A Different Kind of First Time

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Life changing moments come at the most unexpected times

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I met Keith at a little club in West Hollywood. Looking back, I should have known he was gay but in 1984 I didn't know much about that kind of thing and my "Gaydar" wasn't so finely tuned as it is today.

I had learned though, that having a pocket full of Snow Seal's filled with Cocaine and a baggie stuffed with Indica buds was a great way to get into some of the smaller clubs despite my only being twenty years old. I had set myself up as a Candy Man for some of the bands in the club circuit and let me tell you, I wasn't selling jelly beans.

I had also learned that cutting a few lines with the sexy young ladies I met at those clubs allowed me to explore my sexual desires without either commitment or the expectation of monogamy. There was almost never a shortage of snow bunnies who were happy to let me have my way with them for nothing more than a little coke and a smile. I was making money and getting laid. Sex, drugs and rock and roll, right? Well, sex and drugs anyway. I hated the music to be honest.

So anyway, I was hanging in a back booth as I was prone to do, trying to be cool. In my situation, attracting unwanted attention could lead to bad things so I made a habit of not being the center of attention. I was more the dark, wannabe latter-day beatnik, hiding behind my long hair and Ray-Ban's, no matter how dark the club.

The fact that I could, even then, wander into the poetic wilderness of verbal conversation only reinforced the image I had created. The people whose attention I wanted knew who I was; the rest could fuck off as far as I was concerned.

On this particular night though my efforts with the opposite sex had failed and I was left bored and buzzed on smoke as the night wore down. It was probably after 1:00 am when Keith appeared with a

couple of Michelob's.

"Need a beer Mike?" He said as he slipped into the booth.

"Yeah man, thanks" I replied as I lifted the cool, dark bottle to my lips.

Keith had been introduced to me earlier that evening by one of the band members I hung out with. He had picked up a quarter gram from me and by the look of it he had been making generous use of it.

Keith was about thirty years old and a good three inches taller than I am. Lean and sinewy, he was much stronger then he looked. He parted his dark hair down the middle with the bangs feathered back as was common in those days. He had a vaguely Hawaiian look and was darkly tanned.

At that point though, his looks were secondary to me. He seemed like a cool enough guy though and he had brought me a beer, so I cut a couple of lines onto a small compact mirror I carried for the purpose. I slid the compact over to him and then handed him a cut straw. "It's on me bro. Have a toot."

"Right on man! You're my new best friend!" He looked around to make sure no one was paying too much attention but in a place like that, no one gave a shit what you did as long as you were discreet about doing it.

Once he finished, I laid out a couple of lines for myself and let the pleasant rush come over me. I then collected the last of the residual powder on my finger and rubbed it into my gums, enjoying the numbing sensation that it caused. "Fuck man, I ain't gonna be sleeping tonight!"

"Me either" he said, laughing and pulled a joint out of his shirt pocket. "I still got this left. Do you want to go outside and get some air?"

"Sure, why not." I finished my beer and set the empty on the table. "It's too loud to think in here anyway."

I followed him to the parking lot and lit a cigarette as much to cover the odor of the weed as anything else. Then I handed him my lighter and watched as he lit the pungent herb.

"So Mike, are you from around here or what?"

"No, I have an apartment in Boyle Heights, over by Hollenbeck Park."

He gave me a mock wince at that. "Oh, ouch. That's a tough area."

"You can say that again." That was no bullshit either. Back then, the area gangs were growing and becoming very dangerous.

He didn't say anything else for a couple of minutes as we finished the joint but I could see he had something on his mind. There was just something about the way he'd asked me if I lived in the area. Even then I knew that West Hollywood was a predominantly gay area so I began to wonder if there was more than idle curiosity at work here. Truthfully, I had never thought of myself as being gay but I wasn't afraid of it either. Actually I found the idea intriguing so I decided to wait and see what came next.

Finally, after we finished the roach, he got back to his point.

"Look, I don't want to offend you or anything but are you only interested in Chicks, or do you have interests that are more varied? ‘Cause, if you do, I think we could really have some fun."

I thought I was ready for it but when he actually laid it out there I was still caught by surprise. Not at all sure what his idea of a good time was or how far I'd be willing to go, I stammered about like an idiot for a minute before thinking of something coherent to say.

Finally though I managed to answer. "I don't know, man. I've thought about it once or twice I guess but I don't know if being with another guy would really do it for me."

Keith smiled and put his hand on the lamp post. "Never huh? Well, you don't know unless you ask. I hope I didn't scare you too much."

"No, I'm not scared, I'm…just not sure, that's all." By now I was starting to feel like I was on the receiving end of similar conversations I had with the girls I met in places like this.

"Hey, you're a good looking guy and I'd love for you to come back to my apartment.”

His voice then dropped to a level barely above a whisper. “Tell you what, let me suck your cock and then if you don't want to go any farther, no problem. You get a nice blowjob and nobody ever has to know about it. What do you say?"

It was a weird situation and somehow I felt trapped by his offer. "Just a blowjob eh? What the fuck, why not? How far away is your place?"

The next thing I know I'm in his little loft, feeling a bit self-conscious about the whole situation. All of my put on, beatnik bravado had vanished and I felt every bit as young as my twenty years made me. Suppressing a very strong urge to sneak out and disappear as he went into the kitchen, I lit another cigarette instead and sat down on the couch.

Keith came back a moment later and handed me a beer. There was an awkward silence at first but then Keith turned toward me and put his hand on my thigh. "Just relax and enjoy it" he told me as his hand moved up and found my cock inside my Levi's.

He squeezed my cock rhythmically until I started getting hard. His touch was strong and insistent and I was surprised at how good it felt. Pretty soon I was hard enough that my jeans began to feel restrictive and I unbuttoned my fly, letting my dick straighten out and poke out of my boxers.

Keith moved me to the corner of the couch and pulled my shoes off. After that he started tugging on my jeans and shorts until I was naked from the waist down. I watched with growing excitement as he dropped his own pants, letting his cock free as well.

"I hope you don't mind, but I like to jack off when I suck dick." He gave his cock a few quick pulls until it stood out straight from his body.

I reached over and felt his cock, giving him a few strokes just to see what it felt like in my hand. It was not as thick as mine but maybe a bit longer. I quickly learned that I enjoyed how warm and smooth it felt and how the skin seemed to move over its inner hardness. "Damn Keith, I can almost feel it throb in my hand."

"Yeah, that feels pretty fucking good Mike." He said as his cock got harder and harder in my hand.

He moved over my body and kissed me as I played with his dick. His tongue flicked out, touching my lips insistently until they parted and then it slid inside to explore my mouth. His kiss was hot and fevered and despite my misgivings I realized that I was really getting into this.

His hands went to my chest as we kissed and he unbuttoned my shirt. A moment later he was sucking and biting at my small nipples, causing me to gasp out loud at his discovery of one of my most sensitive erogenous zones.

"Holy fuck, that feels good" I managed to say from between my clenched teeth.

By then I was ready for the blow job he had promised and I guided him down until his head was in my lap. Keith took my cock in his mouth and bathed it with his tongue before plunging downward,

engulfing my entire shaft in the wet grip of his throat.

"Oh, fuck that's nice" I hissed as he slowly dragged his lips back up the length of my shaft.

He pulled off of my cock and stroked it with his hand. "Try not to cum to soon, Okay? I want to enjoy this for awhile."

Before I could answer he was already sucking me deeply again, making it difficult for me to even think, let alone actually form words. "I'll try" I finally croaked as he worked over my dick. "But damn you do that so good!"

He slid off of the couch with his head in my crotch and I could tell he was jerking off quickly while he sucked my dick. I relaxed back into the couch and rubbed his shoulders while I struggled to keep from popping into his hungry mouth.

Keith's technique was flawless though and he slowed his pace until it was like an agonizing torture. He sucked my balls and used his lips on my shaft, all the while giving me enough head to keep me excited but withholding that little extra something that would have caused my balls to empty in his face. At one point, as I lay back with my eyes closed he pressed the cold beer bottle against my balls, making me just about jump off of the couch. "Ohhh shit that's good" I growled as he warmed my sack again with his mouth.

"I knew you'd like that. Watch this!" he took a mouthful of the suds and then dove back down on my cock. The cold from the beer enveloped my shaft and I thrust my dick upwards, forcing it down his greedy throat.

The contrast in temperatures on my skin felt amazing and I could feel my balls churning with the need to cum. I held his head between my hands, urging him to suck faster. "Yeah, that’s it Keith, make me cum in your mouth!"

As I started pumping my cum, he pulled back until only the sensitive head of my cock remained between his lips and I felt him squeeze my balls as I fed him my load. My body shuddered and shook from the force of my orgasm and Keith swallowed it all as quickly as I could squirt it.

By the time I finished cumming I was covered with sweat and my whole body felt like it had been drained of energy. Keith cleaned my dick with his mouth until the last drop of cum had been kissed away.

"So, what do you think?" He had a proud, shit eating grin on his face that told me he knew damn well

how good that had been.

I caressed his face with my hand as I told him what he already knew. "That was the best head I've ever had. That's a serious talent you have there."

"Mmm thanks bro. You've got a really nice cock." Keith laid back into the pillows on the other side of the couch and started to slowly work his hand up and down his still hard shaft. His eyes were closed and for a brief moment he licked his lips as if he were savoring the taste of my cum.

I watched intently as his hand flew up and down his penis and I could hear his breath become deep and slightly labored as his excitement grew. The only other sound in the room was the wet, slick repeating sound of his foreskin being dragged over his cockhead.

When he opened his eyes and saw me watching he smiled warmly. "If you just want to watch that's cool. Sometimes it's fun to have someone watching me cum."

Feeling more confident, I climbed over toward him until I was lying between his legs with my head resting on his thigh. His cock was coated with shiny precum and Keith had rubbed the slick fluid into his shaft. I could even smell his musky scent and it made me want more.

By now he was going hard and fast and I knew it wouldn't be long. I felt a tremor go through his thigh and then his hip flexed strongly. He groaned loudly and, thrusting his hips upward, a long jet of white cum shot out of his cock and splashed on his stomach. The next time thick wad coated his hand and he smeared it into his shaft, making it glisten in the light.

It was an incredible sight and when a large white drop of live sperm landed on my hand I was almost transfixed by it. It was hot and thick and it's aroma filled my senses. On an impulse I licked the drop off of my hand and swirled it around my mouth, testing it's salty, semi bitter flavor.

When I looked at Keith I saw him grinning at me. "That was really hot, dude!"

I looked at all of the cum covering his belly and had to agree. "Yeah, it was."

We both should have been exhausted by then but we were running on a cocaine fed high and sleep was still a ways off for us. We sat on the couch for awhile before Keith decided to clean up. "Damn, look at all of this cum. I need a shower" he said as he got up off of the couch. "You wanna join me?"

At that point I thought I was pretty much up for anything. "Yeah, that sounds like fun."

Once we were under the warm water we took turns soaping each other’s bodies. I took his cock in my hand and using the lather, I slid my palm over him, stroking his shaft until I felt him begin to lengthen in my grip.

Keith worked the soap into my chest and then grasped my dick as well. His hands felt great on my skin and I could feel my cock coming back to life at his touch. We kissed passionately as we masturbated each other and I knew I needed to taste his cock.

I dropped to my knees and nervously kissed the head of his penis. My tongue flicked out and gave him a tentative lick as I tried to build up my nerve. Then. I opened my mouth and sucked him in. The head of his cock seem to fit perfectly in my mouth and soon I was able to take a good length of him before I had to stop. Keith held my head gently and pumped his hips, slowly fucking my mouth while the hot water beat down on my back.

I let my tongue slide up and around his shaft, sucking and licking in way that I already knew that I enjoyed. I sucked hard on the head and licked the underside and then took him as deeply as I was able. At first there was no real taste, the shower had seen to that but soon I sensed a sweet, almost tangy flavor that must have been drops of precum leaking into my mouth.

Whatever it was I found his taste to my liking and I settled in on the floor of the shower and began sucking him hard. I no longer feared the taste of his cum and I held his hips as I plunged my mouth back and forth over his length. It was an amazing moment as I realized how much sucking cock turned me on.

I took him out of my mouth and drew kisses along the underside of his shaft. I licked his balls and then sucked on his sack until I felt him tremble and heard a low moan escape his lips. Knowing that he was enjoying my mouth on him enflamed my desire and I drew his cock back into my mouth again.

As my eagerness to taste his load built up in me I sucked him with long, regular strokes and swirled my tongue over the crown. More of his delicious precum leaked into my mouth and I dabbed at the tip of his cock, hoping to coax more out of him.

Wanting more, I held his hips tightly and drew him toward me as his length slid down until I felt it prod my throat, making me gag and choke on his head. I pulled back and was about to try again when Keith suddenly pulled his dick from my grasp.

"Oh shit, that's enough" he said.

I was afraid I had done it wrong but his smile convinced me I hadn't.

"Jeez, you learn quick but I'm not ready to let you make me cum yet."

Keith pulled me to my feet and, in his excitement, pinned my back against the shower wall. He kissed me again hungrily, stealing my breath as he sucked on my lower lip.

Moving lower, he sucked on my nipples, giving lavish attention to each one as he gripped my cock tightly in his hand. He spent several long, wonderful moments driving me to distraction by sucking my sensitive nipples while he pulled hard on my cock and soon I felt my orgasm beginning to build. I moaned loudly and heard the eerie, lust filled echo of my voice bouncing off of the shower walls.

Keith dropped to his knees and, taking my excited penis in his mouth, started sucking me hard. My body became ridged as he took me long and deep into his throat and my cock throbbed as he squeezed it in his mouth.

About then, I saw him take a tube of body wash and squirt some into the palm of his hand. His mouth continued to play over my cock as he rubbed the body wash into a thick lather and began rubbing the soapy mixture over my nuts. I sighed and trembled at how good it felt but that was nothing compared to what came next.

He worked his wet, soapy hand up behind me and into the crevice of my ass. His fingers probed and prodded me until he found my virgin asshole and with one quick push, slid his finger into my tight back door.

With him sucking my dick I was already relaxed and with his finger slick with soap my asshole presented very little resistance. He pumped me deeply, driving my hips forward and my cock ever deeper into his mouth. After just a few seconds of this combined treatment I felt the inevitable result begin to rumble through me like a freight train.

I grabbed his head in my hands and thrust forward, lodging my penis as deeply into his throat as I could. My balls erupted and I was sure I was squirting a huge amount of cum into his mouth. All the time his finger never stopped fucking my anus and I just exploded in orgasm.

By the time my balls stopped contracting, my knees were almost too weak to hold me up. I slid down the wall and Keith held me close to him with my head against his chest. I drew his mouth to mine and willingly kissed him, wanting to taste my flavor on his lips.

Keith caressed my face until I my heart stopped pounding and then gently placed my hand on his still rock hard cock. He leaned close to my ear and whispered words that both terrified me and filled me

with uncontrolled lust.

“I want to fuck your ass so bad I can’t stand it.”

I looked at him with what I am certain was no small amount of fear. My throat closed tightly and I could not find any words to speak but my head nodded yes as if it was controlled by someone else.

Keith turned off the water and helped me out of the shower. Wrapping me in a towel, he began to slowly dry me off, being careful to keep in intimate contact with my body. He kissed my neck and my lips as he caressed me and kept the heat of my arousal stoked.

Somewhere in my mind I recognized the way I was being cared for, it was the same way I often tried to pamper the women I had seduced into my bed, only now it was I who had been seduced.

I knew where this was leading and a small part of me was angered that I had allowed myself to be so used but it was a small voice in the torrent of my excitement and it quickly became lost in the howling wind of my desire. By the time I lay on his bed such thoughts had been brushed aside and I eagerly offered that which he desired of me.

Keith crawled into the bed next to me. “Go ahead and lay on your stomach, Mike.”

I did has he said and he ran his hands down my back and over the back of my legs, making my skin tingle with expectation. He kissed the back of my neck and stroked my damp hair.

“Damn you have a sexy body. I love how smooth your skin is.”

I moaned at the pleasure I felt in his embrace. “Mmm that feels so good.”

It was so erotic and different to anything I had experienced before. I gave up any pretense of control and allowed him to play with my body in any way that he pleased. Soon he moved behind me and raised my hips until I was on my knees. He kissed and nibbled at my tender butt cheeks and I just buried my head in the pillow, growing more and more excited by his touch.

His lips drew nearer to my center and then I felt a wonderfully soft wetness caress my hole. “Oh my fucking god” I groaned as he started rimming me with his tongue.

His tongue probed and slithered against my opening, teasing it with such tenderness that my body could not help but respond. I felt a warm relaxation come over me and soon it felt like I opened up to his insidiously pleasant caress. He gently took hold of my flaccid penis and started stroking me as he

licked my ass. I concentrated on the exquisite sensation and felt an urge unlike anything I could have expected. “Oh yes, stick your finger inside. Finger fuck my ass Keith.”

He wetted his middle finger and slowly pushed it in, opening me even more. I felt my dick begin to twitch and grow and, with his other hand jacking my shaft, I soon had another strong hard on pointing excitedly toward the mattress.

I was lost in the sensation and had no desire for it to stop so when he withdrew his finger from my bottom I almost whined in objection. Before I could say anything though, he bent my dick back between my legs and gave my cock a good hard suck. “Oh man yes,” I whispered as he blew me from behind. He mouthed me for only a short while but by the time my penis slipped out of his mouth it was hard and wet and demanding to be fondled.

I felt Keith move away and get off of the bed and sighed in frustration at his leaving me in such a state. I rolled onto my side and started jacking off as I watched him open his night stand drawer and remove a jar of Vaseline.

Keith smiled as he watched me play with myself and then began coating his penis with the almost transparent gel. “This is going to make it much easier for you. You’ll see.”

As if to show me, he started to glide his hand easily over his dick until it was moving freely over its whole length. Seeing how well the stuff lubricated his hand gave me some comfort and when he scooted back onto the bed behind me I got on my knees again and waited nervously for what was to come.

“This might feel a little cold at first but it will be okay” he whispered and I felt his coated finger press into my asshole. The jelly did its trick at first and I felt only mild discomfort. Keith took his time and worked several finger tip sized globs into my anus, coating me as deeply as he could reach.

The Vaseline had warmed by now and Keith dared to press a second finger into me. I winced slightly at the initial sting but it passed almost as quickly as it started. He turned his fingers inside me, stretching me open and soon a warm, tingling sensation began to spread through me that made me groan. “Oh shit, that feels good.”

By the time Keith saddled up behind me my hips were shaking in excitement. I felt his hand on the small of my back and the distinct mushroom shape of his cock head nudged against my tender hole.

“Here we go, Mike. Don’t fight it boy. Let it happen…” and then a white hot, searing pain filed my anus and I gasped out loud while he forced his thickness into me. I was almost ready to scream by the time

he penetrated me but the feeling of being torn quickly subsided into a mild sting as my body adjusted to his intrusion.

I heard him telling me to relax but his words were losing meaning to me. I buried my head into the pillow and bit at the sheets as I felt him move slightly deeper. I winced and moaned as my body resisted and succumbed. White heat still filled my ass as Keith waited patiently for me to calm my nerves. I felt another cool glob of the Vaseline coat my butt and Keith pulled back just a bit, allowing my muscles to finally relax and expand.

Keith must have felt my hold on his cock loosen and he pushed in, sliding much more deeply into me. The slick friction of his shaft passing through my ring of muscles felt incredible and the sense of being filled with hard cock was enough to drive the breath right out of me. He held my hips and pumped into me slowly, taking his time as my asshole began to gape open and conform to his size.

The sting had all but disappeared and now his every movement brought me a pleasure that is almost impossible to describe. I could distinctly feel his cock as it stretched me open but deeper inside the sensation was almost radiant.

My cock was rampant and a wonderful pressure seemed the be building up around my balls. As he pulled back I could feel the pressure lesson and waves of intense pleasure filled my belly. "Oh fuck, yes" I moaned as my body warmed and finally relaxed completely.

"Yeah, that's it Mike, Take it all. Your ass is so fucking tight. Shit yeah, I knew you'd be a good fuck!"

His words came in a coarse whisper and I imagined the lustful sneer that must have been on his face. He held me tightly by the hips and drove his full weight into me, forcing me down into the sheets.

His strength held me flat on my stomach and I whimpered as he plunged his cock into me, fucking me as deeply as he could. His heavy breathing felt hot on my neck as he continued to tell me over and over how good my sweet ass felt on his cock.

I was being held down and fucked hard, knowing at that moment that even had I wanted to I would have been unable to free myself from his control. I was at his mercy as he used my body to sate his lust. It was an astonishing and erotic realization and I surrendered to it, and to him, completely.

I was a man but just barely. To Keith, I was a prize. A virgin, ready to plucked and devoured like a sweet grape. Somehow I wondered if this was how it was for a women when she surrendered herself to a man. It was an incredible feeling that I could only describe as being uniquely feminine.

At that moment I was nothing but a plaything whose worth was measured only by how hard I could make him cum. Knowing that I had been so easily seduced and used like this made my heart pound in excitement. I loved every bit of it, from his weight on my back to feeling his hips slap against my butt, I wanted to be fucked like this and Keith was giving me all I could have asked for.

"That's it fuck me, fuck me hard!" I growled, daring him to let his dominance run wild.

He rolled us on our sides and pulled my upper leg over his hip. His arm circled under my head and pinned me to his chest as he drove his cock into my ass as hard as he could.

My body shook from his torrid pace and my rampant cock bounced against my belly. Keith guided my hand to my dick and together, we started jacking me off as he fucked me.

"Stroke that dick! I wanna see you shoot your cum while I'm fucking your tight little ass!"

Once I started stroking I couldn't stop. I needed to cum so badly that my hand flew over my shaft and within seconds I felt my balls boiling, ready to empty their contents all over the bed sheets. I bit his arm as I convulsed and then my cum spurted out in long, thick strands that pooled in front of me on the white linens.

Keith groaned as my body clamped down on his dick and he used his strength to drive his prick into me. His arms and legs squeezed me tightly and I felt him press his hips against my ass as he shot his load into me.

We were both covered in sweat and breathing hard by the time his dick slid out of me. I vaguely remember feeling him kissing my neck and flicking my nipples before I fell asleep.