Locker Room

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2013

This is a true story. The names have been changed.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/locker-room.aspx

"Let's go! Keep running!" my coach yelled as I passed him on the track.

It was my senior year of high school. I had just turned eighteen. I was 6' 2, 160 pounds, most of it muscle. I had been running track every year since the beginning of my high school career, so I was a pretty good runner.

My coaches name was Mr. Ryan. He was about six feet and about the same weight as me. He had strawberry red hair. Mr. Ryan was beautiful. I was never gay, but there was just something about him that I was attracted to. Okay back to the story.

After a long day at school I finally got to track. Most of my friends didn't like track because of all the work, but I liked to run. In the locker room I began to undress. I took off my underwear and slipped on a pair of running shorts. When I run I prefer to free-ball.

We had a workout that day. We had to run four miles around the track. The only thing that got me through each lap was getting to hear Mr. Ryan's beautiful voice. His voice gave me goose bumps every time he talked.

After we were done with the workout we stretched and everyone went home. My car was in the shop so I had to wait for my mom to pick me up after work. I decided to take a shower in the locker room showers.

When I finished I wrapped a towel around my waist and walked over to my locker. As I was getting dressed I heard someone talking. I looked around because I thought I was the only one in the locker room. Finally I realized it was Mr. Ryan. He was talking to his wife. They were arguing.

I heard him hang the phone up, so I walked into his office.

"Is everything alright?" I asked.

"Oh, I... uh... I didn't know you were still here... I'm sorry you had to hear that," Mr. Ryan said.

"It's okay." I didn't really know what else to say.

"It's just my wife having girl problems," he sarcastically replied.

"Yeah, I understand totally. Why can't everyone just be simple?"

"Do you need a ride home?" he asked.

"No, my mom will be here in an hour," I said, not wanting to be rude.

"Well, I'll stay with you till she gets here," Mr. Ryan told me.

"No, it's okay, but thanks," I said.

"No, I insist," Mr. Ryan said.

"Oh, um, okay."

I went back to my locker because I still hadn't put my clothes on. As I was pulling up my underwear I heard something. I turned around and it was Mr. Ryan. I quickly pulled up my boxers.

"What are you doing!?" I shouted.

"Listen, I've seen the way you look at me. It's obvious that you like me," Mr. Ryan said.

My heart dropped. I was so embarrassed. I didn't even know what to say.

"You can drop your boxers," Mr. Ryan said with a smile.

I was shocked. Those were the happiest words I had ever heard. I was so surprised that I just stood there.

"I've never had a crush on another man before, but with you it's different. When you run past me I instantly start to get hard," he told me.

"I-I'm so shocked," I nervously said.

"Oh, I thought you liked me," Mr. Ryan said as he looked to the ground. All his happiness drained from his strong, pretty face.

I dropped my underwear.

Mr. Ryan looked up and smiled. It was the biggest smile I'd ever seen. We walked over to each other and kissed.

My cock began to harden. Mr. Ryan reached down and started to rub it. He then went down on me. It felt amazing. He started by licking my balls, and slowly he moved his tongue to the top of my fully erect cock. He licked to tip and began to engulf it. I moaned loudly. I wanted to cum right then, but I wanted more pleasure.

Mr. Ryan began to move his head back and forth. He tried to take in my whole cock but he only made it halfway down my shaft before choking. He looked up at me. His eyes were beginning to tear. We both smiled at each other.

"Have you ever tasted your own cum?" he asked.

"No I've never thought of that."

Mr. Ryan began to suck me off again, this time going faster. I kept moaning. I couldn't take it any longer and I blew my load in his mouth. Mr. Ryan stood up and started to kiss me. I was surprised by the taste of my cum. It was sweet. We started to kiss heavier as my cock slowly went down. He was practically shoving his tongue down my throat.

Just then we heard something move. I peeked around the corner. It was the janitor. He couldn't see us like this. Mr. Ryan would be fired!

"Grab your stuff and follow me," Mr. Ryan whispered.

I threw on my clothes and grabbed my backpack. I followed Mr. Ryan through a back door and to his car. He had a small black Toyota Camry. He opened his trunk and I put my backpack in. We went around and climbed in the car.

"That was close," I said.

Mr. Ryan smiled.

We drove to the grocery store and pulled behind back. By now it was dark out so nobody could see us. I looked at Mr. Ryan and we started to make out.

"I want your cock," I seductively demanded.

I leaned down to Mr. Ryan's crotch, and began to unzip his pants. I pulled out his freshly shaven cock. It was semi-hard. I immediately started to suck it. His cock was delicious. I could feel his precum dripping out of the tip of his cock. It was amazing. I started to suck it a little bit faster. He began to moan.

"Let me taste that pretty asshole of yours," I said as I leaned back in my seat. Mr. Ryan leaned his seat all the way back and climbed to the head of it, turned around and stuck his butt in the air. I slowly pulled down his jeans. His ass was cleanly shaven.

I kissed his butt cheek, and spit on his cute little pink asshole. I licked his pink hole. It was soft. I felt so dirty, even though Mr. Ryan was so clean. I began to get hard again. I flicked my tongue back and forth. I spread his cheeks apart with my hands and pushed my tongue into his anus. Mr. Ryan moaned.

"Sit on my face!" I told him.

I leaned back into my seat. Mr. Ryan removed all his clothes. I also removed my shirt and shorts. Mr. Ryan climbed over me and sat his butt onto my face. It was so warm, and comfortable. My face fit perfectly in his ass. I licked his butthole while he moved back and forth on my face.

"Fuck me already!" Mr. Ryan screamed in between moans.

He reached down into his glove compartment and pulled out some Vaseline, and a condom. I slipped the condom on my hardened cock, and spread some Vaseline on Mr. Ryan's butthole. I carefully slipped my middle finger into his anus. He moaned.

I then had him sit down onto my cock, so he was facing me. He slowly slid down my shaft. His virgin anus was so tight. He started moving up and down, up and down. Mr. Ryan started to speed up. He was moaning loudly. Mr. Ryan leaned toward me and kissed me while grinding on my cock.

"Do you like the taste of your asshole?" I asked as he sucked on my tongue.

"Very much but I would love to taste yours," he seductively said.

He started bouncing up and down again. Faster and faster. I was going to cum any second.

Mr. Ryan climbed off my cock and pulled the condom off. He began to suck me off. I was screaming with pleasure. I reached for his cock and started to rub it. I couldn't take it any longer, and finally I came all in his mouth. He swallowed every last bit of my cum.

We got dressed and Mr. Ryan drove me home. I kissed him one last time and got out of his car.

"Bye! Hope you enjoyed it," I said.

"You better be back for more tomorrow," Mr. Ryan seductively said.

I smiled as Mr. Ryan drove off. All I could think about was what he had in store for me tomorrow.