

Jack and Me

By botpuppy@aol.com

I still can't understand why I did it. Maybe it was because he kept showing off his equipment. Damn he was hot and he knew it. As we swam in our pool, my cousin Jack pulled his cock out of his swimsuit so that I couldn't help but see it. He must have recognized the look in my eyes, and gave me an arrogant smirk. He swam over and stood so close that his dick grazed my stomach, and whispered, "yea Mark you really want to suck on my big dick, don't you."

He must have known that I did, but I just said, "yea, you faggot, in your dreams". I must have turned six shades of red, though, and he kept it up.

"The guys at school are onto you now, you know. All the guys on the team call you the town faggot. How many of them have shot a load into that hot mouth of yours?"

All this talk had got me a bone, but then I heard Mom call, "OK boys, time to eat now".

Jack pulled his dick into his suit and whispered, "You'll eat me later baby", and gave me a smack on my butt.

My face was flushed, and I made sure that my dick had gone down before I got out of the pool and dried off. Jack was with my dad, at the barbecue, drinking a beer and making man talk. Since we graduated, my dad would allow us to have a beer or two, but made sure we were behaving ourselves. Dad is very strict, otherwise, and a real man. Somehow I knew that he preferred Jack's company. They were both into sports, and I was kind of more into the arty things, music, and literature, that kind of thing, which no doubt had Dad wondering what he had done to deserve a son like me.

Dinner went without any more incidents. Jack was sleeping over at our house that night, and that was how this story came to be. We shared my bedroom, and my bed, and finally turned in, a bit late because we had both graduated from high school last week, and were done with classes. I undressed, down to my briefs and got into bed. Jack did the same, taking off all his clothes, and didn't even keep his underwear on. Damn, did he look good? But despite all his torments earlier in the pool, he just muttered a "'night, Mark" at me and fell sound asleep, on his side facing me.

I tried to figure out whether I was relieved or disappointed. After all that sexual stimulation in the pool I guess. Also all the other times that Jack had taunted me about how come I had never fucked any of the girls and how much they got off on him and his big cock. I had begun to fantasize about fulfilling one of my fantasies. I was taken by a big, hung jock and forced to pleasure him, sucking his dick and doing whatever he wanted me to do. I had got off lots of times at night just thinking about it.

I lay on my side, just looking at him, chest heaving gently, and his big dick limp and draped over his balls. I moved close, and inhaled the sweet manly smell of his pits. Gee did he ever exude pure raw sexual attraction. That's where my trouble started, I moved down between his legs and inhaled that

funky, musky scent of his balls. No sign of any movement from him, just a gentle heave of his chest.

Damn, how I wanted to take his limp dick in my mouth and suck it till it got hard. It must have been ESP or some strange remote control because he suddenly clamped his hands behind my head and pulled my face into his ball sack, taking his time moving me around as I gasped for breath. I couldn't breathe without inhaling the male smell of him.

All this had an immediate effect on me; my dick was hard and throbbing. Sensing his power over me, he whispered "YEA you cumdump faggot, I want u to suck me off". All this humiliating treatment had an unusual effect on me. Not only was my dick hard but I found myself becoming more and more submissive, somehow wanting to please this horny arrogant teen who was becoming my master.

"Get those pretty fag lips around my dick boy", he whispered, and I took the semi-hard shaft between my lips, and began to suck him, gently, almost lovingly as if he had made my dream come true. " Oh yea fuck boy u suck cock better than any cunt ever did, lick up and down my shaft". He was fully engorged now, hard and throbbing as I obeyed. Then he raised his ass up and pushed my face down to his balls again, and I started sucking first one, then the other.

"Oh yea babe now get down under my balls, lick the base of my cock". I did and I felt him tense up with lust. He must have sensed this sexual power over me as he told me that I was his faggot now, and that he wanted me to lick his ass. "uh huh no", I shook my head, the thought was disgusting. "Do it faggot, or else no more cock for you".

As much as I was revolted by the thought of this gross act, I knew in a flash that I was going to do whatever I had to do to get more of his cock. He pulled his legs back up against his chest, exposing a lightly haired pink hole. I put my nose close, and smelled, expecting to be disgusted, but all that time in the pool had left a clean, fresh odor. I cautiously began to lick around his ass hole, and didn't even hesitate as I buried my nose in him, as he spread his cheeks apart with his hands. My hands joined his, as I became fascinated with this degrading experience.

Instead of being disgusted I was enthralled...I wanted... what? My tongue snaked out and explored the texture and contours of this most private place, swirling around the rough rubbery ring, gliding into the pucker, pushing gently at the tight closure. I began to suck on his asshole and continued to suck his ring and suddenly it happened. The pucker released, the ring swelled, he was open to me. I drew back to look and saw a pink donut of swollen flesh encircling the opening into his rectum. The flesh inside him was a darker pink and shiny like satin. He groaned and reached back to pull my head into him. My tongue pushed out into his open chute.

At first tentatively and then with abandon I swirled my tongue around inside him. I could feel the silky walls of his chute squeezing my tongue and then releasing so my tongue could continue its shameless explorations. Obviously, he had been none too careful in cleaning himself inside since his last evacuation. Smears and small lumps of feces clung to the walls of his rectum until my tongue captured them to let them melt and suffuse my mouth with his flavor. The taste was mildly acrid, definitely funky, but with a savory hint of peanut.

I was not repulsed. I probed deeper in search of more texture, more taste, continuing to suck on his ring as I did so. I reveled in what I was doing and blamed my lust for making me do it. There was no way to tell if he knew what my tongue was encountering inside him but I had the feeling he did. And that he expected it as his right, somehow. As my tongue worked away exploring his rectum it began to seem natural to me too that I should be "cleaning" him like this. It was as if his ass was so beautiful that it was my duty to keep it clean and tidy for him. All these thoughts were vague and fleeting of course. I was mainly focused on the feel of his sphincter clutching my tongue while his beautiful globes of flesh pressed my face.

"Hey," Jack asked, "Could you taste my shit when you were doing that?" I was suddenly embarrassed. "Yes," I admitted, "sort of." He grinned at me. "And you dug it?" " I don't know.... It just happened that way. It was cool, I guess" I couldn't look into his eyes. Suddenly his hand was on the back of my neck. He was pulling my face down to his crotch. I was going to be able to blow him! What a night this was turning out to be. I opened my mouth for him as he pushed the head of his prick through my lips and then another few inches of his shaft.

The skin was warm and smooth as silk, the taste slightly coppery. I began to suck. The heel of his hand wrapped sharply on my head. "Don't suck it, man! I don't want to get woody yet." I ceased my exertions and just waited, my mouth becoming merely a receptacle for his penis. Was he just resting? But soon his intention became clear. A short burst of hot liquid shot out into my mouth, coating my tongue and accumulating under it. He planned to piss in my mouth! His hands gripped my head to hold it in place. He quivered and then let his stream continue. It jetted out of his urethra with surprising force, quickly filling my mouth. The taste was salty but somehow tangy. I thrilled to the taste of it. I knew my cheeks were bulging with what he had deposited in my mouth. One hand now came down to my throat and his fingers splayed on my Adams apple. He grunted softly, "Swallow it, dude. Just open your throat for me while I piss." I did what he said. Gulping down the flood of urine streaming from his cock also seemed "natural" and so perversely exciting that my hard cock threatened to erupt once again. I could feel my stomach fill with his hot fluid as he voided himself. Just as I thought the liquid would start to back up on me, he finished. I sucked the last drops of piss out of his now hardening cock. I nursed on his big organ until he seemed to have enough.

"Know what I think?" he said. "I think you are going to eat my shit now".

He got out of bed and headed for the bathroom, saying "Cumin, dude." I followed him into the bathroom. Of course I wasn't going to do what he said. Jesus, who the fuck did he think he was? Did he really believe that people wanted to eat his shit? God, what a conceited, egotistical bastard this guy was! But hey, I had not gotten to suck his cock yet. I wanted his hot semen spurting in my mouth. I had paid my dues and he owed me.

He was seated on the toilet playing with his cock when I entered the bathroom. He looked up at me with that supercilious grin of his. He was

half-erect and I could see a strand of precum already connecting his hand to his penis. "Lay down on the floor, man. You can put that towel under your head if you want." "Jack, just let me suck your dick OK? You're ready to cum again," I said, glancing at his boner, now extended to its full eight plus inches. It was so beautiful. I wanted to worship it. "Forget that for now" he responded. "But hey," he added, " Maybe I will let you suck it if I get totally hot from shitting in your mouth."

I wanted so badly to please him. And it had been thrilling to have my tongue inside his rectum, exploring where nobody had probably ever gone before. The taste of his shit had not been that bad. Kind of interesting, in fact. And, I could not deny either that I was as hard as he was. My cock was telling me what it wanted my mouth to do. I got down, supine, on the cold floor. He rose from the toilet and stepped over to straddle me, facing my feet. As he lowered himself onto my face I marveled at the perfection of his rump as it came closer and closer. He pulled his buns apart and the cutest little asshole in the world was revealed to me once more before he placed it precisely on my lips and settled himself. I could hear him stroking his hard-on as he said, "Lick it and suck on it like you did before. Get that fucker opened up, dude." My lips, then my tongue, did his bidding.

The incredible texture of his puckered anus responded to my ministrations, swelling, distending, finally snapping open. My tongue leapt up his opened hole. He pushed down as I pushed up. Suddenly I felt something lodged in the confines of the satiny tube where my tongue was trapped. The blunt end of it was firm, smooth. I tasted his feces on my tongue once more. Now my mind was trapped too. I was a prisoner of his desires, which were my desires too. The turd began to descend down his chute. It pushed my tongue back down out of him until it broke through the opening of his asshole. Now I could feel the rounded end of the turd beginning to slide through my lips, entering my mouth. Nothing in the world could have stopped this. I shot off spontaneously as it slid over my tongue and rested there as if it was in its rightful place. I was mortified that he could see what he had done to me but ecstatic too that I could prove my devotion, my adoration, this way. "Eat it man," Jack said, "Eat my shit." It was all in my mouth now. Maybe four inches of a log of shit warm with the temperature of his body.

The taste was indescribable. I chewed the soft mass until it was masticated enough for me to begin to swallow. Three...four...five gulps and it was down my throat. I seemed to be able to track the progress of his shit as it slid down my gullet and piled up in my stomach. I had never been so sexually aroused even though I had climaxed a few moments before. Jack's voice was satisfied too as he pulled his buttocks off my face, reached back to spread them again, and said, "Clean my asshole now, dude. Lick it nice and clean for me." His crack in the region of his anus was streaked with dark brown shit. I raised my head and slurped up and down in his crack sufficient to clean the waste and uncover once more the pristine pinkness of his flesh. "Inside too," he grunted and my tongue pushed inside his still-gaping asshole, probing and licking until his chute too was clean of feces. When I finally pulled my tongue back out again, his anus snapped closed once more, resuming its furled, inviolate appearance as if my job was done.

He swiveled around until he faced me, his saliva -coated butt resting on my

chest. I knew he was looking at my mouth. He must be so disgusted with me. But his cock was stony hard. "Gimme a minute to unwood here a little," he said. "I'll piss in your mouth to clean it up then you can suck me off. I don't wanna put my dick in your mouth when it's all shitty." A bit later I opened my mouth to him and he aimed his stream into it, using his cock like a garden hose to wash down my teeth, tongue, gums, the roof of my mouth. I had to swallow hard and fast to keep any of his urine from spilling out of my mouth.

As I was humiliating myself this way he stared at me, "You really are a pig, ain't you faggot? No way I'm gonna put my dick in that toilet mouth of yours, not until I clean you up better".

He told me to get on my knees and put my chest against the sink "You remember the first time your dad found out you were smoking and he washed your mouth out with soap?"

Oh, do I ever, and just like the first time, I trembled just at the thought.

Very purposely, he turned on the hot water tap and began to fill the sink. Then he took out a fresh bar of soap, it was what I always used, Irish Spring. He got the water really hot, and made a rich lather out of it. I knew what was coming and I shuddered to think of it, I am almost 18 and this is so humiliating, but I knew that there was no way out if I was going to be permitted to suck on his cock.

He shoved my chest against the sink, and kicked my legs further apart. This caused me to hold my head back at an angle, my chin was on the rim of the sink and this kept my mouth tilted upright.

Then he got a fresh wash cloth and lathered it up. He took the back of my head into his big hand, and ever so gently, but forcefully began to push the washcloth into my mouth.

I resisted of course, then he ever so calmly put the washcloth back into the sink, which by now was full of rich bubbly lather. He took the wash cloth, and with a firm grip on the back of my head began to squeeze the lather around my nose. The rich lather was almost intoxicating, stuffing my nostrils, and making it difficult to breath.

This had the effect he was looking for, and my mouth opened involuntarily. Without a pause he inserted the soapy cloth into my mouth and began to lather up inside me, gums, the back of my throat, and my tongue. The lather got in my eyes and they teared.

Calmly, in complete control now, he took the bar of soap and pushed it into my mouth, thoroughly coating my tongue. It had a terrible taste, and I gagged, but it didn't have any effect on him. Later, after many of these treatments, I learned that some soaps, while they smell good, taste terrible, and they are a good choice for this sort of punishment. Mild soaps like Ivory don't have much taste and the lather is too watery. Irish Spring and Zest are the best for this.

Then another assault with the soapy washcloth and this time the soapy water ran down into my throat which made me gag. A mistake, he seemed to enjoy this and repeated it. Why didn't I try to fight him off? Because all this time I could feel his hardon against my neck and I longed to have my lips around it. This was a terrible price, but now I was consumed with my lust for him, and my own dick remained so hard the whole time, that I felt as if I was going to shoot my load at any minute, even though I had a wrenching orgasm just a few minutes ago.

He took a clean wash cloth and rinsed it with some fresh water, then mopped up the insides of my mouth and teeth. He removed the cloth and looked at it for a moment, shaking his head, and showed me some light brown stuff. Taking a toothbrush, he lathered it up with the bar of soap and brushed my teeth and tongue. Bubbles kept forming as I breathed and my mouth burned, but apparently he was satisfied. He allowed me to get up and gargle with cold water, and I must have used 5 glasses. This did help some, but the taste of the soap was to linger for days.

When my mouth was clean enough for him he pushed his hardening penis inside and let me suck on it until it was fully tumescent. He then began a deep, steady, relentless fucking of my throat, heedless of my comfort or indeed my ability to breathe. But of course it was just what I wanted, even though all that soaping dulled his salty male taste. My hands reached around him, my fingers in his crack, one approaching his tight hole. I was allowed to insert it and I blushed at the thought of what I had done a few minutes ago. His balls were banging against my chin each time he drove forward so I could sense when they drew up toward his body

But he wasn't satisfied. "GET IN BED ON YOUR BACK", he said in a loud voice and I was afraid my parents would hear, but I did as he said. "No, drape your head over the edge of the bed, I'm gonna fuck your throat now". I later learned that in this position, the top could line up my mouth and throat in a more or less straight line, avoiding bumping into the back of my throat as he thrust his cock in. It's a skill that really experienced cocksuckers pick up, but this teen seemed to sense what he wanted right from the start.

He got up, straddling my chest with his knees pinning my arms down, then got back on his haunches with his hand idly stroking his dick as I struggled to reach up and get a taste of his cock or balls. He grabbed a fistful of my hair and pushed my head back, and with the other hand, began dick smacking me. "Yea, fuckin faggot take this man's cock"

And with that, he just plunged his bloated dick into my mouth. A few exploratory strokes and as I gasped for breath, began to probe down deeper into my mouth. He used his hands to position me and continued his invasion into me until I felt the tip of his dick lodge into my windpipe. I was gagging and choking on him but he didn't withdraw, enjoying his control and domination over me, and just kept driving himself deeper into me.

Well, I did learn quickly to breathe through my nose, and to relax my throat muscles to just accept him. He finally bottomed out, his thick cock expanding my windpipe, his pubic hairs in my face so that every breath I took was filled with his scent,

He shuddered violently, pushed his cock so far into my throat that his pelvic bone slammed into my face, and began to ejaculate wad after wad of hot jizm into my battered throat. The creaminess of his semen seemed to soothe the tissue he had fouled with his turd and all the soap. I had another violent orgasm myself, my hard dick spasming uncontrollably. His last spurts were delivered after he pulled back and I caught them in my mouth. I could feel them spurt from his urethra and tasted the salty sweetness of his cum, in spite of the soapy bitterness in my mouth.

He sat back, breathing hard. "You were OK, dude," he said, glancing down at me. I had truly pleased him! He looked me straight in the eyes. That smile again. "I guess," he said, deflating me somewhat. He lay back, and I did too, completely exhausted and satisfied. He rolled over on his side, and I said, "Do you think maybe we can do some more sometime"? "Yea, fag, you're gonna be one busy boy this summer, and I can think of some sick ways to use you to get me off."

And, boy did he ever, but that's another story.

Comments and suggestions to botpuppy@aol.com
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