The Married Guy

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He's a good husband with a fatal flaw

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It was a warm summer afternoon. I was wandering along Main Street, killing time. My wife Linda was at the salon having her hair done. We were newly-weds. Near the end of the street I entered a small, barn-like building that featured hand-crafted wood furniture. The furniture craftsman was a young guy, twenty-five or so with sandy hair. He was not wearing a shirt. Right away I was jealous. I've always been jealous of guys with good bodies. They can take off their shirts whenever they please. He had prominent pecs and toned arms with thick blue veins. We exchanged greetings and I said nice things about his work. He reached down with both hands and lifted a small, ornate table. His arms tightened, veinspopped and I felt my cock stir.

"This is my latest piece," he said.

When our eyes met, a small smile crossed his face. He lifted the table over his head and turned around to place it up on a high shelf. With his arms straining upward, his back became liquid, a sea of waves and swells. Sinews squirmed. Nuggets of muscle quivered beneath a tanned blanket of tight flesh. I popped a full, raging erection. He looked back quickly to make sure I was watching. That's when I knew he was putting on a show. It occurred to me that, in a matter of seconds, I had been flat-out seduced. It was very different from that other time. This time Ifelt helpless, powerless. That other time there had been no seduction.

That other time I'd wandered into a bar at night and ordered a beer. I struck up a conversation with the guy next to me at the bar, a pleasant guy named Andy. After looking around the room I realized it was a gay bar. Guys were flirting with one another all over the place. After a couple of beers Andy said, "You know, if we were to go somewhere, well, you wouldn't have to do anything."

I told him I was straight and declined. Two beers later I said, "Are you sure I won't have to do anything?"

In the back seat of his car I sat whimpering as he worked on me. He was incredibly good at it. He pulled his mouth off my cock and pressed his lips against mine. It was odd. I was making out with a

guy and I didn't mind it. It was like kissing a woman except that his face was a bit scratchy. When he went down there again I almost couldn't stand it. Strange noises came out of me. As if with a mind of it's own, my hand floated through the air and came to rest on the bulge in Andy's jeans. He quickly unbuttoned himself and dropped his pants. It was dark but I had no trouble finding it. When I took hold of it I realized that Andy had one hell of a handful. I always thought my own dick was big. My wife told me as much. Did she lie?

Every guy knows how to stroke a cock. We get plenty of practice. I stroked him slowly and carefully with a light touch. I didn't mind it. Andy liked it; I could tell. Meanwhile, he was torturing me with pleasure. I felt weak and vulnerable. My body was tilting, leaning. Then he did something amazing with his tongue. I cried out, tipped over onto the car-seat and pulled his cock into my mouth. The head was fat, hard and warm, almost hot. I didn't mind it. Okay, I liked it. It was incredibly smooth in my mouth. That's what I liked the most, the smoothness of it. Whatever Andy did to me, I did to Andy. Before very long, with no warning whatsoever, there was a load of warm semen in my mouth. It surprised me. I had sensed no orgasmic build-up. Suddenly it was just there. I spat it out onto the floor of the back seat. I learned later that this hurt Andy's feelings. I was supposed to swallow it the way he swallowed mine.

Now I watched as the shirtless woodworker disappeared behind a curtain at the rear of his shop. My feet moved, one after the other. When I pulled back the curtain he was standing naked with an enormous erection. It was even bigger than Andy's. It was like an animal. It was thick and angry with a gleaming red head. It moved from side to side as if burdened by its own weight, its own great presence. I was struck by the unfairness of it all, that I could not have a body like that, a cock like that. I was drawn forward like steel to a magnet until I stood in front of him. There was nothing between us but his lumbering red member. I was terrified. I was trembling. He grabbed hold of his cock. It made his hand look tiny. When he began to stroke himself my knees went numb and I went down.

He tussled my hair with his fingers and said, "That's a good boy." With his cock in my mouth he said, "I'm Kevin and you'll be my server today." Then he laughed.

He pulled his cock from my mouth and said, "You know, you shouldn't suck on the head right away. You should build up to it, you know, like foreplay. Have you done this before?"

"Once," I said.

"I'm not surprised. Did he have a big dick?"

"Yes."

"Bigger than yours?"

"Yes."

"Bigger than mine?"

"God no," I said.

"Of course not," he said. "Today is your lucky day, dude. You'll never see anotherone like this. I'd like to start off with kisses, you know, as a sign of respect. Just kiss the shaft for now, tender little kisses. Okay, like that. Do that for a while. You slay me, you really do. This happens all the time you know, three or four times a week. Guys like you come in here, married guys. They slay me. I size them up right away. You can see it in their eyes. They're hungry,*really*hungry. You were easy. You have bitch written all over your face. Nibble on my balls for a while-- yeah, nice little bites. Yes, like that. My wife is great at this. She gives the best head. Not like most of the knuckle-heads who come in here. Put a finger on my hole and stroke it. No, softer..... yeah, like that. But don't stick it in. I don't take anything in my ass. I'm not gay like you."

At one point I had pulled out my own dick hoping to bring myself off. But Kevin's cock required my mouth and both hands. So I continued to work as my dick dripped. Things changed when he stopped giving me instructions. He grabbed my hair and rammed that hot thick pipe into my mouth, into my throat. No longer was I a worker. I became a receptacle. I stroked his hole and tickled his balls until torrents of cum filled my mouth. Remembering my*faux pas*with Andy, I was determined to do the right thing. Somehow, gagging, I got it all down. I knelt there looking at that huge moist hardon wondering what would happen next. I knelt there looking up until our eyes met. I was a little dog ogling his master.

He said, "What do you say now?"

"Thank you Kevin." The words just tumbled out of my mouth.

Suddenly he put his hands under my arms and lifted me into the air with his muscled limbs. I felt a bit rocky on my feet. To steady myself I grabbed hold of his upper arm. It felt really hard, like a piece of his own handiwork. With my other hand I squeezed my cock and came. A single squeeze was all it took. I trembled and shuddered, kneading the muscles in his arm, listening to him laugh.

He said, "Dude, you're a piece of work. You slay me. But your blow job was not up to my standards. You need to work on your technique. I would be willing to let you practice on me free of charge. Trust

me, that's a good deal. You won't come across a cock like mine again. And it's a skill that will serve you well. God knows you'll be sucking cock til the day you die."

I thanked him again and headed for the door. He said, "Don't be a stranger."

Out on the sidewalk I was engulfed in confusion, wondering how all this had happened. It was strange; no, it was pathetic how easily he had lured me into his den. Unsettled, I was afraid of being late for Linda at the salon. My mind, however, went not to Linda but to the moist, undulant landscape of Kevin's back. Instantly I was hard again. Hard again? Already? This never happened to me. I never got back-to-back erections. In bed with Linda I was luckyif itever got hard. Many times she would try in vain to coax it to life with her fingers and tongue. She was alwaysgood about it. She always said, "That's okay hon. Maybe next time."

Now I had a boner that wouldn't go away. I wondered if it was visible to passersby. I wondered what Linda would think of my unlikely bulge. But as it turned out there was no problem. When she came out of the salon my dick withered instantly.

I said, "Hey babe, you look great. Nice hair cut!"

"Thanks hon," she said. She took my arm and westrolled casually up the street. She said, "So where have you been? Did you get something to eat?"

"I did," I said. "I was hungry. I was*really*hungry."