



John's Not Gay *(MM, mast)*

By AB-2003 *(no address)*

"Doesn't it feel good John? Oh god you look sexy laying there jacking off. I love to watch you doing it John, your cock is so big compared to mine," I said as I slowly pulled at mine as he lay there masturbated before me.

"You look so strong and big, I wish I was as big as you, I wish you'd let me touch you John." I begged again for the thousandth time. But no, John never let me touch him; he said that he wasn't gay and that he wasn't going to do anything gay.

I could only watch as his fingers grasped his stiff smooth dick and sigh in delight as he began jacking on his beautiful shaft faster and faster. I'd watched him do this so many times before and John never seemed to tire of jacking off for me.

I think although he isn't gay, he likes an appreciative audience, and there is no more appreciative audience than me, that's for sure. Ever since we became

college roommates I've wanted nothing more than to touch John to my heart's content. He's so rugged looking and he fascinates me.

It first started when one night I heard him jacking off in the next room. It was after ten o'clock and we were in our respective bedrooms and I heard the unmistakable sound of his headboard thumping against the wall.

My imagination soared as I thought about what he must look like laying there getting closer and closer to shooting off. I wondered if he used Kleenex like I did, or if he just shot off and splattered his cum on his bare skin. (I had a friend who liked it that way, he'd just rub it into his skin and roll over and go to sleep. I liked to go into his room the next day and smell his sheets.)

That first time I just couldn't restrain myself I got out of bed with a raging hard-on and crept out of my room and stood outside his door. I still heard the rhythmic sound of him jerking off and finally got the nerve up to open his door to peer in.

It was an amazing sight. I came in gushers against his door as I saw his big dick sliding up and down between his fingers. I guess I groaned because he looked up and saw me. I was frightened at what his reaction might be, but I was also cumming gobs and couldn't stop jacking my cock.



To my relief John didn't seem to mind, actually I think my state of affairs did

something for him because in the next couple of seconds his body stiffened and I saw his sperm shot out almost a foot to land above the towel he placed on his belly to catch it with. I stood there and watched the second jet shoot into the towel and a third and fourth jet becoming less and less violent, until he was just dribbling a few oozings of pretty white cum from the head of his dick.

I wanted nothing more at that moment than to walk in there and lick his cum up, and clean his dick with my mouth. But I knew from his expression that he'd beat the shit out of me if I tried.

Since that night I've talking John into jacking off for me whenever he's horny. Instead of doing it alone in his room he lets me come in and watch, or he does it on the couch and I sit on the floor in front of him and watch is perfect balls wobbling up and down in time with his jacking motions.

Nowadays I always jack off with him, I can't help myself. I always imagine that he's fucking me in the ass, or my mouth, and I always have an exquisite cum when he shoots off. It's just so sexy watching John cum, I only wish he'd let me help him do it.

"Yes, John, you look so masculine laying there beating off. Don't you wish Melissa was here and you were fucking her? I'd like to see your big slippery dick sliding in and out of her hairy cunt, and I'd hold your balls from behind so I could tell when you came in her."

"What? Yea, I know, no touching. But would you let me watch you fuck Melissa? I'd really like to see you naked on top of her rutting away. Fuck man, that would be something wouldn't it?"

I could see that my talk was doing its job because John's hand was moving faster on his cock, and I knew that in moments I'd see that silent wonder again. John's copious cum would fly through the air to land on his tanned flesh. It would look so beautiful as it flew through the air like molten lava only white as milk and think as glue.

God I wish he'd just let me lick it off his chest, just once.

"Oh yeah!!"

John's body jerked and his eyelids fluttered and I watched carefully as his first gush of white cum flew through the air and slapped against his left nipple, god he looked sexy. Then another and another gush of his white cum splattered his tanned belly and then dribbled into his pubic hair.

If only John would let me suck him off, or even clean him up with my tongue.

Maybe someday, I can always hope...





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