I feel a sense of accomplishment, of triumph. We've pushed ourselves to the limits of pleasure, and we've come out the other side, stronger, more connected than ever before. The challenge may have been physical, but the emotional rewards are immeasurable. We lay there, panting and sweaty, our hearts beating in time with one another's. He whispers, "I'm so proud of you," and I know that in this moment, I am truly seen, truly loved for all that I am: a bottom, a lover, a partner in every sense of the word. And as the night gives way to the gentle kiss of the morning sun, we drift off

to sleep, our bodies sated but our hearts forever hungry for the love and passion that only we can create together.

We wake to the sound of the city coming alive outside our window, the distant hum of traffic a reminder that the world continues to turn even as we've lost ourselves in each other. But we're not ready to leave this cocoon of desire just yet. With a mischievous smile, my boyfriend slides his hand down my stomach, his fingers dancing around my still-sensitive hole. "Again?" he asks, his voice a seductive purr that sends a shiver down my spine. And even though my body feels like it's been put through a wringer, I nod eagerly. The challenge isn't about endurance; it's about the depth of our connection, the willingness to give and take without limits.

He rolls me onto my back, his cock standing tall and proud, a testament to his stamina. He kisses me deeply, tasting the remnants of our love on my lips and tongue. His hands roam my body, caressing every inch of my skin, reawakening nerves that had only just begun to calm. His fingers find their way to my cock, stroking it gently as he teases my ass with the tip of his still-hard member. I can't help but moan, my body responding instinctively to his touch. He smiles, knowing he has me right where he wants me, and with a slow, deliberate push, he enters me again. This time, it's with a tenderness that belies the previous night's ferocity. We move together, our bodies a tapestry of love and lust, each stroke a story of our devotion.

The day stretches out before us, a canvas of potential for more pleasure, more exploration. We've set a pace that would make most mere mortals crumble, but we're not just any couple. We're a powerhouse of passion, a duo of desire that feeds off each other's energy. And as he pulls out and cums all over my stomach, I know that the challenge isn't over. It's just the beginning. We'll take breaks, of course, moments to laugh and talk and refuel our bodies, but our hearts will always be entwined in this dance of submission and dominance. As I clean him up, my tongue lapping at his cum, I look into his eyes and see a reflection of my own desire, a mirror to the soul that craves this connection above all else. And with each swipe of my tongue, each shared moment of intimacy, I know that no matter what the future holds, we'll face it together, united in our love of pleasure and our unyielding need to push each other to the very edge of ecstasy.

We spend the morning in a haze of lust, our bodies moving in a ballet of desire that knows no bounds. We try new positions, new sensations, each one more exquisite than the last. He takes me in every way imaginable, my ass a testament to his love, my mouth a willing receptacle for his seed. And each time I swallow, each time I feel his hot cum fill me, I am reminded of why I love him so. He doesn't just use me; he worships me, treats me like a god, a deity of pleasure that he can never get enough of. Our love is a force of nature, a wildfire that burns bright and fierce, leaving nothing but ash in its wake. And as we lay there, our bodies sated, our hearts full, I know that I'd go through this challenge every day if it meant feeling this alive.



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# First Introduction to Blowjob

By A King

**[Reminder: The following story, like all stories in 5on1 Magazine, is a work of fiction. Some might find it offensive, others might find it exciting.]**

Growing up in an extremely nudist household was both exciting and different. I say extreme because my dad had rules -- no clothes on inside the house period and as far as visitors (family or friends) they would have to adhere to that rule if they spent the night.

Needless to say, we didn't have many overnight guests. Even the mailman and Jehovah's Witnesses got flashed so many times they all stopped coming. But I never grew tired of seeing my dad's big thick beer can sized uncut dick (not erect) and low hanging door knocker balls swinging around the house although most times I'd have to leave the room because I was so turned on by it.

One time, my Dad and I were just shooting the breeze watching a game on the couch and out of the blue my dick got raging hard. I was embarrassed and tried to hide it by placing a throw pillow over myself. He stopped me and told me it's a natural part of life, not to be ashamed of my manhood and not to hide it. He told me he couldn't be more proud to have a hung son. I asked him does it ever happen to him because I've never seen him hard. He laughed and said of course it does son.

So here I am sitting on the couch with my dad, naked watching a football game, with my dick brick hard, leaking streams of precum...awkward!! The mere thoughts of him slurping up my precum and taking my cock drove me insane. Just before I was about to excuse myself, instantly I felt the warmth of my dad's mouth and tongue engulf my entire cock. My hip thrusts and his beard were in a synced rhythm. In a state of bliss and euphoria, I moaned out several times for my Dad, warning him that I felt like I had to pee. The urgency to release became unbearable and so I let go inside my dad's mouth as he began to groan and growl. He said "That's my boy!!".

That was my first blowjob...