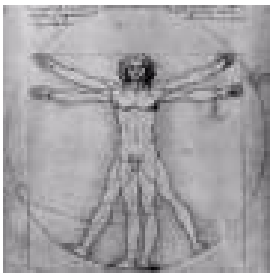
First time for everything



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a chance encounter releases frustrations

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/first-time-for-everything.aspx

I was visiting my mum by the seaside on a late autumn/early winter day of limited warmth and light. Everything was quite sombre in the wake of my fathers recent funeral. The large house still had much of his personality in it, shelves of old books -the War Years, and many other austere works mixed with some good poetry and prose, lots of old touring maps.

We talked a while about sorting out financial affairs and other practicalities over a pot of Earl Grey tea.

I said I would take a quick walk along the shore before the light faded, and headed off at good pace along the sand dunes in a stiff breeze. I was quite deep in thought about life in general.

Few people were around by the time I reached the car park by the old swimming pool & toilets. I went into the gents for a pee and found I was not alone there. At the other end of the open trough type urinal was an older gent. I went about my business with some relief, and noticed that his coat was open to reveal his cock being massaged gently. He looked along in my direction, then down at my own cock.

I was in a sort of motionless state, though could feel a sense of excitement as my own cock started to harden a little. At the site of this he moved up beside my and stretched his right hand over to caress my cock, which gave me a new sensation and a shortage of breath. Almost in a trance I let him massage my cock until within a few minutes it exploded into life with a jet of thick cream hitting the side of the urinal. He moved away, unconcerned, went outside and lit a cigarette. I looked down to see that I was probably not the first that day to experience his expert sensual touch. I left with a brief nod of appreciation, and a pleasurable feeling of relief. I knew these places could be worth another visit, however out of character it seemed for me. It brought back memories of various brief encounters in earlier years before family life responsibilities had needed so much attention.

Within a month or so I found myself back in the same territory several times, mainly just watching what was going on, seeing that a regular stream of visitors dropped in there hopefully.

I chanced to be in again when this time a younger taller dark haired man was to my left as I looked along. His large cock was totally erect and there were no pretenses. When I saw it my own stiffened up, and he moved beside me to take my own cock in his smooth hand for what I thought would be a repeat of my last experience. Not so, he asked if he could suck me - again I was breathing shallowly, and anticipated a new sensation for the first time. He was obviously an expert at his art, and sucked slowly along my shaft, right down to my balls. I dont normally come quickly during sex, but in these situations it is probably best not to linger. I pulled back to signal that I was about to ejaculate, but he said that was fine and he wanted it in his mouth. No sooner had he resumed sucking than it let go a continuous spurt of cream which he gently held on to until my cock went soft. I stood back, a little worried that someone may come in. He did not actually swallow my juices, but swirled them round in his mouth like tasting a fine whiskey, and spat them out into the trough, resuming his original position at the wall. I wrote down my mobile number gave it to him and said thanks, then left. It was, I thought, like a sticky spiders web promising both pleasure and a certain element of risk to those who ventured into the male underworld to explore their sexuality.