Being with Kevin again

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I fancied the guy as much as my sister did!

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I want to be with Kevin again and again. It was he who brought me out in the most dramatic and thrilling way, when I felt that first taste of pure unadulterated cock enter my being like a fast piston engine, breaking my virginity right away and consoling my inhibitions.

And he'd prepared me in the most delightful way, making me realise I was gay. All those awful inhibitions were set free, and Kevin inspired in me all the confidence I needed.

No more feeling guilty about the way I am, no more stealing moments at home to satisfy myself, if you could call it that, with an anal vibrator or whatever was at hand which would do the trick. Laying on my side in the bathroom and watching myself do it in a long mirror. Plunging the vibrator in and out of my asshole was a nice feeling, but it could never be like the full flesh cock I felt with Kevin and it could never have broken my virginity for real.

All those mad things I did when Julie was out... Julie is my sister and we shared a flat. She'd often asked when was I going to find myself a nice girl, but I couldn't tell her that wasn't my scene. She brought her new guy home several times, and asked me if I minded if he stayed the night, like she was considering I might be envious because I had no one. Little did she know that I fancied her guy probably as much as she did, but he was as straight as a die, so there was no messing with him.

But when I heard them shagging deep into the night, I imagined it was me getting the best of her guy. He had the most delightful lunch box and once, when I arrived home unexpectedly, I caught Julie having a right old rummage of it as they ardently kissed.

She needn't have been embarrassed, but she did apologise. She was my sister, and I guess she had the same passionate tendencies as I did. At the time, I would have so liked to have taken her place, just to get a good feel and taste of that stupendous cock.

But now I have found Kevin, and he does me just fine. I am on a learning curve each time we fuck, and my God, he does it so beautifully. The build up, the deep fuck, everything. I have grown so much

a part of him that I feel he is constantly inside me. I can smell and taste him all the week through after our weekend sessions. I long for the day he decides to let me move in with him so I can have him regularly.

But he is bi-sexual and is living with this girl he detests anyway. He said he still fucks her, but just to keep her happy, and that he intends to dump her any time, but I keep my fingers crossed and hope. I don’t want to kick up too much of a fuss, else he may dump me, and, now that I have got into the gay mode, that would be awful.

But yet I feel turned on in a way, sharing Kevin with a girl. I like to give him my full worth so that soon he will give her up, feeling that our sex together is substantial, and he no longer needs the fuck of a woman.

He does say sometimes when he is deep inside that he has never fucked anyone like he fucks me before. There am I, feeling very happy and doing my part to complete the fuck the best way I know, with the movement of my hips and ass to give him full sensitivity, and then feeling his wonderful substantial cock bend inside me, which is really so lovely and gorgeous. And when the fuck is done, I give him the full mouth showing my appreciation. I am simply in my element, because to suck that hot fresh-fucked cock just after it has been inside me, is beyond words can describe. If it was something I would have thought repugnant once upon a time, it was not now, because it was all part of our deep, intimate, loving relationship.

Feeling him writhe from side to side as I take him deep throat, he soon cums again, and my mouth is full of him. I take a swallow and feel it trickle into my throat . I squeeze his firm balls tight to expel all his cream, which he loves so much. I hear him moan and spur me on as he squeezes his finger up my well-fucked and stretched asshole. Then I am treated to the most wonderful feel of his tongue there, licking and sucking and wanking me at the same time, and there is nothing better than a good prolonged deep fucking than that to follow.

There we are afterwards, you’d think we were both well spent, but not on your life. Kevin has other ideas to build him into a new crescendo, and I know it won't be too long before I will be feeling his fuck again. I have grown accustomed to the way he loves to pamper my ass, to stroke me in the tightest of jeans, and spank me in boxer shorts; all those little things which make Kevin the most wonderful lover he is.

He likes to enjoy me in different ways, in different positions, and I so enjoy that part of him. It is heaven on earth, always as he ties me to the bed rail with his partner's tights, and smothers me with her soiled panties. He is happy doing that, and then so am I. It all makes for the perfect union as he delves more into my being and I feel the length of his tongue French kiss me as he fingers me. He

stretches me with lots of lubrication until I sizzle with excitement, craving his fresh fuck once more, hungry and aching for it as he finger fucks me and licks me everywhere. I am at his mercy, tied up as he wants me. First the panty smothering, and then his cock and balls rubbing over my face, everywhere, and it is delightful. Soon I am in a frenzy, telling him he needs to fuck me rough. I am tasting the nectar of his throbbing cock, and sensing the scent of him in my nostrils.

I shout that I want cock now, but no way will he submit until he has had his fun with me. He stretches my ass cheeks wide open, and lashes me with his open hand. I am feeling the sharp sting as he comes down on me at least ten times, but then makes it all worth while by giving me the most delightful massage, rolling his cock over and across my freshly spanked cheeks. It makes me feel so warm, and so wanted.

He apologises if he hurt me, but I relent, and I tell him if that is what he likes, I am his servant. He thanks me, and I feel the pleasure of his finger fuck once again followed by more prominent sucking. I am feeling his tongue sink into my hole, licking it like an animal and I like that as a prelude to a new fuck very much.

The first time he fucked me like, he laughed at me and my bandy walk. But I felt on top of the world walking home. I felt complete at last, and it still felt like Kevin was wonderfully inside me, feeling the way he likes to pause occasionally. We feel each other’s throb as he lodges his stiff cock beautifully inside, giving me the occasional ass slap. I love the touch of his gentle hand cupping and smoothing my balls prior to another stiff wanking. Rubbing me again in the face with his girl's thong this time, and stuffing it into my mouth as he starts to thrust again, he finishes me with the most rough fuck. I am sensing the taste of his well-sucked cock combined with the taste of his girl, which makes me simmer and boil with renewed vigour as I move in rhythm with his fuck, until we again meet that perfect crescendo

I am completely besotted with my Kevin. He is my sort of guy in every way, and he makes me so very excited when he tells me as I depart, that this is just the start.

The mind boggles, but I can’t wait for the next weekend!