Older Makes a Good Teacher

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A visit to a cruising spot ends up being the perfect hook-up.

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It wasn't that easy being gay and living in a place like Omaha. I was attracted to a lot of guys in my high school, but there was no way I was going to approach any of them. I had visions of them ganging up on me in the gym and beating the shit out of me.

I knew the answer would be in hooking up with older, maybe married guys. Besides, they were safer ... they were just looking to get off, not looking for a relationship. I figured it would be the perfect way to satisfy my curiosity about cock and still keep things nice and discrete.

I don't remember for sure exactly how I found out about this, but it was a few weeks after I turned 17 that I found out about the whole "cruising" thing. It turned out that my home town had a few places where guys hooked up for sex. I kept hearing rumors about the parking lots downtown, between the bowling alley and the office quads. I heard it was a popular meeting place for gay and bi men. It being downtown, the parking lots were empty late at night, except for the guys who were there to look for action.

I didn't think I would ever summon up the guts to try it, but my curiosity (and my hard cock) finally got the better of me, and I decided to go there late one Saturday night. It had been really hot all day, and things hadn't cooled off too much. If you haven't been to Nebraska in the summer, it just bakes. I was a five-foot-four 17 year old, decked out in shorts and a t-shirt. I guess I shouldn't have been too surprised that I was approached practically the second I got there.

I was worried that there would be a lot of creepy weirdos, so I was pretty surprised to see that the guy who pulled up in his car was a nice-looking, fiftyish gentleman in a shirt and tie. We was driving a sleek, late-model Buick and he asked me (very politely) if I would like to join him in his car.

I was too nervous to answer him right away, but he smiled and opened the door for me. I thought to myself "this is it!" and slid into the passenger seat. He drove to a slightly more secluded spot.

"So," he said, smiling at me, "how much experience do you have?"

"Not much," I admitted. I could tell I was blushing.

"My name is Carl, by the way." He reached out and started stroking the inside of my thigh. My dick practically leaped to attention, I got hard so fast. Carl gave a low chuckle and gave my dick the lightest of brushes with his fingertips. "What would you like to try?"

"I don't know."

"You seem nervous."

"I am, a little."

"Would you be more relaxed if we went to my apartment? It's not far."

"Yes! That would help a lot," I said. "I keep thinking the cops are going to come by."

"My place it is, then."

We pulled up in front of the apartment building. As we entered the lobby to his place, I got a good look at Carl and I saw for the first time how big he actually was. He was at least a foot taller than me, and quite heavily built. We took the elevator up to his place, he unlocked the door and ushered me in.

The apartment looked like the home of a real business professional, maybe a lawyer. It was tidy, spotlessly clean, and the furniture was good and the art on the walls looked tasteful and expensive. Carl closed and locked the door, and then he held me tight up against him. Carl may have been in his 50s, but he was every bit as horny as I was. I could feel his hard cock pressed against me. His hands were fondling my butt cheeks (not easy because of our height difference), and I thought I was going to swoon from pure lust.

The next thing I knew, Carl's hands were groping inside of my shorts, and he quickly wrapped his fingers around my straining cock. Feeling his warm hands on my prick was as wonderful ... it was everything I ever imagined man-on-man contact to be like. To hell with his age, this was ten times better than anything I would get from one of my fellow inexperienced teenagers.

"Would you like a drink?" he asked.

"Uh ... rum and Coke?"

"Make yourself comfortable, and I'll get you one."

I settled into the couch and saw that it was real leather. It probably cost more than my car. Carl came out quickly with a martini for himself and a rum and Coke for me. I took one sip and almost started coughing. Carl had not skimped on the rum. The drink was as stiff as my rod.

We chatted and drank for a bit, and then Carl began fondling my cock under my shorts once again. It was as hard as ever, and my whole body thrilled to his touch. He slipped my shorts and underwear off, and kneeled down to take my cock in his mouth. It was unbelievable. The sensation of his mouth and tongue laving over my cock was so incredibly exciting, I was afraid I would shoot off instantly.

"Um ... hold on," I said.

Carl stopped sucking and looked up at me. "Is something wrong? Am I going too fast?"

"It's not that. It's just ..." I was a little embarrassed, searching for the words. "What your doing is great but I'm afraid I'm going to ... you know ... finish too soon."

Carl chuckled, "I understand," and he stood up and pulled off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. He had a very hairy torso, with the hair mostly starting to go grey. Carl then slipped out of his pants and shucked off his bikini-style underwear. My older lover stood in front of me totally naked, his hard and very substantial cock was bobbing directly in front of my face.

I reached out to take Carl's prink in my hand, instinctively running my fingers up and down his thick, veiny shaft. I could feel the blood in Carl's cock pulsing in my hand. His cock was so beautiful, I wanted to keep looking at it and touching it forever. Could a young man's first time be any better than this?

"Would you like to suck it?" Carl's voice was almost a whisper.

By way of an answer, I dipped my head down, placing my lips around the head and gently sucking. I could feel his hands on my head, subtly pressing down and urging me to take more of his huge dick in my mouth.

I sucked Carl's magnificent cock for only a couple of minutes. It wasn't taking long for my jaw to get a little sore from the effort. Carl somehow knew this, pulled away, and took my by the hand into his bedroom.

We were both fully naked now, and we paused at the foot of the bed to kiss and embrace. Because of

the differences in our height, his cock felt like it was banging against my chest. I so wanted to grind and rub our cocks together, but the standing position wouldn't allow it. With a gentle, subtle touch, he urged me down into a kneeling position so that I was once again able to take Carl's hard, throbbing cock in my mouth. He held my head tightly and face-fucked me, working his mammoth prick in and out of my willing, sucking mouth. I found his prick was just too much and I started to gag, but I wasn't able to pull away. Carl grunted and I could feel him tense up as he held my head tight to his crotch. My mouth was filling up with something warm and salty, and I suddenly realized this was it, this was what it felt like to have a man come in my mouth. The whole thing got me so hot and excited that my own prick suddenly shot off, spurting a gooey pool of boy-cream on to his bedroom rug.

When Carl's cock was fully drained, he released his grip on me and I gasped for air, amazed at what we had just done. As I took several big gulps of air, I realized I was also swallowing whatever cum was in my mouth in the process. I was conscious of what a mess I was as I got to my feet. I had his hot, sticky seed running down my chin, my chest, and my all over my legs.

Carl slipped into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He came back and had to lead my by the hand to the shower stall, I was still pretty dazed. Not only did the reality of the situation take a minute to catch up with me, but I was also feeling every bit of the powerful drink he had served me. I felt sticky and dirty (and a little guilty) as I stepped into the shower's inviting spray.

Carl got a soapy washcloth and ran it all over my body. My guilt evaporated like the steam and I stood still with my eyes close, just reveling in the experience of Carl's expert attentions. He turned me around in the stall and gently began massaging my back side. He ran his fingers up and down between the cheeks of my ass, then gently probed my asshole with his finger. I was soapy and slippery, and his finger entered quite easily.

I leaned up against one wall of the shower and tried standing with my feet a little farther apart, in an effort to give him better access. My dick was also thickening at the anticipation of what this wonderful older man might do to me next. Carl worked his finger inside me, probing, pushing, pulling out almost but not quite all the way. The sensation was delicious. I was worried that I might tighten up or not be ready for this yet, but the feeling wasn't at all uncomfortable. On the contrary, it was like heaven.

Carl pressed the full size and bulk of his body up against me, and I knew he was trying to get his big prick up the hole where his finger had just been. But our height difference made that impossible. Carl darted out of the shower and came back in with a small, plastic bench-thing.

"Try standing on this," he said. I mounted the bench and spread my legs. Carl took the shampoo bottle and squirted some of it all over my puckered ring, and then I could feel his large cock pressing against my asshole. I realized this was no finger. I was going to get fucked by this older man's gigantic cock.

"I'm not sure this is going to work," I said, but got no answer. Carl just started slowly, inexorably, applying more pressure until his cockhead suddenly popped inside.

"Ow!! It hurts!" I cried out. "Stop it."

"Stay with it," he grunted, and started to push. My ass-channel was a burning column of pure fire, it hurt so much. By now I was terrified, crying and begging him to stop, but the older man was deaf to my pleas.

Carl plunged his cock deep inside me fucking it in and out of my tender, virgin asshole. The pain was excruciating. My knees buckled, but he held me up roughly with one hand. My upper body was still pressed hard up against the shower wall, and he leaned in close to me, his lips against my ear. I could hear his hot breath on my neck as he mercilessly pounded his cock into me for what felt like an eternity. His cock pounded my bowels into jelly, his prick sent fire up my ass with every pistoning stroke. I almost sobbed with relief when I felt his breath get shorter, his muscles tense, and I knew his climax was near. Sure enough, Carl's cock exploded inside me, and his hot seed had a nice lubricating quality that lessened the resistance from my tight asshole.

After several more deep, hard strokes Carl was finished. Pulled his drained prick out of my asshole, released his grip on me, and I collapsed and sat naked in the shower. I thought sure my ass was bleeding, but it wasn't. I was dizzy with the excitement of what had just happened.

Carl had stepped out of the shower, but he reappeared wearing a robe, reached in, and turned the water off. He helped me to my feet and dried me off and helped me dress.

"So, how was that?"

"A little rough," I admitted.

"Well, I like it rough. And a little boy-stud like you had better learn to enjoy that kind of rough treatment."

"I think I did. At least, I wouldn't mind finding out more about it."

"Stick with me, and I'll teach you all the rough tricks."

Carl and I got together four more times and, sure enough, he turned me into a true disciple of rough sex. Now, all I ever want is to get used and fucked by every top stud I can find. If you know how to treat me like your slutty little fuck-toy, I'm all for it.

One weekend, Carl wasn't there. It wasn't long after that the city passed an ordinance, effectively

shutting down all the good cruising spots.

But I think about Carl a lot. You never forget your first.