The Newtons

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An almost estranged man and wife get back together through husband becoming bisexual.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/the-newtons-1.aspx

Part Two

CHRISTIANA

I'm glad that Paul has come out into the open and been frank and honest in not only our relationship but of others he's had. Now that we've come to accept the facts I can also be as honest as he has been.

I must admit that the failure of our marriage was as much my fault as his. I will not cover the ground that he has already trodden, but only to say that our first few years were happy ones. I blame the circumstances that caused us to drift apart. He was so tired on the constant commuting when he would have been happier if he had gotten the position of manager of his Reading branch. But as it was, he was in South London and I did most of my seminars in an hotel in Uxbridge.

It was when I was in between these that I became disgruntled with him in the flat in Tooting and I was in the house in Reading. But please don't me wrong about the house. I loved it! It was big and spacious in about an acre and a half, secluded and had all mod cons and of course, all the latest appliances that our firm sold.

To recap slightly, I would go over to Holland, my home country, to see every new product that the company I used to work for made. I would then bring back all these new products and have seminars in this hotel in Uxbridge to explain how they all worked and the costs etc, to selected staff for them to pass on to their staff back in their respective towns.

Really, I only worked for eight months of the year in doing this and it was the other four months that I felt lost. Not lost in its true meaning but alone. Paul was in London and I only saw him really on Sunday and maybe the Monday if I didn't have a seminar. It just wasn't enough for me! Now if we'd had a child or two, things might have been different, but who knows.

I took on a lover and it was sheer boredom that made me do this and I wasn't very selective with my first choice either.

The year had started off quite warm and I knew that it was going to be a hot summer and so, unwitting picked the right time to ask Paul if we could have a swimming pool installed in the garden. One that could be enclosed when the winter came so that we could swim throughout the year if we wanted to. He was going over the business accounts of the shop at the time and agreed whilst his mind was occupied with these said accounts.

I quickly engaged a contractor for this work and within two weeks, work began on excavating an area close to the house for the pool. With the digger making the hole, four men followed to start building the walls and concreting prior to tiling. Though they started off with four men, over the next three weeks the man power dwindled down to one. I had been away for three weeks at the beginning having given specific instructions on the work to be done while I was away to which they had complied.

Now I was off for two weeks and there was only this young, well built man doing the work of smoothing out the concrete for tiling. I would be out on the small patio by the rear French windows that would lead to the pool, dressed in just a bikini and lounge in the sun and watch this younger man sweat as he worked.

It wasn't as if I had set out with the desire to seduce this young man, but I must certainly have got his testerones going when I sprawled out on my lounger, my breasts, not small at all, over spilling the top of my brief costume as I lay there in the sun. It was the second day that I really noticed him; in his shorts, socks and boots, his upper torso naked and shining with sweat from the sun.

Then I had this sudden ache inside my lower stomach and I felt my inner thighs become moist with fluid that began to exude from within me. This ache became a throb as I watched the muscles move in his exertions and I had the sudden urge to finger myself like I did when I reached puberty. I ground my thighs together to try and stifle this feeling but only became hotter the more I tried to suppress the desire to be touched down there. I gave out a small groan and rolled over onto my stomach, giving in to the sudden desires that had flared up within my body.

'Mark,' I called out rather hoarsely, for that was the young man's name, 'can you rub some suntan lotion on my back please.'

'Lotion Mrs Newton?' he replied.

'Yes, here. I can't reach my back,' as I held out the bottle for him to take and felt a sudden urge inside as his fingers touched mine. I quickly undid the bikini top straps as he unscrewed the cap and poured some into the palm of his hand. He knelt down beside the lounger and then began to smear the liquid over my back.

'Aaah,' I sighed as I felt his strong fingers begin to rub in the oil. As his fingers touched my flesh, the inner smouldering fire within me ignited into flame and I had to quell the sudden impulse to touch myself. Instead I let the waves of heat run up and down my body as his hand worked the sun oil into

my back.

It then came to the make or break time and I resolved that it was time to make and so I suddenly rolled over onto my back to let him see my full breasts without their covering.

‘Now the front Mark,’ I said as I looked up into his face, not sure at what I was seeing. Was it desire or lust in his eyes as they roved over my naked breasts there before him, being invited to run his hand over them, albeit with suntan oil. Then I saw indecision in them and spoke up.

‘They’re only breasts Mark. There’s nobody to see you put oil on them,’ I said in my most winsome way, noting that he had now got an erection inside his shorts before I closed my eyes as I felt the oil being poured on my breasts before his hand began to gently rub it in. ‘That’s good Mark, so good,’ I said, drawling the last word out. ‘For a labourer, you have a delicate touch with your hand,’ my eyes still closed, giving myself up to the sensation I was getting from having a strange hand caress my breasts. ‘That’s nice. Ever so nice. Rub them harder Mark! Let me feel your hands, both of them.’

He complied by using both of his hands to rub the oil into my breasts, sweating more from the expectation than the thrill of having these tits of mine under his hands.

‘How far do you want me to go Mrs Newton?’ he asked in a somewhat strangled voice as though his shorts were constricting him enough so that he was speaking in an almost falsetto voice.

‘You can go all the way Mark if you’re so inclined,’ I replied, my eyes still closed but my hands had lifted up the upper half of my bikini bottom as an invitation. Then I shivered as his fingers went below the hem of the suit and brushed the top of my pubic hairs.

‘Further,’ I said, my eyes still closed, still trembling as the fingers moved down over my mound and felt the entrance to my sex. I opened my legs as an invitation and gave out a gasp as I felt his two fingers enter me. He made to move back his hand at my gasp but I closed her thighs together, trapping his hand there.

‘Don’t stop now,’ I panted and gently eased my thighs apart to allow his hand some freedom of movement and then relished the probing fingers and what they touched. ‘Yes, yes, there,’ I panted as his fingers pushed further up inside me to add fuel to the fire that was now raging within me. I blindly reached out my hand and felt and then grabbed the erection he had within his shorts and clung on fiercely, rubbing it beneath the material.

‘This is what I want Mark! Here! Now!’ I commanded, and tried myself to pull his shorts off sitting up and at the same time, trying to get my own bikini bottoms off. We compromised by me taken mine off while he stripped off his shorts.

‘Now that’s a tool I can handle,’ I said as he stood up, his cock as erect as his own posture, making it look larger than it really was, but it was big enough for what I wanted. ‘Now fuck me,’ I panted, pulling at his arm to get across me and I had the pleasure of his young body covering mine and putting

himself into me.

‘Just what the doctor ordered,’ I breathed out as he slid his full length into me for me to feel the heat of his own passion and longing. To him it must have been a dream come true to have seen me fully clothed and a wish to see me naked, begging for him for a fuck, and now it was actually happening.

He seemed to steel himself to last as long as possible so that I would be begging for a rematch at a later date as he entered me to have what he had been lusting after for the past few weeks. I think he loved having finally got his prick inside me as much as I liked having him in there. My legs went up to give him as much entry room possible and my arms went round his shoulders as our pubic hairs mingled before he got into his rhythm of actually fucking me.

‘God I’ve wanted this,’ I breathed between my panting.

‘So have I,’ he gasped in between thrusts, coming up onto his elbows to give himself more impetus to his forward movements into me as he got his wish to fuck this Mrs Newton.

As much as I relished his thrusting and battering at me, I still had the thought that it was a good job that we had bought a good solid teak lounger as I felt my body being forever pushed hard down onto the cushions as Mark reamed me for all that he was worth.

I was now covered in as much sweat as him as we fought each other in the throes of our passion that only had one outcome and that it came to both of us eventually was both a relief and with sadness as we clung to each other as we orgasmed at the same time. Both sets of hips grinding against the other as we spent ourselves, him into me for mine to mix with his and to begin to seep out of me as we slowed down.

I liked the weight of this young stud and of giving me an orgasm that I hadn’t had since before I’d been married. I gave out a groan as he lifted himself up and pulled out from me but didn’t open my eyes though I gave him a smile. I didn’t realise it, but I fell asleep and suddenly woke up to find that the sun had almost gone down and that Mark was no longer in the garden, but he’d at least draped a towel over my naked body to prevent me getting sunburnt.

I gave out a stretch and smiled as I remembered the orgasm I’d had with Mark and savoured the warm feeling and glow that it gave to my insides. After rising from the lounger, I went upstairs and had a shower and only dressed in a loose robe, made myself dinner and soon went off to bed to dream of Mark.

I waited next morning in anticipation of Mark turning up for work and was thrilled to see him strip off down to his shorts and begin work again on the pool. Waiting until he had worked up a good sweat, I went upstairs and had a scented bath for half an hour before getting out, drying myself and then going down stairs, naked, to stand in the shadows of the French windows.

It was a good five minutes before he looked up at the house and saw me standing there in all my

glory, leaving nothing for the imagination. I smiled at his double take of seeing me naked and I beckoned to him to come inside the house. He dropped his tool that he had been using and wiped his hands on his shorts as he walked towards me and I could see that the sight of me had given him an erection.

‘I thought you needed a break,’ I said, taking him by the hand and leading him through the house, up the stairs and into my bedroom. ‘Take your boots off before getting onto the bed,’ I said as I got onto it myself and stretched out and opened my legs for him to see what his target was. Mark was quick to pull his boots off, hopping about as he removed his socks and then pulled down his shorts to reveal how ready he was for me.

What surprised me was the fact that he went down on me with his mouth instead of climbing straight up on top. I flinched at the first touch of his tongue between the lips of my sex, this being the first time it had ever been done to me, and found that I liked this form of sexual foreplay. The two boys before my marriage to Paul, nor even him had ever thought to use their tongues in such a private place. It was like having a multiple of small electric shocks every time the tongue touched a sensitive part and I soon gave myself up to this new pleasure I was experiencing.

It was no surprise that I orgasmed under the ministrations of Mark’s tongue as it licked and tickled my clitoris and to also have it nibbled by his teeth. What with having his tongue go up inside my vagina was more than I could bear and began to thrash about as I reached my peak. Then for another first, I scrabbled and scratched him as I fought myself free from his electric tongue to swivel round on the bed and take his erection into my mouth to suck on him as I ground my thighs together as I came.

My mouth was hot as was my saliva as I took as much of his penis into my mouth to suck and almost chew on as I had my orgasm. Then still being hot between my thighs, soon released him and roughly pulled him on top of me.

‘Now Mark! Now! Fuck me!’ I panted as we rolled on the bed and he managed to get me onto my back and quickly plunged himself inside me. I gave out a scream as I came again at feeling his prick enlarge my vagina when he entered me, to began his thrusting for him to have his climax. I alternately clung and scratched him as he humped me, pushing himself in as far as he could go till he too came with cries of his own.

I revelled in the sweat that ran between our bodies as we slowly came to a stop, both panting heavily, my breath more laboured from being underneath. I kissed his face with a multitude of kisses at having experienced three orgasms in one session with this hunk of a youth on top of me.

I groaned my displeasure as he pulled out and sat back on his heels as he viewed my splayed body beneath and between his thighs.

‘That was some fuck Mrs Newton,’ he said, still panting heavily. ‘You sure are some piece of work.’ Though I didn’t like his choice of words, I was too far gone in my own gratification that I didn’t

comment on them, but just lay back to regain my breath and savour the moment of being fully sexually satisfied.

This was the pattern for the rest of the week that I would have him in my bed for sex and a mutual shower afterwards before he went back to work and I went back to bed to relive the past few hours pleasure.

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To me it was most frustrating after having had Mark to find sex with Paul so boring. But then, I was still at fault by not encouraging him to try something different. It might have made a big difference if I had gone down and taken his erection into my mouth and sucked him off to then have him go down on me. But such was our upbringing that it didn't seem right for a married couple to have sex that way. That I did it with a complete stranger didn't seem to count. I didn't think it wrong to give myself to another man for my gratification and the word adultery never even crossed my mind.

What I didn't know at the time was that Paul, on his own, was watching pornographic videos masturbating over exactly what I was doing with Mark. I was really pissed off that he hadn't complimented me on how well I looked, for I really did look so radiant after a week of sex with another man. He then got upset when I had spurned his request that, whilst in the middle of our fortnightly sex bout, I go down and suck on him like the women did on his videos and I refused. He hadn't mentioned the films that he had watched, but had at least tried to push my head down to his erection that afternoon.

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I think I woke up screaming when I found I couldn't move in the bed I was in at the hospital. I'm paralysed was the first thought that flew through my mind, remembering quite clearly the beginning of the accident. Though the sequence of events were hazy in my mind, I remembered the pain in my leg and pelvis as the car rolled over and I was somehow caught up in the steering wheel. The pain I experienced then was enough for my mind to blank out and pass me into the state of unconsciousness.

It was because I couldn't move that made me scream out and bring a nurse hurrying to my bedside. It took this nurse several minutes to calm me down and explain that my immobility was due to the plaster cast that went from my foot right up to my pelvis on the right hand side.

He'd tried to kill me, was my first thought. He'd found out about my affair with Mark Seaton, the man building the pool. But then I remembered at what we had been arguing about just before the accident and so that ruled out this theory, but it still remained in the back of my mind. Did he know that I had been unfaithful to him? Did he start the argument with this in mind? I wasn't sure and the thought festered in my mind that there was still the possibility that he had tried to kill me because of it.

I gave out a groan for I was supposed to have started a new seminar that coming week and now I

wouldn’t be able to attend. Now having tasted the forbidden fruit of having sex with another man other than my husband, I had been looking forward to finding someone on the course who would have been able to give me another taste of having an illicit affair without Paul’s knowledge.

‘How long am I going to be strapped up like this?’ I asked of the nurse.

‘If all goes well in the repair of your hip, I would say at least eight to ten weeks.’

‘Ten bloody weeks!’ I cried, thinking of what I was now going to miss. Ten weeks of sex! It didn’t bear thinking about now that I had found a way of bringing my life to life as it were. Ten bloody weeks, I fumed, and I can’t even get my finger round this bloody cast, my mind screamed in frustration.

For me, it was to be a period of celibacy, but not for Paul as you already know.

I was becoming increasingly frustrated after just four days in my hospital bed. It was more from being unable to move without assistance that was most annoying. Being helped on and off the bedpan and having to have a nurse wipe and wash my backside every time was the prime annoyance. After always being active, this immobility drove me to distraction, enough so that I couldn’t even read a book or magazine and my mind began to wander into realms of fantasy.

Like having two men in my bed for to play and have sex with. My mind kept going back to that wonderful week I’d had with Mark, his strong young body on top of mine as he whispered into my ear as he ploughed his way inside me. Bringing on an orgasm with the efficient use of his tool though starting off the process with his mouth and tongue before actually entering me.

Every day for that week I dragged him up into my bedroom for sex and would keep him there till he’d at least fucked me twice before letting him go back to work on the pool patio. I had liked it when we did it in the pool itself, me holding onto the edge and him mounting me from behind and sending waves of pleasure throughout my body as well as waves of water as he reached his climax. He would hold me round the waist as I bent my body forward and he would push himself up into me and lie on my back as he kicked his legs and pumped himself in and out of me. Our screams of coming together would echo round the pool which was now enclosed and then I would sink down under the surface to suck on his still erect cock after he had pulled out of me.

We had one glorious week of this before the foreman turned up and gave Mark a bollocking for not having done enough work on the patio, so he came on site for the rest of the time to see that more work was done till the job was finished.

But I wasn’t finished yet, for I planned to have the patio extended sometime in the future and this led to my dreaming of having Mark again and hopefully, someone else too. I envisaged having two erections to play with in my hands as well as sucking on them alternately before having both of them fucking me. Maybe even having anal intercourse so that I could have both of them inside me at the same time.

These were the fantasies for when I was at home and would have to make sure that I arranged the seminars to be at home when these additions were made to the pool area. This then led on to what about the young men that attended the seminars I held in the hotel in Uxbridge, for that was where they were held. Monday to Thursday night I stayed in the hotel with them and had often seen some of the younger men eyeing me up and was sure that they would jump at the chance of bedding me.

I generally had the same group every six months and there were a few that I would like to see naked and erect to show their pleasure of climbing on top of me. So far I had not accepted the advances made upon me, but now, after Mark, that would all change.

This was what brought on this bout of frustration for I was supposed to have been in the hotel this week, not only to show and explain the new lines but to also bed the man from Bradford who I rather fancied.

But what of my husband Paul? As far as I knew from my nurse, he only had two broken arms and a broken collar bone. That meant he could walk and so, why hadn't he made an attempt to visit me? It was him that started the stupid argument that led to him crashing the car and putting us both in hospital. Why hadn't the bastard visited me?

What the fuck was I doing staying married to the man that was no longer the man that I'd married? Logic slowly came into my raging thoughts that I had a lovely home and he was hardly ever there, except for weekends, and I was virtually a free agent during the week to do whatever I wanted to do. We were not short of money and so I could indulge myself with buying clothes and having as many men friends during the week and it was this last thought that settled my mind. It was something I could always fall back on, like, oh, my husband is due any moment or words along those lines if I got into any difficulty. This was the only reason that was holding me back from taking off my wedding ring.

Again I fumed at his lack of concern for me by not paying me a visit. He was mobile, so I'd heard. Two broken arms as well as his collar bone, but he could still walk, so why hadn't he paid me a call? This was what you would almost call the final straw that broke the camel's back, his lack of concern for me. At the time I would have been even worse if I had known that it was Robert that had driven all thoughts of me from his mind. So while I was getting more frustrated day by day from the lack of sexual relief, Paul was thinking more of what he was going to get from Robert.

Then, after five bloody weeks, he finally came into the ward to visit me.

PAUL

I felt a bit ashamed of not visiting Christiana earlier and also felt a little ridiculous going into the women's ward. Robert had fitted me with a second robe, one back to front to cover my bare backside. I knew I was in for a mouthful when I saw the scowl on her face as I shuffled towards her bed. I must have looked really stupid going towards her with my plastered arms outstretched as though I was going to embrace her.

‘About bloody time you came to apologise for putting me in here,’ she spat out at me in her way of a greeting. I couldn’t give her a kiss because my arms got in the way and she couldn’t rise up so I just stood there, looking at the chair by her bed. A nurse suddenly saw my predicament and came over and got the chair out for me to sit. I had seen the other women patients looking at me but I found that I could ignore them as I gratefully sat down.

‘I’m sorry that I didn’t come sooner, they’ve only just let me out of my ward. As for me putting you in here it was as much your fault for bickering and making me lose my temper,’ I said. ’I’m sorry for what happened so let’s leave it at that.’

‘Leave it at that?’ she almost shouted, making quite a few heads turn towards us. ‘Leave it at that? I can’t bloody move while you at least can. I have to have a nurse wipe my arse after using a pan!’

‘So do I,’ I said, waggling my upper torso to make the point that I couldn’t move my arms. At this she at least laughed to break the tension.

‘And I bet it’s a pretty nurse that does it for you,’ she said.

‘No. It’s a male nurse and it’s very embarrassing,’ I replied. ‘At least you can feed yourself, I can’t.’

‘I’ve got another five bloody weeks of lying in this bed so, now that they’ve let you out of your ward, you can start visiting me,’ she said.

‘Er, I won’t be able to,’ I stuttered. ‘That’s why I was allowed out to come and tell you. They’re sending me out tomorrow.’

‘What! Like that?’ she almost shouted again. ‘How will you cope?’

‘I’m getting a private nurse to look after me. They need my bed.’

‘Oh so now you’ll get a nice female nurse to hold your dick when you piss?’

‘No,’ I said defensively. ‘It’s another male nurse, and I’ll be going to the flat, not the house.’

‘Why there?’

‘Because that’s where the nurse lives, well not far from the flat.’ I deliberately didn’t say that the nurse would be living in while looking after me. Why give her ammunition to fire at me.

‘Fucking great!’ she said and I knew she was angry for she only swore like that when she was. ‘One visit in five weeks to tell me that it’s the only one I’m going to get! Thanks very much for your concern. I suppose if you hadn’t been going out you wouldn’t have bothered to come at all.’

‘That’s not true Christiana,’ I said. ‘I told you this has been the first time they’ve let me out of the ward.’

‘Well now you’ve told me the news, you might as well go,’ she said bitterly and I thought that it would a good idea too before she got worse or even vitriolic.

‘Well I’ve got this on for another five or six weeks, but if it comes off sooner, I come to visit again or see you at home,’ I said as I got up. I made an attempt to kiss her but couldn’t so I just said goodbye and quickly shuffled my way out of the ward.

It was a relief to get back to my ward and have Robert take off that extra gown and settle me in my bed.

‘Now it’s all fixed with Miki for tomorrow. He’s going home ill today and will be here tomorrow at ten with a taxi. He’ll stay off sick until you’re back to normal again,’ he said.

‘I don’t think I’ll ever be normal again after meeting you Robert,’ I said with a smile. He gave me one back.

‘Now as to clothes. I looked at your things and all that I can salvage are your underpants, shoes and socks. Your shirt, jacket and trousers have been torn almost to shreds. Your wallet, keys, loose change and odds and sods are in the drawer here. What I’ll do is bring a spare pair of my trousers that I think will fit and I’ll make something up for your top half.’

I thanked him and accepted the drink that he offered before he went off to attend to another of his patients. I just sat there and wondered what this Miki would be like and began to fantasise and wonder if he would see to me the way Robert had been doing.

Next morning after breakfast, Robert got me out of bed for my shower and as soon as he’d locked the door, I was down on my knees and had to wait for him to open his fly and pull out his erection. I gave it a long hard look for this would be the last time I would see it and I opened my mouth and took the head of his cock in. I was really beginning to like sucking on an erect male organ. That hard, hot rubbery head that I could feel throb as I sucked on it. He held my head with one hand as he came and I let the stream collect in my mouth before swallowing it all in one go. I licked as best I could all round the head when he pulled it out before I got up for him to take my gown off and go down on my now really throbbing cock.

It was grand to have his mouth on me and see his black curly head bobbing on my piece and wondered if Miki would do the same as I closed my eyes to the pleasure I was getting and then came in his mouth for him to swallow before licking up the aftermath. Then I was washed, dried and gowned to be taken back to the ward where he produced his spare pair of trousers and dressed me and had me ready for ten o’clock.

When a smartly dressed young black man came into the ward I knew it was him and instantly took a

liking to him. He was broad in the shoulder and narrow at the hip and walked most assuredly through the ward and shook hands with Robert before turning to me with a lovely smile.

‘You must be Paul, my new patient,’ the smile still there on his face, showing lovely white teeth like Robert’s. ‘My name’s Miki.’ He took my outstretched right hand and gently shook it.

‘It’s a pleasure to meet you,’ I said and I turned my top half to Robert. ‘Can you give Miki my things to carry for me?’ The white hospital jacket that he’d altered for me only had two small pockets.

‘Well thanks for everything Robert and when I’m really up and about, I’ll pop back to see you.’

‘It’s been a pleasure to have been of help,’ he smiled, his eyes twinkling, ‘and I’ll look forward to seeing you again. Miki I am certain will help you all he can.’

I said goodbye to the sister and other ward nurse’s, thanking them too and walked out of the ward feeling a bit light headed in wearing socks and shoes and a pair of trousers again. I must say it was grand to get out into the open air once again and the taxi driver at seeing us, got out and had the rear door open for us. It was a bit awkward getting in but I made it and we were soon off towards London.

Miki and I talked, well he did most of it, telling me about his arrival in England as a young boy and his meeting with Robert. Though being in the taxi, didn’t enlarge on that.

The driver cut through Wimbledon and we passed the hospital where Miki said he worked and when we reached Tooting, I had the driver stop by my bank.

‘Miki. Take my credit card and get three hundred pounds out please,’ and I gave him my pin number. ‘Also, in that shop there,’ which I indicated with my head, ‘can you get some milk, bread, coffee and such like for dinner tonight.’

‘No problem,’ he said and did as he had been told and came back with two full plastic shopping bags. I then gave the driver my address which was only a few streets away and there he dropped us. The fare had been expensive considering he’d travelled to Reading and back. Miki paid him and I indicated where my flat was and Miki had to help me up the stairs first as I couldn’t balance myself properly going up.

He opened the door and let me in before going back down for the shopping. It was nice to walk into my second home and see my own things around me instead of other beds.

I managed to kick a chair out from the table in the kitchen and sat down as Miki came in with the shopping. I told him where everything went and he put it away while the kettle boiled for some coffee which had been sadly lacking in the hospital and sorely missed. He helped me drink my coffee whilst drinking his and as I felt tired from just that short trip out, he got me undressed in my bedroom and helped me into bed. We had to use spare blankets folded up to act as support for my back.

Later, he cooked dinner and he came and sat on the bed and fed me. It was a double bed so there was plenty of room, but it was the only bedroom in the flat and I wondered how to bring up the subject of where he was going to sleep. He was the one to bring it up.

‘The sofa’s a bit on the small side,’ he said, ‘but I think I’ll be able to manage.’

‘Miki. I don’t want to appear a bit forward, but, er, well, er this is a double bed. You can, if you want, share it.’ I think I blushed and hurriedly went on. ‘If I need anything in the night I can just give you a kick instead of shouting out.’

‘Well if you don’t mind sharing it with a black man,’ he said with a smile. I nearly said that I’d shared quite a bit with Robert and he’s black, but I didn’t.

‘I’m not a racist and besides, a friend of Robert’s is a friend of mine,’ I said with a smile to match his. I don’t know if that was a signal or not but he agreed. As it was late, he then began to get undressed.

‘I always sleep naked,’ he said as he was taking his clothes off. ‘You don’t mind do you?’

‘No,’ I said for I wasn’t wearing anything except the huge plaster cast as I watched the last item of clothing come off. I was right about his hips for he’d quite a trim waist and when he turned round I saw that he was about the same size as Robert and myself and I immediately got an erection as his penis swung about as he moved to the other side of the bed. He pulled back the covers on that side and got in and turned off the light.

I lay there in agony for nearly ten minutes, feeling his naked thigh against my leg, my erection was painful and it took me that time to pluck up courage to speak of it.

‘Miki, are you still awake?’ I asked in a soft trembling voice.

‘Yes,’ he replied.

‘I…I’ve got a problem,’ I stuttered.

‘What’s that?’ he asked propping himself up and I could see his face reasonably clear from the street lighting that came through the window to the bedroom.

‘It’s…er, it’s down below,’ I stammered and then flinched when his hand touched my thigh and moved up and he felt my problem.

‘Well that’s a nice problem if you ask me,’ he said with a smile as he grasped it firmly. ‘Would you like to fuck me with it?’

It came out so naturally that it didn’t shock me though it really should of done with him asking that so matter of factly.

‘Er, yes but, er, I’ve not done it before,’ I said lamely.

‘You didn’t get to fuck Robert?’

‘Er, no. We did other things instead.’

‘Did he get to fuck you?’ Miki asked.

‘No.’

‘He must be slipping,’ Miki chuckled. ‘Well let’s see to this shall we,’ he said giving my cock a squeeze. ‘Though with your arms up like that it would be better if we were out of bed,’ he said, getting up and coming round to my side and helping me out. I could see in the gloom that he too had an erection now and it was as big if not bigger than Robert’s.

He went to his clothes and I saw a bit later that it was a condom he had got and he knelt down and gave a quick suck to the head of my throbbing cock before rolling this rubber down over the head and length of it.

‘There,’ he said getting up. ‘Over here would be best, ‘ and he beckoned me over to the low dressing table that was in the room and he put one hand on it as he bent over and beckoned me to get behind him. ‘I’ll guide it in and leave the rest of it up to you,’ he said and so I got right behind him, my covered cock touched the cheeks of his bum and I felt his hand take hold and pull me slightly to him and one side. ‘There now,’ he said letting go. ‘Push.’

And so I did and I felt the head of my cock being compressed as I began to push myself up into Miki’s backside. There was a little bit of resistance as the head moved in and then it was in and the rest of my cock followed and I moved up so that the cheeks of his bum were against my thighs. It was tight but nice fit having my cock surrounded by flesh and I dismissed the thought and realisation that I had my cock up another man’s arse.

With it being held so firm, firmer than a hand, I began to move my hips backwards and forwards while still trying to keep my balance with the top weight I was carrying. So this was my first experiencing of fucking a male. I kept on with my movements feeling my erection getting compressed on every backward pull and then feel it released as I went forward. It was great and I kept on going getting ever faster as I approached my climax and came in shuddering bursts, my legs trembling as my sperm flew out of the head of my cock albeit into a condom.

‘Wow,’ Miki had gasped when I’d first pushed inside him. ‘That’s some truncheon you’ve got there.’ Now he gave out a groan as my body thumped hard up to his and stayed there as I came. ‘That’s really beautiful,’ he crooned as I slowed down before coming to a finish. ‘Pull out slowly and let me feel every inch of it,’ he said and gave out a big sigh when I did slip out.

‘Stay there,’ he said as he straightened up and quickly left the room to return with a toilet roll and he used some to pull the condom off and went down onto his knees and took me into his mouth to suck and clean the end for me.

‘That was lovely,’ he said when he straightened up and I could see the smile on his face as he licked his lips. He came inside my outstretched arms and held me round the cast, his face close to mine.

‘Can I kiss you for that?’ he asked, his face quite close to mine.

‘Yes,’ I croaked out and I had my first kiss from another man. His lips were as soft as a woman’s and I closed my eyes and really thought it was one actually kissing me.

‘That was a lovely fuck Paul,’ he said when he broke off the kiss, still holding me close and I could feel his erection hard up against my stomach. ‘Would you like me to fuck you now?’

My mind went into all of a whirl. Should I or shouldn’t I? That swirled around in my head as his prick pressed against me. The logic that I came to was that if he and many others enjoyed it, well.

‘Yes,’ I said in a trembling voice, again my mouth was ahead of my brain, though I don’t for one minute regret my saying yes.

‘Let’s do it on the bed this time for you can bend at the waist and you can use your hands to hold onto the rail,’ he said. The bed, my bed was like a half divan. I had this fancy brass headboard but no lower end, this being quite open.

I moved to the bed and he helped me get on and on my knees, he guided my hands up to the top of the rail for me to hold onto. He then got off the bed and I could imagine him getting out another condom and putting it on himself.

‘I’ll use some cream for your first time,’ he said and I heard him go into the bathroom and the cabinet open and shut and him come back into the room. I began to quiver when I felt the side of the bed dip and knew that I was about to have a black prick shoved up my arse and be fucked by it. That it was sheathed in rubber had no relevance to the fact that I was going to have my first experience of being fucked up the backside.

I shivered at the touch of his hand to my hip and I think it was only the plaster cast that was holding me up now as I felt the coldness of the cream on the tip of his prick touch my ring piece.

‘Relax Paul, you’re too tense. Just relax,’ he said in a soothing voice and I did my best as I felt the head now start to put pressure on my backside. ‘Take a deep breath and then let it out,’ he said and this I did and then he pushed and I felt my hole widen to accommodate the head and there was a little pain that went as I felt it move in and then his other hand came to my other hip as he moved closer and I felt his cock fill me

God, what a sensation that was to have this throbbing piece of hard flesh up there inside me. It pulsed and moved and set all of my nerves atingle. I think I cried out at his entry but it seemed to soothe my inner nerves as he began to move it in and out of me. I felt my own cock begin to rise again at the new thrill I was getting as he slowly and gently fucked me. It was the most wonderful sensation I had ever experienced as he kept moving his shaft in and out and then he gripped my hips tighter and began to bang his thighs up against the cheeks of my arse as he reached his peak and then pulled me tight to him as I felt his cock enlarge even more as it throbbed and began to spurt out his seed.

I dribbled and drooled at his coming, his cock still throbbing even after he had come and when he pulled out, I cried out, not with pain but at the sudden vacuum that he'd left behind.

'Miki, help me,' I cried. 'Turn me over and suck on me. I'm coming again.' He quickly got me off the rail and got me onto my back, my arms upright as though in supplication and he quickly went between my open legs and took me into his mouth and with just a couple of movements with his hand, I came again. What a painful, pleasing session that was. Painful in wanting my release and the pleasure was of fucking him and having him fuck me in return. I think I actually cried from the fulfilment and joy of having done what we had just done.

He didn't ask this time as he came between my arms and kissed me. I couldn't feel his weight because of the cast and if I could have moved my arms, would have held him tight as I kissed him back.

Robert had been right in saying that once you'd had it, well that was it. You wanted more and he had been right.

Next morning I kissed Miki and thanked him and he saw to my toilet for me and cooked breakfast. After which, I told him to take my card again and get more money out for shopping and also his wages.

He made me get up and move about as much as I could in the flat but would only let me sit on a kitchen chair for I found that I couldn't get up from the sofa on my own. I could go to the toilet for a piss on my own but had to have him there when I wanted a crap.

I couldn't wait for the evening to go to bed and have him fuck me again. I did get to fuck him too.

So this was our pattern for the whole time I was in my plaster cast. I also came to love this black Kenyan. He was strong and muscular not only in his body but in his cock which I had come to love too. When he wasn't fucking me with it, I was sucking on it, this big black piece of meat that made me feel so alive. He was much better than having a woman it was that good and the difference being that I got it too.

He'd been living with me for three weeks before a letter came from Reading hospital to say that they had fixed up with St. George's Hospital, Tooting, for me to have my x-rays done in two weeks time

and that if the consultant was in agreement , the cast could be taken off. Miki said that he would see that I got there but would be unable to go in with me because he was supposed to be off on sick leave. This I understood and said so, but I then asked him a question that had been burning inside me.

‘Miki,’ I said, as we were having our evening meal the day this letter had arrived. ‘it’s an imposition on my part, but I’ve…I would like, if…No, I’m saying this all wrong.’ I took a deep breath. ‘Miki, would you move in and stay with me permanently after the cast comes off?’ There, I’d said it. ‘I won’t be offended if you say no, but…but,’ here I started to cry, something which I’ve never done before. ‘I’ve come to love you. I love being in bed with you, making love to you and having you make love to me.’ I wasn’t sobbing, not that sort of crying, it was just that the tears were running down my cheeks and I couldn’t stop them. He put his fork down and got up from the table and found a tissue and as he patted my back, wiped the tears from my eyes and cheeks.

‘I too have felt the same way,’ he said, and I could hear that his voice was choked with emotion. ‘Nobody, not even my father has really said that he loved me and yes, I would love to stay with you,’ and he bent his head and kissed me and I could feel his tears now on my face. He quickly turned away and wiped his own face before sitting down and putting my glass of wine to my lips for me to drink. ‘I’ll miss doing this when the cast comes off,’ he said with a little laugh.

‘It shouldn’t stop you,’ I said, giving out a laugh of relief that he was going to stay.

The next week he moved his things into my flat and told those that he had shared with that he was moving out. I then, when I saw his belongings, found out he had a motor cycle.

‘Much easier to get to work and back in the traffic round here. Also it’s far easier to park in the hospital.’ He wanted to forgo his wages for being my nurse as he was now to live with me but I made him take the whole amount to at least pay off his part of the rent where he had previously been living. So I was much happier at having got it off my chest that I, a married man had fallen in love with another man, a black man at that though the colour aspect had no part in it. Was having his big cock up inside as he fucked me the reason? Possibly, no dammit! I loved it as much as I loved fucking him.

The date of my appointment came round and we went together in a taxi and he dropped me off at the entrance and said that he would wait in the flat by the phone for me to call him to come back and pick me up. It was not unlike leaving the hospital in Reading, it being my first outside venture since then, wearing the same adapted coat that Robert had fixed for me. Miki had packed a small bag with a complete set of clothes that the taxi driver carried in for me to give to a nurse at reception.

I was there for nearly four hours, first waiting until I was called for the x-rays, then the waiting for them to be checked by the consultant. After this waiting, I was pleased to hear that they would be cutting the cast off, after which I would be checked over and if pronounced mended and fit, would be allowed to go home.

It was a painful experience in having that cast sawn off. A saw, delicately handled before large

shears were used and it felt strange to not see my arms out in front of me and to be able to move them. I suffered different states of torment at the first moving of them and got pins and needles as the blood now flowed round properly. My upper chest was covered in wrinkles as though I had been in a bath too long and I was checked over and told that I was okay.

Miki had thoughtfully put some loose change in my coat for me to phone him to say I was ready. I felt as if I was going to float away as I walked out to wait for the taxi. I was so light and had a spring in my step at not having that weight of the cast pressing me down.

I saw his smiling face in the taxi as it pulled up and I quickly got inside and he held my hand all the way home as he asked me how I felt now that the plaster was off. He paid off the taxi and we went upstairs and when the door was shut, I was able for the first time, to hold and feel him in my arms as we kissed.

‘Take me to bed and make love to me,’ I whispered in his ear and so we went into the bedroom where I was now able to take my own clothes off and lay with my arms round him as we held each other and feel his chest against mine as our cocks squashed up against each other.

I made him have me first and I loved his fucking of me and couldn’t wait to actually hold his hips myself for the first time as I, in turn, fucked him, being able to now pull him back tight onto me as I came inside him. The love showed for we realised afterwards that we hadn’t used any condoms.

My firm had been told of the accident and I’d received quite a few get well cards from members of my staff from our shop whilst in hospital. There was also a nice letter from Head Office saying that they wished me a speedy recovery and was not to worry about the shop.

I phoned them to say that I would be fit enough to return to work on the following Monday, this day being a Thursday, and they were pleased for they said that in the last six weeks, sales had slumped a little and they looked forward to my returning to bring the sales back up to the previous levels. This pleased me no end and then they surprised me by saying that Christiana had left hospital the week before and was just setting up her revised seminar schedules. The bitch I said to myself. She had the phone number of the flat and the least she could have done was to let me know that she was out. Well fuck her! I had a new love now and she could go and do what she wanted and good luck.