

# The Soapy Birthday

(By: Unknown)

Erotic soapy Gay story...

I hadn't set my alarm as I went to bed. I had no appointments in the morning, so it was around 10 in the morning when I woke up. I reached for my cat who was sleeping beside me, and when I moved my body, I felt my dick glued to the sheets. I must have had a wet dream. I reached down and gently detached my dick from the sheets. My cat was now awake, and she jumped over me and sat down by the door, waiting for me to open it for her.

I got out of bed, opened the door and went to the toilet for a piss. I went back into the bedroom to get my shorts. I usually don't wear underwear, but I cannot resist anything silky that caresses my dick and balls and that fits tightly around my butt. As I put on my silk shorts, I indulge in the softness of the fabric as I let it glide over my legs, it makes me shiver and intends to make me hard. I gently position my dick and balls in the soft fabric and pull the shorts up. As I walk to the kitchen I feel the fabric smoothly adapting to my every movement, caressing the parts it is covering with its softness.

I made myself coffee and had something to eat. My cat was turning around my legs, so I couldn't possibly forget to feed her. I took my coffee to my desk and switched on the computer. I checked my schedule for the day: no work but I had an appointment with a friend to go swimming and the car had to be serviced. I then checked my e-mail and I was pleased to see that everyone reacted positively to my suggestion to exchange experiences.

I "run" an informal network of men that are occasionally interested in getting paid for having sex. I make all the arrangements for them, and I can guarantee my clients the best service possible whenever they want it. Since they all have regular jobs, they give a generous percentage of their earnings to me.

It occurred to me that exchanging experiences could be beneficial for all of us, hence my suggestion. I originally intended to set up an exchange through e-mail, but there were quite a few who suggested to come together, so they could meet their "colleagues" and get acquainted. I thought this was a very good idea, so I send out some possible dates. The more I thought of it, the more appealing such a meeting became.

I then opened the database and, opened the file in which I kept notes on my clients, and browsed through them. I came across the session I had with the businessman. As I recollected the events of that night, including the unexpected treat from the biker, I felt my dick growing, pressing against the silky fabric of my shorts.

As I reread what I had written down, I stroked the head of my now rock hard dick, and I

felt the fabric around it becoming moist with precum. I spread my legs and put my right foot on the seat of my chair. I slide my finger into the leg of my shorts, so I can caress my balls. I push my finger down, towards my fuck hole. I didn't got any action lately, but I keep my hole in mint condition. With ease I push my finger inside me, directing it towards my prostate. As I touch my prostate, I feel my balls exploding and cum pouring out of my dickhead. I cupped my balls and squeezed them hard to get all the jizz out. The front of my shorts was now soaking with my juice. After my orgasm subsided, I reluctantly removed my finger from my hole. I took off my shorts and went to the bathroom, sucking my juice from the fabric.

After I showered, I still longed for something inside me, something more substantial than my finger, so I got one of my larger dildos, greased it and slowly inserted it into my fuckhole. I kept on pushing until the rubber cock was completely inside me and I felt the balls at the base of the dildo against my asscheeks. I sat down at my desk and twisted my hips, so the top of the dildo would massage my prostate.

I made an inventory of the reactions I got on my invitation, looking for a date that would be suitable for most. Thinking of the hot stories everyone would tell and the dildo filling my hole and pressing against my prostate made my dick slowly grow to full attention. When it was fully erect, my cockhead touched the wood of my desk. Twisting my hips, I slowly let my cockhead stroke the slightly rough material of my desk. I just released myself, but I felt some precum oozing out, lubricating the wood. For now, I decided not to touch myself, and finish my inventory. When I finished it, a date on which 4 out of 7 would be available emerged, so I decided to set the date for the meeting on a Saturday four weeks from now. I sent out an e-mail with the definite date to all, excusing myself to the other 3, but if their agenda's would change they would of course be welcome: the more the merrier as they say. I would send details on the day later.

My dick was still hard, and I could not resist giving it some attention. I cupped my balls and started to stroke my dick, slowly working to a climax. Just as I felt the juices bubbling up in my balls, the phone rang.

"Jay's Escorts, how may I help you?"

"Good morning", a pleasant male voice said through the speaker, "would you be available tonight?"

Pretending I was busy, I replied that I had to check my agenda. I put down the receiver, pressed myself onto the dildo and gave my dick a firm stroke. The cum started to flow. I let the juice run over my hands, licked them and picked up the phone.

"Yes, Sir. I would be available tonight. What are your plans for the evening?"

"Today is my son's 18th birthday. He recently came out to me, and you will actually be

my birthday present to him. As far as I can tell, he doesn't have much experience and I would like an experienced professional like yourself to be his guide in exploring gay sex. By the way, you were recommended to me by a good friend of mine who recently made use of your services."

The thought of having to introduce a teenager to gay sex did not strike me as very appealing, I needed someone experienced to fuck me hard, but since business was low, I replied:

"That is a very nice thought of you, Sir, and thank you for calling me. What will the arrangements be?"

"I suggest you go out for dinner at a place of your choice and then see where things lead to. You will have full disposal of my house, I will be out myself all night."

As I listened to his pleasant voice, I noticed it was quite sexy. As he was telling that his son was staying with him for a week before going to university, I started to pretend it was this man's dick up my ass rather than a dildo. I put my legs on the desk and shifted my butt, so I could reach for the dildo. I slowly started to fuck myself, as the man kept on talking.

I suggested that it would be best if his son would pick me up at around 8 o'clock, no problems in recognising each other and I would have some time to think of a place to go to. After we made the final arrangements, he wished me a very pleasant time with his boy and hung up.

I now started to pound myself fiercely with the dildo, turning and twitching it, stretching my ass and massaging my prostate. My dick was rock hard, but just having shot a load, I felt my balls were not about to produce a new sweet load. I just enjoyed the feeling of the dildo up my ass, pretending the man who just hired me for his son was fucking me. I kept this up until my mobile phone rang. On the display I saw it was Chris, my swimming buddy.

"Hi Chris, what's up?"

"Hi Jay, I have a small problem with my car. Could you pick me up instead?"

"Sorry Chris, I have to bring mine to the garage today, so I am afraid that's not possible. But, instead of going to the pool, we could have a swim in the river, it's near the garage, and we could meet at the embankment."

"Sounds great, I'll take my bike and I can give you a ride home afterwards. Or even better, would you like me to take you to our place and have dinner with Daniel and me?"

"I'd love to Chris, but I am working tonight, but I would appreciate it if you could drop me off at my place."

Chris and I go back a long way. We used to be neighbours when we were kids but then he moved to another city. We met again in university. We both rented ourselves out to earn some additional money and we met again as "colleagues" . We were both rented by the same man who wanted to watch two guys having sex. As you can imagine, it was a pleasant surprise for us both and we gave the man some action well worth his money. With Chris I set up the "network", but when he met Daniel, the love of his life, he left it as an active member, but both Chris and Daniel are very interested in the way it develops, and on rare occasions they don't mind to rent themselves out as a couple. We have become very close friends, and I was really sorry that I could not accept Chris' invitation for dinner.

"Okay, foxy man, I'll meet you at the embankment at 3 o'clock. Love you."

I put down the phone, got up and took the dildo out. I went into the kitchen and cleaned the dildo, leaving it in the sink to dry. I took a quick shower and put on a jock strap and silky running shorts. I put on some slippers and dashed to the shop on the corner to buy a newspaper and some cigarettes. Back home, I made myself some coffee and sat down on the balcony to read the newspaper, indulging a cigarette.

I must have fallen asleep on the balcony. I woke up and looked at the clock. I remembered my appointments at the garage and with Chris. Not much time left. I hurried into my bedroom, getting rid of the clothes I was wearing. I was looking for something to swim in. I never wear speedos or -even worse- bermudas, because I detest tanlines, so I got myself a g-string swimming suit for the rare occasions I need it. I quickly dressed, got a towel, and left for the garage.

When I arrived at the garage, there was no one around, so I drove my car straight into the garage. When I got out of my car, Julius came rushing out of his office. His overall was wide open, showing off his great muscular chest and the tattoo he had above his right nipple. He was buttoning it up, but I did notice he did not wear anything underneath it.

"Hi Jay, sorry I wasn't in the garage, I had some business to attend to in the office" , Julius said, stretching out his hand to greet me.

"Never mind, Jools, I just got in and put my car in the garage" , as I took his hand and shook it.

"Let's go over to the desk and fill out the forms" , said Julius and we walked to a desk in the corner of the garage.

Just then, someone emerged from the office. I looked around and saw a beautiful, slightly muscular kid who was only wearing a pair of white shorts, and a pair of sneakers. As he came towards us, he adjusted himself and I was quite sure he was checking me out.

"Well, Julius, I'll be off now. I will pick up my dad's car tomorrow, is that OK?" , said the boy.

"That's fine, Ben, the car will be ready in the afternoon. Say hello to your dad. See you" , replied Jools. I noticed Jools was, just as I, looking at the pleasant sight of the boy's bubble butt in the shorts as he made his way to the exit. I noticed he had small line of car grease on his waist. "Guess where that's coming from" , I couldn't help thinking.

"Hey Ben, shouldn't you be taking your shirt?" , yelled Jools just before the boy went onto the street.

"Not really, it's been a nice hot day, and it's all sweaty and greasy now. I can cool off a bit and put on a clean one at my dad's place. See you tomorrow". He raised his hand as he left the garage.

"Well, Jay, what is the matter with your car" , Jools asked as he turned to me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, nothing much, I just needs to be checked for the insurance. As far as I can tell, there are no problems", I replied. "Do you think you can have it ready for me tomorrow?"

"That shouldn't be a problem, Jay. You can pick her up in the late afternoon".

I said goodbye to Jools and left for the embankment to meet Chris. When I arrived, Chris was just locking his bike to the railing.

"Hi Jay, you gorgeous man", he said as he embraced me. "You really managed to look like a porn star today", he said as he was checking out my clothing. I was wearing a pink tank top and bright blue running shorts that had splits on each side, almost running to the waistband. I was wearing black shoes and white socks.

"Well, I am surprised that a happily married man knows what a porn star looks like", I retorted laughing and patted his butt.

Chris was wearing biker shorts that did not hide much, certainly not his perfect butt and obvious bulge and a yellow T-shirt."You look fine to me", I said, "Mind coming with me to the shoot?"

"Perhaps next time, I am meeting a friend now to go for a swim", Chris shot back as we were heading for the beach.

We found ourselves a nice spot on the river and we undressed.

"How tacky can you get", exclaimed Chris as he saw my pink g-string.

"Well perhaps tacky for you, but for someone who knows how to wear it, it is top of the bill", I answered, assuming a pose of a model.

"Enough. Last one in buys us ice cream", shouted Chris as he made a run for the water. I followed, taking some time to admire Chris's beautiful and firm butt, covered in tightly fitting white speedos that accentuated his dark complexion, and of course getting in last.

After our swim, I bought us some ice cream and we laid down on our towels. We were just chatting away, catching up, watching people. I told Chris about my plans for the "network" evening. I was pleased to learn that he also thought it was a good idea.

On the far end of the beach I noticed three persons. As they came closer, I recognised the boy from the garage. The other ones must be his father, judging by the age difference and looks, and perhaps his brother or a friend. As they passed by, the boy waved his hand and I waved back. As they were disappearing, Chris said:

"Well, well, I didn't know you were into kids these days".

"I am not. I saw this kid at the garage as I brought in my car. I suspect he and Julius just finished as I was entering the garage", I said, "but he is undeniably hot looking". I told Chris about what I saw at the garage.

I then told him that I was hired for the night by a father as a birthday present to his son, who just turned 18 and who just came out to his father. The father said that his version of the story on birds and bees would not very appropriate and that he hired me to do that for him.

"I am not really looking forward to initiating a boy to gay sex", I concluded.

"Cheer up, man. I think it is a very good idea of the father. Instead of making him plunge into an unknown world with lots of hurdles, he is giving his son the opportunity to get an introduction, and, frankly, in choosing you he made the right choice. You're fun to be with, you can be entertaining and you are very experienced in sex", Chris said in a tone that would not allow any objection. "So, what are your plans?"

"He will be picking me up at around 8 o'clock and then we go to a restaurant. I made reservations at The Ocean, it's not too extreme, not too many people and the food is great. This will give me some time to check him out and think of a way to handle the situation later. The father offered his apartment for the night".

"I'd say, that is the right way to go about it. And who knows, perhaps this kid is as hot looking as the one that just walked by. I am convinced you'll handle it perfectly and do not forget to enjoy yourself", Chris said.

We took one more dive into the river, chatted some more before going home. Chris drove me home on his bike, dropped me off and embraced me.

"Give my love to Daniel", I said as Chris drove away.

"I will, and we hope to see you soon and enjoy yourself tonight", he shouted over his shoulder.

When I got into the apartment, I saw it was past 6 o'clock. I had to prepare myself for the evening. I took a shower and checked my body. No need to shave, so plenty of time left. Before picking my outfit for the night, I first fed the cat.

I finally chose a white satin g-string, white pants and a celestial blue skin tight T-shirt. I didn't feel like wearing any socks tonight, so I completed my outfit with boat shoes. I decided to bring a huge dildo. In case this boy wasn't very much endowed, I could make him fuck me with the dildo. I also decided to wear a cockring because that way I could preserve my erection. I chose one of chromed steel and put it on.

Still naked, I went over to the living room. I poured myself a glass of white wine and switched on the television. I watched the news and decided to watch some of my favourite porn to get me spiced up. As the scene developed before me, I got very hard. I refrained from jerking off, had to save it for the night. After the scene finished, I switched off the television. I kept sitting in the chair until my erection subsided, finished my wine and went into the bedroom to get dressed.

I dressed quickly and checked myself in the mirror. The fabric of the cotton pants was quite thin, almost transparent, and fitted nicely around my butt and my bulge. The transparency of the pants did not hide the tan of my legs, nor my white g-string. The bright blueness of my short sleeved shirt enhanced the humble results of my occasional work-out sessions. I felt I looked quite boyish, at least boyish enough to make the age difference with my client less obvious.

I put on my shoes and packed my bag, not forgetting the dildo. Just as I got all my things, the bell rang. I picked up the intercom and asked: "Who is there?".

"Hello, this is Ben. I came to pick you up", the boy said.

"Well hi Ben, I'll be down in a sec" , I replied. I picked up my bag, patted my cat and left my apartment.

As I left my building and walked onto the street, I could not believe my eyes. In front of a silver coloured convertible sport's car stood the boy from the garage. I could tell he was equally amazed to see me.

"Hi Ben, so we meet for the third time today. I'm Jay, and happy birthday" , I said to him as I offered him my hand.

"Wow Jay, thank you. This is too weird to be true, but I am very pleased to finally meet

you", Ben said as he took my hand.

"The feeling is entirely mutual", I replied. I felt some relief, since I knew now he wasn't as inexperienced as his father thought he was.

After a firm handshake, he opened the door on the passenger side and let me get into the car. I sat down and he closed the door. As he walked to the other side of the car, he gave me plenty of time to check him out.

He was wearing a pair of white trousers, that were quite tight at the waist and a blue and white striped sleeveless T-shirt, that was tightly fitting his muscular chest that I had already seen. The bulge he was showing in his pants raised my hopes that my dildo would not have to be used. He wore a white sailor's cap to finish off his navy look. He certainly had made an effort to accentuate his assets to which I certainly was not impartial, nor, for that matter, my dick. Too late to take of the cockring now.

He got into the car, kicked off his shoes and started the engine. So Jay, were will we be going tonight", he asked.

"I made reservations at "The Ocean" . You know where that is?", I replied.

"I've heard of it, but since I am not from here, I haven't got a clue", he replied as he drove away.

He drove the silver convertible cautiously -it was his mother's car as he explained- through the dense traffic, as I gave him directions.

Near the restaurant we had some trouble finding an empty parking space. We eventually found one and parked the car. Before we started walking, we both had to adjust ourselves, and we both laughed. If there had been any ice to be broken, it would have been broken now.

We entered the restaurant and as we walked to the reception desk, quite some heads turned. Simon, the waiter at the reception desk, was obviously checking us out and I thought I saw him licking his lips as he noticed our bulges.

"Good evening, Simon, I made reservations for two", I said.

Simon checked his book and said: "That's right, Jay. Let me show you your table" . I knew Simon from previous visits, and I knew he was interested in joining the network. Which reminded me that I had to make an appointment with him to discuss some details. But this was not the time. Maybe I could hire him as a waiter for the planned meeting.

I had ordered a small bottle of champagne that was waiting in a cooler on our table. We



sat down and Simon poured us each a glass.

'Well, Ben, happy birthday again and many happy returns', I said as I raised my glass.

'Thank you Jay, who knows what the future will hold", Ben replied.

Simon brought us the menus and deciding on our orders, we were sipping champagne, and making small talk.

As we were waiting for our orders, Ben asked me what his father had said over the phone. He started to smile as I told him what his father had said to me.

"He is such an amiable person, but sometimes he really hasn't got a clue, but I love him for his concern and for giving me this present. And thank you for accepting. I am really glad that you turned out to be the man at Jool's garage", said Ben. As he said this, I felt his bare foot sliding up my leg, looking for my crotch. My previous hard-on hadn't quite subsided yet, due to the cockring. Ben put his foot fully on my crotch, causing it to harden under the pressure.

"And I am glad that I am not the only one who is pleased", said Ben as he felt my erection.

"Well, so far the evening is already beyond my expectations", I replied, enjoying the sight of this boy and the pressure of his foot on my dick. Ben did not show any sign of pulling his foot back, so I pressed my butt against the back of the chair, so he could rest his foot on the edge of the seat of my chair. I looked down and saw his foot popping from under the tablecloth as he was massaging my dick with his toes.

I did not notice Simon as he brought us our dinner, so I had no time to cover my crotch with a napkin. Simon must have noticed it as he put down our plates.

"Well, gentlemen, bon appétit and enjoy your dinner as well" , he said as he left our table.

During the entire meal, Ben did not remove his foot. Over dinner we talked about studies, boy-friends and sexual exploits. Much to my enjoyment, he already had quite some experience. And indeed, he did have sex with Jools in the garage earlier today. He also wanted to know who I was with when he saw me at the river. I told him our history. He was very interested, and kept asking a lot of questions, especially on how I made some extra money as a student, almost as if he was giving this idea some serious thought.

Just before coffee, Ben pulled his foot away from my crotch, because he had to go to the loo.

"Sorry to leave it unattended, but I will be back soon", he said as he got up. My eyes

were drawn at his bulge that was still quite visible. He gave me ample opportunity to admire it, as he took his time getting his shoe on. "See you in a bit", he said and headed for the men's room.

Ben walked to the men's room, and I saw his firm but moving in his tight white pants. I noticed I was not the only one admiring him. Ben disappeared in the men's room, soon to be followed by two other guests. Who could blame them for trying their luck.

After a few minutes, Ben emerged from the men's room, with a huge smile. As he walked towards the table, I noticed his full bulge had disappeared, but instead, I could clearly see the outline of his cock and cockhead through the fabric of his trousers. He must have taken off whatever he was wearing underneath. He sat down and placed his foot on my chair, pressing it against my crotch.

"Those poor guys were hoping for something, I can tell you, but I went into a cubicle. But then, when I came out, they were embracing and feeling each other up, so in a way they got what they wanted", Ben said.

Simon brought us coffee and as he put it on the table, I asked for the bill.

"Of course Jay , I will prepare your bill and you can settle it at the reception desk when you leave", Simon replied.

"The poor man has been drooling over us ever since we came in", said Ben. "Did you notice the bulge in his pants?"

"Oh yes, I sure did. And I also noticed his nice bubble butt", I replied. "But I have an engagement tonight that seems even more promising, so I won't give it any further thought".

"Well, I am going to leave a surprise for him. In the men's room I took off my briefs and I will leave them on the table for him", said Ben, slightly blushing, and he showed me his white briefs and put them under his napkin.

"Well, I think Simon will certainly appreciate your gift", I said.

We finished our coffee. As we left the restaurant, we settled the bill at the reception desk. We noticed Simon clearing our table. We could see his surprise as he found our generous tip and Ben's briefs. He quickly put them into his pocket. As he noticed us, he turned crimson.

We left the restaurant and headed for the car. At the car, Ben suddenly pressed me against it, pressing his lips against mine. His tongue was forcing his way into my mouth. I opened my mouth and our tongues intertwined as we passionately kissed.

Ben broke the kiss and he whispered: "I am so glad that you turned out to be the one I

saw at the garage and at the river bank. Ever since I saw you I wanted to be with you, feel your body and have sex with you. Just from remembering you I got hard. I did not want to jerk off, because I wanted to preserve it for tonight. I even thought that if my "birthday present" was somewhat disappointing, I would just think of you. I am so glad that I not only can think of you, but also experience you".

I wanted to reply that the feeling was actually mutual, but he kissed me again. He pressed his groin against mine and I could feel his hard on, now fully erect. I certainly was not going to need my dildo.

Ben broke off the kiss and said: "Come on, let's go. I could have sex with you right here on the bonnet of the car, but I don't think the people here would appreciate the noise".

We got into the car, opened the roof and we drove off. I put my hand on Ben's left thigh, slowly working up to his crotch. My fingers followed the outline of his hard dick working toward the buttons of his fly. It was not difficult to undo it, just slight pressure from my fingers was enough to open it. I folded the front of his pants away, unveiling his beautiful cock, that was just waiting for my hot and soft mouth. Ben slightly lifted himself, so I could pull down his pants. I now noticed that he was completely shaved. A boy's body with a man's cock. I also noticed he did not have a tan line.

I bent over and took Ben's cockhead in my mouth. His cockhead was already moist with precum, which I savoured, licking it clean, before lowering myself over his cock. I slowly started bobbing his dick, licking the hard shaft, wetting it, so my hot lips smoothly moved over the veined surface. I felt his dickhead pressing against the back of my mouth, almost making me gag. I managed to relax and I could take his entire dick in my mouth. Ben steered with one hand. He placed his other hand on my head, pushing it down whenever I reached the top of his dick. With my right hand I squeezed his balls. Ben was now loudly moaning and increasing the speed of the car. As we were passing a truck, the driver honked. Ben reduced speed, so we were even with the truck.

"Come on Jay, suck my dick hard, show the trucker what he's missing", Ben said. This really turned me on and I started to suck Ben's cock as hard as I could.

"When he's through with you, just throw him out and I will pick him up", the trucker shouted.

"Sorry mate, tonight the man's mine", Ben shouted back and raced away.

We soon reached our exit. I still was sucking Ben's dick, and I felt he was about to shoot his load. One final squeeze in his balls pulled the trigger. I felt his hot and juice cum shooting into my mouth, trying to swallow as much as I could. I kept his hot dick in my mouth until it became soft. We stopped for a red light. Ben pulled my hair and I reluctantly let go of his beautiful cock. Small streams of his hot cum came out of my mouth, leaving stains on his T-shirt. As we were waiting for the light to turn green, we engaged in a passionate

kiss.

"I love the taste of your mouth and I love the taste of my cum in it", he said. "I also love the fact that people are watching us", Ben continued, "and I do hope we give their dirty minds some food for thought. We certainly gave that trucker something to chew on".

The lights turned green and we broke off the kiss. We reached the building where Ben's father lived and we entered the garage. Ben parked the car and took off his shirt.

"I couldn't possibly be seen in this stained T-shirt", he said and he threw his shirt on the back seat, revealing his beautiful torso. "No use for the pants either", he said as he pulled them down, leaving them on the floor in front of his seat.

Ben sat there naked, wearing only his shoes and his sailor's hat. His meat was starting to rise again. As I sat there in amazement, he got out of the car, and motioned me to come out as well and follow him. I got out, he took my hand and I followed him to the elevator.

As we were waiting for the elevator, I drew him close to me and pressed my lips on his, forcing my tongue inside. As my tongue was exploring the warm softness of his mouth, my hand were exploring his back and his naked butt.

We broke off our embrace as a bell rang to indicate that the elevator had arrived. We quickly stepped inside, Ben pressed a button and the doors closed. We continued our kiss as we went up. The walls of the elevator were covered with mirrors and the visual impression we got added to our arousal. I now noticed he had a little tattoo just above his crack: it was an arrow pointing down.

Ben noticed I saw his tattoo. "The result of a bet lost", he explained in between kisses, "but I do enjoy it when it's direction is followed".

I wanted to react, but the elevator reached our floor. We stepped out of the elevator, and I followed the naked man. Ben pressed some buttons and the door to his father's apartment opened. He let me go first. As I passed him, his erect cock brushed my legs, leaving a trail of precum on the fabric of my pants.

As Ben closed the door, I turned around and said: "Well boy, get on your knees and give me some attention".

Ben fell on his knees instantly and pressed his nose in my crotch and grabbed my butt and started squeezing it. He started kissing my bulge, sniffing it's odour. The outline of my raging hard on was clearly visible through the fabric. With his tongue he followed it's outline, until he reached my cockhead. My cockhead had popped up over the waistband of my g-string. The precum coming out my slit wetted the fabric of my pants. With the tip of his tongue Ben started to taste the wet spot and gently caressing my cockhead. It was driving me crazy.

"Please Ben, I am almost going to cum", I managed to say.

"Don't worry Jay, I am not letting you cum out of my mouth. I want your hot cock up my mouth shortly and swallow all your tasty juice", Ben said.

Ben stopped kissing and licking my cockhead and he started to undo my fly. As he did so, he asked me to take my shirt and shoes off, and I gladly obliged. He opened my fly and pulled the pants to my ankles and I stepped out.

"I love a man in a g-string, especially when it's white and the man is tanned without a tanline", Ben said, licking his lips and admiring the view.

My cockhead was still sticking over the waistband of my g-string. Ben put his lips around it and started working my piss slit with his warm and wet tongue. His hands followed the contours of the g-string, caressing my now naked butt. A shiver of added delight went through me as he let his index finger run through my crack. He suddenly pulled the pouch of the g-string down and pulling my balls out.

"I love your meat, man, and you've got very hot pair of balls", Ben said looking at my now exposed tool.

He started to lick my balls, taking them in his mouth. His moist warm tongue on my soft skin was almost too much, but I was restraining myself and letting his tongue gently bring my juices to a boiling point. In the meantime, Ben's finger was pulling the string that ran through my crack aside, checking my crack and looking for my pucker. He found it and gently touched it, making me shiver and moan.

"I will take care of that area later, Jay", Ben said. Ben let go of my balls and started licking the shaft, all the way up to my pulsating cockhead. When he reached it, he swallowed the head first, mixing his saliva with my precum, before going down on my dick, lubricating it with this lovely mixture. He had no trouble whatsoever taking my dick in his mouth. When he had lubricated the entire shaft, he looked up to me and asked me:

"Jay, fuck my face hard, please". He still sat on his knees, put his arms behind his back, took a hold of his ankles and opened his mouth. His lustful eyes were fixating me.

I grabbed his head and started moving his head and mouth over my pole. Ben's eyes were still fixated on me, almost beggingly, as if they were saying "harder, Jay, harder". I was thrusting my hips forward, basically pounding his mouth with my cock. I noticed a glow of happiness in his eyes, so I continued moving his mouth over my dick, from crown to base, up and down. Inside his mouth, his tongue was licking my shaft wherever possible.

Tension was now building up fast in my balls. The boy's smooth mouth, the firm grip of

his lips on my shaft and the wild movement did their work. And then, I could hold no longer. "Ben, take my load, it is coming up", I shouted and started shooting my load into his mouth and throat. Ben kept sucking my dick, extracting all of my juice straight from my balls. I hadn't discharged with such intensity for a long time, and I was shaking on my legs. Ben kept sucking and slurping on my dick until no juices were left and it started to soften.

He finally let go of my dick, my cum oozing out of the corners of his mouth. I bent over and licked my cum from his face before sticking my tongue into his mouth. He gave me a fair share of my cum which I let rest in my mouth for a while, savouring its taste as if it was wine, before swallowing it.

"You can get up now", I said to Ben and reached out to help him get to his feet. When he got up, he tucked my softening dick gently back into my g-string.

"Keep that on for a while, I really like the view of it, especially that nice bulge up front", Ben said. "Why don't you sit down, and let me get you something to drink".

I went into the living room and sat down on a large leather couch. Ben came back with two drinks.

"Here you go, Jay", he said as he handed me my drink. "Spread your legs, I want to sit in-between them".

I spread my legs and Ben sat down, pressing his back against my chest. As I was sipping from my drink through a straw, Ben was gently caressing my legs. I put my drink down and started to play with his nipples and with my tongue I started licking the lobes of his ears. His nipples reacted immediately to my touch, becoming harder and harder with each stroke. When they were fully erect, I gently started to squeeze them with my fingertips.

"Oh yes, Jay, squeeze my nips, make them nice and hard", Ben moaned softly, as he kept stroking my legs. I looked down and saw his big fuckpole was fully erect again, leaning against his abdomen. Ben arched his back, pressing his butt against my crotch and put his back on my shoulder.

"Kiss me, Jay, kiss me deep and keep working on my tits", Ben said in a husky voice, opening his mouth for me.

I decided to wait a while and tease him a little: "So, young boy, who's the tart here?"

Ben did not answer, but kept laying on my shoulder, licking his lips and keeping his mouth invitingly open. I squeezed his nipples a bit harder and Ben let out a gasp.

"Well, you are Jay", Ben said matter-of-factly and with one hand pressed my head towards his longing mouth, "I want to be kissed properly, so do it".

I gave in and pressed my lips against his, working my tongue in. Our tongues intertwined and we engaged in a hot French kiss. It seemed to last forever until Ben broke the kiss and said:

"Go lay on the couch, Jay, on your stomach, and put one leg on the floor. I want to lick your ass".

I laid down, feeling the cool leather on my chest. I pressed one leg against the back of the couch and put the other on the ground, spreading my legs as far apart as possible. My dick was now rock hard, trying to work its way out of the confinement of the g-string. I wanted to take it off, but Ben said, heavily breathing:

"Keep that on, boy. The white string in your crack and the sight of your balls covered in fabric is very sexy".

Ben kneeled between my legs and started licking the leg that was on the ground. He worked his way up from my ankles. It made me shiver and feel very good. As he was licking his way up, he let the finger of one hand run through my crack, applying some extra pressure every time he passed my pucker. He finally reached the top and started licking and gently kneading my butt, working his tongue slowly towards my crack.

I felt him putting one finger under my string, pulling it aside, exposing my pucker. He gave it a teasingly quick lick and immediately blew some air over it. It made my muscles contract.

"Sweet fuckhole you've got, Jay, want me to play with it?", Ben said.

"Yes, please", was the only thing I could say, completely dazed by the thought of finally having my hole dealt with properly.

"You really like this, don't you. Well, let me take care of this sweet manhole", Ben said and I felt his tongue gliding through my crack. Ben pulled my string a bit further apart, constraining my dick even more, but also exposing the back of my balls. Ben's sweet tongue went up and down, wetting the exposed skin.

I regained control over my muscles, and tried to relax as much as possible, giving Ben the opportunity to stick his tongue inside me. As if he was reading my thoughts, I felt the pressure of his tongue on my pucker increase. His tongue found its way in. His sweet hot tongue was now inside me, lubricating the passage with his saliva. Frantically he was trying to stick his tongue in as far as possible.

"Oh, man, your ass tastes so good", Ben said. I felt him raise himself and bent over, laying on my back.

"Open your mouth and have a taste", Ben whispered in my ear. I opened my mouth and

I felt his tongue sliding in. As we were sharing the taste of my ass, I felt his precum leaking tool sliding up and down my crack, lubricating it even more.

When Ben broke the kiss, my crack and hole were soaking wet and well prepared to take Ben's fuckpole. Ben got a hold of the string in my crack, pulled it aside and I felt the head of his dick pulsating against my pucker. I lifted my ass, as to suck his dick inside. Ben applied some more pressure, my muscles gave way and his fucktool entered me. In one move he was completely inside me. For a second he let me adjust to this intrusion, before he started to slowfuck me, sliding his dick almost completely out and than back until I felt his bare pubic bone against my butt.

It just felt great. Every time his dick was completely inside me, I could feel his pulsating cockhead vibrating against my prostate. It made me squirm and moan. It seemed almost as if my own dick got harder and harder each time he stroked my prostate.

"Oh man, you've got one tight hole. Squeeze my dick with your tight hole", Ben panted as his pace increased.

It did not take long before Ben was fucking me really hard. Man, this is what I had been waiting for. "Harder, Ben, harder. Fuck my hole wide open. I need your hot meat", I shouted at Ben.

Ben did not need much encouragement. He was fucking me like crazy, ramming his pole all the way in. It seemed he kept on fucking me for ages until he shouted: "I am cumming, Jay, creaming your hole".

I felt him shooting his warm manjuice up my chute, right into my bowels. Ben continued his fuck movement until he completely discharged his load. With his dick still inside me, he fell on my back, his tongue looking for mine.

"Man, I never had such a great fuck before", Ben said in-between kisses, "you really have one hot hole and tight ass" .

"You're a great fuck yourself, Ben. You gave me what I have been longing for all day", I replied.

We laid there for a while, Ben's now soft dick still inside me. Ben gently pulled his dick out of my hole and said: "Now I want some piece of yours, Jay. Will you fuck me now?"

"Bring your sweet hole to my face, Ben, and let me lick it", I said and turned around. Ben squatted over my face. Before I started to work my tongue on his hole, I first had a sniff of his manly and sweaty odours. I started to lick the sensitive area behind his smooth balls, working my way up to his pink pucker. I first let my tongue slide over it a few times before working my way in.

As I started to tonguefuck him, Ben moved over slightly and freed my rock hard pole



from the confinement of the g-string. He pulled the g-string under my balls, which added to pressure that was already being applied by the cockring. He grabbed my dick by the base and moved it up straight, so he could reach it with his mouth.

"Work on my hole, Jay, I am going to wet this magnificent tool", Ben said and I felt his mouth slide over my pole.

I was frantically licking Ben's hole. With two fingers I stretched his muscles and let my tongue slide in. I could feel the warmth of his chute as I pushed my tongue in as far as possible. I felt I now had lubricated Ben's hole enough, and all I wanted now was to drive my dick into his beautiful ass.

"Ben, are you ready for me to fuck you", I asked him.

"Oh yeah, Jay, take me now", Ben almost pleaded.

I manoeuvred myself from underneath Ben, who reluctantly let go of my dick, and I sat straight up.

"Come and sit on my dick, Ben, I want you to ride me", I said.

Ben squatted over my dick, and slowly lowered himself. I felt the head of my dick pressing against his opening. I held my dick with both my hands as Ben was impaling himself over my dick. I let go of my hands, and felt how my dick was sucked into Ben's wet and hot chute.

Once completely impaled, Ben slowly turned himself, so he was facing me, and slowly started to ride my cock. As he was sliding himself over my tool, he rested his hands on my shoulders, bent over and kissed me. His cock was hard again, and as he moved up and down, his cock was sliding over my chest, leaving a trace of precum on it. Ben wiped some of his precum from my chest, and put his fingers in my mouth. Oh man, the salty creamy taste of his precum almost drove me wild.

Ben was riding my dick with increasing speed, and I could feel the juices boiling in my balls. When I told Ben I couldn't hold it for much longer, he started to flex his muscle, increasing the pressure on my dick.

I couldn't hold it any longer. The boy riding my dick and squeezing my fuckpole with his tight ass just was too much.

"I am cumming, Ben, shooting my load up your ass", I said and almost immediately discharged.

"Give me your manjuice, Jay, fill me up with your cream", Ben shouted, increasing the pressure even more. And then, without even touching himself, Ben shot his load on my chest.

When we completely discharged, Ben got up and unimpaled himself. He kneeled in front of my and started to clean my chest with his tongue, licking and swallowing all of his cum. He kissed me and gave me a share of his cum.

"Now you clean my butt, Jay" , Ben said and offered me his butt. I placed my lips over his rosebud and started licking and sucking my own cum from him. When I was finished, I kissed him and gave him a share of my juice.

Satisfied, we laid on the couch, Ben cuddling against me, putting my now soft dick back into the g-string. Our sticky bodies were pressed against eachother as we gently kissed.

Some time later, we must have dozed off, we decided to take a shower and clean ourselves. Ben took my hand and led me to the bathroom. Before we went into the shower, Ben positioned himself behind me and pulled down my g-string. They fell down on my feet and I stepped out of them. He got a hold of my cockring and pulled me into the shower.

"Beautiful cock you have, Jay, and the ring really suits you", Ben said before pressing his lips onto mine. He started the shower and as we kissed, we let the hot water run over our bodies. Still locked in a kiss, we started soaping eachother. Eventually we reached a point where we had to part, in order to finish the soaping job properly.

Ben gently made me face the tiled wall of the shower as he squatted behind me. He began soaping my legs, starting at the feet, working his way up over my calves and my thighs. His hands were softly massaging my legs. He reached my butt and soaped the globes first before attending my crack. He ran his soaped finger up and down my crack, all the way to my balls. I felt one of his fingers sliding inside me, as his other hand started to soap my balls from behind. The internal massage, the soaped hands on the smooth skin of my ballsack and the warm water running over me were making me hard again. Ben did not stop his activities until I was fully erect. He got hold of my hard shaft, made a fist of his hand and started to move up and down, leaving a trace of soap on my veined tool.

Man, this boy was drivinig my crazy. I had to put my hands against the wall, so I would not collapse. I looked down and saw Ben's hand coming from behind and stroking my dick.

"Keep that hard on, Jay, I will be needing it soon", Ben said and he stopped rubbing my dick. He got up and extracted his finger from my hole. He took the showerhead and rinsed all the soap from my body.

I turned to face him, and saw him standing in front of me with a raging hard on. I took the soap and started to clean his dick with one hand and his balls with the other. As I was soaping him, I bent over and kissed him. Ben opened his mouth lustfully and our tongues intertwined.

As we kissed, I kept hold of his dick with one hand, and soaped any other bodypart I could reach in this position. In order to soap his legs and butt, I had to break the kiss. I kneeled down in front of him and started to soap his legs, keeping my eyes fixed on his fucktool. I really wanted to take it into my mouth, soap and all, but at this point it didn't seem the right thing to do.

I placed my hands on his hips, and motioned him to turn around. Still squatted, I soaped the backside of his legs. I got on my feet to do his butt. I let my hands run over his firm butt and then I noticed his tattoo again. I placed my finger on it and followed the direction it was pointing at: down his crack.

"Yeah, Jay, follow the direction the arrow is giving you, let it show your fuckpole the way", Ben said softly and slightly bent over. I ran my finger through his crack. Each time I passed his pucker, I felt it respond to the touch of my finger. I took the showerhead and rinsed all the soap from his body. Ben placed his hands against the tiles, spread his legs as far apart as was possible and said: "Fuck me Jay, please fuck me hard".

I placed my throbbing fuckpole on his crack and let it slide through the moist crack.

"Don't tease me, Jay, follow the direction of the arrow and go for it". Ben was pleading me hard and I was about to oblige. It was, after all, his birthday.

I placed my cockhead on his pucker and I shoved it in. In one move I was completely inside, I felt his butt pressing against my butt, as I grabbed him by the hips.

"Yeah, boy, take my tool, take it all", I shouted to Ben and started to fuck him.

"Fuck me harder, fuckman, fuck me harder. Ram your rod inside me. Take me, I need to feel you going in and out", Ben shouted back.

And so I did. I was fucking my brains out, ramming my tool up and down his tight ass, slamming my balls against his each time I was completely inside him.

We stood there fucking and yelling at eachother for God knows how long, and then Ben suddenly shouted: "Press my love button Jay, I am going to come".

As my cockhead stroked his prostrate, Ben was shooting a royal load of his cum against the tiled wall, and again, without touching himself.

"There is more Jay, don't stop until the last drop's out", Ben sighed.

I was on the verge of cumming too. "I can't hold it for much longer, Ben, I am about to explode", I said.

"I want your load all over my face Jay, cream my face with your hot cum", Ben said.

I took my dick out of his hot hole and Ben turned around quickly, lowering himself so his face was aligned with my dick.

"Give it to me Jay, shoot your manjuice all over my face", Ben said.

He barely finished his sentence, when I was exploding, spraying his face with my cum. Ben moved his head, so nothing would go to waist, and with his open mouth he tried to catch some of it as well. When I was finished, Ben's face and hair were covered with my white load. Ben was licking his lips, and scraped his face with his fingers and sucked them off.

"Man, you taste so great, love your hot juice on my face", Ben said as if he was enjoying ice cream.

I helped Ben on his feet, and we positioned ourselves under the shower and we kissed as the warm water was rinsing all the cum away.

We got out of the shower and Ben handed me a towel. We dried each other. Ben was still admiring my cock-ring, touching it. I took it of and offered it to Ben as a birthday gift.

"Oh Jay, that is really sweet of you", said Ben and embraced me, "would you please put it on for me?"

I kneeled down in front of him and started to squeeze his smooth balls through the ring and then the shaft of his dick. I then turned and pushed the ring towards the base of his dick. The size of the ring was just perfect for him. I got up and Ben kissed my passionately, thanking me in-between kisses for the gift.

We eventually made it to the living room, and I noticed it was past midnight. Ben noticed as well and he said: "Well Jay, my birthday is over. I had the greatest of times and you are the best present my father ever got me. Perhaps it is a bit out of line, but I would like you to spend the night with me. Would that be possible?"

I usually leave after services rendered, but this felt different. Every once in a while you come across a client you can really relate to, and actual love making is added to the mere sex. This was one such rare occasion.

"It is not a custom for me, Ben, but I a great time as well, and if you want me to, I gladly stay with you tonight", I replied.

"Thanks Jay", Ben said and embraced me.

He showed me the way to the bedroom and we laid down. Ben cuddling against me, laying my head on my shoulder. We spent some time talking, caressing each other, kissing before we eventually fell asleep.

