

WINTER INNOCENCE

(By: Ron)

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The first time I had sex with another man was when I was 23. It was winter, and they were predicting a winter storm, including lots of ice.

We went outside to play on the ice, and came in soaking wet and freezing. Ken and I were about the same size, and we went to my bedroom to get into some dry clothes. Ken wanted to take a hot shower to warm up, so he did, while I got the clothes for him. He'd forgotten to take a towel into the bathroom with him, so I took one in to him.

When I walked in, I could see him through the shower curtain. He was facing away from me, but I could tell from the movements of his arms, and body, he was beating off. I was embarrassed, and didn't want him to know I'd seen this, so I sneaked out again and knocked on the door, and then went in, announcing that I had brought the towel. He stopped jacking off, but turned around, pulled the curtain back to thank me, and I could see he had a boner.

He asked me to scrub his back, while I was there, so I took his wash cloth, and he turned around, and I soaped up his back. He suggested I get in the shower with him, and he'd wash my back. All I had on was my undies, so I pulled them off, and got in the shower. The warm water felt good, because I was still freezing. As I rubbed his back, and shoulders, I could see that he still had a boner. He said it was my turn now, so I handed him the cloth, and he began rubbing my back, except he was going down much lower than I had on him. He got down to just above my butt, and I thought he would quit there, because I could reach everything else. He kept on soaping me up, and rubbing my butt.

I felt good, but not really sexual. Then he told me to bend over a little so he could clean my crack. I was embarrassed by this, and told him that was ok, I could do that. He said he already had the soap, and the cloth, and he might as well do it. I leaned forward a little bit, and he started dragging the soapy cloth through my crack. Then he concentrated on my butthole.

I had done exactly the same thing he was going, but when he did it, it felt lots better. He was really cleaning it good. I couldn't help but get a hardon, cause it felt so good. He then reached around and put a soapy hand on my hard cock, and said he would clean this now. First he soaped the cloth and told me to bite down on it, he had a surprise for me. So he stuffed the soapy wash cloth in my mouth, oh it was soapy for sure! . Nobody had ever touched my dick, especially when it was hard. I immediately recognized the feeling as he began stroking it with his soapy hand, and tried to tell him he'd better quit. But he just kept on "scrubbing" it, and soaped up my balls too. I began to get weak in the knees, and leaned back against him. He was prepared for this, and supported me. I

could feel his hard cock against my soapy ass. It suddenly dawned on having sex! I couldn't have stopped it. It suddenly dawned on me that we were having sex! I couldn't have stopped it if I'd wanted to. I already had that tingly feeling before and knew what was about to happen. What I didn't know, was that Ken was going to poke his cock up my very soapy ass. I was so relaxed, and we were both soapy, and there was only a little discomfort. He didn't have a monster dick or anything. I remember thinking it felt like I had to poop. He began pumping my ass as he stroked my dick. I felt so good, I wanted it to last forever, but I also wanted to cum. I made little noise as my mouth was munching on the soapy cloth as my ass was pumped full of cock.

I began pushing against him, trying to pick up the pace, and he understood and began pumping faster. I shot my load across the shower, and splattered against the wall. He shot up my ass, and he felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before. It was terrific. After we'd both cum, he was still holding me against him, his dick still up my ass, but going limp now, and he was rubbing my stomach, and chest. I discovered that my tits were really sensitive after I came. When he ran a finger across them, they, and my dick got hard again. He pulled the cloth out of my mouth and stuffed his tongue in instead, we kissed for a few minutes and then cleaned our mouths with water. I wanted him to jack me off again, but instead, we just rinsed off, and got out of the shower. Ken told me I should sit on the toilet and poop out his cum. As I sat down on the toilet, he got down on his knees, and put his mouth on my dick. That's another story.