Afternoon Encounter

By Totem

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The author answers a personal ad and strikes gold.

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Nothing was looking that good during the afternoon. I was surfing through the personal ads, and, while I enjoy looking at all the fantastic pictures of dicks, nothing was really jumping out at me. The ads were depressingly illiterate, and, after a while, they all started to look the same.

"Come JO my really small pinus." (If that's how you spell, your "pinus" is as small as your brain.)

"I'm 66 and a chubby-cubby. You please be Asian, skinny, between 18-20, with really big feet and hung over 10 inches." (Yeah ... good luck with that.)

"yo sup chill guy here hook up and see whut hpns" (Call me picky, but I like a guy who can write a simple, declarative sentence.)

"Please read the ENTIRE AD IN FULL and COMPLY EXACTLY WITH ALL INSTRUCTIONS. If you do not, then you WILL BE DELETED. I am a totally hot fuck and worth the time and trouble." (Gee ... you don't think too much of yourself, do you?)

Right when I thought I was about to give up, I saw an ad titled "PISS IN MY MOUTH." I'm not normally into the whole watersports thing, but this sounded like a good time. I read the ad, and was happy to discover that the gent was my age, lived nearby, and was all bottom. Just my cup of tea. I wrote back, he furnished me with his address, and agreed on a time to meet.

The address he gave was in a pretty posh neighborhood. I drove past all the brick Tudor houses and tried to imagine which one of them was his. The address, though, turned out to be an apartment complex. The place itself was clean and serviceable. It wasn't run-down, but it wasn't what you would call the Taj Majal, either.

I rang the button, and the door buzzed. I let myself into the courtyard, and scanned the windows of the apartments. As promised, one of the windows had a stuffed panda sitting on the sill. That was my signal.

As I approached the door, I heard the furious barking of a small dog. I am not a fan of dogs, but I wasn't going to let this mutt be a deal-breaker, so I went ahead and rang the doorbell.

The door swung open as if on its own, and I realized my "host" must be hiding on the other side of the door. Nothing loath, I stepped inside.

The door closed, and I turned to face an astonishingly petite man. He was totally naked, save for a tiny black thong (with a considerable bulge in it). He had the body of a swimmer, all sleek muscles and devoid of any fat at all. He sported a uniform, all-over tan, had grey eyes, and hair cropped so close, it was difficult to tell what color it may have originally been. He didn't appear to have any eyelashes. In fact, he gave the general impression of being as hairless as a woman's palm.

I was surprised at how sleek, trim, and athletic-looking he was, but equally surprised at his small stature. He couldn't possibly have been more than five-feet tall. At a distance, he would have looked like a little boy. The two giveaways to his age where the heavy brackets around his mouth, and the spider-web texture of his skin which told the story of maybe too many hours under the tanning bed.

"You must be Totem," he said, sticking his hand out. "I'm Ray." He had the light, sing-song kind of voice that is so stereotypically associated with gay men. I should have expected it, though ... if a big, booming basso came from his tiny frame, I scarcely would have believed any of this was happening.

"Ray, it's a pleasure," I said, shaking his hand. A dog continued to bark behind a closed door.

"What about the dog?" I asked.

"Oh, he'll settle down in a minute," Ray assured me. "After a couple of minutes, you'll forget he's even there. Shall we ... ? To the living room?" He gestured in the direction of the living/dining area, where he had thoughtfully laid out two glasses of white wine. I took mine and started sipping.

"That's a nice little nothing you're almost wearing," I told him.

Ray gave a grin of recognition. "Oooh! A James Bond fan! Diamonds are Forever , right?"

"You know your movies," I smiled. "That really is a cute thong and you wear it well."

"Thank you."

"Mind if I see what's under it?" Without waiting for a reply, I tugged aside the fabric and pulled out his cock. It lengthened and filled quickly under my touch, and was soon jutting straight out from his crotch. It was as hairless as the rest of him. I guessed his dick to be the same size as my own, about seven inches or so, but on his tiny frame it looked like a king-sized slab of meat.

As I rubbed Ray's cock, his own hand reached out and started feeling my dick through the material of my sweats. In situations like these, I usually like to get the ball rolling as soon as possible, so I don't wear underwear.

"Here ... I'm feeling a little overdressed," I said. I gulped back the last of my wine, kicked off my shoes, and shucked out of my sweats and t-shirt. Ray and I now had full access to each other's dicks, and we were eagerly rolling them around in our fingers.

Indicating the bedroom with his head, Ray said, "I'm ready if you are," and we both walked into the beige-dominated boudoir and fell into the king-sized linens.

Ray wasted no time getting between my legs and was soon giving me an expert throating. We was sucking and drooling all over my cock, while one of his hands eagerly massaged and squeezed my balls.

"If you'll excuse a personal question," I asked, "How old are you?"

"Twelve," he grinned.

I laughed. "Come on, seriously."

Ray started rolling around on the bed, striking submissive poses. "Isn't that how old you want me to be, Daddy?" He asked.

"No, I want to know how old you are."

"I'm forty-three," he said.

"Wow. I'm forty-eight, and you're so beautiful and young-looking, I do feel like I'm your dad!"

"Nonsense, you look fantastic," Ray said, and then bent down and started eating my cock some more. I wasn't sure if I was really Ray's type or if he was simply being polite. Next to this svelte

whippet of a petite, hairless man I felt like some furry, bloated walrus. But I was very impressed with the expert attention he was giving me with his cocksucking, and decided to just let the situation ride itself out.

Ray changed his position so I had better access to his body, and I reciprocated, by reaching down and stroking his firm, muscled body. His ass was so tiny ... like a miniature ass! And it was muscled rock-hard. As I groped and kneaded his butt, Ray reached back to grab my wrist and moved my hand so it spanked his butt ever so lightly.

I can take a hint: I started applying little smacks to his ass-cheeks, but Ray took his mouth off of my dick long enough to say, "You can do it a lot harder than that; it won't break."

"Well, in that case ..." I said, and I effortlessly lifted Ray up off the bed with one arm. Ray gave a little yelp of surprise and then delight as I lifted him up off the bed. I switched my position so that I was sitting on the edge of the bed, and then I lowered Ray so that he was across my knees, just like a bad little boy out to get his punishment.

I raised my right hand, and smacked Ray's ass ... hard. I expected him to cry out, but Ray just gave a sharp little intake of breath and sighed it out. I gave him a second, equally hard smack, and Ray sighed out a long "Yessssss ..." of satisfaction.
I commenced to giving Ray a thorough ass-spanking, holding nothing back and giving it to him as hard as I would to a man three times his size. Ray's ass wiggled back and forth in delight, his rock-hard penis jammed against my thigh, and his free hand running all over my own stiff cock.
When Ray's ass was flame-red from my spanking, I stood up and lifted him up over my head. It looked Herculean, but it was really no effort at all as Ray weighed next to nothing. I threw him down on the bed and he bounced, a look of ecstasy on his face.

"Your punishment isn't over yet, you little punk cock-sucker!" I growled, fisting my dick, "Get your queer ass over here and finished what you started!" Ray immediately scampered over to the edge of the bed and started sucking my cock like a man possessed. I grabbed the back of his head, bucking my pelvis and face-fucking this tiny man like my life depended on it.

As Ray greedily sucked and drooled over my own tool, I couldn't help but look at his own cock as it stiffly danced between his legs. Ray was obviously interested in being dominated, but there are definitely ways to suck a man's dick and still remain "in charge."
With that in mind, I bent down and picked him up again. He gave the same little cry of surprise and excitement as I hoisted him into the air. I lifted him high up above me so that he almost touched the bedroom ceiling, and then I lowered his cock into my mouth and sucked it.

"Yes!! Oh, Yes!!" Ray gasped, "Oh my God, I just can't BELIEVE this!!" I eagerly sucked his tool, lapping at his balls, and even giving him the occasional deep throat.

I repeated my stunt of throwing him roughly down on the bed. "Spread 'em!!" I barked. "I want to see that little asshole of yours before I fuck it."

"You mean you ..."

"SHUT UP!!" I roared, spanking him hard across his already-reddened ass. "Show me that queer asshole of yours!"

With a groan, Ray reached back and pulled apart his splendid ass-cheeks. His wrinkled asshole was as tan and hairless as the rest of him.

"You got some rubbers and some lube around here, cocksucker?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Then you'd better get them out before I lose my patience and ram your ass dry!"

Ray moved quickly over to the nightstand and produced a pack of condoms and a medium-sized bottle of lubricant. We got into a sixty-nine position and started sucking cock again.
It wasn't easy, because of the huge differences in our heights, but I managed to get Ray's cock into my mouth. My cock was, in turn, buried in his mouth up to my balls. I started smearing the lube around on Ray's tight asshole, insinuating my thumb into his ass when I figured I had his entrance nice and greased up. Ray moaned around his mouthful of cock and his ass waggled in open invitation.
I wasted no time in getting the condom on to my cock, and immediately positioned myself behind Ray and between his spread legs so I could start fucking that splendid ass of his. After a couple of false starts, I finally found the position that was going to permit this in spite of the difference in our sizes. I inserted only the head of my cock into his ass, but the tight muscles soon relaxed enough, and I sank the rest of my cock deep into his asshole.

Ray had obviously been ass-fucked many times, and he rode my dick like an expert. Once we figured out what we were and weren't going to accomplish with our different body types, we were able to add a variety of positions to our ass-fucking. I pounded his hole with him on top, with him lying flat on his stomach, and even doggy-style, with a little creative maneuvering on my part.
But Ray's favorite part was when I stood up, lifted him up, and fucked his ass in mid-air. He was so small and so light-weight, it was easily accomplished.

"I'm going to shoot my load up your queer little asshole," I grunted.

"Oh, Daddy! No!!" Ray squealed in protest. "What a waste! I want to eat your cum! Oh, please, Daddy, please!!"

I was eager to satisfy Ray's desires, so I laid him down on the bed and pulled off the condom. I kneeled on the floor next to the bed, and Ray let his head hang down backwards off the edge of the mattress. I fed my dick into his sucking, hungry mouth, while he furiously jacked his own magnificent prick with his left hand.

I could feel myself getting really close. I tried to back off so that I might shoot on Ray's face or neck, but he gave a little negative shake of his head, and grabbed my ass and pushed my cock back deep into his sucking throat.

"I'm going to cum. Ah, fuck. I'm going to shoot it. Here it comes ..." I groaned. I figured Ray deserved plenty of warning in case he changed his mind, but he gave no evidence of it. Ray was obviously eager to eat my cum.
He did not have to wait long. That old familiar build-up of tension was surging in my crotch, and then the spasms hit my nuts hard as I unloaded into his mouth. Ray's own cock soon erupted in a copious stream of clear semen that splattered all over his stomach and chest. Ray, as it turned out, was a big cummer.

We got cleaned up, he thanked me, and I left. As I was driving away from the apartment, it occurred to me that I forgot all about peeing in his mouth.