(Not) Watching a Movie

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Things get steamy while watching a movie with my guy.

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The microwave beeped and I took out the bag of popcorn. The smell of butter hit my nose as I carefully opened the bag, making sure the steam didn't scald my hands. Jeff called out from the living room, "Okay, it's done! Get back in here already!"

"I'm coming, I shouted as I wound my way through the dining room and back into the living room. I glanced at the large LCD HDTV on the wall, noting the main menu for "Last Holiday" running on the screen. I chuckled. "Decided on a comedy after all?" I said as I walked toward the couch my brown-haired, blue eyed lover sat on. I handed him the popcorn as I sat to his right.

"Yeah, I know we both like this one, and I thought something light and humorous was in order for tonight." He unmuted the television and started the movie before placing his arm around my shoulders. I sighed contentedly as I snuggled closer to him and rested my head on the front of his shoulder. He rubbed my arm affectionately and offered the popcorn. I took a few kernels from the bag and popped them in my mouth before turning my attention to the opening scenes playing out on the screen across the room.

About ten minutes had passed and I had become fully immersed in Queen Latifah's performance when Jeff moved his hand on my right shoulder up so that he could gently run his index finger along outside of the helix of my ear. I shivered as the sensation brought my attentions back to my surroundings. A glanced down at his lap to see the tent forming in his cargo shorts. I placed my hand on his thigh and straightened enough to kiss his cheek. "Affectionate, I see."

He turned and grinned at me as he continued to run his finger along my ear. "Yeah, you could say that." He kissed me on the cheek and I turned my head to allow him. That gave him the opportunity he was apparently looking for. After quickly brushing his lips along my cheek, he brought them to my left earlobe and began to kiss and nip it. The sensations travelled throughout my body, which began to respond to the pleasure. I tensed at first, then relaxed and bent my head forward, giving him better access to my ears.

He withdrew his hand from around my shoulders and began to massage my left knee and thigh as he continued to lightly tease my ear and that sensitive spot behind it with his lips and tongue. Soon, I had a bulge in my jeans that almost rivaled his. I moaned and turned to kiss him -- realizing the movie would simply have to wait or go ignored -- as I began to unbuckle his belt. His hand found my own hardness and began to massage it through the denim that covered it.

Once I managed to get his belt unbuckled and shorts undone, I pulled them and his bikini briefs down his slender legs. His shaft sprung to full attention and I caressed it with my palm before making a fist around it. He kissed my neck before guiding my head down. My tongue reached out and licked his glans before taking it into my mouth. He reached behind me and began to massage the soft globes of my bottom. I moaned around my treasure, enjoying the way his hand kneaded my muscles and soothed me. He slowly pulled down my jeans -- I wasn't wearing any underwear, then went back to playing with my now-exposed backside. He teased my crack with a finger, sending thrills through me. As I continued to make love to his erection with my mouth, his finger eventually made contact with my special entrance and pushed ever so slightly inward. I eventually felt the soft silkiness of lubricant as he worked at relaxing my tunnel. I was so focused on the sensations he was giving me and my own work on his shaft that I didn't even realize he had pulled out the lube.

Without a word, he took my head in his hands and lifted it up so I could see his eyes. His tool slid from my mouth and a silent exchange occurred between us. I nodded and he handed me an unwrapped condom. I rolled the sheath over his erection and straddled his lap facing him. I looked into his eyes and placed my arms around his neck as he lined up his head with my hole. He placed on hand on my shoulders and applied just a bit of pressure. I began to lower my upper body and moaned as I felt the pressure build for an instant. I felt his hardness begin to enter me and I sighed as I slowly continued my descent. He places his hands on my chest and began to massage it. His right hand tweeked my left nipple and I shuddered.

After several seconds, he was fully inside me. He continued to play with my chest and nipples for a few seconds before grinding his hips, pushing deeper inside me and sending shivers through my body. I could feel my own shaft throbbing as he massaged my button from the inside. I lifted up an inch or two and he began a real thrusting motion inside me. I began to kiss him and hold tightly to him as he steadily and meticulously pushed us both toward the boiling point.

I threw back my head and moaned as his thrusting shaft finally put me into overload. My whole body spasmed as my climax pushed through my shaft and onto both our bodies. My love tunnel squeezed his throbbing member, pushing him over the edge as well. I could feel his shaft pulse as he filled the condom deep inside me. We sat there kissing as we both rode out our shared ecstasy.

I lowered my forehead onto his shoulder and he massaged my back. We sat like that for a couple

more minutes before I lifted myself out. His manhood slipped out of me and he reached around me, stripped off the condom and tossed it int he garbage. I half turned and half rolled so that I was sitting next to him again. He put his arm around me and I again snuggled into his body.

He chuckled. “Should I rewind?”

“No. We’ve both seen this enough times that we know what we missed. Let’s just keep watching it.”

We did, enjoying each others’ closeness the whole time.