

AIRBORNE EXPRESS

(By: Ron)

He brought our paychecks every other Thursday, which was reason enough to like him: but there were many other reasons. He was "my kind of guy". Twenty-something, polite, slight but powerfully built, and black. That ebony shade I love so well, that complimented his dark uniform, though I would have preferred to see him in Navy Dress Whites, or those skimpy shorts the UPS and FedEx guys wear sometimes. The truth is, I'd have preferred to see him with no uniform at all.

There was never any reaction when I greeted him, as I always did, with "Hi, Handsome!" I suppose these delivery dudes get used to everything and anything. He was always courteous and a bit reserved, as I signed the delivery sheet and thanked him as warmly as I could. We'd get the occasional other delivery from him (our Company never seems to be able to get anything done on time!) and it was always the same routine.

Still, he stayed on the route a lot longer than most of his predecessors; I guess he did his job well. So, as the months rolled by, he relaxed just a little, and there might be the off-hand remark about the weather or some such. Meanwhile, I fantasized all sorts of wild things that I'd like to do with this gorgeous hunk...

He knew my name, of course, since I always signed his paperwork; I made sure my signature was illegible, so he'd have to ask. But his greeting was always "Good Morning, Sir" - no first name, or even "Mr." - until the day he asked, out of the blue, for my phone number. I didn't know why, but supposed it had to do with business, and gave him my business number. Then, scarcely thinking of it, I said, "Would you like my home number too?"

Suddenly he turned shy, but looked at me slyly and said, "If you want to give it to me...": his voice sort of trailed off softly. "Sure would", I said, "and I hope you use it!" - and I rattled off my home number, which he penciled lightly in the margin of his pad. There was something haunting about the way he'd said "...if you want to give it to me...", and there was that "double meaning" sort of implied... But, he said good bye and drove off, leaving me to forget the episode - as if I could!

Two weeks later, I had almost forgotten it, so I was a bit surprised when he said, after I signed for our checks, "You gonna be home tonight?" "Sure", I replied, "why?" "Thought I'd call you", he said. "I'll look forward to hearing from you, then", I said, - and he was off on his rounds without another word. I was left to wonder all day if he really would call, and persuaded myself that he probably wouldn't...

But he did! I knew instantly who it was when I heard him say, "Hello, this is Leon: I told you I would call

you": I'd picked his name off the tag he wore on his uniform, though I'd never called him by his first name. "How nice to hear from you", I replied.

Page 2

"I think I'd like to meet you, uh, outside of working hours", he said, rather hesitantly.

"That's nice", I replied, "but you don't sound really sure about it somehow".

"Well, I'm, uh, sorta new at this, and uh, uh...": he fumbled for words.

"Tell you what", I said; "come over to my place tonight, and we can take it from there". I couldn't think of anything else to say.

He asked where I lived, and when I told him, he said he wasn't that far away, and would "maybe" come on by. So we left it at that, a "maybe" kind of thing: would he, or wouldn't he, I wondered?

Five minutes later my doorbell rang, and I about jumped out of my chair! But it was some nitwit looking for my neighbors, and it was an hour before the doorbell rang again. THIS time, it was Leon, dressed rather casually in jeans that were not tight enough to be very revealing. As always, he called me "Sir", which I don't like even in formal situations, so I said, "Hey, call me Bruce, and I'll call you Leon, OK? We can be 'at ease', since we're 'outside of working hours', as you put it. How about a beer? Might relax you a little".

We settled in the living room with two frosty glasses of beer. There was a brief silence. Leon seemed tense, perhaps because I was busy studying his features, so very dark, so very smooth, so very well put together.

"So, tell, me", said I, "just what is it that you said you're 'sorta new at'?"

"Well, uh, you're the only person on my route that always says 'Hi, Handsome' to me, and, uh, for one thing, I guess I was wondering why you do that", he said.

"The obvious answer", I replied, "is that I, at least, think you ARE handsome - VERY handsome, in fact". (I found it hard to believe that I was the only one he'd run across that had said so!) "Perhaps you are fairly new to San Francisco?"

"I'm from Jamaica", he said (where, I thought, was the accent?) - "Jamaica, New York, that is" (ahhh, that explained it). "But I was raised-up all over: my Dad was in the Army, so we bounced around quite a lot. And you're right, I've been in The City only a coupla years: how'd you know?"

"Guys that have been here longer, or who were raised here, I think know a bit better how to deal with

another guy telling him he's 'handsome': men in San Francisco are, ah, pretty much out in the open about that sort of thing".

Page 3

"Well, you are, at least..." Leon ran out of words. He was trying to formulate his next expression. "Still, I guess I kinda like being called 'handsome', even by a guy", he said.

"Good!" said I: "but you should know that there can be a lot more attached to it than just 'saying' you're handsome..."

"Yes", he said, I suppose there can be...": again he seemed confused and at a loss for words. Then, "But I don't think you are handsome".

I laughed out loud. "Join the crowd!" I said. "It's true, no one ever said 'Hi, Handsome' to me, and I expect I'd faint dead away if anyone did!"

Now Leon was really confused. "But I didn't mean to say you aren't handsome..."

"Forget it", I said, giving his leg an affectionate pat; "like I said, if anyone called me handsome, I'd know he was a liar! But just don't call me ugly!"

It was Leon's turn to laugh shyly; "No, no, I don't think that at all. I just think...": the struggle for words again.

"You just think'... I'm a horny bastard hot for your bod, right?"

Leon took it in stride, to my surprise. "No", he replied, forming his thoughts carefully as he spoke, "I don't think you're a 'bastard', and if you ARE 'hot for my bod', you've never made that entirely clear".

"Hon", said I, "I have been hot for you since the very first day I saw you! But what you do with your bod is no business of mine unless you give the word, and I never saw any indication that you had any interest..."

Leon hesitated again. "But you see", he said, "I've never ever done anything with another guy".

"Not even with your army brat friends?" I asked.

"My Dad was a Colonel: and with me being so Black, I didn't mix with 'army brats', as you put it".

"Well, twenty-whatever is not too late to start..."

"Twenty-three: no, I suppose it isn't. But I don't know where to begin..."

"Supposing - just supposing - you were going to start here, tonight, with me, I'd say we begin by taking a shower together: it's a nice relaxing way to 'get to know each other better'. After that, we'd 'play it by ear' - see what we feel like doing together, if anything. It's really that simple".

Page 4

Leon closed his eyes and sat silently for a while. There was turmoil going on inside his head, I could see that. But I could also see that he was developing a hard-on: guess he was trying to imagine the reality of what I'd just said, and it was beginning to take effect. I played the scene for full effect, then decided to "go for it".

I'd already patted his leg once, and noticed it was all hard muscle, the lean, gristly kind I really like. So now I put my hand on his leg, and very slowly groped my way up towards his rapidly expanding basket. His jeans had become exceedingly tight in that area! I simply continued to massage his box, and felt his cock throb inside his pants.

"Anybody else live here?" Leon asked, his voice a bit husky. "Nobody here but us two", I replied. "but perhaps you'd be more comfortable if we continued this upstairs? That's where the shower is".

"Yeah, man", Leon said, "let's go upstairs. I think I'd really like to do what you said..."

He preceded me up the stairs, giving me a delicious view of his backside; I was getting hornier by the minute, watching as the back of each muscular thigh was revealed as the cloth of his jeans was pulled tight. I had to pinch myself - I thought I might be dreaming! "Do you run a lot?" I asked. "Did track in a coupla high schools, and run a mile every morning", he replied: "How did you know?"

"You have the leg-development of a runner", said I. "I admire legs built like yours".

In my bedroom, he stood, not knowing quite what to do. Then he kicked off his shoes. I stood before him, holding myself back: "don't go too fast", I said to myself. To Leon I said, "Now: if at any time I do something you don't like, just say so and I will stop. I want you to have a nice time, and go away from here feeling good about what happened".

"Don't worry", he replied. "You come across as a gentleman, and I feel, well, GOOD about you being my first encounter". So saying, he unbuttoned his loose shirt and tossed it aside; he wore a singlet underneath. His arms, now exposed were sinewy, and smooth with a few veins to raise gentle shadows on his glistening jet-black skin. I wanted to lick them ALL over, but I restrained myself, and shed my own shirt and tee. Then I gripped his singlet above the belt-line and assisted him out of it. I let out a whistle of

appreciation: his chest was specTACular! I wanted to lick that all over, too! But he seemed hesitant about going any further, so I unzipped my pants and dropped them unabashedly, revealing a prominent hard-on which had been aching to be free for some while. Leon stared at it with more interest than he would have admitted to himself. After a few moments, I unbuckled his belt, gently lowered his zipper and slowly pushed his pants over his hips. Against his ebony skin, his white jockey shorts sparkled brilliantly, only partly concealing his own erection. But for the moment, it was those "runner's thighs" I wanted to see - and feel - and lick - and bite - and...

Page 5

I knelt to help him step out of his jeans, and there before me were two of the most perfectly formed legs I have ever seen! Polished cast iron in color, and almost as hard, with muscle structure worthy of a text book. He stood, awkward still, but I decided to "go for broke" and reached up and pulled his dazzling shorts down to the floor. Then I stood up and appraised my "find", as he unsuccessfully tried to cover his private parts with his hands. There was not an ounce of adipose tissue on his frame: he was ALL muscle, but natural muscle, not the over-done body builder thing. But for close-cropped hair on his head, the shadow of a mustache, wispy eye-brows, long lashes and a small, tightly curled bush, he was absolutely glabrous. When he shifted his weight to step out of his shorts, every active muscle was briefly outlined in variations of black on black. A glance told me I was already beginning to "leak", and I thought he might be doing the same, but he was still trying to cover himself. I was speechless with admiration! "About that shower", Leon said. "Right, ho!" I replied, and I grabbed his hand and pointed him in the direction of the bathroom. He was fully erect now, and his pecker preceded him, moving only slightly side to side as he walked. It was gorgeous!

Now, it isn't easy to avoid some "body contact" when two people shower in a conventional stall! And AVOIDING body contact was the farthest thing from MY mind. But this was all very new to Leon, and it took a while for him to get into the swing of things. I ran the water pretty hot, and began to soap him from his neck down. The effect of the water and soap on his polished skin was electrifying to me, and Leon gradually began to relax. When I reached his perfectly flat belly, I dared go no further, but turned him around and soaped his back. My hard-on just "happened" to press against his neat buns a time or two, but he did not seem to mind. I washed him, lower and lower, squatted down and soaped those marvelous legs, then turned him around again and slowly worked my way up towards his crotch with the slippery soap. His soapy erotic cock pointed directly at my mouth, but I did not think he was yet "ready" for a blow-job. But I DID wash his small and tightly knotted balls, and his cock, and was rewarded by moaning sounds that told me Leon was enjoying the attention.

Suddenly, he grabbed my head and pulled me back to my feet: it was the first time he had touch any part of me. He took the soap from my hand, and proceeded to wash me as I had him; he repeated

my every move, so at one point MY cock was pointed directly at HIS mouth; but of course, he just followed my example and washed my balls and soapy cock even more. I had to put a quick stop to that, though, for I was so turned on that only a stroke or two would have sent me over the edge. And then it happened: he said, very quietly, "Gawd, I never knew what I was missing...", and threw his arms around me and pulled me close to him. His cock ground against my stomach, and mine slipped between his thighs (I thought SURELY one of us would "lose it", but we didn't). "I never knew ANYthing could make me feel the way I do now", Leon said with a husky voice. "Don't you jack off?" I asked. "Aw, yeah, but it never felt like THIS!" he replied emphatically. "Well, it always HAS taken two to really 'do the tango'", I replied. His response was another thrust towards me and a very satisfied sort of "Maaaaaan, this is great..."

Page 6

We must have stayed in the soapy shower at least an hour. We soaped, rinsed, soaped, rinsed, hugged, grabbed, slipped and slithered: I relished his spectacular form, and he seemed satisfied with mine, such as it is. My pale skin against his searing blackness excited me almost to a frenzy, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented myself from shooting a load. He, too, stopped me a few times as I washed or stroked his cock, so I knew he was "on the edge" - and wanted to stay that way! But eventually, I "called time out": I had to pee. "So do I", he said, a bit sheepishly. "No better time and place than right here", I said, "with the water to whisk it away". But, with our raging hard-ons, neither of us could do it! So I reached around and shut off the hot water: the sudden drenching in cold had exactly the desired effect on both of us, and within a few minutes we were able to let go against the tile and watch our piss-streams commingle. By the time we pumped out our last spurts, we were getting hard again, and I turned the hot water back on. But it was at this point I noticed he was un-cut, and Leon noticed that I was. He took my cock and examined it closely: "Never have really seen a cock this close up before", he said. "May it be the first of many", I replied. Then I shut off the water entirely, and handed him a big towel. He began to use it on himself, but again took his cue from me as I toweled him instead of myself. By the time we were dry, we were both hard again.

"I was right: you're a good teacher", he said as we went back to the bedroom. "That was the most fantastic experience I've ever had".

"There's more in store, if you want it". I replied. He looked puzzled for a moment, then said, "Oh, ya wanta jack off together?"

"Not quite what I had in mind", I replied, "though that's one way to finish what we've started".

Well, you're the teacher, so show me something else that's new".

I immediately sat down on the bed, drew him over, and buried his hard-on in my mouth, held it there a few moments, then backed away and tongued his glans. "Sweet mother of Jesus!" he exclaimed. "How's that for 'starters'?" I asked. He was speechless, he was just a little cold from the shower, and he was trembling with excitement. I grabbed a robe and helped him into it, then stretched him out on the bed. "Close your eyes, try to relax, and just feel", I said: "and when the time comes to let it go, let it go!"

I dimmed the lights, parted the snowy white robe, knelt between his legs and went to work on that magnificent man. I finally got to lick those gorgeous "runner's legs" - ALL over - and was rewarded by many a twitch of black man-muscle; I licked his balls, took them in my mouth, and toyed with his cock by hand. When he seemed close to cumming, I'd slow down and work on some other part, like his tummy and chest. His nipples were as erect as his penis, and he moaned with pleasure as I tongued and bit them gently. I massaged his arms, then licked those too, right up into his pits, where nary a trace of hair interfered with my busy tongue. I

Page 7

Frenched first one ear then the other as I slowly jerked his cock. I lightly kissed his brows, and just ever so quickly brushed my lips past his, then worked with his eyebrows again, for he seemed to respond very positively to that: I'd found an erogenous zone he never knew he had!

Leon was trembling again, but not from cold: he was so wound up he could not help himself. I worked my way back down rather quickly to his thighs, massaging and licking them, then moved my hands up and toyed with his nipples as I went down on his dick. His leg muscles were taught as tuned strings - I knew he was going to blast off any moment. And when I spread my hand wide and worked with both nipples, and worked my other hand into the space beneath his balls, he could take no more! "Oh, Jesus, Oh, Gawd-almighty!" he cried, and shot his wad deep in my waiting throat. Thrust after thrust, wave after peristaltic wave, he emptied his precious juices into me - I thought (and hoped) it would never end. He must not have jacked off in weeks, I remember thinking, as I finally brought my hand down from his chest and stripped him of his last few drops; his cum was delicious, and I swallowed every drop! "Sweet Jesus, I NEVER came like that before; NEVER!" he said, as he slowly began to relax.

"Hold on", I said, "there's a finale!" And with that I straddled his legs with my engorged tool pointing straight at his face. Without even thinking of what he was doing, I'm sure, he reached up and fondled my balls with one hand, and gripped one thigh with the other, which was all I needed (beyond a couple of strokes of my fist) to send my long-pent seed surging out over the expanse on his stomach and chest, forming long strings of pearls on that splendid "basic black". I had thought this might "put him off", but there was no avoiding it, I was SO horny: but he seemed to sense that what had been so good for him

was also good for me, and when at last I too, was spent, I closed the robe over him and lay down beside him with my head on his chest. He let an arm fall idly over my head, and his fingers toyed with my still-damp hair.

After some little while, Leon spoke: "I wish I'd called you much sooner", he said. "So do I", I replied, "but never mind: you can come back for more lessons ANY time you want. And by the way, can you stay overnight? It's gotten pretty late."

But all I got for an answer was a sleepy "hmmhmmm", so I pulled the covers up over us, turned out the light, and snuggled up, visions of black sugar-plum fairies dancing in my head.

[end]