



Putting Paul's Penis in My Mouth...

(MM, oral)

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Picture by AB-2004

When I was about 23 years old I lived in a gorgeous old mansion that had been converted to apartments. The lower level held doctors' offices and several of the large older homes on our street had been converted for apartments, doctors' offices and attorneys' offices. It was a nice neighborhood and I felt fortunate to be able to afford such a place. I lived on the second level and had the largest apartment in the building.

At the time, I was working with mentally retarded children as a speech therapist's assistant and although I loved my children, the job was woefully uneventful and boring. I had become tired with the routine and started hanging out after work with some of my co-

workers for some excitement. We worked the second shift, which allowed us to leave work around 9:00 or 10:00 PM. As we didn't have to be back into work until 2:00 PM the following day, the second shifters were known to be a partying crowd.

One night, several of my co workers asked me if I would like to join them at a local straight bar not too far from our employment. I readily agreed as I had nothing to do but watch the tube when I got home. On the way over, Cindy, one of my co-workers asked me if I wanted a hit off a joint before we walked in. We had driven over in my car and Cindy had planned to get one of the guys to stop back at work to pick up her car. I had recently discovered the joy of pot and heartily accepted a drag. Cindy and I were good friends and although I am gay, we both felt like more than just co-workers. Cindy and I had been each other's support through our trials and tribulations of daily life and boyfriends. In reality, I think we grew up together during those 5 years we worked together.

Anyhow, we shortly arrived at the bar and the effects of the joint were starting to spread like a warm blanket over my body. The bar was the sort of local redneck bar where you can expect at least one or two tussles between several of the trailer park-type drinkers. I rarely entered such places, but it was close to Christmas and I wanted to socialize with my co-workers. We walked into the bar laughing arms around one another. About 7 or 8 of our co-workers were already there and they warmly greeted us and kidded us that we looked like a couple.

Everyone at work knew I was gay, but I was well liked and considered one of the "in" group. I am fairly good looking and didn't behave in any stereotypically gay sort of fashion, so I doubted that any trouble would arise. I ordered a round for the table and got up to go take a piss. Upon opening the bathroom door, I ran smack into Paul, a guy I had known through another friend. Paul and I had smoked a joint together about 6 months ago when he and another friend had stopped up at my new apartment. I didn't know Paul too well, but knew that he was where my friend had gotten his supply of dope on several occasions. At first, Paul reacted like an obnoxious drunken asshole and went to push me back up against the door. Quickly, he realized it was me and said, "hey buddy!, long ti--no see!" Paul was straight and although I thought he was sexy in a rugged sort of way, I had never really thought about messing around with him. I had a lot of straight buddies that I hung around with.

Some of them knew I liked guys and some of them never had a clue. I enjoyed the male boding rituals associated with men and didn't feel a quickie was worth messing up that, so I never "hi" on any of the straight guys. Paul knew that I was gay, as my friend had told him, but he never seemed disturbed by it. I figured it was 'cause he was a "stoner" and most of them that I had met had a "Live & let live attitude."

Paul looked into my eyes and instantly recognized the signs of being stoned. A smile spread across his lips and he knowingly nodded his head. I laughed and admitted that, yes, I was stoned to the bone. We both made idle chat until I realized my friends were waiting at the table and I didn't want to be rude, so I excused myself. I returned to our

table and got teased about being in the bathroom so long. I went along with the humor and remarked, "Yeah, I was in there takin' on all the rednecks whose wives won't put out."

Cindy laughed and said she had seen Paul come out of the bathroom and asked me if I knew him. I relayed my knowledge of him and she asked me if I wanted to invite Paul to go out to the car with us and smoke. I could tell that Cindy thought Paul was cute and since he smoked too, she saw this as an opportunity for me to introduce her to him. Cindy is extremely good looking, although she is about 75 pounds overweight.

I doubted that Paul would go for her as I knew the type of women he usually dated were the trampy, skinny sort with blond hair. Cindy continued to egg me on and I finally relented and walked over to the bar stool Paul was sitting on. I ordered a beer and started bull shitting with Paul. I could tell he was feeling no pain and was obviously out to get laid for the evening. None of his buddies were with him and he wasn't the type to sit at a bar alone, unless he was looking for something.

Paul is about 5'8 inches tall. He has short brown hair and a compact body. Due to his small size, Paul had learned early on that if he was gonna get any respect, he had to be rough. Paul smoked and drank and drove a motorcycle. He cursed and got into fights and had even been to jail once for dealing drugs. I knew he had just turned 21. I started to realize that I was getting about half a boner. I always seemed to be attracted to the types of guys I knew I couldn't have.

For some reason, Paul glanced down at my jeans and I think he saw the tell tale sign of my aroused meat. I relayed Cindy's offer to Paul and he smiled as he got off the bar stool and headed directly for the door. I motioned to Cindy to follow us and we all went out to my car.

I jumped into the front seat as I introduced Paul to Cindy. Cindy was quite pleased that he had decided to join us and I knew she was hoping he would be interested in her. Quite frankly, I was just interested in getting higher and a chance to sit beside Paul. Cindy got into the back seat and Paul hopped in beside me. We turned on the radio and passed the joint around several times until the inside of my car looked like something outta a "Cheech & Chong" movie.

I was enjoying the idle chit chat and had lost track of time. Somehow, we had been sitting in my car for about 45 minutes. Cindy started whining that she had to pee real bad.

I suggested that she just get outta the car and squat. This of course had us all convulsing in laughter at the thought of this 250 pound woman squatting in a parking lot. Cindy had a good sense of humor and knew that I was just teasing and that I would never intentionally make fun of her size.

She admitted that, yes, that would be a hell of a sight. After about 5 minutes Cindy

decided to go back into the bar to use the bathroom. I knew it was getting to be around 1:00 am and I didn't really want to drink anymore. I had had three beers, and with the combined effect of the joints, I didn't want to take the chance of getting too fucked up to drive home.

Cindy kissed me and said that she would get Peg to drop her off at her car as they lived close to one another. She winked and told me to have a good time. I don't know HOW she had figured out what I myself had not, but she knew that I wanted a chance to be alone with Paul. I thanked her, winked, and told her I would give her the "scoop" the next day.

Paul and I continued to sit in the car for another few moments. We talked about mindless things until I suggested to Paul that we oughta pick up a six pack and head back to my place. Paul didn't have a job (other than dealing) at the time and he readily agreed. He told me he would follow me back to my place after he picked up a six pack.

I waited till he went in, bought one, and returned to the window of my car. It seemed like it took him an eternity to return from the bar and I was beginning to think he had decided not to join me when he walked up to the window of my car. He smiled wickedly and said, "Sorry I took so long, but I scored some REAL stuff while I was in the can."

I didn't want to appear stupid, so I nodded my head and told him to follow me. Paul straddled the seat of his cycle, put on his helmet, and started the motor. It took about 15 minutes to get to my apartment. When we walked in Paul seemed real impressed with the place since the last time he has been there.

When I first met him, I had just gotten the apartment and the place was pretty bare. Since then, I had bought a large modular sofa, a big TV, and a kick ass stereo. Several of my friends had donated their time and assistance to help me paint and carpet the place and it now looked down right plush. Paul unscrewed the top off of two of the beers and handed one to me. He walked over to the stereo and asked if I minded if he turned it on. I said no and that I would be back. I walked back to my bedroom and stripped outta my bar clothes.

Although I enjoy a good night out, as soon as I get home I can't stand the smell of smoke that lingers in your garments. I hastily put on a pair of sweat shorts and nothing else. I have a broad hairy chest and a nicely rippled abdomen.

I was kinda hoping that Paul would like what he saw. I returned to the living room and sat Indian style on the couch, caddy corner from Paul. He had taken off his coat and had loosened the two top buttons on his shirt. I could see curls of his chest hair peeking out through the opening. Paul lit a cigarette and reached for something in his pocket. He retrieved a small glassine envelope and dumped out what was obviously cocaine onto my glass topped coffee table.

I had never tried cocaine and was a little apprehensive. I enjoyed smoking pot and

thought perhaps this substance was just as harmless as smoke and decided to go with it. Paul began chopping up the powder with the edge of an automated teller card. After several minutes of this he reached into his back pocket and produced his wallet. He opened it, removed a dollar bill, and rolled it into a tube. He leaned over and inhaled two of the lines into his nose and sat back up.

I waited until he urged me to give it a go. I took the rolled dollar bill and leaned over and imitated his actions. My first reaction was that the powder burned. Paul told me to wait a few moments and then the drug would kick in. Paul suggested that I take a little of the powder on my finger and rub it into my gums. He proceeded to do this and once again, I imitated him. My nostrils and upper mouth began to go numb.

Slowly I started to experience the sensations of the drug. I felt the substance begin to course through my veins. My heart rate increased and I began to feel warm and powerful. We continued snorting lines of cocaine until we had each inhaled about 6 lines. I began to experience a new feeling and started to get hard in my shorts. I hadn't put any underwear on and the legs of these shorts I was wearing were loose.

I wasn't aware that my balls had dropped down and were in clear view of Paul. I began to notice that Paul was looking directly at my crotch. I looked down and saw my hairy egg sacks resting on the couch. Paul continued to look at my balls as my penis began to swell and lengthen. He looked up at me and pointedly asked me if I was getting a boner. I laughed and told Paul that I never used cocaine and that I thought that the drug was making me horny.

Paul smiled seductively and said that it had the same effect on him. He asked me if he could ask me something personal. I liked Paul this way, (without others around and his need to act macho) so I told him yes, you can ask me anything. He then told me that he had never messed around with a guy before, but that he was curious and had been thinking about it a lot lately. He said that I was the only gay guy that he knew and that he liked the fact that I didn't act effeminate with him.

I went on to explain that not all gay people act that way. I told him that there was as many varieties of gay people as there were straight. Paul continued to question me on several aspects of the gay world. I patiently explained what two guys could do with one another. After about a half an hour of this, Paul asked me if I would be willing to mess around with him. He made it real clear that he had never done this sorta thing and that he was a little scared.

I told him that it was ok. I agreed and asked Paul what it was that he wanted to do. Paul lowered his eyes and without looking at me said, "I would like to suck you and have you do the same to me."

I agreed and told Paul that the first thing we oughta do is remove all of our clothing. I stood up and started peeling my running shorts down. My pecker was about 3/4 up and I

was feeling proud of my manhood and my exposed body. I sat back down and casually reached for my prick. Paul continued to sit on the couch and watched me tug at my rod as he began unbuttoning his shirt.

When he had the buttons finished he peeled his shirt off and tossed it onto the floor. He looked so manly sitting there in my living room. No shirt, yet, with his jeans and motorcycle boots still on. His frame was compact and his chest was covered in the most delicious pattern of hair. He raised his arms and put them behind his head and looked in my direction.

By this time I was fully aroused and my cock was pointing straight up. I got up and walked around the coffee table to where he was sitting. I knelt down on my knees and looked up at this macho little guy sitting so manly with his legs spread and his armpits in full view. Paul had nice dark hairs that stuck out from his pits and I could smell the odor of sweat and smoke emanating from that region.

I told Paul that since this was his first time, that I would take it very slow & show him what we could do. I reached up and gripped the flaps of his jeans and undid the button. His stomach tightened as my fist brushed against the hairs there. I pulled his zipper down and placed my left hand over the mound in his fresh white jockeys. Paul had not gotten hard yet and I think it was 'cause he was nervous.

Gently I pulled the waistband down to reveal his crotch. He had the most beautiful gleaming black hair around his meat. He was cut and his balls were very furry. Paul scrunched up and allowed me to pull his pants and briefs down to his ankles.

Slowly I placed his soft penis head into my mouth. His crotch looked beautiful and had the nicest smell of manhood and fresh laundry. Although Paul was a ruff dude, he still lived at home and I knew his Mom did his laundry for him. Paul began to harden in my mouth. His cock was only about 5 inches when totally hard, but I am not a size queen and enjoy the ability to deep throat little guy's cocks.

Paul was obviously beginning to enjoy it and started pumping his meat harder into my mouth. I stopped briefly and told him that it was alright to fuck my mouth hard as I could take it and I knew he would enjoy the sensations. He then reached over and stuck his finger into the pile of white powder.

He told me to open my mouth and he rubbed some all over my gums and lips. I asked him why and he told me that when his old girlfriend used to give him head that she liked him to do that to her. He said that it would numb my lips and mouth and that if I was like her, I would really get off on it.

My mouth got very numb as he said and I again went down on him. Paul began to fuck my mouth like I was a woman. Forcefully he pumped my oral cavern and I began to jack off and leak drops of jizz onto my hand. I was really getting off on this scene. I liked being

down between this virgins hairy legs having his use my mouth for his impending orgasm.

His cock became steel hard and I tasted the first drops of his liquid. This urged me on further and I really got into stroking my cock and getting used. I imagined that I was some slutty chick he had picked up and that he was only using me for my mouth to dump his spunk.

I opened my eyes and looked up at this hot sexy man I had in my mouth. The site of his hairy chest & the sweat running down from his forehead and armpits pushed me over the edge. I began to convulse and shoot my load as Paul began cumming in my mouth.

I couldn't believe the amount of jizz he shot and I choked as several blobs ran out the sides of my mouth. I continued stroking my cock and spurting as I licked his cock and began to nuzzle my lips in his balls. His shaft was sticky and the odor of his cum had me completely buzzing.

After several minutes, Paul opened his eyes and looked down at me. I could see that he was not going to be able to deal too well with the fact that he had just shot off in another dudes mouth. I removed my head and returned to my space on the couch.

Paul was quiet and lit a smoke. He looked at me and asked me if I liked sucking his cock. I was still buzzing and very much enjoying the after effects of my orgasm and admitted it to him. He told me he didn't know if he could suck me like I had just sucked him. I figured that since he had gotten his "nut" he would probably make some flimsy excuse to leave. I really wouldn't have minded either because I knew straight guys act this way after jizzing and that was why I had decided to blow my load while taking his.

He said he thought he wanted to suck my cock, but that he was afraid he wouldn't be into it like he would have been before cumming. I suggested that he just try it a little and that if he didn't want to proceed, we could stop. We smoked another bowl of pot and he hemmed and hawed until he decided it was now or never. He asked me to lay back and spread my legs like he had done. I lit a cigarette and leaned back. Paul again reached for the white powder, but this time he rubbed it into his lips and gums.

Slowly and haltingly, he got down on his knees between my legs. He looked up into my eyes and at the same time leaned down and took the cap of my penis into his mouth. He bobbed up and down on my shaft, scraping the sides with his mouth. He wasn't skilled at this and I knew that I was the first guy he had ever taken into his mouth. He sucked for several minutes until I told him I was getting close to shooting another load.

Paul never touched his dick while sucking on mine He removed my bone from his mouth and told me he didn't think he could take my load in his mouth. I told him that that was fine. I reached down and fisted my cock until the first spurts started pumping out. Paul quickly leaned back so as not to get any in his mouth.

I sprayed my load out and watched as the jizz hit his nipples and clung to the hair surrounding them. Paul just watched intently, never moving, never taking his eyes off the red pulsing head of my penis.

Slowly I came down from the heavens of orgasm. Paul asked if he could wash up and spend the night as his Mom would give him hell for coming in at 3:00 am. I told him sure, no problem. I knew that Paul wasn't going to be able to sleep with me in my bed. For him, this had been a first and I think he needed the time to reflect. I carefully laid out several blanket and pillows! For Paul and then went to my room.

I wasn't aware that this insidious drug, cocaine would take away ones desire to sleep so I was fully awake. I lay in bed for almost an hour when I heard a light rap at my bedroom door.

Whispering, Paul asked me if I was awake. I told him yes, and he asked if he could come in. He lay down on the bed beside me and started to tell me about how new this all was to him. I consoled him and told him that I went through the same emotions the first time that I sucked another man's penis. I asked him if he really liked it and after stalling for a minute, he said yes.

Paul spent the rest of the night in the bed with me. We didn't fool around together the rest of the night, but talked until the sun came up. Paul thanked me for opening his eyes to man to man sex and asked me if I would please keep it quiet until he was ready to deal with it openly.

I did keep my promise, that is, until a few years later, when I ran into a mutual friend of ours that was straight. He had seen Paul with another guy and he asked me if I thought Paul might be gay. I've always been a blabber mouth and I couldn't help spilling the beans. I ran into Paul about 3 weeks ago in a straight bar. He came up to me and asked me why I told our mutual friend.

I told Paul that our friend already knew and that I didn't tell him anything that he didn't already know. I was angry that Paul had never called me or remained my friend after that wonderful night. I guess the situation was too much for him to handle at the time and he just stopped dealing with it all together He didn't seem mad at me, rather just disappointed. I wanted to kinda blow him off like he did to me so I got up and walked out of the bar.

I hear now that he works in town for a local car dealership. He is married with children and he no longer does drugs. I've grown up a lot too since that night. Now, I no longer mess with any hard things like alcohol or cocaine. I've found a wonderful man and have been faithful to him for over 5 years.

The irony of this whole story is that Paul doesn't know that I KNOW he has a boyfriend now. I think if he had not had such emotional problems in dealing with his sexuality, we

may have been lovers. What a shame that Paul could only accept his desires through the haze of drugs. That night when he approached me in the bar about three weeks ago, I think he was hoping that perhaps we could start over.

But as for me, I've never looked back...

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